THE CHURCHES.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES TO-DAY.

Methodist.

Rev. J. P. Newman will preach in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Mechanics' Institute, on Dryades, between Canal and Common streets, this morning, at 11 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

The A. M. E. Zion Church, situated in the Third District, on Urquhart street, between St. Anthony and Bagatelle. Sunday services open at 11 o'clock A. M., 3 o'clock P. M., and at 8 P. M.; and Thursdays at 8 P. M. The Sisters of Zion Society meet the second and last Sundays in each month in the same building, at 4 o'clock P. M.

There will be preaching at the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, on Johnson street, between Perdido and Gravier, by the pastor, Rev. J. Dutch, at 11 A. M., and 3 and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 1 P. M., and prayer meeting at 6 P. M.

Services at 10 o'clock this morning in St. James Chapel, A. M. E. Church, and preaching at the same place at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Divine services will be held in the A. M. E. Zion Church, on Johnson street, between Perdido and Gravier this morning at 11; in the afternoon at 3, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday prayer meeting at 6 P. M. There will be preaching every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Paul's Church, on Liberty street, between Perdido and Poydras. Services at 11 A. M. and 3 and 7½ P. M., by A. Ross, pastor. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.

Soule Chapel, on Marais street, between Conti and Bienville. Services at 11 A. M., 3 and 7½ P. M., by S. S. Chinn, pastor. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.

Wynan's Chapel, Rev. H. Green, pastor, corner of First and Howard streets. Services at 11 A. M., and 3½ and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.

St. James, Roman street, between Customhouse and Bienville, J. Turner, pastor. Services at 11 A. M., and 4 and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 1 P. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church, McGehee, Carondelet street—Rev. J. B. Walker.

Methodist Episcopal Church on Soraparu street, corner of Chippewa—Rev. J. Pauley.

Methodist Episcopal Chapel of Wesley, First street, corner of Dryades.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Moreau street, corner of Enghein—R. J. Haro.

Methodist Episcopal Church on Dryades street—Rev. J. E. Ahren.

Methodist Episcopal Church on Felicity street, corner of Chestnut—Rev. L. E. Parker.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Louisiana avenue, corner of Magazine.

Methodist Episcopal Church (German), Craps street, corner of Lafayette—Rev. Jacob Ueber.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Jefferson City—Rev. C. F. Evans.

Methodist Episcopal Church at Algiers—Rev. H. S. Walker.

Methodist Episcopal Church at Gretna—Rev. H. P. Gray.

Methodist Episcopal Church at Carrollton—Rev. J. Nicholson.

Episcopal.

The Episcopal Churches of this city have the appropriate services of the day, and the following are the names of the churches, the pastors and the hours of service:

Rev. Dr. Leacock, Christ Church, Canal street, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Rev. Dr. Hodges, St. Luke's Church, Mechanics' Institute, 11 A. M.

Rev. Dr. Goodrich, St. Paul's Church, Camp street, 11 A. M. and 4½ P. M.

Rev. J. W. Beckwith, Trinity Church, Jackson street, 11 A. M.

Rev. Dr. Lewis, Calvary Church, Prytania street, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Rev. John Percival, Annunciation Church, Camp and Race streets, 11 A. M.

Rev. G. W. Stickney, Mission of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Prieur and Bienville streets, 11 A. M.

Rev. W. F. Adams, St. Peter's Church for Seamen, Esplanade street, opposite U. S. Mint, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Friday 7 P. M.

Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, Mount Olivet, Algiers, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Wednesday 7 P. M.

Rev. L. V. Jessup, Emanuel Church, corner Camp and Soniat streets. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 9 A. M.

Rev. Elisha Guion, Carrollton, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Catholic.

In the following Catholic Churches there is service at sunrise, at 10 o'clock, and at a time in the afternoon varying from 5 to 6 o'clock. Sermons in the morning at 10 o'clock.

Church of the Annunciation, Mandeville, corner of Morales—Rev. Father F. Durrier.

Church of the Assumption, Josephine street—Rev. Father F. Leutte.

Church of Our Lady of Bon Secours, Jackson, corner of Constance—Rev. Father A. Kritkovics.

Chapel of Christian Brothers, Foucher, corner of Poeyfarre—Rev. E. Kane.

Church at Gretna—Rev. J. B. Bogaerts.

Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Claiborne, corner of Ursulines—Rev. C. P. Maistre.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, Baronne, corner of Common—Rev. Father Jourdan.

Church of St. Alphonsus, Constance, corner of Josephine—Rev. Father J. B. Duffy.

Church of St. Anne, St. Philip street—Mr. Tummoine.

Church of St. Authony, Rampart, corner of Conti street—J. F. Turgis.

Church of St. Augustine, Bayou Road—Rev. J. B. Jobert.

Church of St. Bartholomew, Algiers—Rev. F. Dennis.

Church of St. Joseph, Common, opposite Charity Hospital—Rev. J. Hayden.

Church of St. John the Baptist, Dryades, near Clio—Rev. J. Moynihan.

Cathedral, Chartres street—Rev. Gabriel Chalons.

Church of St. Marys, Chartres street—Rev. Father Gilbert Raymond.

