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WELSH & Co.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

CARDS AND WINE.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Three tables in a gas-light room,
Three parties gathered there;
What wasted life! What saddening gloom,
What cause for grief—and prayer!

At one the players greedily
Are marking ten and ace,
With snarling words, and jestings free,
Harsh hand, and angry face.

The painted cards fall thick and fast,
As leaves in autumn time;
And every breath sounds like a blast
Of gusty hate and crime.

The red gold rings, the silver chinks;
The forehead's corded swell
Shows how each gamester inward drinks
The very air of hell.

Grief-bowed old fathers, murdered wives,
Robbed tills—before me pass;
The suicide's end to guilty lives
I see, as in a glass.

Bohemian glasses on the board,
Mantle with blood red wine;
From vaults in far-off Europe stored
The golden sparkles shine.

Young lips, in boyish fullness yet,
The burning bubbles kiss,
And as those drops the red lips wet,
I hear a serpent's hiss.

I see the tempter that shall blight
The worth of early years,
Crush every nerve of manhood's might,
And bring old age to tears.

I see the bleared and reddened eye,
The tangled, matted hair;
The frenzy in which some shall die
Who drink the red-wine there.

I see—oh God! some manly hand
That knows not yet its bloom,
Manacled at the laws' command,
Meeting a murderer's doom.

Three tables;—at the last there sits
A young man, all alone,
Who looks and listens, as by fits
Those gusty words are blown;—

Who shudders, as the dark cards fall,
And as the red wine foams,
And marks the ruin that, from all,
Shall burst on happy homes;—

Who prays—the while his eyes are wet—
That God, for Christ's sweet sake,
From off the souls of man, may yet
These burning fetters break!

[Written for the New York Leader.]

BARTY BURKE;

OR, A

STRANGE KEY TO A STRANGE CRIME

BY DR. JOSEPH SHARPE.

"For time, at last, sets all things even;
And if we do but watch the hour
There never yet was mortal power
That could escape, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong!"
MAZEPPA.

[The first number of this story gives the incidents connected with the murder of Bartholomew Burke, in Broadway, in this city, in the summer of 1856, with the subsequent finding, by the narrator, of a body, which, from papers afterward found in the shanty which had been occupied by the drowned man, was known to be that of the man who assassinated Burke.

The second number introduces the mansion of Philip Reall, Esq., on the Shannon, in Ireland, with the presence of a libertine husband, a neglected wife, and Ducie Zarnay, a beautiful Polish girl who had been for some months an inmate of the mansion—an orphan, driven with her brother Paul from Poland by Russian persecution. Ducie is a companion to Maude Reall, and Paul an assistant to Barty Burke, the keeper of the grounds. Reall has formed an improper attachment for Ducie, and at the time of the story opening treats her with gross rudeness in his drawing room, and afterwards violates the privacy of her sleeping room, gazing at the friendless girl in her sleep.

The third and preceding number gives the grief and terror of Ducie Zarnay at the conduct of Philip Reall; her information to her brother of his treatment; their resolution to leave Rathnevin the next day; the abrupt dismissal of the young girl by Maude Reall from suspicion of her purity and fear of her beauty; the offer by Barty Burke—who is attached to her—of an asylum at the lodge; and finally the discovery at nightfall by Paul of his sister lying dead in Burkes's lodge, the latter fled; and proff that the young girl had died by her own hand in defence against the violence of Reall or in grief over her debasement.]

XIII.

An hour earlier than that at which Paul Zarnay entered the keeper's lodge, and saw the terrible sight which almost drove his reason from its throne—a scene scarcely less heart-rending might have been seen at a little hamlet a few miles down the Shannon from Rathnevin, towards the sea.

Good old Widow Burke, and the family with whom she had been "spending the day," were sitting at the humble evening meal, prepared an hour before its usual time on that evening, to permit the widow to reach her home before dark, when they were startled by the sudden appearance of Barty Burke, his face wearing an expression of terror and grief that was pitiable to look upon, and the perspiration standing in huge drops upon his face, from the speed with which he had been walking.

The young man flung wide the door of the little cottage, and strode in as if he saw nothing, but was filled with some terrible thought. Widow Burke was alarmed at his coming and the fearful expression of his face, and rose as he entered, with some words of wondering inquiry.

Barty did not answer her then, but grasping with a nervous hand the dress of his mother, in a hasty voice begged her to come with him outside the cottage. She did so, and in a voice broken, it seemed, with a mixture of fear and terrible emotion, he told her of the fearful scene which had met his eyes as that evening he came to the lodge—Ducie Zarnay lying dead, yet warm, in her own blood, and the marks that a horseman, whose identity he knew too well, had just quitted the house.

The old dame was horror-stricken. She had known and loved the young girl, as did every one who was brought in contact with her. The face of Barty could scarcely express more the horror and grief he felt, than did that of his mother when the truth was made known to her. But when she asked further what clue the young man had to the murderer, he did not answer her, but stood as if some invisible influence sealed his tongue from uttering the terrible truth.

"Why will you not tell me all that you know, Barty, dear?" said the old mother; "you certainly suspect, if you do not know?"

"I dare not suspect anything!" was the young man's reply; "the poor girl has died under our roof, but not by the hands of any one of our blood. We have no call to enquire how she died."

"Are you mad, my son?" said the old dame. "Would you permit so dreadful a deed to be done under your own roof, and ask no questions after it?"

"It is *not* our roof!" said the young man. "We have no more a place under it!"

"What can you mean?" asked the mother, more and more surprised at the young man's words.

"I mean what I have told you," said poor Barty in reply. "Mother, I shall not return to the lodge, nor must you! Every foot of ground around it is cursed, and I would as soon go into the midst of a pestilence. I cannot tell you all that I mean—but this is enough. Neither you nor I must set foot more on the lands of Rathnevin!"

"Strange! strange!" muttered the old dame, half to herself; "he cannot be crazy, and yet if he had his wits, he would not talk of leaving our home, because the poor girl had been murdered there!" But her son had long exercised over her widowed heart all the sway both of son and husband, and she did not combat him. She only said:

"But our forehanding, Barty! What are we to do if we leave the lodge?"

"I have provided for that, mother!" said the young man, shuddering again as he remembered how he had been obliged to step almost over the dead body of the young girl as he ascended the ladder to the little loft of the cottage; "I have my earnings here. My fairing of gold was under the thatch of the eaves, and I took it out before I left. Our bits of things must even go to those who want them more. We cannot go back to claim them."

"And what will you do, Barty, dear?" asked the widow, again.

"Do!" said the young man; "leave Ireland at once! I have enough to cross the sea to America, and to arrange a little comfort for us there. Remain here until I send for you, and I will leave you the means to buy the bit and the sup until you hear from me. Here mother!" and he gave her money.

"What!" said the old dame, shocked as she saw from the last gesture that he was going away immediately, "are you going to leave tonight?"

"To-night, mother? this instant!" said Barty, with quick and hurried words, and even then looking around as if he saw some one in pursuit; "I must not be found within many a mile of Rathnevin when the next sun rises.—Oh, mother!" and the poor young man flung himself into the arms of his mother, and sobbed like a child, "there is more of blood to be shed! The whole country around will be cursed for this, and if I stay, we are both ruined! The corpse of the girl I loved best in the world is lying alone on the floor of my lodge, and I cannot even go back to bury it! Poor Paul! God help him and us!"

"My son! my son!" said the poor old dame, clinging with her arms close around his manly form, "how can I let you go away?"

"It must be, mother, and at once! See, it is nearly falling dusk. Go in, now, and say nothing of what I have told you, but that the poor young girl is dead, and that I have gone away suddenly to America to seek my fortune. I will send for you soon, and when you come to me, I will tell you all that it would ruin us both to have you know to-night!"

The young man strained his poor old mother to his bosom, led her gently forward towards the door of the little cottage, and grasping her hand for a moment almost painfully within his, bade her a heart-broken "good bye," and was gone.

XIV.

Night fell again upon Rathnevin—another night of June—calm, cloudless and beautiful as had been that of the day before. There was no indication in earth or sky that through the air, within the lapse of twenty-four hours, had swept the shadow of a great and most accursed crime, blackening the earth, and making a festival in the abodes of eternal darkness.

Once more, as the evening closed, Philip Reall sat at the windows of his room, and saw the evening shadows gather on the hills, and the light die out on the Shannon side. He was alone, and who shall say what thoughts were running riot through his mind? There was not a wrinkle more upon the handsome face than on the evening before, and yet between the two periods—so little space of time apart—he had reached the grand climacteric of crime. Blood lay upon his head, and he knew it—the blood of the innocent and the helpless. It mattered not whether his hand had struck the blow which let out that crimson stream from the white bosom so grieved and outraged—or he had only surrounded it with such a necessity, that death seemed preferable to life; the shadow of guilt in the one case was equally black with the other.

Philip Reall was an evil man—a man of headstrong passions never curbed—who made his wishes his law, and recked little who suffered, so that he enjoyed. But I am not painting a hardened and reckless outcast from all that is good in humanity—to whom blood bore no other weight in its flowing than so much water. Never before, in all his libertine course, had death entered, with a sudden leap, to stamp the deed he had accomplished. He had been less than man, did not the curse of that death weigh heavily upon him, and he had not outlived human feelings or even human hopes.

Deeper and deeper the darkness fell around him, and yet Philip Reall did not ring for lights. He had ever affected darkness, but now more than ever. In the gathering gloom he could be sure that opening his eyes suddenly he would not look upon any object reminding him of what had been there the evening before. And still the darkness gathered, and the wretched man—wretched now, in spite of all that had been in the past or could be in the future—thought and suffered on.

Hark! did the door of his room move almost without a sound upon its hinges? No! he thought how fancy peoples the air with sounds as well as forms, and the eyes half closed were opened again, and the awakened attention once more slumbered.

Ha! that sound was nearer! There was a sound of breathing! Philip Reall moved like lightning partially from his chair, as an indefinable sensation of danger struck him; but quickly as he moved it was too late. At the instant a strong hand grasped him by the throat and hurled back into his chair, while the laboring breath which he had first heard, syllabled itself into a low, maniac laugh.

He tried to cry aloud—to speak; his throat was so compressed as to give no utterance; he struggled to release himself, but the nerves were too far relaxed to give him power.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the voice—a low, intense, mocking laugh—in a voice he recognized instantly even with the fearful change which had fallen upon it—"you struggle in vain! My sister may have struggled so in your ruffian grasp, and yet struggled in vain! Look here! look!" and in the fading light reflected upon the window the unhappy man saw a hand raised, and in it a dagger.

"This dagger drew my sister's heart's-blood, because you had made her life worthless. You did this, man of wealth and power, because we were poor, and you had no fears that the poor and the humble could harm you! You were wrong! I am Paul Zarnay, and a Pole. My sister had a right to her youth, and her beauty, and her innocence. You have taken them all, and you die!"

Oh, how that man with broad lands lying all around him calling him master, and every appliance of wealth and luxury almost within reach—with troops of servants waiting on his word—how that man struggled in the grasp of the avenger, helpless, yet unconquered—his eyes almost starting from their sockets with the pressure of the madman's hand, and yet the full consciousness of his terrible situation never leaving him for an instant.

"I saw my sister's brown hair dabbled in her blood, and I did not know her slayer! Oh, how I suffered then! You do not know what it is to have a vengeance and no one to sate it upon. And then, murderer, I saw this charm that I have seen you wear so many times—this grayhound that should have been a bloodhound—glittering, clasped in her dead hand! I knew then—Philip Reall—oh, yes, I knew then!" and he put his head close down to the ear of the sinking man, "and I am here!"

One more struggle, and only one. The senses of the suffocated man were lapsing, but death came not so easily. With a low, fierce exclamation of hate, the Pole closed the gripe of his left hand still closer upon his throat, so that even the mortal agony could not force a sound—and with the right thrice struck the full length of the same dagger which had drunk the blood of Ducie, into the side of her slayer.

One convulsive but stifled "ah!"—one gurgle in the throat, so light that it would not have alarmed the lightest sleeper at his side—one clutch of the hand in the agony of dissolution—and the master of Rathnevin lay back among the cushions of his chair, dead and helpless as the victim of his unholy passion.

Not a sound loud enough to alarm even one in the next room had been raised, from the moment of Paul Zarnay's entrance into the apartment. Philip Reall's chamber was separated from the living rooms of the family by a whole suitè of apartments—for reasons which had once had especial weight with him—and no ear heard, no mind conceived the fate which had fallen upon him.

Silently as he had entered—after once passing the hand over the closing eyes, and laying it upon the heart that beat no longer, for assurance of his death—without a word the slayer left the apartment, and glided away from the house through the grounds, unnoticed of any. Back to the lodge where lay the dead body of his sister he sped. The first rays of the moon crept into the room, and touched the pale, dead face with a spiritual but ghastly beauty, that the white dress still more suggested.

Beside the corpse the bereaved and maddened brother kneeled in the brightening moonlight, and looked again upon the all that he had owned in the world to love, now wrested from him by a ruthless hand. Then—sad but touching thought—as the night sped on, the poor young man crept close to his dead sister and laid his head upon her bosom, lying there through the long hours, and anon clasping the cold hand, the chilly lips, the hair all dabbled in blood, and covering them with his kisses.

As the moonlight paled and the morning came on, the wretched man went to a little closet in the room, took from it an antique casket of singular form, which had accompanied the orphans from their native land—the sole relic of days of prosperity and happiness—and wrapped it in his handkerchief. Then he stooped again and pressed the lips, the cheeks, the hair of his dead sister with his lips.

"One is dead—the proud wronger—my poor sister!" he said. "Take so much of justice to thy memory now! Another lives, my sister," and he stooped close to her body and almost hissed the words into her ear, as if she could better hear him so—"another lives—his too!—his accomplice, until I sacrifice him to your wrongs!"

He lifted his hands in blessing over the corpse, and fled away in the coming morning light—the casket under his arm—whither? he did not know, and we cannot trace his maniac course.

XV.

The same night crept on over the mansion of Rathnevin—the moonlight falling in silver glory on the Shannon water, and sleeping lovingly upon its green banks. But it had a ghastlier duty—that moon—looking in at the window of the room where Philip Reall was wont to sit—and throwing into bold and fearful relief the dead body on the chair—lying back as it might have been in sleep, but for the blood that dabbled the vestment, too sad a proof that the sleep was eternal.

Anon the moon shone through the tops of the tall windows and played full upon his face, tinging the livid lips with a ghastly halo, and making the dead man look still more weird and unnatural. And there it flickered through the trees, as the hours wore on, and marked the changes of expression over the face from which all human impulse had departed forever. And then it passed away, and left the sleeper in the doubtful and reflected light to sleep on—on till the eternal morning.

I have said that the chamber of Philip Reall was not that of his wife—so that his absence from his couch would necessarily have been unnoticed. Morning came, and all the inmates of Rathnevin were as yet unconscious of the terrible fate that had fallen upon its master. Morning, and deep in the morning hours. Then a servant entered the room to dust and arrange it—and then—

Shriek after shriek from the terrified woman rang through the house. Doors opened in haste, and feet hurried toward the place from which the sound seemed to proceed. Maude Reall set down her unfinished cup of coffee at the table and hurried out.

Exclamations of horror from those who had outrun her were heard in her husband's room. She burst open the door and entered. By the window—in his chair, as I have depicted him—sat the lover of her youth—the husband of happier days—the scornful, slighting husband of later times—dead—dead and cold.

It does not matter how much of coldness or of wrong may have fallen from a husband's hand upon the heart of the wife who has once loved; let him but suffer, all is forgotten but the early love; let him but die, and he leaves behind him only the earliest and the dearest image. Maude Reall had been outraged in every better feeling of her nature; she had been hardened beneath the very bitterest blast of scorn and wrong—and yet she loved that man, and the blow that struck his heart reached almost to her own.

The stricken wife did not ask one question—did not accost one of the horrified household; she but waved them back and flung herself beside the chair of her dead husband, grasping the cold hand in her own, and covering it with her bitter tears.

The domestics obeyed the mute gesture and retired—filled with a terrible dread and anxiety. They asked strange questions in hurried words, below their breath, and speculated as to the chances of suspicion, which each felt must be unjust to themselves, falling upon others.

An hour the poor, desolate woman had kept her vigil, and none had attempted to remove her until the outburst of her grief should be past; though intelligence had been sent to the neighboring gentry of the murder of Philip Reall, and a reward was already announced for any traces of the murderer. Yet Maude Reall kept her sad place beside the body, undisturbed.

How was this? Had the wife no sense of justice—no wish to discover the slayer of the husband whom she had loved so long and sadly? No! She knew—even as if a lightning flash had shown her all the truth—that no hand had struck those blows but one nerved by wrong and outrage; and she would have closed her eyes forever to the fearful truth.

Hark! was there still more of woe for this terrible morning? Shocked, horrified as the domestics had been at the sight of the dead body of their master, nothing had been spoken above their lowest voice after the lady entered the room. Much as the shock of so sad a death might affect the employees at Rathnevin, Phillip Reall had never so deported himself to those below him in station as to cause violent grief at his death.

But even as Maud Reall still knelt by the chair of her dead husband, and all the bitter recollections of wrong done to herself were being swallowed in the grief of her loss—there arose from the grounds without a wail so intense and heartrending as only the Irish peasantry ever give birth—and then only when they are under the pressure of the heaviest sorrow.

The lady started from a state of mind that had been almost a trance—rose from her position and listened. There was a heavy trampling of feet coming up from the gate that opened on the high-road. She staggered to the window and looked out. Half a dozen men were supporting a rude bier, upon which lay a figure in white, while around them walked a score or more of peasantry, from whom arose the sorrowful wail she had heard.

Never did the lightning cleave the yielding air with more rapidity than the thought which in the mind of Maude Reall at once connected the coming of that mourning train with the death of her husband. All the events of the past day and that which preceded it crowded full upon her, and it scarcely needed the horrified exclamation of one of the servants who a moment after burst into the room—to tell her the name of the dead whom the bearers had brought.

"Heaven be merciful to us, mistress!" was the terrified exclaimation of the domestic. "Ducie Zarnay has been stabbed to death in the keeper's lodge beyond, and the men have just brought her here!"

"I know it!" was the quick reply of Maude Reall; and then the moment after she remembered how strange a construction such words might bear, and added "that is, I saw the bier through the window, and felt that it was she."

"They did not know that she had gone away from the mansion," said the domestic, in apology for the workpeople who had found the body intruding with it there, "and so they thought they were bringing poor Ducie home."

"They did right," said the lady of Rathnevin. "Let them bring the body into this room!"

"Here, mistress?" exclaimed the servant, doubtfully.

"Here, I tell you! There need not be two chambers of death in the same house. Bring the poor girl here, and lay her upon that couch!"

The orders so strangely given were immediately obeyed, and but a little time after, long before the morning had changed to noon—the two bodies were disposed in the same room—the man of the world and his innocent victim—lying upon separate couches, but so near together that the broken-hearted Maude Reall, kneeling between them, could touch alike the death-couch of the husband who had once held all her love to cast it away in cruelty, and the poor girl who had been to her almost as a daughter, but whom she felt that she had driven from her side—without fault of hers—at the moment when most she needed a protector.

So let the curtain fall over the house of blood; the spot where in so short a time from that in which we first looked upon it, so much of wrong and suffering ensued. If Philip Reall went out from the gates of Rathnevin with a costly funeral and attended by mourners from all the country around—the poor Polish girl had obsequies scarcely less imposing, and went to her early grave with a deeper regret than that which clustered around the memory of her slayer.

Maude Reall lived on—lives yet—in a calm and quiet, but most hopeless sorrow; bearing the burthen of wrong and shame which her noble heart never deserved, but waiting for the time when these shall exist no longer.

XVI.

There is little more of clear and connected narrative to be deduced from the desultory papers in the cabinet which poor Paul Zarnay seems to have carried with him, as a remembrance of home, in all his wanderings and all his sorrows. The latter portion of his story is, in fact, merely fragmentary. Enough, however, can be gathered to supply the missing links in this chain of mystery, and I will hurry rapidly to a conclusion.

Barty Burke—innocent as he had been of any design that did not look to the happiness of the young girl to whom he certainly bore a true but unobtrusive affection—Burke had fled to America; impelled partially by the horror of the crime committed under his own roof, and with which he seemed to have been unwittingly connected—and partially by the fear of Philip Reall. He knew that the master of Rathnevin was a man of violent passions, and that he as little forgave too much knowledge of that which he wished unknown, as even an intentional injury. He knew that Ireland, thenceforth, was no place for him, and fled it hastily and wisely.

Among the first intelligence conveyed to him in this city, by the first labored letter which the schoolmaster of Askeaton wrote for the good old dame—was, that of the death of Philip Reall, on the same night with that of Ducie, by a hand which none could discover. Poor Barty knew too well, and saw that his escape from Ireland had not been made too soon, before a legal investigation might have revealed what could have benefited no one, and must have rendered Maude Reall even more wretched, and ruined himself.

With industry and a strong desire to please, the young man entered upon the humble employments which presented themselves, and before a year had elapsed was permanently employed in a subordinate capacity in one of the large clothing houses of Broadway, where he remained for upwards of nine years, trusted by his employers, and generally respected. Within the year he sent for the old dame, his mother, and brought her to this country, fulfilling to her always the tender and respectful duties of a son, with the warmth of a true heart, until her death, some years after.

Years had rolled by since the sad events which we have seen occurring on the banks of the Shannon, and if Barty Burke looked back to them—as at times he did—it was with gratitude that in another land he had been enabled to escape the bitter blood which had grown in his own.

Paul Zarnay, meanwhile, his reason unsettled by his terrible grief and the crime into which it led him—had but one thought before his mind, to finish up his vengeance by slaying Burke, whom he believed the pliant accomplice in the hands of the spoiler; a thought less improbable from the flight he had made immediately after the discovery.

But he had neither the resources of wealth nor unclouded intellect to guide him in his desultory search after the remaining victim of his vengeance, and he failed to track him.—Through months of long and weary search he traversed Ireland, but found no trace of him from the day he left him on the Shannon bank. Then he fell into abject poverty, and his reason for a time seems to have given way so far as even to obscure his mistaken desire for vengeance.

He wandered back over the Continent—through the same countries which poor Ducie and himself had crossed in the journey which to her was destined to have so fearful a termination—subsisting principally by charity, but occasionally laboring, and remaining for a time in some place where the skies seemed bluer and the faces of men more pleasant than in another.

So he returned to Poland, and for years lingered among the scenes of his boyhood—the persecution against his family swallowed up in pity for his misfortunes and grief over the death of the beautiful girl, whom so many remembered as going away with him years before. When he related her story, the maniac always blazed forth, and his bitter denunciations of the man yet left alive, whom he believed to have been so instrumental in her death, might have startled the object of the bereaved brother's wrath, could they but have reached him over the Atlantic.

