New York Leader.

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[Written for the New York Leader.]

SHERRY AND BITTERS;

OR,

A FEW PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

SOCIAL, ARTISTIC AND POLITICAL.

NUMBER XXX.

THE JOURNAL OF HARPERIAN CIVILIZATION.—It has been suggested that, in deference to the cause of Human progress, a popular petition should be prepared requesting the Brothers Harper to change the name of their weekly publication from that of "Harpers' Weekly Journal of Civilization," to the "Weekly Journal of Harpers' Civilization"—this change, though a merely verbal one, being necessary to relieve humanity from the imputation now cast upon it, of having its "civilization" at all reflected in the brutal and piratical paper under notice. With the change of name which we propose, however, it will be agreeable to watch from week to week the rudimentary developments of civilization in the savage Harperian mind; to study the progress of these literary Jugomars from the fanatical condition in which we now see them, through all the different stages which they will have to traverse before reaching the level of the average intellect and decency of common white men in the Nineteenth Century. After several months of zealous instruction, let us hope that we shall see no more such phrases in their editorials as the following, which we extract from an article in their last, entitled "Keeping the ball in motion." Thus speak the editors, who are now in slow and difficult process of being civilized, in reference to certain celebrated writers, such as Maryatt and Dickens, who have not admired the Harperian system of piracy and literary theft:—"If they chose to make fools of themselves, blast their eyes! what was it to us? And if anybody else chooses to come and have his opinions and his absurd prejudices, and make himself or themselves fools also, who cares? what is it to us? We know what we are." This is an exact quotation from an editorial article in the last issue of the hebdomadal under review, and may be regarded as a fair specimen of the Harperian style. Brutal beyond all previous conception, ungrammatical, bigoted, piratical and ever seeking to arouse sectarian hatreds,—we brand the Journal of Harpers' Civilization as a paper which no man of decent habits should allow to be seen within his house. Its brutalities are only varied now and again by sentimental drivel, such as the young ladies of the Spanker Institute would get spanked for exhibiting in their composition class. This is a true picture of Harpers' hebdomadal, but we charge nothing for the notice.

MOVEMENT TO ESTABLISH AN AMERICAN MONARCHY.—We learn that the celebrated committee of four hundred citizens, representing an aggregate of two hundred millions of dollars, are about drawing up and issuing an address to the American people in favor of abolishing our present form of government and establishing a monarchy in its stead. Such an address, coming from gentlemen so influential, can scarcely fail to produce a deep impression on the public mind. The fact is, as they have found out, that the Declaration of Independence was a mistake and the victories of George Washington a blunder. We need a Court in the United States to give aristocracy its true stamp—a Prince to agreeably excite our Miss Flora McFlimseys by their intrigues for the honor of his hand in a dance. Democracy is at best a vulgar, plain-spoken system, with but little or none of those graces which attach celestial importance to the possession of a ribbon or cross. We need, as the four hundred committeemen have discovered, a house of peers in America—a titled class who shall be the conservative element in all controversies concerning fashion and the tailor's art. They very generously are all willing to a man to sacrifice themselves in the cause which they profess to have at heart; and already a new Declaration of Nobility has been drawn up, having four hundred signatures attached to it, and each signer pledging his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to accept any title from Duke down to Baron which may be imposed on him by the future monarch of the United States. There are plenty of Kings out of employment just now in Europe, and we go for importing whatever Crowned Head may offer his services at the cheapest and most reasonable rate. Would not King Bombalino of Naples fully answer the desires of these gentlemen? He is in a peck of trouble on the Italian Continent and would doubtless be glad to secure recognition as King Bombalino the First of the United States. Suppose Mr. Arthur Leary be selected as an envoy to open negotiations with the ruined ruler of Naples?

BRIBERY TO OBTAIN A JUDICIAL NOMINATION.—We would call the attention of all who are so weak as to consider honor and personal integrity as essentials in candidates for judicial station, to the very honorable and highly just method by which Mr. Frederick A. Talmadge, a Know Nothing of the original grit, procured his nomination to the office of Superior Court Judge from the Mozart Hall organization. A Conference Committee was called by Dr. R. B. Bradford in the Eighth Congressional District to decide between the claims of himself, Anson Herrick, James C. Willett and James W. Gerard to represent said District in Congress. The Conference was made up of five delegates from the Tammany Hall Nominating Convention, five from the Mozart ditto, and five from the Breckinridge and Union Conventions. Over this angust body, Mr. F. A. Talmadge procured himself to be elected chairman; and as the result of their proceedings and ballotings, Deacon Herrick, the Tammany Hall nominee, received the unanimous vote of the Conference Committee as the Union-candidate of all the organizations or quasi-organizations, opposed or pretending to be opposed to the election of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Talmadge now felt that he had something to trade upon—something to offer the friends of James Lynch in exchange for the seat which he coveted and covets on the bench of our Superior Court. "Nominate me," he said, "and the endorsement of Herrick shall be recalled. Nominate me, Know Nothing as I am, and the Cat-Orator shall become our choice!" This scandalous bargain was accepted and carried out on either side, but it remains for the people to say whether a man who could so violate personal faith and honor is fit to be entrusted with the ermine? Whether a politician who gave such a bribe as this for his nomination to the bench, would not be likely to follow up the same precedent when clothed with judicial power? These are grave questions and must be answered on the 6th of next November at the ballot-box.

OUR MAYOR AS THE ORGANIZER AND PATRON OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—It will be pleasing to the members of the Old Municipal Police force to know, that Mayor Wood has become so entirely satisfied with the new order of things in the Police Department, that he goes to the extent of claiming whatever efficiency the Metropolitan Police display as the result of his own laborious and zealous supervision. He certainly did so with the Duke of Newcastle, who was utterly astonished to hear from other sources that our worthy and most loyal Mayor had no connection whatever with the department which he pretended to control. "Yes, your Grace," said Fernando, in reply to a remark made by the Duke, praising the Police,—"Yes, your Grace, I have had much trouble in bringing these fellows up to the point at which you see them. But by making all my appointments of Commissioners, Captains and so forth solely depend on merit, the force has at length been brought into very fair condition." Great was the admiration of his Grace of Newcastle on hearing these words—so great, indeed, that very soon after he took occasion to speak in high terms of the Mayor to General Superintendent John A. Kennedy, complimenting Mr. K. on having won the confidence and approbation of so good a man as the appointing Mayor! Here followed, we may suppose, an explanation, of a kind not tending to confirm the Duke in his exalted opinion of Mr. Wood's veracity; and the suspicion thus aroused, was still further exacerbated by a revelation of certain correspondence said by Mr. Wood to have taken place between himself and the Duke in reference to the "gross impropriety" of Alderman Peck's acting as Mayor during the reception of the Prince of Wales.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

PEOPLE WE MEET;

OR,

UP AND DOWN THE PLAZA

ON THE SHILLING SIDE.

NUMBER L.

Of a little more than middle height—say about five feet nine inches—and endowed with that soberly habited plumpness of good condition which Literatare holds in reserve for the very few who manage to escape early out of that rugged and starved apprenticeship in which so many thousands of her votaries die, into the blest full pay and high auriferous prerogatives of fellow-craftship in the inner mysteries of her most mysterious workshop,—this handsome and smiling gentleman, who might pass to the eye as only forty-five years of age, did not knowledge otherwise derived add ten years to that figure,—this man of pleasant though grave visage, is one of those famous Critic-authorities before whose Olympian nod even hard-faced publishers bow acquiescent heads, while all the acolytes of authordom are expected to fall down and worship. It is a large, benevolent head, thickly fringed with hair of a gray-russet tinge, curling closely inward. A thick and straight but not lengthy beard of the same color envelopes all that part of the face on which such wool ought to grow, this capillary production only opening in the centre at times to reveal teeth remarkably white, large and regular, disclosed by a smile of singular softness and benignity. To this picture add a nose which is a sort of compromise or fusion nose between the aquiline and Grecian orders; large and rather sparkling hazel eyes, only half seen behind the crystal discs of gold-rimmed spectacles; bushy and sharply-arched eyebrows which have retained the hue of their youth better than hair or beard; large perceptive, analytical and imaginative faculties, developed at the base and on the temples of a forehead indicating more than common benevolence in its height; small ears almost concealed in a brushwood of grey curls, and to these ingredients add a complexion which is healthy without ruddiness, a manner sedate without stiffness. Now jumble all these features up into the best sort of orderly human picture your fancy can afford to furnish on reasonable terms and at such short notice, and we guarantee that you will be possessed of a portrait enabling you to know Mr. George Ripley, literary critic in general, and special critic of *The Tribune* in this line, wherever you may chance to meet him. Mr. Ripley, as we have heard, was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, about five years after the commencement of the present century. His family was of old New England stock, but to the credit of our subject be it said that he has *not* in the front parlor or any other room of his house a brass-bound mahogany bureau, eight feet high, six wide and four deep, "bronght over in the Mayflower on her immortal voyage." We deem it due to Mr. Ripley to mention the laudable absence of this or any such piece of furniture—the statement that he comes of "old New England stock" naturally laying him open to distressing suspicions of being one of the eighteen thousand inheritors of the eighteen thousand brass-bound mahogany articles of the size and origin described. Carefully nurtured and educated in his boyhood, he entered Harvard College in the usual course, quickly distinguishing himself both as a student and tutor of mathematics, and graduating with very decided destination at the age of eighteen years. Soon after this, the religious spirit which seems, either in the form of affirmation or denial, to be an inherent necessity of New England blood, diverted our young student from the certain pursuits and results of mathematics to an investigation of those higher but less demonstrable problems which are involved in religious belief. He passed from Harvard to Cambridge as a student of divinity, again winning collegiate laurels, but more by the dangerous acuteness of his analytical talent than from any confidence felt by his pastors and masters in the obedient orthodoxy of his views. Not to put too fine a point upon it, our geometry-loving divinity student could not be made orthodox in any degree whatever, viewing orthodoxy from the trinitarian stand-point. His mind was so painfully involved by previous study in the methods and sure progressive steps of scientific logic, that nowhere could he find himself able to close a trinitarian argument with the "Q. E. D." of Euclidistic certainty and triumph. Wandering off, therefore, into Unitarianism, he became settled as pastor of the Purchase street Unitarian Church, in the city of Boston, about the year 1827, remaining a minister of this faith and a preacher to this congregation for about fourteen years. While in this capacity, having much learned leisure on hand—his fluency and varied erudition making the composition of his weekly sermons a thing of but light trouble,—our mathematical Unitarian preacher next took a bold plunge, a long plunge and a deep dive into the innermost mystical mysteries of psychological theology, as variously developed in the writings of Spinoza, Swedenborg, Klopstock, together with a large array of reverend Germans, whose names we must respectfully decline any effort to spell—this being the week preceding a Presidential contest, and all our unwasted energies being required by our country for the great task of saving her from ruin, anarchy and spoliation. These German and other theologico-mystical studies had their natural polemic outcrop in a controversy very celebrated at the time—this was about 1839—Professor Andrewe Norton, of Cambridge University, taking up the cudgels of orthodox divinity against the unpurchaseable young pastor of the temple with a lucre-hinting name. This discussion attracted wide and eager attention during all the period of its pendency, the views of Ripley arresting attention by their startling novelty and force, while also commanding, by the erudition brought to support them, as well as by their wit and sarcasm, the interest of readers belonging to every creed. This controversy, giving the arguments on both sides, was printed in book-form and obtained a very wide circulation—the volume still lingering on many divinity shelves as a work of ready and accurate reference for all points embraced in the advanced formulas of the Unitarian creed. But the studies and discussions named, were not by any means the measure of our subject's mental activity and labors during the fourteen years of his combative and eloquent ministry. He published various writings of other kinds upon every sort of topic, the most important and valuable being a series of translations from the French and German, entitled, "Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature"—in translating many volumes of which, however, he was of necessity assisted by literary friends. But the plan of the work was his own, and the fact that this series holds rank to the present day as one of the best American compilations, may be cited as evidence of the editor's judgment and that his selections were made, not only with scholarly care, but also in happy accord with popular passions and emotions. Coming down now to the year 1841, by which time this mathematico-religious litterateur had served as long in the church as Jacob served to obtain the embraces of Rachel,—we are suddenly brought to a dead pause before another and very decisive development of a character fertile in all the resources and suggestions which mark the enthusiastic progressionist of this and other countries. Mr. Ripley had not been studying French and German literature—the poetry, philosophy, political economy and religion of those countries—without having awakened in his breast an earnest and overmastering desire to apply to practical test in the freedom of the United States those democratic-social theories which could only be indulged as mental visions by their less happy authors, subsisting under the censorship and powerful repressive systems of European governments. Benevolent by nature and democratic in all his convictions, Mr. Ripley dropped the reverend prefix to his name, in 1841, assuming the axe of the politico-social reformer as he laid aside the ponderous gravity of the priest, and organizing in a company or phalanx of choice male and female spirits, called the "Brook Farm Association," the elements (as he and they then believed,) of a moral and political revolution, which was destined not to pause till it had abolished all poverty, misery and lawyers, all pride, envy and property-holders, all slander, lust and stock-brokers, all crime, prisons and paid clericals. Had this experiment, commenced at Roxbury, about eight miles from Boston, proved successful, the Ten Commandments would have had an easy time of it through all future ages, and the Recording Angel's magnum bonum pen would not have stood its present distressing chance of being worn out before the prayed-for expiration of James Buchanan's term. The association embraced within its ranks many men and some few women who have since achieved eminence in various walks of literature and mental cultivation. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world had so many brilliant enthusiasts surrendered their whole existence to the tyranny of one idea. This was a Fourieristic, democratic-social or red republican experiment,—all members of the phalanx, without distinction of sex, having to labor an alloted period each day for the common good, either on the farm or in the workshops attached to the main institution. All shared the same food at the same table; all owned a like portion of the property belonging to the establishment; all had equal access to the educational and literary advantages devised by Mr. Ripley. There were no servants on the premises, or rather no hired servants—all the male members being their own valets, and every feminine female member having to act as *femme de chambre* to herself. Before the association could sit down to breakfast any morning, the people composing it had to earn both appetites and their food by several hours of labor either on the farm or attending to domestic duties. Let it be remembered, moreover, that these devotees of social reform were persons of delicate breeding and education, of scholarly tastes and refinement—persons who probably had never tried manual labor before in their lives, and who had nothing to sustain them under its sudden rigors save only the divine entuzzymuzzy to make the world better and happier than it had ever been before. Such was the glorious dream into which Ripley and many others plunged in the early spring of nineteen years ago—the only, or at least the best record of their aims, experience and existence being now preserved in that very curious and fantastic volume by Nathaniel Hawthorne, called "The Blythedale Romance"—this future biographer of Franklin Pierce and future Consul to Liverpool having been, at the time of which we treat, a social reformer on a grand scale and in full practice, carrying on business about eight miles from Boston on the Roxbury Road. Rapid was the progress, in all aspects save the pecuniary one, made by the Brook Farm Philosophers. In the third year of their existence, the political stomach of the body became so indurated that the full theories of Fourier, previously diluted with much conservative water, became more palatable in the radical "neatness" of dram drinks. From 1844 to 1846, George Ripley, as the zealous and conscientious founder of the experiment, appeared almost constantly in public as the advocate and great exemplar of his faith. Gallantly did he and all those who were enlisted under his banner, combat against and struggle with the growing tide of troubles which beset this ill-starred though deserving enterprise. Chronic impecuniosity was one of the least evils the members had to encounter; hunger at times approached unpleasantly near to them; cold was often their companion as they sat at poorly furnished tables, or lay down to rest after days of harrassing fatigue. Finally, in 1846, when matters had reached the very worst, Providence interposed in the shape of a grand conflagration to save the pride of the many who were desirous to be free, but ashamed to be the first in demanding their release. The buildings of Brook Farm were burned to the ground one fine evening, and to this lucky accident we are indebted for the residence of Mr. Ripley in our city as one of its permanent celebrities and most successful critics. The length to which this sketch has already run, will compel us to glance very briefly at the remaining facts of his curious, instructive and romantic life. In 1847, George Ripley removed permanently to New York, first making his appearance as editor of *The Harbinger*, a brilliant though erratic organ of the Fourierite socialistic faith. In 1849, the journal named having died the death, he became associated in the proprietorship and editorial duties of *The Tribune*, that paper at the time being itself a socialistic experiment, all who contributed to work it having shares of some kind in the profits assigned to them. This connection Mr. Ripley still holds, being now a man of wealth and one of the principal editors of the New American Cyclopædia, commenced in 1857, and of which ten volumes are already published. His judgment is also retained, we believe, by one or more large publishing houses as the critic or "reader" who is to pronounce the fate of all ambitious manuscripts submitted for publication. As a critic, he is of the mild type, always inclined to favor youth and predisposed to judge kindly of any work not offensively pretensious while lacking any compensating merit. The sceptre of literary judgment in his hands is recognized as the symbol betokening a limited monarchy, hedged round with constitutional tendencies in favor of mercy, rather than as that skull-splitting, brain-scattering intellectual South-Sea-Island war-club of which certain other critics, not possessing one tithe of Ripley's genuine ability to judge, would appear so peevishly enamored. In conclusion—the subject being still fertile, but our space exhausted—we have only room to say that Mr. R. is married to a granddaughter of Judge Dana, of Massachusetts, formerly Minister to Russia; and we may also add (with a little pardonable pride to ourselves,) that this is the only biography now in existence of a man whose history has been intellectually as remarkable and suggestive as that of any man in the present century.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

PULPIT PICTURES

IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK.

NUMBER VI.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

There is no anxious, turbulent crowd, hungry for admittance, about this humble door. No cordon of police is required to keep order here. No prince of royal blood has selected this modest place of worship wherein to perform his illustrious devotions. And even if he had, there would have been no marble-paved vestibule to usher him into, no broad aisle down which he could walk, the cynosure of all eyes; no clergymen in white surplices to preach at him; no bishops in black frocks to pray at him; no well-trained choristers to sing at him; no Master James Little to "take a solo" for him "with great effect;" no vast organ to peal forth its great notes in his honor. For the Third Unitarian Society has not arrived at the dignity of these things, as yet; some of them it will, in the nature of things, never attain.

The Third Unitarian Society holds its meetings on the second floor of a building on the north-east corner of Thirty-second street and Broadway. The first floor of this building is occupied, respectively, as a butcher's shop, a grocery store, and a plumbing establishment. A gas-burner within a door-way on Thirty-second street illuminates a common staircase, up which we pass to the first landing. Here a tin sign directs us to the hall in which the subject of this sketch each Sunday holds forth. We enter the hall. It is not a large one, and would probably not accommodate more than two hundred people. A raised platform is at one end with a reading-desk and a settee upon it. The wall behind the platform is draped with a crimson curtain. At the other end of the room is a melodeon, with a boyish performer attached, and the choir, consisting of four persons, two of either sex. The ceiling is low and is supported by a multiplicity of iron pillars. The seats are narrow and stiff-backed. The floor is of coarse pine and is overlaid with strips of carpet.

The choir is executing a hymn as we enter. Like Charles Lamb, though organically incapable of a tune, we are sentimentally disposed to harmony. Wherefore, taking a seat, we lend an attentive ear. Our hopes of melody, however, are, by the wheeze of the melodeon and the halting voices of the singers, speedily dashed. We move and carry unanimously a silent vote of thanks when the performance ceases, and the calm-looking gentleman whom we have noticed on the platform leaning his head on his hand, comes forward and opens the large Bible on the reading-desk which we have spoken of.

The calm-looking gentleman is the Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, the pastor of the congregation in whose midst we are sitting. In person Mr. Frothingham is rather above the medium height, but does not seem to be of very sturdy build; indeed, he is rather slightly framed than otherwise. His head is finely proportioned, and the handsome black hair clusters thickly and gracefully about it. The forehead, one of liberal mould, seems too great a burden to be supported by the delicate arches of the eyebrows underneath. Eyes of a blueish-gray tint; a nose which looks as if it had started in life with the intention of being a Roman, but had changed its mind and settled down into what the French would call a *nez pointu*; and a mouth chiefly remarkable for its air of quiet decision, serve to complete the picture of thoughtful earnestness which Mr. Frothingham's face presents.

While we are taking this mental portraiture of him, Mr. Frothingham has found the chapter that he was looking for in the sacred volume before him. As he now proceeds to read that chapter aloud we observe that his voice is one of great mellowness, as well as one of great power. The reading over, the choir with a temerity worthy of a better result, attack a second hymn. On this head the least said the better.

When the "measured malice" of the music has spent itself upon the agonized tympana of the congregation, Mr. Frothingham again rises from his settee, and, coming forward, invites all present to join him in prayer. A brief and eloquent petition to the Divine Being is then offered up in the same pleasantly distinct tones and with the same impressiveness that have marked the reading of the chapter in the Bible. A hymn follows. The gritty notes of the melodeon are for the third time heard, and a noise such as, "since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut," has surely never been approximated, comes from the choir.

This visitation over, Mr. Frothingham commences his sermon. It is upon the subject of miracles. The first evidence of the preacher's good taste is his not announcing a text for a subject which has been so many times discussed. This entering even upon a field already so thoroughly explored, seems to him to call for an apology. Therefore does he tell us that it is not in a sectarian, in a controversial, nor in a critical spirit that he purposes to treat the theme of miracles. In looking upon it he will not be aided by the little rush candle of theological dogmatism. Rather will he avail himself of the large effulgence of modern knowledge and of modern thought.

Of the importance of the theory of miracles, there can be no doubt in any reasoning mind. According to Mr. Frothingham, it lies at the root of all faith. However much we may put it away, and conceal it at times, it will and must come to the surface. The definition of the word "miracle" of course tends much to the simplification of any argument on the subject. By the old school supernaturalists, a miracle was understood to mean "A violation or suspension of the laws of nature, by a direct intervention of the Creator." And according to the idea of the ancients, such divine intervention was continually taking place. They were always on the lookout for miracles in those days. If an eclipse of the sun occurred, it was a miracle. If a comet appeared in the heavens to dazzle the star-gazers with its meteoric splendor, it was a miracle. If, as always happened at certain seasons of the year from the washing down of the clay which lines its banks, the waters of the Nile assumed a reddish tinge, it was a miracle. Things which now-a-days any child can explain were considered inexplicable, and so set down. "Why," says Mr. Frothingham, "with an air pump and a bottle of vitriolic ether, a modern chemist could work such miracles by the score."

To this darkness light has succeeded. A new order of nature has taken the place of the old. Everything now is considered to have a rational cause. Nothing happens by accident. The ancients were accustomed to look for supernatural causes to common things. The moderns look to simple causes for the most surprising things. The old-fashioned miracle is, as Emerson calls it, a monster. The old definition of the word has been given up by modern thinkers as well as by modern rationalists. By these a miracle is now defined as "The manifest action of some law yet hidden and untraced." To render his meaning here perfectly clear, Mr. Frothingham makes use of two illustrations. The First, the familiar one based upon Babbage's counting-machine, which in its various changes as to the laws of proportion, seems to violate all mathematical principle, but is, nevertheless, in perfect accordance with a mathematical principle never before understood. The Second, the case of a workman who, passing through the great minster of the Strasbourg cathedral at the same hour each day and looking up at the famous clock there, is informed of the exact time, of the day of the week, of the day of the month, of any change that has taken place in the weather, etc., and so continues his way, unwitting that it is in the power of that piece of mechanism to reveal to him any more. But let that same workman, says Mr. Frothingham, pass by the clock some day as it strikes the hour of noon. At the first stroke a door will fly open; a cock will start forth and utter a lusty crow. Then, another door opening, the figure of Christ will appear, before him marching a procession of the Apostles, each one of whom bows his head reverentially to his Lord and Master as he defiles by. In a former age the workman would have started back in affright, and cried out "Miracle!" But it is no miracle, and the workman is not startled. There was something more in the machinery than he knew. The crowing cock and the sacred Presence are the manifestations of a law which to him has been hidden. That is all.

Miracles, as such, are not essentially incredible, but by the advances of modern science, their peculiar significance has been taken away. If a miracle comes to pass in obedience to some natural law, there is nothing exceptional about it. And it is because our conception of the material universe is grander than any one ever had before us, that a violation of a natural law is now considered as a very rare occurrence, if not, indeed, an impossible one. When we are called upon to concur in David Hume's famous dictum that "it is better that the best human testimony should prove fallacious than that a single law of nature should be transgressed," we would first ask what Mr. Hume meant by a law of nature, and what he considered its transgression. For it is upon these significations that every thing now depends. This is an age of wonders. Every day our familiar friends call upon us to believe things that, ten years ago, would have been scouted at as incredible. And is it not possible that Joseph Hume of to-day, could he reveal the workings of occult nature to David Hume of the last century, as he does to us, would make that philosopher believe that the same results might have come from the same causes in the time of our Savior?

Yet, notwithstanding the progressive strides we have made, the latent possibilities of the material world are still beyond human ken. Science stands with bowed head before the phenomena that she has scarce unveiled. And the old-fashioned miracle is gone, not because the living God has been taken away, but because He has been restored to us; not because He has been removed from the world, but because He has been put into it. The world itself is no longer looked upon as by the old-school theologians, who seemed to regard it as an outpost of creation seldom visited by the Divine Being, and then only for the purpose of working some so-called miracle. Does it not betoken more reverence in us, asks the preacher, to believe that God is in the world, that he fills it and animates it with his all-quickening breath than that he cannot get into it without breaking up its laws and violating its harmonies? I would rather know, he adds, that the Creator gilds the hill-side every summer with the corn that is to give life and support to nations than to read of his multiplying the loaves for the five thousand. Is it not a larger satisfaction to know that He can multiply species at will, and even replace extinct species, than that on a certain occasion he recalled to life a Jewish maiden? Is it not a greater thought that He each year purples the terraces of Italy with the grapes whose juices are to reanimate the dying, to cheer the disconsolate and quicken the pulses of the world than that he once made the "conscious water" blush?

For these reasons is it that the old theory of miracles has taken its departure from enlightened minds. And thus it is that the universe thought dead has sprung into life, making manifest in an hundred ways the Everlasting might and thoughtfulness and love.

Here the sermon ends. Mr. Frothingham now repeats the Lord's Prayer, the choir make another cruel assault upon a hymn, the benediction is uttered, and the services are ever.

Of the excellence of Mr. Frothingham's sermon, or discourse rather, for it partook more of the nature of the latter than of the former, the digest which we have given above conveys but a very inadequate idea. Nothing less than a verbatim report could do justice to the graceful rhetoric, the convincing logic, the clear and concise style which mark this gentleman's pulpit efforts. Such a report even, accurate though it might be, would fail to fairly represent Mr. Frothingham. For the rich, well-modulated voice, the calm, distinct delivery, the easy and natural gesture are things which the reporter's pencil cannot put down. And all these Mr. Frothingham has, in perfection. As his discourse indicates the ripest culture, so is his every action characterized by the greatest good taste. Never descending to the petty subterfuges unfortunately so common among the pulpit orators of the day, he seeks rather to influence his hearers by the soundness of his reasoning than by cheap appeals to their sympathies or to their fears. And, if in the course of this article, we have reflected upon the style of building occupied by the Third Unitarian Society and upon the musical adjuncts to the service, it is because we think that one is no more fit to be the scene of, than the other is to be an accompaniment to, Mr. Frothingham's labors. If the day of hiding candles under bushels has not gone by it is time, at least, that it had; and the sooner a more appropriate place of worship is procured by the Third Unitarian Society for their pastor, the better. At present the casket, if a low room over a butcher's shop can be called a casket, is by no means worthy of the jewel which it contains.

A word as to the personal history of Mr. Frothingham, and we are done. Mr. F. was born in Boston about thirty-five years ago. His father, a clergyman also, was compelled to retire from the pulpit some years ago on account of failing health, since which time he has devoted himself to authorship, and become widely known as a writer of sacred poetry. Mr. Frothingham formerly presided over a Unitarian Church in Jersey City. Two years ago he came to New York, comparatively unknown. In those two years he has acquired for himself the well-earned reputation of being one of the ablest preachers in our midst.

HE WHO writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE NORTH WIND.

BY ENUL.

And art thou then already here,
With snowy plume, and keen blue spear,
And cloudy banners on the sky—
Swift herald of the winter nigh?

And thou hast swept by arctic seas,
And bent the first dark belt of trees,
Each hardy outpost pine that towers
Along our zone of grass and flowers.

And still before you, as you went,
The flying summer struck her tent;
You saw it gleaming by the rills,
Or white upon the distant hills;—

Or in some grassy vale it shone,
But when you neared it—lo! 'twas gone!
And thou hast curled the calm blue lakes,
And sounded through the reedy brakes;

And tossed, on many a breezy morn,
The silken pennons of the corn,
And trod the rustling forest way
Through many a brown October day;

And kissed the foreheads sweet and cool
Of children, barefoot in the pool,
Or where they launched the willow barge
Along the river's sedgy marge.

Oh! for the power to float along
Upon thy pinion fleet and strong!
Well may the wild thought envy thee
The wing that swept the hollow sea—

That fluttered through the speeding sails,
That fanned the old historic vales,
And waved the grass of many years
Above the helmets and the spears;

Above the loves, the hates, the vows,
Above the haughty hearts and brows,
Above the pomp, the power, the trust,
There mingled in forgotten dust.

GODFREY MARKLAND,

OR,

THE CURSE OF PASSION.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY HENRY HATTON HOLT,

Author of "The Countess and her Diamonds," "Historical Parallels," "Ambrose, the Gamekeeper," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Russell's history was a strange, eventful one. It was the career of a beautiful woman, endued with strong passions, whose moral training had not been sufficiently cared for; and her position had, for many years, been as false and unstable as a tower of glass that may at any time be shattered and brought low by the falling of a stone. Her father was a needy professional man with a large family, who, finding that Maria, his eldest daughter, was gifted by nature with a rich and melodious voice, had thought he could not do better than devote what little money he could spare for her education to the cultivation of that rare endowment as a future means of support. In short she was brought up to be a public singer, and was scarcely eighteen when she made her *debut* at a concert in London, where her success, if not quite so brilliant as to satisfy her own expectations, was nevertheless such as to promise at least a sufficient maintenance. But she soon began to sigh for a life of yet greater excitement, nor was it long before that desire was gratified by an engagement at one of the theatres, where she attained to a certain degree of celebrity both as a singer and an actress, but still was only a star of the third or fourth magnitude.

At the end of her second season Maria married an Italian named Brisi, an adventurer who had come to England with an idea of making his fortune as a vocalist on the stage; but not being able to convince any manager that his talents were of that order which he himself believed them to be, he returned in disgust to his own country, taking his handsome young English wife with him, and at Naples her two children were born. How the signor contrived to make a living his wife never knew, nor did she much care so long as he had money to give her when she wanted it; but soon after the birth of her second daughter, he disappeared altogether, leaving her nothing except the two pledges of affection that, under the circumstances, she could well have dispensed with.

In this dilemma Madame Brisi introduced herself, under pretence of soliciting his aid, to a certain Count Barozzi, a very rich, exceedingly handsome, but notoriously unprincipled man, who had formerly been acquainted with her husband, and who, as she probably anticipated, became her professed admirer. There needed but little persuasion to induce her to make the most of this conquest. She had a palace for her dwelling, a splendid equipage, a host of servants, and mixed in gay, though not over scrupulous society. Supplied with money in profusion, her extravagance was unlimited, and for the space of three years she was surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could command. But the brilliant fabric of her ill-chosen lot was erected on a hill of sand. The count formed a new liaison, which he made no scruple of avowing to the Signora Brisi, whose resentment took the form of a deep and settled hatred. Still she knew that it was necessary to act with a certain degree of dissimulation in order to obtain a settlement for herself and her children from her inconstant lover, who had given her to understand that his palazzo was no longer to be her abode, and took much credit to himself on the score of magnanimity in offering to her acceptance a small cottage, which he dignified with the name of villa, some few miles distant from Naples; promising to allow her a sufficient maintenance so long as she would content herself to live in a quiet, secluded manner, and never on any pretext whatever presume to trouble him by her presence.

To this mortifying proposal the still young and beautiful woman was compelled to submit, without daring to express the scorn and indignation that raged in her bosom; but, ere she quitted the magnificent abode where she had reigned supreme during the brief period of her empire over the fickle heart of its master, the Fates befriended her in a way she never could have dreamed of. The count was called suddenly away from Naples on some pressing affair, and not having time to complete his arrangements with regard to Madame Brisi, he gave her to understand it was his will she should remain where she was until his return. Soon after his departure the discovery of a plot against the life of the unpopular sovereign was followed by the arrest and execution of a number of unfortunate victims, amongst whom were several men of high rank, whose fate excited universal commiseration. Some, however, even of those who were most deeply implicated, contrived to make their escape, happy to save their lives at the expense of all their property; but there were others, more fortunate still, who, by assuming a bold demeanor, passed through the ordeal unscathed. One of these was the Count Barozzi. He was at Milan at the time the conspiracy was discovered, and, on hearing the news, affected the utmost horror and astonishment, without betraying, either by word or sign, that he had any personal interest in the disclosure. Nevertheless, he was not quite at ease on his own account, but, being naturally cool and calculating, he weighed in his mind the chances of detection against the certainty of losing all his vast possessions, if he were to manifest his complicity in the treason by flight. He was pretty sure that all the proofs of his guilt were in his own possession, and that none of the conspirators would denounce any one of their accomplices, therefore he determined to go back at once to Naples, and present himself fearlessly before the king, a deed of daring which proved a shield good and true; for so well did he play his part, that not a shadow of suspicion rested on his name.