Church of St. Maurice, Barracks—Rev. Father A. Duval.

Church of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum—Rev. P. F. Shell.

Church of St. Patrick, Camp street—Rev. Father Flannagan.

Church of St. Peter, 46 Marigny—C. Moynihan.

Church of Santa Rosa de Lima, Bayou Road, near Broad—Rev. M. Mittelbrau.

Church of St. Therese, Camp, corner of Erato—Rev. A. Verrina.

Church of St. Thomas, (German)—Rev. M. Beecher.

Church of St. Vincent de Paul—Rev. E. Foltier.

Church of Ursulines Convent—Rev. N. G. Perche.

Lutheran Churches.

Lutheran Evangelist Church, Felicity street—Rev. H. Kleuhagen.

Lutheran Evangelist Church, Craps street, corner of Port—G. Moedinger.

Lutheran Evangelist Church of St. John, Prieur street, corner of Customhouse—Rev. C. Metz.

Lutheran Evangelist Church of Zion, Euterpe street, near Baronne.

Baptist.

Services are held in the Baptist Churches at 11 A. M., and 3 P. M. Sabbath school at 9 A. M.

Union Church, on Dumaine street, between Roman and Prieur, Dr. S. W. Rogers and William Moody, pastors.

Free Mission, at 379 Common street, between Claiborne and Derbigny, Chas. Satchel pastor.

St. Marks on St. Marks street, between Gravier and Common, R. H. Steptoe, pastor.

First Baptist, corner of Cypress and Howard streets, Rev. N. D. Sanders.

Second Baptist, corner Melpomene and Howard streets. Rev. G. W. Steptoe, pastor.

Third Baptist, Roman street, near Laharpe. J. P. Davenport, pastor.

Church on the corner of Fulton and Jackson streets. Thomas Miles, pastor.

Church corner of Apollo and Thalia streets. Henry White, pastor.

Baptist Church, Spain street, near Goodchildren.

Baptist Church of Coliseum Place, Camp street, near Coliseum—Rev. W. H. Bayliss.

Baptist Church on Magazine street, corner of Second—Rev. J. C. Carpenter.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church (German), First street, near Laurel—Rev. John Hollander.

First Presbyterian Church, Jefferson City, Rev. B. Wayne.

Presbyterian Church, Liberty street, near Gasquet—Rev. Mr. Smith.

Third Presbyterian Church, Casacalvo street—Rev. B. M. Smith.

Thalia street Presbyterian Church, corner of Franklin.

First Presbyterian Church, Lafayette Square—Rev. B. M. Palmer.

Fourth Presbyterian Church, corner of Liberty and Gasquet streets—Pastor, Rev. G. L. More.

Prytania street Presbyterian Church, corner of Josephine.

Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Magazine street, between Jackson and Philip streets—Thos. S. Markham, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

Swedenborgian.

New Church Society Temple, corner of Bienville and Rampart streets. Public worship this morning at 11 o'clock, and this evening, also, at 7½ o'clock. Seats free.

Congregational.

First Congregational church (Unitarian), corner of St. Charles and Julia streets. Reverend T. L. Eliot, of St. Louis, officiating. Services morning and evening. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered immediately after morning service.

Miscellaneous.

Reverend L. H. Pease will preach in the Seamen's Bethel, corner of Erato and New Levee streets, at half-past four o'clock P. M.; Sabbath school at half-past three. Preaching every Sabbath, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend society.

First Congregational, corner of Camp and Calliope streets, Rev. Mr. Van Orden, pastor. Services at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M. Sabbath school at 9 A. M.

Congregational Church, Prytania street, corner of Calliope.

Protestant German Church, Clio street, near St. Charles—Rev. Mr. Parpart.

HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A Visit to Haworth by an American.

[From advance sheets of Professor Hopkin's "Old England."]

Keighly, which has been chiefly made known to us from its proximity to Haworth, is one of those important and swarming manufacturing places that make the power and wealth of England; and, as I arrived on pay-day afternoon, the streets were thronged with thousands of factory people, bearing the hard and independent stamp of West Riding weavers, described so vigorously in Shirley. In the dull and up hill ride of four miles to Haworth, shut in most of the way by high stone walls instead of the usual green hedges, I could not but think of those two feeble sisters, struggling along afoot over the dreary road, in the thunder storm, on their way to Keighly to take the London train for the purpose of proving to their publisher their actual and separate identity.

Haworth was pointed out with its gray tower, near the summit of a very high hill, and at its back swept away north the rolling, dismal moorlands, without the sign of a human habitation. A month later and these moors would be gorgeous with heather blossoms. After passing a few straggling houses we began to ascend that long, steep, paved street of Haworth now become so well known.

The church is a plain stone building, less interesting, architecturally, than English village churches usually are.

Mr. Nichols is a dark complexioned man, rather thin, with black hair and beard. The tones of his voice, especially in the service, were grave and pleasant, and, as I conceived, with a touch of sadness.

