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NEW ORLEANS:
FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18, 1863.

THE STEAMER HANNIBAL SUNK.—We learn by the arrival of the steamer South Western, from Baton Rouge, that she met the steamer Hannibal, captain Terrill, hence for St. Louis, sunk five miles above Donaldsonville, no lives were lost. The cargo in the hold, consisting of sugar and salt, will be a total loss, the deck load will be saved without much difficulty as the boat lies near the shore. The damage to the Hannibal is supposed to be slight.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Creole, John Thompson, Commander, left her wharf at 5 o clock last evening, for New York via Havana, with a full freight, the U. S. mails and the following passengers:

For New York—Mr. Henry Cochrane, Mrs. H. White, A Girard, lady and servant; Miss W. A Field, W Jay, E. H Lee, Mrs. Biggs and 5 children; John Rand, lady and child; M. O'Brien, J. M. Mattur, P. Brady, F. Walling, W. F. Mohr, P. Lipclassby; 20 in the steerage.

For Havana—Mrs. Gayle, G. Domingo, J. Jeffers, J. M Rail, Geo. F. Id. L. Fiske, D. W. Bugin, Domingo de Arinas and 9 in the steerage.

HAIR DRESSING SALOON.—Mr. Dubois, No. 58 Royal street, has considerably improved his fashionable saloon, which is now fitted in the Parisian style. See his advertisement in another column.

The underneath sketch is taken from the contribution to *Harper's Magazine* for September, by a writer who professes to draw his materials "from an experience of fourteen years in the cotton-growing States of the South, spent in daily intercourse with the slaves"

A Negro Pastor in the City.

In 1847 I resided in New Orleans. My first acquaintance with a negro pastor was in that city. I sometimes attended his church, and it was no unusual circumstance to meet there on Sunday many whites, both ladies and gentlemen, citizens and strangers, who were in attendance at those meetings.

This was a church composed entirely of blacks, most of whom were slaves. The congregation numbered quite a thousand persons. The building and lot were owned by the church, and the title deeds were held in their name by responsible individuals. The pastor had been sold from Virginia to Louisiana, was a mechanic by trade, and the church had purchased his freedom. They paid him, in weekly collections, a yearly salary of something more than a thousand dollars. His character as a preacher and pastor will appear from the narrative, and though he is not a representative of the whole body of slave preachers in the southern cities, yet he is a representative of a *class*. To understand the whole truth concerning the subject before us, we must contemplate both the good and the bad, for there are bad ministers even among the slaves, though in the main the good greatly predominate

One Sunday afternoon I entered the African church among a lively throng of worshipers. I was a little late in my arrival, and the members of the church, anxious to secure seats, were hurrying impatiently to the sanctuary. If any one had ever associated with the slave the idea of hurrying cloth, depression, and suffering, he should have seen the chattering *girls* and fashionably-dressed *boys* who were pouring through the church court yard. The younger "girls" were dressed in pretty French looking costumes, many of them exceedingly tasteful for slaves; sparkling kid gloves, glossy beaver, patent-leather boots, and were many of them quite exquisite. This was the Sunday costume of house servants, clerks, porters, etc., in an Anglo French city, and is no criterion for slave costume anywhere else, certainly not upon the plantation. As we seated ourselves near the pulpit, we saw it occupied by the pastor of the church, another colored preacher, and a white preacher from Mobile, and we were informed, greatly to our disappointment, that the white preacher was to preach. The services were commenced by the pastor, who prayed and read the hymns, in all which there was nothing peculiar. You might as well have been in a white congregation, and in a city anywhere else, except that was distinctive in those services. But soon we had something peculiar. One of the deacons sitting at the right of the pulpit, in attempting to "raise the tune," unfortunately pitched upon the wrong meter, and couldn't make time and tune with the words. Here was an occasion for pastoral authority, and it came from the pulpit as follows:

"Who dat start that tune? Who dat don't know how sing? Stop dat, and let somebody sing knows how to sing. Brudder Peter, you sing!"

Poor deacon! he was overwhelmed, he fairly wilted under the pastoral crook. But "Brudder Peter" rose most sublimely on the occasion, shifting at a dash the right tune, and the immense congregation, who really "knew how to sing," carried the rolling melody triumphantly to the skies.

