New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW.EANS

LOVE STORIES.

Can I tell any? No.
I have forgotten all I ever knew.
I am too old. I saw the fairies go
Forever from the moonshine and th
Before I met with you.

"Rose's grandmother knows
Love stories?" She could tell you two.
"She is not young" You wish tu were
Rose?
"She hears love stories? Are the true?"
Sometime I may ask you.

I was not living when
Columbus came here, nor before th
You wonder when I saw the fairies, t
The Indians would have killed th, you
know?
"How long is long ago?"

And if I am too old
To know love stories, why am I not
Why don't I read the Bible, and not se
Why don't I pray, as all old ladies al
(I only wish I could.)

Why don't I buy gray hair?
And why—
Oh! child, the Sphinx herself spring
Out of her sands to answer, should yo
Her patience with your endless ques.
"Does she know anything?"

Perhaps. "Then, could she tell
Love stories?" If her lips were not se;
For there is one she must remember v
One whose great glitter showed a fie
Brightness beyond its own.

One whose long music aches—
How sharp the sword, how sweet ake, O
Queen—
Into the last unquiet heart that breaks
But the Nile lily rises faint between—
You wonder what I mean?

I mean there is but one
Love story in this withered world, fo
And it is brief, and ends where it begin
(What if I tell, in play, the dreary tri
With something we call Youth.

A "Death" City.

A writer in *Temple Bar* says of the most striking and interesting s in China is the death cities inhabite the dead only. They are usually ed a few miles from the living ones, ane no parallel that I know of anywhere all essay to convey an idea of the onside of Canton, which I visited in compl a friend thoroughly versed in Chinat ters. It presented at first sight the ar ance of any other Chinese city, the exception of the dead silence, d of movement, and a sort of atmosphe ich felt vapid and stagnant. There the same narrow streets pavith cobblestones, and the same int little square houses with tha borate screen in the doorway inste a door, the little latticed venetian ow frames whence the Chinese womanlies her curiosity as to what is going the outer world. But here no eyes ed through, no figures glided in and om behind the screen; no pattering of bearer coolies smoothed the cobbles; no cry of vendor of fruit and fish bhe dull monotony. The streets inted each other and ran in crooked zigas most Chinese streets do. Here anre were patches of garden ground, ed with cadaverous, sapless flowers, locus though they had been struck with pas. A few dwarfed shrubs stood languip, seeming as though they could not pth more than one leaf in a century. Thes no hum of insects or flies—not even ti quitous musquito. Not so much as a n across the silent streets which we trai for some time, experiencing with te acuteness the irksome jar of our fl. My companion suggested that we shor ter one of the houses; we therefore sd behind the screen and found ourselven ordinary Chinese parlor or receiving, furnished with the usual black ebony s and teapoys, with the quaint gaudi tures lacking perspective, which onet fancy are hung in sheer perversity p dicularly instead of horizontally, mencing at the ceiling and extendi the floor in a narrow strip, the finge pearing on various stages as upon der. At one end of the room was the, which adorns the principal apartme every Chinese house, sustaining ferocious-looking joss, which repre either saint or demigod. On either were brass urns containing smould incense, and in the front cups of tea samshoo. I do not know if the tea hot; I did not taste it, for if it is ill to in dead men's shoes, it must be wor drink dead men's tea. In the centre c room was a bulky article which locked an ottoman or divan covered with a qu silk counterpane or mastoyd, such used on Chinese beds, and it n have passed for one of those uncomfortable articles of furni But it was hollow, and within lay the inhabitant of the dwelling, s ing his last long sleep, never mor rise, never more to sip his tea or sams though it waited there prepared for never to sit on his ebony chairs; neve light any more joss stick to his ancest but have them lit for him by his poste There were other chambers in the hc similarly furnished, except that the n toyd was threwn back and displayed empty coffin, which lay ready lined w sandal wood, its owner not yet being de The veranda was furnished with the us green porcelain seats and vases, in wh seemed to stagnate the bloodless flow We stole softly out into the street, chill and painfully, yet not mournfully, pressed. We went into the next door—t house was "To Let Unfurnished." A th was rich in gilding and vermilion, a mirrors reflected and glittered through rooms. The ebony and ivory furniti was most beautifully carved. The tea a samshoo cups were of exquisite egg sh china; *objets de virtu* lay about on the alt emblazoned with real jewels. The bed w covered with a magnificent crimson vely quilt, richly embroidered in gold and se pearls, with a deep bullion fringe worth weight in gold. Under the quilt lay a hig mandarin, who had amassed an enormo fortune by the very simple process of cho ping off the heads of all such as he disco ered to be possessed of money. I was i formed that he had immense money wit him in his coffin, and was adorned with al his jewels and costly mandarin dress. Th coffin, or state bed on which he lay, ha cost £1000. The outer one was of ebony beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, ivor and mother-of-pearl. The inner case was o the famous iron wood, from Borneo or Bur mah, considered more invulnerable tha metal, as it neither rusts nor decays, and defies the white ant. Within that there was a sandal wood shell lined with velvet, the body being highly spiced to preserve it. The furniture of the house might well exceed £1000. The altar cloth and hangings were of rich embroidered silk, with a profusion of gold fringe, and the lattice filigree which the Chinese are so fond of introducing everywhere, was gilt and vermilion. The floor was inlaid marble.