In the meanwhile Madame Brisi had taken advantage of his absence to break open and examine the contents of a secret repository which he believed to be inaccessible to any one but himself, in the hope of finding a sum of money to aid her in a design she had formed with a view to emancipate herself altogether from his control, having no taste for the quiet life he proposed she should in future lead. This research led to consequences more important than she could possibly have imagined. She found no gold, indeed, but something infinitely more valuable in her eyes, as giving her the power of revenge in almost any shape she choose to exercise it. This treasure consisted of a small packet of letters, some of them mysteriously worded, but sufficiently clear, since the affair had been brought to light, to prove that Barozzi was deeply implicated in the late conspiracy. Armed with so formidable a weapon, she did not hesitate to possess herself of a quantity of jewels and other valuables that might readily be converted into money; and, when the count returned, she was far on her way to Paris with her two children.

On his arrival, Barozzi's first object was to destroy the papers he had so imprudently left, and great was his dismay when he opened the secret drawer of his cabinet to find they were gone. He flew to the apartments of the signora, but she was gone too, and the truth flashed upon him in all its terrors. The evidence of his treason in the hands of the woman he had slighted for another was a danger not to be scorned, and he felt as if ruin and death already encompassed him. Bitterly did he curse his own folly in not having destroyed the fatal documents before he quitted Naples; but he had some motive for preserving them, and had never once contemplated the possibility of any one gaining access to a stronghold he held to be impregnable as the walls of Babylon. Then there was the fearful state of uncertainty—the dread of arrest at any moment. What steps would she take? Had she already denounced him, or would she hold the thunderbolt over his head for a time only to make her revenge the more terrible at last? But Madame Brisi had wisely considered that the death of the count, and the confiscation of his property, would be of no advantage to her, and that the sweets of revenge were after all not half so pleasant as the sweets of a comfortable annuity; therefore she resolved to make use of the power fate had placed in her hands to force from him such an allowance as would enable her to live in good style either in Paris or in London. Her demands were rather exorbitant, and the count at first demurred; but, as the alternative was a still greater evil, he was obliged to concede to her terms, and this was the secret of her present supposed independence.

Madame Brisi had resided in Paris, still retaining he own name, till her eldest daughter was nineteen, when she began to find that the want of dowry would stand in the way of both the girls so as to prevent them from making such marriages as would raise them in reality to that station in society which they now maintain upon false pretences. She had held no communication with Count Barozzi since the arrangement of the annuity, which was regularly paid through a banking house every quarter; but she now wrote to him in a very peremptory manner, stating that as her daughters were of an age to marry, it was requisite that they should be furnished with proper doweries, and she expected him to place a sum of money at her disposal for that purpose. But this demand was indignantly refused, and the refusal was accompanied by the unwelcome intelligence that Brisi had reappeared at Naples in a state of miserable destitution, and was making every effort to discover her place of abode.

Alarmed beyond measure at the idea of this vagabond Italian appearing as her husband at Paris, where she had represented herself as the widow of a man of rank, Madame Brisi immediately withdrew her late claim as regarded marriage portions for her daughters on condition that no information whatever should be given to Signor Brisi respecting her whereabouts, and so it rested. Still, for her greater security she thought it would be expedient to leave Paris, as also to adopt a different name, and acting without delay on this prudent resolve she came to England and settled in Weymouth street under that of Russell.

CHAPTER VI.

The locality of the blind man's habitation was somewhere between Portland Place and Tottenham Court Road. Godfrey had some trouble to find it out, and on ask-

ing in a shop to be directed to the street he named, the people stared at him as if they wondered what business any one looking so like a gentleman could possibly have there. Following the instructions they gave him, he walked on till the name of the place he was in search of met his eye, posted up on the wall of a house that seemed to threaten the fall of a shower of ruins on the head of any adventurous pedestrian who was hardy enough to pass its tottering frame, and proceeding to No. 16, he surveyed, with some misgivings, the wretched domicile he was about to enter. The door stood ajar, and as he looked in vain for bell or knocker, he rapped with his umbrella; but it was not until he had repeated the summons several times, each signal being louder and longer than the last, that he succeeded in obtaining any attention.

At length a woman, whose bare arms bore tokens of the wash-tub, emerged from some back settlements that were dimly visible through a small door at the other end of the passage, and, in answer to Markland's inquiry as to whether Mr. Gilroy was at home, pointed to the dark staircase, and said in a sharp voice, "Second floor, front." But, a moment afterwards, getting a better view of the visitor as he dropped a step or two nearer, she modulated her voice, and, dropping a low curtsey, made a sort of apology for her first abrupt reply.

"I beg your honor's pardon," said she; "I didn't see who it was. I will call my girl to show you the way. Here, Nelly! Nelly! come and show the gentleman up to Mr. Gilroy's room."

"Pray don't trouble yourself, ma'am, I can find the way," said Godfrey, willing to escape the escort of the girl, who exhibited a dirty face at the top of the kitchen stairs.

Without further parley Godfrey mounted with light and hasty steps the narrow creaking staircase, and tapping at the door of the front room on the second landing, was bidden to enter. The blind man was sitting in a very thoughtful attitude by the open window, enjoying the cool air that blew upon his faded cheek, perhaps vainly wishing he could enjoy the things without, untempting as they were to the eye. He was arrayed in an old dressing-gown, that had been handsome in its time, and on the floor beside him lay a guitar, with which he had been amusing himself, but which he had thrown aside on hearing footsteps on the stair.

"I am glad to see you can enjoy yourself in this way," said Markland, taking up the guitar, and looking round him with some surprise.

"It is the only pleasure left me," replied the recluse in a tone of sadness. "You are welcome, Mr. Markland. I was half afraid you would not come."

"A promise is a sacred thing," said Godfrey. "I never break mine."

Casting his eyes again about the apartment, he observed:

"I imagine by what I see here that you are a professional musician."

"You are mistaken," said the blind man. "I never made a shilling that way in my life, and yet I might, perhaps, have done so. But no, I could not—anything rather than that. The feelings awakened by the touch of these instruments are not such as should mingle with the sordid thoughts that stimulate our toil for daily bread. Through these I still can hold communion in my loneliness with the bright spirit of the past; but were I once to make them the medium of gain, the charm would be dissolved. No, no; not that, anything but that."

Godfrey listened with astonishment to this passionate outbreak.

"My good friend," he said, "I am not urging upon you the expediency of turning your musical talents to profit; but you must allow that my supposition was, at least, a natural one."

"Yes, it might be natural—very natural," muttered the old man, dreamily. "Yet, when you have heard what I am going to tell, you will not wonder that I should recoil at such a proposition."

"Perhaps not," replied Markland, whose curiosity was excited in no ordinary degree, and who now began to expect some very extraordinary revelation; but however far his imagination might have carried him, he was hardly prepared for the communication about to be made, and was, indeed, startled at the words and gestures by which it was prefaced. The blind man arose and stood erect before him with a dignified mein, drawing himself up to his full height, which was much above the usual standard.

"Look at me, Godfrey Markland," he said. "Look at me well; I see pity in your eyes—I hear it in your voice. You think me an object of compassion, and so I am; yet miserable as I now appear, clad in rags, the occupant of this wretched abode, I—even I—was once the betrothed husband of your mother!"

Godfrey gasped for breath. "Of my mother?" he repeated faintly.

"Yes; it is as true as that we now stand face to face," said the blind man. "The betrothed and the beloved—for I firmly believe that her affection was equal to my own. Did you ever hear her speak of Sir Christopher Morrington?"

"Never!" replied Godfrey. "Who was he?"

"He was my father?" said the blind man.

Markland was utterly bewildered. He knew not what to think—what to believe. One instant sufficed to take a review of his mother's past life, and he seemed to have discovered the cause of her habitual melancholy. He now remembered that she had always appeared to be a resigned rather than a happy wife; yet, as he gazed on the strange figure before him, he could scarcely think it possible that this man was ever the rival of his elegant, accomplished father. Then he remembered that Morrington was the name of Mrs. Russell's friend, the man whose insolent inquiries had excited his wrath on the preceding day; and an idea crossed his mind that there might be some connection between his mother's early history and the baronet's ill-will towards himself.

"You are silent," said Godfrey. "Is it from surprise or disbelief?"

"You may well imagine that I am surprised," returned Godfrey; "but I have no right to disbelieve."

"Belief, Mr. Markland, is a thing we cannot command," said Gilroy. "You may feel that you have no right to doubt me, yet may doubt me still."

"But I do not," said Godfrey. "I have no doubt that, incredible as it seems, you are speaking the truth. Your father, you say, was Sir Christopher Morrington. In what part of the country did he reside?"

"In the west of England?" replied Gilroy. "His estate was within a few miles distance of Bristol."

"Who, then, is Sir James Morrington, the present owner of that estate?" asked Godfrey.

"He is my younger brother, my half-brother," replied Gilroy. "His mother was my father's second wife; and he holds the estate that is lawfully mine."

"But how is that?" inquired Godfrey. "Why do you not claim it?"

"I dare not; for I am under a ban," said Gilroy. "My name is branded with infamy—falsely branded! I am charged with a crime, Godfrey Markland, of which I am as guiltless as you are; yet I am obliged to live in concealment, condemned to poverty and rags, a doomed wretch, wandering over the face of the earth, without friends, without a home; for I have not the means of proving my innocence."

"Yet, if you are innocent, there must be means of proving it," said Godfrey. "Will money assist you?"

"I fear not," was the reply. "But you shall hear my story, if you are not afraid of being made the depository of a secret that might cause your name to be published to the world as the friend of one who, if discovered, would be treated as a felon."

"Never mind," said Godfrey; "I am most anxious to hear the story, whatever may be the consequences."

"I thank you," said Gilroy. "That is generous and kind. It leads me to hope that, in trusting you, I may secure a friend who can take those steps towards my emancipation from this bondage, that I, myself, could not take with any safety, even if I were not now incapacitated by the loss of sight."

"You have not always been blind, then?" asked Godfrey.

"No; it is but of late years that this additional misfortune has come upon me," replied Gilroy. "What age do you take me to be?"

"To judge from your appearance I should say you were about sixty-four or five," replied Godfrey; "but, probably, you are not so old."

"Not by many years," said the old man, "but it is as well that I should look like an old man; it adds to my security. Are you ready to listen to a long story?"

"Quite ready," said Markland, who had already seated himself in the attitude of an attentive listener; and the blind man, folding his arms on his breast, and leaning back in his chair, thus began:

"I was born in India, just forty-seven years ago. This very month will complete that term. My father was then the Colonel of a cavalry regiment in the king's service, and my mother died shortly after my birth. This was the great calamity of my life; for if she had lived, the evils I have had to bear, would never have come upon me. Being thus left half an orphan, and my father being constantly engaged in military duties, I was brought up as children in that condition often are; that is, I was completely spoiled by native nurses, who suffered all the violent passions indigenous to the clime, and on which I had my full share, to take their course unchecked; and as I grew strong and healthy, my father was perfectly satisfied, thinking that, so long as I looked well and was merry, all must be right. He was very fond of me, and far too indulgent, since his partiality blinded him to the faults that ought to have been seen, and might, at that early age, have been subdued. My passionate temper, which was sometimes exhibited in his presence, he called spirit, and said I should make a famous soldier. He certainly did not know how far I frequently carried my violence, or perhaps he would have taken some means of curbing it. Oh! that he had; I should have been a better and a happier man. Much as I loved him, highly as I respect his memory, I cannot but feel that this was an error to be lamented.

"I was about seven years old when my father left the army and came back to England. He was very rich, and was then Sir Christopher Morrington, for my grandfather had died during his absence, and the family estate, Morrington Hall, had come into his possession. It was a fine place at that time, but five-and-twenty years have gone by since I last saw it, and little did I think, when I walked out on that ill-omened day, that I was leaving it forever."

"It is a fine place now," said Godfrey. "I know it very well, and have often stopped my horse at the lodge gate to admire a cluster of magnificent trees in the centre of the park."

"Ah! those fine old trees, that I have so often climbed in sport when a boy," mused the blind man; "they are standing yet. I am glad of that. They are old friends, and I think I could distinguish each one now by the touch. I should know where to place my foot on every branch. There were three gigantic oaks near the gate, too——"

"Yes; I have noticed them," said Godfrey. "There they are—at least, there they were when I was in Gloucestershire three years ago, and then they looked quite green and vigorous, although I was told they were of great antiquity. One of them has a rustic seat around its huge trunk, and I used to think how pleasant it would be to sit there with a book on a hot day, with such a verdant canopy above one."

"I have often done so," said the blind man with a deep sigh. "And your mother, Godfrey Markland, the Lady Catherine, then in all the pride of her youth and beauty; yes, even she has sat beside me on that very seat, and listened with favor to my vows of love."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man, whose interest in the story was now becoming intense. "This then is the reason why she would never come by that road."

"Ah! is it so?" asked the blind man, with a sad smile. "Then she has not quite forgotten. But I am anticipating that part of my narrative; there is much first to be told.

"My father married again, and had another son born within a year of his marriage. I was then about ten years old, and I must do my mother-in-law the justice to say she behaved very well to me, and never showed the least sign of jealousy at my being heir to a splendid estate, whilst her own child would have but a poor inheritance, and was, on that account, intended for the army. As we lived chiefly in the country, and I did not choose to go to a school, I had a tutor at home, but did not profit very much by his instructions; for my father was rather careless in those matters. However, I got a certain amount of education; enough, perhaps, to pass through life as a country gentleman; but fate willed that such should not be my destiny. My little brother did not like me. My violent temper probably frightened him; and, so far, the fault was mine; but he was a sullen, heavy-headed boy, utterly devoid of warm or generous feelings; and, when I found it impossible to attach him to me, I became impatient with him, and on one occasion I was provoked into calling him a little sulky brute. I never shall forget the look with which he turned away from me; and, although I tried afterwards, by gifts and caresses, to obliterate the remembrance of the affront, I believe that, child as he was, he treasured it up in his heart for years with the purpose of revenge. I think his mother was desirous that we should be friends, and regretted that his disposition was not more amiable; for she often said she wished he had more of my fiery temper instead of the sullen humor that kindness could not conciliate.

"And now, Godfrey Markland, I am coming to that part of my history which concerns you the most. My father was elected member for the county, and we all went to town for the Parliamentary season. My mother-in-law was a pretty woman, fond of gaiety, and being many years younger than my father, he indulged her to the utmost of his power. She was received into the best society, gave splendid parties at her own house, had a box at the opera, and was presented at Court. When my father was engaged at the House, I was her escort, and amongst those to whom this new life introduced me, was the Earl of Rismore."

"My grandfather!" exclaimed Markland.

"Yes, your grandfather," said the blind man; "he was my father's frequent guest, and his daughters were my stepmother's intimate friends. I was passionately fond of music. I believe it was the only gift I possessed in any high degree, and it had been cultivated as far as was possible at that distance from London; still I acquired some proficiency on several different instruments, and whenever we were in town, I took lessons of the most eminent masters. But Nature had made me a musician and I should have learned to play without any instruction at all. I have often thought since that this was a gift mercifully bestowed to be my solace in the hour of affliction. I had a good voice too, and knew enough of Spanish to sing the soft love-songs of Spain in that musical language. It was these accomplishments that first won for me the notice of the Earl of Rismore's fairest daughter, and she soon became the idol of my affections. Oh! how sincerely, how devotedly I loved her; and I believe that my love was reciprocated with all the truth and tenderness I could desire. I spoke to my father on the subject, and he had a conference with the earl, who made no objection to the alliance, as I was heir to a baronetcy with a considerable estate, and he was not, as you are doubtless aware, a rich man, and had three daughters to portion. In short, all the preliminaries were arranged, and it was settled that our marriage should take place in the spring of the following year.

"When the Parliament broke up, the whole family went with us to Morrington Hall for the autumn, and then it was that Lady Catherine and I used to wander together through the woods and groves, discoursing of the happy future that was never to come. How little did we then foresee the terrible event that was to separate us forever. I look back now to that one brief season of perfect bliss, as if it were the vague and shadowy remembrance of a previous existence in some other world. Often I ask myself, 'Could it ever have been?' and then, Godfrey Markland, it is through the songs and music of the past alone that I can trace the reality. Many a time have I sat at her feet, beneath the shade of the old oak trees you have admired, singing soft Spanish ditties to the guitar you see there on the floor before you; and by those strains I can even now recall those felicitous hours that were then as sweet to her as to me."

Here the blind man paused, overcome by the excess of his emotion.

"I cannot allow you to go on now," said Godfrey, who was himself scarcely less affected. "It distresses you too much. Let us postpone the rest till to-morrow."

"No, no!" replied the unhappy man. "You must hear all now. Give me but a few moments to conquer this weakness."

He bowed his head down upon his breast and clasped his hands, as if in prayer, while Markland watched him in silent amazement. At length he raised his head and said, "I would fain hear something of her. Is she still beautiful? Is she kind and gentle now as she was then?"

"You must pardon me," replied the young man, "if I hesitate to speak of one so revered, until I know what reason she had to withdraw her confidence from you."

"Yes—you are right," said the blind man. "It is proper that you should be satisfied that I am unstained by crime before you breathe in my ear a name so pure and spotless. So be it then, and now I will proceed with my unhappy history.

"The autumn and the winter passed away, and no shadow had yet fallen upon the sunshine of my days. The preparations for our marriage were nearly completed, my father had agreed to provide liberally for my establishment, and the deeds of settlement were all prepared, but not yet signed, when he was attacked with a sudden and violent illness that terminated fatally in a few hours. This event was a severe affliction to me; for I had always loved him most sincerely, and although his death put me at once in possession of a title and a large estate, I can truly say that no worldly advantages could mitigate the sorrow I felt at losing him. My marriage was of course put off in consequence of the unforeseen calamity; but I consoled myself with the thought that the delay need only be for a short period, as it was the wish of my affianced bride that our nuptials should be celebrated without any display.

"I was then three-and-twenty; if my father had lived but one month longer far different would have been my lot! But it was not to be, and how shall we finite beings presume to censure the decrees of Him who is infinite? My mother-in-law was inconsolable. I endeavored to comfort her as well as I could, and she received my attentions gratefully and affectionately, but I fancy she never recovered entirely from the shock; for about two years afterwards I saw her death announced in one of the London papers. And now I am coming to the darkest page of my life's history, the wreck of hope's bright bark, the fatal avalanche that swept down before it fortune, fame, and all the glorious visions of love and happiness, that had cast the lustre of their promise on the days to come.

"I think I have not yet mentioned that when we came from India we brought with us a native youth, who had for a long time been my favorite attendant, and frequently my playmate, though he was five or six years older than myself. The poor fellow was, I believe, devotedly attached to me, notwithstanding my excitable temper, of which, I grieve to say, he often had the full benefit. Still he knew very well that, with all my vehemence, I would not have injured a single hair of his head; for he used to laugh with the other people, and say I was like a tiger without teeth or claws. He had some long Indian name which I abbreviated to Cush, and by that alone was he known in my father's household. Poor Cush! If I could have learned how he came by his death, I would have shown myself the first to be his avenger. I have been stigmatized as a murderer, and were it known that I am in existence, I should still be held amenable to the laws on that foul charge. Yet, Godfrey Markland, my hands are as free from the stain of human blood as your own. Never, even in the wildest paroxysms of rage, ere I had acquired the mastery over my passions, which reason had by that time taught me in some degree to exercise, never could I for one moment have entertained the bare thought of such a crime. But you shall hear how it came to pass.

"It so happened, one day, not long after my father's death, that my Indian servant offended me by some trifling act of negligence, which perhaps at another time I might scarcely have noticed; but I was in an evil mood, and, as usual, I chose to vent my ill-humor upon him, probably because I was aware he did not mind it, and would feel neither fear nor resentment. Unfortunately, I saw him laugh as he was leaving the room, and this enraged me to such an extent that, in the heat of the moment, I caught up a pistol that was lying on the table, and said I would shoot him. Heaven knows the threat was uttered without the least intent of putting it in execution. They were the idle words of an angry man; and as such they were heard by the impassive Indian, who took no more heed of them than of a puff of wind blowing past him. My brother was present at the time, but I attached no importance to that circumstance; in fact, I did not think of him at all; for he was busy with some drawings, and did not seem to be paying any attention to what was passing; for these sudden bursts of passion on my part were of too common occurrence to excite surprise in any one who lived with me.

"A few minutes after poor Cush had left the room I went out to get cool and collected; for I was always myself the greatest sufferer from such violent outbursts. However, the Fates were leagued against me that day, for, in the course of my walk, and before I had recovered my equanimity, I happened to meet with a fellow who had been exceedingly insolent about a horse of mine, and he gave utterance to some expression as he passed me, that threw me again into a fury, and I was going to strike him, but he leaped over a hedge and ran across a field out of my way. I walked on without any particular object in view, till at length, being over-heated, and still under great excitement, I went into an inn, and asked for a glass of brandy and water. I daresay I looked strangely enough, and when they brought me what I had ordered, was, I believe, pacing the room in a hurried, agitated manner, which no doubt afterwards told against me; and another piece of folly was to throw down on the table more money than was sufficient to pay for what I had taken, and leave the house without waiting for the change.

"I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by one of my own under-gardeners, who with affrighted looks told me that my Indian servant had been shot in a field opposite the park gates; that the alarm had been given by a man whom I instantly knew to be the same that had so provoked me by his insolence just before I entered the inn; and that one of my pistols had been found in the hedge near the body of the murdered man.

"I was panic stricken; for the last words I had spoken to the poor fellow presented themselves with fearful force to my mind; but judge of my horror and astonishment when my informer followed up his intelligence by saying, 'You must fly, sir, at once and conceal yourself; for you are accused of the murder, and they are gone to the justice's to get a warrant to take you into custody.'

"What I said, or how I repelled an accusation so monstrous, I know not; but I recollect that the man continued to urge my instant flight, and tried to persuade me that it would be better to keep out of the way till something more was discovered respecting the death of the unfortunate Indian. At first I refused to listen to his remonstrances. 'Who will dare,' I said, 'to accuse me of so foul a deed?' He replied that it was my brother who had done so by stating that I had just had a violent quarrel with the Indian, and that he heard me threaten to shoot him. That when the man left the room I had followed him in a great rage, with a loaded pistol in my hand, declaring I would kill him.

"'It is false!' I exclaimed; 'I did not say so, nor did I take my pistol. It was lying on the table when I went out.'

"'One is there now,' said my informant; 'but Mr. James says positively that they were both there this morning.'

"This was true. They were both there in the morning, and although I was strongly impressed with the belief that there was but one when I left the room, I could not swear to the fact, nor could I account for the disappearance of the other except by a vague notion that I had seen Cush take it up himself; in which case he might have carried it out with him.

"All the horrors of my situation now rushed upon me like an overwhelming tide. I was maddened and helpless. I remembered, too, that the magistrate before whom the case would be carried was my bitter enemy; for I never liked him, and had taken no trouble to disguise my sentiments; consequently I knew full well that he would give ear to, and magnify all the evidence against me, whilst I should have nothing to oppose to it but the bare assertion of my innocence, unless the actual perpetrator of the dark deed should be discovered. What was I to do?—where was I to go?—for I could not bear the idea of being dragged before that pompous, narrow-minded person to answer such a charge. The right course would unquestionably have been to have returned home and met the accusation with the firmness of innocence. But then I saw that so many circumstances would be combined to fix the appearance of guilt on me, that the hostile magistrate would have sufficient ground to gratify his vindictive feelings towards me by a commitment, and all the misery and disgrace of imprisonment and trial swam before my eyes. And if, after all, I should fail to prove that I was innocent—what then? I could not bear the contemplation of such a possibility, and in that evil hour suffered myself to be guided by the well-meaning, but, as I now feel, mistaken counsels of the poor fellow who was so anxious for my safety. Had I acted differently, it is impossible to say what the result would have been; but there can be no doubt that the course I did pursue tended to confirm the suspicions already entertained, and that even they, who would not have believed me guilty if I had fearlessly come forward to refute the preposterous charge, were staggered in their opinion by my imprudent flight. What your mother thought I never knew, but I afterwards learned that as soon as her father was made acquainted with the events that had taken place at Morrington Hall, he removed his family to Paris, and I never heard of them again till I was far away in a distant land, when the news of her marriage reached me; and from that hour, Godfrey Markland, until the day when I so providentially met with you, I felt that I was alone in the world."

"Did you know my father?" asked Godfrey.

"Yes; I had met him often at the Earl's house," replied Gilroy; "and I knew him to be a high-minded, honorable man. I had no right to blame your mother, and yet I felt as if she had wronged me. But human nature is inconsistent, and the selfishness of man stronger than his reason. In my madness I called her cold, heartless, and unfeeling. I forgot how little feeling or justice there was in the desire and expectation that she, so beautiful, so gentle, so worthy to be loved, should sacrifice her young life for the sake of one, whom she probably believed she had reason to abhor, as an escaped felon, a proscribed assassin; for the coroner's warrant was in the hands of the police."

"Let up pass over this," said Markland, "and tell me how you escaped."

"Well, well," said the blind man, "you must pardon me if I am sometimes led into a digression. I have never spoken of these things before to any human being, and though my thoughts dwell constantly upon them, they have never come before me so vividly as now that I put them into language. But I will return to the point whence I diverged.

"The man, Hollis, continued to urge me to hide myself from the myrmidons of the law, and scarcely knowing what I did, I followed him through a wood and down along by-lane, so as to avoid the village, till we came to a small isolated cottage, standing in a very secluded spot, where he dwelt with his mother, a good-natured old woman, who readily undertook to afford me shelter and protection for as long as I should need such aid. Feeling satisfied that I was safe for the present, Hollis went back to the Hall, thinking that his absence from his usual occupation might create suspicion, and I was left to my miserable thoughts. I cannot describe to you the utter wretchedness of that most wretched day. Every breath of wind that stirred the trees, sounded as the bay of bloodhounds to my ears. I felt as though I being dragged to execution, and was wholly powerless to save myself from an ignominious death. Then I was tormented with a horrible fear that my senses would desert me and that I should be treated as a lunatic; and I knew there were many who could testify to acts of violence that might appear to justify such a conclusion.

"At length the evening came, and Hollis returned; but he brought with him no tidings to afford any relief to my mental sufferings. A warrant had been issued for my apprehension, and a strict search made at the hall and all round the immediate neighborhood. Information had been sent to the police stations in London, and every possible measure was being taken by the chief magistrate of the county, the man whose animosity I had cared but little for till now, to discover my retreat. It is a bad thing to make an enemy of any one, and I fear my ungovernable temper had made many. It is calm enough now; its fires have long been spent; the volcano has ceased to send forth its thunder and its flames; misfortune has subdued the raging elements within that likened me at times to an untamed savage, and has made me what all mortals ought to be, a reasoning and a reasonable being. But, to proceed with my story.

"Hollis said that he had no doubt his house would be visited by the officers of justice on the following day; but that he had thought of a plan to elude them, and at the same time, to make my asylum even more secure.

"'I have told the people in the village,' he said, 'that I am going early in the morning to fetch my aunt from Girdlestone, and have borrowed Tom Dixon's light cart, so I shall take with me some of my mother's clothes, and dress up a bundle of straw which can easily be placed in the cart so as to look like a woman, and shall drive through the village so that everybody may see the old dame is with me. Then you must let me cut all the hair off your head and face, and must put on the things the sham figure was seen in, and bide here without hiding yourself at all; then they will never suspect you.'

"I assented to this stratagem simply because I had no power to think or act for myself: and it was so far successful that, although the legal bloodhounds did come the next day, and looked into every hole and corner of the place, they never once suspected that the seeming old woman who was busy making dumplings was Sir Arthur Morrington, the object of their search. And now, Mr. Markland, tell me what is your impression of my conduct?"

"That it was wrong, there can be no doubt about that," said Godfrey. "You had right on your side, and should have trusted to the power of truth and an honorable name."

"Yes, the straight path is always the best," said Gilroy. "But I was blind then, as I am now—mentally blind, which is the greater calamity of the two, and leads to worse misfortune even than falling into an open cellar.

"For several days I remained in the same state of feverish excitement and terror, incapable of collecting my ideas, or forming any plan for my future proceedings; but as soon as reason began to resume its empire over my heated brain, and I was able to reflect with some degree of coherency on all that had taken place, I could not help seeing that I had acted like a madman, and that my ill-advised flight would have the effect of criminating me more than all the evidence they could show. Bitterly did I repent the want of moral courage, that had placed me in a much worse position in the eyes of the world, than I should have stood in had I faced the danger without shrinking, and trusted my fate to the issue of a fair trial. Yet I could not reproach the poor fellow who had persuaded me to adopt so equivocal a course, for he did it in his zeal to serve me; and if his judgment was erroneous, I ought to have known that it was so, and not to have suffered myself to be led by it.

"At the inquest evidence had been given against me, which, combined with the circumstance of my disappearance, was quite enough to warrant a general belief that I was guilty of the crime. My brother had sworn to the fact of the two pistols being on the table before I went out. The man who found the body of poor Cush had given a maliciously exaggerated account of my frantic behaviour towards himself, declaring that I appeared to be almost frantic at the time; and the people of the inn, who had been obliged to come forward on a summons from the coroner, admitted that I seemed in a very excited state of mind when I went into the house, and was so little cognizant of what I was doing, that I paid treble the amount of the beverage I had taken. All this I might have accounted for had I been present to defend myself; but I had sealed my own doom, and there was no possibility of avoiding it. The die was cast. I was a banished man; for the coroner's inquest returned a verdict against me of wilful murder. But of all the crushing miseries that were now weighing down my soul to the lowest depths of despair, you may well suppose that to know I was for ever separated from her, who had been the light of my existence, was not the least; for even had she in her own heart acquitted me from crime, the circumstances attending the accusation and the publicity given to them had placed a barrier insurmountable between us.

"But this is a theme on which I must not dwell to you, not now at least. I will pass it over at present as briefly as I can, and only tell you that I wrote a full explanation to the Earl of Rismore; and also a farewell letter to Lady Catherine, which I hoped would incline her to think of me more in sorrow and compassion than a harsher feeling. But they never reached their destination; for I was afraid to trust them to the post, besides which I indulged in a faint hope that if they were sent by a trusty messenger, some reply would be returned. Therefore I dispatched Hollis to London, with instructions to obtain admittance, if possible, to the earl, that he might add his testimony to what I had written—for the faithful fellow would readily have sworn to my innocence, although he had no ground for them beyond his own simple belief in my word. I scarcely knew what I expected from this measure; but I certainly was sustained, during the man's absence, by vague dreams of some happy result; and great was my disappointment when he returned, bringing back the unopened letters with news that totally annihilated the last spark of hope in my bosom. The earl and his family had gone for a tour on the continent, and their route was uncertain, so that all chance of clearing my fame with them was at an end.

"How strange it is that, when everything is gone that gives value to life, we still should desire its continuance. Wretched as I was, my anxiety to escape from the country was as great as though I expected that all I had lost here was to be regained in another land. I had fixed upon New York as my city of refuge; but the difficulty was to get safely out of England, and at length a means of accomplishing this object presented itself.

"Hollis went out early one morning as usual; it was the third day after his return from his fruitless errand to town, and I had just come to a determination not to stay where I was much longer, and was pondering over the chances of getting away in disguise, when I was surprised by seeing him running back at full speed towards the cottage, as if something extraordinary had happened. 'It is all over, then,' I said to myself. 'They have discovered my hiding-place, and will hunt me down to the death.' Then a strange sort of recklessness came over me. I sat down with unnatural calmness, resolved not to stir a foot, but to await the coming of my pursuers, and meet them with defiance and contempt. 'A man can die but once,' I said, 'and what matters the how and the when.' It was the excitement of the moment only that put such false reasoning into my head, for I looked back afterwards with the utmost horror to this terrible moment, hardly daring to think what might have been my fate, had it proved to be as I supposed. But, instead of coming to warn me of danger, my kind preserver was hastening to bring glad tidings of a prospect of freedom. A man had been drowned in the river, and he had just seen the body lying among a clump of willows on the bank, the features being so swollen and disfigured by long immersion in the water, that it would be impossible to identify the person. The idea had therefore struck him that if anything belonging to me were found upon the deceased, it would be supposed that I had destroyed myself, and the search would be discontinued so that I might then leave England with perfect security; and so sure did he feel of the success of this stratagem, that his delight was beyond all control. I was not quite so sanguine myself; however, I let him take some of my garments, my pocket-book, and a silk handkerchief of a particular pattern, that I knew would be known at the hall as mine; and all these he soaked in water, and stained with clay, then carried them off to the spot where the dead man lay. How he managed I know not; but the body was discovered in the course of the day, and not a doubt was entertained that the unfortunate person was myself; for an inquest was held immediately, and a verdict given to the effect that I had committed suicide in a temporary fit of insanity, occasioned by the late unhappy circumstances. Whatever the man might have been who so opportunely represented me in death, it is certain he was a stranger there, as no inquiries were made, nor was anything ever heard of such a person being missed, so that no suspicions were awakened; and shortly afterwards I quitted the abode of my faithful servant and embarked for America.