I saw the pew, and the corner of it, where Charlotte used to sit; and the new white marble tablet on the wall, erected to her memory, and that of her mother, four sisters, and brother. Its scriptural motto was from 1 Cor. 56, 57. The victory was soon gained after all, for the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" was only thirty-nine when she died. I was also shown the register of her marriage, and her autograph in the church records.

Without intending or seeking it, I was invited, as a stranger, to call upon Mr. Bronte for a few moments during the intermission. I went through a high walled yard at the back of the house, around to the front, through a smaller flower garden, and was shown by "Martha" into Mr. Bronte's study.

Mr. Bronte met me with real kindness of manner, but with something of the stateliness of the old school. His hair, worn short, was white as driven snow; his ample cambric cravat completely covered his chin; and his black dress was of the most scrupulous neatness. He has been called handsome, but that he never could have been. He has strong, rugged, even harsh features, with a high wrinkled forehead, and swarthy complexion; and his eyes are partially closed, for he is almost blind.

He struck me as being naturally a very social man, with a mind fond of discussion, and feeding agreeably on new ideas in spite of his reserve. I went into the opposite parlor where his daughters used to sit and write. There was Charlotte's potrait, with those large dark eyes, square impending brow, and sad, unsmiling mouth. Branwell Bronte's medallion likewise hung opposite; and Thackeray's portrait, "looking past her," as she said, was on the front wall. Her books still lay on the table. There was a Bible of Emily's, and a much worn copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," presented by the authoress to Mrs. Nichols. This room had rather a pleasant look; but its furniture was simple to severity; its only ornament was a little bunch of broom grass on the table. Martha then showed me into the kitchen. It was a snug, warm, crooning place; and it was not difficult to see the picture, on a dark winter eve, when the storms howled over the moor and rattled against the windows, of those bright-fancied children crowding together around the fire, telling their strange stories, and living in a world created by themselves. Here Emily Bronte studied German, with her book propped up before her, while she kneaded dough.

In the afternoon I heard Mr. Bronte preach from Job iii. 17: "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." It was the simple extemporaneous talk of an aged pastor to his people, spoken without effort, in short, easy sentences—and was drawn, it appeared to me, right out of that old graveyard, among whose stones his feet had walked, and his imagination had lived so long. In parts it was pathetic, especially when he alluded to the loss of his children. He branched off upon the sorrows, convulsions, and troubles in the world, and he seemed to long for wings like a dove to fly away from this changeful scene and be at rest.

On the whole, my Haworth visit was a serious and sobering one. I thought of what Charlotte Bronte said, that "it always made her unhappy to go away from Haworth, for it took her so long to become happy after she got home." Yet that stone house a century old, those bleak moors, that very melancholy crowded graveyard, may have done something to make Charlotte Bronte what she was. They fenced her in and made her inventive. Her fiery Irish imagination was concentrated here into a vital energetic current that did not waste itself in endless poetic mazy streams but cut for itself a deep, practical, and creative channel. The less she saw the more accurately she drew and the more profoundly she analyzed. Hence a shy, secluded little woman describes nature as if she had always been accustomed to live in the midst of the most lovely and opulent scenery, and moves our mind with something of the mighty power of Shakspeare, when she lays bare the abysses and spiritual forces of moral character.

The best criticism ever made upon her novels, it seems to me, was this—that her characters did not converse like human beings, but that their conversation was in fact their thoughts; it was thinking aloud.

I afterward saw Madame Heger's school in Brussels, where Charlotte and her sister resided for a time. Even that seemed to be a dull, shut-in-spot, as it were down in a pit. Intellectually speaking, she was a vine always to be kept pruned close by the husbandman, that she might bring forth more fruit.

Maggie's Eyes.—The New Orleans Republican has "a reader" whose precious wits are bothered by Maggie Mitchel's eyes. He wants to know whether she "has or has not one cross eye." The Republican don't know, but don't think she has anything cross about her. Perhaps we can solve the "momentous question." Maggie Mitchel has not a cross eye. We were once present in a sculptor's studio, when some one of a number of artists present spoke in a professional way of the peculiarity of her eyes. The sculptor settled the discussion that ensued by roughly modelling a head, and demonstrating that the peculiar appearance of Miss Maggie's eyes was due to a peculiarity of the eye-brows; or, in other words, her eyes are all right, but her eye-brows are quite wrong.—*Fiske's Bulletin.*

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Discharged Policemen.

A committee of the discharged policemen reported at their last meeting as follows:

First—Having consulted with Judge Cotton, they have come to the conclusion that to bring a suit against the city of New Orleans at the present time would end in a useless expenditure of money and a great loss of time with nothing gained by it, for the following reasons:

The courts will not be in session until November, and a delay of a few months cannot take any of our rights away from us. Moreover, if we were to go to law about it there are none of the judges but come under the jurisdiction of the military governor. He has the power to stop all legal proceedings in any court, and the opinion of the attorney general of the United States and that of the president are in a few days expected here. Your committee have agreed to wait for those opinions, and if favorable to our cause to proceed in the matter, and if those opinions coincide with the actions of the governor in removing the civil authorities from office, there then the matter must drop. This, gentlemen, is the reason for your committee to delay action in the matter. As Governor Wells, Judge Abell, and Mayor Monroe have memorialized to the attorney general and president in the matter, we, your committee, think the only course to be pursued in our case is to await with patience the action of the authorities at Washington, for if we institute a suit against the city, and the military governor stops the proceedings, we will not be benefited any by it. But if the opinions of the attorney general and President Johnson are that the power of removal is not vested in the military commanders, then we can institute a suit in safety. Judge Cotton is willing to place the matter in court, but his advice is to await the action of the authorities in Washington in the cases of the high officials, and he further says that in receiving our money we can do so by receiving it under protest as to our legal rights.