Wandering about in this oddly dreary place, which was neither mirth nor woe, the painful stillness and the heavy atmosphere being the only elements which inspired awe, my nerves, nevertheless, received a sudden shock when, just as I was examining the decorations of an apparently new visitor, speaking in whispers and raising the mastoyd, a shrill shriek made me start, drop the mastoyd, and clutch my companion by the arm, and for a minute I could scarcely control my fright. He laughed, for it was only the crowing of a cock; but I declare St. Peter was never more startled. But this was a proof that the corse was a fresh one, as the white cock, without a colored feather, which accompanies the coffin, is usually left there when the body merely goes into lodgings. If really interred, I believe it is killed and eaten. In another portion of the city we saw several of them, though I think they were past crowing. Some of the interior walls were decorated with portraits supposed to represent the defunct; on the toilet tables were the brass basins used for ablutions; and in one, where there was the portrait of a lady who must have been a Chinese beauty, there was a large pot of red paint and another of white, which the Chinese use unsparingly. By the side of that lay her jade comb and silver pins, and the gum which was used to stiffen her hair. We quitted the city, nothing loth. We seemed to breathe more freely when fairly outside the pent air of the death city.

The Delights of a Harem.

Olive Harper, writing from Constantinople, describes a visit to a harem of one of the wealthiest Turks in the city. She says:

After the tiresome dinner was done we all adjourned to the saloon, and girls came in to sing and dance. They brought their awkward lutes, and thrummed away at them and sung interminable songs in a monotonous manner that almost set me to sleep in spite of myself. Then four of them rose, and, throwing aside their jeridgees, began to dance, if dancing it can be called. They all wore trousers and slippers, and for bodices only a little sort of Spanish jacket that left nearly all the bust and stomach exposed down to the belt, being only held together by a button and loop. Their hair was braided and hanging down their backs and full of little jingling coins. Their motions and actions generally were, to my way of thinking, very indecorous, and I was glad when they had finished and took their leave, panting and flushed with their lascivious postures and contortions.

Then the Pasha clapped his hands and four slaves came in and set up a large white screen, and another came in with a little table, on which was a large-sized magic lantern, to make what they call *ombres Chinoises*. I watched this with some curiosity, for I had heard that this was a favorite amusement with Turkish women. This was a pictorial drama. It represented a woman and her many intrigues in due rotation, some of them being of a comic and some of a very serious character, wherein she seemed to be in great danger of discovery until the final result took place. She lost her head at last. Some of the pictures were the most indecent possible to imagine; but these women seemed to take the greatest delight in them, and to laugh with the most innocent pleasure. I did not dare to say a word against the exhibition there, but I did not look at them—except from behind my hands. That is the truth.

After this exhibition was over I proposed to go home, and the Pasha then rose and reminded me that I must make a choice of some article in the house to take with me by way of a *souvenir*. I objected, told him my memory of this day would serve to recall his family to mind, and much more of the same sort; but he told me if I had been well received there, and had no secret grievance against any of his family, I must take something, or that misfortune would certainly attend him and his. The women offered by dumb signs their jewels, but I was too good-natured to take that advantage. I looked about me in despair for some trifle, and at last I saw an odd shaped black inkstand and stand-holder. I told the Pasha that if he would permit I would take that, as by that means I should always have his gift before my eyes.

I had no sooner stopped speaking than I saw I had made a mistake. I believe I never opened my mouth yet without "putting my foot in it." The women all looked blank, and for a moment the Pasha was staggered. I hastened to retract, but it was too late, and I have the inkstand now. Going home, the Pascha sent his secretary and female slave with me, and from them I found out the value of the things. They are of black stone, set with coral and turquoise, and were made to order out of a piece of the prophet's tomb at Mecca, which the Pasha had obtained at a great price on his pilgrimage. I had better had asked him for one of his most costly jewels, one of his horses, or his Damascus sword.

The Danbury News Man on Newspaper Errors.