And here was noticeable that peculiar element of negro worship which you can hear in their meetings—devotional singing. Where the negro is within the spheres of his peculiar manifestations. His singing is not artistic, nor wonderful for its vocalization, but you can hardly keep from weeping under its influence. There is about it a peculiar pathos, and a depth of devotion. There is nothing which thus affects you at their "corn shucking," where they are simply boisterous and mischievous, they are not even mirthful. But let them sing of Jesus, of salvation, of heaven, and you see how exceedingly these religious feelings are impressions which appeal to their gratitude, their sympathies, and their hopes. You feel at once that you are listening to worshipers.

The usual prayer following the singing was by the "white brother," and this sermon from the white brother's sermon were in nothing remarkable, except for dullness. But the closing exercises by the pastor were remarkable, and exceedingly effective. These exercises consisted, first, of a minute and critical review of the white brother's sermon, with notes and corrections of said sermon, and a running practical application of the whole to his hearers, and, secondly, of another exposition of the same chapter, in the pastor's own peculiar style, and adapted to the world as if he were showing the white brother how he should have preached it. And, indeed, as to ability, there was no comparison between them. The pastor was a scribe, rightly instructed in the kingdom of heaven. The subject had been an exposition of a chapter in James. The preacher belonged to a sect calling themselves a Christian; and his history preaching is one of their weaknesses. The review of this performance was not highly complimentary to the expositor; and contained many effective hits, too palpably just to be ignored. Thus:

"My brudder call your tention to de fact dat God did temp Abra'am and den he go on to tell you 'bout Abra'am's temptation. Now I don't like dat word 'temptation.' God can not be tempted wid evil, neither tempteat he any man. Suppose we read dat word temp try. Ah, my brudder, (turning to the white preacher,) why you say not *try*?—After dese things God did *try* Abra'am. He try his people *now*. Wen man's trials and tribertations from God? But I don't like dat work *(emp. I—tell you—tell the congregation)—God—don't—temp—any—body*."

Peter prided himself, not without just cause, on the thoroughness and infallibility of his discipline. He knew every colored member of his church, and kept himself accurately informed concerning the habits and indulgences of those whom he had any reason to think open to suspicion. No deed of darkness, however secretly performed, but sooner or later reached the tribunal of Peter. As soon as there was any ground for scandal, the colored deacons went to work to sift the rumor, and bring to light any tangible wickedness. They were as expert in following all the windings and doublings of the delinquent as a trained detective engaged in tracking observations of the doings of their fellows, and the sort of freemasonry which exists among them, were made available for the good of the church and the enlightenment of the deacons. If the reports were mere scandal, nothing was said to the white members, but if the delinquent was fairly proved guilty, the white deacons were called in, and the evidence submitted to them, and if thus confirmed, a report was made to the white church, and expulsion of the offender followed.

Peter's appearance during preaching was perfectly impressive. He was outwardly a carved statue of faded ebony. Over his face passed no emotion, and he rarely changed his position. Went quietly upon to pray at the close of the sermon, he knelt with dignity, kneeled slowly, and with erect trunk and motionless head delivered, with great simplicity of manner and profound humility, a series of very touching and pathetic petitions.

There was a style of expression in these petitions which was wholly peculiar to Peter. He had a manner of involving or rolling up his sentences in the form of climaxes, which was never heard from any other church officer. This was, however, an intellectual idiosyncrasy of that official peculiarity, and therefore the other deacons never aspired to it. The facility with which it was done, and the extent to which it was carried, always led me to the conclusion that Peter studied this thing. Touch and coming in a prayer perhaps a dozen such arrangements as the following:

"O Lord, send, and descend, and condescend wid dy Spirit."

"Make de sinner to turn, and return, and overturn till he break down at de foot ob de cross ob Calvary."

"Help us to see, and foresee, and oversee dese things."

Such as ingenious arrangement of triplets, consisting as they did so frequently and appositely, and in the fervency of his supplications, could hardly have been spontaneous. Peter, with all his good qualities and even stoicism, evidently had a weakness—he studied effect.

About Parks.

