The New Orleans Bee.

OFFICE 73 CHARTRES STREET.

NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1871. 24th YEAR—Vol. XLIV.—Whole—15,439.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE

DUFOUR & LIMET, PUBLISHERS.

No. 73 Chartres street.

TERMS OF THE BEE.

Terms of Subscription—Daily, per annum, in advance, $10; half yearly, $5; quarterly, $2.

Price of the paper—Single copies, 10 cents.

The Semi-Weekly is published every Tuesday and Saturday. Subscription, $5 per annum, invariably in advance.

Rates of Advertising—Transient advertisements, $1 per square, for the first insertion, and 75 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

First or Editorial Page, premium advertisements, each insertion, $2 per square.

A liberal discount to those who contract to be charged as one, each insertion.

Third, Fourth or Editorial Page, double advertisements, each square, $20 per month.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from the above named transient rates as may be agreed upon. In no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All Business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 20 cents a net per line, each insertion.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All advertisements not marked for any number of insertions will be published six times.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

Weekly Edition.

TERMS—PER YEAR.....$5.

NEW ORLEANS:

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 17, 1871.

CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The admirers and countrymen of the great Scottish poet and novelist, resident in New Orleans, following the example of the other large cities of the world united on Tuesday last, the hundredth anniversary of his birth, in commemorating that event. The initiative was taken by the St. Andrew's Society and it was under their auspices that the celebration was held. It took the form of a pic-nic in the beautiful garden attached to the Carrollton Hotel, where at an early hour of the afternoon of Tuesday, gathered together the families of the principal residents of New Orleans claiming Scottish birth or descent. Among others who were present we observed the following named gentlemen: Peter McBride, Vice-President, and Hon. McLeod, Secretary of the St. Andrew's Society; Peter Ross, Duncan Sinclair, John Davidson, James D. Hill, G. L. Langhland, Dr. James Syme and H. N. Ogden. When our reporter reached the place, he found the young ladies and gentlemen of the party had opened the ceremonies with a dance which was vigorously kept up until the orator of the day, Colonel J. David-son Hill, appeared, when Mr. Peter McBride, Vice President of the St. Andrew's Society, acting in the absence of Mr. Alexander Hay, the President, who is now in Scotland, called the meeting to order and made the following introductory remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The occasion of our meeting at this time, over which I have the honor to preside, is one of heart interest to all Caledonians. It is a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of one of the most distinguished sons of Scotland—Sir Walter Scott—as renowned and admired as a poet and the author of novelists, whose name is of family and whose illustrious literary work is and wherever the English language is spoken or understood, and those works, I might add, has been translated throughout the civilized world. On this day, ladies and gentlemen, his birth and memory are to be commemorated, separated with all due honors in every quarter of the globe, and it must give, each and every one of us here assembled, not only pleasure to commemorate one so universally esteemed, but also to feel proud of his genius as characteristic of his country. What a blank of the man—Sir Walter Scott—whose works shall remain forever bright—to the intellectual mind, shall I say in comparison with that great and good man, the father of his country, George Washington—that has name shall never be forgotten. I trust that this celebration may also be the means of strengthening and cherishing those social ties of friendship which bind together us of that wood and mountain land in this the land of our adoption! I have the honor to introduce to the meeting, Col. J. Davidson Hill, who will now address you:

Address of Col. Jas. Davidson Hill.

He was received with an ovation congratulated the assembled company, the majority of whom were Scottish in origin, if not in birth, that on the banks of the Father of Waters, whose murmured voice flowed onward with resistless force to the gulf stream, they might in a figurative sense commune with their honored Scott as their greatest son, with a certainty that that yet unexplained but unchangeable spirit would watch over and protect the land for which the only city of his birth (Edinburgh) discovered by Columbus whose name (Columbia), denoted the flower, the land first gave promise to Noah in the ark, and imminently the home of peace, considered it natural that we should acknowledge this mighty land-mark of nationality and accord to him among the host of past ages the place he so justly merits.

This celebration is due which attaches itself peculiarly to literary merit, whereon claims are made to honor won by the deed.

Although no thousandth of his gnomes all of life has evaporated from the great writer was really a being of the past, but the century plant whose grace and evening strength had been fanned by the breeze of an hundred summers, to-day receiving the crowning wreath of praise, the golden emblems that bashed his hundredth anniversary, he seemed worthy. He was at Sandy Knowe he received first lessons of his wondrous art.

He spoke then of the early home of the author of Edinburgh, on hour the romancer fascinated upon the streets, and dwelt in a looking down on the opinions of his boon fellows.

Moving rapidly onward, Col. Hill pictured him as a student at the University of Edinburgh, his sudden illness, and in a sentence conversant with remarks showed in a second time the world came so near to see of passing ope of humanity's great benefactors. He dictated his dreary experiences a student of law, the sports which beguiled that time, and his final removal to the bar as a barrister of the Parliament House.

Reviewing lightly on his earliest poetic efforts, his marriage and subsequent relations from the first publication of Waverly, his sudden illness, and in a sentence conversant with remarks showed in a second time the world came so near to see of passing ope of humanity's great benefactors. He dictated his dreary,