The sensations of an editor on first glancing over his paper and detecting errors in it are somewhat different from these experienced by the reader on making like discoveries. The latter is either amused at the carelessness which caused it, and in both cases arrives at the conclusion that the trouble is avoidable, and that the editor is to blame for not avoiding it. He never saw an editor take his first glance over a copy of the edition. Perhaps the edition is worked off when this opportunity is afforded the weary man. He has either trusted the proofs to some one else, or read them himself, but the feeling of dread is just as great in the latter as in the former case. The proof reader may not consult the copy, and so perpetuate the blunders of the compositer, and perhaps the compositor may neglect to undo the wrong he has done, although his attention is plainly called to it on the proof.

When about to make this preparatory survey, the editor does not take a cigar in his mouth and elevate his heels to the desk, as is the popular tradition. Dying men don't do that way, you know, and we have come to the conclusion that an editor examining his papar feels very much like a man who is about to pass into eternity. He reads along carefully and slowly, like a man feeling his way across a piece of doubtful ice. Suddenly his face becomes distorted with a fearful pain. He doesn't cry out, he doesn't rant. The anguish within him is so broad and deep and intense that he dares not trust it to words. He just simply reaches up and takes a handful of his own hair, and tugs at it until the tears come in his eyes. Then he picks up the paper which he has taken the precaution to kick across the room on discovering the error, and resumes the torturing search; for, after all, it is but a search for errors and agony, and not an agreeable and instructive perusal.

Suddenly he groans—not an expectant groan like that from one who hopes for help to reach him through it, but the groan of one who is beyond the reach of hope, who feels that the warm sunshine, the kind glance of friendship, the beautiful flowers and the songs of the birds are gone forever and forever from him. It is a smothered groan, accompanied by a kick out of the leg, as if the party had in that moment taken an eternal leave of all things earthly. There is still another search with aching eyes and throbbing brain, and then the paper is smashed down on the floor, and the injuriated man bounds up in his chair and catches both hands into his hair, and dances around like a madman. He doesn't call upon heaven and earth to witness what he is going to do, and to blight him if he should not not do it. He doesn't dash into the composing room and scorch the men with his wrath. Even this slight relief is denied him.

The paper is worked off, and the scrutiny that would cheerfully attack a needle in a haystack, would fall paralyzed before a search for the author of the great wrong. He doesn't say anything at all—not a single intelligible word escapes his ashen lips, as he holds his hair and prances about in the lingy solitude of his room. And when he has done he sits down and groans, and afterwards put on his hat and rushes forth into the street—rushes anywhere to get away from the face of man, to get away from himself and everything belonging to himself.

Postal Cards.

It will interest both stationers and paper makers to know what effect the introduction of postal cards has had on the consumption of paper. Up to date there have been about 70,000,000 of these cards made, most of which have gone into consumption. A large number have been used in cases where, but for their existence, no communication at all would have been made, and so they can not be said to have wholly been used as a substitute for writing paper. Where their competition has been most felt has been in their extensive use for circulars, for which they are specially fitted. There, however, they have replaced ink and newspaper as well as fine printing. It is safe to estimate 100,000 postal cards as equivalent to the same number of half sheets of note paper of medium weight, or say three tons and one-eighth. This would make the total product to date as equal to about 200 tons in round numbers, allowing for those which have not replaced any other printing materials. This would barely equal the product of the fine mills at Holyoke for two days, and it is certainly not enough to raise any alarm. For ourselves, we doubt if through the competition of postal cards, the consumption of fine paper has been lessened 100 tons, while we believe it has directly stimulated the consumption of matter. In this connection we may state that the consumption of envelopes has not been affected by the introduction of postal cards, but that the four or five leading manufacturers are behind their orders.—*Paper Mill Journal.*

Daily Faithful insists that the intemperate use of ice water is the chief cause of bad health among American women.

New Use for a Parrot.

The owner and trainer of this parrot is a boatman, who formerly plied between Little Rock and New Orleans, but who some years since gave up the business of boating, and has since led the life of a hunter, living in a snug cabin at the junction of Big Mammelle creek with the Arkansas river. This hunter hermit, whose name is Nathan Lask, brought with him from New Orleans, on making his last trip to that city, a fine young parrot, to which he soon became more attached than to any other thing on earth. Seated upon his shoulders, the parrot attended him in all his walks. To train the bird and talk to it was almost his sole occupation.

With the careful training of so loving a master, added to its great natural talent for imitating all manner of cries of birds and animals, this bird had become a marvel of cunning, and a great wonder in its way. Taken into the hills bordering Big Mammelle creek, and the signal being given at intervals, it utters the cry of the turkey so perfectly as to deceive the oldest and most astute gobbler that ever strutted. On being answered by a gobbler, the parrot proceeds to lure him to death in the most fiendishly coquettish manner imaginable. Seated on his master's shoulders, charily and coyly the parrot replies. Once he has fully attracted the attention of the vain and anxious gobbler, often allowing him to call in a fretful tone twice or thrice before deigning to answer, he then in a few low and tender notes lures the proud bird of the forest within range of the hunter's deadly rifle. Seeing the turkey struggling in the agonies of death fills the parrot with the most fiendish delight, to which he gives utterance in a succession of blood-chilling "ha, ha's," in all manner of diabolical tones and keys. Should the hunter miss his aim, however, the parrot ruffles his feathers, croaks and scolds, pulls his master's hair, and long refuses to be pacified.