Then a new field opened itself, and for a time his mind found a congenial excitement. Paul Zarnay passed into Hungary, shared in the triumphs and the sufferings of the patriots, and was found at last one of the determined spirits with whom Klapka held Komorn to the point of starvation. Imprisoned then, a year after he was released by the Austrian government, and still a year later came to this country by Italy and the Mediterranean.

He landed at New Orleans, and returning to one of the accomplishments of earlier days, earned a precarious subsistance by teaching the first elements of drawing in country places through the Southern States—moving northward gradually, until at the close of 1855 he reached this city.

Here the narrative fails entirely to have any connection. I can only trace from it the emotions consequent upon his meeting with Burke in a drinking saloon, which seems to have been in May of last year, and the struggles which seem to have taken place between his old regard for him and his desire for vengeance.

Time had changed Paul Zarnay much, while it had made but little mark upon Barty Burke. The Pole knew his old friend and present enemy at once, while Burke only saw a dim and indistinct shadow of some one he had formerly known, in the stout form, the strong face with full and heavy black beard and moustache, of Zarnay.

Burke slept in a side room, attached to the place of business with which he was connected, living a quiet bachelor's life. He was lonely, and some strange and mysterious attraction seemed to draw them together. One could well have explained the terrible affinity, the other had no key to it.

XVII

On the night of the 18th of July, 1856, Burke sat alone in his room. Zarnay had been for some days absent, contrary to his custom, and Burke, as he lounged back, pipe in mouth, beside the open window—was thinking of him, and of his actions, sometimes so strange and almost fearful, and wondering where and when he could have met him before.

There came a rap at the door of the house below, and Burke recognized it as the usual signal of Zarnay for admission after the house was closed. His room was upon the second floor, and he descended to admit him. As he came up to the light, Burke noticed that his eye had a wild and maniac glare, frightfully unlike any expression he had before seen in them.

Zarnay seated himself with scarcely a reply to the enquiries of Burke as to his absence and his apparent indisposition, and when he spoke, did so in a harsh muttering tone, that excited still more the alarm of the young man. But a few moments elapsed before he rose again, and declared that his throat was burning, and he must have drink. He would bring back liquor for Burke, he said, and went out again.

Of what occurred in the drinking house which he entered, the daily papers of the time gave an account at length, and I need not repeat it. He drank several times, and the maniac fury in his eyes grew keener, until all in the saloon stood back from him in fear. He seized a large knife from the counter, sharpened to the greatest keenness, and flourished it madly as if it had been a sword, until some act of violence among the spectators was feared.

Then he laid down the knife, and left the saloon, carrying with him the liquor he had purchased, but with the subtle cunning of the maniac again took up the knife as he passed the counter, and hid it away under his coat, escaping with to the street unseen.

He came again up the stairs to the room of Burke—set down the liquor and bade him drink. Burke did so, and set down the cup. Zarnay seated himself in a chair near the window, and Burke followed his example, the two facing each other, the knife yet remaining beneath the coat of Zarnay, pressed against his left side.

Zarnay leaned forward in his chair, fixed his glittering eye full upon the face of Burke, and spoke:—

"You have known me for two months, Barty Burke, and yet you have *not* known me. It is time that you should do so! I have seen your wondering gaze directed to me, asking yourself where you had seen me, and when. I will tell you—on the Shannon side, ten years ago."

"The Shannon—ten years ago—you are—"

"Paul Zarnay!" said the madman, leaning forward, "do you not tremble to know me?"

"Tremble, no!" said Burke, extending his hand, "I little thought when I saw you last to meet you so long afterwards, and here; but I am glad to meet you again, and know you."

"You do not know me yet," spoke Zarnay, in a low and husky voice, "or you would scarcely speak so. Fool and pander to Philip Reall thatyou were, you made a lying pretense of kindness to my sister in offering her a home at your lodge, that she might fall into the hands of that human tiger!"

"Paul!" replied Burke, astonished at so foul a charge.

"Paul! ay, you have said it, and your fate!" cried Zarnay, springing suddenly from his chair upon Burke, "ten years have gone by, but we have met in good time, and now for the end!"

As he spoke he grasped Burke by the throat, and drawing the knife from its concealment struck him terrible wounds in the throat and side. Burke sprang up in his fearful agony, and grappled the murderer. He was weaponless, but a sword which he had used with friends in fencing practice hung behind him. He wrenched it suddenly from the wall, the scabbard ringing to the floor, and attempted to defend himself with it. But it was blunt and dull, and produced little effect upon the madman, though it bruised and scarred him, while the keen knife was doing its work but too surely.

The struggle could not last long. Burke was bleeding from a dozen ghastly wounds, and his strength failed him even for defence. He fell upon his knees and feebly faltered: "Oh. Paul, my old friend!" as the last blow that severed his throat was struck, and lay a gashed and mangled corpse upon the floor.

The story is told. Some hints among the disconnected papers would indicate that in the drawer of the dead man which the slayer rifled, were found papers which showed him the terrible injustice he had done. Of this, however, we cannot be certain. It is known that he escaped all trace by the officers of justice, and in a life of solitude, and probably half of starvation, had lived for the months intervening between the murder and the discovery of his body.

Whether he was accidentally drowned—or, weighed down by the horror of blood and the grief of his loneliness, sought repose beneath the waters of that quiet river—who shall say?

THE END.

NARRATIVE OF MYSTERY;

OF

HIGH LIFE AND LOW.

A TALE OF CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED).

Before we give Judith's answer, we must explain, up to a certain point, what had happened.

Strange as it may seem—and this we believe to be the only authentic instance of such a circumstance—the ghost had made his presence manifest to both at the same time. When the door of the antechamber moved slowly on its hinges, Judith Macray cautiously opened one eye, and, accustomed to the gloom, recognized the familiar form of one well known to her from youth. The face was pale, oh how pale! and the eyeballs glared in its head.

She felt the hot breath of the supposed spectre on her face, and she flinched not; but as it glided towards the bed, she slowly unclosed her eyes and followed. Then she saw the ghost, after watching the bed a moment or so, put forth its long and skinny hands as if to clutch one of the medicine bottles. Quietly, without a word, she laid her hand upon the arm of the shadowy personage, and drew him back. The ghost shook violently, but made no resistance.

Then, calmly and without a word, she forced him to recross the room and enter the chamber, where a lamp burned low upon a centre table. She raised it and flooded the chamber with light. Strange to say, the brilliant illumination did not chase away the spectre, which stood pale and trembling before the old woman.

"John Gardiner, what want you here, stealing like a thief in the night?" she asked.

"I came to bring fresh medicine," stammered the tall, ungainly, pallid apothecary of Stoke Pogeis.

"And why not leave it here, or give it to me? I'm nurse."

"I wanted to see how poor Sir Archer was," he again stammered forth. "I found you asleep—so thought no harm in taking a peep—that is all."

"Coward and knave I know you," said the nurse, who, in moments of emergency, could be herself, "but assassin I did not think you!"

"Assassin!" muttered the pallid and trembling wretch.

"John Gardiner," continued Judith Macray, coldly, "I know both you and your employer!" Then she added, in her old drivelling tone, "I'm poor, very poor; could he not have employed me?—money buys gin—ha! ha! ha!"

"Wilt do it?" whispered John Gardiner, grasping her arm.

"Do what?" said Judith, with avaricious eagerness.

"Wilt earn ten golden guineas?" asked the poverty stricken apothecary, showing her the money

"Ten golden guineas!" cried Judith Macray; "ten golden guineas! I sold myself once for it—body and soul!—ha! ha! ha! We can't cheat the devil, can we, John Gardiner? Once sold, always bought. Ha! ha! ha! What might not be purchased for this?—many a good crime—a silly girl's name and fame—the life of hundreds—a false oath—a smile from ruby lips, soon to be toothless, like me. Give me enough of this, and I will flaunt it with the most proud of them yet. Money hides all—shame, name, crime, ugliness—all! What am I to do for this?

"Judith Macray," said Gardiner, in a low and trembling whisper, "I am powerless. The hand that holds me, holds me as in a vice. Go on I must. Judith, my life or that old man's! He has but a few hours left—while I—I am young."

"Ha! ha! ha!—young, like myself," cried Judith Macray, with a bitter laugh. "Fifty four! We might have been young enough," she added, "but we burnt up our youth in the hot fire of crime, and 'tis gone. Well."

"'Tis but to change this bottle for those usually sent by me. One spoonful—one single spoonful—and 'tis done. Cast the rest into the fire. There will be no suspicion, not the slightest. Judith Macray, do this and I will be your friend. I want a housekeeper; you shall come and live with me all the rest of your days. Speak, *my life* trembles in the balance!"

"Your life! and what is your life to me, John Gardiner?" said Judith, with a sneer. "The money will buy gin. Your life is not worth the price of a halter to me."

"Hush! talk not of halters—do the deed—the money is yours—my eternal gratitude—"

"Hush! blaspheme not. Accursed as I am, I have not lost all shame. Give me the poison!" she replied, sternly.

The wretched apothecary drew forth a small phial from his pocket, and placed it in her hand.

"You will not deceive me?" he said, trembling all the time.

"I will earn the money," replied Judith Macray. "Now go, and say not you have seen me."

The wretched tempter, with a countenance as pallid as that of a criminal on the fatal and last morning of his existence, when the bell is tolling his very seconds away, slunk from the room, with the intention, as quick as possible, of leaving the house.

* * * * *

Sir Archer repeated his question—this time more feebly than before.

"What have I ever done? What can be the motive which could induce you to think that I, Judith Macray, fallen outcast that I am, would do so foul a deed, to compass the ends of him who caused my ruin—who swore to love and cherish me all my days—the base, the recreant traitor, Sir Walter Medway?"

"But why torture me?" asked the baronet.

"My life, for years, has been one living torture, Sir Archer Beauchamp; and, as I spoke but now, all my bitter hate against you and your race exploded. 'Tis past, and the hand of the feeble old woman has saved you."

She then fully explained all that had passed, and Sir Archer knew that the vision was a reality.

"It was not a dream, most foul and wicked murderer. Heavens, will not justice, human or divine, reach this man? I am better now. Our boy is safe, or my feeble life would not be aimed at. Go, call my son."

At this instant an uproar was heard without, the door was burst open, and Arthur Beauchamp appeared, dragging in the wretched caitiff apothecary, and followed by Beckford and Jack Hopton.

"If he has but touched it," said Arthur, "I will not wait for the gallows!"

"Seize his accomplice!" cried Beckford.

"Touch her not," said Sir Archer, rousing himself by a sublime effort. "I know all; 'tis she that saved me."

The haggard, pallid woman, her face degraded by drink, seemed to dilate into something strangely majestic as she heard these words. She felt that she was good for something yet. The dark curtain of despair was partly drawn aside, and a dim perspective of a better future unveiled itself. She had done good—she might do good again. The demon of drink was hurled from the wondrous altar of a woman's soul, and for ever. Despair alone had driven her to it.

We must now explain the tardy and yet opportune arrival of Beckford and Jack Hopton.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The wretch concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
SCOTT.

Beckford and Jack Hopton had started on the journey to Stoke Pogeis with every prospect of reaching the manor before Doctor Jonas Pollyblank. But, as the old proverb has it, man proposes and Heaven disposes. They had not proceeded, however, more than three stages, ere they found themselves unable to advance. Not a horse was to be procured.

Beckford offered money, promised, threatened. All in vain. The postmaster was peculiarly polite, but he could do nothing for them.

The travelers, finding all their effects vain, put up at an inn.

This it was that enabled the old poisoner to get so far ahead of them, and which necessitates our following his movements.

In a narrow street, turning off the main highway, was a small, low house, which for many years had been inhabited by the village apothecary. The inhabitants of the village were not sufficiently numerous, while the place was too healthy, to make the occupation a profitable one. But John Gardiner had been early used to poverty, and had, moreover, from the sudden death of an aunt, inherited a small property, which protected him against actual starvation.

But it was always remarked that from the very hour when the man inherited this money he had been discontented and unhappy. He ceased his nightly visits to the village inn, and shut himself apart from mankind. His only connection with the species was over the counter. No jovial week day evenings nor joyous Sabbath morns for him; in parlor or taproom, at merry makings or funerals, in house of entertainment or house of worship, John Gardiner was seen no more.

"Pride of wealth," said Dick Deadman, the sexton.

"Evil conscience," put in Cobb, the clerk.

"Monomania," observed a fast young surgeon.

"Avarice," added the publican, who was the chief loser by this strange and unexpected change in his habits.

But John Gardiner minded them not. He opened his shop of a morning, and remained in it until night, when he closed it again, and went up stairs to his dormitory, or glided out to take a lonely walk in the country, away from the haunts of men. An old woman bought what he required, and attended to his household, but even she was never allowed to sleep on the premises.

The morning was foggy and damp, and John Gardiner stood behind his counter, compounding some drugs, making up a prescription, or doing some other part of his daily drudgery. He was, we have said, tall, and with his cadaverous face, his old tattered dressing gown, and his lean and wittered form he irresistably reminded a keen observer of Seakspere's apothecary who salved his conscience by the celebrated speech—

My poverty, and not my will, consents.

His eyes were fixed upon the counter, and his hands grasped the pestle, which rose and fell with a slow, monotonous sound in the old cracked mortar.

The latch of the doorway was raised, the bell tingled, and yet did he not raise his eyes.

"Good day, John Gardiner," suddenly said a voice near him.

That ghost of a man, so thin, so pale, appeared to become more pale and more cadaverous than usual, as he dropped the pestle and leaned, with glaring and fixed eyes, against the wall.

"You seem astonished, or delighted perhaps!" said the stranger, with a sneer.

"Away, back! what want you?—is this our compact?" cried Gardiner, in tones of terror and disgust.

"What compact?" asked Dr. Jonas Pollyblank, with one of his most hideous chuckles.

"Man! were you not to leave this place for ever, to annoy me no more?" gasped Gardiner.

"Annoy you, my good fellow? I have no such intention. I come to serve you," said Pollyblank, rubbing his hands.

"Ah!" exclaimed Gardiner, looking at him with one of his unsteady and alarmed glances: "what mean you, man or demon?"

"I am weary, hungry, and thirsty," said

Pollyblank, and want breakfast. You have a servant?"

"I have," answered Gardiner; "but you would breakfast in more comfort at an inn."

"John Gardiner," continued Pollyblank, "I have taken great trouble to cause my arrival here to be a secret. I must depart tonight without leaving a trace behind. You must conceal me all day, and make your servant keep my presence unknown."

"She is deaf, and nearly blind," said Gardiner; "but man, what *new* crime brings you here? I had hoped never to see you again."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pollyblank; "couldn't shake me off altogether, you see—wouldn't do. But breakfast, brother Gardiner, and then to business."

Gardiner led him, with a shudder, into his small parlor behind the shop. An old woman was lighting a fire. Gardiner gave her money to purchase some extras for the morning meal. She went out, and the supposed doctor and the poor apothecary remained alone.

"'Tis twenty years since we last met," said Pollyblank, taking a seat by the fire.

"It is!—twenty years of misery and woe," replied Gardiner, leaning his head in his hand. "The wound was half closed, why come you to open it again?"

"Because I want you," said Pollyblank, coldly.

"My God! I thought so!" cried the wretched man.

"John Gardiner," began Pollyblank, in a cold and stern tone of voice, "twenty years ago I had been your lodger for some months!"

"Why remind me of all this?" asked Gardiner.

"Because it is requisite to impress the whole strongly on your mind once more," continued Pollyblank.

"I see it all—now—every hour," said the apothecary.

"Never mind," drily remarked Pollyblank; "reminiscences are always interesting. During my stay here we studied chemistry together."

"I know it—I know it!" half shrieked Gardiner.

"With very favorable results," sneered Pollyblank, who evidently enjoyed the other's torture. "One evening, an aunt of yours came to the Reindeer, where she was taken ill—you attended her."

"Why tell me of this?" asked Gardiner.

"To refresh your memory. We had been making experiments one night, and had hit upon a mixture, one drop of which killed a dog, without pain, and without leaving any mark behind."

Gardiner laid his head upon the table, and groaned aloud.

"That same night your aunt sent for you—she was better, but required attendance still. In the morning she was dead, and I missed the bottle containing the mixture."

"I tell you, man, it was an accident. In my hurry to rush to the Reinder, I snatched up the wrong bottle; I gave it in mistake for ether. It killed her, I know, but it was no fault of mine."

"Very likely, but it looked suspicious. You inherited four thousand pounds, one of which you gave me to purchase my silence. I left you, and started for London, where fortune favored me—where I am patronized by the rich and the great. You have the necessaries of existence, and, if you serve me well, I may be able to return you the thousand pounds I owe you."

"What," shrieked Gardiner, utterly aghast—"what fell enormity, what black and unheard of crimes, what vile deed, would you have me do now, that you can risk a thousand pounds upon it? But I will not do it. I have suffered enough already."

"You may yet suffer more than you expect," said Pollyblank, coldly; "the body of your aunt is at hand, in the village churchyard, and I could furnish tests to prove the existence of the poison even now!"

"What ask you of me?" replied the terrified Gardiner.

"I will tell you presently—here comes breakfast. How is Sir Archer Beauchamp, your landlord?"

"Weak and ailing, but likely to linger years," said Gardiner.

"Humph!" answered Pollyblank, with a sinister smile; "that is your opinion, I suppose?"

"The opinion of all who have seen him."

"Then I am of a different opinion," said Jonas Pollyblank, drily.

John Gardiner looked wildly at him; a cold chill, a clammy sweat came over him, as the faint idea crossed his mind of some of those terrible crimes which now and then startle society.

Great criminals are generally men of genius, educated, gifted by Providence with qualities which, had they pleased, would have fitted them for any station. But as from those to whom much has been given, much shall be expected, so with criminals. The ignorant we pity; the intelligent and educated we condemn. Gardiner was like Colonel Medway, Gaskill, Pollyblank, and other criminals whose conduct has been prominently brought forward in our narrative—a man of originally brilliant parts, but wanting in energy and resolution.

He looked with horror at the idea of crime, but he allowed its slimy sinuosity to grasp his heart.

"What makes you of a different opinion?" he asked.

"His death is necessary to my purposes," said Pollyblank, coldly.

"You do not mean to say that you would murder the old man?" cried Gardiner, looking with admiration, as well as horror, at the doctor, who was coolly discussing a very hearty breakfast.

"Do you serve the Manor House?" asked the doctor, sipping his coffee.

"I have, this thirty years," replied Gardiner, with some pride.

"Do you send up medicine often?"

"Every day."

"What time?"

"Generally about evening. I close my shop and take it myself," said the apothecary.

"You do, do you? Then you will take up the usual dose to-night?"

"Certainly."

"Gardiner, the doctors who attend Sir Archer are a set of ninnies. No man could linger in this half dead, half alive, kind of way, who was properly attended to. I will change the medicine!"

"But you have never seen him—know nothing of his complaint?"

"Do I not? Truly, friend Gardiner, your observations are not of the wisest. I thoroughly understand his complaint—*he is inclined to live too long.*"

"Pollyblank," gasped Gardiner, "I understand you now. But I cannot, I will not, do it. He is my benefactor!"

"And what was Mrs. Richards, your worthy aunt?" asked Pollyblank, in his coldest tones.

"Hush!—you know that was a fatal accident—even if you did not give me the medicine purposely."

"And if I did?" continued Pollyblank, with provoking coolness.

"I always suspected it," continued Gardiner.

"Perhaps you would like to convince a judge and jury of so improbable a circumstance. I, a stranger, without interest in her death—you, a nephew, with a will made in your favor!"

"But *I am* innocent!" cried Gardiner, who was fast losing his self control.

"Who doubts it, and who cares? Now, John Gardiner, listen to me. Let me prepare the medicine for Sir Archer, you take it up to-night, and, at his death, I return you the thousand pounds you lent me. To prove my willingness, you shall have one hundred to-day. Choose—this or a coroner's inquest on your aunt's body; an anonymus hint will do the work."

Gardiner looked at him. His mien was cold, cynical, and determined. He moved not a muscle. The apothecary knew him of old. There was not one atom of mercy in the man's composition. His heart had turned—if heart he had to turn—to adamant.

"Pollyblank," he muttered, "I am in your hands."

"Spoken up like a man," replied Pollyblank; "but we have the day before us. Let us enjoy life while we can. We are old men, Gardiner, and have little time left to enjoy this world. Let us be merry while we can."

"And the next world?" said Gardiner, with a shudder.

Doctor Jonas Pollyblank looked at him with an amazed and incredulous glance, for a minute or two, in silence.

"So," he said, "you believe in a future state?"

"In a future state?—of course I do," answered Gardiner.

"Then, bad as I may be in the eyes of morality, you are worse."

Gardiner heard him in blank astonishment.

"Enough of this," cried Pollyblank, suddenly; "let us have brandy and cigars. Pshaw! your nonsense has spoiled my taste for the day."

And so, in low debauchery the rest of the day passed away, and night at last came. Then it was that John Gardiner, having screwed his courage up by copious libations, and by the presents of Pollyblank, went up to the Manor House, and had his remarkable interview with Judith Macray.

Pollyblank remained alone in the house, and, while waiting the return of his accomplice, amused himself by reading, and the stimulants which had now become a necessary adjunct of his existence.

The back parlor was dimly lighted by a low lamp, a shade over which concentrated the light on the page of the aged sinner's book—a fire burned low in the hearth, and on the hob simmered a cosy tea-kettle, with which, aided by brandy and sugar, he continually replenished his glass.

"Good evening, Doctor Jonas Pollyblank," said some one, speaking in tones peculiarly sarcastic, just as the old poisoner raised a steaming glass to his lips.

"That's *un*—that's the villain!" cried a very harsh toned voice.

Pollyblank started to his feet, and gazed with unaffected surprise at a man who was a total stranger to him, and at his lodger, Jack Hopton.

"You are quite mistaken, sir. I don't know you," said he, very coolly.

"Quite correct, on the contrary," replied Beckford. "I, sir, am a police agent, specially employed by Sir Archer Beauchamp, whom you have come down here to put out of the way."

"What means this insolence? Leave the house!"

"In company, then," said Beckford, coolly. "I know all about—how Sir Walter Medway is your employer, while Sir Archer is mine. I have every reason to believe that I understand your hand in Lady Cecilia's illness; your errand here I know."

"All very fine," replied Pollyblank, coolly, "to bring such charges against an honest tradesman—I suppose on the respectable testimony of this young man?" he added, pointing to Jack.