JAS. H. HUCHINS, Jr.
EDWD. FLOOD, River Police.
E. V. LECLERC, Second District.
M. HERNANDEZ, Third District.
ED. HEWITT, First District.

Discovery and Reminiscences.

Some boys, while playing Friday in the garret of a vacant house, No. 543 Craps street, found a human skull and some bones lying upon the floor. Lieutenant Johnson, upon being informed of the matter, made an investigation, and finds that the house has not been occupied since the death of the owner, Mr. Cyrot Gentes, some six years ago.

He is said to have formerly practiced medicine in Baton Rouge. When his effects were removed by his heirs the above articles were probably overlooked. They are now at the office of the chief of police.

The *Crescent* says there are many singular reminiscences connected with the name of this eccentric old man. A Frenchman by birth, he served as a drummer boy in the armies of the first Napoleon, and his accounts of the appearance, habits, and peculiarities of that wonderful man were lifelike and exceedingly interesting.

The writer has often listened for hours to his descriptions, which always bore the impress of truth. Modest and unassuming, Cyrot never spoke of his own exploits, and probably had performed none worthy of remembrance. He used to recount how the emperor would saunter from fire to fire on the bivouac, dressed in the simplest manner and mixing with the common soldiers, by whom he was invariably recognized.

His brusque manner, and his "thou-ing" and "thee-ing" the men, was not at all to their taste. Cyrot Gentes was present during the operations at Dresden during which Moreau was killed. He used to say that Napoleon, whilst momentarily directing his artillery, perceived a knot of officers on an eminence, and calling to one of the artillerists, and pointing to the group, exclaimed, "*Tirez la—Il doit y avoir quelques petits generaux*"—"Fire in that direction—those are some petty generals." The ball carried off both of Moreau's legs above the knees, wounding him mortally, and the allies retreated in consequence.

Old Cyrot Gentes was a harmless and industrious man. Unspeakably unclean in his person, he was a man of excellent information and sense. His monomania consisted in bringing suit in the district court for imaginary damages, and the perusal of his petitions afforded great amusement to clerks and lawyers. This imperfect sketch will revive many half-forgotten memories with a great many readers.

Base Ball.

The following is a report of the base ball match yesterday between the Southern base ball club and the Customhouse base ball club:

SOUTHERN CLUB.	Runs.	Outs.	CUSTOMHOUSE CLUB.	Runs.	Outs.
Pitkin, 3d B.	5	5	Houston	2	3
Bignen, S. S.	8	1	Daily	4	4
Latt, 2d B.	5	4	Jugalis	4	4
Brandenberg, P.	6	4	Hailen	8	0
Armstrong, L. F.	6	2	Tracy	6	1
Tebault, C.	8	2	Rockfell, F.	3	3
Chandler, R. F.	7	2	Green	4	2
Camerden, 1st B.	6	3	Shute	4	2
Borant, C. F.	3	5	Young	0	3
Total	54	28	Total	35	26

The "Southern" made fifty-four runs and the "Customhouse" thirty-five. The scorers were W. L. Shepherd and F. K. Sturgis; umpire, Charles H. Pierce. The time occupied in the game was two hours and twenty-two minutes.

Burglary and Robbery.

James Noell gave information at the office of the chief of police to the effect that his room, at No. 12 Dryades street, near Canal, was burglariously entered, and a quantity of clothing and several articles of jewelry stolen.

Robert Cowell was arrested, charged by Captain J. W. Hawthorn with stealing $241 in greenbacks from the steamship Crescent, lying at the head of Julia street, the same belonging to deponent. The accused was arraigned before Assistant Recorder Stith yesterday morning, and required to give bail in $1000 to answer to the charge on the 18th.

Arrested.

Barney McCabe, chief of the metropolitan police of Columbus, Ohio, arrived in this city on Friday, in pursuit of a fugitive from justice named Charles H. Carbez, and armed with a requisition from the governor of Ohio for the criminal, together with a bench warrant for his arrest. General Sheridan ordered his special officers to make the arrest, which was promptly consummated, the prisoner lodged in the military prison over night, and was yesterday taken off to his home by way of the Jackson railroad. Corbez is charged with robbery and with "jumping" his bonds.

Capture of a Fugitive.

Thomas Burke, alias Wadsworth, alias James, who made his escape from the parish prison about two months ago, has been recaptured at Lake Charles, in this State. While on his way back to the city, in charge of officers, by way of Galveston, he was claimed by the sheriff there, and held for some crime committed in Galveston on the second of June; also, on an order from General Griffin. Burke was arrested as a counterfeiter, and was held here for passing several counterfeit $100 bills in this city.