Fortunately I had a considerable sum of money about me, which I received on the fatal morning that made me an outcast and a wanderer from my own fair domain, so that for the time being I experienced no inconvenience for the want of means to travel with ease, and when I arrived on the other side of the Atlantic I was in a condition to make a respectable appearance until I could form some plan for my future subsistence. Accident introduced me to the editor of a newspaper, and through him I obtained literary employment and became a professional writer. My success was not very brilliant, but it afforded me a maintenance, which was something to be thankful for in my unhappy case, and at that period of life I was not deficient in spirit or energy. It is wonderful with what facility the mind accommodates itself to circumstances, so long as we are not shut out from social intercourse. I was thrown amongst talented men whose pecuniary resources were not more ample than my own; I gradually fell into their habits, my mental faculties received a new impetus, and I soon began to take a pleasure in my occupation, and was surprised to find that, much as I had lost, the world still offered something to enjoy. Gilroy was the name I had assumed; it is that by which I have ever since been known, and in all probability I shall carry it with me to the grave. Then, Godfrey Markland, when death has done its silent work, and I have passed beyond the reach of human laws, and man's injustice, then I would desire that *she* should know how cruelly I have been wronged, and how truly, through all the changeful scenes of my eventful life, I have preserved inviolate my faith to her."

"Be assured," said Godfrey, "that she shall know all this when the proper time arrives, and it may come sooner, and under happier auspices than you are supposing; for, if we could look into the book of fate we might perhaps find a brighter page than you now seem to anticipate before we had turned over many leaves."

The blind man shook his head, yet he was pleased with the augury, and smiled hopefully as he thus continued his story.

"I remained in America eighteen years, and but for the one tender remembrance that still clung round my heart with a firm hold that time had no power to loosen, I might have stayed there to the end of my days and forgotten I was an exile; but where the treasure is, there will the heart be also, and my treasure was not on a stranger's land. My hair had grown grey, and I was so much altered in my general appearance that I thought I might safely venture to return; for I could not help cherishing a hope that even yet I might find a clue to the long-hidden mystery. But my evil star was still in the ascendant, for it was during the voyage that my sight began to fail, and by the time I reached London it was so far gone that I found myself unable to write for half an hour together, and every day seemed to increase the malady. I consulted two or three oculists, but all was unavailing; consequently my plans of making a living by authorship here in England were at an end. My days grew darker and darker, till at length they merged into perpetual night, and for the last two years no ray of sunlight has shone on my dreary path. The few hundreds I brought with me from the western world served to secure me a scanty pittance on which I contrived to subsist; it is enough to secure me from starvation, and that is all. I am told that my sight might eventually be restored, if I were to place myself under proper treatment; but I have hitherto shrunk from becoming an object of public charity, and were it not for the end I have in view, would rather bear my affliction than have recourse to such aid. However, I believe I shall submit at last, and should the great blessing of light be again vouchsafed unto me, I shall devote all my energies to the re-establishment of my good name. If I fail in this, then, Godfrey Markland, I care not how soon the end may come."

"But you must not fail," said Markland, "you shall not fail, if justice is to be obtained by money, interest, or personal exertion. What need is there to wait for the restoration of your sight? That may be a long process; and in the meanwhile much may be done. Only give me permission to act for you, and I will appeal to the highest judicial authorities in the kingdom; for I am convinced that any unprejudiced man would acquit you at once."

"It would not do, Mr. Markland," said Gilroy. "The world contains but few such noble natures as yours, nor are legal questions to be decided by the promptings of a warm and generous heart. As soon as it becomes known that I am alive and in England, the law will take its course, and I am not yet in a condition to brave the event of a trial. My only chance of acquittal rests upon the remote possibility of discovering by what means the Indian really met his death. It was with this view I resolved to disclose to you my name and history, hoping that you would afford me such assistance as might be in your power, and I rejoice to find I was not mistaken."

"Most assuredly I will do that," said Godfrey. "I would have done so under any ordinary circumstances; but after what you have told me, I feel that you have a right to command my services."

"If such be really your feeling, Mr. Markland, I take you at your word, and accept with gratitude your proffered aid. The question is, how it is to be rendered with effect."

"I could suggest a way," replied Godfrey, "but it would involve taking a third person into our counsels, and that you would perhaps object to."

"Whom do you mean," asked Gilroy, whilst a sudden flash of excitement passed over his face.

"I mean one who will know much better how to set about such an affair than either you or I," replied Godfrey, gravely. "He is a barrister, not much known, and poor, but a very clever fellow, nevertheless. If you consent to trust him, I will answer for his good faith; and am quite sure that if anything is to be done he is the man to do it."

Gilroy appeared to be irresolute, but after a pause he said, "I will trust him. If, as I would fain believe, a gracious Providence has guided you to me for my deliverance, that same beneficent Power will give you the means of doing His will; and I am willing to accept this as one. To talk of reward in a case so doubtful would be mere idle folly; therefore your friend must be fairly warned that the chances of success are small, and that he would have nothing to expect for unsuccessful service beyond the thanks of an unfortunate man."

"You may make yourself perfectly easy on that score," said Godfrey, rising to depart. "The grand object is to enlist him in your cause; and I think I may venture to say he will serve as a volunteer, but not as a mercenary."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From Once a Week.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY

OR

HOW TO COME OUT AS A MEDIUM.

BY ONE WHO IS IN THE SECRET.

The writer of the present paper is induced to prefer his explanation of the phenomena produced by the so-called Spirit Mediums, from two or three circumstances peculiar to his own experience. He is disposed to look at the performance of the Spirit Mediums from a point of view somewhat different from that of their ordinary audience. In fact, he considers them as professional imitators, and would even regard them as professional associates, if they had but the honesty to acknowledge their craft. It is his inclination, under any circumstances, to watch them very closely, and though he cannot allow their title to the rank of honest conjurors, he is interested in observing the means by which they produce their little results. So satisfied is he that his inferences are, in the main, correct, that after he has stated them, he is disposed to withhold his name, for the simple reason that, if it were known, he believes there would be no more spirit manifestations in his presence ever after. It would be just as impossible for him, as it proved for Robert Houdin, on a certain well-known occasion, to communicate with the capricious spirits through the ordinarily successful medium, Mr. Home. To make a free observation of the spirit world it will be found that we require an incognito; for the spirits are shy, the spirits are fastidious, the spirits are averse to every overture, if it comes from a suspected, because suspicious, inquirer. The spirits would not shake hands with me, for the spirits have no professional *esprit du corps;* and therefore it is that professional vigilance is not only alive to the mode of their manifestations, but takes an interest in drawing out these retiring shadows, and exhibiting their real pretensions to the public.

Another circumstance which induces me to take them by the hand was an incident in which I myself participated; I might say with whom, and when, and where; but that I have no inclination, as I said before, to exclude myself forever from the spirit circle. It happened that I was present at a certain exhibition of two of the most popular Mediums of the day, and, after watching intently their whole performance, I ascertained the agencies by which it was accomplished. At all events, I was enabled at a subsequent performance to detect the spirits in a very palpable trick, resulting in their exposure and discomfiture (see fig. 10), and having since experimented, I can perform all that they then exhibited to sight, hearing or touch. I am confident I could tell, with a little further trouble, the means by which Mr. Home astonished the writer of a recent article in the "Cornhill Magazine;" and, possibly, I may do this hereafter, if it should appear to be wished for. For the present, however, I confine myself to the practice of the other Mediums on whose intercourse with the "sperrits" I have already experimented.

As a preliminary I have to make this general remark, that the means by which the "sperrits" usually manifest themselves, are far more simple than readers anticipate. When a witness experiences anything he cannot account for, it is natural that he should refer this to some elaborate machinery adequate to what he considers the startling result. Let the reader, however, discard the impression at once, for it has a certain tendency to mislead his judgment. It is really the object of Mediums to depend on machinery as little as possible, for machinery is not only unintelligent, it may not only fumble and make mistakes, but it precludes that triumph of a Medium's art, the submitting to the preliminary or subsequent test of an examination. The "lazy tongs," as they are termed, are far less serviceable and frequently less used, than the natural aptitudes of the human body, when these are above the natural average, or are carefully developed by discipline and education.

The first requisite, no doubt, is an impassive countenance, exhibiting no sense of shame, or fear of detection—a natural or acquired brass, the perfection of which will depend, of course, upon the morale of the performer.

After this, the secret of the Medium's power is the flexibility of her lower limbs. Her legs must do the work of arms, and her feet must be educated to act like hands. Any one who doubts this potentiality of the human frame, knows nothing of its relation to the Quadrumana, or of the feats of Indian jugglers. The Indian jugglers, as is known to the initiated, produce their most extraordinary effects by this very capacity. And, therefore, we say it is no use to contemplate coming out as a Medium, unless you are provided with flexible legs and manipulative feet and toes.

The Medium so qualified must go through a course of gymnastics to enable her to move her lower limbs with pliancy, and especially to enable her so to move them without corresponding movements of the head and shoulders. She should even be able to perform the opera dancer's feat of holding her hand above her head, and kicking the palm with her toe, as exhibited in the vignette

the evening; but your principal work must be that of drawing the long bow.

You and your assistant must relate the most extraordinary narratives conceivable. Small fibs are useless. A lie obtains credence in proportion to its enormity; for, though the statements you make are difficult to believe, it is still more difficult to conceive a woman audacious enough to invent them. Accept it as an axiom, that "society," as it is called, is highly credulous, and, as Locke says, "He who is disposed to believe is already half convinced."

You will find plenty of weak-minded people who will help you out by relating anecdotes of their own self-deceptions which will carry additional weight from the position they hold in society, while nothing will be deducted for their want of penetration; a faculty which everybody believes he possesses, but to which none can attain in perfection, without a considerable amount of patience and study.

When you judge you have worked the majority of your company into a proper state of mental perplexity, seat yourselves at a large round table, (pretty nearly four feet diameter, with a centre column of three feet,) the specific gravity of which is small in proportion to its immense leverage. Whip off the cloth; ask if there are any spirits present, and reply in the affirmative by surface rubs.

Having stated yourself to be *en rapport*, to all questions asked by the sitters you reply also by surface-rubs—three indicating an affirmative, one negative, and two, when your information is imperfect, or your nail or corned finger fails to bring out the sound.

Now state that the spirits will dictate the particular place each person is to occupy. Rap accordingly, placing the suspicious ones at a distance, and the sympathetic close to you, and tell them all to *place their hands on the table*; for this you have a double reason, first to give a mysterious aspect to the seance, and last, though not least, to keep their hands out of mischief.

During the seance you need not confine yourself to the particular knock's already described; you may give others with the sharp edge of the sole of your boot against the foot, or kicks straight up against the bottom of the table. Any mysterious noise that you can succeed in making—by creaking the leather of your boot against the wood—will pass for a rap. When your audience is pretty far gone, you may trust to chance inspirations.

By making the raps louder or fainter, they will appear to come from different parts of the room, provided you have first indicated the quarter from whence they are to be expected.

This is difficult to believe, but you or the pensive reader may be easily convinced by the following experiment: Place a glass tumbler and a shilling on the table, having another tumbler and a shilling concealed in your lap; hold the shilling between the thumb and finger, make three feints at the one in view and three corresponding *bona fide* blows on the concealed tumbler; then ask the spectator how many times you struck the tumbler on the table; he will unhesitatingly reply three, and will refuse to believe you when you state that you did not strike it even once. This is simply a type of an infinite series of similar deceptions.



Fig. 9.

When you wish to answer questions with any degree of certainty, if you have not obtained private information, place an alphabet before the dupe, and tell him to point to the letters or repeat them aloud; you will easily, by acute observation, be enabled to detect a slight anxiety in tone or manner when the right letter is reached, and then rap accordingly.

Let us suppose that an individual requires the presence of his brother Charles' spirit, the inquiry will proceed as follows:

Q. Are any of my relations present?
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. Female?—(calmly.)
A. Rub.
Q. Male?—(anxiously.)
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. Will you spell your name?
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. A, B, C?—(interrogatively.)
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H?—(pauses.)
A. Rub, rub, rub.

And so on till you have made him spell the entire name, to which in most cases he will assist you, though a choice of names written out is infinitely less tedious.

A wary person may, however, easily frustrate this process by running through the alphabet, and studiously avoiding all emphasis, or by designedly emphasizing, which is worse, the wrong letters so that you find you are compounding utter nonsense—that, in fact, he is leading the spirits by the nose to a brick wall. Of course you get out of this difficulty by saying that the spirits are uncertain or capricious, or that, for the mere fun, they willfully perplex you.

As soon as the spirits decline to rap correctly, or earlier, if you please, you may suggest to the company that they may be touched by spirit hands. To indicate their power, place a hand-bell under the table and ring it with your feet; then commence (by the methods already described) pulling the ladies' dresses and gentlemen's trowsers, pinching their feet and ankles, and even lifting their legs off the ground, by clasping them round the ankles, as in figure 4. To operate upon each person with equal facility, frequent change of place will be necessary, and as it would not do for you to leave your seat, you rap out C, H, A, N, G, E, when this is desirable.

You may next invite a person to throw down a pencil, and hold a slate underneath the table; snatch it from him with your two feet, in the mode shown in figure 3, and deposit it on the floor, feel about for the pencil with your feet, pick it up, and commenced scratching on the slate to the best of your ability, relying on the sound to affect the company, while they are in a state of absurd suspense. If the writing be illegible, as it is nearly sure to be, say that it is very bad to-night, but that, on other evenings, the spirit autographs were remarkably clear; in proof of which you will exhibit some specimens written by hand and kept for the purpose. You can even assert that communications are frequently made in the handwritings of different members of the company, and so avail yourself of a fib which none of the present company can contradict.

You may next place a Bible under the table for the spirits to turn over the leaves; of course you can kick them over with your feet, or as the book, on account of its thickness, refuses to keep open in one place, you can put your foot aside, and invite the sitters to look under the table, and see the leaves turning over without your assistance. When the company have resumed their original positions you may slip your right foot under one leaf, place your left firmly on the page, and lifting the toe of your right boot, turn up the corner and tread it sharply down; then shut the book with your foot, lift it with both feet, thrust it into your neighbor's lap, and rap out that he is to open it. He will of course find the leaf turned down, and will be cudgelling his brains to find an application of the particular text. While he or others are thus occupied, you may, if the opportunity present itself, seize a man's foot under the table and bend it backward and forward; but should previously satisfy yourself (this is very natural) that he has on leather, and not *dress boots with silk tops*, or he will be enabled to detect, with painful certainty, that he is seized not by a single hand, but by a pair of feet encased in women's boots, and those boots without a doubt yours. After this he will cease to wonder at the sharp pinches inflicted on his ankles, or the facility with which you snatch articles from people's hands under the table.

You may now proceed to your crowning experiment, which consists in making the table rise clear off the ground, still maintaining its upright position. As a preliminary, you make it go through some extraordinary evolutions by alternately pressing and pushing the top with your hands, contrary to Michael Faraday's theory, by *voluntary* and not involuntary muscular action. You then allow the agitated table a little respite while you cross the right leg over the left knee, and insert the end of your right foot under the base which supports the column; maintain the pressure of your hands as you straighten your leg, and the table will rise perpendicularly about two feet from the ground.

Before, however, attempting this astounding feat, care should be taken that no wary person is sitting within reach, or he may dash out his foot, as a friend of mine did, and catch yours under the ankle, pinning you to the table with your leg in the air, as in the illustration below, a position from which you will find great difficulty in extricating yourself, without bringing the seeance to an ignominious termination.



Fig. 10.

You will probably be asked if the spirits will rap when your feet are in full view; of course you will answer in the affirmative, though knowing well they will not, unless you can get some one to hammer in an adjoining room. In this case you should take away the hammer when you leave, especially if it does not belong to the house, and should not leave it to tell your secret, as it did in the case I refer to.

You should also avoid the experiment of making an old piano-forte, with open latticework, play when closed, in the presence of simple, wary people, or they will surely walk up to it and tap on the wires through the very same holes, producing similar results.

The foregoing suggestions are an exact transcript of the deception practiced by two well known London Mediums in the presence of the writer, whose name, together with those of the gentlemen who were present at the exposure, the editor is empowered to publish should he think proper.

Incidentally, the writer would say a few words to persons in private life, who, actuated by no other motive than a pure love of mischief, practice similar deceptions on their unsuspecting friends. As the latter can imagine no interested motive, they blindly believe in the supernatural origin of the phenomena, and consequently circulate reports which obtain credence on their authority. The practical jokes which have so deluded them, may appear harmless; but should the deception remain undiscovered, it is likely to implant in many a weak mind the germ of insanity, which all future explanation will fail to eradicate.

To the professional Mediums, I say, I am watching their performances, and, if necessary, will offer them some further instructions hereafter. KATERFELTO.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

OH! OPEN THE GATE.

BY HELEN MARIAN WALTON.

I am weary of life thus so cheerless,
Sighing for the light of God's day,
I long for the wings of the sinless,
All swiftly to bear me away.

I am reaching my hands to the sapphire,
And the gate of agate and gold,
To touch but the pearl-studded glory
With fingers so eagerly bold.

Roll backward, oh! gate of celestials,
On hinges all noiseless from jars;
Give entrance, my soul is so weary
Awaiting outside of the bars.

I am pained, heart-broken with anguish,
The world is so false, yet so fair;
My feet are unsandalled with climbing
Life's rugged and roughly-hewn stair.

Long friendships are heedlessly broken,
And love-words with changes are told,
While those that we cling to and cherish
Turn from us forgetful and cold.

Then open your gate to my praying,
Receive me, oh! Seraphim blest:
The wings of my life are all broken,
And joyful I'd enter your rest.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE FASHIONS.

Winter seems fairly upon us. The cold rains of the past fortnight have driven our fashionables to their wit's end for something new in the fur way, for like Esquimaux must they be arrayed in that article—and very worthy of Esquimaux approbation is the straight fur sacque in general use. Furs of every class and description, from the magnificent Russia Sable worth a Jew's eye, to the simple Squirrel accessible to less heavy purses, flood our streets. Even the sterner sex have fallen unconsciously into the habit of making bears of themselves in this respect.

Furs may, in fact do, appear comfortable and warmth-inspiring; but the general habit of wearing them so close to the throat has been a fruitful source of more bronchial affections than most persons would believe. However, as they will, in spite of throat or threat, were these things, let us suggest, as a slight improvement, the English Boa, which for its utility is entirely preferable to victorine, cape or sacque, being such a form as renders it only wearable where needed, in strong draughts or the street.

Oh! for a forty-milliner power to chaunt thy changeableness, oh Fashion! The brilliant color known as Magenta, Solferino or What Not, which has beamed from the heads or hats, peeped from the borders, glowed resplendantly in cloaks and shawl trimmings—in fact, contrived to entwirl itself in some manner with every article of dress, is by the incorrigible edict of Fashion consigned to the lumber room of things that were. Orange, in all its shades, has now the *Pas* to run the gauntlet, and for a brief season fret its little hour upon the stage of Fashion, to be ere long cast aside for some other caprice.

Bonnets are growing heavier, more velvety and winterish. The shape is slightly altered, being flatter on the top, and somewhat more flaring at the sides,—a very great improvement. The Broadway milliners are absolutely outdoing themselves this season. The bonnets are perfect loves; and the great difficulty is how to select from such a galaxy of gems one for a comparison, when dozens are glowing before our mental vision. Worthy of that honor was a white uncut velvet, trimmed with rich lace and marabout feathers, tipped with cherry, whose bright tinge imparted a glow to the entire fabric. Another of white, trimmed with bands of pale lilac, intertwined with gold cord and a bow and buckle of malachite on the opposite interior, was very pretty.

In all the adornments, such as fichus, capes, sleeves, lingerie—in fact, nothing can be more airy and graceful than the present styles. Those puffed thule capes and berthas, dotted with rosebuds or butterfly bows of delicate ribbon, have the power, one would think, of imparting beauty to any face or form. The spangled lace-trimmed ribbon bows for collars or cuffs must be astonishingly enticing to ladies given to admiring the tasteful and sparkling. Thule, worked with every form for headdresses, fichus, sleeves and overskirts, was never more popular than at present.

Surely the mines of El Dorado and Potosi combined are niggardly affairs when compared with the amount of gilding now on exhibition in almost every store-window. The insatiable appetite for gold, or the *fac simile*, will devour us body and soul, it is to be feared. In belts, in neckties, in bracelets, in headdresses, it is the all-pervading condiment, rendering the most absurd emanation from the brain or hands of the milliner, or other fashion inventor, digestible to that ostrich, Fashion. In sober seriousness, though, all this gilding has a tawdry, under-bred air, and would destroy the effect of the best selected and most unexceptionable costume. Too much genuine jewelry is a fault never committed by persons of good taste—what, then, can be said of the imitation?

Our taste in head adornments is decidedly improving. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of those pearl coronals with back piece and pendants of flowers and foliage, enwrought of small seed pearls. These are so elaborate in design, and so artistic in arrangement, that they deserve commendation even from the most cynical husband or father already tired of disbursing lavish sums for the embellishment of his darling tormentors. Head-dresses of feathers and lace lappets, after the English manner, are popular at present, as indeed is everything English, thanks to that little Prince, from Balmoral boots to invisible pages for sustaining ladies' dresses.

There is nothing noticeably new in cloaks or dresses, and little need be said of the beauty and richness of goods designed for manufacture into those articles, save that the supply seems to be inexhaustible, judging by the amount displayed in the store windows.

[Written expressly for the New York Leader.]

THE

OLD SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

FAST MEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

NUMBER LXVI.

BY TOM QUICK.

Gracious, how things have changed since I ran with Thirteen, when she laid in Fulton street alongside of Eighteen, Twenty-one and Twenty-four. We called Thirteen the Quaker engine, then; and when there was a fire, the rest of them that housed under the roof of Fireman's Hall, in Fulton street, right where the Hope Mills and Treadwell's Cracker Bakery now is, would follow her tail-screw, for she always led.

I hope Jack Leverich won't say I am encroaching upon his manor when I let slip a few old Time things about the fire boys. Why, I can remember well, some thirty-five years ago, when I used to jump for a small theatrical newspaper, called the *Critic*, which published full accounts of every fire that occurred, and also of the number of each engine as it arrived at the fire. That was not very hard work for the reporter in those times: but to do it now-a-days I guess a reporter would have to bunk inside of a steam-engine, with a duplicate in each district. My ambition for running to fires all dwindled down to nothing, when washing each other got out of fashion. How Hudson One would watch for Neptune Six; North River Twenty-seven to catch Frogtown Thirty-one; while Twenty-one, Five or Fourteen were open for anything if they had the river; and Chatham Two would be anxious for Fifteen. Thirty, old Daniel D. Tompkins, had in her ranks John Teal, commander, and George Trenchard, Chris Teal, George Gibbons, Wes Benscoten, Bill Pulles, Orange County Bill Carstang, and a dozen of other just such bloods who would die in defence of Blue Devil, and her tiger skin leader jacket, against such foes as Fifteen, Forty-one, Thirty-nine and Forty-four. Why, I have seen a line formed down town that would reach from the foot of Wall street to Nassau, and up-town from the foot of Amos to Hudson streets. Then was the time when "Man your arms," "Every man of you now," "Now she rises," "There she splashes," and such like cries would be heard all along the line; and you'd better believe it would require the best man on the roll for nerve and science to take the butt when the box in front of him would show signs of a flood tide, for oft in those days a loose tail screw, or one from the shoulder, would prevent a favorite from being washed. Old Supply was my play in my round-about jacket days, because we could wash a couple of the bully machines; and although it was no disgrace, yet Supply was no favorite with the Department, and the Company were considered rather aristocratic in their notions. Their duty was much lighter from the fact that they had no machine to drag. Their apparatus was built stationary over a large well in Leonard street, half way between Centre and Elm, on the Tombs side. A crowd was always ready to do service in turning her cranks, for the reason that after their day's work was done, lots of crackers and cheese, accompanied with a pail of punch, were sure to be on hand to refresh the inner man.

It was not my intention to have any fire talk for my text when I sat down in my homestead to write this week, and I can't account for it in no other way than that my mind took fire from the ribbons with which Daisy was trimming up her old bonnet again, as she said, after the fashion. How my wife got nipped up by the Division street milliners into buying such flaming streamers of red and black, that I call fire and smoke, the blessed Lord only knows; but she's caught, and goes the Magenta with a spread that takes the big licks out of Broadway.

I let the gal keep on her work while I took my Saturday night's stroll in search of something fresh to dish up with the ancient, in my talk to the Sports of this week. I kept wandering on, scarcely looking right or left, dodging the crinoline as it passed me, larboard and starboard, heavily loaded down with steel hoops and cotton goods.

Pete Asten—as large as life and twice as natural as he was when he tapped his first barrel of beer on that old corner, many a year ago, in the shade of those big trees which fell, not long since, beneath the axe of the executioners—a couple of broad-shouldered men who had the pleasure of knowing that each stroke of their axe into the hearts of those noble trees was echoed by a wish from honest Pete that the limbs of those that ordered their destruction would fall withered to their sides, as soon would the green ones that had shaded his house and head for many a year. I entered. After a "good evening" from the host himself, I called for my glass of ale, and the same hand that had done the part oft and oft for thirty years, received my three cents toll for its passage to the old till that had held the pay for many a gallon. As I came out, I looked aloft, and there swung to and fro at a lively gait, a broad canvas banner, on which was painted the "Spartan Association," with this motto inscribed:—

"AROUSE THE MAN!"

And in an instant Mike Walsh, the energetic Mike—flitted past my vision. This was natural, for Mike founded the Spartans—when and how I will tell you as I jog along with my talk. I looked over the way, and there the name of an old member of the Spartan Band met my eye: "Sam Banta keeps here." That told as plain as day that our old friend had commenced business on his own hook, and as I never go back on a Sport, I soon had a shake from his manly paw—and it was a shake all round, for old Spartans were there as thick as mush, and those that were not we talked about, until in came King Pin Joe Chanfrau, whom I shall tell you more about after I get through with the first members of the Spartan Association, when it organized in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine—just twenty-one years ago—at the Military Hall, kept by Bill Vandewater, in the Tenth Ward. Here is the original list:

Mike Walsh,	Sam Foster,
Joseph Chanfrau,	Frank Steuart,
Harry Kesine,	Bill Freeland,
Dave Broderick,	Bob Gamble,
George Burns,	Charley Devlin,
Billy Merrifield,	Charley Merrit,
Steve Wilson,	Charley Noonan,
Tom McSpedon,	John Lord,
Andrew Nesbit,	Bob McNally,
M. McGear,	Hen Arcularius,
Pete McDermott,	Ned Sprague,
Charley Gallagher,	Bill Ford,
Tom Chadwick,	Many Kelly,
Joe Yeomans,	Col. Elridge,
Joe Cornell,	Henry Chanfreid,
John Ketchum,	James McNally,
James Riley,	Sam Long,
Eddy Fowler,	Geo. Munson,
Ned Gallagher,	Country McCleister,
James Trainor,	Johnny Kelly,
Peter Cornell,	M. Riley.

Sam Banta called my attention to a roll of names that hung against the wall. There were certainly not less than a thousand names inscribed; and while he turned away to chat with Bill Cortelyou, an old chum from California, and Secretary of the Spartans, who should enter but Charley McBride, whose love for the Spartan cause, backed up by his generous nature, had made him the donor of the elegant banner to which I alluded as swinging over their headquarters; who has but one wish to gratify at this election—and that is, the success of Matthew T. Brennan as Register. "I'm wid you, there," Tracey says, "I and ten thousand other Sports, who have never received the cold shoulder from the Judge, let it be wet or dry, night or day."

But, as I may be trespassing on the alderman's rights, I must hold up on a subject that I could talk on all day. With Charley came Joe Chanfrau, President of the Spartans. "Why," says I, "Joe, I ain't seen you for months. Where have you been hiding yourself?" and as I knew that he was as quick as lightning, and as bold as thunder upon any matter he was interested in, I added: "So, Joe, some of the clubs are going to give you the go by?" Good gracious! I had touched gunpowder with a flame of fire! In a second the little hero was on his high horse. He squatted, and looking me straight in the eye, said, shaking his finger: "Are they? Well, may be they will! I'll bet a thousand that we'll beat them in display, numbers and appearance; and, if I only had the means, I would make every Wide Awake in the city sign a card that it took anything down that ever showed in New York—'cause, if I get two or three hundred to expend, I won't put two in my pocket and spend one—no, sir! We are organized to do good service in the new order of Democracy which will rise Phœnix-like from the ashes of old Tammany, if Lincoln should be elected. And I will parade a Temple of Liberty, to which, in case we are defeated, I will myself apply the torch that shall consume it; and from that hour the Spartans will arm to rescue the Government from its spoilers, and know no rest until our work is done."

I looked at the little fellow, and asked myself, "Is this Joe Shanty, that I knew when forty-two Bowery was in its glory?" Why, his dark eyes glistened with ardor, and ere he finished, cries of "Go in Joe!" resounded through the room.

After the little fellow sobered down, he told me of his arrangements; which have been carried out to the letter behind the old Spartan banner that for years has been cared for in the home of Mike Walsh, and from whose widow no man could have procured it but that steadfast friend of Mike's in all weather, Joe Chanfrau.

In answer to the question I asked of how they came to regenerate the Spartans after a sleep of twenty years, Joe says, "I will just tell you. There was me, Banta, Pete McDermot and Bill Cortelyou, standing up at the first Union meeting at Cooper Institute, and we saw how poor a display the Clubs made as they marched by. We all said as if in one breath, "The old Spartans had ought to be here!" So we went to the Hone House, and then down here. We elected our officers, and we have made one parade since that time—and how we looked you all know. The people are with us in spirit; and although I hain't spoke to Rynders in fifteen years—and no one, Tom Quick, knows better than you why it is so—yet I am willing to fall in for the sake of the old cause, and no warmer hearts will follow the muster drum of the Union than those who tramp behind the silken banner of the Spartans, which has not been unfurled in twenty years."

I had now a wish to turn the conversation in another channel, for our little Napoleon warmed up, as he does in everything he undertakes, a little too much for comfort. So I asked him who kept the Sawdust House in Walker street. At this he burst out laughing—for in a moment he saw that I wanted a change. "Who kept it? Why Ford and Sullivan; and I well remember the first day the sign was put up. Mike came up just as the painter had finished, and stood upon the stoop looking at it, and pronounced each letter of Ford's name with a full stop, thus: F. O. R. D. Say, boys, do you know what those four letters stand for?" All answered, "No!" "First Order of Ree-Dees!"

The crowd of Spartans kept increasing; and as I looked at the clock, it told me that it was Daisy's bed-time, and that Tom should be at home. So with a promise to Joe to soon make another call, I vamoosed the ranche of the Spartans.

Thackeray's Sorrows.

The London *Critic* says:—Now that Mr. Thackeray has got a magazine, he is determined that nothing he has done shall be wasted. The "Roundabout Paper" is, undoubtedly, the best of the editor's contributions, because the freshest and most suited to the feelings of the moment. In the present one he dwells upon the griefs of editorship, "The Thorns in the Cushion" of the editor's chair. "There is the sad pleading letter begging for employment for charity's sake, and accompanying the weak effusions that are quite useless. What editor has not received such, and has not been compelled to return the inevitable answer? Now you see what I mean by a thorn. Here is the case put with true female logic. 'I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will.' And then I look at the paper, with the thousandth part of a faint hope that it may be suitable, and I find it won't do: and I knew it wouldn't do; and why is this poor lady to appeal to my pity, and bring her poor little ones kneeling to my bedside, and calling for bread which I can give them if I choose? No day passes but that argument *ad misericordiam* is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying out for help. Thrice it appealed to me yesterday. Twice this morning it cried to me; and, I have no doubt, when I go to get my hat, I shall find it, with its piteous face and its pale family about it, waiting for me in the hall. One of the immense advantages which women have over our sex is, that they actually like to read these letters. Like letters? O mercy on us! Before I was an editor I did not like the postman much:—but now!"

Cute, but not Complimentary.

A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones,) turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.