The New York *World* of the 5th instant expatiates largely on the subject of parks in general, and both largely and enthusiastically on the subject of the Central Park of New York in particular. The sketch embraces at once the botany, the zoology, the arborology, the topography, the artistic prospects and possibilities and the financial affairs of this latter-day pride and boast of Gotham. The following extract will not be devoid of interest to those who know how to estimate the importance of urban parks and gardens, which have, not inappropriately, been called the lungs of great cities:

The Board of Commissioners of the Central Park have published their 8th annual report. The pamphlet is adorned with several excellent lithographs of park views, diagrams, etc., and is a very carefully prepared map of the entire grounds, showing the progress made within the period, and exhibiting the financial condition of the affairs of the Board. The most material feature of the report, however, is the very well-digested suggestions to the Common Council and various learned societies which should receive early attention so far as may be practicable. The amount expended by the Board for the past three years has been $312 841, or $93,000 less than the amount authorized by law. The estimated cost of the park up to the present time, including the purchase of the land, is $7,827 128 01. It extended to One Hundred and Tenth street, about which there is still some doubt, its total area will be 843 19-1000 acres. There are but seven parks in the world of larger extent than ours. These are:

Great Windsor Park, near London	3,560 acres.
Richmond Park	2,253 acres.
Hampton Court and Bushy	1,152 acres.
Phœnix Park, near Dublin	1,752 acres.
Bois de Boulogne, near Paris	1,158 acres.
Gardens at Versailles	300 acres.
Prater Garten, Vienna	1,500 acres.

During the last year a grand total of 4,195,595 persons have visited the Park. Of these 1,996,918 were pedestrians, 71,645 were equestrians, and the balance occupied vehicles, numbering 200,010. Out of this immense number of visitors but 185 arrests have been made, and of these 103 were for fast driving. There are eleven boats on the lake. Over 20,000 persons took a sail during the season of 1862. A statement is made of the donations to the Board for the use of the Park, from which it appears that eighty seven casts, in plaster, of the works of the late Thomas Crawford, have been presented by Mrs Louisa W Crawford. Also the statue of Flora, in marble, by Crawford, presented by R. K Haight. Among the animals given are the following: Seventy-three white swans (twenty-eight of which have died) two trumpet cranes (both dead), four deer, three doves, a monkey, a red fox, two Poland geese, an American eagle, a black eagle, two Syrian gazelles (both now dead), an opossum, the ox "General Scott" and the ox "Constitution," two musk deer (both now dead), an Australian cassiao, two sheep, and a marsh hawk (dead.) The surviving animals are in good condition, and are subjects of marked interest to visitors. The carriage drive below One Hundred and Second street is open for its entire length for public use, a distance of over seven miles. The bridle road now open is a little over four miles long. The total length of walk now in use is a little over eighteen miles. The stone work of the terrace is under contract to be completed this year. The terrace forms the architectural termination to the mall. "It has in the first place to, according to the description in the report, "to respond to certain special requirements of public convenience that may be readily seen to exist in this part of the plan of the Park. As an artistic conception, on the other hand, it aims, without any attempt at grandeur or severity, to express an earnest general idea, and at the same time to be as full of playful suggestion and liberal decoration in detail as the nature of the case will admit. In constructing it preceding have been placed for the reception of such statuary as may from time to time come into the possession of the commissioners. In this manner receptacles have been provided for statues illustrative of "Day," "Night," "Sunlight," "Moonlight," "Sentiment," "Twilight" "Childhood," "Youth," "Maturity," "Old Age," "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "The Mountain," "The Valley," "The River," "The Lake," "Science," "Art," "Poesy," "Pomona," "Sylvan Waters," and "Flora." The terrace is, as all know, divided into upper and lower portions. When finished it will form the most elegant and elaborate architectural specimen in the Park. The interior walls are arcaded, to correspond with the external openings and within the bastions are the recesses proposed to be finished with marble and Caen stone. The flights of stairs which approach the lake, with their adjacent ornamentation, constitute a pile of palatial grandeur even now. The design for the terrace are from the pencil of Mr. J. Wing, who is personally superintending the construction.

The Steam Plow.