"*Un* stole my box—*ee* did!" cried Jack, standing before him with clenched fists.

"*If* you are innocent, searching your premises can do no harm," said Beckford; "and I shall certainly not part with you, until we return to Raven Row in company."

And, suiting the action to the word, he handcuffed the old man, and then tied his feet together, after which they laid him on his back.

"Now for Gardiner!" said Beckford, coolly. "If he has *done* his errand, take my word for it, old scoundrel, you will be hung!"

Pollyblank answered by a sullen scowl, and yet, in the secret recesses of his heart, he quailed.

Beckford and Jack Hopton, meanwhile, hurried to the Manor House, just in time to catch John Gardiner creeping like a felon from the scene of his intended crime. They dragged him back, and roused Mr. Arthur, who, astounded and horrified, acted in the manner already described.

The moment the first question was put to him, Gardiner confessed all. Mr. Arthur was astounded. He saw now the fearful web which had been entwined about them. They had to deal with a bitter and unscrupulous enemy. But they had now evidence enough against Colonel Medway to render his future actions comparatively harmless.

Arthur saw that he must act with deliberation and caution. This man had, in all probability, the secret of his life in his hands—could point out his wife and child, and the evidence which would have them recognized by the law and by society. He wished, too, first of all, to save Lady Cecilia from the hideous machinations of her husband.

The connection of Colonel Medway with the old poisoner caused the case of his poor wife now to be no longer a mystery. They had heard it whispered that her life was insured, and the whole plot was therefore clearly unveiled to them.

It was determined that Sir Archer, who was really very nearly convalescent when this vile attempt was made, should, as soon as possible, go up to town. Not the remotest hint was to be given to Sir Walter Medway.

It became necessary to secure the person of Doctor Jonas Pollyblank, in whose possession were, doubtless, the deeds stolen by him from Jack Hopton. This poor fellow was promised unlimited rewards for his fidelity and discretion. For the first time for nearly twenty years he began to hope. Beckford now hurried down to the village, accompanied by two gamekeepers.

Pollyblank was nowhere to be found.

As soon as they had departed, the doctor had called up the old woman, to whom he told a long story of a couple of burglars who had placed him in this position, because he sought to prevent an attack on the Manor House. The half deaf old creature unloosened his feet, while he soon got his withered hands free of the handcuffs.

CHAPTER XXXV.

> Think nought, a trifle, though it shall appear.
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
> And trifles, life. YOUNG.
>
> Is this that gallant, gay Lothario? ROWE.

UTTERLY unaware of how rapidly events were proceeding, Colonel Sir Walter Medway was waiting with impatience to hear news from Stoke Pogeis. He was aware of the departure of Dr. Jonas Pollyblank, and knew what was his errand. On the death of the old man he was able to count with considerable certainty. He was aged and feeble, and his departure from this life would not be noticed. We think always too little of the death of the old. When happy in the society of beloved children and relatives, gazing serenely at the joy of others, it is too hard to leave this bright and beautiful world at any time, and few but the miserable can truly cry:—

> "I'gin to be weary of the sun,
> And wish the estate of the world were now undone."

Young Mr. Arthur was a more dangerous obstacle. And yet so full of greed is crime, so fiercely does the soul of the wicked yearn for the fruition of their ungodly hopes, that the colonel was impatient of delay. He lusted for power, not with the burning aspirations of true genius, eager to serve his fellows, but to stand upon a factitious throne, and be worshipped as a wealthy man of fashion. *Now*, he was but an expectant. *Then* he, in his turn, would look down upon the mass, spurn the lowly and the vulgar, and repay tenfold the scorn of that society which has no vein of sympathy save for the successful.

Let society beware. When it scorns and flouts those whom fickle fortune intends to favor in the end, it sows hornets to reap vipers.

Colonel Medway gasped with impatience to possess. He had been arrested, and it had leaked out; he had insured his wife's life heavily, and strange whispers had been in circulation ever since. He would suddenly take a new flight in the speckled sky of fashion, and, from a star of doubtful character, become a luminary of the first magnitude.

To this end, the deaths of Sir Archer and Mr. Arthur Beauchamp were not only necessary, but that also of the Marquis of Sevenoaks.

It will be seen what gigantic strides the colonel had made in crime, since we first found him horrified at the death of a French nurse, who was a total stranger to him. Wife, uncle, cousin, second cousin, all are now encompassed in his gigantic brain, as victims on the shrine of avarice and ambition—

> "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other side."

No sooner was he aware that the doctor had departed, than varied emotions filled his soul. A sense of danger came over him: the doctor might be incautious, might make a blunder, might be caught, and then implicate him—he might fail and thus destroy all his airy visions. But then he might succeed, and his heart, athirst of gold, appeared to dry up and shrivel into nothing at the vision.

But the criminal on the rack suffers not more tortures than did this man, as the idea crossed his mind, how he would be situated if all these schemes should fall to the ground. What remained?

The death of his wife.

He had paid the third premium, he had gained time from Gaskill, by mysterious promises—and his wife was much better—so much better, that she was visited by various members of her family, and domestic or select circle.

It is at this moment that we renew acquaintance with them.

There was the hum of conversation up stairs, and brilliant lights, and carriages had rattled up to the door, and Sir Walter knew that Lady Cecilia held her first reception after her long illness. In consideration of convalescence she received none save those of her own sex. Did she improve, her *salons* would open shortly for those of the black coated genus.

The elegant suite of drawing room apartments was thrown open, and on chair, settee and sofa, sat a galaxy of female fashion and loveliness. Some were remarkable for their personal beauty, others for their *toilette*. If we cannot attract from natural endowments, we must borrow charms from the gems of the earth, the fish of the sea, the plants, and even from an insignificant insect. All were of rank and note, as no one, in all the fashionable circles of London, was more highly esteemed than Lady Cecilia Medway.

She was pale—very pale. But who shall tell that charm of excessive loveliness which past suffering and returning health had fixed upon her brow. Her eyes had a lustre which was almost unearthly, so deep, so languishing, so blue; what her face had lost in roundness it had gained in expression, and altogether this woman of six and thirty was able even now to compete in charms with the most lovely girls in the room.

Near her was Lady Frances Herbert—the same haughty beauty we have already described, but colder, paler, more stern. Some great sorrow had surely taken possession of her young and virgin heart.

Lady Hawksby was near at hand, holding a very grave conference, on topics peculiarly feminine, with several dowagers. This coterie interposed a barrier between Lady Cecilia, Lady Frances, and the rest of the company. They were great favorites, though the husband was not held in great estimation even by the somewhat wordly minded Earl of Thistleton.

"I never saw any one so improved," said Lady Frances, as soon as they were able to converse in a low tone, without being overheard by the rest of the company; "why, three months ago I did not expect you to live!"

"I wish I could say the same—you *do not* improve. Three months ago, you looked charming. Now, you have the appearance of a ghost. Don't shake your head, my dear girl—it is a fact!"

"My dear Lady Cecilia!" began Lady Frances, stammering and blushing.

"Fanny, girl," said Lady Cecilia, with a smile, "allow me the privilege of an old woman!"

"I wished I looked as young—and was as young in heart!" said Lady Frances.

Lady Cecilia looked keenly at her. She knew the beautiful young girl incapable of sarcasm. The idea came across her mind that there was a faint tinge of lunacy, in that fixed and cold glance.

"Fanny, you are not twenty, and you talk as if sorrow had already fallen with leaden hands upon you?"

"It has!" replied Lady Frances, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"What!—and you all but a bride!" exclaimed Lady Cecilia.

"I have no mother—my father means kindly," said the younger lady, "but he is too stern to be my confidant. I am about to be married to one, while my heart is another's."

"Terrible sacrifice, indeed!" replied Lady Cecilia, gently; "but is the other worthy?—tell me all. Let me be your mother."

Lady Frances, with eyes fastened on the ground, told her story as far as the reader knows it, except that she did not explain who his supposed mother was.

"Your brother's tutor!" said Lady Cecilia, who, despite her goodness, was not without that leprous leaven of aristocracy which places every moral worth far below money and birth. "Was that wise?"

"My brother's friend and companion," she continued, "and, I have every reason to believe, of as good birth as my own!"

"Mystery seldom conceals that which is good," said the sage mentor; "mysterious son—mysterious mother!"

"Ah! Lady Cecilia, could I but speak—but I cannot. If I am right, I must mourn the errors of one—and what shall I say of the other?—and that other!"

She could proceed no further.

"Of whom do you speak?" said Lady Cecilia, with a choking sensation at her throat.

"I would fain not agitate you," answered Lady Frances, faintly; "but if William Linley is the person he claims to be, your husband has much to answer for!"

"My husband!" said Lady Cecilia, with a sweet and confident smile.

"Lady Cecilia, 'tis hard to hear ill of those we love, but your husband is the sole cause of all the mystery which surrounds William Linley."

Lady Cecilia looked incredulous.

Lady Frances Herbert, in as few words as possible, told the story of the Red Lion, at Douro.

The wife of Sir Walter Medway heard her without blenching. She did draw a long breath once, but that was all. Then she half closed her eyes, and listened with rapt attention.

"I can see no link connecting my husband with the sudden death of the nurse!" she said at last.

"The nurse was *poisoned!*" said Lady Herbert, in a low whisper.

Lady Cecilia did not move—not a muscle of her face betrayed the inward struggle. But had Lady Frances plunged a dagger in her heart, she had felt less physical pain, less mortal agony. Poison! Vague ideas floated through her brain. Take shape she would not let them. But they were there—never again to fly. The iron once entered a woman's soul, and all is over. No art, no medicine, no physician, can eradicate it.

"Well, but why should my husband have been guilty?" she asked, still with her sweet, incredulous smile.

"Because he alone could benefit by the destruction of the child's identity," answered Lady Frances.

"The child, then, was in his way?" asked the devoted wife, whose eyes were being so fatally opened to what had never come to her, even in a dream.

"It was; it was the only stumbling block in his path."

"Then that child is the grandson of Sir Archer Beauchamp—the son of the French woman?" cried Lady Cecilia, eagerly.

Lady Frances bowed her head, and said nothing.

"The boy—where is he?" asked Lady Medway, again resuming her cold and unimpassioned voice.

"I told you—he was spirited away by his two enemies, Sir Walter and the Marquis of Sevenoaks," continued the younger lady.

"Your husband that is to be!—how is this?"

"Lady Cecilia, William Linley has forgotten me. His mother, who has so strangely disappeared, cured me of one proud, jealous fit. That was easily explained. But he has started on a strange and, I am told, unlawful service. Feeble as the wind, he even left that to fly to America with a beautiful quadroon. Would you not have me tear such a being from my heart?"

"How know you all this?" asked Lady Cecilia, half vacantly.

"An honest fellow, one Shipton, who left the service on finding its illegality, came to England, and wrote me a narrative of the whole affair. At least, he sent it to one Gaskill."

"My husband's solicitor," said Lady Cecilia, faintly.

"Ah!" cried Lady Frances, eagerly—"then 'tis, perhaps, all calumny."

"Fanny, you are unhappy and in distress, or I could not allow my husband to be so lightly treated by you. No matter; tell me this *honest* fellow's story."

Lady Frances gave Shipton's account of the pirate, the loves of Linley and Quadroona, and their *elopement* to America.

"This may come from the Marquis of Sevenoaks," said Lady Cecilia, after listening attentively.

"It may. Would that I had not refused to receive his letters from America!" she cried, in reply. "My undoing has been my own. My pride was hurt. My father happened just then to press me very closely; the marquis seconded his efforts; Lady Hawksby schooled me, and I yielded. Monday next I shall be Marchioness of Sevenoaks."

And the beautiful girl laughed, but in a way that was terribly painful to her auditor.

"It would have been wiser to hear his defence," said Lady Cecilia, gravely, "Marriage is a very serious thing. Some giggling girls treat it lightly enough, but 'tis, at least, as serious as death. That unbinds; the other binds, and with no silken chains always. I *have been* very happy, but the most fortunate of us may be deceived."

"We may, indeed," sighed the young girl. "Could you not delay your marriage? Another letter may arrive, or he may come himself."

"I fear not. My father wishes to leave town. The marquis is eager for a tour in Scotland."

"And yet, Fanny, you have, if I mistake not, your ready woman's wit to try," said Lady Cecilia. "I will speak to Sir Walter. Perhaps I may do some good. *If* this young man is really the grandson of Sir Archer, would your father object?"

"A union with the Beauchamps was the vision of his youth," replied Lady Frances.

"Then try. Medway will do anything to please me."

There was a tap at the door, and then it opened, giving passage to Sir Walter Medway, who paused, in real or affected admiration, on the threshold.

"Is there admission allowed into Paradise?" he said, with a smile—one of his most winning ones.

"Come in, come in!" cried several voices.

"That depends on the character in which Sir Walter appears," said Lady Cecilia, with the gravity of a queen.

"How so, my fairy queen?" replied the husband, gaily.

"Is it as an angel and herald of good news, or as the serpent which tempted unto *sin* and *death?*" replied Lady Cecilia, with a peculiar intonation of voice which was imperceptible to all but one, and *he* shook in every limb.

"As neither," he answered, however. The man had nerves of iron. "I come to say that, weary of solitude, I come to bid you *adieu*. I am going to my club. I could not leave without inquiring how you were. I was fearful that the fatigue of company might have tired you. But I am answered. I perceive that you look charming, even amidst so lovely a circle."

There was a general murmur of applause at this gallant speech; and Lady Cecilia, forgetting all but her undying love, held out her hand, while tears rushed unbidden forth, and suffused her cheeks.

Sir Walter bent and kissed it. A warm pressure was the reply, and he left the room completely re-assured. He had clearly misunderstood the severity of her former speech.

He had suspected for a moment that all was laid bare. He had noticed the proximity of Lady Frances Herbert, and her usual distant manner. At the worst, then, his unfortunate wife had only discovered something in connexion with his persecutions of William Linley. He determined, on his return, to know the worst, and went down stairs with the full intention of drowning care, in the meantime, at his club, in the fumes of wine and the wild intoxication of gambling.

In the hall was Pip, with a message from Dr. Jonas Pollyblank. He wished to see Sir Walter immediately.

The colonel dismissed the boy, and then went out into the street. The first cab he found he leaped into, and drove to Raven Row. His brain was on fire now. The vague suspicion about his wife, the rapid return of his emissary, were both sufficiently alarming symptoms. Had he succeeded already? It was of no avail to suppose—the reality was what he must arrive at.

"Well," he cried, the moment he was in the presence of Doctor Jonas Pollyblank, "what news?"

"Bad—failed!" replied the other, somewhat sullenly.

"How failed?"

"Failed and found out!"

"Found out?" gasped Sir Walter, looking round as if ready to fly.

"Found out and caught!" said the old poisoner, maliciously.

"Explain yourself!" cried the impatient colonel.

"Listen. I went down—I settled with Gardiner—the fool hesitated, but I soon brought him to reason. He started for Stoke Pogeis Manor, when suddenly a man named Beckford——"

"Beckford!" cried Sir Walter, musing a moment.

"And that infernal young imp, Jack Hopton, burst upon me, took me into custody, and then rushed up to the Hall. What took place there I know not, for, in their absence, I escaped."

The doctor then, at the request of Sir Walter, told the story more fully, and added, that Jack Hopton had been the means of discovering their intentions.

"Our secret in the hands of that accursed imp!" cried Sir Walter—"how know you that?"

I found that he was absent. I went up to his room, and ferreting about, discovered a trap door, by which, when we speak loud, he can always hear us. He may have only caught a name or two, but that was enough, it appears, for the officer."

"The officer!—what officer?" exclaimed Sir Walter.

"Beckford."

"Beckford of Douro?" cried the agonised colonel.

"The same."

"Then *is* all lost. That man is a demon. He has been upon my track for twenty years, and hitherto has failed to discover anything. But now——"

"He knows nothing but what that driveller, Gardiner, and the nurse, may be able to say. They but suspect, I can prove an *alibi*, and Gardiner may explain all as he can."

"You made no allusion to me?" said Sir Walter, eyeing him keenly.

"Certainly not. I have no wish to swing, even in company with an officer in His Majesty's service," said Pollybank, brutally.

"Pollyblank," answered the colonel, quietly, without noticing this insolent coupling of their names—"nevertheless, we are in danger. You have found the papers?"

"I have," replied the other, quietly.

"They must be destroyed."

"On the contrary, they must be kept," continued the old poisoner.

"For what purpose?" asked the colonel, somewhat angrily.

"As my security. We are not quits as yet Sir Walter," replied Jonas.

"Man!" cried Sir Walter Medway, beside himself with passion—"those papers may hang us both. They must be destroyed. This Beckford will find you, and, when he does, woe betide you. He will enter here, armed with a search warrant, and then how will you explain their possession?"

"Leave that to me, Sir Walter," said Jonas, coldly; "they shall not be found. But I doubt the people at Stoke Pogeis proceeding to extremities. No harm has been done—they will avoid exposure."

"Probably; but with these papers in existence, I shall know no rest. The dwarf, Jack Hopton, will miss them, and then you will, at once, be suspected."

"Should the young imp return here, I will know how to deal with him. But you, Sir Walter, have made me great promises. I must have a hold upon you," continued the cold-blooded old poisoner.

"Have you not the secret of my crimes?" said Sir Walter, doggedly.

"Of crimes attempted. I have no proof. This is proof positive that I hold—papers despoiling you of every hope of wealth and rank. I have examined them carefully. Keep your promises and they are yours, I shall have no further use for them. I shall leave England. Another land will furnish me more joys than this cold and impassive climate."

Sir Walter bent his face upon the table, and appeared wrapt in deep reflection. The pause was brief. When he raised his head he was quite calm. Every trace of emotion had disappeared.

"As you please. Mutual confidence had been more politic," he said, with a faint sneer, "but as you appear suspicious, let it be so. You shall keep the papers, but I have warned you of the consequences—*they may be terrible!*"

Had Doctor Jonas Pollyblank remarked the strange expression of Sir Walter's eyes as he said this, he would scarcely have turned up his lips so much in scorn as he did on the enunciation of these words.

"I will take all risk. To-morrow will perhaps bring forth news from the enemies' camp. Gardiner may have got rid of the poison ere Beckford arrived. But I think not."

"To morrow!" said Sir Walter, rising—"who knows what the morrow may bring forth? But never mind—time will show. You must deny everything. If Gardiner accuses you, lay it to his blundering stupidity."

"He may accuse me in a moment of terror and frenzy, but he will not continue. I have him under my thumb," replied Pollyblank.

"I am safe, if you keep still," answered Sir Walter, rising. "Remember, all is not yet lost. Sir Archer is old; that, at least, is some consolation."

And, with the scorpion whip of conscience scourging his very soul, the arch plotter of crime left his confederate.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE PRAYER FOR DEATH.

BY MRS. GASQUOINE.

> "I have unlearned contempt." WILLIS.

> "The years draw nigh, when thou shalt say,
> I have no pleasure in them." BIBLE.

I have wasted many years
With a vain endeavor;
All the past hath been to me
High disdain shall sever;
All the future hath in store—
Hoping, sighing, evermore.

Let the eagle fold his wing,
Wherefore should he soar?
Since the heights, once verdure clad,
Bear their bloom no more.
And the summit now appears
Covered with the snows of years.

Who on earth would wish to stay?
Better far to lie
Where no dreams disturb the rest,
Where no tears bedim the eye,
Since the sun's most healing ray
With a shadow is at play.

I have wished awhile to live,
But to bless *thy name;*
Noisome, pestilential damps,
Have obscured the flame.
I am weary! let me rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast!

PHILADELPHIA, March 4, 1857.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

EVERY-DAY SCENES.

POLITICAL SHARPERS.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

No. I.

SCENE.—*A bar-room in the vicinity of the City Hall—Bummers and Politickers snoozing on chairs—Enter* MR. SWELLCHEST, *who considers himself some on Politics and wants an office.*

Swellchest.—Good morning gentlemen (*looking round the room and scrutinizing the company, then addressing the landlord*) any news stirring this morning, Mr. Frisby?

Frisby.—No, nothing special; there is Mr. Burnem, he, I believe, has received a tell-lie-graph dispatch from Washington, which, he says, is of some importance.

Mr. Swellchest.—Is your communication a secret, Mr. Burnem, or can you, without injury to yourself, make it public.

Burnem (*winking at the landlord*).—No secrets from our friends, and especially from you, Mr. Swellchest, who have done so much for the party; no man could have labored more zealously than you have done for the cause. It is very true I have received a few lines from a friend this morning, who is in the good graces of our esteemed friends in Washington. The purport of the dispatch is, that the "old man" who is to occupy the White House, is going to stand by the boys that have done the work, and these starch 'emstiffs who would not soil the bottom of their boots to serve anybody but themselves, are going to be sent up in a balloon, and none but the bone and sinew will stand a sight of a chance.

Swellchest.—Hooray! glorious news. Long life to old Buck! I knew he would not forget the boys. I wonder if he is aware of what I have done for him; made over two hundred speeches, spent all my own money and all I could borrow, hooked up my watch in a pop shop, and wore myself down to the size of Calvin Edson—just look at me now, I ain't hardly well yet, my legs look like a number eleven on a street door, and everybody asks me if I am in train to run down a gas pipe; but never mind, boys, it was in a good cause, and everything is all right now. Come, let's have a little anti-billious cordial.

Intellectual Bummer (*with a weak look out of the eyes.*)—"Well done, by the gods, Cicero could not have spoken better or more to the purpose. By Jove, you show a high order of intellect, and we must see if something cannot be done for you. Yes, my dear friend, *you* have done your duty—you have worked nobly, and we will stand by you to the last.

Swellchest (*highly inflated*).—No doubt of it, gentlemen, no doubt of it. Come, what are you going to have, sir? Call up your friends.

Intellectual Bum.—I shall be happy to have the honor of imbibing with you, sir. Allow me to introduce myself and friends. My name is Burbank—Erastus Cobden Burbank; these gentlemen are my particular friends, Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. George Philander (introducing two very dusty looking covies), literary gentlemen, sir; all attached to the press, and who will do all that *lies* in their power to further your interests, should you become a candidate for any office in the gift of the people.

Mackintosh and Philander (*winking at Burbank*).—Certainly we will—nothing would give us more pleasure.

Swellchest.—Thank you, gentlemen, for your kind consideration; I shall not forget you should it ever be in my power to help you. Have you all drank, boys?

Frisby—Yes, they have all drank; thirteen drinks just comes to one dollar.

Swellchest—How is that, Sandford? I thought thirteen drinks came to but six shillings and sixpence, but I suppose it's all right?

Frisby—All right, Mr. Swellchest, the press have been doing something for you already, the three literary gentlemen have been taking shilling drinks.