"No I didn't massa," responded Dick.

The master persisted.

"Well," at length, said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and confound it, when I come to look, dar was nine turkeys on de rail!"

Foolish Hospitality

Charles Mackey, in the London *Review*, makes the following remarks on dinner-giving: "Why must we make food-giving the staple of hospitality, and translate into our life of the streets the essential virtue of the desert? In wild countries, and in country places, where you have long distances to go, it is needful to make food one of the primal conditions of kindly intercourse; but here, in cities, where at every ten yards you can buy a dinner for half a crown, this ostentatious feasting of our friends, as an emblem of hospitality, is a sad mistake. And if even we still insist on the rule of dining together, which as a kindly and familiar matter has something on its side, too, yet why must we always give dinners quite beyond the ordinary manner of living, both of ourselves and of our guests?"

Punch's Opinion of Editors.

A public servant and withal a servant of the devil. A good natured fellow—must always smile—bow to everybody—be killing polite on all occasions, is always expected to know the latest news; is styled "Muggins" if he is not well posted; must please everybody and is supposed to never need the one thing needful; must work for nothing and board himself; must trust everybody, and is considered a great bore if he presses his bill; must be a ladder for all political aspirants to step into office, who very soon become independent, don't owe him anything; considered at best a sorry dog, who can't expect better treatment than kicks and cuffs; and finally summoning it up, he is exported to be a man without a mode and without a shadow.

THE SEA.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

The wind upon the sea
Is whispering to me;
The great waves rise and fall
On the shore;
And I hear their sounding call,
As they beat the rocky wall
Evermore.

The cliff-tops, bare and brown,
Upon the sea look down,
Where the rocks the waters meet,
Far below,
Or the waves, in whispers sweet,
Come and murmur at my feet,
Sad and slow.

The misty shadows fall
Adown the rocky wall,
And the tinkling waves keep time
At my feet,
Like some soft melodious rhyme,
Or the church-bell's distant chime,
Faint and sweet.

O wind! O moaning sea!
A voice thou hast for me,
As I listen to thy strain,
Wildly glad,
And a joy that's half a pain
Starts to being in my brain,
Sweet, yet sad.

Street Corner Gossip;

OR,

FACTS AND FANCIES OF THE DAY.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE. CONTINUED SUCCESSES OF GARIBALDI.—The latest news from Europe is mainly confined to details of the battle of Volturno. The Neapolitans, estimated at 30,000 strong, attacked the Garibaldians on the 1st instant, under cover of a thick mist, and carried some positions, for a time succeeding in driving back the Garibaldians, whose numbers did not reach half of theirs. Garibaldi went forward, revolver in hand, cheering on his men, and after a desperate fight of eight hours duration, the Neapolitans were broken and routed, and were pursued close under the walls of Capua. A brigade of Germans was cut off from the main body of the Neapolitan army, and driven to the mountains. The Garibaldians took five thousand prisoners, and it was estimated that the Neapolitans had three thousand killed and wounded. The loss of the Garibaldians was stated at between twelve hundred and two thousand men. The royalists subsequently made a sortie from Capua, to the rescue of the German brigade, but were repulsed. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle. Rumors were current that Capua had surrendered, and that the bombardment of the town was progressing; but neither had been confirmed. The line of the Volturno was still strongly protected, and it was said the Neapolitans were prepared to defend their positions. Some Sardinian troops assisted the Garibaldians in the battle. Garibaldi has called on the King of Sardinia to visit Naples, and to send him fourteen thousand men immediately. The Piedmontese troops had entered the Neapolitan territory. It was reported that three of the Great Powers had protested against the late proceedings of Victor Emanuel. Mazzini had quitted Naples by request of the Pro-Dictator. Advices from the Papal States indicate no change in the state of affairs there. General Lamoriciere had returned to France. The French had occupied numerous places near Rome. It was reported that a third French division will be sent to reinforce them. Military movements on a vast scale are reported in Austria.

LYNCH LAW IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Two New Yorkers named Hitchings, father and son, are now under arrest in Bennettsville, South Carolina, on suspicion of attempting to get up another John Brown insurrection. The Committee of Vigilance, consisting of eighteen members, in whose hands the prisoners now are, have gone to work taking evidence. They first took measures to obtain possession of the consignments of arms, the invoices of which were found among the papers of the accused. One box which they found contained eight double-barrelled guns, four single-barrelled guns, twelve shooters, Colt's revolvers, ball cartridges, powder flasks and other ammunition requisites. When we add to these suspicious circumstances the fact that the elder Hitchings is known to have been in correspondence with William H. Seward, of New York; that his house at Clio was notoriously frequented by negroes at night, and that he bears upon his back the marks of flagellation for trading with the slaves, the case against him looks dangerous. The elder Hitchings has relations at Lockport, N. Y., and proposes to show that he has a son in Mexico, who directed him to purchase the arms for his defence in crossing the Plains. Different opinions are entertained as to what will be the result of the trial. One thing is very certain—that the Committee who conduct it, will be influenced by the excitement and exasperation that now prevails against the prisoners.

SALE OF BURTON'S SHAKSPEARIAN LIBRARY.—The sale of the library of the late Mr. Burton, the eminent comedian, reached the culmination of its interest on Saturday and Monday last, when its much talked-of Shaksperian department was passed under the hammer. The collection was widely known by reputation, and the public position and professional distinction of its late possessor, not unnaturally raised expectation and curiosity to an unusual pitch. The catalogue made a goodly octavo volume, and this itself was thought of sufficient interest and value for two hundred and fifty copies of it to be printed upon fine, large paper, to be sold at a dollar and a half each. But hardly were the books exhibited, before both curiosity and interest began rapidly to diminish. The sale, instead of being crowded and attended by distinguished buyers, drew together but a small company, most of whom were second-hand book-dealers, and the prices, except in a few instances, ranged low, the large paper catalogues becoming a drug in the market. Hereupon are flings at the frivolous and degraded taste of New York, which spends money lavishly upon Japanese Tommy and the Prince of Wales, and yet allows fine books to go a begging. The auctioneer is moved to a touching exhibition of disinterested tears at "the sacrifice of the finest collection of its kind in America," and his wail is taken up and prolonged by a chorus of equally erudite, if not equally disinterested, reporters.

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE REFORMER.—Mr. John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, has been giving a benefit at Dr. Cheever's Abolition temple in Union Square, for the benefit of the charities under the superintendence of Mr. Awful Gardner. It appears that Mr. Gardner has extemporized a reformatory institution for inebriates, and has been very successful, according to his own account, in this class of cases. We have had little faith in efforts to reform the confirmed drunkard, but there are exceptions to every general rule, and each victim of alcohol that can be saved is another gain to the ranks of humanity—another loss to the brute creation. If Awful Gardner can offer any genuine assistance towards this work, he deserves encouragement; but we confess there is a tone of pious snuffle and extra-repentant Peckswiffianism in all his declarations, giving us but little confidence in the sincerity of his professions. Nevertheless many good people have acquired respect for the reform which he seems to have made in his own case, and we would be the last to throw any obstacle in the way of a man working up hill to redeem the follies of his youth.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CANADA.—The shock of an earthquake was experienced in Quebec on the 16th instant, commencing about six in the morning and lasting for many minutes. All accounts agree in representing the shock as something unparalleled in Canada; and incidents in connection with it have reached our ears, the recital of which would occupy columns of our space. In some dwellings the feeling was that of immediate proximity to some extensive steam manufactory, whose wheels were revolving with that degree of velocity which gives a thundering sort of sound and a strong vibratory motion. In others, the action was oscillatory, with an occasional vibration. The ideas of the cause which had produced such an effect were so varied, and in many cases inconsistent, that any attempt at analyzation would be absurd and objectless—the general impression, however, being one accompanied with a sense of some impending danger of terrible magnitude. At the Martello towers on the plains, the effect was very great, old soldiers residing in them stating that the shock exceeded in intensity those experienced by them in the East and West Indies. At Beaufort Asylum, all the inmates that could, ran out of the building, while those who had not such opportunities, ran shrieking through the wards and corridors. In several rooms the plaster was shaken down, and strong joints were forced open by the motion given to the building. The engineer of the establishment, while superintending the machinery, heard the boilers of his engine clatter together in such a manner that, apprehensive of an explosion, he ran out of the engine-room. Indeed, the shock seems to have been felt with greater violence in the open country than in the city. Will not the Reverend Doctors Vinton and Ogilby preach a sermon to-morrow at Trinity Church proving this earthquake a "divine visitation" to mark the Almighty disapprobation of the Orangemen whose excessive loyalty interfered with the comforts of the Prince of Wales?

THE STAGE AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE.—Of actors who have been successful in accumulating fortunes, we may cite Forrest, the Wallacks and Hacket as examples. Mr. Forrest, we presume, will retire from the stage in two or three years more. He has a splendid residence in the centre of Philadelphia. Mr. Hacket avowed his intention, some time since, to retire from the stage, and purchased a principality in the West, but afterwards relinquished his intention of turning farmer on a large scale, and made a professional trip to California, from whence he has lately returned. He has built for himself a beautiful villa on the heights of Yonkers, and is a philosopher who takes life easy and looks younger than his sons. His idea is that each generation should take care of itself. When in the humor he appears before a public which is always glad to see him. Mr. Hacket is now in perfect condition, and should give the public a taste of his quality. He is one of the veterans who does not lag superfluous on the stage, and the public never forgets its old favorites, even when they, as too often happens, forget themselves. Forrest, Hacket and the Wallacks have all made themselves rich by the stage, and have shown prudence enough to keep what was once acquired. Men like John Brougham make small fortunes every year, but have an unhappy genius for always making their expenditures exceed their incomes.

LESLIE COOMBS AND THE VETERANS.—After much tribulation and many trials, thirty-seven Veterans of the war of 1812 were collected together last Tuesday in front of the City Hall, where a speech was made to them by Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, a veteran almost as old as the oldest of them. It was a fine fossilized speech, addressed to the gallant fossils, who responded with cheers as enthusiastic as could be expected from such ancient throats. In addition to the thirty-seven Veterans, there were three men and nine small boys in attendance, the orator having postponed his appearance from one o'clock, the appointed hour, until three, in order to collect this crowd. On the whole, the affair could scarcely be called a very brilliant success, that part of it which the Veterans most enjoyed being a subsequent invitation to step over to Tammany Hall and take a drink. It was hardly worth while for Coombs to come so far to accomplish so little. Those who extended the invitation to him, are censurable for having treated him with the most uncourteous neglect. We wish the gallant Kentucky Veteran better entertainers and better success on his next visit, if he can ever be induced to make one, to our metropolis.

SHANGHAEING A ST. JOHN'S PILOT—HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.—The notorious Tom Hadden, who has so often figured in our criminal courts within the last twelve years, in connection with kidnapping or "Shanghaeing" men on board vessels bound for foreign ports, and sending them away against their will, for the purpose of securing their advance wages, was again arrested on Monday last, by officer Connell of the Harbor Police, charged with "Shanghaeing" Michael Geraty, a pilot of St. John's, Newfoundland. It appears that some three weeks ago the complainant, while conducting a vessel from the port of St. John's, was carried beyond his station, and subsequently transferred to a brig bound for Boston. Arriving at the latter place, Geraty hearing that a vessel in New York was about leaving for St. John's, came on, and arrived here on the evening of the 17th inst. Inquiring of a man whom he met in the street where he could obtain lodgings, Geraty was taken to Tom Hadden's place. Before going to bed he was asked if he wanted to ship, and said "No." Very early the following morning the pilot was called out of bed, and in presence of the prisoner shown an article of writing, and asked if he would know his name if he should see it written, to which he gave an affirmative answer. He was then shown a signature purporting to be his, but which he repudiated at once. Hadden then told Geraty to accompany him to the ship, and, on the way, Hadden stopped and bought a bed, which he said was for a man on board the vessel. The unsuspecting Geraty, with the bed on his back, was then taken on board a tow-boat, carried out and placed on the deck of a ship lying at Castle-Garden. He was then ordered to go to work, and at the same time Hadden remarked to Geraty that the bed purchased was for him, and that he would send him some clothes. The crime might have been fully consummated had it not become known to a ship-captain acquainted with the St. John's pilot, who took immediate steps to procure his liberation, and with success. The reason why the victim did not decline going with the prisoner in the first place, was through fear of personal violence, as before starting he saw Hadden beating a poor sailor like a brute, because of his refusal to be victimized in the same manner. Hadden was taken before Justice Kelly and committed for examination.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—The Society of St. Vincent de Paul opened its Fourth Annual Festival at the City Assembly Rooms last Monday evening. This association exists under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, and is purely charitable in its objects. It was first organized in France, in the year 1833, and its present President, Adolph Badaun, is now resident in Paris. The existence of the Society in this city dates back to 1847, though the practice of holding annual festivals was not inaugurated until 1856. It numbers about 600 members, who hold weekly meetings, and pay weekly visits among the peor, for whose benefit they make weekly disbursements. The funds of the Society are mainly supplied by these annual festivals or fairs, to which the price of admittance is fifty cents per head, while the goods disposed of, being donations from the charitably disposed, yield a net profit. In this Society fourteen Conferences are represented, and each in the fair has its distinctive decorations and displays. The fair was formally opened last Tuesday evening, and although the tables do not yet bear quite the load of wares beneath which they are destined to groan, the show is goodly. No variety shop in the city can offer so varied an assortment of articles. The method of sale is peculiar. A set of silver ware, or a rag baby, for instance, is put up at a raffle, and the chances are vended through the room by ladies, who display the most unflagging zeal in the prosecution of their labors.

FIGHTING FOR A LOVER—LITERALLY.—A truly romantic duel was lately fought in the environs of the not very romantic capital of Prussia. A young lady, it is stated of good family, having accidentally come into possession of a challenge addressed to her lover, resolved upon withholding the letter and fighting herself. Incredible as it may appear, this

Business Notices.

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WHEN OLIVE TAR IS INHALED, its healing balsamic odors are brought in direct contact with the lining membranes of the THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES, AND ALL THE AIR CELLS OF THE LUNGS, relieving at once any pain or oppression, and healing any irritation or inflammation.

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Olive Tar is not sticky, does not discolor. Fifty Cents a Bottle, at No. 443 BROADWAY, New York, and by all Druggists.

J. R. STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS are a soluble preparation of iron and sulphur, identical with that existing in the blood of a perfectly healthy person. Uniting with the digested food,

THEY REVITALIZE AND PURIFY THE BLOOD,
THEY IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM,
THEY INVIGORATE THE LIVER,
THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION,
THEY REGULATE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY,
AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

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398 AND 400
BOWERY,
Junction of Third and Fourth Avenues,
Opposite the Hay Market.

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CELEBRATED NOISELESS
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
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THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Is simple in construction, easily learned, and with proper management never gets out of order.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Hems, Fells, Gathers and Stitches and Fastens its own Seam, thereby saving time and thread.

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Sews from original Spools without rewinding, and forms a seam unsurpassed for beauty, elasticity and strength.

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Is the Double Lock Stitch which forms a seam that will not rip, even if every fourth stitch is cut. It is the only stitch that survives the washing-tub on bias seams.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

A GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE—AND must be sold before the 1st of December, on account of enlarging the store.
ENGLISH CARPETING, OILCLOTHS, &c.,
FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES,
GILT CORNICES, &c.

Good Carpets, 25 cents per yard; extra fine, all wool, 50 cts., usually sold at 75 cents; fine three-ply carpets, 85 cents, usually sold at $1 25; English Brussels carpets, job lots, 95 cents, usually sold at $1 25; also 5,000 yards very thick
OILCLOTH REMNANTS,
from one to twenty yards, to be sold very cheap; also a large assortment of
FINE GOLD AND VELVET PANEL PAPER HANGINGS,
50 cents per roll, usually sold at $1 or $1 25; fine Satin Paper, 12 cents per roll; also 5,000 pairs fine gold Window Shades, $1 per pair; fine gold and velvet Shades $2 50 per pair, usually sold at $4; also gilt Cornices, Rings, Mats, &c., at
COATES',
314 Hudson street,
four doors above Spring.

ERUPTIONS, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS
It is now generally admitted that all eruptive diseases depend upon some internal or constitutional cause, and that to use washes or ointments for them is a sure way to injure the system, and only to drive in, not to cure the disease. But "Humphreys' Specific Homeopathic Salt Rheum Pills" are a true specific for all such diseases. They cure Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Erysipelas, Pimples on the Face, Ringworm, and Nettle Rash, by curing the cause upon which they depend, and by restoring the skin to the state of health and purity. Thus, not only is the disease cured but, the softness and beauty of the complexion restored.
Price 25 cents per box, with directions. Six boxes, One Dollar.
N. B.—A full list of "Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics," with Book of Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do. in plain case, $4; case of fifteen boxes and book, $3.
These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address
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ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS.
HIRAM ANDERSON,
No. 99 BOWERY,
Grand Opening of FALL CARPETING.
A large assortment of

English Medallions,	Oil Cloth,
" Velvets,	Mats,
" Brussels,	Cocoa and Canton Matting
" Three Ply,	Rugs,
Ingrain Carpets,	Table and Piano Covers,
Stair Carpets,	Window Shades,

Druggets, &c.,
At greatly reduced prices.

DR. PERRY'S VERMIFUGE OR "DEAD SHOT" FOR WORMS.—The most successful remedy extant. The exceedingly small quantity of this medicine required to test the existence of worms, and to remove every one of them, as well as the mucus in which they are enclosed from the system, without the aid of any other purge, and usually by a single dose, together with its certainty of effect, constitute it one of the most valuable discoveries of the age. Its speedy operation in all sudden attacks, as convulsions, colic, fits, or spasms, gives it an unrivalled superiority. For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 160 Fulton street, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally.

BOWERY RACKET COURT—A very exciting and interesting trial of skill at the game of rackets took place at the Bowery Racket Court, No. 293 Bowery, between Rivington and Stanton streets, on Friday afternoon last, between two first class players. The contestants were well matched, and a masterly display of skill and science was exhibited at this healthy and exciting game. There was quite a large attendance at the match, of enthusiastic amateurs and experts, and everything passed off with the greatest credit to the proprietor, Mr. HARMON SWIFT, and with satisfaction to the crowds of spectators. A second match will be played between the same parties, at the same place, on the 29th inst., commencing at 2 o'clock P. M., and we advise all those interested in this noble and exciting game, or who desire to witness fine sport, to attend.

ROAST BEEF.—This is the good old English stand-by, when taken in conjunction with a mug of 'ale and 'ale—both of which can be had in perfection at CHARLEY NASH'S, No. 77 Nassau street. Here, too, in the "Great Republic Dining Saloon," is to be found every creature comfort that can be desired—such as savory viands, choice vegetables, delicious oysters, old wines, fragrant cigars, &c., &c. It is just the place at which to get a good dinner, lunch or supper, at a living price, and is convenient for a large part of the business portion of the city. Once a customer, always one, is the motto of those who give No. 77 a trial.

SAFE, UNION OR NO UNION.—Whatever may be the result of the coming election, we have the agreeable satisfaction of knowing that the immense and popular clothing establishment of F. B. BALDWIN, of Nos. 70 and 72 Bowery, will survive the wreck of parties and the crush of governments. It is established on a basis not depending upon sectional or general political issues—the needs of the public and the desire for economy, combined with gentility. Unlike the Janus-faced politician, it knows all points of the compass, and its patrons come from the East, the West, the North and the South.

LONDON CLUB SAUCE.—This sauce is now universally admitted to be the very best condiment ever offered to the world. It has nearly superseded all other sauces in our hotels and public saloons, and no well furnished table can be found without it. Its success has been unprecedented, and affords a striking illustration of the readiness with which the enlightened public of the present age adopt anything new that has real merit to commend it. It was not so in the slow-coach days of our forefathers.

NO DOUBT OF IT.—Families certainly do much better, both as regards quality and price, when they buy house-furnishing goods of ED. D. BASSFORD, in the Cooper Institute Building, corner of Astor Place and Fourth avenue.

New York Leader.

JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

A DOUGLAS AND A DOUGLAS!
LOUDER THE WAR-CRY GROWS:
GOD SPEED THE MAN WHO FIGHTS SO WELL,
AGAINST A THOUSAND FOES!

CONTENTS OF INSIDE PAGES.

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY; or, How to Come out as a Medium.
THE FASHIONS.
OLD SPORTS OF NEW YORK STREET CORNER GOSSIP.
A FERRY BOAT SKETCH.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MILITARY MATTERS.
POETRY—"Oh, Open the Gate," (original), "The Sea," "The Coral Isles," &c., &c., &c.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers are hereby notified that by negotiating with the regular agent, STEPHEN R. PINCKNEY, or applying at the office of the LEADER, they can secure better terms, and arrange matters more satisfactorily to all parties justly concerned, than they can by doing their business through outside agents, who have their commissions to make.

*** POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS sent to this Office will not be inserted unless paid for. We are disposed to notice the proceedings of Douglas Clubs and other political associations; but the rule in the LEADER Office that all political advertisements must be paid for in advance, cannot be departed from even to oblige friends.

REGISTER! REGISTER!

Every Democrat, whose name is not on the poll-lists of the November election in 1859, should remember that Tuesday and Wednesday of next week are the last days on which names can be registered. It is the duty of every lover of his Country to examine the Registry Books of the District in which he lives and, if his name be not registered, to have it recorded without delay. Every obstacle will be thrown in the way of Democratic voters on election day by the Republican Wide-Awakes and we must be prepared for every emergency.

THE CANVASS.

From all parts of the State we receive reliable intelligence that the Union Electoral ticket will rally to its support every Union-loving man within our borders, and be carried to success on the shoulders of a triumphant majority. Every where the work of organization both has been, and continues to be carried on with zeal, alacrity and perfect harmony of purpose, the great object of rescuing our Country from the perils with which it is threatened should Lincoln be elected, seeming to solidify into one solid mass all the Constitutional elements, while at the same time inspiring them with that confidence which is the effect of co-operation.

For the State ticket reading William Kelly for Governor, William C. Crain for Lieutenant Governor, William W. Wright for Canal Commissioner, and William C. Rhodes for Inspector of State Prisons, we find an enthusiasm awakened which has already placed victory within our reach. It now only remains for the Union-men of New York to organize so effectively and labor with such zeal that the full majority of our City may be polled in favor of the candidates above named. With anything like due exertions to guard against the election-frauds which the Wide Awakes are being drilled to execute, we should send this ticket across Spuyten Duyvil creek on the evening of next election day with a majority of forty thousand votes. This is a success worth working for, all the State candidates being men who eminently fulfill the Jeffersonian standard of honesty, industry, capacity and fitness.

Of our County and Judicial ticket we are fully justified in using the same strong terms of praise. With Matthew T. Brennan for Register, Smith Ely, junr. for Supervisor, Edward C. West for Surrogate, George G. Barnard as candidate for the Supreme Court, Michael Ulshoeffer running for Judge of the Superior Court, John T. Hoffman for Recorder, and John H. McCunn for the office of City Judge, there can be no such a word as fail. We stand strong in the confidence and affections of the people while we advance such names, each candidate being a representative man of interests and classes, perhaps differing to some slight extent, but all together combining to form an array of more than common strength.

Messrs. Barnard, West and McCunn, having been so fortunate as to have already concentrated the entire strength of the party in their support, need no further aid at our hands. They are to-day, to all practical intents and purposes, elected to the offices for which they have been respectively named. The other candidates on the ticket will, of course, have smaller majorities, but we regard their election as equally sure. In the persons of Michael Ulshoeffer and John T. Hoffman, two of the very best men and lawyers of New York have been selected. One is in the ripe and hale maturity of a wisdom which has gathered laurels round it through thirty years of active and successful practice; the other stands without rival to-day as the leader of the younger members of the profession, still struggling up to higher and yet higher levels of eminence.

Of the County ticket proper, consisting of Matthew T. Brennan and Smith Ely, Jr., we feel that little need now be said. Mr. Ely has filled many public trusts, and always with satisfaction to his constituents and honor to himself. Mr. Brennan, our candidate for Register, has perhaps more personal popularity than any other man upon the ticket—his long connection with public affairs having made him intimate with the interests of all classes in our City, and his generous nature endearing him to every one thrown in contact with his kindness. He will also be largely helped in his canvass by the late disgraceful coalition made by the friends of James Lynch with the Know Nothing supporters of the famous Know Nothing Ex-Recorder F. A. Talmadge, whose nomination by the Lynch men as their candidate for Judge of the Superior Court will drive over thousands of votes from the Mozart side to Judge Brennan's standard.

THE LAST WEEK.

But one more week is to elapse before the election, pregnant with great events, will be upon us. Are we prepared for the issue that is presented? Are we fully alive to the consequences of the success of Lincoln? Do the people of the North desire Secession? Is New York in favor of a dissolution of the Union? These are the questions that are to be decided in the contest taking place next month. Democrats and Union men of every party, rally to the support of the Electoral ticket pledged to the maintenance of the Constitution as it now stands! Devote every hour until night-fall on the day of election to making converts to the cause of your Country, and in rousing from their lethargy the silent voters of this City and State.

THE UNION PROCESSION LAST TUESDAY.

The grand torchlight gathering of Union men, last Tuesday evening, was beyond doubt the most imposing and splendid political demonstration which this City has witnessed during all her eventful history. All calculations agree in setting down the number of those actually in the procession at upwards of thirty thousand torchmen, while the turn-out of sympathizing spectators along the line of march could not have been less than a quarter of a million.

It was observable, too, that in this procession every member had the appearance of being a voter, none of the little boys employed to carry torches by the Wide-Awakes finding room in the Democratic ranks. It was a solid and earnest gathering of citizens pledged to sustain the Union and the Constitution against all odds; a significant rebuke given by the intelligence and honesty of the Empire City to those fanatics who would sacrifice everything most sacred and valuable in our institutions by their mad devotion to one impracticable and treasonable idea.

Beautiful beyond anything within the power of pen to paint was the appearance of Broadway and the Bowery as the tide of glowing Democratic enthusiasm and manhood poured on through their glittering channels. It was a current of many-hued fire, sweeping forward between banks of sculptured walls, rockets and transparencies being employed in endless profusion, and every possible use of light and flame being called into requisition to typify the feelings which animated and lit up the patriotic purposes of the procession.

Magnificent banners with appropriate mottoes were carried at the head of each club or company, the great majority of those marching in the ranks wearing neat uniforms, and carrying themselves with the port of men not unaccustomed to bear arms. These were the bone and sinew of our Fire and Militia organizations, together with the many thousands who receive military instruction each year in the target excursions which form so striking a feature of our City's life.

All kinds of chariots and vans were used for the conveyance of emblematic groups, these vehicles being richly decorated and emblazoned, while yet further adorned by the ceaseless showers of pyrotechnics thrown up from the rocket batteries which they carried. Never have we seen anything more successful as a whole and in all its parts, the zeal and enthusiastic spirit of those directly engaged in the pageant being more than echoed by the applauding shouts and waving cambric of the many hundred thousand fair women and brave men who were drawn up along the streets, on the sidewalks and in the windows, to witness the grand muster of Union strength, and cheer the gallant fellows who took this means of attesting their unalterable loyalty to the Constitution.

If all our friends throughout the State are inspired with the purpose observable on the face of every torchman last Tuesday evening, there can no longer be any doubt as to the success of the Fusion Electoral ticket, framed as it has been for the defeat of the Black Republican party. And that such is the case—that the Union men of the State will give good account of themselves on the sixth of next month, we have every reason to believe, and no reason of any kind to question. Let us then be up and doing, each in his own circle and district, so that we may send over the High Bridge, on election evening a majority of forty thousand votes, as the protest of the Empire City against the ruinous and unconstitutional policy of which Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin are the representative types and candidates.

NEGROES TO BE MADE OUR SUPERIORS.

Be it never lost sight of, that if the Republicans succeed in this State at the next election, the negro will become endowed with higher privileges than the white man. Sambo will stand beside us at the polls on terms of perfect equality, his vote able to counterbalance that of any of us; while at the same time, the law will exempt him from various penalties which are entailed upon every white man who is entitled to the exercise of the elective franchise. We refer to such taxes upon our time as militia service and jury duty, from which the negro will be exempt, though fully recognized as our peer at the ballot-box by the provisions of the infamous law passed last winter by the Republicans and now submitted to the people for their vote. White men of the Empire City and State! if you allow this Black Republican programme to become a law, never complain when the Legislature of next winter goes a step farther and throws down all barriers of every kind between the white race of America and the dark-skinned half-men-half-animals who were designed by nature for the menial posts of life. If the Republicans carry the State, we shall all have to look up to Sambo as a creature endowed with equal rights, while possessing immunities from service which are denied to the less favored whites.

SPIRIT-RAPPING AS AN ART.

We would call attention to the very curious article on our inside pages, purporting to explain how all the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism may be produced by merely human agency. The article originally appeared in *Once a Week*, the journal formerly edited by Charles Dickens. So great was the sensation which it made in England, that we have been induced to reproduce it with exact fac-similes of the original illustrations. Those who believe in Spiritualism will be amused to observe how easily all the sounds and motions to which some pin their faith, can be counterfeited by malicious human ingenuity; while those who have never believed will either find or think they have found in the within essay a full exposure of the delusion which they were at all times too wise to believe. We commend the article to the careful study of all who have taken interest in the rapping and table-tipping discoveries. They will concede it to be both ingenious and plausible, even if compelled, from higher evidence, to regard its conclusions as unsound.

PIPE LAYERS EXPECTED.

It is rumored that a large delegation of Philadelphia rowdies are to be imported by the Republicans to increase their vote in this City. On their arrival they are to be taken charge of by members of the Metropolitan Police, without uniform, and are to vote in such election districts as are under the control of the Republicans. Will our Democratic Vigilants throughout the wards look well to these ruffians, and mete out to them the punishment they will richly deserve?

☞ In answer to inquiries, we take pleasure in saying that the Woman's Library is located in the University Building, at the corner of Waverly Place and Wooster street. It is a circulating library, exclusively for ladies, and the yearly subscribtion price is one dollar. The subscriptions have already reached over two hundred.

REPUBLICAN CONSPIRACY TO PREVENT HALF OUR CITIZENS FROM VOTING.

We have to call the attention of every honest citizen, irrespective of party, to a plot now being organized in the secret councils of the Black Republican Party, having for its object to fraudulently deprive one-half the voters of this island of their right of suffrage on the 6th of next month. The conspiracy is shrewdly laid; all the calculations have been brought down to a mathematical certainty; while in the machinery of the disciplined Wide Awakes, the framers of the plot rely on having a sufficient force to put in execution their nefarious design.

This conspiracy is based on a calculation that, under ordinary circumstances, it takes but one minute for each voter to discharge his obligations at the ballot-box. There will be two hundred and seventeen places for the receipt of votes throughout the entire city, thus giving thirteen thousand and twenty votes per hour as the amount of suffrage-business to be transacted, provided that no impediments are raised. As the polls will be open for about ten hours, this would give a possibility of polling one hundred and thirty thousand two hundred votes throughout the City, supposing that all the men entitled to vote should be promptly in attendance and that no delays occur.

But of course obstacles in many cases are unavoidable, adopted citizens who have mislaid their naturalization papers requiring to make oath of their citizenship, and challenges legitimately arising in cases where the person proposing to vote is not believed to be a resident of the District. For all these delays the law has made allowances, and with the number of polling-places named and the time given, it would just about be possible for the full legal vote of Manhattan Island—say one hundred thousand—to be recorded by the regular machinery now in use, provided no organized and merely vexatious obstacles should be interposed to prevent its general enrollment.

But the Republican leaders have concocted a plan for stationing two Wide-Awakes at every polling place, with instructions to challenge and delay every vote which they do not know to be pledged to their own interest. Every man betraying symptoms of foreign birth in his dress or dialect is to be challenged for proof of citizenship, while every other Democratic voter will be made to swear to his residence and that he has no bets pending on the result. They have also prepared elaborate arguments against allowing Fire Engine or Hook and Ladder houses to be given as places of residence—every trick and artifice to secure delay in the enrollment of votes being resolved upon.

In all these flagrant and high-handed proceedings, the Wide Awakes calculate on being backed by the Republican police. Two Wide Awakes only will be on duty at each polling-place, but these will be relieved by two more every two hours during the day, and large reserves of the Club-men will be constantly held in readiness to rush forth for the protection of their fellows who are on duty. By these agencies, the conspirators calculate that the average time for casting each vote may be prolonged to four minutes, thus rendering it a physical impossibility that even one half the voters of our City should be allowed any chance to exercise the right of suffrage.