A New York journal observes

We perceive by an article in the *Prairie Farmer* that this ingenious inventor, the first we believe who attempted a steam plow in this country, is still at work on that great and much needed implement. He may be, if he recollect rightly, adopts the drum, instead of wheels, on which to move. Such a plan is clearly in the weight of the engine, fuel, and water, that wheels will cut into the soil, however with their rims. As for the movable, self-laying track, so much relied upon in England, we never had the least faith in it. The light, stationary engines, lately adopted in this country, by which the plow gangs are to be drawn by long ropes, is an awkward, back handed, roundabout contrivance, which none but an Englishman would ever have thought of, and which Englishmen and their kin will very soon have to give up for something better. If Mr. Fawkes has patented and can hold the exclusive use of the drum (we know not how that is) his fortune is made, and his prodigious perseverance and great outlay will sooner or later be rewarded. So at least we hope, for he has tried hard, and he deserves well of the prairie farmers and other large cultivators, whether he succeeds now, or ten years hence or never.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Present Court Postscript—Indian Alocha Forcibly Entering a House and Tearing a Flag!—G. F. Cook, a young soldier, was charged with entering the parlor of Mrs Tourne, by jumping over an iron railing through a window. R F. Weeks was charged with buying at the same time entered through the door, and committed an assault and battery on the son of prosecutrix to possess himself of a flag which was torn by Cook from the chandeliers in the parlor, and supposed by them to be a Confederate flag. Mrs Tourne testified, that she explained to them the colors of the flag were red yellow and white, and that was a Spanish flag, they could not distinguish the yellow color, which by gaslight looks white, and this caused the lickup. The flag was in court and identified as the one in dispute on that night, but the defence insisted that they saw the "rebel colors."

Mr. Campbell, for the prosecution, urged that the accused had no right to assume the privilege of forcing themselves into the house of a peaceable family for the purpose of tearing down any flag, and he asked that the parties be punished

Counsel for defense saw at most a trespass, committed without guilty intent, and from a patriotic spirit. Prosecution had a remedy at civil law, and he urged on the Court to discharge accused.

The Court digested the evidence of the case and applied the law.

"A patriotic young lady," cited the Court, "feels offended at the display of what she held to be an insulting traitorous emblem. She complained to her father, who, from the hardships suffered, is very susceptible in such matters, and finds his feelings outraged at the reported display, and they go to have the obnoxious emblem removed."

"A young soldier, patriotic and proud of the position of a private in the army—and as valuable to the country as rattles of higher military in the ardor of his patriotic spirit, hears the report, scales the railings, enters nearest the flag and takes it down

The Court concluded by acquitting accused of guilty intent, but added, that they had no right to take the law into their hands, even for the laudable purpose evinced with so much spirit in the case at bar.

For the vindication of the law and justice, therefore the Court would adjudge accused to pay a fine of $10 each

The Gardner Case.—The trial of the Gardner case was yesterday fixed for Saturday, and the Reed case for Tuesday next, but the Court concluded to reject the application in the Gardner case. The Judge said he had made inquiries and found that it was not analogous to the Collins case, and therefore had concluded not to interfere, but to advise Col Field to apply for a remedy to the Commanding General. Col. Field addressed to the Judge an argument, that the Court who sentenced Gardner assumed to supply military and criminal law, overstepping proper jurisdiction, but Judge Atocha remained firmly, referring Counsel to the Commanding General.

Throwing Sheep's Eyes.—Madame D. Grant was arrested on a charge of insult and abuse Mrs. Generes was the prosecutrix and stated that accused followed her in the street, claiming to be her husband, and using indecent epithets. Accused had even gone so far as to charge the prosecutrix with throwing longing glances at her son. This insinuation had more grains of truth in it than was agreeable to the mother, she says. Accused was ordered to give a peace bond for $100.

Mary Burns, who had made her escape previously, was brought in trial for an unnatural assault on her husband, inflicting a severe wound. The man had came home drunk and had been drinking more or less, before going to bed. He did not know of his injury until he felt very weak. The accused had left, and at that time could not be found. Sentence—four months in the Workhouse.

Not a Thief.—Colored Lizzie and Jenny Savage, on the charge of having robbed Miss Emma of sundry household articles, alleged to have been found in her possession, brought a number of witnesses who testified that accused had most of those articles, or at least some of the same pattern and quality, for several years. Discharged.