Mr. Erastus Cobden Burbank, struck with an idea, rushes toward Swellchest and grasps his hand warmly.—Sir I will bid you good morning, Mr. Smallchest, I must away to the office, as I have several editorials to write for the *Bunkum Flag Staff or the Trumpet Blast of Freedom*, and shall not forget to put in a good word for my friend (calling Swellchest aside) I shall give you a first rate notice sir, which will be of incalculable service to you for future reference in urging your claims for a good position. I trust, my dear friend, that you will pardon me for being so familiar on so short an acquaintance, but it's my way sir, my way, sir, and means no offence, but the fact is I imbibed a little too much last night, and going home rather late was knocked down in the street, or in plain words, "garotted," robbed of my wallet, and as I have to pay a little money at the office, I want to borrow ten dollars of you for a few days."

Swellchest—Certainly, Mr. Burbank, nothing will give me greater pleasure, (handing him a sawbuck very slyly) you will not forget the puff, and let it be a good one.

Burbank (*pocketing the money, and winking to Mackintosh and Philander*)—That I will, you shall be perfectly satisfied *when you see it in print. Exit Burbank, Mackintosh and George Philander.*

Swellchest (*addressing Frisby*)—Who are those gentlemen that have just gone out?

Frisby—I do not know; they look to me like dilapidated sports, they are no account, I reckon, anyhow; I guess they are on the dead beat. I have never seen them before, to my knowledge, and suppose they are on the pick up, there is plenty of those kind of roosters around. (*An audible groan from Swellchest.*) What's the matter, Mr. Swellchest? I hope they havn't *done* such a sharp politician as you are?

Swellchest, strutting round and shoving his coat back—No sir'ee, I am not so green as that comes to; but do you really think they are on the square? They seemed to talk very much to the purpose and understood me perfectly.

Frisby—Oh here comes an individual who can no doubt tell you all about them.

Enter Mr. Lemings, who appears to know everybody without any one knowing him—Are you acquainted with Mr. Burbank, Lemings?

Mr. Lemings (*who looks highly offended at the question*)—No sir, I do not keep such company. My style of acquaintance is in a higher sphere of intellect. I have heard of this fellow Burbank—light paper. He was once a pretty smart fellow, worked somewhere down town on a paper, but had full houses so often that nobody will hire him now. He is fast getting to be a little apple pig, and I am told he is now on sharp practice. I'd rush him (Burbank) the next time he drifts in here.

Swellchest (*rather down in the mouth and looking very disconsolate*)—Good day to you, gentlemen, I have urgent business that calls me instantly away. *Exit Swellchest, with his hat over his eyes.*

Frisby (*who has seen the pantomime between Swellchest and Burbank*)—Well, that Swellchest is a flat of the biggest kind, and that is just what I took him to be. He swallowed my tellie-graph, was made believe he was somebody, got talked out of his loose change and went away with a flea in his ear. So much for politicks.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A NATIVE OF WALL STREET.

Evidently written March 1st, by Moonlight.

[MR. EDITOR: I suppose the following Wall street Pastoral to have been dropped by a leading financier, who had been standing near the Exchange, just where I picked it up. I "know he was a leading financier, by a remark he made!" Said he, "Now I am a leading financier ——."

I hesitate between Commodore Vanderbilt, George Law, and Mr. John Thompson, in selecting the probable author; but in the meantime, lest so much beauty be lost, I submit the poem to you for publication; after which the author, if he wants it, may call for it.

A vile fellow at my elbow suggests that the third stanza contains two puns; one, on "wheat flour," and the other on "stock and notes;" which suggestion I repudiate. There are *no* puns in the ode. It is *pure poetry.*

Your friend and reader,
TIMBERICUS.]

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
(I'll borrow that, returnable on call)—
Breathe fair (and fair to middling) while I roam
On thy soft sidewalks, rural street of Wall.

On this 1st inst., early as it seems,
Of a much livelier feeling I advise.
Winter, that leading bear, is short; and streams,
Like bulls, are operating for a rise.

The farmer dabbles now in real estate,
Freely he takes a share in country lots;
Forks over his sweet flower-beds desolate,
Or capital invests in stock an' oats.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that Bank,
Where all day long his ominous discount rung,
The hurrying teller, waiting on the rank
Of clerks, as down their checks and drafts they flung.

Welcome to Wall street, sweetly smiling Spring!
Hail, thou whom innocence (and mud) bedecks!
Come to our bosoms, and our boots; and bring
Renewed activity in specs—and specks.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

JOHN JONES, JR. AND HIS LADY.

"Jack, can you let us know how you came by the Jr. appended to that ugly scrawl? We all know the patriarch of your tribe was the veritable Sam Jones, of Sandy Hook memory."

This interrogatory was occasioned by a slip of paper being passed across the card table, about daybreak one Sunday morning, on which was written, with a lead pencil—

"WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 12, 1856.
"I O U one hundred dollars.
"JOHN JONES, JR."

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Jack.

"Let's have it," was the simultaneous expression of the trio.

"I'll see you hanged first! You will laugh at me, and not at my tale, interrupt me forty times, drop the personal pronoun, call me egotist. You always serve me so. I know I am an egotist; everybody is; we imbibe it from our mother's breasts. It developes itself in youth, becomes firmly established as we approach manhood, and stands boldly out through every act of life at maturity. Do you remember?"

"Oh, hang your moralizing; give us the yarn."

"Can't do it; it tells against myself. You must think I am fond of being the butt of ridicule."

"Lock the door, Bill."

"That was done half an hour ago," said Bill, using the key facetiously as an eyeglass.

"Well, you won't laugh at me?" said Jack.

"No, no," said we all, "provided you give us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; no improbabilities," said Joe, interrupting him at the commencement.

"Now, if you interrupt me again prepare for a siege, for here I'll sit till Monday morning without another word on the subject."

"Well, go on; begin again," said we, conciliatorily, looking reproachfully at Joe. Thus encouraged, he proceeded:

"In April, '54, I landed in Memphis, Tennessee, procured a hack—and such a hack I never saw, except in Louisville, Ky. You recollect seeing Col. Pluck's ragged regiment on parade in Philadelphia? Well, all that procession required to make it complete was a train of Memphis or Louisville hacks. It was raining at the time, and this was Hobson's choice; but if I was going to be hung, I'd consider it a disgrace to ride in such a vehicle, and could not help asking the driver if he manufactured horses, observing that he had a pair of frames put together.

But don't judge of the city by the hacks and horses. The hotels are as good as I desire, which means they are good enough for any man, woman or child, in or out of existence. When going to the office to register my name, I was taken all aback by observing the two last names entered were John Jones and Mrs. John Jones, Mo., written in a hand so like my own, that any of my creditors would have sworn to the signature. Therefore, to prevent mistakes, I made my mark, John Jones, Jr., Md.

You will understand the Md. signified Maryland, but titles are so cheap in the Southwest, in ten minutes I had my diploma, and was Dr. Jones.

The only acquaintance I formed was a gentleman who asked me to "smile." This piece of courtesy caused us to become quite intimate, as we usually got dry about the same time, which was every half hour or so. I saw nothing of John Jones, Sr., but was slightly annoyed at finding some of my shirts missing, and in their stead some with gafftopsail collars, mine being all Byrons.

These little mistakes could be easily rectified, but I lost some handkerchiefs, marked Sallie, which caused me to envy Othello his revenge. You may suppose they possessed a fictitious value.

One day, upon returning from a walk, a servant told me a lady in No. 6 wished to see me. Here is the groundwork of an adventure, thought I; here have I been traveling thousands of miles, like Don Quixote, in search of an adventure, and, when I least expect it, one is forced upon me.

In half a minute I was rapping at No. 6. 'Come in,' said a low, musical voice. Of course I didn't walk in."

Here Bill and Joe, who had previously been too much under the influence of the drowsy god for interruption, brightened up, evincing unmistakeably that they were interested in the yarn.

"The lady rose immediately upon my entrance. If I could describe her, I would; but, unable to do the subject justice, you must imagine her a concentration of all that is lovely in humanity, without any of its blemishes."

"That won't do," said Bill; "what color was her hair?"

"A cross between a rainbow and aurora borealis, just then; I afterwards discovered it was auburn."

"Her eyes?" said Joe.

"They flashed so I could not tell, if my soul's salvation depended upon it; they proved dark hazel in less than a week?"

"Her nose?" "Grecian." "Her mouth?" Looked as if it was made expressly to be kissed; it would have been profanation to have thought her capable of putting bread and meat between such a pair of lips.

"Well, go on, go on."

"No more interruptions, or you hear no more. After the preliminary bow, I said the servant had told me she wished to see me. Her look of astonishment but served to confirm her reply, which was that it was a mistake; it was Mr. Jones she wished to see. I replied, 'that is my name, madam.' 'But,' said she, 'it was Mr. John Jones.'

I smelt a mice, but so long as there was any excuse for remaining, I determined to use it, and observed that my name was John Jones.

She laughed, and said her husband was named John Jones, and she was certain I was not the John Jones to whom she had reference. Unless it was that laugh, I have never yet been able to discover how my gallantry got the advantage of my habitual modesty."

"Jehosaphat!" said Joe. "Donner und blitzen!" said Bill.

"Unable to tell half the nonsense I uttered, let it suffice that I expressed my everlasting regret that I was not the happy John Jones, the possessor of such an inestimable treasure.

The next day, a servant requested me, addressing me by the title of Dr., to step up to No. 6, as Mrs. Jones had sprained her wrist."

"Why could not you have made it her ankle?" said Joe.

Without heeding the interruption, Jack proceeded: "I lost no time in obeying the summons. She smilingly extended her right hand as I entered. I, perhaps, squeezed it a little more than our acquaintance warranted. She then presented her left, to which I applied my lips, merely to ascertain if any fever existed."

"Of course," muttered Joe. "She would have jerked it away, but was restrained through fear of pain", which, I now ascertained, was acute. Bathing in cold water, and a cataplasm of opodeldoc, both remedies being applied by my own hands, in a short time I had the satisfaction to learn the pain had subsided.

Beginning to feel quite spoony, I determined to take the first boat for St. Louis. The next day the steamer Crescent stopped at the levee. I packed my duds, and arrived just as the last bell rung; at the same time a hack drove up, when who should get out but my bar-room acquaintance, whom I now discovered to be John Jones, Sr., and his lovely wife?

I would have returned to the hotel, but—"

"That's a lie," said Bill.

"He shook me cordially by the hand, introduced me to Mrs. Jones, saying business of importance called him to Chattanooga; his wife must go home, and if I would take her in charge——

'All aboard?' bawled the Captain. We hurried on board, giving her in charge of the chambermaid. I went to the hurricane deck to wave a last adieu to my namesake, thinking at the same time, "you have come the giraffe over me this time, Mr. Jones, by saddling me with your discarded mistress.'

I caught his eye immediately. He pitched something to me, which proved to be a portmonaie, resembling an inflated toad fish.—The Chickasaw bluff was still in sight when I began to examine its contents, which consisted of one hundred five dollar bills.

Very conflicting were my emotions on making this discovery; first I determined to throw it into the river.

"In a horn!" said one of his tormentors.

"Returning to the saloon I purchased two tickets for St. Louis. 'What name?' said the clerk. 'John Jones,' said I. 'And the other?' said he. 'Mrs. Jones,' said I. 'Letter B,' said he. 'You be hanged, thought I.

I now sought my fair friend, waited on her at tea, and promenaded the saloon and deck till ten o'clock. Leaving her near the door of her state room, I sought the clerk and asked the number of my room. 'Letter B,' said he; 'the key is in the door.' It turned out as I expected, we were billeted as man and wife, but you never saw a poor devil worse perplexed than I, to inform her of the arrangement, for to every hint of mine she had heretofore proved unapproachable.

I however staggered through with it, when she said most emphatically, 'You must inform the Captain of the mistake, and get a room if one is to be had, which I doubt very much.'

I pottered off without the slightest intention of following her injunction. Returning shortly, I informed her that every room and berth was occupied."

'You deserve no commiseration,' said she, 'but we will compromise. I will retire, and give you a signal by blowing out the light when to come in. I will take the lower berth, do you take the upper, but if you so much as attempt to look in the lower, we can never be friendly again.'

I never slept sounder in my life. The next day, we had a mutual understanding. She proved to be the lawful wife of John Jones, Sr. I gave her the five hundred dollars.

In three days she landed at a beautiful little city but a short distance below St. Louis, giving me a pressing invitation to pay them a visit upon the return of her liege lord, which would be in two weeks.

'If you don't tell him of this scrape, I promise.'

'Ah, I must indeed! He does love to have a hearty laugh, it will do him so much good.'

'Then you will have to excuse me, madam.'

She appeared hurt at my refusal and said, if I would come down in two weeks she would promise not to mention it untill I had left. I kept my promise, and so intimate did the two John Jones become, that I absolved Mrs. Jones from her promise, and in about three weeks, let her tell the story in her own way as we sat at dinner.

We parted early in June, with mutual regret.

'I suppose so,' said Bill, 'but tell me one thing more; where did you sleep the balance of the passage?'

'In the upper berth, of course, madam occupying the lower.'

'Probably,' was Bill's brief commentary.

W. W. L.

Peeps at Current Events.

Dr. Kane's Last Hours and Death.—The *Mirror* has a letter from a young lady who is spending the winter at Havana to her father in this city, containing some touching incidents preceding and following the death of Dr. Kane, at Havana:

Havana, Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1857.

Dear Father: Last Wednesday we were startled by a report that Dr. Kane was dead—though we afterward learned that he still lived, although speechless and motionless from another attack of paralysis and apoplexy together (so the doctors said), which rendered his case perfectly hopeless. We were all very much surprised, for he had been out riding on Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday his brother was at the breakfast-table as usual. His poor mother has watched by him almost constantly until yesterday, when, as you will have heard long before this reaches you, her care as well as that of his brothers and the faithful Morton, was no longer necessary.

February 20—I left this letter unfinished that I might send you something more about Dr. Kane. though I did not dream of all I have to say. The day after her son's death, Mrs. Kane sent for Mrs. Almy. She seemed quite composed; she said she knew it would be long before she could realize that Elisha (as she calls him) was dead, for she was so accustomed to his long absences, she would be sure to find herself almost expecting his return from some dangerous expedition. She felt perfectly certain that from the time of his last attack, though he could neither speak nor move, and even his eyes were fixed, that he recognized them all; that he evidently knew his brothers' voices; and she knew by the expression of his face when she read to him, which were his favorite Psalms and passages of Scripture—to the very last she thought him perfectly conscious of everything that was going on around him. Was not that a comfort for the poor mother? "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

So many persons asked to be permitted to see him, his brother at last consented. Last evening they placed him in a room not far from ours, which was open to whoever chose to visit it. The coffin was partly wrapped in the folds of the American flag; near it was the outer box which was to receive it, with the direction: "Hon. Judge Kane." Thus his idolized son returns for the last time to the father's house! Little did we ever think, dear father, that we should look upon that face in death. Those who had seen him before said it was very natural; the features were like those of the portrait in our book, though, of course, very much emaciated.

After tea, as we were talking with some ladies in the parlor, Frances passed through the hall with something in her hand, which she signified belonged to me. Would you have imagined anything so kind? I found it to be a note from Mrs. Kane to me, with some verses she had copied, with her own hand, to send me. I would enclose both to you, but I am afraid they might by some possibility be lost, so I will copy the note for you here, and also my answer to it, for I should like to know if it meets your approbation. I was fearful it might seem cold, from my very dread of saying too much; but this morning Frances tells me that dear Mrs. Kane liked it exceedingly, which, you may be sure, has made me feel very happy indeed. Here is what I received:

My Dear Miss W.: Your father told me you were so interested in everything relating to my son, that I have (though with a trembling hand), copied a few lines of poetry, that came out with our last letters, for you, to accompany my grateful thanks for the messages of kindness from your mother and yourself.

Yours truly,——.

My Dear Mrs. Kane: I do not know how to thank for your most unexpected remembrance of me at such a moment—when as a mother you mourn the loss of your noble son—while, as a Christian, you must rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, that he you lately "watched in fear" rests from his labors, in the arms of the everlasting Father. My mother sends you the assurance of her sympathy in your grief, and also in your glorious hope.

Yours most gratefully M. W.

This morning, at 7½ o'clock, the Captain-General sent one of the military bands to accompany the coffin, which was followed by some fifty American gentlemen, and afterward an empty hearse, to the Plaza, where it was met by the Captain-General's staff, on horseback, and the different Consuls and Spanish officials, who formed a brilliant escort to the wharf. There a Government barge was in waiting to take it to a steamer.

Drugging a Man to Force a Marriage.—Drugging women for matrimonial purposes—or worse—has long been comparatively common; but it would seem by the following, from the Philadelphia correspondence of the *Tribune*, that men are not safe from such practices, unless they *keep out of bad company:*

It appears that there is a woman living in the lower section of the city, who is about 25 years of age, good looking, but whose virtue is not of the most rigid character. She became acquainted with a retired merchant who resides among the wealthy in Arch street, and who is the father of quite a large family, all of his children, however, being grown up and married. The old gentleman was in the habit of visiting this woman's house, and she desirous of bettering her condition financially, as well as in reputation, induced the old man to drink sufficient liquor, drugged, to render him stupid, and entirely willing to obey her instructions and behest in every particular. Ald. Enue was then sent for by the woman, he obeyed the call, thinking that his services were required to sign a deed, or some other legal document. On entering the house he discovered that his presence was desired to perform the marriage ceremony, but he soon found that the man to be married, whom he (the Alderman) well knew, was so stupid as to be unaware of the position he occupied—concluded to decline performing the duty, and for the purpose of relieving himself from the dilemma without exciting the suspicion of the woman, he stated that he would have to return to his office for the purpose of getting the marriage form and a certificate to be given to the happy parties. The Alderman, on returning to his office, sent an officer to the son of the old man and informed him of where his father was and the critical position he was in. The son, in company with High Constable Nutt and another officer, immediately proceeded to the woman's house, and after gaining admittance got the old man out of the house. The woman followed the party out on the pavement, and endeavored to induce the old man to return, finding all her persuasions to be lost, she commenced to fight, and one of the officers received a very pretty black eye from her delicate fist. The distress of the son when he found his father in the power of this woman, and so stupid from drink as to be entirely helpless, can be better imagined than described.

Dying at His Post—A Sad but Noble Sight.—The Joliet (Ill.) *Democrat* tells the following touching story, noble enough in character to compare with that of the Roman sentinels who died on their posts at the destruction of Pompeii:

A sad, but beautiful and touching scene, was witnessed at the accident at the Du Page bridge. On the morning after the accident the slow tolling of a bell was heard. On looking to see whence it came, it was discovered to proceed from the engine as it lay submerged in the water. The waves, as they foamed and surged over the sunken engine, swayed the bell, which alone with the smoke pipe appeared above the water, and caused it to give a slow, tolling sound. When the engine was raised from the water the engineer was found in a standing position, with his stiff, cold, icy hand firmly grasping the throttle valve, as though amid the thick darkness he had discovered the perilous condition of the train, and had sprung to avert the ruin. But it was too late—the engine and train with its precious freight of life and property, went down, and during the dreary night the engine-bell and the mad, rushing waters rang out a solemn requiem for the dead. It is probable that had not the freight train gone down as it did, the passenger train from Chicago, due two hours later, and loaded with sleeping passengers, would itself have taken the fatal plunge.

New York and Brooklyn Suspension Bridge.—The bill to incorporate the New York and Brooklyn Suspension Bridge Company, now pending before the Legislature, provides that under the above name the corporation shall have the powers conferred by the Revised Statutes on any corporation, with power to purchase and hold such real or personal estate as may be necessary for the use of the Company.

2. The object of the Company is declared to be to erect a bridge over the East River, between the cities of New York and Brooklyn, in such manner as shall not obstruct the free navigation of said river, or impair the common right of highway on the navigable waters thereof.

3. The capital stock to be $[illegible],500,000, in shares of $25 each, with power to increase the same to $5,000,000. 4. The Governor of the State to appoint five Commissioners to receive subscriptions, who are to be residents of New York and Brooklyn. When $1,000,000 is subscribed, the Commissioners to call a meeting of stockholders, to elect 13 directors for two years. 5. Prescribes the powers and duties of directors, to fix the rates of toll, which are not to exceed the rates now charged by the Union Ferry Company, for a corresponding distance. 6. Provides for annual election of directors, after the first two years. 7. Gives directors power to enforce payment of subscriptions. 8. Gives the right of eminent domain, as extended to other corporations of similar nature. 8. Compels annual statement of the Company to be published in the newspapers. 10. Stockholders to be individually liable to amount of their stock for debts due laborers and workmen for services performed.

An American Girl Defeating British Troops.—Two or three weeks ago several deserters from the British troops stationed at Kingston, made their way across Wolf Island and the St. Lawrence to the United States. Some of them were badly frozen on the way, and one was taken in and cared for by Mr. Pluches, on Carlton Island, within the jurisdiction of the United States. On the 29th ult., a British officer, with a file of men, came upon the island, and endeavored to persuade the deserter to go back to Kingston, promising that he should not be punished. He refused, and the officer determined to take him by force. Mr. Pluches, with one of the hired men were absent. Another man was chopping wood at the door, and Mrs. Pluches and two daughters were in the house. The woman sent the man off after Mr. P. and his companions, and soon afterwards the officer ordered the deserter to be brought out. Five soldiers rushed into the house but the others were prevented from entering by the eldest daughter, who dashed the fifth man back as he entered, and he rolled upon the ground outside. She then closed the door and locked it, and taking her position before it, declared that if the four who were left inside took the deserter out, they would have to pass over her dead body. By this time Mr. Pluches and his men were seen returning, and the officer out of doors called for his men to come out and run. The thing was easier said than done, however, as the brave girl maintained her post; and it was only on a solemn promise being given by them to observe the laws and respect the soil of the United States in future, that the imprisoned soldiers were released, and with their officers allowed to beat a hasty retreat.

A Brave and Heroic Deed by an Irish Laborer.—We are told that a laborer on the Watertown and Rome Road saved a train of passenger cars from a smash-up in the following heroic manner: Before it was known to the conductors and engineers that the freshet had washed away the embankment near Taberg, an Irish laborer being on this side of the gap, and knowing that the morning train from Rome was nearly due, and knowing that from a thick fog that was prevailing, it would be impossible for the engineer to see it in time to stop his train, he saw at once that an alarm to be serviceable must be given on the other side of the break. But how should it be done? The water was pouring through the chasm so deep and rapid that fording was impossible; he had no boat to pass over the pond above, and there was no time to be lost, so he plunged into the cold, icy water and swam the pond far enough out not to be drawn through by the current formed by the break, and thus gave the alarm on the other side in time to save the train from a smash and the lives of those on board from destruction.