Duck hunting in Forche and Meto bayous is, however, the parrot's chief delight. Seated in the bow of his master's boat, snugly ensconced in a patch of tall bullrushes, the parrot bursts forth into such a "quack, quacking," and general duck gabble, that there seems to be in the vicinity a whole flock of these birds, all enjoying themselves immensely. Thus are many passing flocks of ducks lured within range of the gun of the hunter. Geese are in the same way called up by this wonderful parrot; also many other wild fowl, and even deer, as the bird imitates the plantive bleating of a fawn or doe to a nicety. No money would buy the bird, and Nat Lask, seen strolling through the woods gun in hand, and with his almost inseparable companion seated on his left shoulder, seems a second Robinson Crusoe.

Although so perfect in his imitations of all birds and animals, the parrot is not a great talker; indeed, his vocabulary is limited to a few words and one or two short phrases. He will sometimes sing out "Nat, you lubber," and when Dan Lanagan (a brother boatman of Nat's, living at the head of Bayou Forche, and almost his only visitor) in his dugout is seen paddling in toward the mouth of Big Mammelle creek, the parrot—whose name we forgot to say is Bobby—will shout, "Lanago, ahoy! Lanagan, a—a—hoy!"

The moment Bobby sees his master take down his gun, he is in a great flutter. He cocks his head on one side, his great red eyes sparkling with delight, and in a low, inquiring tone, says: "Turkey! turkey!" "No, Bobby," Nat will perhaps say, "not turkey to-day." Bobby cocks his head the other way, and softly says, "Quack, quack, quack!" "Yes, Bobby," says Nat, "quack, quack!" Bobby then bursts into a loud "ha, ha, ha," and cries, "Nat, you lubber, quack, quack, quack." Then he ha, ha, ha's till the whole cabin rings again.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

How Thimbles are Made.

The manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. Hence it happens that the profits of the business are affected instantaneously by all the variations in the nation's greenback promises to pay. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else than putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint, into nasty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled out to the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of any required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a mould of the size of the outside of the same thimble, bends the circular disks into the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing and decorating is done upon a lathe. First the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod. A single touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on a side, and a third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving blank, prints that ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a different ornament, around the center, while a third wheel, with sharp points makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held in a revolving mould. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soap-suds, to remove the oil, brush them up and pack them for the trade.—*Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican.*

Women of Burden.

"It is remarkable," says a writer on German life in the Boston *Globe*, "what great burdens German women carry on their heads. One may meet them constantly with great tubs and kettles of water on their heads. Many of them carry loads of vegetables to market in great white wooden tubs, wearing a little round plaited mat next the head. One sees the strangest loads, too, poised in mid air! Vegetables of all kinds and cheese are carried by them. Suddenly a woman comes along with an immense pile of faggots tied in bundles, some for burning and some, which are saplings, for brooms and baskets. Another one comes bearing great baskets of turf for kindling fires; and often do we see on these women's heads loads of kindling wood. The German peasant woman occupies a position little better than a slave, performing the most menial services for a mere pittance. Any night around the fountains and water tanks may be seen crowds of these young women with great tubs and half barrels, almost, in size, waiting in turn to carry water for their use the next morning. These persons should have a word spoken in their behalf, for they have a weary life, and their position is a pitiable one. They are expected to black boots, carry burdens, do any and all kinds of drudgery, and are paid a mere nothing for their work, depending a great deal on Trinkgeld collected for doing odd jobs and errands of all kinds. In many German houses they are given monthly a little extra sum. They are expected to do anything and everything that in our country the men servants do. Coming from the opera host of these girls may be seen with shawls and wrappings for their mistresses to wear going home. Women occupy certainly in common a position far below the American woman in a relative position in society. In the streets they are constantly seen pulling wagons fit for one horse to draw. The woman is only a servant, as it were, not the hostess, as we understand the term, in her own home."

Practicing Dentistry.