Up again.—Mr. Dressler was arrested yesterday morning at 9 o'clock for riding on the banquette and trying to bribe an officer—He is a well known excentric character and was discharged.

Provost Marshal General's Office.—General Bowen, Provost Marshal General of West North on the Champion, up the river, a few days ago. Special orders have named Colonel Beckwith as the *pro tem.* Provost Marshal General. In this connexion we notice that Lieutenant J. H. Bradley succeeds Major Herriman as the special officer in charge of all the prisoners now in this city. Those who know Lieutenant Bradley say that the prisoners could not be in the charge of a more polite and considerate officer.

Military Order No. 45.—During the trial of the Tourné case, it was shown that one of the proposed witnesses was born in New York, and claimed—22 years of age—the protection of his mother country as an Englishman. Officer Patterson arrested him for a bearding.

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Orleans Theatre.—A very inviting bill is put forth for entertainment at this old and well known establishment on Sunday the 27th inst, on which occasion the "young star," Miss Alice, is to make her first appearance on the stage, supported by a dozen names, dramatic and musical, abounding in established merit or full of hope and promise. Let the result be what it may, that venerable institution, "the Orleans," is worth a visit by its old habitues, who hold the year in piece regard.

To-morrow is a fine gentleman, who makes many promises. To-day is a fair lady, who never breaks his word.

[FROM OUR EVENING EDITION OF YESTERDAY.]

The *Era* of this morning contains the following order:

PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL'S
Headquarters Department of the Gulf.
New Orleans, September 16, 1863.

General Orders, No. 69

During the temporary absence of Brigadier-General James Bowen, the powers of Provost Marshal General of the Department will be exercised by Colonel E. G. Beckwith, commanding Defenses of New Orleans.

By command of Major General BANKS.
G NORMAN LIEBER, A. A. A. General

Commerce and Steam Navigation Between Brazil and the United States.

Some interesting facts and reflections are contained in a letter addressed by the Honorable A. C. Taveres Bastos, member of the Brazilian Parliament, to Mr. George N. Davis, of Rio Janeiro, on the subject of steam navigation between Brazil and the United States. The particular project of steam communication discussed by the writer, was one for a steamship line from the ports of Brazil to New York city, but the leading arguments and ideas of the letter would apply no less aptly, perhaps, to a similar commercial connection between Brazil and New Orleans, or any other exporting and importing city of our Atlantic or Gulf coast. We enjoin the following extracts from this noteworthy document, which deserves a wider publicity than it has hitherto obtained:

The second question which you ask, viz: "What would be the largest sum which I judge the Brazilian Government would grant as a subsidy to a direct steamer line with the United States?" I reply that it would be the duty of our government to give the sum necessary for the undertaking, whatever that sum might be, from the fact that it is a matter of vital importance to our agricultural interests that we enter into closer relations with the United States. I proposed last year the sum of $110,000 as our share of the annual subsidy. If the Congress of the United States furnish a like sum, I believe that a company could be immediately formed, of which certain shares should be reserved for the Changes of Rio de Janeiro and Para. The English Government paid only an additional $150,000 to the West India Royal Mail Co. when it began the steam line from Southampton to Buenos Ayres via Portugal and Brazil. The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., between Valparaiso and Panama, receives from the English treasury nearly £25,000. But the United States Pacific Mail Steamship Co. received a subsidy of $190,000 for its regular service between Panama and San Francisco.

The ease with which our Government could aid by a satisfactory subsidy to the company that will unite Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco and Para with the markets of the United States is acknowledged by all. Unfortunately, to speak frankly, there are some pretended state-men in Brazil, and even in other parts of the Union, who mistake the interest of the country, and who, in state-ment, and political quarters a sentiment inferior to relations with themselves more monarchical than the monarch himself, insinuated that Americans will revolutionize Brazil, that it we form intimate relations with them the only will finish by annexing the valley of the Amazon. Happily, however, the opinions of these suspicious spirits of darkness, who alone have made our darkness more dense, have been falsified by the good sense of the people of both countries. For my part I have conversed with Americans in Brazil, and principally in the valley of the Amazon, in Para, where they nourish commerce. In Rio de Janeiro Americans have rendered commerce the labor saving machines of their agriculture, which is analogous to ours. In the Province of Rio de Janeiro our great mass of sugar, or, Mr C. Otton, confides to Americans his vast under takings. Sustained by their indefatigable perseverance and extraordinary energy they have in the second division of the Pedro II Railway cut up and up valleys, performed the sign Serra do Mar with tunnels, and at this moment here motives made in their Northern home take possession of the heights over Tintrompyla.