Fellow Democrats! such is the conspiracy now directed against our most sacred rights by that party of corruption and fanaticism which seeks to make the negro our superior. Let us organise to resist this organized scheme for the repression of the popular will. Let us place active and earnest Democrats on duty at every polling-place, and let it be their task to see that no unnecessary delays are created. We need the full vote of the City of New York to give any chance for a majority against Lincoln in the State; we need our full vote as something due to ourselves and our manhood—a birthright which no coercion, short of death, shall compel us to abandon—a duty which no paid myrmidons of the Black Republican camp, whether in blue coats or oil-skin capes, can deter us from fully accomplishing. Organize, organize then, Fellow Democrats! and on the sixth of next November let us test at the polls of what metal these Wide Awakes are made.

ORGANIZE THE WARD COMMITTEES.

The Ward Committees should be at once thoroughly organized in every Ward in the city, and Vigilance Committees appointed for every election district. It is an easy matter to talk about New York City's giving forty thousand majority for the Union ticket, but if there is not a complete and effective organization, we will lose ten thousand votes by negligence. In a crisis like the present, there should be nothing left undone to defeat the Black Republicans, and with the Ward Committees will rest the greater part of this responsibility. Blanks should be prepared, and a Commissioner of Deeds held in readiness to take depositions of parties whose names have not been registered. The necessity of thorough organization in every Ward was never more important than at the present time, and our Democratic Ward Committees should look to it forthwith.

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

A committee of eminent citizens has been organzed to solicit subscriptions to a testimonial-fund having for its object to present a stand of colors to this gallant corps and a sword of honor to its commanding officer, Colonel Corcoran. In our next issue we trust to be able to make a handsome report of the progress made by this Committee, and to indicate more in detail the arrangements now in contemplation.

☞ It will be seen, by reference to our advertising columns, that a grand concert for the benefit of the Widows and Orphan Fund of the New York Fire Department, will be given at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday evening next, the 30th instant. Few benevolent objects have so strong and just a hold on the public sympathies as that for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of the noble spirits who so self-sacrificingly devote their time, and often their lives, for the benefit of their fellowmen, as do the Firemen of New York City. We have no doubt that the proposed benefit will result in a most agreeable replenishment of the treasury it is designed to assist.

☞ Rumor says that the Prince of Wales before leaving this city made a pledge to invest His Excellency Fernando Wood with the title of Duke of Bloomingdale when Fernando Wood visits Europe next Fall. This will be but a just acknowledgment of the loyal devotion paid by Mr. Wood to H. R. H. on the occasion of the late royal visit. In the mean time Col. Corcoran and the gallant Sixty-ninth do not feel in the very best of tempers with the future Duke. It is also said that this feeling is shared very generally by our Adopted Citizens.

☞ As we go to press, a procession of the "Minute Men of Brooklyn," are passing our office cheering loudly for the LEADER and the success of the Union ticket.

THE RICHEST CASE YET.

We understand that a suit is now in progress for the recovery of brokerage commission on a loan of Twenty Thousand dollars, made to the partner of a gentleman whose brother has very extensive City patronage to bestow. The case promises to be one uncommonly rich in the developments which its progress must drag to light; but of its actual nature, until we can procure the pleadings and full particulars, the following general outline must suffice.

A prominent politician of the Twentieth Ward had long been the devoted follower of a politician still more prominent; and on the accession of the latter to power, some time in last January, the former called upon him for a fulfillment of certain promises made in the event of success. The Distributor of Patronage made many excuses for a long time, but finally advised the Applicant to call upon his (the patronage-dispenser's,) Brother.

Applicant did as bid, when the Obliging Brother offered, instead of putting Applicant to the drudgery of earning a yearly salary, to place him at once in a position where a couple of thousand dollars could be earned with the rapidity and ease of a lottery-fortune. Need we say that Applicant was full of thanks, and that he begged Obliging Brother to explain without delay?

Brother thereupon explained that a certain very lucrative place had been offered to his own side-partner—a secret partner, of course; but it was not the policy of said Partner to accept said place. The partner, however, was in want of a small loan—say twenty thousand dollars; and if Applicant could find any gentleman, of the right way of thinking, willing to advance this sum, ten thousand dollars down and ten thousand on completion of the bargain—Applicant's moneyed friend should receive the appointment now at the disposal of Brother's partner, and Applicant any reasonable commission, together with his "chances" under the new officer of his own creation.

This suited Applicant to the letter, an auriferous friend of his longing for politico-official distinction, and having more money in bank than a paralyzed beggar could shake a stick at. Auriferous Friend was at once consulted, and within a very few days from that time, Brother's partner had received and drawn a certified check for Ten Thousand dollars, the name signed to said check being that of Applicant's Auriferous Friend. So far all had gone merry as a marriage bell, but now the troubles began in good earnest.

Auriferous Friend, strange to say, was not appointed as promised, one excuse for the delay having reference to certain threatening aspects in the direction of Albany, and another being based on the hostility of a certain "Board,"—but whether of yellow pine or slippery elm we have not been exactly informed. Certain only it is that Auriferous Friend began to realize the presence of a mice having ten thousand golden spots on his curly tail; whereupon A. F., as was but natural, became incensed, and began to talk in a threatening manner of enforcing payment of two notes for ten thousand dollars, which Obliging Brother had given at the time of the loan as security for due performance of the contract.

Then came much coaxing from the Patronage Dispenser and many honied words from Obliging Brother. Both professed themselves crazily anxious to fulfill the wishes of Auriferous Friend, but the place in question was non-come-atibus in swampo. There was another place, however, which Patronage Dispenser was sure he could give A. F. if that would be satisfactory? But the new place was not the place offered, nor worth anything like the loan which had been made. Auriferous Friend insisted on restitution of his money, nor could he be induced to embark in a great literary enterprise the stock of which was next offered to him at a surprising depreciation on its alleged intrinsic value.

Finally, to make a long story short, Auriferous Friend succeeded in regaining seven thousand dollars out of the ten thousand loaned to Obliging Brother's partner, and for the balance of three thousand dollars still due, we are happy to believe that A. F. is in a fair way to recover the same. But what, meanwhile, has become of Original Applicant, or what benefit has he had in return for his political and other services? We shall tell all we know in the next paragraph, which shall also be the last for this week on this matter.

Original Applicant perceived the same indications of a mice which had struck the senses of Auriferous Friend, the only difference being that the mice seen by O. A. had but two thousand golden spots on his curly tail as he vanished out of sight, while that seen by Auriferous Friend had not one yellow spot less than ten thousand. This fact fully established, and all other hope vanishing, Original Applicant took advice of his Astute Lawyer, residing in Nassau street and A. L. advising him to commence suit for the recovery of his brokerage-commission, said suit has been already commenced and is now in healthy progress. Thus ends our present development of one of "the big things" around the City Hall, and as the case progresses further, we shall no longer speak in parables, but give the whole facts connected with the transaction.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Firemen of New York! you are doubtless aware by this time of the conspiracy formed by the Black Republicans—with the execution of which the Wide-Awakes have been entrusted—having for its object to prevent one-half the honest voters of this City from reaching the ballot-box on the day of next election. If you are not already informed on this subject, full particulars will be found in another article contained in this paper. But an important portion of the plot is aimed against your rights in particular—your rights as members of the Fire Department. If you go to register your name and give as your residence the engine-house which receives your gratuitous and gallant services, your right to be enrolled will be contested by Wide-Awakes specially appointed to be in attendance for this purpose. If your name was on the Register Book of last year, so that you have not to register again this year, still your right to exercise the elective franchise will be contested at the polls by these Wide-Awake Republican myrmidons, backed by a subsidized and conniving Police? It is for you, Firemen of New York! to say what shall be your conduct under these circumstances. We will not offer you the insult of advice under a wrong which cannot but set the blood indignantly tingle through every freeman's heart.

LOUIS PAULSEN, the celebrated chess player, played four games simultaneously, without seeing the boards, on Wednesday evening, at the Chess rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. His opponents were among the strongest players in the city, but after three and a half hours, three of them resigned, and shortly after the other game was declared drawn. Morphy declines a match, unless Paulsen will accept odds. Moreover, he does not wish to live and die a mere chess player, and prefers, very sensibly, to attend to his profession. He is a lawyer.

HOW WE DID IT.

At the Grand Union Demonstration of last Tuesday evening, the printers of THE LEADER turned out in a magnificently embellished chariot, drawn by sixteen milk white steeds—horses of this color being selected as emblematic of the purity of that "machine" which the printers help to run. A transparency of rose-colored crystal, set in a frame of burnished silver, illuminated with romantic light the profoundly beautiful and serene visages of the eighty-six men and nine boys who receive permanent employment in our composition-room. Adams, the foreman, wore a fancy-dress fashioned in the exact style of that worn by B. Franklin, a printer of anterior date, when appearing before the King of France. The balance of our employes were clad in elegant tunics of blue velvet slashed with white and red stripes of embroidered satin, each wearing on his head a white-plumed beaver of the Spanish pattern, the broad brims of every hat being looped up with a buckle of sparkling brilliants. Holding in their hands spar-stangled banners of Italian silk, mounted on spears of sandal wood tipped with gold and jewels, we rather fancy that they made in every-way an imposing figure. In front of their immense and gorgeous chariot a beautiful hand printing-press was at work, throwing off sixty copies per minute of the song which is subjoined—said copies, printed on rose-colored satin with gilt edges, being scattered through the cheering multitude by the nine small boys, who were attired for this occasion in white surplices similar to those worn by the little choristers of Trinity; and as the procession defiled through the shouting streets, the verses, specially composed for the procession by Capt Joseph Doughty, one of the hands, were chanted in full chorus and with great operatic effect:

GRAND UNION RALLY!

Proud of this great and glorious band
Of States in firm communion,
The Printers of THE LEADER stand
In Union and for Union.

Long float our Country's banner forth,
Each star with brilliance glinting!
None better know "the Union's" worth
Than those who live by printing.

God keep our own heroic land,
United now and ever;
And withered be the traitor's hand
Who seeks that bond to sever!

Forever blend these starry lights,
While thus we read their story,—
"All citizens have equal rights,
All States have equal glory!"

In this affair, we rather flatter ourselves that we did our whole duty towards the Union, the Constitution and the maintenance of the laws. On the breaking up of the procession, the entire LEADER corps repaired to a sumptuous repast spread in the blue and gold parlor of Delmonico's—this banquet, with wines inclusive, being charged for at the same rate as the Prince of Wales' supper at the Academy of Music. Appropriate speeches were made by Messrs. McGiveran, Larkin and others, patriotic toasts were given, and everything terminated in the happiest and most delightful manner.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC VOLUNTEERS.

An organization under the above title has recently attracted considerable attention from its supposed influence among the National men of this City, and its connection with the famous compromise negotiations with Ben Wood, in an attempt to patch up a Fusion Electoral Ticket. The labors of the joint diplomats failed from want of authority to bring about any concession that would be satisfactory to any one, and the Democratic Volunteers devoted their attention to a new field of operations. Actuated no doubt with good motives, the officers of the Volunteers called a Convention to adopt a Fusion ticket on County and Congressional nominations, to be recommended as a Union ticket to be supported by the National Democracy of this City. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, the Convention, after the Delegates were elected, became unmanageable, and the object hoped to be accomplished by the National Volunteers was frustrated. By a system of substitution, the original delegates were denied admission to their seats and new men appointed in their places, who were merely tools of political sharpers and instructed to do their bidding. The adjourned session of the Convention took place on Wednesday evening last, when it was found that many of the original delegates were disfranchised, and a crowd of outsiders, without credentials, and known only as followers of Fernando Wood, were on hand to carry out the programme laid down for them.

As the Tammany Hall Democracy had no representative on the special committee of seven to select a county ticket, and but five delegates in a Convention of sixty-six members, the prospect of endorsing any of the Regular nominees of the party by the Convention was hopeless. However, the report of the Committee on a County Ticket was submitted, and was unanimous on all the candidates with the exception of Register,—the Committee on that nomination standing a tie between Messrs. Brennan and Lynch. Before the adoption of the report of the Committee the friends of Mr. Lynch became uproarious in their conduct, proposing cheers for their favorite, and seeking in every way to exasperate the supporters of his opponent. The crowd sent to the Convention for the purpose of forcing the nomination of Lynch,—an unnecessary trouble under the circumstances,—after he was said to have been endorsed, attempted to shut off all motions to adjourn or other proceedings, and finally left the Convention, having, as they supposed, accomplished their purposes. A large number of the regular delegates who have an interest in the success of the organization of National Democratic Volunteers, continued the deliberations of the Convention and unanimously endorsed Matthew T. Brennan as their candidate for Register. Judge Brennan may therefore be said to have received the endorsement of the National Democratic Volunteers, and now stands before the community as their candidate. This over, and after the adjournment of the Convention, a slight disturbance, occasioned by the defeated party who had left the Convention, was made in front of the Hall, and this has been charged to the friends of Judge Brennan, by those desirous of concealing their own actions. To set this unfounded statement at rest, the subjoined card of Mathew T. Brennan will properly explain his position in the matter:

To the Editor of the Leader:

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 25, 1860.

In the account, published this morning of a disturbance which is said to have taken place last night, at a meeting of the National Democratic Volunteers, I regret to observe that certain friends of mine, more zealous than discreet, are said to have pursued a line of conduct for which interested parties are desirous that I should be held responsible. In reply to this allow me to state that I was not in the city until a very late hour last evening, nor had I any cognizance of the action taken at such meeting until this morning, when I read the printed reports in various papers. I need not tell those who know me how much I regret to find my name in any way mixed up with proceedings having a semblance of disorder; but to those who do not know me personally I trust this statement will suffice as an entire and absolute disclaimer on my part of any knowledge of or participation in the transactions complained of. Begging you to believe that, as candidate for Register, I only wish to succeed by honorable means and the votes of such citizens as may have confidence in me from my previous record, I remain your obedient servant.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN.

We have full confidence that Judge Brennan will receive the undivided support of the organization of National Democratic Volunteers, as his political record dating back nearly twenty years is a text book of consistency to the Constitution and the Union.

Fifth Congressional District.

To the Editors of the New York Leader:

DEAR SIR:—I notice in some of the daily papers that the Mozart nomination for the Fifth Congressional District is given to Mr. Duffy; I beg leave to state, as Chairman of the Convention that put Mr. Nelson Taylor in nomination, that in that convention there was in attendance a full delegation from both the Mozart and Tammany organizations; together with a majority of the delegates from Kings County, attached to the Fifth Congressional District, and that Nelson Taylor was unanimously declared the regular Democratic Nominee of the Fifth Congressional District. Mr. Duffy may have had two or three friends who favored him in the two delegations of 26 members, who may have declared in his favor, but that surely does not make him the Mozart nominee. The Mozart as well as the Tammany nominee is Mr. Taylor. Respectfully, &c., C. A. DENIER.

ALL should read Prof. Wood's advertisement in another column.

POLITICAL.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

We see that strenuous efforts are being made through handbills, in the newspapers and by word of mouth, to make it appear that Benj. Wood is the regular Tammany candidate in the Third District, for Congress. To all of which we will say, that in our mind there are two or three significant objections. Mr. Wood is not a member of the regular Democratic party, nor does he conform to its usages nor support its nominees. Other considerations, of equal force, present themselves to every one. Once acknowledge that the organization is bound to support a nomination procured by open *purchase*, and you establish a precedent that will not fail to be taken advantage of by the enemies of the Democratic party, as the cheapest way to destroy the effect of Democratic unity. Nothing further would be required to establish Black Republicanism in the ascendancy and bring Democracy into disgrace. We have stated that a majority of the members of the regular Convention support John C. Mather. He and his friends are working faithfully to sustain the regular organization, and we hope no one will be deceived. Stand by your colors—fight on, and we can make the corrupt use of money in Nominating Conventions, the exception, not the rule. We notice various weak devices of the enemy, such as the circulation of reports that Mather either has declined, or is about declining, such tricks being too stale and senseless to deceive any but the most verdant. Mr. Mather is in the field as the regular Tammany Hall nominee, and in this position will remain. We are not without hopes, though but faint ones, we confess, that some arrangement may yet be made by which the present chances of Amor J. Williamson may be lessened in this District. Every Congressman of the right kind may prove of the utmost importance in the struggle which possibly lies ahead of the Union; and there is almost no sacrifice, save that of principle, which we would not be willing to make for the sake of returning men sound and unpurchasable on the national issues. Mr. Mather as the regular nominee of the organization deserves to concentrate in his support the entire Union-loving vote of the District.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

In this district Alderman Michael Tuomey is working like a beaver, and his many friends have high hopes of his success. A vigilance committee had been organized in his favor by John Kearney of the Fourth Ward, Francis Dayton of the Sixth, Edward G. Knight of the Ten

Dramatic Feuilleton.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

Permit me to present to your notice an exceedingly pretty woman. That is well, is it not?—everybody likes pretty women, and the senior of the LEADER is a well known squire of dames.

But this particular woman has something more than ravishing beauty. She is an artist of the highest rank, sweetest among the sweetest singers of Israel, gentlest of all the gentle ministers at Euterpe's shrine. It is another Patti, whom I have the pleasure to present to you—Carlotta by name, sister to the famous Adelina, only a year or two older, and infinitely handsomer. Carlotta has been so unfortunate as to have met with an accident which has lamed her for life. It is for this reason, alone, that she has not appeared upon the stage, where she would have made, I believe, a greater sensation than her sister. Several years ago I heard, at a private party, Adelina and Carlotta sing the "Norma" duett. I said then to Strakosch, "Carlotta is the best singer." Maurice, who was then ruminating over his plans about Adelina, shook his head, but there was nothing particular in that. Bye-and-bye Adelina came out, and astonished everybody with her clear, even, well-defined execution, as much as with her sweet and bird-like voice. Much of her success was due to the lame sister who presided over the studies of the little one with unwearied vigilance. Carlotta, with that divine resignation which sometimes chastens a great affliction, applied herself to the not very agreeable task of hammering a knowledge of music into the heads of her pupils, by whom she is almost adored.

While Adelina was in the first flush of her triumphs, it was suggested to Carlotta that while the family name was as good as gilt-edged paper in the market, she ought to give a concert by way of advertising her light, which had been previously hidden under the largest kind of a bushel. The affair was, however, postponed from time to time, and finally came off at Dodworth's on Thursday night last. The programme was worthy the occasion. Choice morceaux from Bellini, Rossini, Pacini, Donizetti, the immortal finale to the "Sonnambula," the delicious "Sappho" duett," the ever-welcome "Don Pasquale" serenade, and to give the whole thing sparkle as we put champagne *frappe* in the middle of the dinner, Colson dashed in with a gay *chansonette*, calculated to arouse the festive Gaul to the highest pitch of wild enthusiasm. The artists all love Carlotta, and the best of them assisted her.

There was Brignoli gotten up in the most wonderful way; Susini suggesting battles and sieges without number, Ferri cheerfully nursing his mezzo voce, and Saar in a state of chronic inflammation struggling with a pair of obstinate kid gloves preparatory to a grand attack on the piano-forte. Then to make up the bouquet we had Madame Strakosch, buxom and handsome, and Colson radiant as only the French woman can be.

The concert was charming, of course. How could it be otherwise. Carlotta sang deliciously, and the connoisseurs pronounced her voice superior in purity of tone and power to that of Adelina. In the "Ah, don't mingle," I think she touched F in alt. She certainly has a compass of more than two and a half octaves. Her execution is faultless; and you are never afraid that she will sing false. She couldn't do it unless she tried, and then it would be hard work for her. In my day I have heard many soprano voices, but never a better one than that of this little lame girl whom I have had the honor to present to your notice.

Now you will please to understand that I have given you a very valuable acquaintance. I hope that you will make her known to your good friends, the general public. Just now the G. P. and the subscriber are not on the best of terms. I think the G. P., generally speaking, is an ass, and I suppose that the G. P., if it takes the trouble to think about the matter, has a charming reciprocity of sentiment.

As for Carlotta Patti, I beg the stern denouncers of a venal press to understand that between her and myself it is a matter of black mail. Carlotta makes pastry as well as roulades and fioriturus, and I was informed some days since by one of her emissaries employed to "corrupt the press," that if I wrote her a nice notice I should have a very large cake baked especially for myself. This proposition endorsed by the Brightest and Best of her Sex, who adores Carlotta, was *not* rejected with scorn. I shall eat the cake, and feel so nicely about it, that I may even send a bit of it to the *Atlas* man, who looks as if he needed some nourishing food.

THE "DEAD HEART."

"J. H. Siddons" ought to pitch into the dailies. They with one exception insist upon giving the authorship of his play to Mr. Watts Phillips. The exception is the *Tribune*, which accredits it to "some Frenchman," a characteristically muddy and and altogether erroneous statement. Stealing Siddons' "Dead Heart" is decidedly a Dead Beat, and something ought to be done about it. Perhaps he will turn up like Jobson who claimed the authorship of the "Rag Picker of Paris" and demand the *droits d'auteur*, or as Mr. Mantilini would call it, the demnition cash.

However to leave Siddons with his friends of the Mortuary Club, and to get at once at the "Dead Heart," is perhaps more like attending to my own business. The dailies have come out very heavily on the plot and incidents of this play, and you have got a vague idea from them that the piece failed. I shall not go into the philosophy of the thing. I shall content myself with the simple statement—and it is the Sunday School truth—that either the "Dead Heart" was too much for Conway or Conway was too much for the "Dead Heart." Both together were too much for the public.

You must understand that *Robert Landry*, the joker with the dead heart, has been ever so many years in the Bastile, where he was sent by a cruel Abbe, a sort of double-refined ecclesiastical Beat, under a *lettre de cachet*, (a good many of them did catch it about these times,) the Abbe, don't you see, having his eye upon Madame. He succeeds in some of his cunning purposes, and in others he don't. He has a good many of them. After the Bastille has been pulled down, Mr. *Landry* comes out and finds things somewhat changed, and a good deal mixed. His wife has married the walking gentleman, who has died in the most obliging way; and she is what Mr. T. Weller would call a "vidder." The Abbe is still after her with a sharp stick. Mr. *Landry* very naturally resolves to get square on the destroyer of his peace, and all that sort of thing. So he goes to the primaries, buzzes the free and independent electors, helps a lot of aristocrats on their way to the guillotine, and gets into office. Now he manages to take it out of the Abbe, and give him the small change back. He also intends to finish matters up nicely, by having his old *fiancee's* son guillotined. But he thinks better of it in the end, and goes to the block in the place of the boy. You will recollect that Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities" ends with a similar incident.

You will notice that this play all depends upon *Landry*. It was written for Webster who excels in these intense melo-dramatic parts. They are altogether different from the old fashioned "damnation—foiled-again" fellows, and require to be played naturally, without howling, or ranting or affectation or pedantry of any kind. Conway had a grand struggle with *Robert Landry*. He throttled him, threw him down, kicked him, howled at him and finally beat him to death. It was an awful case of too much Conway, and the audience suffered while he was strong.

The others were pretty fair. Charles Fisher played the *Abbe* cleverly, and showed what he could have done with *Landry* had he had a chance at him. The play is mounted better than usual at this house. Of course the *debardeurs, vivandieres, sans culottes*, and so on, reminded you of the Bowery rather than of the Boulevarts, but that is always the case here where everybody plays *Hamlet* but nobody is found equal to *Horatio*.

FAITS DIVERS.

Forrest has finished with *King Lear*, put him up on a high shelf, and pays his *devoirs* to *Othello* on Monday next. E. F.'s dusky Moor is rather a good thing to do.

C. Cushman has at last appeared in a part which she can act better than anybody else. Her *Queen Katharine* is prime. She is, like Charles the Second and Matilda Heron, an unconscionably long time in dying, but that is all the better for Peoria, which likes to have the agony piled high and corded. Last night C. had a benefit, and did *Queen Catherine* and *Mrs. Simpson* in "Simpson & Co."—a "pretty thing and quite new."

"Aileen Aroon" having cleared herself by four weeks of hard swearing, now retires to private life, and the Oldest Man comes to grief incontinently. Next week we are to have Charles Reade's "Physic and Fancy" (La Malade Imaginaire) and "The Beggar's Opera." I had been told that this latter revival was at the instance of a celebrated reviewer—the friend of virtue and of Morris—who wished to hear that charming morceau,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away!"

but this is a base fabrication. Miss Keene wishes to introduce two charmers, Misses Melvin and Willoughby, English girls, who came out here some time ago, and never had an opportunity of being fairly heard in New York. The "Beggar's Opera" may give a good *pot pourri* to Tom Baker, but otherwise it don't amount to much.

Our "Teutonic fellow c'tizens" came out very strong on Wednesday, when that illustrious patriot, friend of humanity and foe of tyrants, Sir Charles Formes, made his *rentree* in "Robert le Diable," a French opera, ostensibly sung in Italian by an entirely German company. Formes is about the same, his acting, though very good, has still a great deal of Formes in it. Either he was very careless on Wednesday, or else he has not improved in singing since he last visited us. He frequently sung false, and while he and Quint (who was deliciously bad in *Raimbaut*), were doing so both together, the effect was charming. Anschutz made a gallant attempt to help them out, but only got into the mud with them. The best thing of the night, in fact it quite redeemed all the rest, was Fabbri's *Alice*. She is the only *Alice* I have yet heard who was fully equal to the musical and dramatic requirements of the scene at the cross. She sung and played with a degree of delicacy, finish and fervor such as has rarely been equalled on our stage. It was a shame to put after this great scene a two-and-sixpenny ballet, a few mean, hungry-looking women with lank cheeks, thin shanks, and a generally poverty-stricken aspect. Why not omit the ballet altogether, if it cannot be done with proper impropriety? It is not essential to the business of the opera.

Last night, they gave "Martha" in German, with Formes, Stigelli, Fabbri and D'Ormy, who is a sort of Mother Carey's chicken, always turning up when there is an operatic squall.

"Playing with Fire" is good for another month at Wallack's. Owens opens with it in New Orleans. Jordan plays Lester's part, Mark Smith that of Blake, Davenport his own, Charlotte Thompson that of Mrs. Hoey, and Mrs. W. H. Leighton that of Mary Gannon. A very good cast, J. E. O. Hope it will result better than the Pennsylvania election. They have done "Playing with Fire" in Boston, where the "crickets" are bothered a good deal, because they have never seen anything like it before. Here's a delicious little bit of the *Post* man:

"He plays with you to his heart's content, mystifies you to the utmost, claims and enjoys with an elegant impudence that is refreshing the greatest license, and you find that during the period when you were charging dilution, &c., he was simply weaving a web that at the appropriate time might be set in confused action, and all for your pleasure. There is plenty of sentiment in "Playing with Fire," and some wit; there are no strikingly conspicuous or memorable characters; there is much to amuse—nothing to grieve; there is considerable to increase one's complimentary opinion of the author's good-fellowship; there's nothing to strengthen public admiration of John Brougham's power as a dramatist. At any rate, we commend the feast as one to be keenly relished, and shall sit again at the same table upon the first occasion that offers."

There's little Pedlington for you. Try again, Mr. Brick.

The old Bowery shuts pan this week. Spalding and Rogers do some horse opera pretty soon. That's about the best thing that could happen to the old place. There is nothing exciting going on in the Oriental districts. Barnum says that the Siamese twins are not too proud to talk to common folks, notwithstanding the fact that they have met the Prince and seen the Youngest and Loveliest of her Sex. That's clever.

Military Matters.

[FOR ADDITIONAL MILITARY MATTERS SEE SIXTH PAGE.]

Military Topics.

With the exception of drills, quietness reigns amongst our troops. This will give them an opportunity of calmly considering the proposed changes in the law the coming winter, and also to attend to the re-appointment of Frederick Townsend. The bill creating a tenure to office will be strongly urged the coming session, if not an entire wiping out of the immense mass of stuff called Military law, and a law of two pages created as a substitute. It is suggested, that a proper proviso shall be made to prevent the further creation of law, except desired by the rank and file. We have the promised assistance of many field officers to forward this object.

The commutation fund for the present year has reached the sum of ten thousand five hundred dollars—sixteen hundred beyond the previous year, five thousand seven hundred of which was collected at the Marshal's office. The bill creating a Division Marshal will be presented the coming session, if no proviso is inserted in the new law. We have it from authentic information that Colonel Vosburgh does not intend to resign at present. Captain Kelly, of the Second, did not parade at the inspection, owing to some difficulty he had on the ground. We learn that he intends to resign. Adjutant Blauvelt, of the Eighth, has resigned, and the same has been accepted. The present Major of the Seventh will be promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and Captain Speight, of the Fifth Company, is talked of for Major.

To Correspondent

J. B. G. is informed that, the Militia Laws of this State, Title 9, of the Laws of 1855, directs that the commanding officer of every uniform company or troop shall, on the application of any member of his company, deliver to him a certificate stating that such a person is a member of his company, and whether he is uniformed according to law, and how recently he may have performed duty in said company. Such certificate, when dated within six months, shall be deemed for all purposes *prima facie* evidence. By Section 2 of Title 1, of the Act of April 17, 1854, any member of a company or troop who shall have been regularly uniformed and equipped, and shall, upon his removal out of the beat of such company or troop, enlist in any other uniform company, and equip himself therefor, and serve in the same, whenever the whole time of his service in such companies or troop computed together shall amount to seven years, he shall be exempt from military duty in like manner as if he had served for the whole period in the company or troop to which he was first enlisted.

Our decision is that the commandant of your company is compelled to sign your certificate if you served as the law required; that your removing from the city vacated your position, and on your joining any corps on your return, which you have a right to do, the whole term computed is to your credit. The Commissioner of Jurors and the Courts, who have a right to inquire into the service, will decide in your favor.

Company G, Sixth Regiment.

Capt. Thomas S. Murphy, long a faithful and efficient officer of the Division, and Commandant of the Montgomery Guards, has finally retired from service. There are but few, whether at home, at Albany, Boston, Montreal or other prominent cities, but will recollect the pleasant occasions of the Montgomery, and feel a regret that such a command should lose an esteemed and successful commandant. We wish him in his retirement that success the corps he commanded held for ten years, with their reputation and discipline. Ten years service with them justifies the writer in saying that no corps in the Division ever was so punctual to duty, nor none more appreciated by him.

Kerrigan Battalion.

The above Corps, named in honor of the candidate for Congress for the Fourth District, make their parade on Wednesday next. From the number on their roll, they will make an imposing and effective parade—a worthy compliment to a worthy man.

Colt Guard of Hartford.

The Colt Guard of Hartford, Conn., with the Armory Band, arrived in Brooklyn on Thursday morning, by the Fulton Ferry, and were received by Company C, National Greys, Captain J. E. Morgan, whose guest the visitors remained during their stay. A salute was fired from the City Dock on their arrival, after which they were escorted to the Navy Yard and thence to the City Hall, where they were reviewed by Brigadier General Crooke, Colonel Abel Smith, Alderman Kalbfleisch, as acting Mayor, and several members of the Common Council. At noon the Companies dined at Musical Hall, and in the afternoon the Guard went through various maneuvers in Washington Park in a manner highly creditable and as showing their proficiency in military tactics. The visiting Company are dressed in dark blue cloth with light blue trimmings. They are commanded by Capt. G. D. Chapman; First Lieut, Wm. H. Green; Lieutenant D. C. Mitchell. On Thursday evening they visited Niblo's, by the kind invitation of J. M. Nixon, Esq., and witnessed the first performance of the new play, the Dead Heart. The Guard with their hosts, were kindly received by the audience. At the close of the piece, the respective corps returned to their quarters. They returned home by the evening boat of Friday.

Seventh Regiment.

The display made by the above Regiment in their inspection parade, entitles the respective members to great praise. Their appearance was magnificent and not to be competed with. The Regiment was detained till a late hour, making it dusk when they arrived in town, owing to the 50?th review to General Hall. Where this principle of working men till dark will end, is yet to be proven. Patience is a good thing, but it will never, overcome the 50?th review to the aforesaid General.

A Contrast to Our Generals.

A Boston journal says:—"It is said that since Gov. Banks has been Commander-in-chief of the military of the Commonwealth, the weather has been pleasant every time he has ordered out the troops. The morning of Thursday last was cloudy, and there were many indications of rain. One veteran officer when consulted about the weather, replied, 'If Governor Banks was not coming out I should say it would rain, but as he is to appear in uniform it will clear up.' In an hour after this remark, the sky was clear and the day proved one of the finest of the month."

National Guard, Boston.

The Eighth Regiment officers assemble on Monday next, to make arrangements for the reception of the above corps. They will be well taken care of on their arrival, and will quarter in the armory of the Greys. They number seventy guns, and are commanded by Capt. John W. Hyde.

Jourdan Guard.

This highly disciplined corps, numbering eighty men, commanded by Captain Thomas Walsh, proceeded to Ball's Ferry on Wednesday last, and contended for prizes amounting to $240. They had some excellent shooting, and enjoyed themselves highly.

Fifth Ward Matters.