The Walla Walla *Union* knows a young man in the county who writes "Dr." before his name, and "M. D." after it, who, after having, to his own satisfaction, mastered the science of medicine and surgery, has concluded to turn his attention to practical dentistry. In order to enable him to pull teeth without pain, he procured the head of a sheep that had been lately slaughtered, and repaired to the brush along the bank of a creek. When thus secluded, as he supposed from "prying eyes," he produced his forceps, gently smoothed the sheep's face with his hand, probably to inspire the patient with confidence, then opened its mouth, laid firmly hold of a molar with his "toothhooks," and gave a surge that brought out the tooth. He then stepped back, wiped his forceps on the seat of his pants, and said in the most soothing one, "Madam, did it hurt you?" A man who was fishing in the creek, not twenty feet away, didn't hear what the sheep said.

De Quincey and His Opium Propensities.

Little more than fourteen years ago, says a recent English writer, there passed from among us a man who held a high and very peculiar position in English literature. For seventy-three years De Quincey had been carrying on an operation which, for want of a better term, we must describe as living, but which would be more fitly described by some mode of speech indicating an existence on the confines of dreamland and reality. In 1821 he first published the work with which his name is most commonly associated, and at certain intervals he gave tokens to mankind of his continued presence on earth. What his life may have been in the intervals seems to have been at times unknown even to his friends. He began by disappearing from school and from his family, and seems to have fallen into the habit of temporary eclipses. At one moment he dropped upon his acquaintance from the clouds; at another he would vanish into utter darkness for weeks or months together. One day he came to dine with Christopher North—so we are told in the professor's life—was detained for the night by a heavy storm of rain, and prolonged his impromptu visit for a year. During that period his habits must have been rather amazing to a well regulated household. His wants, indeed, were simple, and, in one sense, regular; a particular joint of mutton, cut according to a certain mathematical formula, and an ounce of laudanum made him happy for a day. But in the hours when ordinary beings are awake, he was generally to be found stretched in profound opium slumbers upon a rug before the fire, and it was only about two or three in the morning that he gave unequivocal symptoms of vitality, and suddenly gushed forth in streams of wondrous eloquence to the supper parties detained for the purpose of witnessing the display. This is the most distinct glimpse I have caught of the living De Quincey. Between these irregular apparitions we are lastly given to understand that his life was so strange that its details would be incredible. What these incredible details may have been I have no means of knowing. It is enough that he was a strange, unsubstantial being, flitting uncertainty about in the twilight regions of society, emerging by fits and starts into visibility, afflicted with a general vagueness as to the ordinary duties of mankind, and always and everywhere taking much more opium than was good for him. He tells us, indeed, that he broke off his overmastering habit by vigorous efforts, as he tells us that opium is a cure for most serious evils, and especially saved him from an early death by consumption. It is plain enough, however, that he never really refrained for any length of time; and perhaps we should congratulate ourselves on a propensity, unfortunate, it may be, for the victim, but leading to the "confessions" as one collateral result. The only part of De Quincey's career in which we may conceive ourselves to be treading the firm ground of fact is the early period described in his various autobiographical writings. If we could evaporate the gorgeous rhetoric and the diffuse discussions of irrelevant topics, of which they are chiefly composed, we might perhaps come upon a residium of solid dates and facts. Setting aside, however, the difficulty of discriminating the facts from fancies, we should not learn much that is of importance. That he was the son of a rich merchant, who left him an orphan at an early age; that he lived in a suburb now swallowed up by the advance of Manchester; that he was sent to school, and proved so bright that he became a prodigy of Greek scholarship; that he quarreled with his guardians, ran away to Wales, and afterward led for a time a strange, incognito existence among outcasts and thievish attorneys in London, is pretty near all that we are told. From other sources, it seems that he ought to have taken a brilliant degree at Oxford in the same year with Sir Robert Peel, but that he decamped in a sudden panic before the end of the examination. It is plain enough that before his opium excesses he was the victim of a morbid temperament and little calculated to struggle with the prosaic hardships of life. He gives thanks himself for four circumstances. He rejoices that his lot was cast in a rustic solitude; that that solitude was in England; that his "infant feelings were molded by the gentlest of sisters" instead of "horrid pugilistic brothers," and that he and his were members of "a pure, holy and" (the last epithet should be duly emphasized) "magnificent church." The thanksgiving is characteristic, for it indicates his native conviction that his admiration was due to the intrinsic merits of the place and circumstances of his birth, and not to the accident that they were his own. It would be useless to inquire whether a more bracing atmosphere and a less retired spot might have been more favorable to his talents; but we may trace the influence of these conditions of his early life upon his subsequent career.

Concealed Weapons.