Heavy Haul of Goods and Rogues at Keyport.—On Monday last, during the heavy gale, a small yatcht, manned by five men, and having in her goods and valuables to the amount of some $4,000, was blown ashore near Keyport, Monmouth county. New Jersey. Several persons hastened down to the beach to their relief, and immediately suspected, from the appearance of the goods and the evident anxiety of the men to escape observation, that some roguery was concealed. Ex-Captain Walling, of the Eighteenth Ward police of this city, was at Keyport, and was immediately notified. On reaching the boat he at once pronounced the goods the proceeds of a city robbery. The men and goods were locked up at the Pavilion Hotel until Tuesday morning, and brought up to the city by the steamer Keyport on that day. Here they were taken in charge, and the men—who gave their names as George Carle, George Masterson, Michael Welch, James Perry and John Thompson—locked up. The goods were found to have been stolen from the Cunard docks at Jersey City on Sunday, and to be part of a consignment to Reidel, Volckmann & Co., of 130 Broadway, which arrived lately by the Cunard line. Great credit seems to be due to ex-Captain Walling and the others engaged in the arrest and recovery

Arrest of an Extensive Forger.—The Wheeling, Va., *Times*, gives the following particulars of an important arrest, made in that city a few days since:

"Yesterday afternoon, Mayor Caldwell made an important arrest at the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The man arrested had represented himself to be one of the editors of the St. Louis *Sun*, and registered his name at his hotel as A. H. Everett. He is suspected of being an extensive forger, and circumstances transpiring since and before his arrest, tend to confirm this suspicion. He presented a check for seven hundred and sixty-five dollars at the Bank of Wheeling, which check purported to come from Wm. E. Cole & Son, Baltimore, on Josiah Lee & Co., bankers of the same city, and by them accepted. The genuineness of the check, we learn, was doubted, and consequently refused. It was subsequently negotiated at one of the other banks. A forged letter of introduction to the Mayor was the immediate cause of his arrest. Everett was accompanied at the depot by another man and a woman, all of whom were about to leave in the cars. When arrested he had a carpet bag in his hand, which he desired to hand over to his male companion, but which the Mayor insisted upon taking possession of. And it is a fortunate thing that he did. Among the contents of the bag were the following: $660 in gold; blank checks for five or six different banks in New York, five banks in Boston, five or six banks in New Orleans, four in Philadelphia, two or three in Pittsburg, five or six on the Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Chicago, a check for $640 27 on the Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank of Pittsburg, and marked "accepted, Wm. H Denny, cashier." Also, a blank acceptance of a bank in New York, and divers engraved certificates of stock in banks, railroads, and lumber companies. Also, a number of Dutch drafts, purporting to come from foreign savings-institution of Pittsburg, and a pair of gold bracelets, three breastpins, a pair of ear-rings, five or six dozen agate buttons, besides divers other articles, showing him to be an extensive operator in his line.

A Suicide from Want.—On Friday night of last week, a fine-looking and well-dressed Italian, giving his name as Victor Antonelli, applied at French's Hotel for and obtained a room, which he entered and locked. Late on Saturday the chambermaid reported that Antonelli was still in his room. The Superintendent sent word to him by a boy that he must pay for the room if he remained in it. The poor fellow sent back word that he had no money and was sick, and craved permission to remain another night. Leave was granted him to remain, and nothing further was thought about him till Sunday morning, when his room was still found to be locked. The Superintendent went to it, and after knocking several times without receiving an answer burst open the door, when the stranger was found hanging by the neck and dead. He was cut down—the body was still warm—a physician was sent for, who declared life to be extinct. The deceased had hung himself by a handcherchief from a clothes-hook in the wall. An overturned chair lay beside him. He had evidently mounted this chair and after securing the noose about his neck, kicked it from under him, thereby suspending himself.

Death of the Earl of Ellesmere.—The arrival of the Persia on Friday gave us the intelligence of the death of the Earl of Ellsmere, who so agreeably represented the British nation, at the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1853, in this city. The Earl died on the 18th February, at Bridgewater House, in the 57th year of his age. He is thus spoken of by English papers:

Lord Ellesmere was distinguished as a munificent patron of art, as well as for his liberality of sentiment and his freedom from party fetters and rancor. As a poet he showed considerable talent, his works being a translation of Goethe's Faust, and numerous translations of German lyrics, as also an original poem entitled "the pilgrimage," descriptive of his travels in the East. He was the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland—was educated at Oxford,—and afterwards took the name Egerton in place of his patronymic of Leveson-Gower. From 1820 to 1846 he was, for various terms, in the House of Commons; in 1827 was a Lord of the Treasury; from 1828 to 1830 was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in 1830 was Secretary at war. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Lord Brackley, who is in a precarious state of health.

Arrowsmith Sticks to the Georgia Revolver Story.—Mr. R. R. Cuyler, President of the Central Railroad of Georgia, has lately forwarded to the *London Times* documents and affidavits proving the falsity of the Arrowsmith revolver hoax. Mr. Arrowsmith, however, "comes to time," and forwards to the *Times* a document in which he sticks to his original statement:

"Sir: I have perused the letter in your columns of to-day from the President of the Georgia Railway, and also the depositions and certificates. My attention was attracted to the day mentioned in the depositions—viz., Thursday. Recollecting it was Friday I left Macon, and Saturday morning that I arrived in Augusta, I have referred to my diary, which I had not with me when I wrote my narrative, and which I have never opened since my arrival till now, and there I find the following entry:

"Friday, August 29.—Left Montgomery at 6 A. M. for Columbus; 3 P. M., left Columbus for Macon; left Macon for Augusta at a quarter past 7 P. M; reached at 3½ A. M.'

"For the fault of writing so grave a narrative without careful reference to the most minute particulars, I am to blame.

"The accuracy of the extract from my diary can be tested by the President, or any one interested, by reference to the registers of the Augusta Hotel at Augusta, the hotel at the railway terminus, Macon; the hotel at Columbus, and at the Montgomery Hall, Montgomery, in which registers I signed my name. In connection with my name at these places, is that of a gentleman who traveled with me from Mobile, whose name I do not recollect.

"There are also other names in connection with mine at Augusta and Macon, of persons who, no doubt, traveled in the same train with me. If any of those could be brought forward to give like evidence, the denial would be complete, and I should be happy to partake of the unbelief it would warrant; but it would not establish for me, with those who know me, a character for "mendacity" or depravity of mind and intellect—nor would it ever obliterate from my mind the sight of the body of the young man killed in the car, or the tears shed by the father, who went in the same omnibus to the hotel in Augusta with me, when he said he was the last child left.

"Were I as free to meet the Judgment day as I am in this matter, it would be well with me.

"Liverpool, February 13.

"Respectfully,

"Jno. Arrowsmith.

"P.S. As an act of justice, please say that the heading "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia," was your own."

Death of a Haytien Minister.—Advices from Hayti mention the death of Hyppolite, Duke of the Band du Nord, Minister of the Interior and of Agriculture, who died on the 30th of January, at his residence in Port-au Prince, in the 63d year of his age. Lieutenant General Guerrier Prophete, Count of Terrier Rouge, was appointed his successor by the Emperor on the 3d of February following. The funeral ceremonies of the deceased, were very elaborate, and all the distinguished functionaries of the Empire, including the Emperor and Empress, took part in them. Hyppolite was one of the most estimable members of the Emperor's Cabinet, and freest from every kind of reproach upon his integrity and patriotism. He was born at Cape Haytien. He was sent to France as a pupil at the expense of the Haytien Government in 1799, and upon his return was employed in the Treasury Department at the Cape, then the seat of Government for the Northern District of the Island. He was elected a Deputy to represent Cape Haytien in 1812. Under the Presidency of Guerrier he was made a General of Division and President of the Council, and Commandant of the District of the Cape. Upon the elevation of Soulouque to the Imperial throne in 1821, Hyppolite received the portfolio which he held at the time of his decease and his dukedom. He was an uncommonly black man, and very fleshy. The resemblance of his features to those of Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was very striking, and has often been remarked. He possessed considerable information and a good judgement. His death will be a severe loss to the Empire.

Carrying Away the Treasures of Carthage.—Accounts from Tunis announce that Mr. Davis, a gentleman who a few months ago obtained from the Bey permission to explore the ruins of Carthage under certain conditions, and who has been engaged during the last two months excavating in that locality under the auspices of the British government and the Museum, has made some valuable discoveries. An Arab having found a piece of elegant mosaic, Mr. Davis was induced to push his excavations in that spot, and his labors were rewarded by the discovery of the remains of an ancient temple, which is believed to be that of Dido. After cutting through two layers of flooring, which must have been laid down at lengthened intervals, he came on a most splendid piece of mosaic of many yards in area, and in which were delineated two heads, each three feet high, supposed to be those of Dido and Juno, besides several graceful eastern figures, and a number of highly elegant devices and ornaments, equal, it is alleged, to the most beautiful specimens of the art yet brought to light. Mr. Davis has taken every precaution to guard the mosaic from the influence of the weather. It is supposed that the British government will despatch a vessel to convey it to England, as well as other objects of interest which he has discovered.

Garotting in Athol, Massachusetts.—Last Tuesday evening, says the Barre *Gazette*, as Mr. Nelson Forbes, of Royalston, was passing along the road near the railroad at Athol depot, he was knocked down by a blow from the fist of a ruffian, and immediately seized by the throat, and while in this situation was robbed by an accomplice of his wallet, containing about $25 in money and a note of over $200; after which the ruffian who held him by the throat drew a dirk and threatened his life, but finally desisted and fled. On Wednesday a writ was placed in the hands of Sheriff Partridge, and one Reuben Harwood was arrested; and a writ was also issued against one Martin McKenney, who has not been found. Harwood has been identified by Forbes as the man who knocked him down and drew the knife on him.

A Train Among the Turkeys.—A few nights ago the train on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad ran through a flock of wild turkeys, killing two fine ones. One of them struck the head light, breaking the glass, putting out the light, and getting completely "bagged" in the lamp, from whence he was taken by the engineer. It is a question which was the most taken by surprise, the engineer or the turkey.

The Lee and Hume Quarrel and Homicide.—The following are the particulars of the unfortunate difficulty between D. C. Lee and David Hume, at Washington on Friday evening and Saturday morning of last week, which resulted in the death of Hume:

Solomon G. Heaton, on the inquest gave the following account of the first difficulty:—Saw the transaction at the President's levee; was passing towards the East Room with a lady, and near the doorway of the President's reception room came up in the rear of Col. Lee; noticed that he had one or two ladies with him; stood there for a moment, the crowd being so great could not pass; a gentleman coming from the reception room met them and seemed to be trying to pass us and go out; deceased was this gentleman; Colonel Lee stood rather facing deceased, and while in that position saw Col. Lee put his hand on his pantaloons pocket; he then spoke to deceased, and at the same moment stepped up to him and collared him, saying, "You have my pocket book;" could not say if deceased had a lady with him or not; Col. Lee remarked further that he should not let him go until he gave up the pocket book, and the Col. then called for assistance, turning his head towards witness; deceased did not reply immediately, but looked surprised; his first reply, that witness heard, was: "For what reason do you make this charge?" Mr. Lee did not seem particularly excited; Lee said: "Sir, I felt your hand in my pocket, and saw you take it out;" deceased replied that he had not taken the pocket book, and seemed surprised at the charge, and immediately inquired of Col. Lee his name; Colonel Lee gave his name, and turning to witness said, "Here is a gentleman who knows me;" Colonel Lee still retained his hold upon his coat during this conversation; witness said to deceased that he knew Colonel Lee; deceased began to get a little excited, manifesting some feeling, and said to Col. Lee, "Come go with me;" witness then passed Colonel Lee, and that is all he saw of the occurrence then.

About nine o'clock on Saturday morning Mr. Hume, in company with Mr. Walker, the reading clerk of the House of Representatives, proceeded to the Pension Office, and, as there was nothing in his appearance indicative of a hostile errand, was, on request, conducted to the room occupied by Col. Lee and several other clerks. Mr. Hume informed Col. Lee who he was, briefly alluded to his social and bussiness position, and, after attempting to show the absurdity of connecting him with pocket picking, demanded a retraction of the offensive charge which had been made on the preceding evening. This demand, it is stated, was made twice, if not three times. Col. Lee refused to retract; whereupon Mr. Hume struck him several times with a cane, and, while thus assaulting him, Col L. drew a pistol and fired. Mr. H. exclaimed, "I am shot," fell to the floor, and expired in a few minutes.

The Plaint of the Sacs and Foxes.—The Braves of the Sacs and Foxes have had an interesting interview with the Governor of Iowa, at the Capitol. They grieve for the loss of their hunting grounds. The Sacs and Fox Indians, in the time of Blackhawk and Keokuk, owned what is now the State of Iowa. By treaty, they ceded their lands to the Government, and removed west of the Missouri. A portion of the Fox or Musquaka tribe were not satisfied, and returned to their old hunting grounds. They claim that their chief reserved a portion of their lands, and that the chiefs of the Sacs were not authorized to act for them. Their object is to get possession of their old lands again. The Legislature, by law, now permits them to hold title to lands within certain limits. Their interview with the Governor was conducted with Roman dignity, and the speech of their orator for the occasion was a dignified and powerful specimen of native eloquence, which, doubtless, lost much of its strength by its imperfect interpretation. The chiefs and braves were in full costume, with faces painted, heads shaved, and dressed in a manner to indicate the rank and exploits of each. The chief Brave said: "We do not wish to offend you. You know a great deal. We know very little. We do not know anything. We talk to you as our brother. We have left our hunting grounds, and when we return we find everywhere the houses of the white man. We do not complain of you. We complain rather of our own people."

New Postal Arrangements with France.—The following are said to be the main points of the new Postal Treaty, just arranged between M. de Sartiges, French Minister at Washington, and Postmaster-General Campbell. The treaty is to take effect from the 1st of April:

The French Post Office agrees to pay for all mail transportation between France and Great Britain, exchanged between the French and American Post Offices, *via* England; also transit charges due to the British Post Office for said mails, and expenses of sea transportation due to the same office for mails exchanged between the French and American Post Offices by British packets.

The United States agree to pay the expenses of the transportation of the mails between the United States and France, dispatched from one of the two countries to the other by American packets, plying between France and the United States. Also, the expenses of the transportation of mails between the United States and England, exchanged between the French and American Post Offices by American packets plying to England.

The following offices are designated for the exchange of correspondence between the two countries, viz.: On the French side, Havre, and travelling office from Paris to Calais; on the American side, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Other offices may be established by mutual agreement.

The postage on letters to France will be fifteen cents per quarter ounce or fraction thereof, Prepayment is optional. The postage on letters to other countries with which France has postal communication, is to be the same as the rates charged to France.

A Madman in the Vatican.—The Pope Dead in Advance.—A letter from Rome says:

While sanguinary tragedies have saddened the inhabitants of Paris and Naples, eccentricities of a less homicidal character have amused the inhabitants of Rome, and especially the nocturnal pranks of a madman who recently gained access to the Vactican Palace, notwithstanding the scrutinizing glances of the Swiss halberdiers stationed in the grand corrider leading to the *scala regia*. It appears that this unfortunate aberrated individual succeeded in secreting himself in the precincts of the palace until the night was far advanced, when he suddenly aroused and alarmed the inhabitants of the Apostolic residence, by vociferating in stentorian tones that the Pope was dead, following up this startling piece of intelligence by another vague assertion, that he himself was about to succeed his Holiness, on the Pontifical throne, and that, at first fruit of his authority, he should order the Cardinal Secretary of State to be shot. It may be easily imagined with what consternation these overwhelming announcements were received, until the ill-omened individual was laid hands upon, and the state of his intellect discovered. The great gates of the Vactican have been closed at night fall since the untoward occurrence.

Terrible Tornado in Kentucky.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of a tornado which burst a few days since over the town of Augusta, Ky., and its neighborhood:

It commenced at twenty-six minutes past four o'clock, on Friday evening, and lasted ten minutes. The atmosphere was exceedingly disagreeable, and apparently of two colors. A dense volume, as black as coal smoke, was first visible, followed by a second the color of steam. The hurricane approached from the Ohio shore, demolishing and sweeping the timber before it, a width of one hundred yards, destroying the vineyard and residence of Mr. Leech, known as the "Ferry House." Loss $3,000. Also, the dwelling of Mr. Jno. Patterson, rendering it a total ruin. As the tornado crossed the river, the spray was thrown into the air an almost incredible height, said by some witnesses to be between three and four hundred feet. The bank on the Kentucky shore was torn and broken by the force of the wind, as if it had been bombarded by a heavy cannonade. At the landing on the Ohio side was a small trading boat, freighted with plaster of Paris casts, and containing a couple of Italians; this boat, together with the men, was whirled into the air a great height, and fell again into the stream bottom upward.

Kentucky Shakers and their Thrift.—An exchange says the Society of Shakers who settled in Mercer county, Kentucky, in 1809, still remain there, and, as they are everywhere else, they show themselves industrious and unobtrusive. They began with a farm of one hundred acres, and now have about five thousand, worth from $50 to $100 per acre. The community is divided into five "families," comprising between three and four hundred members. Their buildings are principally of brick and stone, and their fields are inclosed with substantial stone walls, one man being constantly employed in building and repairing them. Forty miles of wall cost them about $40,000. They have five hundred head of cattle, mostly shorthorns, from the best imported stock. Great care is taken of their cattle, and they thrive upon a course of feeding that is at once economical and wholesome. Cutting-machines are operated by horse-power capable of preparing a ton of feed in a very short time. The cuttings are mixed with a meal of corn and rye, ground fine. In 1855 they raised 3,100 bushels of wheat on about one hundred acres, but the past year that crop yielded but about eighteen bushels per acre. Last year, when fruit was plenty, they put up in sugar, for market, thirty tons of fruit of differeut kinds.

Bridging the Potomac at Washington.—Mr. Rives, the civil engineer charged with the duty of preparing plans and estimates for new bridges over the Potomac, in the District of Columbia, at the various points that have been suggested—at the Long bridge site, the Observatory point, on the piers of the aqueduct, and at the Three Sisters—is said to have sent his report to the Secretary of the Interior. The Washington *Star* learns incidentally that his recommendation is in favor of a bridge for horse vehicles and foot passengers at the Long bridge, with a bridge to accommodate a railroad at the aqueduct, (at Georgetown,) on the present aqueduct piers. According to his estimates it will not cost more to build both these proposed structures than to build a bridge that will accommodate a railroad at the site of the Long bridge. He is said further to report that while the railroad bridge at the Long bridge site will require ten years for its construction, both the other structures which he recommends, can be built in three years.

Sandwich Island Costume in the Cars.—A crazy man at Rochester, N. Y., entered one of the passenger cars on the Central Railroad, with nothing on but a hat, cloak, and a pair of boots. He took his seat in front of two old maids, who were traveling with three band-boxes and a pet canary. Shortly after leaving Rochester, the atmosphere became so oppressive that "the strange looking gentleman" said he would hang up his coat and "cool off a few." He rose up to do this, which gave rise to a screech on the part of the elderly ladies in the rear, that made the conductor suppose he had run over four hogs and a German organ-grinder. He rushed to the ladies. The ladies pointed at the lunatic, and fell back in a faint. Conductor says "shocking," and pulls the bell rope; train stops. Lunatic is encased in his cloak, and sent back to Rochester, in company with a brakeman and a hickory club.

Pistol Discharged at a Railroad Train.—Thursday evening, as the outward train on the Fitchburg Railroad was near the East Cambridge station, the passengers were startled by a bright flash through the car windows, and the near report of a pistol. Some villain had apparently aimed at the train, but fortunately the charge did not make an entrance. The conductor stated an evening or two previous, in the same vicinity, a stone was thrown at the cars, but the passengers escaped injury. Both these assaults came from the East Cambridge side of the track, and the Police should ferrit out the cowardly rascals.—*Boston Times.*

Improvement of the Hudson—The Albany Board of Trade on Wednesday last adopted a resolution directing that the Governor be requested to send a special message to the Legislature, asking for an appropriation of $100,000 to remove the bar at Castleton and to improve the navigation of the Hudson River above the town of Hudson; the money, if obtained, to be repaid by the Federal Government, when it shall make the next appropriation.

An Important Decision on Marine Risks.—A highly important decision has just been rendered by the U. S. Supreme Court, as to marine liabilities.—Eleven hundred and fifty-two bales of cotton had been destroyed by fire on a Mississippi steamboat, and suit was brought to recover damage from the owners of the line. They contended that they were exonerated, by that clause excepting from safe delivery on account of "risks of navigation." They considered the fire by which the boat was propelled one of the risks of navigation, and refused payment. In the Court below, judgment had been given for the plaintiffs, and the decree was here affirmed. Mr. Justice Campbell delivered the opinion of the Court—deciding that fire is not one of the risks included in the "perils of navigation," and the fact that fire produces the motive power of the boat does not change the liability. Risks, or perils of navigation, will excuse carriers in all cases of loss caused by sea, wind, or waves, acting upon a seaworthy vessel. Responsibility may be enlarged or narrowed by the articles of freightment, and by the terms of those articles must the responsibility be determined. Evidence may be admitted to explain doubtful terms, but not to change or contradict them. The terms used in the articles of freightment are very well understood, and have a legal and definite meaning—"risks of navigation excepted"—nor do they embrace losses by fire.

Arrest of a Wholesale Scoundrel at Milwaukee—Some of His Freaks.—The Milwaukee *Sentinel* gives an account of the curious proceedings of "Charles F. Hamilton, the St. Louis Detective, alias C. Wood, manager of the Apollo Minstrels, alias Captain Charles Shores, of the Kickapoo Rangers in Kansas, alias agent of the Philadelphia Kansas Relief Committee, alias &c., &c.," who was lately arrested in that city, after cutting up various "shines." It seems that he has been playing the confidence game in all the principal cities East and West during the last year. At one time he personates a "detective officer," at another the manager of the "Apollo Minstrels," then "Captain Charles Shores, of the Kickapoo Rangers of Kansas," and again the "accredited agent of the Philadelphia Kansas Relief Committee," in all of these having an eye to the main chance, never making the acquaintance of any one he did not at least try to victimize, by either borrowing or begging money from them on some pretence. He was supplied with letters of introduction from distinguished persons, which were found upon him when arrested, one of which was to the President elect, James Buchanan, who, by Hamilton's book, had paid him $10 for the relief of Kansas. He has levied heavy contributions in almost every town in Pennsylvania and Ohio, also on several persons in Chicago, among whom was the Mayor, who let him have $50. He has lots of contribution papers, on some of which as high as $1,000 have been paid; in Cincinnati, Columbus and Zanesville, Ohio, and Norristown, Pittsburgh, Reading, Philadelphia, Lancaster and Wheatland, &c., Pennsylvania. The people paid liberally, while the subscription paper read "that the money thus subscribed is to be distributed among the sufferers in Kansas, regardless of their nation or creed." His trunk was filled with pictures and cards of notorious lewd women, towels and clothing, &c., stolen from the different hotels, And, as if to meet all emergencies he had a china image of a manacled negro slave, in order more effectually to touch the hearts of his anti slavery victims. This man was once a member of the St. Louis Police, but was long since discharged from the service, and has forged the names of the Mayor and Chief of Police of St. Louis, to carry on his swindling acts.