Disturbing the Peace.

In Recorder Gastinel's court yesterday, François Parasac and Albert Williams, colored, for fighting and disturbing the peace on the levee were fined $10 or ten days in the parish prison; Jennie Smith, for the same offense on Dauphin street, $10 or ten days workhouse; William Stewart, the same offense on Toulouse street, $10 or ten days parish prison; Mollie Smith, colored, same offense, same street, $10 or ten days workhouse.

Drunk.

John Lurnier, drunk on Rampart street; John Duffy, drunk in Jackson square; John Monaghan, drunk on Hospital street, each $5 or five days parish prison; Mollie Smith, colored, on Toulouse street, and Jennie Williams, colored, each $10 or ten days workhouse, by Recorder Gastinel.

Presentation.

Lieutenant Johnson, of the third district police, was presented by a party of his friends Friday evening, at his residence, corner of Spain and Mandeville streets, with a crescent badge of gold and blue enamel. Festivities, we are told, marked the occasion.

Insane.

Mrs. Haberstock, an insane woman, found on Treme street, was sent to the Insane asylum by Recorder Gastinel.

Lewd and Abandoned.

"Mary," arrested in Congo square as a lewd and abandoned woman, was sent to the workhouse for sixty days by Recorder Gastinel.

Meeting of the Barker Creditors.

Another meeting of the creditors Bank of Commerce of Jacob Barker, was held last night at the City Hall. The object was to hear from the committee appointed in their behalf what action had been taken to bring Mr. Barker to settlement in the bankrupt court. The committee, through its able chairman, Mr. George Soule, stated the result of the interviews with Mr. Barker, pursuant to instructions of the creditors. That gentleman (Mr. Barker) stated that the movement was all right, that he would transfer his property as soon as possible; that he would consult his counsel the next day, when he would be ready to assign. The committee waited two days, but Mr. B. took no action. The committee then filed affidavit that they believed Mr. Barker a bankrupt, illegally and fraudulently disposing of his effects. The petition was received, and the marshal directed to temporarily seize Mr. Barker's property. This action seemed to surprise Mr. Barker, who has since used every effort to thwart it. *He said*, however, he was willing to go into court, to save time and expense. But Monday, the day set for his surrender of property, he declined to do as promised, and said he would answer the committee's petition, denying bankruptcy, or that he was paying out his money, etc. From all the circumstances of the case, the committee was again forced to believe Mr. B. is two-faced, his object being delay, and to make no settlement. They also made a statement of certain ruinous courses pursued by some of the creditors, damaging to the interests of the whole. Also, that with a view of obtaining the value of Mr. Barker's property they appointed a real estate appraiser, and his appraisement of each parcel was read to the meeting. The aggregate appraisement of the assets, after deducting mortgages, etc., and including property of Mr. Barker, junior, (how much they did not know, and Mr. Barker, senior, would not tell), reaches but $300,000. The liabilities, after admitting Mr. Barker's statements of certain payments to be true, still exceed $500,000.

The meeting was a very quiet but determined one, and adjourned expressing full confidence in its committee, whose chairman was so efficient, cool, and straightforward.

A Stabbing Case.

One John Bennett, Spanish, was arraigned yesterday before Recorder Gastinel for stabbing, some time since, François Bellasac, colored. The prosecution established the fact of the assault by stabbing, but between the counsel for the accused, who had a score of witnesses to introduce, and the recorder, there was an "irrepressible conflict," and he permitted his client to be incarcerated until a final disposition of the matter is made.

The case was continued by the recorder several times for the purpose of hearing something from the prosecuting witness, Bellasac, who was taken to the bureau (marine) hospital when he was wounded, and after his discharge did not make his whereabouts known to the recorder's court. At length a communication was received by Recorder Gastinel from the freedmen's bureau, informing him that Bellasac alleged to the bureau that he could not get justice in his court. Thus Bellasac was found, and his assailant will get justice.

Losses by the St. Louis Street Fire.

The building in which the fire occurred was composed of eight or nine tenements, and was occupied by a number of families. The property belongs to widow E. Maher, and was insured for $10,000. Damage about $4000. The grocery store, corner of Treme and St. Louis streets, belongs to Mr. Belsey, and was badly injured by water. Other portions were occupied by Mrs. Didier, widow, with four children, who lost all her effects, and other persons, who sustained more or less loss.

A "Spec" of Trouble.

Accidentally, yesterday morning, a colored man capsized a wheelbarrow load of coal where some of the pieces fell on one of the engineers of the Mollie Able, who was under one of the boilers, fixing some machinery. The engineer became enraged and struck the colored man with a monkey wrench. His friends threatened to avenge the injury, but the party assaulted concluded to make an affidavit against the engineer.

Seizures.

General Gurney yesterday caused the seizure of the distillery at the corner of Royal and Barracks streets, together with quite an amount of rum and molasses. He also seized fifty-five barrels of whisky, shipped to this port from New York, and about the same amount received from up the river. All of this for non-payment of tax.

Steam Engine Trial.