"There is no knowing what may turn up," especially in a horse hair sofa. In a small attic, says a Vienna journal, lived the family of a tailor who had died some weeks since in the greatest poverty and misery. The widow could not earn enough to support herself and her children, and was obliged to sell her furniture bit by bit to supply their needs. In her garret stood an old sofa, which had been given to her at her marriage by a relation long since dead. At length even this valued heirloom had to go to the brokers. Two porters accordingly attempted to remove the sofa, but were unable to do so. The broker, who naturally feared that his bargain was stuffed with stone instead of horse hair, insisted on immediate investigation. To the surprise of all persons, the removal of a thick coating of the latter material brought to light about forty muskets, of the existence of which the owner of the sofa had no idea. Each musket was wrapped in a poster containing an invitation to join in the students' legion, and bearing date "October 14, 1848." An animated controversy is now in progress between the broker and the tailor's widow regarding the ownership of the property thus unexpectedly discovered.

Attempted Suicide.

At twelve o'clock yesterday, a German named Huft attempted to commit suicide in the New Orleans Shoe Store, by shooting himself in the left temple with a small Smith & Wesson revolver. Drs. Johnson and Shearer at once attended him, but failed to find the ball. They believe that it struck the bone and glanced off. They pronounce the wound not dangerous. Disappointment in love is supposed to be the motive for the rash attempt.

At a late hour last night we learned that Mr. Huft was much worse than was at first anticipated. He is a brother of Mr Huft of New Orleans. It is said that he recently received a letter from his fiancee, notifying him of his rejection.—*Galveston Mercury.*

Don't use a hard pencil. At least that is the advice an Evansville, Indiana, benedict gives his friends. He explains thus: His wife desired him to write a note to a lady, inviting her to meet a party of friends at their house. After "hubby" had done as his wife desired, and started to post the note, she saw on another piece of paper an impression of what he had written. It was: "Sweet Mattie, Effie desires your company on Wednesday, to meet the Smithets. Don't fail to come, and then, my darling, I shall have the happiness of a long walk home with you and a sweet good night kiss. I dare not see you often, or my all-consuming love would betray us both. But Mattie, dear, don't fail to come." The wife paid "sweet Mattie" a visit, and the result was that Mattie didn't accept the kind invitation.

Whatever you do never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manner don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste, recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner after it is swallowed can not be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of t'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun.—*Exchange.*

Monetary--Commercial.

MONETARY.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY REPUBLICAN, Saturday Evening, July 4, 1874.

To-day being a legal holiday the banks and Cotton Exchange were closed. No telegrams were received, nor were any transactions reported in the money market. For reference we append yesterday's closing quotations as follows: Selected signatures, with or without collaterals, at 8 ₱ cent per annum; first class at 9@10; A1 at 11@12, and second grade at 1@1½ ₱ cent per month. First class mortgages rule at 10 ₱ cent per annum, and second grade entirly nominal.

NEW ORLEANS CLEARING HOUSE.

	Clearings.	Balances.
July 4.	Legal koliday.	
Same time last week	$949,927 14	$180,995 03
Total last week	5,335 533 47	871,077 83
Total week before	5,227,628 91	761,270 28

Gold 110⅝@110⅞, against 110⅝ at New York.

American bair dollars at 105@106, and Mexican dollars at 110⅛, or at par with gold at New York.

Sterling bills $5 37@5 38 for bill of lading and A1 clear, and $5 42@— for bank; francs 4.67½ for private and entirely nominal for bank.

Bank sight on New York at ⅜ per cent premium, commercial sight on New York at 5-16.

City gold bearing seven per cents at 47½.

City appropriation certificates and Metropolitan police warrants at 54@55, and time certificates of 1873 at 54.

State warrants nominal at 31@33 for large, 34@38 for medium, and 39@40 for small.

COMMERCIAL.

Saturday Evening, July 4, 1874.

COTTON—The Exchange being closed as well as the banks, very little business could have been expected to-day, even had the weather been fine, but under the unusually severe rain storm which prevailed without intermission, all movement whatever appeared to be prevented, and we did not hear of a sale. We repeat last evening's quotations for reference as follows:

	General quotations.	Exchange quotations.
Inferior	8⅛@ 9⅜	—
Low ordinary	10½@11	11⅜
Ordinary	11½@12	12⅜
Strict ordinary	12¾@13½	—
Good ordinary	14⅝@14⅞	14¾
Strict good ordinary	15⅛@15⅜	—
Low middling	15⅞@16	15⅞
Strict low middling	16⅛@16¾	—
Middling	16⅞@17	17
Strict middling	17¼@17½	—
Good middling	18⅛@18⅜	18⅜

The sales for the past week summed up 6000 bales, against 8300 last week, and 8400 the week before.

Week's receipts 2618 bales, embracing 561 from other delivery ports (of which 354 from Mobile and 7 from Texas), and 2257 proper, against 2765 proper last week and 1868 last year.

The amount on shipboard, not cleared, was put down at 11,500 bales, leaving 29 100 bales to represent the quantity at the landing and in presses, unsold or awaiting orders.

COTTON STATEMENT.