A Wife Brutally Murdered.—On Tuesday last, the Coroner was called to hold an inquest on the body of Mrs. Sarah Miller, of No. 326 Madison st., who had died during the night before from innumerable wounds and bruises inflicted upon her by her husband, Joseph Miller. An examination showed that she was literally covered with injuries, and the evidence showed clearly that Miller had been in the habit of beating her in the most cruel manner. The neighbors had long been alarmed for her life, and on the previous night, after his beating her for two days, the cry of "murder" was heard to come from the house. Miller, who is an Englishman, was arrested, and locked up to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Decrease of Western Horses.—It appears by the Assessors' returns made to the Ohio State Auditor's Office, that horses are annually decreasing in that State. In 1854, there were 632,518. In 1855, there were 624,746. In 1856, the number is 621,443. Over 11,000 in three years. A very small portion of these have been brought to this market; probably not as many in the three years as in any one of the three preceding years; and the number will be still smaller in proportion to those years in 1857, owing to the high price of horses in the West. We suppose a portion of the decrease can be accounted for by the largely increased use of mules; but there must be a deeper cause than that; which we think we can explain.

A few years ago, when railroads began to be extensively built in Ohio, it was a matter of common observation that it would "ruin the stage business;" and as a matter of course destroy one of the farmer's most reliable markets for horses, and many determined at once to stop raising colts. Then came transportation of beef cattle by railroad, and a very great increase of price, and consequent conviction that raising and feeding bullocks was more profitable than raising colts and selling horses. The result has been the falling off in numbers noticed above, while at the same time there has been a great increase of prices. The value of the diminished number is set down at $5,000,000 more than the value of the whole before the decrease commenced.

[*Tribune.*

Fire and Death in Connecticut.—The farm house of —— Holmes in Winsted, was set on fire and burnt down at an early hour on Sunday morning. The occupants of the house were Mr. Holmes and wife some sixty odd years of age, and a little girl. They all rushed from the burning house with only their night clothes on; but Mr. Holmes attempted to re-enter to save his papers, and in the attempt lost his life by suffocation The last his wife saw of him he was on his hands and knees, partially strangled by the smoke. The nearest neighbor was half a mile distant, to whom Mrs. Holmes and the little girl, barefoot, and with nothing on but their night clothes, hastened for relief. The house and all its contents were consumed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of a negro, who has been arrested, and who is said to be a bad customer. The fellow's wife had left him, and it seems Mr. Holmes had taken the wife's part, and in consequence the negro had sworn vengeance. The negro had some warm words with Mr. Holmes on Saturday last.—*Hartford Courant.*

Obtaining Bonds on False Pretences.—Jacob De Baun, a Wall street operator, was arrested and locked up on a charge of defrauding Mr. Clement Flint and Mr. Enoch Hutchings out of bonds of the Flushing Railroad Company to the amount of $2,500, under pretence of having a chance to sell them. The parties could neither get back their bonds nor their value.

Wreck at Long Branch, and Narrow Escape of a Crew.—The schooner Anna Eliza B. went ashore at Long Branch in the heavy gale of Monday morning last, about three miles south of the Ocean House, and her whole crew narrowly escaped perishing. The mate swam ashore through the surf soon after she struck, and reached the house of Mr. Edward Wardell. The Captain and four hands remained on board all day confined to the rigging, whither they went to avoid the sea, which broke over the vessel. The surf was so high that no assistance could be sent to them from the shore until nearly night, when they came ashore, all being nearly frozen to death. Had they been compelled to spend the night on board they must have perished. As it was they were badly frostbitten, but were made comfortable at Mr. Wardell's, and have reached this city.

Jealousy and Murder, Probably.—At Leopold, Perry county, Indiana, young Thomas Webb was spending a social evening with a widow and her two daughters, one of whom was a young lady of eighteen, when a young physician by the name of Christian came into the house, and, on seeing the apparently pleasant relations existing between the inmates and the visitor became excited and retired, but in a short time returned, and without any warning rushed furiously upon Webb with a bowie knife and inflicted seven stabs upon him in the region of the heart. Fortunately, a large plug of tobacco and a folded newspaper in the inside pocket of his coat protected him from the force of the blows. Webb is in a very critical situation. The doctor fled. He is a man of education and a Creole of Louisiana.

A Mammoth Steamboat for the Mississippi.—Captain W. J. Kountz, formerly of the Crystal Palace, is now building a new and very large boat at Pittsburg. The cabin and machinery of the Crystal Palace are to be transferred to her. She is now ready to launch, and will be ready for business in six weeks after she is launched. The following are the dimensions of the new boat: The keel is 275 feet in length, extreme length 301 feet, beam 45 feet, extreme width, 76 feet, depth of hold 8 feet. The cylinders are 33 inches in diameter, wheel 45 feet, bucket 12 feet. She will be supplied with six boilers 46 inches in diameter and 30 feet long. She has two doctors. She will carry 1000 tons of freight on five feet water, and has a total capacity for 1800 tons. This new boat, which has not yet been named, will be a regular trader between St. Louis and New Orleans.

A Long and Crooked Suit.—The Wisconsin papers contain the decision in the celebrated case of W. S. Hungerford *vs.* Caleb Cushing, about the title to the property at St. Croix Falls, in that State. The decision gives Hungerford the property, and gives Cushing credit for permanent improvements. The suit was commenced in 1848, has had four changes of venue and been before the Superior Court eight times on collateral issue. There is hardly a lawyer in the State of any prominence who has not had some connection with the case. An appeal has been taken, and the case is as far from being settled as ever.

A Guard over Dispensing Medicines.—A bill is before the Pennsylvania Legislature to prevent the sale of improper medicines. It provides that no druggist or any other person shall sell or give away any medicines or medical compounds to any person unless the name thereof is written or printed legibly in English upon the bottle or covering of the medicine; or, if it be a compound, its component parts shall be stated. This is not to apply to medicines sold or delivered on the authority of a written prescription from a physician to his patients. Any violation of this act is to be punished by the imposition of a fine of $50.

California Avalanche and Loss of Life.—The California *Mountain Messenger* learns by private letter that on the night of the 4th inst. four men were killed at the Rough and Ready Quartz Ledge, Plumas county, by an avalanche of snow. The men were asleep in their cabin at the time of the occurrence, and were not discovered until the 7th inst., in consequence of the severity of the storm preventing persons from seeing the ruins of their cabin. A flume belonging to a company near by the cabin, was carried a quarter of a mile down the mountain by the avalanche, and large timbers were broken and twisted as though a hurricane had done the work.

A Double Smash-Up on the Harlem Road.—Early on Monday morning last, two trains, a Harlem and New Haven, were stopped just this side of Harlem village by a snow drift, when a third (Harlem) train came along, running into the other Harlem cars, and making a general smash up. Before the track was cleared another Harlem train came along, and another smash followed, a locomotive and two cars being wrecked. The windows of all the cars were smashed, but strange to say, not a passenger was injured. One of the engineers in jumping off, was caught between the locomotive and tender, and had his legs crushed.

New Traces of Sir John Franklin's Party.—Capt. Sherard Osborne has forwarded to the London *Times* the following extract of a letter, dated Red River Settlement, Hudson Bay Territory, Dec. 6:

I received a letter from Roderick by the last mail. and he expresses a wish that I should write to you by the first opportunity, and state more particularly about the reports we heard last Summer about some traces of whites being seen in the North. I have just returned from ——, who was at the Norway House last July, and saw the man who brought down an express to Sir George Simpson from Mr. Anderson in Mackenzie's River (district), stating that Indians had brought over reports to one of the trading posts in that quarter that Indians had seen two or more encampments of whites on an island on some point where Anderson and Stewart turned back (in 1855), and that one of the encampments particularly was quite fresh, supposed to have been abandoned a day or two before the Indians saw it, and from the traces thought there might have been about ten or twelve men. I could not hear of the exact locality further than that Anderson and Stewart were within a very short distance of the place where the traces were seen. I hope you have heard more particularly about the report.

A Neat Dodge of the Boys.—Telegraph Despatches Extra.—On Saturday night last three boys named Joseph Halloran, David Mahoney and —— McCabe, were taken into custody in this city, on a curious charge, and their examination revealed a new and very pretty phase of roguery. One of the boys, McCabe, was a message boy in one of the telegraph offices, and he furnished slips and envelopes to his companions, who filled them up with despatches from different quarters to hotel keepers and others, engaging rooms and giving other orders—the money for which they divided. The young scamps had been doing a good business, and have certainly taught their elders a new wrinkle.

What is Legal Tender.—The law regulating the payment of debts with coin, provides the following coin to be the legal tender, and we trust our readers will bear it in mind:—

1. All gold coins at their respective values, for debts of any amount.
2. The half dollar, quarter dollar, dime and half dime, at their respective values for debts of amounts under five dollars.
3. Three cent pieces for debts of amounts under thirty cents;—and
4. By the law just passed, we may add one cent pieces for debts of amounts under ten cents.

By a law of Congress, passed some four or five years ago, gold, instead of silver, was made the legal tender for large amounts. Those who, to get rid of large quantities of cents and small coin, sometimes pay bills with it, to the annoyance of the creditor, will perceive that there is a stoppage put to that antic by law.

Graduations at the New York Medical College.—The annual commencement of the New York Medical College took place on Wednesday evening last, and the following are the graduations:—James H. Brush, N. Y.; Henry W. Cansdell, England; Henry E. Crampton, N. Y.; John Crosby, N. Y.; P. F. C. Deslanders, France; Hugh Doherty, London, England; J. F. Duncker, N. J.; John M. Farrington, N. Y.; Herbert Fern, N. Y.; Moritz Froechlich, Germany; Ch. Pennington Frost, Vt.; H. S. Gilbert, N. Y.; Story Norman Goss, Vt.; Orange H. Green, N. Y.; Jos. Hafner, Germany; Jacob Henggeler, Switzerland; Francis Heuel, Germany; George T. Hough, N. Y.; John Q. A. Hawes, Maine; Offny H. Hornsby, Miss.; Levi Jewett, Conn.; E. E. Lee, N. Y.; L. Michel, France; John James Mitchel, N. Y.; Nehemiah Nickerson, Conn.; Mortimer C Northrop, N. Y.; R. J. O'Sullivan, N. Y; R. L. Parsons, N. Y.; W. Owen Smith, Bermuda; Jas. S. Wood, N. Y. Honorary degrees were conferred on the following gentlemen: Juan Lantuer, Cuba; Joseph Mears, M. A. Ala.; Stephen Rogers, Panama; John Grover, M. D. Maine; E. R. Paine, Valparaiso. The first prize for a thesis by the graduating class was awarded to Nehemiah Nickerson, of Connecticut, for his thesis on Infantile Paralysis; the second prize to N. E. Thrasher, of Codnecticut, for his thesis on the effects of climate and exercise on the quantity aad quality of food; the third prize to John M. Farrington, New York, for his thesis on the Psycophysical relations of man.

A Caution about Creeping into Houses.—The St Louis *Leader* tells the following: A gentleman on Sixth street was awakened last Monday night by a noise which he supposed was caused by some burglars breaking into his house. Seizing a fowling piece which was loaded with large shot for water-fowl, he crept softly to a window and raising it saw a man entering the back door of his house. Just as the individual was making the last step in, and his nether heel was on the door sill, the man of the house fired. A loud screech followed, and the whole household came rushing from their beds. Going down to the basement they found one of the sons of the family on the floor, with a large shot hole through one of his heel cords, and making a good deal of fuss. It seems that the young man, instead of being asleep like a good boy, had been off a "larking," and in his efforts to get into the house, at a late hour, had aroused his watchful father, who under the circumstances, mistook his progeny for a horse of another color.

Sad Suicide of a Physician.—Dr. Samuel B. Phillips, a well-known physician of this city, residing in Eighteenth street, near Ninth Avenue, committed suicide on Wednesday afternoon last, by taking prussic acid. He had been some time in a state of nervous despondency, now ascertained to have been caused by enlargement of the liver—but no fears had been entertained of an attempt on his life. Dr. Phillips was a native of Connecticut, 51 years of age, and had resided in this city for many years.

A Dog with an Ostrich Appetite.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) *Chronicle* tells the following story, which it requires a digestion quite as remarkable as that of the animal to swallow, of a wonderful dog owned by Mr. H. S. Akerman, of that city, who will eat metallic substances like an ostrich, and seems to prefer that sort of nourishment. At home, if a lady chances to lay a dress within his reach, he will gnaw off all the hooks and eyes, or buttons, and eat them; and pick up and swallow all the pins, tacks, small nails, and the like, which he finds lying round—and he always seems to be hunting after such things, too. It takes him some time to swallow a pin, as he bends it into a sort of coil first; and he frequently tries to eat needles in the same way,—but never swallows them, because he can't bend them up.

Wreck and Heavy Loss of Life.—In the gale and snow storm of Monday, the brig Ellen Maria, of Frankfort, from Cardenas for Boston, went ashore at 3 P. M. on the beach at Orleans, Cape Cod, and her master, Capt Curtis his cook, and a boy, were drowned. The Ellen Maria had also on board Capt. Treat and crew, late of the bark E. Churchill, of Frankfort, which was lost near Cardenas—of these, Capt. Treat, his cook and four men perished. The Vineyard pilot, Mr. Wm. Clark, who was on board, also perished.

Protest against Senator Cameron.—The *Pennsylvanian* states that a protest against the election of Senator Cameron, signed by 15 Democratic members of the Senate, and 43 of the House, has been forwardd to Senator Bigler for presentation to the Senate of the United States. The names wanting are those of absent members. The points made against his admission are: 1. That he had not a concurrent majority of both branches. 2. The want of notice of the appointment of Tellers; and 3. A charge of fraud and corrupt influence on the part of Mr. Cameron to procure his election. It is stated that Senator Bigler will press the matter upon the consideration of the Senate, and endeavor to secure his colleague's rejection.

Literary Losses at Canton.—Among the losses sustained by the burning of the foreign factories at Canton is to be regretted the irreparable one of Williams' printing establishment, including the large founts of Chinese type, and copies of nearly all the works which were issued during the twenty-four years the press had been in operation, and some of which will never be reprinted. Besides these, Dr. Hance's valuable collection of botanical works has been consumed.

A Stop to the Hudson Navigation.—The sudden cold weather at the beginning of last week, again filled the Hudson with ice; and the Hendrik Hudson, Francis Skiddy and New World, which vessels left this city for Albany on Monday night, were frozen up at Castleton, their passengers being obliged to remain on board until the next day. The communication has since been partially carried on.

The McDonough Estate.—Baltimore and New Orleans.—The last instalment of statements in reference to this estate, is contained in the annual report of the Commissioners appointed to watch over the interests of New Orleans in regard of McDonough. The Board of Commissioners similarly appointed to combat for the rights of Baltimore, between which City and New Orleans there has been constant war since Mr. McDonough died, refuse to concur in the New Orleans report. So, to make matters straight, both are opened before the public. The property has now increased to $2,333,991. The annual income $66,200. An enormous cost and waste is charged, and the tenements in New Orleans are said to be fast becoming a disgrace to the city.

A Young City Building a College.—The citizens of Carbondale, Jackson county, Ill.,—a new village only two or three years old—have donated one thousand acres of land, worth $50,000, for establishing a College, to be under the auspices of the Presbytery of Alton. There are $1,500 in cash subscriptions, in addition to the land.

Water for Brooklyn.—The authorities of the city of Brooklyn have at length taken up the water question in earnest. By a recent act of the Legislature, the Nassau Water Company's property, including all their lands, right of way, ponds, &c., have become vested in and owned by the city. They have also, by a decree of Judge Strong in the Supreme Court, confirmed the Commissioner's report taking all the land known as Mount Prospect square, one hundred and ninety-eight feet above tide-water, for a reservoir and park, giving therefor the following sums, viz: To Geo. R. Ives, $55,810; Rollin Sanford, $17,025; Geo. J. Stephenson, $2,570; Robt. Sherwell, $2,700; Jas. R. Phalen, $4,977; other owners, $15,000. It is contemplated that water shall be in Brooklyn within twelve months. Over five hundred men have been employed in the works for the past four months.

A New Ferry Slip.—A new slip is being prepared on the New York side, for the use of the contemplated ferry between the foot of South Tenth street Williamsburgh, and James street, New York, and on the Brooklyn side the bridge float is built and ready to be launched. The Company promises to run its boats before the 1st of May.

Lectures on the Kane Expedition.—Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, Surgeon of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, has accepted an invitation to tell the story of his Arctic experience, in two lectures, at the request of prominent citizens of Boston.

U. S. Agricultural Society.—The Committee of the United States Agricultural Society have issued a notice of the Fifth Annual Fair for the trial of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, to be held at Louisville, Ky., in the coming autumn. Inventors and manufacturers, both in this country and abroad, are invited to participate. A separate trial of reapers and mowers will be provided for the appropriate season.—All communications on the subject should be addressed to Henry S. Olcott, Esq., at the American Institute, New York.

Beauties Coming Down.—There is a glut of Circassian girls now in the Constantinople market, and the price of handsome ones has come down from $500 to $25, at which latter price it is to be hoped that they will send a few over.

Photographing a Patient and Her Disease.—A Hint for the Ladies.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Times* has the following capital story—true or false—in one of his racy letters:

One of the richest proprietors of the quarter Beaujou of this city, is so jealous of the beauty of his wife that he never yet called in a doctor even in the most critical moments of illness or suffering through which she had to pass. But lately a violent phlegomonous inflammation declared itself in the side of the handsome patient, in the presence of which the ordinary female physician of the family and the nurse declared themselves incompetent. This time the intervention of a doctor was imperative. But inasmuch as the disease was entirely exterior, the husband, who occupies himself a little as an amateur with photography, conceived the idea of taking an exact likeness of the seat of the malady, then to color it and carry it to the doctor. This was done; the doctor examined the photograph with a microscope and prescribed. Every morning a new proof of the disease was sent to the doctor, who judged thus *de visu* of its decline—the patient got well. When the hour for settling the bill arrived, the husband, as economical as jealous, endeavored to diminish it, pretending that he ought not to pay for simple consultations the same price as for visits at the bedside. But by the advice of a friend he was made to understand that he had better settle the affair amicably with the doctor, otherwise the latter, who held his photographs, might some day make his wife figure in the book of pathology for general circulation. The friend's advice was adopted.

Garotting at St. Petersburgh.—A letter from St. Petersburgh, of the 20th, in the Paris *Constitutionnel*, says:

The police have just arrested fifteen individuals, charged with attacks on and robbery of isvotchiks or drivers of sledges. The plan adopted by these men was as follows: At a late hour in the evening, two of them took their seats in a sledge, and ordered the driver to proceed to some distant part of the city or to the extremity of some faubourg, where at that hour the streets were completely deserted. At a given moment, one of the robbers threw over the head of the driver a net, with a cord having a running knot to come tightly round his neck, so that in order to avoid strangulation he gave to his assailants all the money he had received throughout the day. During the last fortnight upward of one hundred drivers have been victimized by this trick.

There is now in the prison of St. Petersburgh a skillful rogue, who has directed his attention to higher game. Having heard that the Archbishop of St. Petersburgh had left his pastoral cross at a jeweler's, to undergo repairs, he went to the shop and said:

"I come from Mgr. the Archbishop, who requests that you will immediately give me the cross which he has left with you to repair. He has been sent for to the palace, and he cannot present himself before the Emperor without the insignia of his dignity."

"That is very true," replied the jeweler, "but as I have not the honor of knowing you, and as nothing more resembles an honest man than a rogue, we will go together and deliver to monseigneur the cross he has confided to me."

"That is just what I wish," said the thief, "and if you will allow me, I will give you a seat in my carriage in order the sooner to reach the palace of his eminence, who must be with the Emperor precisely at twelve."

Five minutes after, the jeweler and his companion arrived at the Archbishop's, and entered the waiting-room, which is open to every one. The messenger requested them to wait a moment, and he would inform his eminence of his arrival. In about two or three minutes he returned with his head uncovered and without his cloak, and said:

"Mgr. the Archbishop is at this moment engaged with the Archbishop of Kieff, and therefore cannot come to you, and begs you to deliver to me the cross." The jeweler, finding himself in the palace and with, as he believed, one of the servants, no longer hesitated, but gave the cross and returned to his shop. About a week after the Archbishop came himself for the cross. The police being then informed of the trick, set to work and succeeded in arresting the thief. He remains in the hands of justice, but where the valuable article which he took is, remains a mystery.

The Union Changed Hands.—With the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, the Washington *Union* changed editorial hands—A. O. P. Nicholson retiring, and Hon. John Appleton, of Maine, taking charge.

Caving of a Bank in Hoboken.—Loss of Life.—On Wednesday afternoon last, a bank of earth caved in at the head of Hudson street, where a number of laborers were engaged in excavating, for the purpose of extending the streets and grading the lots for the Hoboken Land Improvement Company. The mass of earth fell upon two of the laborers. One of them, named James Russell, was killed; and another, named Peter Brophy, was so badly injured that his life is despaired of.

A Brakeman Smashed Up.—On Monday last, about noon, a collision occurred on the Hartford and New Haven railroad, near Wallingford, between two freight trains, slightly damaging three engines and a few freight cars, and catching a brakemen between two cars, tearing off one of his legs and injuring his remaining foot.

A Canada Postmaster Absconded.—A Hamilton paper states that Mr. J. Henderson, for many years Postmaster at Port Stanley, has absconded, taking with him a large amount of funds which had come into his possession through the Post Office. Evidences of his felony have been found in the office, in the shape of portions of letters torn up, and which upon being matched, were found to refer to sums of money inclosed to different individuals. It appears that Henderson came to London on Friday, and has not been seen since. He is supposed to have gone West, and the police are already on his trail.

Barnum's Frozen Up.—Among the strange effects of the heavy wind and cold weather of Monday last—was the complete freezing up of the gas at Barnum's Museum—necessitating its being closed on that evening, for the first time in twelve years.