The Young Men's Brennan Club of the Fifth Ward held an enthusiastic meeting on last Thursday night. Many of the old warriors of Tammany were present, urging on the younger braves to essay a triumphant war-path. Joseph Woodworth, the regular Tammany Hall candidate for Assembly, was present, and seemed to share the honors of the evening. On the whole, we think that the Fifth may be relied upon to give a rousing vote in favor of the Union and the regular nominees of Tammany Hall. John C. Mather, the regular Tammany Hall candidate for Congress, has been liberal in his subscriptions to all the local Clubs, and from the fact that he received his nomination without purchase, he has the more money to spare. The "Zouaves" of this Ward form one of the best disciplined and largest Companies now engaged in the canvass.

Fire Department Matters.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

MACHINE POETRY.

BY LEMON PEEL.

A COLD SHAKE.

My Mary Jane offended got
At something I had said or done,
And told me right upon the spot,
That for a time she'd spoil my fun;
Yes, sad to tell, she let me down
A peg or two, or something more,
And said with half a smile and frown:
"Come Sunday night and not before."

To Sunday night was near a week,
I thought the day would never come,
I gave a look, but dared not speak,
For when her temper's up, she's "some;"
I counted moments, day and night,
Talked in my sleep and dare not "bunk,"
For consolation got quite tight,
Then tight and tighter, then a drunk.

Ye, firevamps, whose Mary Janes
Get on their dig and bid you go,
Who get a cold shake for your pains,
For all the tenderness you show,—
Beware of rushing in too deep,
Lest you get mired, or lost, or sold;
The dign ty of manhood keep,
Although your Mary Mary Jane be cold.

Statement of Fires for the Week Ending

THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1860—INCLUSIVE.

FIRE MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
HALLS OF JUSTICE, October 25, 1860.

Date. Oct. 1860.	Time.	District.	Locality.	Description of Premises.
19.	1:48 a.m.	7.	32 Platt street.	Pat'k Mdene dpt.
20.	3:40 a.m.	5.	354 Bowery.	Dag'typeotype sy.
20.	5:3 a.m.	3.	509 West Ed'way.	Hester Mill.
20.	8:40 p.m.	4.	385 Greenwich st.	Cabin't shop.
20.	9:10 p.m.	5.	159 Greenwich st.	Millin'y & dwell'g
21.	9:53 p.m.	5.	170 East 11th st.,	Stable.
21.	8:00 a.m.	2.	36th st. & 10th av.	Cow stables.
22.	3:04 a.m.	2.	6:5 6th avenue.	Cabinet shop.
23.	1:08 a.m.	7.	93 Jame st.	Stable.
23.	8:14 p.m.	2.	324 West 23d st.,	Wood shed.
23.	8:20 p.m.	7.	723 3d avenue.	Carpenter shop.†
24.	2:30 a.m.	3.	112 9th avenue.	Grocery.
24.	2:30 a.m.	2.	8th av. and 45th st	Wood sheds.†
24.	2:56 a.m.	4.	10th street.	Building.
24.	7:45 a.m.	2.	3?2 3d avenue.	Furniture hous.†
25.	1:30 a.m.	2.	341 West 25th st.	Wire factory.
25.	7:30 p.m.	8.	8 Warren st.,	Hosiery, &c.

* Five horses were burned to death
† Still alarms.

A. E. BAKER, Fire Marshal.

Meeting of the Board of Representatives.

The Board of Representatives met at Firemen's Hall, on Monday evening, pursuant to a call from the Board of Trustees. The business of the meeting was principally a report from Zophar Mills, Esq., Chairman of the Committee on Finance of the Trustees, on a concert and performance to be given for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. It is designed that the concert take place on next Tuesday evening, at Niblo's Theatre. In addition to the excellent company already engaged at this theatre, a number of prominent vocalists have been engaged, assuring a first class performance. Mr. Mills stated to the Board the reasons for giving a benefit at this time. The surplus of the fund was very small, and he desired to get through the year without drawing on the permanent fund. He also gave as some of the reasons of the scarcity of money, that the last Legislature had omitted the usual donation of two thousand dollars, and that the receipts of the Firemen's Ball last winter had realized but half the sum before accruing, in consequence of a limitation of the tickets sold. Some other matters were afterward disposed of, among which was a report from the committee on cleaning the Hall. The Trustees distributed tickets among the Representatives to be sold. Quite a number were taken.

Engineers for the Steamers.

The subject of appointing engineers for the steam fire engines came off in the Board of Aldermen on Thursday evening, and was adopted. The matter is now before the Committee from the Board of Councilmen.

It is proposed that one engineer be appointed for each Company having a steamer, and that the appointment be made by the Company, on a certificate of the ability of the applicant, signed by five practical men, and the appointment is to be confirmed by the Chief Engineer.

The Chief Engineer, we are satisfied, desires to have nothing whatever to do with the appointments; consequently the objections that have been made to his being the confirming power are unjust. There is no doubt now that the question will be speedily settled, as the Councilmen are evidently anxious to get rid of it.

Engine No. 35.

This subject came before the Councilmen on Thursday night. Considerable debate ensued on the subject. It was referred to the Committee on Fire Department. The affairs of this Company are in a very bad condition and should be settled at once. There seems to be no chance of the different parties settling their troubles, and as the house and engine remains locked up, probably an extreme remedy will be best.

Election of Assistant Engineer.

The election for an Assistant Engineer in place of John A. Cregier was held at the various houses of the different Fire Companies, according to the resolution adopted by the Board of Engineers and Foremen, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Leonard, one of the candidates, having withdrawn, the contest was between Mr. G. T. Alker, of Engine Co. 38, and John Wildey, of Engine Co. 11, both of whom were nominated by the Board of Engineers and Foremen. The Companies met for voting between seven and nine o'clock, and the Inspectors, Messrs. Masterson, of Engine No. 33, D'Osseville, of Hose Co. No. 24, and McManus, of Engine 31, met at the office of the Chief Engineer on the same evening to receive the returns. Shortly after nine o'clock the friends of the two candidates gathered in large numbers around the office awaiting the returns, which continued to come in until twelve o'clock, when the Chairman of the Inspectors commenced reading.

The office was crowded to excess, but as the officers had given information of the vote of their companies at the door, the result was pretty generally known—the friends of Alker were in the majority. As each return was read, the crowd evinced their feelings in all sorts of hideous noises, intermixed with a few quite respectable cheers for the companies who had voted satisfactorily. Everything, however, was good natured, and the evening and night was passed without a single "growl." Mr. Wildey and his friends were evidently much disappointed. They were led to believe that he would be elected by a very fair majority, relying on the promises made during the late canvas, and their disappointment this time is another evidence of the reliance to be placed on fire pledges.

Not a man could be found to say anything against Mr. Wildey's firemanship. He was acknowledged as first class, and in point of hard work the superior of his competitor. On the other side Alker's social qualities had made him many personal friends, who not only voted for him but went to work with a will to secure his election. The votes that Wildey received were his own work, but few, if any of those who professed friendship doing anything but vote.

At the time of the nomination we concluded to take no active part in this election, being intimately acquainted with both the competitors, and believing that either of the two were capable of performing the duties incumbent on the office. There was no principle at stake, and but little party feeling manifested. To be sure, the friends of both held caucuses, and since the election some have very inconsiderately claimed a victory for the friends of Cregier. In our opinion expressions of this kind should cease, as the time will come when the influence of every fireman will be required to maintain their organization.

The Inspectors' returns foot up as follows:

In the Engine Companies John Wildey received 811 votes; George T. Alker, 805: Scattering, 29.—Total, 1645.

In the Hook and Ladder Companies Wildey received 184; Alker, 255; Scattering, 11.—Total, 450.

In the Hose Companies, Wildey received 349; Alker, 690; Scattering, 28.—Total, 1067.

Board of Engineers—John Wildey received 7; G. T. Alker, 5. Total, 12.

The whole number of votes cast were 3174, viz:

G. T. Alker.....	whole number..	1735
John Wildey.....	"	1351
Blank or scattering.....		68

Engine Company No. 8 returned one more member than the books at the City Hall entitled them to, in consequence of the books not having been written up correctly. The Inspector laid the return over. This lost Alker fifty-seven votes.

The return of Engine Company No. 35 was also thrown out on account of a protest entered by some of the members, and the Company not holding their election in the Engine house, as instructed by the Engineers and Foremen.

Hydrants.

We have often wondered that among the many inventions that have been brought before the public, none were introduced to facilitate the opening and attaching hose to the hydrants. It requires no little skill to start the water from one of our city hydrants, and involves a loss of invaluable time. First, the cap has to be unscrewed with a badly-fitting wrench; then the hose-butt, with a thread fine enough for a half-inch screw, has to be twisted on—generally several attempts have to be made before it is successfully done;—then comes the opening of the hydrant with the wrench; then turning on the water with a badly-constructed and difficult-to-find handle In cold weather, when a leaky hydrant spouts water through the top, up the coat sleeves of the fireman who is attending to starting the water, curses "loud and strong" are the consequence; and even could these be saved from the record of unintentional sin firemen have to carry, the result would be a happy one. Fire hydrants should be constructed to open and operate without a wrench. There is no necessity for the awkward five square nut and wrench. The cap should be placed on with a spring, and the water started without opening the top at all. The Croton Acqueduct Department have been putting down a great many hydrants lately, and as an alteration in those to be placed involves but little expense, some attention should be paid to a change. If the hydrants could be so arranged as to be started without opening the body, there would be less liability to freezing, and less danger of getting out of repair.

Board of Fire Commissioners.

The last meeting of the Board of Commissioners last week was devoted to the applicants for membership, twenty-five of whom were appointed.

On Wednesday evening of next week they meet again. The business will be the examination of resignations and expulsions, and the cases that have been returned by the Common Council. All the parties in these cases have been notified to be present, and put forward any new or additional evidence to show why the Board should not adhere to their former decisions. The cases returned were Engine Companies 13 and 21, Engine Company 48, and the expulsion of certain members from Hook and Ladder Company 8.

Hook & Ladder Company No. 6.

This Company had one of the new fire escapes on their truck on the night of the parade, and made quite a display with it. They were escorted to the line by Hose Company No. 7, and after the parade a supper was spread at the Truck house, of which both companies and a host of invited guests partook. We stopped in about midnight, and found the party in full blast. At what hour they broke up we are unable to say, but from the looks of the carriage house on Sunday morning, we should judge that the guests were too well entertained.

Returns of he Election

The Inspectors of the election, held on Wednesday, completed their returns immediately after the canvass, but too late to have them before the Common Council on Thursday evening. They have been placed in the hands of the Chief, and will be sent in on Monday. As it is usual to pass them through both Boards the same evening, Mr. Alker will probably be ready to perform his duties on Tuesday.

Lexington Engine Company No. 7.

The engine built by Silsbee Mynderse & Co. for this Company has been accepted by the authorities, and will probably be placed in immediate use. At the trial she threw a good stream a working distance of 180 feet. The engine is beautifully finished, and the Company are well pleased with her.

The Bliss Coupling.

The fire companies of New York who have had this coupling in use speak in the highest terms of it. It should be adopted by the whole Department. There are a great many companies who are about applying for it, but we suggest that it be adopted as a general thing, instead of in sections of the city.

☞ Considerable amusement was created at the canvass of the returns of the late election for Assistant Engineer, owing to an error in the return of Engine Company 22. One of the officers, the Foreman we believe, protested, and explained the mistake at the time. The returns were opened, but the Inspectors could not but receive them as sworn to. The officers of the Company send us the following, to set themselves right on the record:

EDS. LEADER—The vote for Assistant Engineer in Engine Company No. 22 was—John Wildey 21, G. T. Alker 1, Blank 1.

CALEB SEARS, Foreman.
CHAS. J. JAHNEL, Secretary.

☞ In addition to the names mentioned last week as proper persons for the office of Trustees of the Fire Department, we have been furnished those of James Milward, of Engine Company No. 46, a man very popular in the Department, and Thomas Graham, whom everybody knows as a fireman of some twenty years experience. If the Board of Representatives elect the two members of the present Board of Trustees who are willing to serve another term—Messrs. Mills and Burr, there will be but one vacancy—that of Mr. Williams.

☞ A resolution has passed one board of the Common Council, granting a new engine, to cost $3,000, to Engine Company No. 16. This, if adopted, will amply repay the Company for the loss of their engine at the Crystal Palace fire.

☞ It is rumored that two of the present Board of Trustees, who have got a year to serve, talk of resigning. We hope they will not so determine, as there are none but good men in the Board, and good men cannot be spared.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

FOR DOUGLAS AND THE UNION.

BY D. CONNOLLY.

AIR—*Garryowen.*

Oh, arouse ye! ye friends of the UNION and Laws!
Come forth to the battle in Liberty's cause!
Come forth in your majesty, valor and might,
And laurel your brows with the triumph of Right.

Come forth each honest son of toil;
Come forth ye heroes now and foil
The traitors who in serpent coil
Would crush our cherished Union!
Come forth from mountain, glen and dale;
Come forth from city, town and vale,
And freight with shouts the waiting gale
For Douglas and the Union!

Oh! the shouts of our comrades from Texas to Maine
Are echoing proudly o'er mountain and plain!
See! their torches are gleaming forth Liberty's flame,
To guide us to victory, honor and fame!

Then rouse ye freemen one and all!
List to the trumpet's welcome call!
We'll conquer now or nobly fall
For Douglas and the Union!
We know no South, no East, no West,
No North, but toil with zeal and zest
That still our country may be blest
With Liberty and Union.

Oh! the freedom secured by the valiant and wise
Is threatened by foes in philanthropy's guise,
And the Hydra of discord our country shall roam,
If not driven by you, men of Liberty's home.

Remember noble WASHINGTON,
Remember THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Remember all who bravely won
Our honored, glorious Union!
Then rouse ye, freemen, one and all,
List to the trumpet's clarion call,
We'll conquer now or nobly fall
For Douglas and the Union!

This and That,

PICKED UP

HERE AND THERE.

A BRITISH colonist in Guiana has given the following evidence, published in a "blue book," by order of the House of Commons, respecting the treatment of the unfortunate Coolies: "They are all, both male and female, indentured indiscriminately as agricultural laborers, with a liability to *punishment by fine and imprisonment* (free laborers!) for not performing five tasks of thirty-two cents each, weekly, *which they are not able to do.* Unused to the rigid and laborious work required on sugar plantations, the Coolie's diet, which consists wholly of rice, unfits him for severe or continuous exertions. Besides this, the ordinance compels the Coolie immigrant to work for far less remuneration than he could obtain if he were unshackled by an indenture. The returns show that at present his earnings are *scarcely sufficient to furnish him with the actual necessaries of life.*"

The subscribers to the testimonial to be presented to Capt. Wilson and the officers and crew of the brig Minnie Schiffer, who so gallantly rescued the passengers and crew of the Galway steamer Connaught, met at the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday. The sum subscribed was something over five thousand dollars. It was agreed to give $500 to the mate of the brig, $100 to each of the crew, to appropriate $300 for the purchase of a chronometer for Capt. Wilson, and the balance, $3,500, in cash, to him. It was stated that city life insurance companies have settled one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars per annum on the Captain during his life, the same to continue to his wife if she survives him.

AN English cotemporary publishes the sketch of the life of a prisoner, composed by himself in Winchester Jail. The original is in the shape of a printed book, the letters and words all having been cut out of waste paper by the man with his finger nails, as no knife or scissors were allowed. After cutting the words suitable to his purpose, he carefully pasted them in proper order to form a small book comprising twenty-two pages. A piece of poetry, addressed to the prisoner's wife, is included in this singular production.

A FRENCH meteorologist named Renou predicts a series of severe winters, of which the approaching winter is to be the first and that of 1871 the most severe. Mr. Renou thinks he has discovered that these groups of severe winters return in forty-one years, and that the increase of spots on the sun indicates them. He also finds that unusual displays of aurora borealis and frequent earthquakes are simultaneous with the increase of spots on the sun and severe winters.

AT the breaking of the ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee railroad, at Lynchburg, a clergyman solemnly and slowly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his spade, and his arms on the handle, looking intently in the chaplain's face, straightened himself up and remarked very audibly: "Well, I reckon dat's de fust time de Lord's eber been writ to on de subject of railroads."

A LITTLE GIRL, whose parents had recently been ejected from their lodgings, on account of their inability to pay their rent, was at a German Sunday School, when the teachers questioned her—"Have you read your catechism?" "Yes sir." "Do you know the history of the creation?" "God made the world and our first parents." "Why were Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise?" "I suppose because they couldn't pay their rent!"

A FEMALE pickpocket was arrested in a church in Seville for robbing a lady who was praying beside her. The lady at first could not believe her guilty, for her hands were crossed in devotion all the time; but the police discovered that the pickpocket had a pair of false arms crossed on her breast, while the real members were used for explorations in neighboring pockets.

MRS. LIVINGSTON, widow of the Hon. Edward Livingston, who was formerly Secretary of State of the United States, and Minister to France, died on Thursday, the 25th, at her residence in Montgomery Place, Dutchess County. Mrs. Livingston was one of the few remaining representatives of the women of the active political period which followed closely upon the revolution.

CHESS.—The list for the third free chess tournament at the Morphy Chess Rooms, corner of Fourth street and Broadway, are now open, and all chess players of the city are invited to enter. The playing will begin on the 10th of November. A large sized portrait of Paul Morphy, framed, is the first prize, and Staunton's new work, Chess Praxis, the second.

SAILORS tell wonderful stories of gales blowing their whiskers off, &c., but the officers of the steamer Sunny Side are ready to prove the astounding fact, that while riding out a gale at Ashwood landing, La., a man of fine appearance had both his arms blown off; the man can be produced at any time; he was the figure-head of the steamer.

The great hall of entrance to the several courts and other rooms in the Tombs building, fronting on Centre street, is being re-plastered and stuccoed. This work has long been needed, and in the course of a few weeks visitors to the Tombs may find that whitened sepulchres are not such a bad thing after all.

Two years ago, the Turkish Minister at Berlin married the daughter of the Prussian Minister of War. Some weeks since, he ran away with the wife of a celebrated shoe merchant. Shortly afterwards the female eloper was captured and brought back. The ambassador has not yet resumed his functions, but is expected to do so soon.

A NARROW iron-girder bridge, over the canal at Manchester, England, recently fell with some 150 girls upon it, who were looking at some public show. Snapping the stone from the pier on each side, the bridge fell without turning over, the centre only breaking after it had reached the bottom. Only one life was lost.

THE *White Man*, at Weatherford, Ark., sums up the result of the ranger campaign against the Indian campaign as follows: The rangers have consumed twice their weight in beef, at 11 cents per pound; two citizens have been killed; and the colonel of the regiment has been married!

A NEW Plowing Machine is described by which three furrows each a foot wide and a foot deep, are not only turned over, but thoroughly stirred up and pulverized; the operation being something like worming a screw through the soil in so rapid a manner that it keeps the earth flying around in a circle.

IT is now authentically stated that the first Sabbath school in the United States was established by some Dutch manufacturers for their employees in Boston, April 29, 1791.

MISS CARRIE WILLIAMS, of New Hampshire, a little girl of ten years, rode on horseback sixty-five miles in one day, and repeated the feat a few days after.

A PACKAGE of Liberian coffee has been received in this city. The berry is uncommonly large and full, and light in color. The coffee raised in Liberia, according to the *Colonization Herald*, is declared to be the best known, and commands a much higher price than any other.

THE Governor of Virginia is determined to call an extra session of the Legislature, on the 14th of January, to decide relative to the sale of the James River Canal.

ELDER Kimball, one of the leading Mormon Saints, recently had born to him, in one night, no less than fourteen children.

A FEAST OF SONGSTERS.—Since the return of our friend William Hastings, the Free and Easys at his famous hostelrie, No. 208 Centre street, have increased in attraction and amusement. A number of popular singers congregate every Monday and Saturday evening, and the song and wassail bowl hold high revelry. David, the accomplished and polite savan of the old place, is as mild and cheerful as a pot of his foaming ale or solid brown stout,—and any of the patrons of the Free and Easy style of entertainment will always find pleasant company and genial music at Hastings' gathering of wits and songsters.

EXPRESS TRAINS TO ALBANY AND THE WEST.—Six fast trains are now running on the New York, Harlem and Albany Railroad daily. Connections are made with the New York Central, and passengers are taken through to the principal Western, Northwestern, and Southwestern cities. New and comfortable cars have been provided for the trains, and great improvements have been made upon the line. The expresses leave New York at 7 in the morning and 5 in the evening; and the mail train at 10 a. m.

WE feel it our duty to call the attention of the public to the Drug Store of JESSE T. LEE, corner of Fourth avenue and East Twenty-third street. On the occasion of the late Union Procession, the proprietor showed himself to be a real humanitarian—one of the few Good Samaritans, whom all true-hearted people will delight in encouraging with their patronage. The surgeon who officiated in the instance we have before us, is entitled to the thanks of all concerned, and to the best regards of the community. We are sorry we could not learn his name.

"A RARE OLD PLANT IS THE IVY GREEN," will be sung this evening by Fred May and Dan Collins, at the Ivy Green, 72 Elm street, being a musical festival given especially by John Lord and Stacom to their friends and customers. Chirrupy ballads of the olden time, and songs of "Hey down derry, drinking ale as brown as a berry," will be the exercises of the evening. An elegant time is anticipated, and front seats will be in demand. The Free-and-Easys at the Old Ivy are considered the "biggest things" in town.

IT MUST BE SO.—There can be no possible doubt that WHEELER

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

THE CORAL ISLES.

Over far Pacific waves the wanderer holding
His steady course before the strong monsoon,
Entranced, beholds the coral isle unfolding
Its ring of emerald and its bright lagoon.

At first their shadowy helms in the faint distance
The tree-tops rear; then, as he nearer glides,
The white surf gleams where the firm reef's resistance
Meets and hurls back the fiercely charging tides.

He sees outspread the wide sea beach, all sparkling
With coral sand and many-tinted shells,
While high above, in tropic rankness darkling,
A cloud of verdure ever-brooding dwells.

With growing wonder and delight the stranger,
While his swift shallop nears the enchanted strand,
Sees the white surf cleared with one flash of danger,
And a broad portal opening through the land.

And deftly through the verdurous gateway steering,
The strong-armed oarsmen urge their flying boat,
Till now, the broad horizon disappearing,
On the still island-lake they pause and float.

The gun booms loud. With wishful eyes receding,
They watch from their swift boat the lessening isle;
The yards are squared. Again the good ship speeding
Sees the chafed waves beneath her counter file.

Long musing, o'er his scientific pages,
The curious voyager pursues the theme,
And learns whate'er the geologic sages
Have found or fancied,—building each his scheme.

This pleased him best:—In earth's red primal morning,
When Nature's forces wrought with youthful heat,
A mighty continent outspread, adorning
Our planet's face, where now the surges beat:—

A land of wondrous growths, of strange creations,
Of ferns like oaks, of saurians huge and dire,
Of marshes vast, their dreary habitations,
Of mountains flaming with primeval fire.

At length, by some supernal fiat banished,
The land sank down in one great cataclysm;
The vales, the plains, the mountains slowly vanished,
Buried and quenched in the wide sea's abysm.

'Twas then (so ran the scheme) on each lost crater
The coral-builders laid their marvellous pile;
Millions on millions wrought, till ages later
Saw reared to light and air the circling isle.

Thus Science dreams: but from the dream upflashes
On his swift thought the subtly shadowed truth,
That all screner joys bloom on the ashes,
The lava and spent craters of lost youth.

The heart, long worn by fierce volcanic surges,
Feels its old world slow sinking from the sight,
Till o'er the wreck a home of peace emerges,
Bright with unnumbered shapes of new delight.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

A FERRY-BOAT SKETCH.

DRAWN IN TEN MINUTES.

It is half-past six in the morning, on the Williamsburg side of the Peck Slip Ferry, and if we don't get on that boat now in the Slip, we shall be late at the office—perhaps docked fifteen minutes, with a ten hour view (minus the fifteen minutes) of the boss's sour-looking visage. Old maids and persimmons ain't a circumstance. The boss is always on hand early to see if he can't discover something to find fault about—somebody to jaw—somebody to look cross at and feel amiable (over the left) toward all day—somebody to grumble and swear about on his way home—somebody to dream about and to ride him for a nightmare when he goes to sleep. The boss is a business man, a man of importance to his employees, a man of consequence to the community; and he never could get along if he could not keep somebody else or himself in hot water all the time. It is his right to pick flaws, it is his duty to condemn, it is his privilege to look surly, since there is not real intellect enough in his head to enable him to look dignified. The boss must be respected, and—we must get on that boat!

Ding! There goes the bell, which says: "Men, unhook those chains! Pilot, do your duty! Engineer, start those wheels!"

Clatter!—clatter! Hurry!—hurry! Run!—run! Such a bustle!

"Out of my way here! Let me get through the gate!"

"Don't be in such a deuce of a hurry!"

Clink! go the chains on the bridge! Now she's loose! Now she's off!

No! The walking-beam don't move. Legs, make long stretches!

Now the wheels are in motion! Only the length of the bridge! We'll get on that boat anyhow!

Strides long and rapid! No chance for stopping! *On* we must go, or *in* we must go! A desperate leap!

W-h-e-w! That was a devil of a stretch! But we are safe! P-h-e-w!

Splash!

"What was that?"

"A man overboard!"

"His legs were not quite long enough!"

"Wonder if he can swim?"

"Don't know. There he is!"

"He spouts like a whale!"

"Down he goes again! He can't swim more than a stone!"

"He'll soon be up again, when the men on the bridge will fling him that cork with a rope tied to it."

"Why don't the boat stop? The pilot ought to have a little humanity."

"True! But he is in the pilot-house, at the other end of the boat, and probably did not see any one jump overboard. Besides, if he did, what good would it do to stop the boat? It would only delay five or six hundred passengers, each of whom is in enough hurry to have made just such a desperate leap, at the risk of losing his life!"

"Good! He's safe!"

He nabbed the cork as a trout would an angle-worm, and he hung to it like a shark to a nigger! Thank fortune, he isn't hurt—only ducked nicely—and had better go home and put on dry clothes, if he's got any—or dry the ones he has on, if he hasn't got a change.

"What a fool he was to jump so!" says a man who just succeeded in catching on the boat by his toes.

"Yes—I never run such risks! It is sheer madness!" says another whose abdominal muscle will be sore a week from the strain he gave it to reach the boat.

"There ought to be some kind of regulations to prevent such things!" says the man who swore at us at the gate, and jumped on our heels as we landed on board.

"There ought to be a law compelling the company to stop such proceedings!" says a phthisicy man whose race down the bridge has left him hardly breath enough to enable him to speak aloud.

And thus the matter is discussed and disposed of, as the excitement subsides, and the crowd rolls along to the forward end, to be ready to jump ashore as soon as the boat comes in ten feet of the bridge—perhaps to crawl over or through the sides of the slip, if the boat happens to come in a little obliquely.

"I wonder what the pilot is stopping out here for! Why don't he go on?"

"Don't you see? He's waiting for the other boat to come out! She can't get out till that sloop gets away!"

"Just my infernal luck! I ought to be at the office now, and here I'm to be kept half an hour in the middle of the river, waiting to get into the slip!"

"Why don't the boat come out of the slip, and run the d—d schooner down? She'd no abusiness to be there!"

"Theyre hauling her out as fast as they can. It can't be helped. The tide is so strong that it washed her right across the mouth of the slip."

"Why don't our pilot run up to her, hitch on, and haul her out into the stream! That's the way they do on the other ferries!"

This sort of conversation goes on for ten or fifteen minutes, when at last the cause of so much ill nature and unkind, if not unwise comment is removed, and the paddles of the boat in the slip are in motion.

In the meantime, the steam-whistle has been keeping up an uneasy and unearthly screeching, in accompaniment to the conversation on deck.

We begin to move again. But the tide has carried us clear out of all calculable bearings, and we are coming into the slip crab fashion.

Crash! we go against the side of the ship. Everything on board bounds again. The horses' hoofs stamp confusedly on the deck, and drivers shout, "Whoa! Whoa!" in all sorts of keys. Men jostle and jam against each other, and step on each other's corns. Some laugh, some swear, some growl, and many look surly! There is wry enough in the faces of some to make a loaf of bread!—and vinegar enough in others for a barrel of pickles.

But see the reckless scamps clambering over the tops of the piekets! Some of them will surely get their necks broken, or fall into the water and get drowned! Well, it will serve them right, if they do—learn them better next time! Why will people be in such a hurry?

The boat backs, the scramble ceases, and nobody is hurt, after all.

This time we come up a little better. With the assistance of a few pails of water, we can make out to rub in.

Snap!—snap! Creak!—creak! We move slowly along.

Now we are nearing the bridge. See how they crowd to the bow, and how they stand, with one foot forward of the other, dinner pail in hand, ready for a jump! There they go! One—two—three—half a-dozen—the whole flock, like a parcel of sheep led by the bell-weather! And how they scamper off, in all directions, jostling those they meet to and fro!

Well, thank fortune! we are safe on dry land again, after a long and exciting voyage from Williamsburgh to New York, and we will go about our business as speedily as possible. Good-bye to salt-water life till six o'clock, when we shall sail home to roost!

New Publications.

DORA BARTON, the Banker's Ward. A Tale of Real Life in New York. By Charles Burdett. New York: S. A. Rollow, 169 and 171 Fulton street. 12mo., pp. 355.

Mr. Charles Burdett is the author of many popular novels, among which may be named "Margaret Moscrieffe," and "Three per cent. a Month," both of which have secured a hold upon public favor second to none which have been issued from the New York press. The dedication to Mayor Wood does not comport with our ideas of propriety or appropriateness, but that being a matter of purely personal taste with the author, any commentary upon that particularity of the volume would seem unfair. But apart from the dedication, which we consider in bad taste, we are willing to do Mr. Burdett the justice of saying that he has produced a very interesting volume. The scene of the story is laid in New York, and we are assured by the author that every character represented has its living counterpart in this city. The narrative on which the volume is founded, was derived from a well known New York physician, who was a participator in the transaction which the author has attempted to delineate, and it is not without the bounds of probability, that some of the parties who are "still living," may recognize their own portraits.

As a whole, the book cannot fail to command success, for it is not only readable, but to use a term which our thousands of feminine readers will comprehend, "cryable," and we defy any mother to rise from the perusal of the first few chapters, with dry eyes.

Mr. Burdett, however, has very glaring faults, which for his own sake we will point out. If he writes for reputation, he will never gain any which will last beyond his own generation, for he writes evidently *currente calamo*, and leaves revision to the proof readers. That he is capable of better things is evidenced by the success of the numerous volumes which have issued from his prolific pen, but even their success does not shield him from the well merited condemnation which we must pronounce upon the style and language of his present volume. As we have said, the volume will interest, for the story, one of real life, will awaken sympathy in every female heart, and though not told in such language as critics delight to read, will commend itself to very general attention.

As a literary performance we have few commendations to bestow upon the work, but as a truthful, well-told narrative of home scenes, and as an interesting local novel, we must in fair justice commend it. Many of Mr. Burdett's points of composition may be traced to the fact that for many years he has been connected with the public press, and of course necessitated to write without a thought of revision. Apart from the faults we have named, Mr. Burdett may rely securely upon the assurance that in "Dora Barton" he has sacrificed nothing of the reputation which he has fairly earned by his previous works.

POEMS. By Sarah Gould. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 18 mo., pp. 180.

We cannot class the fair authoress among the brilliant and sparkling writers of verse, who rob Night of her stars, Nature of her flowers and Fancy of her jewels, with which to trick out their rhymes. But perhaps we can give her quite as satisfactory a niche among the humbler weavers of more substantial verse. She writes almost entirely from the heart, and her poetry is full of sweet melancholy and quiet sentiment. Her verse is always graceful, and her ideas are chastened by a devotional spirit that breathes of heart-suffering and patient hope. We give a specimen:

FADED FLOWERS.

Faded flowers, I may not toss thee
Lightly from the vase away;
Each divinely whispering blossom,
Eloquent in its decay,
Still is swelling with the welling
Of its incense-burdened lay.

Prophecies, fresh from the Angels,
In your petals have I read
Love's devout, inspired Evangels;
With your odorous wings outspread,
In your whiteness and your brightness,
Stand ye thus in Love's sweet stead.

From the cluster one frail trembler
To my bosom would I take;
But I fear the shy dissembler,
For the gracious Giver's sake,
With the ringing of its singing,
Silenced hopes and joys might wake.

ODD PEOPLE. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of the "Desert Home," "The Bush Boys," &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo., pp. 461.

This is an entertaining and instructive work, and to one fond of looking at the odd side of humanity, it is specially interesting. The style of Captain Reid is too familiar to the American public to need any comment at our hands. He is always readable, often attractive, and possesses a vein of humor which he never could quite suppress if he should try ever so hard. It will crop out here and there, and makes him just the one to write cleverly of "Odd People." The work is for sale by D. Appleton & Co.