		Bales.
Stock on hand August 31, 1873		7,177
Arrived since last statement	10	
Arrived previously	1,316,815	1,316,825
Corrections		23,032
Total		1,347,034
Cleared to-day	none	
Cleared previously	1,305,447	
Consumed at Lehman, Abraham & Co.'s Lane Cotton Mills	800	
Sunk in scuttled ship Ailsa, to be added if ever recovered	2,552	1,308,799
Stock on hand and on shipboard not cleared, corrections included		38,235
Same time last year, corrections included		45,267

Receipts proper since last evening 6 bales, against 380 on last Saturday and 530 last year, and since August 31, 1,207,943 bales, against 1,225,753 last year (corrections included both years)—decrease 17,810.

Up to last evening the total receipts at all the ports since August 31 were 3,710,985 bales, against 3,498,072 last year—increase 212,923 (corrections excluded in both years).

TOBACCO—Nothing reported to-day. Sales for the past week 293 hhds, against 1122 for the week before. The amount on sale is estimated at 8275 hhds. The accounts from the West are still extremely gloomy, and our advanced quotations of yesterday are fully maintained, as follows: Inferior lugs at 5⅜@6½c; medium at 6½@7c; good and fine at 7⅜@7⅞c; low leaf at 8@8½c; medium at 9@9½c; good at 10@10½c; fine at 11½@12c, and selections at 13@15½c. Received since last evening 1 hhd; exported none; stock on hand by our running statement 9310 hhds.

FREIGHTS—The market continues extremely dull. There is very little room left for Liverpool, and none for Havre. We quote as follows:

By steam—Cotton to Liverpool, 7-16d@—; to Liverpool via New York ½@⅝d; to Boston via Philadelphia ¾c; to Providence via Philadelphia ¾c; to Fall River via Philadelphia ¾c; to New York ½c; to Philadelphia ½c.

By sail—Cotton to Liverpool—@7-16d; to Havre, no room.

SUGAR—No receipts and no sales to-day. Rainy weather prevented movements on the landing. The last sales were at 8⅞@8½c for fair, 8½c for good fair, 8¾c for fully fair, 9c for prime, 8⅜c for seconds, 9½c for strictly prime, and 10½c for yellow clarified.

MOLASSES—No receipts and no sales to-day. The last sale was a small lot of reboiled at 55c ₱ gallon. City refinery rebelled is selling in the job trade at 40@40½c for common, 48@50c for fair, 55@57c for good fair, 60@62c for prime and 67@69c for choice.

FLOUR—The market is dull, and there was no movement to-day, owing in part to its being a holiday, and in part to rainy weather. Last evening, not reported, 50 bbls choice extra sold at $8 50 ₱ bbl.

CORN MEAL—Is in light supply and firm at $3 90@4 ₱ bbl. Last evening, not reported, 450 bbls sold on private terms.

PORK—Small stock, in request and higher. Mess is held in round lots at $21@21 25 ₱ bbl, on the spot and to arrive. The retail price to-day is $21 50 ₱ bbl.

DRY SALT MEAT—Scarce and firmer. Shoulders are retailing at 7¾c, and offers of 7⅝c are refused for lots in first hands.

BACON—Small stock, more in demand and firmer. 25 casks shoulders sold, to arrive, at 8⅛c, and 5 casks clear sides on the spot at 11⅜c ₱ lb. Offers of 11⅜c were refused for clear sides. Shoulders are quoted in lots at 7⅞@8c; clear rib sides 10⅜c; clear sides 11⅜@11½c ₱ lb. Retailing at 8⅜c for shoulders; 11c for clear rib sides, and 11¾c for clear sides.

BREAKFAST BACON—Good supply and dull at 10⅜@11c ₱ lb.

HAMS—Strictly choice sugar-cured are in light supply and fair demand at 14@15½c ₱ lb. Brands less desirable, 12@13½c ₱ lb.

LARD—Light supply and in request at 12c for tierce, and 12¾@13c for keg. 45 tierces refined sold in several lots to-day at 12c ₱ lb.

WHISKY—Dull. Louisiana rectified is held at 99c; choice Cincinnati $1 02 per gallon.

COW PEAS—Are scarce and in demand at $4 25 ₱ bushel.

CORN IN BULK—Only about 10,000 bushels on sale. The last sales were at 72c ₱ bushel. A tow is on the way here to go forward.

WHEAT IN BULK—None on hand. It is offering, to arrive, at $1 30 ₱ bushel for No. 2 spring.

CORN IN SACKS—No sales to-day owing to rainy weather. Yesterday's sales were at 78@80c for white mixed; 80c for yellow mixed; 81c for yellow and 82@85c for white. The supply is fair.

OATS—Light supply. Rainy weather has prevented sales on the landing to-day. Yesterday sales were at 62@64c; a small lot brought 65c ₱ bushel.