W. O. Eaton an Editor.—This popular young magazine writer, and general contributor to *Ballou's Pictorial*, the *Saturday Evening Gazette* and other Boston papers, has just assumed the editorial charge of the *Dispatch* of that city.

Heavy Fire at Chicago.—One of the most disastrous conflagrations that ever took place at Chicago, occurred there on Monday last, destroying the property of many heavy firms, and doing a total damage of about $300,000.

Starvation and Death in this City.—An inquest was held on Wednesday last, at a basement house in Thirty-fourth street, in this city, upon the body of a man named Wm. Keenan, who died in his room at that house on Tuesday night. Ellen Keenan, wife of deceased, testified that she and her husband had suffered a long time for the want of the necessaries of life—the latter being in delicate health and unable to earn a livelihood. She exerted herself to procure food but only partially succeeded, and the sick man pined away and died. Cecilia Jackson deposed that she was acquainted with the deceased and his wife—knew them to be in the most abject state of destitution, and had on several occasions shared her food with them. A medical examination of the body was made, and on the testimony adduced the Jury rendered a verdict of "*Death from starvation.*"

Vessels in Port.—The following is the number and description of sea-going vessels lying at this port on Wednesday last: 32 steamers, 135 ships, 92 barks, 107 brigs and 265 schooners—total 661.

Pitching into Pulpit Politics.—A number of the members of the Jerseyville. Illinois, Presbyterian church, having become perfectly disgusted with the political sermons inflicted upon them for a year or two past, recently held a meeting, and adopted resolutions to which they signed their names, setting forth substantially that they had no wish to interfere with the legitimate province of ministerial duty, yet where the ministry transcended their legitimate prerogative, and introduced party politics in the place of the Gospel of Christ, they felt under no obligation to give such a ministry their countenance and support.

An Episcopal University South.—A vigorous movement is being made in the Southern States, originating with Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, for the establishment of a Southern University upon a most liberal basis. It is proposed that no actual steps in the expenditure of money shall be taken until the sum of five hundred thousand dollars shall have been secured.

The Great Robbery of Mrs. Rush's Jewels.—No clue has yet been obtained as to the whereabouts of the jewels (worth about $20,000,) taken from the house of Mrs. Rush at Philadelphia on the 30th of January last. These jewels, which were purchased in Paris, were worn on the night of the 20th of January by Mrs. Rush, at which time a large and fashionable party had assembled at her house. The jewels lay upon the marble slab of her bureau during the greater part of the next day, so much confidence had she in the honesty of the servants in her house. Each piece was placed in its appropriate casket by one of Mrs. Rush's servants, and the robbery was not discovered until Sunday morning.

Where is the West?—The editor of the *Presbyterian Herald*, of Louisville, Ky., says that visiting Fort Leavenworth, five or six hundred miles west of Louisville, he said to the commander, "I suppose you begin to feel, away out here, that you have at last discovered that indefineable region called 'the West?'" "No, sir," said he, "we are living in the East yet. Four hundred miles west of us, near Fort Laramie, is the *geographical centre* of the United States."

Suicides by Members of the Vigilance Committee.—J. Hawkes Davis, formerly of New Bedford, who committed suicide in San Francisco, Jan. 14th, by taking strychnine, was an officer of the Vigilance Committee; and is said by the San Francisco *Sun* to be the ninth member of this Committee who has committed suicide.

Little Vic. at General Decoration.—The Queen of Great Britain has commanded that a medal be granted to all persons of every rank and class who have been engaged in the several expeditions to the Arctic regions, whether of discovery or search, between the years 1818 and 1855, both inclusive.

President Pierce Remaining at Washington.—President Pierce has accepted an invitation from Mr. Marcy to occupy a part of his residence after the 4th of March, until it may be considered prudent for Mrs. Pierce to return to New England. Consequently the proposed journey to the South has been abandoned for the present.

Not Drunk but Disgusted.—Mr. G. fell asleep in a Methodist church in Worcester, Mass., last Sunday evening, and was arrested by a constable for drunkenness. On arriving at the police office, however, it was found he had only been drunk with dull preaching and he was discharged.

A Big Bank at Oswego.—A new Bank is to be started in Oswego, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, and E. B. Judson, Esq., the cashier of the Salt Springs Bank, has been chosen cashier of the new institution at a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

A Marriage at the Washington Observatory.—A few days since the National Observatory at Washington was the scene of an unusually large and brilliant social gathering, collected to greet the daughter of the distinguished head of that institution (Lieut. Maury) upon the occasion of her marriage to William Maury, Esq., son of the late lamented mayor of Washington.

The Storm on the Telegraph.—The heavy storm of Sunday night and Monday last so heavily damaged the working of the telegraph on many lines from this city, as almost entirely to prevent their working. Those between this city and Washington were especially disordered, and on Monday and part of Tuesday scarcely anything could be done with them. Fortunately they came into better working order on Tuesday afternoon, and worked fairly for the transmission of the account of the ceremonies on Wednesday—Inauguration Day.

Most Terrible Colliery Accident in England.—We learn by last arrival that an explosion took place, on the 19th, at the Land Hill Colliery, near Wombwell, on the South Yorkshire Railway. One hundred and sixty-six persons were in the pit at the time. Sixteen were drawn up alive, and the others remained for certain death, the interior of the pit having taken fire. Engines had arrived, and the mouths of the shafts were being stopped up to extinguish the flames. Thirteen dead bodies had been found in the main tramways, but it would be some days before the pit could be safely entered to search for the rest. The pit had been worked but two years.

An Engine House Burned.—The engine house of the Naugatuck Railroad Co., at Waterbury, Conn., caught fire from the smoke pipe of an engine, about 2 o'clock Monday last, and was almost entirely destroyed. Two engines in the building where the fire commenced were saved uninjured. A very destructive conflagration was prevented by the exertions of the firemen and citizens.

Heavy Failures in Buffalo.—Heavy failures are reported to have occurred at Buffalo. It is said that the Buffalo Car Company, Messrs. G. Hill, Nathan Thayer, Hiram Johnston, Benjamin Dale, and Philo Allen have all suspended payment.

Three Boys Drowned.—Four brothers, sons of Mr. Lawson McCloud, of Barrington, Ill., were returning from school, when the eldest, aged 13, broke through the ice of a slough; the next eldest, aged 11, went to bring assistance, and also broke through; then the next, aged 9, followed and likewise broke through. The youngest boy then ran for his father, but when he returned, all three of the boys were drowned.

Breaking up a Post Office.—The Earlville post office has been abolished to spite the N. Y. *Tribune*, and gratify G. W. Gray, the editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. It seems that at the instigation of Gray, the postmaster at Franklin Mills refused to deliver the *Tribune* to its patrons, as he had done before. These persons sent their mail matter to Earlville, it being about two miles distant. The Cleveland postmaster, by the aid of the Portage *Sentinel*, and a few persons in this region, procured the abolition of the Earlville office.—*Ravenna (O.) Dem.*

Louisiana Newspaper Laws Foreshadowed.—A bill is before the Louisiana legislature, allowing the head of each family to take a three dollar newspaper at the expense of the state. Another to prevent the circulation of abolition documents and newspapers, has been introduced. The bill makes it a criminal offence to take an abolition paper.

New Jersey Wearing Away.—The New Jersey geological reports shows that the Atlantic is steadily and rather rapidly encroaching upon the land on its coast. At Cape Island the surf has eaten inward full a mile since the revolution. Along the bay shore at Cape May the marsh wears away at the rate of a rod in two years. One of the beaches upon the coast is mentioned as having moved inward one hundred yards in the last twenty years.

Hard Weather and Freezing in Tennessee.—The Columbia (Tenn.) *Mirror* has heard of no less than seven persons—three white men, one white woman, one negro man and two negro women—who froze to death in that county during the late severe weather—the coldest ever known in Tennessee.

More Newspaper Libel.—Mr. Beall, of Kentucky, sued the Cincinnati *Enquirer* for libel, in charging that he enticed a free negro from that place to Kentucky, and there offered him for sale to a negro trader. The damages claimed were $5,000 and the jury assessed them at $250.

Catching Indians and Measles.—The latest news from Florida is to the effect that the troops have been entirely unsuccessful in their pursuit of the Indians, although the campaign had lasted for a month. The measles was prevailing very extensively in the volunteer companies.

Bequests.—Hon. Asa Bacon, who recently deceased in New Haven, has left $1,000 to the American Tract Society in New York, $1,000 to the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, and $2,000 to Yale College, in addition to $8,000 previously subscribed.

Making Money out West.—The Keokuk [Iowa] *Post* mentions an instance of a young man who located in that city some time since without a shilling, and in ninety days was worth $8,000. Such cases, it states, are quite common.

A Virginia Sculptor.—The joint committee on the Congressional Library have selected Alexander Galt, the Virginia Sculptor, who is now in Florence, to execute the order for the bust of the late Chief Justice Rutledge, for the library of Congress.

Lightning in Winter.—A Man Killed.—Dr. H. W. Briggs, a resident of Atlanta, Logan county, Ill., was killed by lightning a few days ago, while on a professional visit to the neighboring town of Armington, Tazewell county.

Some Dead Letters.—The Postmaster General reports the probable number of dead letters for the past year to be three millions.

Little Spite Against a Little Man—The Lord Mayor of London has prohibited Tom Thumb's carriage from parading the city.

A Female Missionary to the Indians.—Miss Dean, of Utica, has started on a journey to the land of the Cherokees, among whom she will act as a Missionary instructor.

A Sudden Separation after Marriage.—In passing up the Ingersoll station, there was a couple of young people who had been joined in the bonds of wedlock. All were seated in the cars, which only tarry a few moments, when the bridegroom, at the bride's suggestion, stepped out to get some cakes. While making change the whistle blew, and both trains started. He jumped on, passed out, and very leisurely stowing the cakes in his pocket, he started to hunt up his bride. He then accosted the conductor as follows, in great excitement:

"I say, captain, some of the passengers are left."

"Can't help it, sir!" replied the conductor.

"But I was married this morning, and my wife was aboard, and I don't see how she got out."

The conductor seeing the fix, and where the mistake was, asked him where he was going? To which he replied he was going to Detroit.

"Well, then," said the conductor, "you are the only one who got out. You are now going towards Niagara Falls."

"Great God, is that so? Well, stop the cars immediately!" says the bridegroom.

"Can't do it," says the conductor; "we never stop for anything."

"But," says the man, "I am just married this morning, and here I am going one way, and my wife the other. Was ever a man in such a fix? and the captain won't stop the cars!"

"I know it is a bad fix to be in," says the conductor, "but I can't help it. I know how you feel. I have been married myself, but I must obey orders."

By this time a crowd in the cars had collected around the unfortunate man, all of whom knew the whole affair. A lantern-jawed specimen of a Yankee, hearing it all, put in a word or two.

"Look here, old feller; you have got to grin and bear it. I wish I could help you, for you have roused all my feeling. But I say, I guess she won't take anybody else for you when she gets to Detroit, for they don't have any of that kind."

"That kind," said the married man; "what do you mean?"

"Why," said the Yankee, "they don't have any so ugly!"

This led to a row, as may be supposed, but it was soon quelled, and it is to be presumed that the separated couple were eventually joined again.

A Big Bird in South America.—A recent traveller in South America gives the following sketch of his first sight of the "Magisteria Americana," or "American Master Bird," of the South:

As I was riding one evening across the Pantanos, (marshes) a district on the south side of Buenos Ayres, where the soil is clay, and the surface covered with little shallow pools of water, with pretty water-plants and quantities of wading birds, I saw the most magnificent bird I ever beheld. He must be the king that was sent down from Heaven at the demand of the frogs—a perfect emperor of the cranes. I had just been watching a big heron, when I caught sight of this fellow.

At first I thought he was a cow, and then that he was a man; at last I perceived that his gait was far too stately for any biped but a bird; and he let me come as close to him as about the length of an ordinary room; and he was all snow white, except his beak and his head, and his neck. which were black, and a broad collar round the lower part of his neck, between the black and white, which was deep red; and his beak was ponderous, like unto a pelican's, and full a foot long, with a heavy, lower jaw. He must have stood five feet high without his boots; and he let me look at him ever so long, and he walked about quite promiscuous; and there was close to him a big white heron that looked quite small; and as I stood and wondered, he spread his wings, all snow-white, and sailed straight away down south for miles, till the speck of white in the sky was too small to see.

New York Leader.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1857.

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PRIMROSE WALK.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HINTS TO QUERISTS, *&c., &c.; &c.*

Gossip with Correspondents.

J. L. W.—We have no means at hand of answering, from our knowledge, the question you ask in regard to the "Shirt Sewers' Union," but append your note, in hope that some correspondent who knows, may answer:

> "I was present at Laura Keene's Theatre on Saturday evening last, at the benefit given in aid of the Shirt Sewers and Seamstresses. The house was large, and there must have been quite a sum realized. I would like to ask, through the medium of your journal, who compose the Shirt Sewers' Union? who are its officers and managers? if there are any Annual Reports published of its operations, and where they can be had? I ask for information for myself and others, who desire to aid the poor seamstress in any effort to achieve her independence and become her own employer. Will some one interested furnish the desired information.
>
> "A WELL WISHER."

J. D.—We are not prepared at present to make arrangements for the series of articles you suggest, neither are we to say that we might not find place for them after a time. No answer could positively be given until some specimens were submitted, even were they at present desirable. Sketches of the kind you suggest, are almost always available in some quarter; and the best plan is to proceed with the work, so far as leisure time may allow, and submit for perusal here or elsewhere.

A SEEKER.—In answer to your inquiry as to the difference between *Alchemy and Chimie* or *Chemistry*, we would state that the former is the parent of the latter. The pursuits of the old Alchemists, were, to find some substance (the philosophers's stone) that had the power to transform other metals into gold; the forming of a universal remedy or a *panacea*; a universal menstruum, capable of dissolving all substances it came in contact with, or *alcahest*; a universal ferment, and many like absurdities. The search of the Alchemist, however, revealed many facts, and was the source of many discoveries that laid the foundations of modern or true chemistry. The Alchemists generally were *quacks*, resorting to a mystic deception in order to gain credence in an art that really never had an existence, or at least, whose objects were never attained. *Chemistry* in its rude state, was but an *art* affording shallow reasons for its effects, which has now become a *science* irresistible in revealing the laws of its phenomena, having for its object the investigation of the proprieties of every atom that composes the world. Chemistry has revealed so far but fifty-five elements or simple substances in the universe, all others being compounds of two or more simples, and these substances are so numerous that the mind would be unable to retain them sufficiently in order to pursue the science, were it not a nomenclature scientifically adopted, to express an immutable order and affinity that reigns supreme over matter, with a familiarity of the nomenclature of Chemistry, and an appreciative idea of the doctrine of equivalents, viz: (that all substances enter into chemical combination with one another only in certain, fixed ratios or proportions,) the science becomes easy of pursuit.

The Change of a Government—The Act of the People—Contrast with Old World Changes.

Since our last number was issued a change has taken place in this country, so extensive in its character and momentous in its influences, that in any other country in the world it could only have occurred at the expense of the stability of the whole structure of society. The man who, seven days ago, sat upon the Presidential chair of the American Union—Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Executive of its national laws, dispenser of untold influence, and most proudly situated of all men in holding the first place in one of the greatest of nations by the people's choice—this man is to-day a private citizen, with no more of influence or of reputation than he may have brought down with him from the chair, from the manner in which he has filled it. In his place sits another, invested with all the powers and all the responsibilities that were so lately his; changed in the same space of time from private citizenship to this proud position.

And yet, all this has been accomplished without popular commotion, beyond the gathering of a few thousands to the National Capital to look upon the slender pageantry of the occasion, and the curiosity generally felt to know what were the first sentiments which the new comer into power might choose to address to those with so much of whose welfare he is entrusted. There has been no anxiety even among those who a few months ago labored for the elevation of one or another to the same position. A spice of curiosity as to certain minor details of policy has been manifested—no more. Arms have been donned, but they were put on to give *eclat* to the holiday of the change, and no hand has grasped a weapon with a warlike purpose. Even this holiday display of armed men at our inaugurations it may be politic at no distant day to discountenance, doubly as a safeguard against the presence of military bodies, that really have no national restraint over them, in a place where sectional feeling might some day produce lamentable consequences, and as an indication to the world that the changes in our government do not need to be surrounded or guarded by military force and pageantry.

We have said that such a change taking place in any other government on earth would have been marked by convulsion and bitterness. Even in England, the transfer of power from one ministry to another—partial as that governmental change is, compared to ours—is accompanied by anxieties in the mart and in society, a thousand times greater than any we ever experience. In any other land, except England and our own, such a transfer could only be made at the point of the bayonet, or at least under the coersion of a military force arrayed against any possible violence.

The wonder, however, at this national calmness and content ceases when we remember the principle which underlies it, and the difference which radically exists between the transfers ot our national power and those of any other nation. In others, either the hand of revolution has hurled one man—no longer endurable—from power, to elevate another not yet so repulsive—or, in the freest, it has been judged advisable by the rulers themselves to make a change in the governmental machinery. Here, *the people* have themselves acted, and the man so suddenly elevated has been elevated by themselves. He represents their power, is the creature of their wishes. They have made him, and this quiet submission to the transfer of a government is not suffering an unavoidable necessity, but recognizing and welcoming their own action.

Other nations look on with wonder, and many of them with admiration, at the spectacle so presented. It is for us, as a nation, so to keep in lively exercise the confidence and truth of brothers in one great bond of union, that no time shall dim the sight with any blot of wrong or violence. We have the future in our hands—to stand, as now, above all other nations in the sublime simplicity of our national movements, and the peaceful grandeur of our governmental transfers—or to fall, as most of them have done, beneath the assaults of ambitious violence or the undermining power ot political treachery, until we become like them unstable, suspicious, and ever trembling on the verge of revolution.

A Race Across the Atlantic—An Unpleasant Welcome to Liverpool—Recollections of a Similar Case.

By the Persia we have the details of a story of considerable interest in the way of absconding and pursuing. A young man named Winter, clerk to a mercantile house in this city, left on the Atlantic on her last trip, having in his possession some two thousand dollars belonging to his employer, under the natural persuasion that that sum was more necessary to his welfare than that of the legitimate owners, and that it could be better spent on the other side of the Atlantic than here. The embezzlement was discovered very soon after the sailing of the Atlantic, and a warrant for his apprehension being taken out by one of the firm, he left in the Persia, sailing three days afterwards, for Liverpool in pursuit.

It is mortifying to one who remembers how little while ago the Collins line were acknowledged as the sovereigns of the sea, and how England herself admitted our supremacy—to say that now it is generally understood that the Cunarders make better time than our steamers. Especially while the Collins vessels have been gradually going out of repair, and one of the fleetest superseded by one of the slowest on the ocean—the Persia has been establishing her fame as the ocean monarch. The race was somewhat doubtful to the pursuing merchant, but heavy winds, cross seas and accidents to her floats had delayed the Atlantic, the Persia went into Liverpool an hour before her, the merchant had employed an officer, and before the absconding clerk set foot upon English soil he was politely tapped on the shoulder, his money taken from him, and himself put under arrest with a claim for his return to this country to take his trial for embezzlement.

There is something romantic about the chase—apart from the speed with which the young man probably will have succeeded in getting himself into position, by robbing his employer, sailing three thousand miles and being arrested, returning and being put upon trial—all within the space of thirty days. Several circumstances bearing some relation to this have occurred, but none so much like it as that of the celebrated Col. Anthony Duer, of England, which produced so much excitement between thirty and forty years ago; and we may not do an ungrateful office to those who may remember the circumstance, by recalling it to mind—especially as it invalidates the claim so commonly set up, that the pilot boat William J. Romer was the first vessel of that class which crossed the Atlantic.

Col. Anthony Duer was a man of fine presence and agreeable manners, who came to this country somewhere between 1820 and 1825, with letters from many distinguished persons in the Old World, and every credential necessary to establish him at once in the best society. Foreign lions were not then as common as at the present day, and the gallant Colonel was received with great distinction. He was dined, *feted* and flattered—became the envy of the men and the pet of the women. In occasional "failures of remittances" he was assisted without scruple by his new friends, until finally the amount of his indebtedness to one confiding party amounted to some $40,000, a considerable sum for swindlers then, though it is but a trifle now. At length one day Col. Duer bade his friends on the pier good bye, stepped on board one of the Liverpool packet ships, and was off, leaving his confiding friend minus that clever amount.

On the pier, as he left, stood one of his former intimates, to whom he did not happen to be indebted—a man holding an official position; and as he stepped on board the colonel grasped him warmly by the hand. A day passed, and a rumor that the Colonel was gone reached some of those who had trusted him. Another, and the flight was too certain. The packet ship was one of the fleetest of the time (we have forgotten her name, after this lapse) and pursuit seemed hopeless. But the defrauded parties were men of spirit, and they looked out for the fleetest vessel in port. Sea steamers were unknown, and the steamboats of our river were little, slow and insignificant. At length, when three days had passed, and pursuit seemed almost madness, a pilot-boat was found (*her* name, too, has escaped us) the owners of which were willing to risk her in the attempt, for the five or six thousand dollars offered. The very man who had stood on the pier to bid Duer farewell was vested with all the powers then attainable, and the pilot-boat set sail with him.

The history of that passage has made but little noise in the world, but there is no question that it was an eventful one. Heavy weather met the little craft when less than a day out, and from that time until she passed Cape Clear, she ploughed through one continuous storm. The hatches were kept battened down, and the men at times lashed to the rigging to prevent their being washed overboard. Yet though every sail strained in its boltropes there were no reefing, and smothered in the waves she drove on day after day. The packet-ship was of heavy burthen, stout, strong and fleet, and in the disadvantage of this continual gale to the little boat, it seemed that they could not overtake her. But when they passed over the bar at the mouth of the Mersey, and the sailors who had dared so much were enabled for the first time in twenty days to stand upright upon the deck, a large American ship was just working in from the offing; and when Col. Duer stepped upon the pier at Liverpool the same hand which had grasped his in New York grasped it again with something of a former clasp.

It would be a pleasanter conclusion to the history of that first race over the Atlantic, to say that the scoundrel was brought to justice, but the daring voyage had been in vain after all. International law was then but loosely defined, and the Colonel was neither punished nor was any portion of the money recovered. "They manage these things better" in the age of steam, and after a few more of these experiences it will be thought scarcely more prudent to fly with embezzled money to England, than merely across one of our home rivers.

☞ The newspapers have been exercising themselves over the scene before the U. S. Commissioner, between Messrs. McKeon, Busteed and Joachimson, and the public are left to infer that something awful transpired there. People behind the curtain, however, do not attach much importance to a *fracas* between lawyers. The "big wigs" generally have a hearty laugh together after one of these squabbles, whether the public indignation rises or falls.