Excuse the emphasis with which I express myself. This subject relative to the Amazon may soul I wish to influence the destiny of city country by pointing out the era of transformation, moral and economical, in which my native land needs to begin by establishing direct navigation between the two countries.

But I forget that the most effective arguments are commercial interests. I have already, in a work published last year, referred to this subject. Commerce between the two countries is constantly increasing. In 1860 we imported from the United States to the amount $6,000,000, and we exported to the United States $22,000,000. Now who is the most directly interested in the closer relations of which I have spoken? Without doubt Brazil, and above all the planters and dealers in coffee, and the collectors and merchants of the Indian rubber of the Amazon Valley. If the sum total of transactions in the normal annual period, and without the aid of steam is $28,000,000, is not the advantage of a steamship line between New York and Rio evident to all?

No one can foresee the increase of importations from the United States when there shall be the great convenience of steam communication with New York. To day no one ignores that Americans begin to take the lead in our market in certain articles, which they compete with and surpass the English. The United States furnish us with breadstuffs. You have even imported for us Indian corn in years of scarcity. Many articles of furniture and of wooden ware which we know, that we sometimes take this mild third, as they irreverently state, "with a stick in the eye." Yesterday I had a conversation. When we want anything stronger than lemonade, we don't spoil the fluid by putting spirits into it, but face the decanter or the demijohn in a manly fashion, usually taking our rye *straight*, and then making grog of it internally by sending a half tumbler of hot water to bear the company. After dinner—*probatum est!*—this mixture assists digestion, and, indeed, if not too often repeated, approaches the dignity of a religious institution. It is not hard to take. Unfortunately, with every small sized lemons, at five cents apiece, it is expensive to make an pitcher of lemonade just now. As a substitute we dilute Leslie's ginger wine, made after the Scotch recipe, with varying portions of ice water, and thus improvise a drink that at once warms the stomach and cools the copper, which is at once safe, pleasant and refreshing. This is the coolest draught that a man wishing to keep his brain quiet can desire to take. As a summer refresher it is superb; in the cold winter evenings add a little Jamaica to it, squeeze in some lime juice, fill up with boiling water, and it becomes nectarious.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Amongst the instructions, says Bourrienne's Memoirs, given by the first Napoleon to his confidential attendant, was the following rather singular order: "At night," said he, "you will enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce. With good news there is no end to waiting. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly, for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost." Napoleon is said to have profited not a little by acting on this caution. But it is doubtful if he acted upon such a calculation that the press in either section of the country, or its correspondents, base their practice in regard to good or bad news. They sleep on the bad, and give the public opiates to make them sleep, while they rouse every body with reports of the good, so eagerly do people read the sober reality is at last regarded with disappointment as if it were a disaster.

The Marquis de Gallifet on his return from Vichy, proceeded at once to St. Cloud to deliver to the Prince Imperial the small cannon offered to the Prince by the French in Mexico. This piece of miniature artillery is of American manufacture, having been presented by the President of the United States to the Mexican Government. The young Prince appeared delighted with the present, and had it placed, with the thirty rounds of ammunition which accompanied it, under cover in the palace garden. The wooden officer was received by the Empress with great distinction.

The following States, besides Vermont and California, elect members of Congress this fall, viz: Maryland, 5; Delaware, 1; West Virginia, 3. Governors are to be elected in Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Iowa. Members of Legislatures are also to be chosen in all these States: Maine, Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota, electing all the members to both houses.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cancelled City Notes.—It is officially announced this morning that the City Treasurer, yesterday, cancelled and destroyed by fire twenty-five thousand dollars of cut and defaced notes, issued under certain resolutions of the Common Council, and received by the Treasurer in payment of debts due the city. Added to notes previously destroyed in the same manner, the amount makes the sum of six hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred and four dollars thus cancelled.