COUSIN HARRY. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Little Beauty," "The Gambler's Wife," &c., &c. Three English volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12 mo., pp. 402

It is admitted, both here and in England, that in this story Mrs. Grey has transcended herself, which is saying much. Certainly she has succeeded in producing an unusually interesting story, full of thrilling incident and life-like portraiture. No one can read it without a quickening of the pulse, and increased admiration of the genius that could produce such an agreeable book. It will have an extensive American sale. It can be had of Frederic A. Brady, 24 Ann street.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Francis T. Buckland, M. A. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 12mo., pp. 441.

Free from technicalities, and full of anecdote and every-day facts not usually noticed by common observers—but which are none the less striking and curious, when the attention is called to them—this volume cannot fail to be highly entertaining to the general reader, as well as to the student of natural history. The facts so cleverly set forth are not only interesting but useful. The volume should find its way into every library.

THE RAMBLES OF FUDGE FUMBLE; or, The Love Scrapes of a Life Time. By the author of the "Arkansaw Doctor," "Rattlehead Travels," &c. New York: Frederic A. Brady, 24 Ann street. 16mo., pp. 231.

All lovers of broad humor and exaggerated caricature will find here a fund of comicalities over which to laugh and grow fat. It is full of highly drawn pictures of Western character seen through very ludicrous glasses, and is admirably adapted to the tastes of the humor-loving million.

We see it stated that Sharp's Rifle Company of Hartford, Ct., has entered into a contract with a foreign Government to furnish $200,000 worth of arms, with the proviso that the order may be extended to $1,000,000, on giving the Company sixty days notice before the completion of the first lot. The same Government has also contracted with the Company for several thousand dollars worth of the latest and best gun making machines.

The silk culture is to be added to the industrial pursuits of California. It is ascertained that the climate is warmer and more applicable to the culture of the silk worm than that of France, where they succeeded admirably, and that the silk-worm of Japan will stand the best chance in that climate.

Military Matters.

The First Division.

The disappointment imposed on a vast number of citizens, resident and non-resident, aside from the pecuniary loss they met with, by the delay on the late Division Parade, caused by the neglect of the General commanding the First Division to properly arrange the details, will work a fearful injury to the military of this City. It is a fact conceded that no City on this Continent can produce or parade so complete a militia force as New York. On an occasion such as the last, and in fact all such occasions in which the militia take part, they make up the front and are the body of the affair. We have on these occasions a large number of visitors, who devote their time and means, and by visiting our City add to its business and activity; in so doing they are entitled to some return for their labor and money. It is well known that thousands visited the City on the day of the Parade in honor of the Baron Renfrew, and paid large sums for the occupation of stands, windows and rooms. It is further known that thousands were detained till after dark without a glance of either the guests or the troops—compelled in many instances to remain in town during the night, from the impossibility of getting conveyances to take them to their homes. The recurrence of disappointments like this cannot tend to benefit our City, nor does it produce a good name for our troops. While a charge of any kind against our regiments and their officers may be unjust, it nevertheless falls upon them through the neglect of their superiors.

It is idle to say, in reply to the many queries that are put touching the disappointment, that the Major General was the cause of it. It is useless to attempt to make the people believe that these habitual troubles cannot be abolished, from the fact that they are of the opinion that if the General did cause the trouble, the troops should immediately cause his removal. In entertaining this opinion, the troops laugh at the credulity of the people in thinking that a Major General can be removed, either by death, resignation or being superseded. Such a thing is preposterous. Few Generals die—none resign. The General in command of the First Division is alone responsible for the delay, and the disappointment incurred by it. It is well known that General Hall held his 565th review at the Battery, but this was no cause of delay, being simply done in order to discover whether his regiments understood how to salute.

Our oldest inhabitants can recollect the period when General Morton commanded the First Division, and of the habitual delay, whether cold or hot, that he generally imposed on the troops. It will be recollected that one Colonel Sandford was a subordinate under him, and that he frequently issued regulations more expressive than polite with reference to this delay, and to the necessity of Morton's resignation. This subsequently occurred by dispensation of Divine Providence, and a funeral parade was the result. Soon after an appointment was made, creating the present officer Major-General, with rank from 1857. Twenty-three years—almost a quarter of a century—has this officer followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. Twenty-three years has he figured as the chief, without adding a grain to the improvement or advancement of the troops. He still lives, and forgets in the long and continued claim he holds on a particular office that there are others who may desire, as he did, that the Major-General may resign. He forgets that there are others who have held office a grade lower than himself who feel that they are in the line of promotion, but do not desire to parade at his obsequies. The General of the Third Brigade has been commissioned as such sixteen years. The General of the Fourth Brigade has been in commission as such thirteen years, and their years in the service swell to a large amount.

The occasion of the last parade, the presence of these aspiring members, and the general character of the occupant for indifference and inactivity, and the feeling of the populace toward the author of their injury demands the resignation of this officer. It has become a necessity equal to the last days of his predecessor, and it is hoped he regrets the anathemas and the general feelings of both his troops and the citizens, the present is the time to act. But few desire to render honors to departed worth, unless it be a loss, and to bide this uncertain time is to patiently wait for the Millenium. Such is public opinion, and to it we add our own, obtained by fifteen years practical observation and service. We would have a change, ers all hope and the possibility of getting respectable citizens to take office are entirely lost.

It is apparent to all who take any interest in the internal workings of the Division, that it never saw the time when it was as difficult to fill vacancies in positions of responsibility and capability. At the present time, there are vacancies awaiting the action of good and reliable men; positions of credit and respectability, yet they are unaccepted. The Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Second, the Fifth, Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventy-first, with a number of the rank of Major, with a few Adjutants, are awaiting the action of proper men. Promotion might fill these, but no new candidates are rising. It is evident that something causes this difficulty, whereby citizens are not induced or persuaded to join the force, and add to its worth and availability. Much of this difficulty is created from the heavy duty imposed, the remainder from the inactivity and indifference of the superior officers. For twenty-three years has the Major-General commanded the best body of volunteer troops in the world, been assisted by young and active officers who have recruited and built up good companies and regiments, and with the exception of a salute at the City Armory, not a single instruction parade has he ever ordered or held. The holding of a life lease to an office, without adding a grain to the discipline and efficiency of the troops, has generated an apathy with those in commission and a disgust with those out of it. Where this is to end is yet to be proven. It is a reality, no picture, and must be changed by some action or other. It is to be regretted that there should exist a class who desire a gentleman to withdraw from their association, yet it is imperative. A non producer is of no benefit to society; and if his command sense does not teach him that he is not doing justice to his constituents, he has no cause of complaint if his constituents endeavor to show him his errors and the necessity of a change. It will be incumbent the present winter on the part of the people to provide for creating vacancies where the common sense does not prevail, and where the people suffer by such misfortune.

Twelfth Regiment.

The inspection parade was not as numerous as the parade in honor of Baron Renfrew, yet it was a good one. The material of the several corps have changed, recruits having supplied old members. With this in consideration, we think the companies entitled to great credit in appearing to so much advantage. The medal to the company parading the most recruits, was awarded to Company F, Captain Cromie: that for the best shooting at the recent target practice to Company E, Captain Duff, and that for the best shot to a member of Company D, Captain Ottiwell. While the working condition and association in the regiment is good, we have had complaints made to us by captains, that the colonel is not as congenial as a citizen soldier should be. It is further asserted, that his habit of reprimand is not compatible with the best interests of the regiment. This has been extended so far as to induce one captain to announce to his company his intended resignation. We have another complaint, that officers have been reprimanded for talking to their men while at a rest. While it may be proper for officers to preserve a certain degree of dignity, we question the policy of placing a barrier between them and the men.

While, in the course of duty, it is necessary to control, yet good nature and association should predominate. Self-esteem amounts to but little in the militia if it is to be carried into the walks of civil life, or by its exemplification, induces the soldier to look with awe and reverence to his superior. The time has not arrived when a Colonel in the militia must feel himself so far beyond his men as to hold no communion with them, or, if he does, it is to be considered as a sacrifice on his part. The peculiar temperament of the Colonel in question is of a nature justifying a good deal, yet we cannot concede to him any additional power and dignity beyond that conferred by his rank. In the walks of civil life he can associate with whom he pleases; on parade he can command by virtue of power, but it is a wise saying that you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar.

We hear it announced that two of the Staff of this Regiment have been troubled with a softening of the head, in consequence of which they include their retaining their position if compelled to parade with the dress cap. The appearance of several newspaper articles with reference to the fatigue cap worn by the Colonel, we had hoped would have ended this particular species of vanity, and called for a strict compliance with the Regimental uniform. We are free to admit that since the General order permitting chapeaus, *soft heads* have accumulated. The question of privates or line officers suffering is never thought of, but the Staff are particularly troubled with *soft heads*. We are of the opinion that a member of a regiment who cannot suffer co-equal with his fellow member, had better withdraw entire y. This getting a soft head when promoted to any office, especially in the Staff, is played out. Vanity is a good thing in its place, but too much of it is incompatible with a militia office.

Ninth Regiment.

The inspection of this Regiment showed a marked improvement over the previous year, both in numbers and discipline. They promise well, and with care and a proper spirit of fraternity, will be a success. We are inclined to the belief that ere the close of the year two companies will be added to the regiment, making seven in all. It has been whispered that Company C desire an artillery organization, and that a new artillery regiment is to be organized. We hope this is not true. The creating of new regiments while vacant letters exist in the present ones, is a question of doubtful policy. The 9th, 79th, and certainly the Twenty-third, have made a herculean efforts in building up their organizations, and to present any new ones will be to draw off the nourishment required to sustain them. The Second, Fourth, Eighth and Seventy-first have vacant letters, and ere a new charter is issued, we hope to see these vacancies filled. We know but little of the desire of Company C, but certainly do think that they are positioned in a regiment of their own creation, denominated by their own title, and officered by them to a great extent. If true, we cannot see any cogent reason for a change, the more especially when so small a nucleus is to draw around it a body. The prospective condition of the Ninth is excellent, only to be improved beneficially by a proper spirit of association. This carried out, will be the best incentive for a large and beneficial organization.

State Muster at New Hampshire.

The New Hampshire military encamped at Nashua on a field about a mile north of the city, on the line of the railroad, on Thursday and Friday of last week. There were about a dozen companies, including the regiment of Horse Guards and Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, making in all about one thousand troops. They assembled in Railroad Square on the morning of the first day, and from thence proceeded to the muster field. Various evolutions took place, and an inspection on Thursday, and the grand feature of Friday's proceedings was the visit of the ancient and honorable artillery company, of Boston.

The New Hampshire militia were reviewed by Gov. Goodwin and Staff, and among the distinguished men who visited the encampment was Gov Banks, of Massachusetts. Gov. Goodwin was the guest of Gen. Stark, and on the evening of Thursday there was a levee, which was attended by the military officers and others.

Justice.

We have occasion to ask the Major General of the First Division, whether he has any compunction of conscience when he considers his act in approving of the sentence of the court in the case of Col. John S. Cocks. The recent parade evidenced a disobedience more direct, if it is disobedience at all, than the case of Col. Cocks, yet the impotent officer above named has not faced the music in the one case, or made an honorable confession of his wrong in the other. Col. Cocks was illegally, unjustly and tyrannically deprived of his rights as a citizen and soldier, by virtue of a court martial, whose sentence was approved of by Major General Sandford.

The aforesaid sentences caused the disbandment of the Twelfth, and the wresting of their constitutional rights from them; yet they succumbed to power and control. The recent case, more aggravating yet no more just, has not yet been tried. The disobedience in the case of Cocks, though not designed, was met by an arrest within twenty-four hours; the disobedience, intentionally in the last case, has not been followed as yet by any action. We have to ask the aforesaid Major-General if he has ceased to be just, or will he acknowledge himself as personally hostile, and having subverted his office in the case of Colonel Cocks, to gratify his personal feeling. We hope he will confess, as this may wipe out much of the odium attached to his unwelcome name.

Review.

We regret to be compelled to refer to this movement; yet the continued practice in the Third Brigade compels us to speak. On the recent Division parade, General Hall held a review. At the Eighth Regiment inspection he held another, and will probably hold another at each of the respective regimental inspections to be held of the Seventh, Ninth and Fifty-fifth. While there can be no immediate injury in lessening these continuous reviews, it will be pleasing to the men to have a few of them abolished. It is, no doubt, gratifying to the General and his Staff to parade their uniforms in front of these Regiments to sweet music; yet it must be painful to them to compare the relative merits, and at the same time to judge of the necessity of such a parade, before those who receive but little benefit from their labor. We hope these reviews will be stopped.

Arms from England.

The Commissioners appointed under a law of the Virginia Legislature, to procure arms for the better defence of the State, have been in correspondence with the manufacturers of the Enfield Rifle, in England, and been offered 5,000 of that arm at a price near sixty-five shillings, British, for each piece. They have written to say that they will take 2,500 at that price.—*Richmond Despatch, Oct. 12th.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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CERTIFICATE.—WE, THE UNDERsigned, being desirous of forming a Limited Partnership, according to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled an Act of Limited Partnerships, do severally sign this Certificate, by which we declare as follows:

1. That the name or firm under which said partnership is to be conducted shall be BARTON & MOONEY.

2. That the general nature of the business to be transacted and conducted shall be that of Juvenile Book Publishers, printing generally and Book-binding.

3. That the names of all the parties interested therein are Joseph Barton, George R. Mooney, Charles Wood, Stephen T. Fraprie and Charles H. Hughes; that all the general partners interested therein are said Joseph Barton and George R. Mooney, who both reside in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, State of New York; that the only special partners interested therein are Charles Wood, who resides in the City of New York, Stephen T. Fraprie, who also resides in said City of New York, and Charles H. Hughes, who resides in said City of Brooklyn.

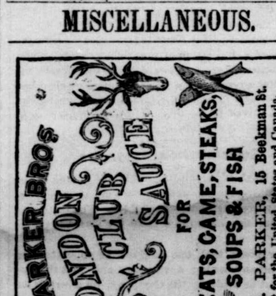
4. That the amount of capital which the said special partners have contributed to the common stock is the sum of two thousand and five hundred dollars cash.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is on the seventeenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty; and the period at which it will terminate will be on the first day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Witness our hand and seals the seventeenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

JOSEPH BARTON (L. S.)
GEO. R. MOONEY (L. S.)
CHAS. WOOD (L. S.)
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SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of an execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale on the 26th day of September, 1860, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the westhalk of the City Hall, of the City of New York, all the right, title, and interest of JOHN R. HEE, which he had on the 23d day of January, 1860, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain lot of land situate in the Twenty-second Ward of the City of New York, on the southerly side of Fifty-fourth street, between the Eighth avenue and Broadway, and bounded as follows: Northerly by Fifty-fourth street, southerly by the middle line of the block between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets, westerly by a line drawn parallel with Eighth avenue at the distance of one hundred and fifty feet easterly therefrom, and easterly by a like parallel line distant one hundred and seventy-five feet easterly from said Eighth avenue. The said lot is twenty-five feet in width in front and rear, and one hundred feet and five inches in depth on each side, the easterly wall of the building on said lot being a party wall.

Also, all that certain other lot, piece or parcel of land, with the building and improvements thereon, erected, situate, lying and being on the northerly side of Fifty-fourth street in the City of New York, and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Fifty fourth street, distant one hundred and forty-three feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Fifty-fourth street, with the westerly line of Broadway; an I thence running northerly and

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Other Homeopathic Medicines, however carefully prepared, or however full and extensive the Manual to which you refer in order to use them, always require study and careful examination, and always leave you in doubt as to the remedy chosen and the result. Such examination of study and such doubt is always most unfriendly to the sick or ailing, and especially to be avoided. They, it often strikes at the very foundation of success, and presents a result which, with confidence in the remedy, and hence perseverance in its application, would have been easy.

Experience has amply confirmed the use of these remedies for families and private persons, as being THE BEST IN USE, THE MOST SIMPLE AND CONVENIENT, THE MOST PROMPT and RELIABLE.

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27	FOR URINARY DISEASES, Gravel, Renal Calculi, Difficult or Painful Urination	50
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will restore the bald and gray, and preserve the hair of the youth to old age, in all its youthful beauty.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Dec. 21st, 1858.

PROF. WOOD—Thee will please accept a line to inform thee that the hair on my head all fell off over five years ago, caused by a complaint known as disease, attended with an eruption on the head. A continual course of suffering through life having reduced me to a state of dependence, I have not been able to obtain stuff for caps, neither have I been able to do them up, in consequence of which my head has suffered extremely from cold This induced me to pay Briggs & Hodges almost the last cent I had on earth for a two dollar bottle of thy Hair Restorative about the first of August last. I have faithfully followed directions and the bald spot is now covered with hair thick and black, though short; it is also coming in all over my head. Feeling confident that another large bottle would restore it entirely and permanently, I feel anxious to persevere in its use, and being destitute of means to purchase any more, I would ask thee if thee wouldst not be willing to send me an order on thine agent's for a bottle, and so receive to thyself the Scripture declaration "the reward is to those who are kind to the widow and the fatherless."

"Thy friend,
"SUSANNAH KIRBY."

Ligutier, Noble Co., Indiana, Feb. 5th, 1859.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir:—In the latter part of the year 1852, while attending the State and National Law School of the State of New York, my hair, from a cause unknown to me, commenced falling off very rapidly, so that in the short space of six months, the whole upper part of my scalp was almost entirely bereft of its coverlag, and much of the remaining portion upon the side and back part of my head shortly after became grey, so that you will not be surprised when I tell you that upon my return to the State of Indiana, my more casual acquaintances were not so much at a loss to discover the cause of the change in my appearance, as my more intimate acquaintances were to recognise me at all.

I at once made applications to the most skillful physician in the country, but receiving no assurance from them that my hair could again be restored, I was forced to become reconciled to my fate, until fortunately, in the latter part of the year 1857, your Restorative was recommended to me by a druggist, as being the most reliable Hair Restorative in use. I tried one bottle, and found to my great satisfaction that it was producing the desired effect. Since that time, I have used seven dollars' worth of your Restorative, and as a result have a rich coat of very soft black hair, which no money can buy.

As a mark of my gratitude for your labor and skill in the production of so wonderful an article, I have recommended its use to many of my friends and acquaintances, who, I am happy to inform you, are using it with like effect. Very respectfully yours,

A. M. LATTA.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Depot, 444 Broadway, and sold by all dealers throughout the world.

The Restorative is put up in Bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium, and small; the small holds ½ a pint, and retails for one dollar per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars a bottle; the large bottle holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion and retails for $3 a bottle.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 444 Broadway, New York, and 114 Market Street, St Louis, Mo.

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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BUILDERS' HARDWARE.—
MANY, BALDWIN & MANY,
No. 49 John st. corner of Dutch, New York.

Importers and manufacturers of all kinds of Builders' Hardware and Lockesmith Materials.

Locks of the best quality.
Heavy Silver-plated Door Knobs.
Plated name and number Plates.
Safe Night-latches for Front Doors.
And every variety of articles adapted for first class dwellings.
Improved Wire Door-springs.
Green and gas house Tile, Gas Retorts, Fire-brick, &c., at the lowest cash prices.

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GRENOBLE FIRE HOSE—SINGLE AND DOUBLE.
Manufactured of the finest Hemp without Seam.

These Hose are both especially adapted for the use of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, Mills and Manufactories, Steamboats and Railroads, Hotel and Garden uses, and also for all Hydraulic purposes.

Their advantages over other Hose are their lightness and cheapness, costing about one half the price of leather hose, with the same durability.

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Is unsurpassed in strength and efficiency for the use of
STEAM FIRE ENGINES,

As certified to by Chief Engineer Harry Howard, R. C. Brown, Esq., of Manhattan No. 8, Zophar Mills, Esq., of the Exempt, J. G. Storms, &c., &c. Also, numerous testimonials from the Washington and Brooklyn Navy Yard Engineers, New York, Jersey City and other Engineers of Fire Departments, Agents of Mills and Manufactories, Manufacturers of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, &c., &c. Can be examined at the office of, and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, in sizes from 1 to 7 inch in diameter, by

CHS. LENZMANN,
Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,
54 Cedar street, N. Y.

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ROTARY STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

We make these Steamers to be drawn by hand or horse power, and warrant them to be made of the best materials, and in a most perfect and workmanlike manner. Machines to be drawn by hand, weigh from 4,500 to 4,000 pounds—will discharge 400 gallons of water per minute, and will force water through an 1 1-8 inch nozzle, 220 feet, or two 1 inch streams 180 feet—using a steam pressure of 40 to 70 pounds. The next size larger, is drawn by two horses—weighs 5,000 pounds, and will discharge 500 gallons of water per minute, and force a 1¼ inch stream 220 feet, or a 1¼ inch stream 240 feet, or two 1 inch streams 200 feet, with a steam pressure never exceeding 70 pounds. A working pressure of Steam is generated in from four to six minutes, depending upon the quality of fuel. An Engineer and Fireman, with a man or two to attach Hose, is all the help these Machines require.

SILSBY, MYNDERSE & CO.
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AND MANUFACTORY,
135 BOWERY.

Fire caps of every style and patteren, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned at his old established and well known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and front-piece furnished them, and all orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.

WILLIAM WILSON, Agent,
No. 135 Bowery.

ANDERSON & JONES,
FIRE CAP MANUFACTURERS,
NO. 142 GRAND ST.,
(North side, near Broadway.)

Where every description of work in this line will be promptly furnished, and finished in the best style. Both the subscribers have had much experience in the manufacture of such goods, and fully understand their business.

Orders by mail promptly attended. Sample cap furnished.

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MANUFACTURE OF MILITARY AND FIREMEN'S CAPS, MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.—H. T. G., from his long experience in the above business, flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their orders.

Fire Buckets, Leader Jackets, Deck Covers, and all articles used by Engine and Hose Companies, furnished at the shortest notice. Also, Iron Cars to Companies at a distance when required. Banners and Flags provided for Fire and Military Companies, and designs Furnished. All orders attended to with the utmost dispatch.

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143 Grand street, N. Y.

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FIRE EQUIPMENTS.

Of every desirable style and description, in any quantity, constantly on hand, or manufactured to order at the shortest notice. Also, superior style of

HALL BELTS,

at moderate prices. Clubs are invited to inspect them. All goods guaranteed to be of the first quality. Call and examine. Orders solicited.

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Of every desirable style and description in any quantity, constantly on hand, or manufactured to order at the shortest notice. Also, superior style of

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JOSEPH PINE,
formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
No. 32 Marion street,

Is prepared to execute orders from City or Country, for every variety and style of Fire Apparatus, with promptness and dispatch.

New and Second Hand Apparatus on hand.

NEW YORK, August, 1858.

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FURNISHING STORE.

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Kitchen, Parlor, Store and Office Stoves. Also a large assortment of House-furnishing articles, consisting of tin, sheet iron, wood, willow and Britania ware, cutlery, &c. Manufactures and keeps always on hand all kind of Fire Signals, Lanterns, Trumpets, &c.

EDWARD MARENER,
225 3d ave. bet. 19th and 20th streets.

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MILITARY ORNAMENT MANUFACTURER,
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All orders addressed as above, will be filled with promptness and dispatch.

FIRE CAPS! FIRE CAPS!
FIRE CAPS!
T. SMYTH, FIRE CAP MANUFACTORY,
240 GRAND STREET,

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ALEXANDER M. C. SMITH,
No. 232 WEST STREET, NEW YORK,
Between North Moore and Beach,
MANUFACTURER OF
SUPERIOR COPPER-RIVETED OAK TANNED LEATHER HOSE AND BELTING.

Leaders and Suction Hose for Fire Engines made to order and warranted.

Always on hand Brass Pipes, Butts, &c.

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A general assortment of Masons' Ladders, Derrick, Scaffolding Poles, Horses, and Mortar Tubs always on hand.

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Made with care.

P. WEIRICH & BROTHER,
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All kinds of Ladders and Fire Ladders kept on hand, from 10 to 60 feet.

Also, Masons supplied with Scaffold Poles and Mason Horses, Indian Gutters, &c.

WILLIAM JEFFERS & CO.,
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Build
FIRE ENGINES
From $600 to $3,500.
WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

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BILLIARD TABLES
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PHELAN AND COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

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Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings, Enrichments suitable for the finish of Fire Companies Meeting Rooms.

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Three doors from Broadway.
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Stamping and Press Work done on terms warranted to give satisfaction.

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Every description of ornamental painting executed in the finest style of art. Original Designs for Banners, Medallions, Coats of Arms, and the highest branches of Art designed.

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PUTNAM HOUSE, NOS. 357, 359, 361 FOURTH AVENUE, between Twenty-Sixth and Twenty-Seventh streets, opposite
HARLEM RAILROAD MARKET.

LAWRENCE R. KERR, Proprietor of this popular LODGING HOUSE AND DINING SALOON, is prepared to accommodate citizens, travelers and business men with pleasant lodgings, and meals at all hours, in a style equal to any other establishment in the city. He would call attention to the following extensive and economical

BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST AND TEA.			
Beef Steak	7c	Wheat Cakes	6c
Pork Steak	7c	Buckwheat Cakes	6c
Veal Cutlets	7c	Fried Eggs....each	3c
Mutton Chops	7c	Boiled Eggs....each	3c
Lamb Chops	7c	Poached Eggs	12c
Ham and Eggs	18c	Broiled Mackerel	12c
Fried Ham	12c	Milk Toast	6c
Fried Sausages	7c	Dry Toast	6c
Fried Fish	7c	Fried Potatoes	3c
Fried Clams	7c	Coffee or Tea	3c
Fried Eels	7c	Cocoa....per bowl	6c
Porterhouse Steak	25c	Coffee and Cakes	6c
Tenderloin Steak	18c	Extra Bread	3c
Sirloin Steak	18c	Brown Bread	3c
Broiled Chicken	25c	Bread and Milk	9c
Fish Balls	12c	Rice and Milk	9c

DINNER.			
Roast Beef	7c	Beef Soup	6c
Roast Lamb	7c	Roast Turkey	15c
Roast Mutton	7c	Roast Goose	15c
Roast Pork	7c	Roast Duck	15c
Corned Beef	7c	Roast Chicken	15c
Corned Pork	7c	Chicken Pie	13c
Pork and Beans	7c	Chicken Fricassee	13c
Meat Pie	7c	Lamb Chops	13c
Pot Pie	7c	Pork Steaks	13c
Clam Pie	7c	Fried Eggs	—
Boiled Fish	7c	Beef Steak and Onions	—

RELISH COOKED TO ORDER.			
Sirloin Steak	13c	Raw Oysters	13c
Tenderloin Steak	13c	Stewed Oysters	13c
Porterhouse Steak	25c	Fried Oysters	13c
Broiled Chicken	25c	Pickled Oysters	13c
Veal Cutlet	13c		

DESSERT.			
Plum Pudding	6c	Plum Pie	6c
Suet Pudding	6c	Peach Pie	6c
Bread Pudding	6c	Mince Pie	6c
Rice Pudding	6c	Custard Pie	6c
Indian Pudding	6c	Apple Pie	6c
Apple Dumplings	6c	Cranberry Pie	6c
Farina Pudding	6c	Lemon Pie	6c
Tapioca Pudding	6c	Pumpkin Pie	6c

Brandy, Wine, Porter, Ale, &c.
Lodgings, 25 cents per night. Open at all hours.
LAWRENCE R. KERR, Proprietor.

FLORENCE HOTEL,
409 BROADWAY, COR. OF WALKER ST.
GEO. M. SHERMAN, Proprietor.

The subscriber having again assumed the proprietorship of this fashionable House, has been at great expense in refitting, and is now open for the occupation of guests.

Mr. Sherman feels grateful to his former patrons, and will spare no pains to merit the continuance of a discerning public. Everything is replete with neatness, comfort and economy. The House is in a central position, convenient to strangers visiting the city from all sections of the country.

Splendid Bathing Rooms, and a fine Barber's Shop is attached to the House. Attendance prompt in every department.

FERRIS & LEGGETT'S HOTEL & DINING ROOM, No. 42 CHATHAM Street, opposite North William, and near Chambers street. This popular Dining Establishment, which has been established over thirteen years in this central location, enjoys the patronage of the first class of persons, being located near the City Hall, the law courts and offices. No pains or expense have been spared in the arrangement, to supply the choicest viands and delicacies of the season, which are served up in a comfortable and expeditious manner, at moderate prices. The saloon will be found worthy of its long established reputation. Connected with the establishment is a fine Reading Room. Rooms to let by the week.

F. G. FERRIS,
F. A. LEGGETT.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—AN OLD HAND IN A NEW PLACE.
THEODORE UDELL,

So long and favorably known as a successful caterer to the appetites of the down town million, has opened a COFFEE, CAKE AND OYSTER SALOON, at 11 CHATHAM STREET, IN THE BASEMENT, where he will be happy to meet all his old friends and customers, and win new ones. A word to the wise is sufficient. Open DAY AND NIGHT.

THE ADRIATIC.—
462 HUDSON STREET.

The old established and well-known public place has recently been thoroughly re-fitted in the most elegant manner. As a quiet resort, where can at all times be found the finest qualities of Old and New Ales, Wines, Liquors and the best importations of Segars, it cannot be excelled.

The European and California papers received by every Steamer, and are always on file.

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BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, NINETY-SIXTH ST.

Breakfast, Dinner, Supper, and Target Parties supplied at the shortest notice. m8 3m

BEAN & RAYMOND,
Successors to A. H. Bean,
IMPORTERS, 99 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,

Will sell, in quantities to suit, any of the annexed Goods, in bond or duties paid, at the lowest market prices.

Cognac, Rochelle and Bordeaux Brandies, Holland Gins, Jamaica and Santa Croix Rums, Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Champagne, Clarets, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. L. MILLER'S
HAIR INVIGORATOR,
An effective, safe and economical compound,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR
to its original color without dyeing, and preventing the Hair from turning gray.
FOR PREVENTING BALDNESS,
and curing it, when there is the least particle of vitality or recuperative energy remaining.
FOR REMOVING SCURF AND DANDRUFF,
and all cutaneous affections of the Scalp.
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR,

imparting to it an unequalled gloss and brilliancy, making it soft and silky in its texture, and causing it to curl readily.

The great celebrity and the increasing demand for this unequalled preparation, convince the proprietor that one trial is only necessary to satisfy a discerning public of its superior qualities over any other preparation at present in use. It cleanses the head and scalp from dandruff and other cutaneous diseases, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and gives it a rich, soft, glossy and flexible appearance; and also where the hair is loosening and thinning, it will give strength and vigor to the roots, and restore the growth to those parts which have become bald, causing it to yield a fresh covering of hair.

There are hundreds of ladies and gentlemen in New York who have had their hair restored by the use of this Invigorator, when all other preparations had failed. L. M. has in his possession letters innumerable testifying to the above facts, from persons of the high est respectability. It will effectually prevent the hair from turning gray until the latest period of life; and in cases where the hair has already changed its color, the use of the Invigorator will with certainty restore it to its original hue, giving it a dark, glossy appearance. As a perfume for the Toilet and a Hair Restorative it is particularly recommended, having an agreeable fragrance; and the great facilities it affords in dressing the hair, which, when moist with the Invigorator, can be dressed in any required form so as to preserve its place, whether plain or in curls—hence the great demand for it by the Ladies as a standard Toilet article which none ought to be without, as the price places it within the reach of all, being

ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

per bottle. To be had of all respectable druggists and perfumers.

L. MILLER would call the attention of Parents and Guardians to the use of his Invigorator, in cases where the Children's Hair inclines to be weak. The use of it lays the foundation for a good head of hair, as it removes any impurities that may have become connected with the scalp, the removal of which is necessary both for the health of the child and the future appearance of its hair.

CAUTION.—None genuine without the fac simile LOUIS MILLER being on the outer wrapper. Also, L. MILLER'S HAIR INVIGORATOR, N. Y., blown in the glass.

Wholesale Depot, 56 Dey street, and sold by all the principal Merchants and Druggists throughout the world.

Liberal discount to purchasers by the quantity.

I also desire to present to the American Public m NEW AND IMPROVED INSTANTANEOUS

LIQUID HAIR DYE,

which after years of scientific experimenting I have brought to perfection. It dyes Black or Brown instantly without injury to the Hair or Skin, warranted the best article of the kind in existence.

PRICE, ONLY FIFTY CENTS.
Depot, 56 Dey street, New York.

LIVERY STABLES.—
The finest turnouts in the city may be obtained at BRADLEY & CO.'S STABLES
CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND EIGHTEENTH STREET,
AND
NOS. 8 AND 10 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET,
Between Madison and Fifth avenues.

Messrs. BRADLEY & CO. flatter themselves that they have the finest stable of horses, and the most elegant carriages to be found in the city of New York.

☞ Calls at any hour of the day or night promptly attended to at the most reasonable rates.

WM. H. GRIFFITH, BILLIARD TABLE Manufacturer, 146 Fulton street, N. Y., has recently made new and important IMPROVEMENTS IN CUSHIONS, which together with his superior style of Tables, warrants him in announcing that he is enabled to offer the very best inducements to purchasers and the lovers of the world-renowned, scientific, and healthful game of billiards. Trimmings for sale. Old Tables re-cushioned, and Marble or Slate Beds put on. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

WM. H. GRIFFITH.