A trial at ten o'clock of the new steam fire engine, built in Philadelphia, for Jackson fire company, and a new species of combination hose, will test the capacity of both the machine and hose.

COURT REPORTS.

United States Circuit Court—Hon. E. H. Durell, Associate Justice.

The federal court was occupied to-day in hearing the free discussion by the bar interested in the principle lately decided in the supreme court of the State in the case of Wainright vs. Bridges, as to payment of obligations given for slaves. The validity of these contracts was argued by Governor Weller, and the nullity was argued by E. C. Billings, of Sullivan, Billings & Hughes.

First District Court—Hon. W. W. Howe, Judge.

State vs. Frederick Kuntz, manslaughter, committed in killing Nathan Jones: fifteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

State vs. Lewis White, stealing fourteen dollars worth of wearing apparel from Aaron Johnson; three months at hard labor in the penitentiary.

State vs. William Good, assault and battery on William Prime; one month in the parish prison.

State vs. Francis Dupoute, stealing thirty-five dollars from John Langhauser; two months at hard labor in the penitentiary.

State vs. John Martin, carrying a slung shot concealed; ten days in the parish prison.

State vs. Richard Johnson, stealing a watch from Peter Francis; six months at hard labor in the penitentiary.

State vs. Peter Davis, stealing a piece of cassimere worth $15, the property of Wm. Mooseman; two months at hard labor in the penitentiary.

State vs. Thomas Behan, convicted of manslaughter, committed in killing Mackin; sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Suspensive appeal to the supreme court granted.

A Woman's Habit.

The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted, will eye over another woman, who she thinks is not in such good society, and above all, not at the time being in such a costly dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere, at parties, at churches, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in a glance the whole woman and what she has on from top-knot to shoe tie. It cannot be a new fashion of behavior; but the daily increasing pretense of people to superiority, because they can afford to spend more money upon their backs than others can, makes it at once more common and more remarkable even than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small sized specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, or at least epicene. But women of sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretenses, and inflict a wound in a manner most cowardly, because it cannot be resented and admits of no retort. If they but only knew how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous-hearted man who observes their maneuver, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel, which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed that a woman, whatever be her birth or breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

There has been some little talk among the Iowa Democrats of nominating as their candidate for governor the odoriferous Rev. Henry Clay Dean. The bare mention of his name in this connection has called out from that delightful cross between a hog and a Hottentot a letter to ex-Senator Dodge, of Burlington, declining the unproffered honor.

THE COQUETTE'S GLOVE.

Ah, little glove! ah, little glove!
How many hearts thou'st broken!
How many times thou'st talked of love
When not a word was spoken!
What faithless signals thou hast made!
What cruel kindness granted!
What buds of promise caused to fade!
What seeds of sorrow planted!

How strong thy unsuspected strength,
Thou mite of a magician,
Leading, as thou hast ever led,
From pleasure to perdition!
How oft thou'st lured poor mortals on,
By some concealed attraction!
How oft, too, like fair Circe's wand,
Thy touch has caused distraction!

How many are thy charming crimes,
Thy guilty fascinations,
Thy virgin virtues, modest signs,
Mere mocking machinations!
Most dangerous when most demure,
Most wicked when most winning,
Thou mak'st thy trusting lover doubt
If such sin can be sinning.

Thy victim keeps thee next his heart,
Long after thou st deceived him,
And fondles in his breast the dart
That of his joy bereaved him.
He'll hovering stand 'twixt love and hate,
His dear tormentor nursing;
Will curse thee for his cruel fate,
Yet kiss thee e'en while cursing.

E. A. B.

John Bright as an Orator.

The talking talent is not one of those personal gifts which Englishmen delight to honor. If in America the tendency is to overrate its merit, and to heap exaggerated rewards upon its distinguished exercise, in England there is a tendency quite as pronounced in the opposite direction. It is true that Britons find enjoyment in eloquence, for after all that can be said about them Britons are human. They are, indeed, greatly moved by eloquence, and are remarkably demonstrative under its power. But when the performance is over, when the lights are out, the spell broken, and they themselves safely escaped into the cooling air, a reaction commonly sets in, and they are very much inclined to estimate the talent by which they have been so highly entertained as at best only a species of mountebank cleverness. "A mere talker," "a glib tongue," "the gift of the gab,"—these are descriptions which in England, and especially among cultivated people, are meant to be the reverse of complimentary. So much is this the case that parliamentary speakers not seldom either affect a hesitant and bungling utterance, or are too conscious of the political value of its natural possession to make any effort to overcome it. There is a feeling in the land that very great sincerity must needs talk slowly, and now and then even stumble; that real thoughtfulness can never mount the swifter steeds of speech; that only shallowness, and passion, and hypocrisy are particularly fluent. Hence bad speaking is really an element of availability. Hence great men, placing themselves at the service of their country, will hem and haw from patriotic motives. They will inspire the reverence of their constituents by a judicious blending of coughing and stammering with their logic. They will carry an election or win the honors of a debate by the persuasive manifestation of an inability to talk. Shakespeare's Antony was a very good Englishman, rather than a Roman, when he tried to fasten upon Brutus the stigma of being eloquent: "I am no orator—as Brutus is!"