Police Provost Court—Judge A. A. Atocha.—The black boy Joe was convicted on the charge of stealing a pair of shoes. Sentenced to six months.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bourting got fighting with Ellen Stanley about spending some change Both were workhoused for one month.

Anne, an ugly black woman, robbed little children on the streets of their ornaments, and was sent down for three months.

Theo. Conner, a Maine soldier, was fined five dollars for outraveling the Maine law.

Mary Ross was sent down for two months, for kicking up outrageously on Delord street.

John O'Callaghan made a grab into the money-till of Mrs. Finnegan's store, withdrawing a quantity of change. He said he was drunk. He was imprisoned for two months.

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An ill-favored German woman was up, charged with having tendered hospitality to John Harrington, and then robbed him of $40. The money could not be recovered, and the Court coolly informed the prosecutor that he deserved the fifth of the charter of this Company the loss of the money. The female was sent to the Workhouse for four months.

Joseph Kaiser was fined $25 for furnishing liquor and beer to soldiers.

MORNING, UNSEEN.

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much frequented house;
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath wax-orange boughs;
Some lip, it to had they pushed the wine,
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their merry chat;
Suddenly "To-morrow we shall be
Feasting alone the fearless sands
And coasting miles of miles of sea."
Suddenly: "Before the turn of tide
We shall setsail on the free sea."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they strong with hope,
And this, upon the pleasant way;
"To-morrow" echoed they, one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Half-life stood full at blessed noon,
I only, I had passed away;
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried
I was of yesterday.

I shivered, numb and dim,
Shut out from the table cloth;
I sat forgotten, shivered, and
To say, and yet to part how loth;
I passed from the feasting hall
I wist from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

Shakspeare and His Showmen.

[From Punch.

Next year, we all know, will be the Shakspeare Tercentenary; and the Stratford-upon-Avon committee of course will be desirous to attract as many visitors as may be to their town. What interesting objects are there treasured for inspection may be imagined from a statement in the *Stratford Chronicle*, wherein it is alleged concerning Shakspeare's House and birthplace that

"The national property has recently undergone considerable improvement, both in the house and in the garden that surrounds it. The garden in which the house stands is laid out and planted with trees and shrubs, all of which have a Shakspeerian association, by being selected from those mentioned by the dramatist in his works."

Of course the flowers and herbs and fruit-bushes have been similarly selected. What a delightful treat it would be to come into the garden, Mind, with somebody or other who was fond of quoting Shakspeare, and to hear him cite the passages where each tree and flower is named. "Here's rue for you," he would remark up to a flowering that herb, and "Here's pipkins," that bush or tree, and look, here is a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." To make the thing complete, the garden walks ought to be made of stones with sermons in them, as the bottom of the garden there runs the Avon, in which the poet's eyes, when rolling in its fresh ly discovered a whole library of books.

Among the "curious and invaluable relics of the immortal," which are carefully preserved and exhibited at Stratford, the statement which we quote call special attention to "a plaster representation in relief of the battle between David and Goliah, which must be well worth journeying from Jerusalem to see. This is shown in a glass case (on the payment of a fee!) together with the Family Bible, including entries of the birth of George the Fourth, and other curiosities of an individual, including *Mr. Punch*. A pretty lather he is, however, waits Shakspeare patronizing the Shakspeare Hall in Stratford, and, according to the lecture we quoted he is in mourning.

"May he live an honorable full length painting by William, of Shakspeare in the attitude of inspiration, and can by Gilbert, of Garrick, in the character of Richard, delivering the poet's best!"

The odd figure of "Britannia sitting on her throne, is secluded to be by the of Garrick plaster-fellow reclining on a pedestal." Had it been a Punch, of course would be natural but to recline upon a pedestal, must be rather a hard Academy.

Seeing relics even of Shakspeare is somewhat tiring work, and after being dragged round to the "house" we have mentioned, the visitor will doubtless be glad to sit down some where and get something to drink.