BRAN—No sales to note. The supply is light. Yesterday's sales were at 90@92½c ₱ 100 lbs.

HAY—Good supply in warehouse, but none on the landing. No movements to-day. The last sales were at $24@25 ₱ ton for prime in warehouse.

RICE—Is dull and prices are falling on account of old stock being placed in the market. The supply is light. We quote prime 8⅜c, fair 7¾c, good 7⅞@8c, ordinary 5c, No. 2 5c ₱ lb.

SALT—The demand continues active and large shipments are going West. Dealers' rates are $1 30 for coarse and $1 50 for fine. Turk's Island is quoted at 80c ₱ bag of two bushels. When taken from warehouse a reduction is made for drayage. Table salt in pockets sells at 2½@2⅝c each as in size.

IRON COTTON TIES—The stock comprises 200,652 bundles. The demand is good. Sell in lots under 500 bundles at 8c ₱ lb, 2½ off; in lots of 1000 bundles and over 3c ₱ lb, 5 off.

COTTON SEED—None to arrive and none on hand; the mills generally have stopped working. It is quoted at $10 ₱ ton.

COTTON SEED OIL—None here.

COTTON SEED OIL CAKE—None here.

NAVAL STORES—Are in fair supply and dull. Spirits turpentine is quoted at 37½@38c ₱ gallon. Tar $2 25 ₱ half bbl, and $4 ₱ bbl. Rosin—virgin $4 25; pale $3 50. No. 1, $2 50@2 75; No. 2, $2 40; No. 3, $2 25 ₱ bbl. Pitch $3 25 ₱ bbl.

COFFEE—The market is quiet. Stock in hands of dealers, 9000 bags. No stock in first hands. We quote job lots: Ordinary to low fair (gold) 18@19½c; fair 20½@21c; good 21½@22c; prime 22½@23c ₱ lb.

WOOL—Is scarce and the demand is active. The last sales were at 34c for lake. Larger lots would bring more. The crop is about in.

COAL—Pittsburg is selling at 40c ₱ bbl at wholesale, and 75c at retail; $7 ₱ hhd, 50c ₱ box to steamboats, 60@65c to manufacturers. Anthracite $13 ₱ ton. Spadra 75c at retail. Stock at the Willow Grove landing July 1, 1874, comprised 231 boats, 14 barges and 1 hull. Consumption during June 33 boats and 9 barges. No arrivals.

MOUNT CARBON COAL—Is selling at retail at 65c, wholesale 45c ₱ bbl.

GUNNY BAGS—Are selling at 14½@15½c a piece for reseweed.

IMPORTED FRUITS AND NUTS—The supply is light, but sufficient for the demand. Palermo lemons are selling at $12 ₱ bbl. Bananas $1 50 per bunch. Layer raisins $3 10 ₱ box; half boxes $1 70; there are no quarter boxes in the market. Citron is selling at 30c ₱ lb. Currants 8c. Figs 12c. Brazil nuts 8c. Almonds 21c; do shelled 30c. Filberts 16c. Dates 9c ₱ lb. Pineapples $1 50 ₱ dozen. Cocoanuts $45 ₱ 1000.

OAK STAVES—The demand is limited for want of tonnage. Pipe, 60 inch, sell on flatboats at $100@120 round; pipe, 56 inch, $75@80; hogshead, 48 inch, $80@100; claret, 40 inch, $55@60, according to quality and quantity of culls. Buyers here agree to discontinue the payment of tonnage and wharf dues on flatboats. It will be paid hereafter by the sellers. Dealers' prices, delivered to the ships, are now quoted as follows: Extra pipe, 60 inch, $165@175; extra pipe, 56 inch, $145@150; light pipe, 56 or 60 inch, $115@125; extra hogshead $125@175; extra claret, 40 inch, $90@100; extra barrel, 32 inch, $70@80 ₱ 1000.

SUGAR OF LEMON—Sells at $34@34 50 in bbls and $36@46 50 in cases ₱ gross.

SOAP—The demand is good. German olive (New Orleans) is selling at 6@6½c ₱ lb, magnolia 5@5½c, olive 5½@6c, treble extra palm 6½@7c Castile palm 11@12c, with a reduction on round lots. Western 6½c ₱ lb in round lots, and 7c ₱ lb in job lots.

STARCH—Is in good supply and demand, and selling at 4½c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—Light supply with a good demand. It is queted at 7@7½c ₱ lb.

MALT—Good supply and demand. Western sells at $1 75@1 90; California $2@2 10 ₱ bushel.

POULTRY—Western grown chickens are selling at $6; young $2 50@4; ducks $3@4; geese $5@6; turkeys $12@15 ₱ dozen.

EGGS—