BUNDLED WOOD, AT $1 35 FROM Yard, and $1 50 delivered; box wood, at 20 cents, when ten or more boxes are ordered; wood by the load at low rates, sawed; and sawed and split at small cost, at Yard foot of East Twenty-Third street.

C. COLLINS.

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FIRE INSURANCE.—
SECURITY and ECONOMY.
CASH CAPITAL, $500,000.
75 PER CENT. TO THE INSURED.
LORILLARD
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
31 WALL STREET.

THE INSURED PARTICIPATE IN THE PROFITS without any liability whatever.

This Company having increased their Capital to HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, will hereafter allow to dealers a participation in the nett profits to the extent of SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT, or when

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—James M. Nixon.....Lessee and Manager
A POWERFUL ENTERTAINMENT.
TUESDAY EVENING, October 30th, 1860,
BENEFIT
of the
WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND
of the
NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A GRAND CONCERT,
Vocal and Instrumental.
MADAME ANNA BISHOP,
Mrs. J. M. MOZART, Soprano. Mrs. H. L. WESTERVELT, Mezzo Soprano.
Mr. D. MIRANDA, Tenor.
Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN, Baritone. Mr. G. SIMPSON, Tenor.
Mr. G. W. MORGAN, Pianist.
Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS, Pianist. Mr. T. AUG. HOGAN, Pianist.
And Dr. CHAS. ALEX. GUILMETTE.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Overture.....Full Orchestra
Aria.—Vieni la mia Vendetta.....Donizetti
Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN.
Cavatina.—Oh, luce di quest anima.....Donizetti
Madame ANNA BISHOP.
Ballad.—Then You'll Remember Me.....Balfe
Mr. D MIRANDA.
Duet.—My Sufferings and Sorrow.....Donizetti
Mrs. WESTERVELT and Dr. GUILMETTE.
Song.—Song of the Lark.....Comer
Mrs. MOZART.
Song.—The Anchor's Weighed.....Braham
Mr. GEO. SIMPSON.
Piano Solo.—Il Trovatore Fantasia.....Hopkins
Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS.
Duetto Buffo.—Quanto Amore.....Donizetti
Madame ANNA BISHOP and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN.
Song.—The Bay of Biscay O.....Braham
Mr. MIRANDA.
Mono-Cant.—Nina.....Hatton
Mrs. H. L. WESTERVELT.
Song.—The Minstrel Boy.....Anonymous
Mr. GEO. SIMPSON.
Ballad.—Home, Sweet Home.....English
Madame ANNA BISHOP.
Descriptive Song.—The Ship on Fire.....Russell
* * * * * *
Song, Buffo.—The Little Fat Man.....Hatton
Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN.
Trio.—Attila.....Verdi
Madame BISHOP, Mr. MIRANDA and Dr. GUILMETTE.
The Orchestra under the able direction of Mr. COOKE.

The Grand Piano used on this occasion will be kindly furnished by Chickering & Sons, and Hall & Son.

Mr. A. W. FENNO will deliver a FIREMAN'S ADDRESS, written by the late F. S. HILL of Boston.

Ballad.—Comin' Thro' the Rye.....Scotch
Mrs. MOZART.

TAKE NOTICE.

The performance will commence with the ever popular drama, called

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD
Received with unbounded marks of approbation

Stephen Plum.....Mr. F. B. Conway
Toby Twinkle.....Mr. John Chester
Jasper Plum.....Mr. Andrews
Sir Arthur Lascelles.....Mr. Canoll
Frederick Plum.....Mr. Harkins
Harris.....Mr. Andrews
Martha Gibbs.....Mrs. F. B. Conway
Lady Lesterbridge.....Mrs. LeBrun
Lady Valeria.....Miss K. Fisher
The whole to conclude with the laughable farce of SUDDEN THOUGHTS.

Jack Cabbage.....Mr. John Chester
Impulse.....Mr. A. W. Fenno
Gen. Dernton.....Mr. Martin
Robe.....Mr. Ellis
Sims.....Mr. Andrews
Mrs. Impulse.....Mrs. LeBrun
Clarissa.....Miss K. Fisher
Sophia.....Miss Athens

ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS.

Tickets to be had at the box office, Niblo's Garden; Secured seats, 50 cents extra; Private boxes, six seats, $6. Tickets to be had of Wm. Hall & Son, 239 Broadway; John Decker, Chief Engineer, 21 Elizabeth street; J. N. Phillips, 5 Cooper Union; John S. Giles, Treasurer, 34 Elizabeth street; of the Officers of the Fire Department, and of the Committee of Trustees, Zopher Mills, 154 State street; James V. Watts, 56 Catharine street; Samuel B Thomson, 84 Beekman st.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock; to commence at 7½.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—ITALIAN OPERA.
Lessee.....B. Ullmann
MONDAY—THE HUGUENOTS,
First appearance in New York of
MLLE. FANNY NATALI,
First prima donna contralto from the Tacon Theatre, Havana. First appearance as Valentine of
MME. INES FABBRI
MME. BERTUCCA MARETZEK as the QUEEN.
SIG. STIGELLI in his great role of RAOUL,
DEMILI as MARCEL.
In his most celebrated character of Marcel.
On MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 29, at 8 o'clock,
First night of Meyerbeer's greatest opera of
THE HUGUENOTS,
With the most magnificent cast—
Mme. INES FABBRI (for the first time) as...Valentine
MLLE. ELENA
And a complete Corps de Ballet,
GRAND CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA,
Conductor.....CARL ANSCHUTZ

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE
FOURTH WEEK
And
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
of the
NEW THREE ACT IRISH DRAMA,
Called
AILEEN AROON;
Or,
THE LADY OF GLANMIRE,
with
MISS LAURA KEENE
and all the
PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance to commence at 8

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Sole Lessee and Manager.....J. M. NIXON.
Second Night of the great Sensation Drama of
THE DEAD HEART.
Received on its first night with universal approbation of the Press and Public.
On Monday evening, October 29th,
MR. EDWIN FORREST
will appear for the first time during his present engagement as
OTHELLO.
TUESDAY, BENEFIT of the WIDOW AND ORPHANS FUND of the NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—
FIFTH WEEK.
OF
PLAYING
WITH
FIRE,
UNABATED ATTRACTION.
EVERY NIGHT
TILL FURTHER NOTICE.
Doors open at 7½.....To commence at 8 o'clock.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
The only place of amusement in America honored with a
VISIT FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.
EVERY DAY AND EVENING THIS WEEK,
COMMENCING MONDAY, Oct. 29th, 1860,
LIVING UNITED SIAMESE TWINS,
with two of their children will remain
ON EXHIBITION HERE FOR TWO WEEKS MORE.
AUTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
TWO ALBINO CHILDREN.
LIVING "WHAT IS IT?" OR MAN MONKEY.
THE FINEST AQUARIA IN THE WORLD!
The GREAT HISTORICAL DIORAMA,
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,
EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING
THIS WEEK.
ADMISSION, 25 cents. Children under 10, 15 cents.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.—Mechanics' Hall, No. 472 Broadway.
MONDAY, Oct. 29,
and every night,
JERRY and DAN BRYANT,
the celebrated Ethiopian, in New Acts, Burlesques, Laughable and Sayings, &c.
WAMBOLD, GOULD, BRYANT and BERGER
in their beautiful Choruses, Quartetts, Ballads, &c., Southern Plantation Songs and Dances. Doors open at 7½. Commences at 7¾ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

CONTINENTAL BALL.—THE FIRST COMPANY
WASHINGTON CONTINENTAL GUARD,
Will give their
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL BALL
AT THE
CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
ON
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 12, 1860.
Music by Robertson's Band.
Tickets, $1. To be had of H. A. Oliver, 38 Nassau street; ex-Captain John Darrow, 22 Old Slip; W. R. W. Chambers, 19 Chatham street; H. A. Fuller, Military Hall, 193 Bowery;
Or of any Member of the Company.
Capt. RICHARD LIMBECK, Chairman.
C. S. TITUS, Secretary.
H. A. OLIVER, Treasurer.

EIGHTH ANNUAL BALL
of
ALERT HOSE COMPANY 41,
At the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, Monday, November 5th, 1860. JAMES KELLY, Foreman.
SAM. W. BARNES, Sec.

EXPRESS COMPANIES, ETC.

REDUCTION OF RATES.
THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
Have made a reduction on their rates to
CHICAGO AND THE WEST.
For full particulars and tariff rates apply at any of the offices of the Company.
FOUR DAILY EXPRESSES TO THE WEST,
6 A.M., 11 A.M., 4:30 P.M., and 6:30 P.M.,
ON EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS,
in charge of special messengers, with every facility for business.
The lines of the company extend throughout the Western States and Territories, Canadas, &c., &c. Routes at three different points west of the Mississippi.
A branch office has been opened at 842 Broadway, for the convenience of our customers in that part of the city.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 61 Hudson street. Branch office, 84 Broadway. Branch office (new) 542 Broadway between Spring and Prince.
WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
☞ Our customers will oblige us by reporting any neglect to call where call cards are displayed or order left on our call-books. All goods will be called for by hanging out call-cards, or leaving orders at any of our offices, as above.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!!
MR. BERGER,
PROFESSOR OF BILLIARDS,
from Paris, will give a short series of scientific and artistic exhibitions at Phelan's private room, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, every afternoon at 3½ o'clock, and every evening at 8 o'clock.
Price of admission $1.

DRY GOODS.

LADIES
VISITING
OUR
STORE
Will have the pleasure of selecting Goods from
A
WELL-ASSORTED
STOCK,
Consisting of a full Line RICH LACE GOODS,
ALSO, a full Line RICH EMBROIDERIES.
ALSO, a full Line RICH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.
ALSO, a full Line RICH BONNET RIBBONS.
ALSO, a full Line RICH DRESS TRIMMINGS.
ALSO, a full Line RICH BONNET VELVET and SILKS.
ALSO, a full Line RICH BLACK SILKS.
ALSO, a full Line HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
ALSO, a full Line LADIES', GENTS' and CHILDREN'S UNDER-VESTS.
ALSO, a full Line WHITE GOODS, FLANNELS, &c.
A FULL LINE
LADIES'
UNDER-CLOTHING in great variety.
LADIES' CORSETS, a good article,
FOR $1 00 A PAIR.
MACY'S RIBBONS and PARIS FLOWERS.
MACY'S RIBBONS and PARIS FLOWERS.
MACY'S RIBBONS and PARIS FLOWERS.
MACY'S RICH LACE GOODS and EMBROIDERIES.
MACY'S RICH LACE GOODS and EMBROIDERIES.
MACY'S RICH LACE GOODS and EMBROIDERIES.
HOSIERY, GLOVES, and WHITE GOODS.
HOSIERY, GLOVES, and WHITE GOODS.
HOSIERY, GLOVES and WHITE GOODS.
HOSIERY, GLOVES and WHITE GOODS.
WHITE KID GLOVES, all sizes, 63 cents (the very best quality.)
BLACK KID GLOVES, all sizes, 63 cents (the very best quality.)
LIGHT COLORED KID GLOVES, 63 cents (the very best quality.) in every size.
MODE COLORED KID GLOVES, 63 cents (the very best quality.) in every size.
DARK COLORED KID GLOVES, 63 cents (the very best quality.) all sizes.
STORE, Nos. 204 and 206 SIXTH AVENUE,
ONE
Door from corne. 14th street.
R. H. MACY'S.

A. T. STEWART & CO. HAVE NOW OPEN AT RETAIL THEIR
Full Importation of Every Description of
CLOTHS, COATINGS, CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS, &c., &c.,
in the latest and best styles for
MEN AND BOYS' FALL AND WINTER WEAR
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
REAL INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR
SHAWLS and SCARFS.
A superb assortment now open in every variety of style, color and quality,
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS
IN
CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS.
HEARTH RUGS, DRUGGETS, MATTING, &c.,
AT THE
Cheap and Extensive Establishment of
PERKINS & BROTHER, No. 104 BOWERY,
where may be purchased every description of the newest styles and most fashionable descriptions of
VELVET,
TAPESTRY,
AXMINSTER,
BRUSSELS,
INGRAIN and other
CARPETINGS
at prices twenty per cent. less than at any other establishment in the United States.
The assortment of Carpeting Goods embraced in this immense stock, is the most complete and varied in the city, and families will find it much to their advantage to examine it before purchasing elsewhere.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.
ENGLISH DRUGGETS,
MATS and
MATTING
of the most fashionable styles and patterns, at astonishingly low prices.
PERKINS & BROTHER,
104 BOWERY.

MOURNING GOODS—FALL Importations.—A large and very choice stock at JACKSONS', No. 551 BROAD WAY, consisting in part of Bombazines, Delaines, Henriettas, Mallese, Barpoor, Empress and Camel Hair Cloths, Ottoman Valours, Ottoman Barpoors, Reps, Dutchess Cloth, Bombazette Parasines, &c., Black Silks, heavy corded, and Amuire for deep mourning, very desirable for Cloaks and Basquines, in all widths, from 22 to 42 inches wide; Second Mourning Silks, in the newest styles; Black and Second Mourning Irish and French Poplins; Second Mourning Valours, Ottoman and Valencias, some great novelties; a great variety of goods for traveling and home dresses, several new materials and great bargains; English Crapes, Crape and Grenadine Veils, Crape and Grenadine Collars and Sleeves, Gloves, Ginghams Cuffices, Brilliants, &c. Thibet Shawls; Plain, also Trimmed with Silk and Crape; Thibets for Shawls, Shepherds, Plaid Shawls, &c.; Bombazine, Cloth and Silk Cloaks; also, Bonnets for Deep and Second Mourning, &c., &c.
OBSERVE:
W. JACKSON,
Importer of Mourning Goods,
No. 551 Broadway, bet. Spring and Prince sts.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GOLD BRICK!
THE GOLD BRICK!
THE GOLD BRICK!
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
Author of the popular works—
"Fashion and Famine," "Old Homestead," "Mary Derwent," "Lost Jewels," "Maleaska,"
Editress of Peterson's Magazine, &c.,
is now engaged on a new story expressly and exclusively for the
NEW YORK WEEKLY,
(the best story and sketch paper published.)
Entitled,
THE GOLD BRICK!
THE GOLD BRICK!
THE GOLD BRICK!
Which will be ready in the
NEW YORK WEEKLY!
ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860!
For sale by every News Agent and Bookseller throughout the World.
PRICE, FOUR CENTS PER COPY!
Terms, $2 00 per year, with a Premium. Specimen numbers sent free, containing a list of premiums.
STREET & SMITH,
Proprietors, 22 Beekman St.,
New York.

FURNACES, RANGES,
AND
GAS STOVES,
CHILSON'S
CONE FURNACES,
These well-known furnaces are GAS-TIGHT, and, having very large radiating surfaces,
GIVE OUT A PLEASANT, SOFT HEAT.
Experience proves them to be durable, and
MORE ECONOMICAL IN THE USE OF COAL THAN ANY OTHER FURNACE.
We have put a great many of them in our best houses, and they are acknowledged to be the most satisfactory heating apparatus in use. We set them in city or country, with pipes, registers, &c., in the best manner.
HARRISON'S
IMPROVED EUROPEAN RANGES.
This Range consumes less coal, and is better made and more durable than any other in the market.
IT ROASTS, BAKES, BROILS, &c., &c.
in the most perfect manner.
We make them of all sizes, to
COOK FOR SIX PERSONS OR A THOUSAND,
and they are in use in many first-class houses and the best hotels in the country.
SHAW'S GAS STOVES,
This superior make of Gas Stoves we have of all patterns,
FOR HEATING BATH-ROOMS, BED-ROOMS, OFFICES, &c., &c.
PLEASANT, CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL.
CALL AND SEE,
OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,
No. 443 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

POLITICAL.

The Union and the Constitution.

NATIONAL
DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
GEORGE G. BARNARD.
FOR JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT,
MICHAEL ULSHOEFFER,
FOR RECORDER,
JOHN T. HOFFMAN.
FOR CITY JUDGE,
JOHN H. McCUNN.
FOR SURROGATE,
EDWARD C. WEST.
FOR REGISTER,
MATTHEW T. BRENNAN.
FOR SUPERVISOR,
SMITH ELY, JR.

UNION COMMITTEE ROOMS,
(No. 49 Merchants' Exchange,
New York, October 23, 1860.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE UNION!

It is now fully demonstrated, that in this State, at the approaching Election, are committed the destinies of our common country. Emphatically, as the State of New York shall go, so will go the Union.

Governor Morgan of this State has declared that Lincoln "is already elected," and that what remains to be done, in the deliberate voting of the people in this State, is but a formal act, to execute an irrevocable Republican decree.

This proclamation of triumph by the Governor of the State of New York has produced a profound impression throughout the whole country.

We find the people of the Southern States of the Confederacy already in a condition of alarm and intense excitement—the business relations between the two sections of the Union at once almost entirely arrested, and a condition of feeling produced among our brethren of the South calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions as to the consequences, in the minds of all reflecting citizens who treasure the welfare of their country.

While we discover at the North a powerful political party celebrating an anticipated victory which will give them possession of the Federal Government, we find the entire people of the South filled with gloom and dismay, in contemplation of the bare possibility of such a triumph.

This is a spectacle which cannot be lightly considered. In every view, it betokens peril and and indicates the necessity for deliberate and serious counsel, or it be too late. Can we risk the consequences of such a victory?

We do not intend to exaggerate the difficulties and evils which are upon us; we desire simply to present the question which cannot be avoided, and must be solved, in its true light, that if there be any who have not considered it in all its magnitude, reflection may come in time.

The doctrines of the Republican party, and the principles upon which Mr. Lincoln, if elected, will seek to administer the Government, are open and avowed—there is no concealment, and no room for doubt.

In the Congress of the United States, and from the rostrum in every city and village in the North, the leaders of the Republican party have for years held toward the people of the South the language of hostility and irritation, while their declared principles have been aggressively antagonistic to the rights, interests, and feelings of that entire section of our country.

With this condition of feeling and of principle, it is inevitable, that if the Republicans conquer in this contest, the South will be wholly without representation in the executive branch of the General Government. We shall not stop to enter into any argument to show to what logical consequences the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict" leads, nor to dwell upon the Republican principle of "all slave or all free"—they are as palpable as the maxims of the "higher law," and have been too often expounded by their authors to require elaboration or comment. They are principles which point, with destroying hand, in but one direction.

Our Union was founded in a patriotic spirit of conciliation and concord, and upon wise principles of compromise and concession—Justice, Equality and Fraternity were then the watchwords of national unity.

Let us ask the question, if that great work were now to be performed, could it be effected upon the principles, and in the spirit which are manifested by the "Republicans" of to-day? Is not this an instructive test of the danger with which we are menaced?

The Republicans declare, in view of the events which surround their expected success, that "submission" shall be enforced. Can there be such a thing as a conquered submission by one half of a Republican Government, against the other residing portion? Is it not the argument of destruction?

If the time shall ever arrive when that calamitous necessity is presented, where shall be the end? To which section will be the victory, and how shall the conquest be maintained?

These are considerations which now force themselves upon the public mind—they are the thoughts of this hour—this time of trial and danger, and must be met and answered.

Shall the extremity be reached, when it is in the power of the people of this State to extend the hand of protection to their threatened brethren of the South, and to proclaim that fanaticism, aggression and wrong, shall never be permitted to make war against those with whom we are allied in terms of amity, peace and fraternity? Are we prepared to have the prosperity and welfare of the whole country placed in jeopardy, while we hold the means of assured safety within our grasp? Can our patriotic men hesitate in their answer? Let but this period of danger be passed, and our country will be anchored in safety—and Slavery agitation will never again be found an element of threatened peril to our existence as a united people. Perpetual peace will be the enduring reward if we now succeed. But, if this conflict be pushed to the last extremity, who can estimate the consequences.

We feel assured that the people of this State will rise to the emergency, and prove themselves equal to the duty which has devolved upon them. We are justified in declaring that the announcement of the Executive at Albany is without warrant from the Electors of this State, and that they will cast their votes regardless of the proclamation of the Governor, on the side of the Union, and on behalf of the constitutional rights of every section of our country.

Determined and vigorous organization is going on in every County and District of the State, and we have the most cheering accounts of good work being done by the National men of New York everywhere within our borders, from the Lakes to the Ocean, clearly indicating that if we will but labor to the end, the coming election will be crowned with a triumphant victory to our cause. The UNION upon our Electoral Ticket is perfect, unbroken and unchangeable.

This great commercial city, true to the interest and duty which it owes to the union of the States, which is the foundation of its growth, its power, and its prosperity, will give an overwhelming vote against Lincoln and Republicanism. This State has ever been conservative and loyal to the Union. New York has never yet given a majority on the whole vote in favor of Republicanism, and we firmly believe she never will.

At the last Presidential Election, this State gave a combined vote against the Republican candidate of 320,482, while Fremont received but 276,000, showing a Conservative majority of nearly 45,000.

In 1856, the united vote against Morgan, for Governor, was 291,583, while the latter polled but 247,963 votes, yielding a majority against him, if the vote had been concentrated, of 43,400.

At the election of last year, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, uniting the opposition vote, was elected over the Republican candidate.

Although the Union majority on that occasion was not as great as at the previous election, the returns show that the deficiency arose wholly from the want of sufficient interest at this end of the State to bring out a full vote. To prove this: in 1856, the combined Union vote in the Counties of New York and Kings was 81,656, against 25,617 for Fremont—showing a Union majority of 59,039 votes, while the aggregate Union vote last year in these two counties was but 51,504, without any sensible increase to the Republican vote, proving that nearly 35,000 Union voters remained away from the polls, as compared with 1856.

Since 1856, the number of Voters in these two counties has increased at least one-third, preserving the like ratio against the Republicans. It must, therefore, be obvious that New York and Kings Counties have but to do their duty to give a Majority of over 94,000 Votes in favor of the Union Electoral Ticket, a majority more than sufficient to triumphantly overcome the Republicans in the State.

Are we not therefore justified in counseling hope and in promising victory?

UNION MEN OF NEW YORK:

The prosperity, safety and unity of the States of this Confederacy are in danger. It is in your power to overcome the enemy, and to conquer a peace for the whole country. Let it go forth to the world that you are at your post, ready for action—and that the Empire State will prove herself, when the hour for trial is at hand, a protecting shield against sectionalism and aggression, and the Citadel of the Union!

CHARLES O'CONOR,
SAMUEL F. BUTTERWORTH,
EDWIN CROSSWELL,
HENRY GRISWELL,
S. L. M. BARLOW,
WILSON G. HUNT,
SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
PETER B. SWEENEY,
DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
JAMES MONROE,
DANIEL DEVLIN,
ANDREW MOUNT,
CHARLES A. SEGUIN,
JOSHUA J. HENRY, Chairman.
JESSE READ, Secretary. } Committee.

POLITICAL.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.
UNION! UNION! UNION!
A MASS MEETING
of the supporters of the
UNION CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS,
UDOLPHO WOLFE,
will be held in
JACKSON SQUARE,
Thirteenth street, between Greenwich and Eighth ave. at 8 o'clock, on
THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 1st, 1860.
AROUSE UNIONISTS! AROUSE!
COME ONE! COME ALL!
The following gentlemen are invited, and will address the meeting.

Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, Hon. Horatio Seymour,
" Hiram Walbridge, " T. H. Seymour of Ct.
" Pierre Soule, of La., " G. H. Pugh, of Ohio,
" John Kelly, " B. Noble,
" John McKeon, A. S. Sullivan, Esq.,
" Miles Taylor, L. F. Cozans, Esq.,
John Keynton, Esq.

7TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT
HEAD-QARTERS.
The friends of
UDOLPHO WOLFE
have located their Head-Quarters at
No. 83 Eighth Avenue,
Corner of Fourteenth street,
Where the Executive Committee of the District will meet every evening; and where any information for the good of the cause of Democracy, Union and Harmony will be gladly received and freely imparted. The Friends are cordially invited to call and compare notes.
By order of
THE COMMITTEE.

RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1860.
1860. COMMENCING JUNE 4, 1860.
Passenger Station in New York, corner Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue. Entrance on Twenty-seventh street.
TRAINS LEAVE NEW YORK.
For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7.00, 8.00 A. M. (Ex.) 12.15, 3.15, (Ex.) 3.50 and 4.45 P. M.
For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport and Westport, 7.00 A. M; 12.15, 3.50 and 4.45 P. M.
For Norwalk, 7.00, 9.00 A. M.; 12.15, 3.15, (Ex.,) 3.50, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
For Darien and Greenwich, 7.00, 9.00 A. M; 12.15, 3.15 (Ex.) 3.50, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
For Stamford, 7.00, 8.00 (Ex.) 9.00 A. M.; 12.15, 3.15 (Ex.) 3.50, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
For Port Chester and intermediate stations, 7.00, 9.00 A. M.; 12.15, 3.15, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
CONNECTING TRAINS
For Boston, via Springfield, 8.00 A. M. (Ex.,) arriving in time to connect with 5.00 P. M. Train for Portland; 3.15 P. M. (Ex.)
For Boston 12.15 P. M., via New London, Stonington and Providence.
For Hartford and Springfield 8.00 A. M., (Ex.,) 12.15 3.15 P. M. (Ex.)
For Connecticut River Railroad to Montreal, 8.00 A. M. (Ex.,) 12.15 to Greenfield and 3.15 P. M. (Ex.) to Northampton.
For Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, 8.00 A. M. (Ex.)
For New Haven, New London and Stonington Railroad at 8.00 A. M.; 12.15 and 3.15 P. M.
For Canal Railroad to Collinsville, 8.00 A. M. (Ex.) and 12.15 P. M. to Northampton.
For Housatonic Railroad, 8.00 A. M. and 3.15 P. M.
For Naugatuck Railroad, 8.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.15 P. M.
For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, 7.00, 9.30 A. M., 4.45 P. M.
JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAILROAD.
For Albany and Troy, making direct connections with the N. Y. Central Railroad, for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and all points west, northwest, and southwest, on and after MONDAY, Oct. 15th, 1860, trains will leave Twenty-Sixth Street Station, New York, as follows:
Albany Express Train—7:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.
Albany Mail Train—10:00 A. M.
For Croton Falls—1:00 P. M., stopping at all stations above Yorkville.
For White Plains—8:15 A. M., 2:30 and 5:10 P. M., stopping at all stations.
For White Plains—5:15 P. M., from White street depot, stopping at all stations.
For Williamsbridge—11:30 A. M. and 8:30 P. M., from Twenty-sixth street depot, stopping at all stations.
RETURNING WILL LEAVE
Albany—6:00 A. M., East Albany 5:15 A. M., Express train.
Albany—1:30 P. M., East Albany 4:15 P. M., Express train.
Albany—9:00 A. M., East Albany 9:15 A. M., Mail train.
Croton Falls—7:00 A. M., stopping at all stations north of Fremont.
White Plains—5:30, 7:00, 10:00 A. M., and 4:40 P. M., stopping at all stations.
Williamsbridge—6:40 A. M., and 1:00 P. M., stopping at all stations.
JOHN BURCHILL, Assistant Superintendent.

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT, and Fall River, by the splendid and superior steamers METROPOLIS, EMPIRE STATE, and BAY STATE, of great strength and speed, particularly adapted to the navigation of Long Island Sound, running in connection with the Fall River and Old Colony Railroad a distance of 55 miles to Boston, only.
Leave Pier No. 3, N. R., near the Battery.
The steamer METROPOLIS, Capt. Brown, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.
The steamer EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Brayton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.
These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and on arrival at Fall River, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6½ o'clock, A. M., and reach Boston about 8½ o'clock, A. M.
A baggage master is attached to each steamer, who receives and tickets the baggage, and accompanies the same to its destination.
A steamer runs in connection with this line, between Fall River and Providence, daily, except Sundays.
Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great dispatch by an express freight train, &c., &c.
For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 3, North River. For state-rooms and berths apply on board, or if desired to secure them in advance, apply to
WILLIAM BORDEN, Agent,
Nos. 79 and 71 West street.

THE REGULAR MAIL LINE FOR BOSTON, via GROTON, NEW LONDON, STONINGTON, NEWPORT and PROVIDENCE.—Inland Route, the shortest and most direct, carrying the Eastern Mail.
Steamers PLYMOUTH ROCK, Capt. Joel Stone, and COMMONWEALTH, Capt. J. W. Williams, in connection with the Stonington and Providence, and Boston and Providence Railroads, leaving New York daily (Sundays excepted), from Pier No. 18, North River, at 5 P. M., and Groton at 8:30 P. M., or on the arrival of the mail train, which leaves Boston at 8:30 P. M.
The COMMONWEALTH, from New York, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. From Groton, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
The PLYMOUTH ROCK, from New York, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. From Groton, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Passengers proceed from Groton per railroad to Providence and Boston, in the express mail train, reaching said places in advance of those by other routes, and in ample time for all the early morning lines connecting North and East. Passengers who prefer it, remain on board the steamer, enjoy a night's rest undisturbed, breakfast if desired, and leave Groton in the 7:45 A. M. train, connecting at Providence with the 11 A. M. train for Boston.
Fare from Providence to Newport fifty cents.
A baggage-master accompanies the steamer and train through each way.
For passage, berths, state-rooms or freight, apply on board the steamer or at the Freight Office, Pier No. 18 North River, or at the office of the Company, No. 115 West street, corner of Cortlandt street.
W. M. EDWARDS, Agent.
NEW YORK, Sept. 20th, 1860.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, September 17, 1860, Trains will leave Chambers street station as follows:
Express Trains—7 and 11 A. M., and 5 and 9:20 P. M.
This last is the Montreal and Buffalo Passenger Train (with sleeping car).
For Sing Sing—9:45 A. M., and 4:15, 7, and 10:45 P. M.
For Poughkeepsie—1:15 and 3:30 P. M.
For Peekskill—5:30 P. M., Passenger Train.
For Tarrytown—3:35 P. M., Express Train.
Way Mail, Freight and Passenger Trains—7:20 A. M.
Sunday Train—9:30 P. M.
The Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, and Sing Sing Trains stop at most of the Way Stations. Passengers taken at Chambers, Canal, Christopher and 31st streets.
Trains for New York leave Troy at 5, and 9 A. M., and 4:45 and 9 P. M.; and Albany about 15 minutes later.
A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—Trains leave Pier foot of Duane street.
DUNKIRK EXPRESS at 7 7 A. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal Stations.
MAIL at 9 A. M., for Dunkirk and intermediate Stations.
WAY at 3:30 P. M. for Middletown, Newburgh, and intermediate stations.
NIGHT EXPRESS, daily, at 5 P. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal Stations. The train of Saturday runs only to Elmira.
CHARLES MINOT, General Supt.
NATH'L MARSH, Receiver.

SHORT LINE TO HARRISBURG and CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, via CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY.
Leave New York from foot of Courtlandt street, at 6 o'clock, A. M., daily, (Sundays excepted,) arrive at Harrisburg at 12:40 (noon)
Without Change of Cars,
in time to connect with mail trains on Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

FASHIONABLE, ECONOMICAL AND ARTISTIC.
PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, CORNICES, BANDS,
PINS, TASSELS, GIMPS, &c.
Wholesale and retail purchasers treated with at the lowest rates.
Latest and most desirable patterns in Paper Hangings of all qualities, from the richest and most elaborate parlor panellings to the cheapest wall papers by our best makers.
WINDOW SHADES
of all sizes on hand, and made to order.
PLAIN LETTERED OR ORNAMENTAL.
All orders executed with promptness, and in a workmanlike manner.
GEO. W. CARPENTER,
No. 889 Broadway,
Between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

SAWYER & CARR,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
OF
CARR'S PATENT
SELF-ACTING PAN,
WATER-CLOSETS,
AND COCKS,
153 CENTRE STREET, New York.
NATHANIEL SAWYER,
WILLIAM S. CARR.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
New Court House, Oct. 23, 1860.
CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC
Notice is hereby given to the owners or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected hereby, that the following assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz.:
For paving Thirty-sixth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, with trap blocks.
The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on both sides of said Thirty-sixth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Also, east side of Sixth and west side of Fifth avenues, from and to points half-way between the streets on either side of said Thirty-sixth street.
All persons whose interests are affected by the above named assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHAS. McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
027 4t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE, BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE,
Oct. 23, 1860.
CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC
Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:
For regulating, grading, curb and gutter, and flagging Fifty-fifth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on both sides of said Fifty-fifth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
All persons whose interests are affected by the above named assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHARLES McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
027 4t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE,
October 25, 1860.
CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC
Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:
For regulating, grading, curb and gutter, and flagging Fifty-fifth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on both sides of said Fifty-fifth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
All persons whose interests are affected by the above named assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHARLES McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
027 4t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE,
October 25, 1860.
CORPORATION NOTICE—P