Dr. Shadrach Mackenzie, the literary editor of the Pumpkin-town *Press*, in the course of some of his readable literary chit chat, gives an amusing sketch of his daily life and way of living. Thus:

With me, the day's work begins early. For the most part, we get to bed at half-past ten, closing the day with a nip of Havana, and what Mr. Richard Swiveller was wont to call "a tolerable cigarette." Having an easy conscience, we sleep very soundly, dream nothing, and are up, shaved and bathed before the clock has struck 6 A M We then read the morning papers—the official *North American*, the sacrilegious *Daily Dumpling*, the *Pumpkin-town Ledger*, and that terrible radical, *The Sun*. By the time we have imbibed the varying contents of these journals, breakfast is ready. With me, it occupies some five minutes, for it is of the simplest, and soon toddle after me the children, who make it a business to have my house plagued with papa, while he betakes himself to pen and ink, or stares vacantly at the ceiling, or sits idly ruminating, or rambles and revel in the delicious idleness.

In weather like this, as our readers know, it is really necessary to assist nature by cooling drinks. Our own auto-prandial refreshment, which we sip out of the thinnest goblets in the world, consists of "Bitch toddy," made in New Jersey—is lemonade. Libations, and a spice of a scandal-raising nature, have hinted, we know, that we sometimes take this mild third, as they irreverently state, "with a stick in the eye." Yesterday I had a conversation. When we want anything stronger than lemonade, we don't spoil the fluid by putting spirits into it, but face the decanter or the demijohn in a manly fashion, usually taking our rye *straight*, and then making grog of it internally by sending a half tumbler of hot water to bear the company. After dinner—*probatum est!*—this mixture assists digestion, and, indeed, if not too often repeated, approaches the dignity of a religious institution. It is not hard to take. Unfortunately, with every small sized lemons, at five cents apiece, it is expensive to make an pitcher of lemonade just now. As a substitute we dilute Leslie's ginger wine, made after the Scotch recipe, with varying portions of ice water, and thus improvise a drink that at once warms the stomach and cools the copper, which is at once safe, pleasant and refreshing. This is the coolest draught that a man wishing to keep his brain quiet can desire to take. As a summer refresher it is superb; in the cold winter evenings add a little Jamaica to it, squeeze in some lime juice, fill up with boiling water, and it becomes nectarious.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Amongst the instructions, says Bourrienne's Memoirs, given by the first Napoleon to his confidential attendant, was the following rather singular order: "At night," said he, "you will enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce. With good news there is no end to waiting. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly, for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost." Napoleon is said to have profited not a little by acting on this calculation. But it is doubtful if he acted upon such a calculation that the press in either section of the country, or its correspondents, base their practice in regard to good or bad news. They sleep on the bad, and give the public opiates to make them sleep, while they rouse every body with reports of the good, so eagerly do people read the sober reality is at last regarded with disappointment as if it were a disaster.

The Marquis de Gallifet on his return from Vichy, proceeded at once to St. Cloud to deliver to the Prince Imperial the small cannon offered to the Prince by the French in Mexico. This piece of miniature artillery is of American manufacture, having been presented by the President of the United States to the Mexican Government. The young Prince appeared delighted with the present, and had it placed, with the thirty rounds of ammunition which accompanied it, under cover in the palace garden. The wooden officer was received by the Empress with great distinction.

The following States, besides Vermont and California, elect members of Congress this fall, viz: Maryland, 5; Delaware, 1; West Virginia, 3. Governors are to be elected in Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Iowa. Members of Legislatures are also to be chosen in all these States: Maine, Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota, electing all the members to both houses.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cancelled City Notes.—It is officially announced this morning that the City Treasurer, yesterday, cancelled and destroyed by fire twenty-five thousand dollars of cut and defaced notes, issued under certain resolutions of the Common Council, and received by the Treasurer in payment of debts due the city. Added to notes previously destroyed in the same manner, the amount makes the sum of six hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred and four dollars thus cancelled.

Police Provost Court—Judge A. A. Atocha.—The black boy Joe was convicted on the charge of stealing a pair of shoes. Sentenced to six months.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bourting got fighting with Ellen Stanley about spending some change Both were workhoused for one month.

Anne, an ugly black woman, robbed little children on the streets of their ornaments, and was sent down for three months.

Theo. Conner, a Maine soldier, was fined five dollars for outraveling the Maine law.

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