"Oh, he can speak!" Such was the damnatory verdict on John Bright which came with sneering accent from the curled lips of an English scholar, last November, with whom we happened to be walking out of the library of the British museum. Nothing else that Thomas Carlyle said to the boys at the University of Edinburgh a year ago so delighted the English people as these witty sentences against the talk which the greatest of living talkers put into that amusing talk, of more than two hours length, on his inauguration as lord rector: "There is very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. I must say that speech does not seem to me to have turned to any good account. If a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?" And straightway *Mr. Punch* took this last sentence and gave it the point which all kid gloved Britons had already applied to it, by printing it under a ludicrous cartoon representing John Bright haranguing a begrimed and gaping crowd of artisans.

Nevertheless, as we have already allowed, Britons after all are human and the love of eloquence is a universal human, instinct. Even Britons cannot in all cases with success contend against it. Natural passions are stronger than conventional ones. Thus it has happened, no doubt, that even in a country where, according to Sydney Smith, "an audience is apt to consider the man who tires them less than usual as a trifler and a charlatan," and where, according to Lord Lytton, "hesitating, humming, and drawling are the three graces of conversation," John Bright, by sheer force of oratory, and against the general contempt for oratory, as well as against every disadvantage of religious, educational, and social prejudice, has risen to be not only an unsurpassed personal force in England, but positively one of the institutions of England.

It must be confessed, however, that if English antipathy to oratory has in this case given way, it has done so under a provocation which all the world and succeeding ages will be likely to consider sufficient to justify so exceptional a procedure. For we believe all students of his speeches now admit that John Bright is one of the greatest examplars of a pure, manly, and commanding eloquence that any age or any language can produce.

There are some great orators whose speeches, though they may be read with delight when printed, fall heavy and dead in the actual delivery. Such an orator was Edmund Burke. On the contrary, there are orators whose speeches produce an amazing effect in the actual delivery, but furnish, when cold in type, extremely dismal reading matter to the hapless wight who may encounter them. Such an orator was Whitfield; such an orator was Lord Brougham; such an orator was Henry Clay. Indeed a great master of eloquence has by implication made this latter characteristic almost a proof of the excellence of the speech. "Does the speech read well?" said Charles James Fox, "then depend upon it, it was a poor one." But is not the perfect orator he whose speech is so fluent yet so thoughtful, so energetic in manner yet so choice in quality, so glowing with passion yet so rational, weighty, and suggestive, that while it sways the vast throng as it leaps from the lips which first gave it utterance, it still has, if fairly reported, an undying charm for the student in the closet? Such an orator was Daniel Webster; such an orator is Wendell Phillips; such an orator is that noble English statesman whose eloquence now wields the fierce democracy of England.

John Bright has a merit which is not a very common one among our own popular speakers; he uses pure English, avoiding alike the opposite vulgarisms of bombast and of slang. His style is simply perfect, racy, strong, sharp, terse, and clear, with a basis of glorious Saxon coming straight from the market and the hearth, and just enough impregnated with courtly Norman to give it elevation, nobleness, and an occasional majesty and musical pomp. This, his almost infallible taste in the choice of words, is the key to his victory over the orator-scorning fastidiousness of the educated classes of England. Whence got this Quaker demagogue that marvelous masterly of style which we university men, toiling for it through all ancient and modern lore, would now give our right hands to possess? Such is the frequent and amazed inquiry of many an English scholar. "I may be nothing," said the orator modestly last year at Rochdale, "only your fellow-townsman, a man not brought up in universities or in the society of statesmen." "I have not had the advantages which others have had," said the orator in the house of commons a few weeks afterward, "but that fact only makes me the more value that which others have obtained." It is still common for public speakers in England, and especially in the house of commons, to quote from the Greek and Roman classics, and such quotation is still considered to be what Doctor Johnson called it, "the watchword of literary men." John Bright never strains his mouth to utter the scholastic shibboleth. We do not remember a Latin sentence, and scarcely a Latin word, in any of his speeches, and we are sure he never spoke a Greek one. But he partly reveals the character of his favorite studies as well as the source of his exquisite English vocabulary by the snatches of English poetry which he occasionally introduces into his speeches, and always with aptness and impressive effect.

We shall not soon forget with what sweetness, in speaking of the brightening effort of a true Sunday on the toiling classes of Lancashire, he once quoted a couplet of George Herbert's:

"The week were dark without thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way."

We have never listened to anything finer of its kind than a passage in a very grand speech which we had the privilege of hearing him make, last August, in the town hall at Birmingham. He was describing the progress of popular liberty in the English colonies and in the United States, and then returning to Europe, he said:

"You will find in the republic of Switzerland, in the kingdom of Holland and Belgium, in Norway, in Sweden, in France, and now in Germany also, a widespread exercise of the franchise hitherto unknown in our time in this country; and neither emperor nor king nor noble believes that his authority or his interest, his own greatness or the happiness of any of his countrymen, will be jeopardized by the free admission of the people to the constitutional privileges. What is it that we are come to in this country, that what is being rapidly conceded in all parts of the world is being persistently and obstinately refused here in England—the home of freedom, the mother of parliaments"—

At this point the orator paused, as if struggling for some loftier and more vivid language with which to portray the peculiar glory and, therefore, the peculiar shame of England, and then in an instant he resumed, as these fine lines seemed to flash upon his memory—

"of which one of her own poets has said,

'Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine,
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.'"

It was but an audience of working-men, yet the splendor of the quotation and its application to the argument, all the more powerful because so delicate, were fully appreciated, and the vast assemblage seemed lifted from their seats by their enthusiasm. But when the next morning that speech was laid on every aristocratic breakfast-table in England, and innumerable eyes, that could not but sparkle at literary excellence, fell upon this passage, with what a tantalized mixture of fury and delight would many a Tory squire and nobleman exclaim: "The Quaker dog! Where did he get such English? And now, see! he has broken into the very armory of our poets, has stolen their choicest weapons, and is using them to knock our brains out!"

In closing the last speech he ever made, Mr. Cobden said, "I never perorate." It may be said of his illustrious friend, Mr. Bright, that he never closes a speech without perorating. Of course we do not mean that even he perorates in the exact sense Mr. Cobden meant—that of an elaborated strain of ostentatious rhetoric. But Mr. Bright has what Mr. Cobden had not—an oratorical temperament; and as he draws toward the conclusion of a speech his mind seems to rise to a grander and more kindling view of his theme; he sweeps over the whole a more burning glance, and, as if exulting in the amplitude of his own resources for expression, he gathers them up and pours them forth at last in his richest and most energetic sentences. An admirable instance of this habit, and one which illustrates, also, many of the best qualities of his manner, was the peroration of his magnificent speech for the reform bill in the house of commons in April, 1866.

"I have been misrepresented and condemned and denounced by honorable gentlemen opposite, and by not a few writers in their press. My conscience tells me that I have labored honestly only to destroy that which is evil, and to build up that which is good. (Cheers.) The political aims of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the honorable member for Wick (Mr. Laing), are my political aims, if they can be called the aims in any degree of any living Englishman. (Loud cheers.) And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its business districts, in Manchester with its encircling towns, in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Glasgow and amidst the vast industries of the west of Scotland, and in the great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes—if now, more than at any time during the last hundred years, it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, that

'Content sits basking on the cheek of toil'—

if this house and if its statesmen glory in the change, have I not as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory? (Loud cheers.) I know, and every thoughtful man among you knows, and those gentlemen who sit on that bench and who are leading you to this enterprise, they know that the policy I have urged upon the house and upon the country, so far as it has hitherto been accepted by parliament, is a policy conservative of the public welfare, strengthening the just authority of parliament, and adding from day to day fresh lustre and dignity to the crown. (Cheers.) And now, when I speak to you and ask you to pass this bill—when I plead on behalf of those who are not allowed to speak themselves in this house—if you could raise yourselves for this night, for this hour, above the region of party strife—if you could free yourselves from the pestilent atmosphere of passion and prejudice which so often surrounds us here, I feel confident that at this moment I should not plead in vain before the imperial parliament on behalf of the English constitution and the English people." (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

Wealth and Poverty of our Statesmen.—Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if congress had not purchased his library, giving him five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door. Madison saved his money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid $30,000 for them. James Monroe, the sixth president of the United States, died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of his friends. They remain in a cemetery, but no monument marks the spot where they repose. John Quincy Adams left $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy. Martin Van Buren died rich. Throughout his political life he studiously looked out for his own interest. Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded $100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man. James K. Polk left about $150,000, $50,000 of which was saved from his presidency of four years. Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his lifetime, the product of his professional speculation. He died leaving his property to his children, and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than $30,000, the latter exceeding $250,000. John Tyler left $50,000. Before he was president he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means, and then married a rich wife. Taylor left $160,000. Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be squandered in speculation and vice. Franklin Pierce saved some $50,000 from his term of service. James Buchanan, who is a bachelor, and saves all he gets, is estimated to be worth at least $200,000.

An Illustration.—There is a passage in Scribe's comedy, the *Verre d'Eau*, which gives a life-like description of the present position of Luxembourg. It is the scene in which the simple girl Abigail unfolds to Bolingbroke the grief which oppresses her at the thought of the two court ladies who are setting their caps at her lover, Masham:

Abigail—What am I, a poor girl, to do? How can I hold up my head against two ladies of quality?

Bolingbroke—All the better for you! Two rivals are less formidable than one.

Abigail (much interested)—Ah! if you could convince me of that.

Bolingbroke—Nothing more easy. Suppose a great kingdom wants to annex a little province; there is no help for it, the weak state is lost. But if another great empire simultaneously covets the same place, there is a chance of salvation for it. The two great powers watch each other, neutralize each other, and the threatened province escapes the danger—thanks to the number of its enemies.

Pacification of the Country.—Governor Harriman, of New Hampshire, a gallant officer in the army during the war, had this paragraph in his recent inaugural message:

On national affairs, the rightful authority has at last presented its ultimatum. The executive cannot, the judiciary will not, the south dare not evade its requirements. The result is full of promise for the early pacification of the country.

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