The Proposed Reorganization of the City Government—The Charter—The Police Bill.

After the lapse of nearly two-thirds of the session, the Committee on Cities and Villages of the Assembly to which had been referred the Charter and Police Bills for this city, made their report on Monday last. The delay, however, may not be considered as unfavorable to the success of the measures, but rather the reverse. The majority have caucussed over the various propositions, so as to concentrate action, and it is expected they will put through the programme as it is announced, without much modification. The following is the budget, as transmitted by telegraph:

CHARTER.

One Alderman to be elected from each Assembly District, and five Councilmen from each Senatorial District.

The Mayor to be elected for two years, the Common Council for three, and the Comptroller for four, and to be removable by the Governor for cause.

Messrs. Ebling and Selah's Departments to be abolished, and the grading, paving, and curbing of the streets to be given to the Croton Water Department.

The collection of assessments and of all revenues to be given to the Finance Department.

The cleaning of the streets and the care of the markets to be given to the City Inspector.

The lighting of the streets and furnishing of supplies to be given to the Street Commissioner.

The other Departments to be appointed by the Mayor and Aldermen.

The present heads of offices to remain until their terms expire.

The Mayor and Common Council to be renewed at the next election, and the Charter election to be one month from the State election.

The Superintendent of Repairs to be a practical builder.

The Contract system to be carefully hedged in.

Aldermen to receive no pay.

The City Judge to be retained, but Special Sessions to be held by the Police Magistrates of New York.

The Supervisors Bill takes the Mayor and Recorder from the Board of Supervisors, directs three honorary Commissioners to be appointed by the County Judges, to provide a Court House for New York; puts the County Clerk's Office in the Hall of Records; authorizes the Commissioners to lease a building, at a rent not exceeding $25,000, for the use of City Officers and as a Court House.

The Central Park Bill creates honorary Commissioners, to be appointed by the Mayor and Common Council, and removable by the Mayor for cause.

POLICE BILL.

The Committee report that they have had for several weeks under earnest consideration the various propositions concerning a change in the Police Department of New York and Brooklyn, which have been submitted, together with bills referred to the Committee relating to the Police of these cities, and have agreed to report by a bill covering the whole subject, which, in the judgment of the Committee, if enacted, will remedy many of the existing evils in the public departments of these cities. Grave complaints are preferred against the workings of the police systems of New York and Brooklyn; and while some regard one cause and others assign different reasons for the evils engendering these complaints, and a few stoutly deny there is any ground for fault finding, it is very evident to the Committee from their inquiries and investigations that public peace and the security of person and property in Brooklyn, New York and their enormous suburban villages have been of late injuriously affected. Murders have increased, and an inattention from police authorities accompanied their fatal circumstances. Highway robberies have multiplied. The escaped convicts of other States, cities and counties and foreign lands have been allowed to congregate together and agree upon schemes of plunder. Citizens from the interior have been afraid to venture toward the great commercial metropolis of the continent in consequence of these things, and whether the police systems of these cities work well or ill every one is agreed they may be improved.

The District Attorney of New York, who has been since 1850 connected with the police and criminal jurisprudence in that city, furnished the Committee with an enumeration of defects.

The Committee find that the charge of political influence brought against the Police Board of New York is not without foundation. All the present members are of the same political party, yet one of the Board declines to meet with his associates, and on the day of the last general election came to open hostility of action with the head of the Police Department. Whether any blame attaches to either, and if so, to which officer, the Committee do not find it necessary to say; it is certainly sufficient to add that such direct political and personal antagonism among the chief officers of the department must lead to confusion and evil example among the subordinates. In the city of Brooklyn, in many of the wards, the Aldermen, for political reasons, are removing members of the police, and the number has lately been much diminished by a reduction of the force; and the right of removal has been the subject of litigation.

The report then reviews the present mode of electing and managing the force in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the evils experienced by an inadequate police force in the adjoining counties of Westchester and Richmond. In view of these evils they have resolved to consolidate the force in the cities and counties named, into one Metropolitan Police District, having a uniform system of police government, and divested of all merely local details, after the model of the world-renowned police force of London and its suburbs. The Committee express a belief that before long the entire State will adopt a uniform system of consolidated police.

The report declares that in order to avoid the local jealousies among politicians and demagogues, which might continue to enslave the police with partizan and local influences, it is deemed proper that the State should assume the appointment of the chief officers. In the division of Commissioners New York is left in a minority, because it is thought her wealth and importance may well permit her to be without injury, while the tendency to extravagant expenditure will be checked. The provision preventing any Commissioner from accepting a nomination to any office will, it is thought, keep more politicians out of the Board.

Mr. John J. Reilly, of the Committee, presents an able minority report, but our limits will only allow space to what is most important for the public to understand—the intentions of the "responsible" majority.

The majority bill consists of 37 sections, of which the following is a brief analysis:

§ 1. Unites the counties and creates the district. Provides for the appointment by Governor and Senate. Five a quorum to do business; the Board being composed of three Commissioners from New York, two from Kings, one from Westchester, and one from Richmond, with one member as Mayor of New York, and one as Mayor of Brooklyn.

§ 2. Provides for drawing lots for terms, from one to seven years. New appointees to hold for seven years. Provides that acceptance of nomination for office vacates trust. Governor to remove, as provided for in case of Sheriffs on charges. Vacancies to be filled by the Board, as with the Alms House Governors.

§ 3. Provides the organization of the Board.

§ 4. Creates the offices of a President, a Treasurer, a chief clerk, and deputies, with terms, at the pleasure of the Board. Provides a central office for the Board, where the General Superintendent of Police shall also be, and a deputy to be located in Brooklyn.

§ 5. Prescribes the duties of the Board. Power is reserved to counties to pass ordinances for its obedience in police matters.

§ 6 These duties to be especially executed by the following police force in any part of the district, without regard to county lines or to quota furnished by each county—1 General Superintendent, 2 Deputy Superindents, the latter to be the present Chiefs of Police of New York and Brooklyn; 5 Surgeons of Police; 40 Inspectors, *vice* Captains, who are to serve as such; 160 Sergeants, *vice* Lieutenants and Assistant Captains. As many policemen as each county by Supervisors votes to contribute; and until they do so, the force to be as now composing the departments of New York and Brooklyn. These persons to hold during obedience to the rules and regulations.

§ 7. Prescribes qualifications, enumeration and distribution of duties; mode of trial and removal to be defined by rules and regulations. The qualifications—to read and write English; to be a citizen of the United States, and 5 years a resident of the district; must never have been convicted of crime or removed from a public office on charges; no removal to be made without written charges, and an opportunity to be heard in defence; Inspectors to be chosen from Sergeants, and Sergeants from patrolmen. All the present force, *if their qualifications conform to this act*, are to be retained.

§ 8. The force to have criminal powers of constables, and to serve processes of criminal nature without having warrants endorsed as now. Prescribes power of search in felony.

§ 9. A stringent anti-gambling section borrowed from the London act, and conformed to our jurisprudence, giving power to police to enter houses and arrest gamblers.

§ 10. Board to divide the district into precincts; assigns one Inspector, four Sergeants to each, with power to change and shift them at pleasure. Policemen to be detailed to criminal courts, for quarantine, for emigration, as health wardens, street inspectors, dock masters, &c. No suspension from pay. General Superintendant to be head, under rules.

§ 11. Authorizes a special force at private pay, but under absolute control of the Commissioners as to discipline; also a special force without any pay, on emergency.

§ 12. No member to withdraw without one month's notice, on forfeiture of pay. This is to prevent any sudden desertion by way of a "strike."

§ 13. Provides for guarded registry of stolen, lost or missing property. Also for a registry of the birth, age, citizenship, occupation, &c., of each member, and for keeping of books of accounts, all to be bound and open to public inspection.

§ 14. Provides for accommodations for the force, and places restrictions about arrests to guard the citizens from oppression.

§ 15. Police property now in use in New York and Brooklyn to be at the service of the Board, but still to belong to the city. Provides for police telegraphs.

§ 16. All expense of issuing process to be paid by the county from whose Court it issues.

§ 17. Gives powers of patrolmen to constables elected in Westchester and Richmond. Their Boards of Supervisors to call for policemen, if paying the fund. Village and town authorities may do the same. This accords the opportunities for a police force with the pecuniary ability of tax payers.

§ 18. Exempts members, when in actual service, from military or jury duty, or from service of process.

§ 19. Empowers Health Officer to call police assistance on an emergency.

§ 20. Board to enforce ordinances and give information when required by the Supervisors, gives Commissions power to administer oaths, and makes provisions for perjury and attachments.

§ 21. Details two policemen to each election poll in New York and Brooklyn. Forbids sale of liquor on Sunday or election day, except to travelers. Prohibits maintainance of booths or boxes within 200 feet of polling place. Gives specific custody of ballot boxes to police.

§ 22. Defines various misdemeanors.

§ 23. Fixes salaries as follows: Treasurer, $3,500; Superintendent, $3,000; each Deputy, $2,000; each Surgeon, $1,500; each Inspector, $1,200; each Sergeant $800; Patrolmen, $750; Doorman, $500. No officer ever to receive, a present or fee for his own benefit—all these to go to a Police Life and Health Fund, together with fines in Criminal Courts.

§ 24. Treasurer and Comptroller are Trustees of the above fund.

§ 25. Provides a pension fund for those disabled in performing duty, or for relatives of those killed in the service.

§ 26. Provides for the raising of the general Police Fund.

§ 27. Provides that the Fund shall be paid by the Country Treasurer to the State Treasurer. The Comptroller of State pays to the Treasurer of the Police Board; appropriations remaining in 1857 to be part of the fund.

§ 28. Provides for checks on the Treasurer.

§ 29. Requires Treasurer to give security in half a million of dollars.

§ 30. Requires Inspectors to give security.

§ 31. Vests the existing powers of the Executive Police in the Board of Police.

§ 32. Makes designation of existing officers conform to this bill.

§ 33. Requires the Board to remove from office any incumbents who are not possessed of the qualifications specified in the act.

§ 34. Requires quarterly reports by the Superintendent to the Board, and a yearly report from the Board to the Governor.

§ 35. Repeals inconsistent clauses of other acts.

§ 36. Makes the names in certain statutes not repealed conform to the designations of this act.

§ 37. The act to take effect from its passage.

The above projects are widely different from the original programmes of the Republicans of this city in many respects. It looks as though there had been a compromise somewhere. The Mayor gets his favorite Central Park measure with the naming of honorary Commissioners; the veto power on the Board of Supervisors, according to his original idea; the nomination of heads of departments to come in, except Comptroller, and perhaps Corporation Counsel; and he is allowed to retain his seat in the Police Commission as part balance to the other dignitaries of Brooklyn and two selectmen from Richmond and Westchester. On the other hand the Mayor's official head is made a year shorter, and he is billeted to face the people again next fall.

The Street Commissioner is comforted for his trouble in looking after the Legislature all winter, with "the lighting of the streets and furnishing of supplies."

The City Inspector takes the "cleaning of the streets and the care of the markets," in addition to his sanitary perogatives. Whereat the "medical faculty" look grim, and Dr. Griscom wipes his spectacles.

The Comptroller gets a year added to his term of office, the Common Councilmen lose their pay, and poor Ebling and Selah lose their heads.

The Police Magistrates are endowed with the "Special Sessions." The slight rise in dignity will barely recompense them for the large amount of extra labor. They are already cocking their eyes for additional salary.

However, the nosegay of the performance is the retention of the present Police force, after all the oaths of "our army"

——"in Flanders."

Matsell, glorious Matsell! is to be "Major-Domo" of this town as heretofore, and a "General Superintendent," a colossal Matsell, is to be the "head" of the whole concern, "under rules." It is well that there is no provision to pay the Commissioners; the appointments being already made to their hands, for the most part, and the uncertainty of getting a Commissioner, of Kings, Westchester or Richmond, to make the requisite fifth member of a "quorum"—will leave them but little to do.

We will not find fault with this series of "compromise measures," for we believe the city is ready for change of some sort; and we have the fullest confidence in the gentlemen who are their reputed authors. In most respects, we are willing to defer our judgment to theirs, as they have made the subject a much closer study than probably we have; but, why "on airth" extend the term of a Common Councilman's existence to three years? The one year term for Mayor and Common Council gave the best satisfaction, and with the change came the evils of which the people complain.

The Free Trade Foreign Insurance Offices.

Of the many foreign insurance companies doing business in this city, two or three resist the customary tax levied by the State upon their profits. They desire to do business here, competing with citizen capitalists, who ungrudgingly contribute their share to the public expenditures, without making the slightest return for the benefits they receive in the administration of the government. This is a species of free trade, the advantage of which is so unequivocally on one side, that a bill has been introduced in the Legislature, establishing penalties for farther refusal to pay the tax. At this, the foreign capitalists are exceedingly sore, and have enlisted attornies in the press to justify them in their refusal, and to manufacture public opinion to sustain them in it. As the tax levied is appropriated by the State to the Benevolent Fund of the Fire Department, these attornies must needs assail the merits of that noble institution. The *Evening Post*, of this city, is foremost in these detractions. That journal underrates the labors of our firemen; and, proceeding to weigh the services of the Fire Department much as political extremists sometimes cipher out the relative insignificance in value of certain sections of the Union, finds that the Fire Department is rather an injury than a profit to the insurance interests. In other words, that the more frequent are conflagrations of property and loss of life therefrom, the higher the per centage that will accrue to insurance; and, therefore, that they are rather entitled to commisseration for the damage the Fire Department does them, than called upon in comity to make any speciul contribution to its aid. In this view of the foreign offices and their attornies of the press, it is not to be understood that the home offices coincide. They pay their taxes like good citizens, and usually make an annual contribution to the Benevolent Fund of the Department, in addition. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will adopt their practical views, and compel the delinquent offices to contribute their fair and equitable quota.

JOBS AT ALBANY TO BE LOOKED AFTER.—The Assembly at Albany have under consideration a proposition to dispose of the State Arsenal, situated near 60th street, and within the precincts of the Central Park. It is proposed that the city purchase this property from the State. The amount received, save one hundred thousand dollars which is to purchase a new site and buildings here, is to be expended in erecting Arsenals in several of the Western cities of the State. We hope that no such disposition of the present Arsenal will be made. As it now stands it would be a beautiful ornament to the Central Park; the flags waving from its turrets would form one of the most picturesque features of that great public improvement. Our citizens have already paid money enough for the Central Park, without this new assessment being imposed them, and we trust that no such vandalism as the removal of the present Arsenal will be permitted to take place.

We also notice that the Second Avenue Rail Road Company have applied for permission to run a double track through the opening of the Bowery, from Chatham Square to Pearl street, and thence through Burling slip to South street. This is a very handsome movement for the Second Avenue R. R. Company, provided they can carry it successfully through; but we surmise that when the attention of the Legislature is called to the fact that such an *accommodation* would be a violation of the principles they have but recently established in regard to the laying of railroad tracks in cities, they will submit the proposition to the closest scrutiny.

The Illustrious Dead—The Missouri Compromise Coffined—Its Shade Before the Supreme Judge.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the Dred Scott case, delivered by Chief Justice Taney, on Friday, effectually wipes out an issue that has long distracted political parties in this country. It is directly to the point, that Congress has no power to exclude slavery from the Territories of the Republic; and that, therefore, "the provisions of the Act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it is understood to exclude slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and VOID, and of no legal effect to that end." The Court also decides that men of the African race, whether slave, or free, are not citizens of the United States, by the Constitution; and that the legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri. The latter clause puts to flight a long entertained, contrary impression of law. Accepting this decision as the refinement of reason and justice, enunciated by the highest legal authority of the land, it rescues the Northern supporters of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill from the opprobrium which had largely fallen upon them in the free States, and places them in an advanced *niche* of fame, as constitutional expounders and executors. Communities which were struck aghast when Mr. Douglas first set the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in motion, incidental to territorial bills organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, will now contemplate in the "Little Giant" an *avant courrier* of inevitable destiny, instead of a mischievous intriguer; and dilute their censures accordingly.

The opinion of the Court was not unanimous, but it is sufficiently endorsed to induce conviction of its irrevocability for many a year to come. The magnitude and importance of the subject, as affecting political issues, can scarcely be estimated; yet, it is clear that the settlement of the question opens the way for the reconstruction of parties on new, clear, and sharply defined issues.

The Other Side of the (English) Allsop Case.—Crime of Deception.

On our inside pages may be found a statement, copied from a London journal, of the manner in which the widow Allsop, a woman of over sixty years, and the mother of five sons who had fallen at Cabul and in the Crimea, in the British service—had been repulsed by Prince Albert when she applied for pecuniary aid, on the frivolous pretext that "there were so many applications." The English journals, and ours in copying from them, had commented pretty freely upon the miserable meanness and subterfuge of turning off a woman who had sacrificed five sons for her country, on such a pretext.

But the devil requires his due as much as any other individual; and there is certainly enough of inefficiency and meanness in the management of the British army, at home and abroad, to make it highly improper to saddle upon the authorities any blame not belonging to them. Later advices place the Allsop case in a new light, and show that the refusal of Prince Albert to relieve the widow—though couched in ambiguous and improper terms—was right in the main. She was an impostor—had never had a son killed in the army, and had been for some time pursuing the profession of a begging-letter writer: and the refusal was based upon enquiries by the authorities which had shown her probable unworthiness.

It is pleasant to be able to lift away from the accused the burthen of this heartless neglect; but it is equally painful to record so gross and wicked a deception. Such impostures are the bitterest blows that can be struck at our common humanity, and there is no measuring either the crime involved, or the amount of injury they may do. Probably the actual suffering caused by a murder would be less than that which eventually will flow from the lie of the widow Allsop. Many a poor woman—many a disabled soldier—will go unaided in misery and deserving want, because this woman has added to the sad total of human distrust, by this pitiful imposture.

A WRECKER WRECKED—SINGULAR FATALITY.—The schooner S. T. Bird was sent out by the Board of Underwriters of this city, in the midst of the hard weather of the winter, with spare sails, spars, and provisions, to relieve any vessels that might be found in distress down the coast. From the day of her departure she has never been heard from, and lately reports reached the city that a fragment of a mast bearing her name, and other portions of a wreck, had been seen, indicating that she had gone to pieces, and all on board perished.

Very properly, a second vessel was fitted out, the Margaret Ann Lake, a few days since, to go in search of the S. T. Bird, or any remains of her. Strange to say, this second vessel went ashore on Barnegat, in the gale of Sunday night, and it was only by great exertions on the part of the crew of a third wrecking schonner—the Isadora, in the employ of the Board—that her crew were saved. Errands of mercy are generally supposed to be prospered, and it is very rare that such a succession of disasters attends upon one of them.

☞ It is estimated that the *Herald* gives employment to four score and ten paragraphists, weekly, to follow its track and quip at its quiddities. The editor thus opens a vast field of labor, and encourages the paper mills. The dark side of the picture is, that the paragraphists aforesaid are continually charging Bennett with malice, when the ungrateful chaps know in their hearts that he is only providing them with work, out of the fullness of his benevolence. Bennett ought to charge the county for his care of a certain class of *literateurs*, for without him they would be upon the town. They should pray for his long life, as for their dearest benefactor.

☞ One of our Albany correspondents informs us that the present Legislature will surely make the Register and Clerk of this County salaried officers; likewise their subordinates. If the bill take effect after the expiration of the terms of the present incumbents, we see no objection. We are opposed to the fee system in toto, but can see no reason why men should be deprived of the benefits attaching to officers at the time they were elected to fill them.

☞ There is a good joke told in Washington about Prince John Van Buren and Vice-President Breckinridge. John, stating in his usual happy way the services he had rendered to the party during the last campaign, asked Mr. Breckinridge what he was going to do for him. Mr. B. replied that the only office he had in his gift was at Prince John's disposal, if he would accept it. "What office is it?" quoth John. "The position of page to myself in the Senate," answered Mr. B. We are not yet aware whether John has accepted the place.

A Judicial Construction of the $250 Restricting Clause of the City Charter.

The decision in a suit entered against the Corporation, for recovery of a claim for work, rendered by Justice Duer, of the Superior Court, last week, has an important bearing upon a much vexed question. Messrs. McSpedon & Baker, printers, sued the city for work and labor in the preparation of indices to nineteen volumes of the proceedings and documents of the Common Council; the sums amounted, in the aggregate, to $2,530, but the sum demanded for each index was less than $250. Payment was resisted on the ground that the charter required all work involving an expense of over $250, to be contracted for to the lowest bidder, and that the omission in this instance was fatal to the claim. After hearing testimony, the Court held:

> That the ordinances and provisions of the charter that were relied on, were not applicable to the case, for although the whole sum demanded exceeded $2,000, yet it clearly appeared from the evidence, that the labor of preparing an index, depending upon the contents of the volume to which it related, was in its nature a distinct service, constituting, when performed, a separate cause of action, and it was certainly no objection to the recovery of the plaintiff that a number of demands, several in their nature, and which could not with propriety have been included in a prior contract, were united in one action.

The Court accordingly gave judgment to the plaintiffs for the whole sum demanded This decision is in accordance with the only sensible solution of the difficulty, and practically establishes the right of the Corporation to order its advertisements as has heretofore been the invariable practice before and since the adoption of the charter of 1849.

Our Glance at the Inauguration—Speculations on New York Appointments.

The interesting ceremony of the inauguration of James Buchanan as President of the Republic, gathered together in Washington a vast collection of citizens from all parts of the country, to witness an event of so much instructive interest. From the Aroostook to the Rio Grande, and from the golden shores of the Pacific, delegates mingled together in one common brotherhood. The interest excited in the minds of those who gazed upon the quiet surrender of authority by one and its acceptance by another, must have been of the most impressive character. Fifty thousand free people gathered together under as fair a sun as ever shone, gave utterance to their love of republican institutions in shouts of exultant joy, as the President elect swore fealty to the Constitution and the Republic.

The ceremonies were of the most imposing character. A large number of military and civic organizations joined in the festivities, and the sweet strains of music joined the thunder of loud-mouthed cannon in commemoration of the day and the occasion. The procession was of the most brilliant character, and upon its arrival at the eastern portico of the Capitol presented a sight of rare magnificence. The delivery of the inaugural address was followed by Chief Justice Taney administering the oath of office; and there amid the Ministers of Foreign Courts, arrayed in all the splendor of court costume, and in the presence of the vast multitude, James Buchanan was inducted into the office of President of the United States.

The day was one of general rejoicing, and the pacific tone of the inaugural was a matter of sincere congratulation, as it gave assurance of continued peace and prosperity to the country. A grand ball of unsurpassed splendor closed the entertainments, and the beauty and wealth of our country shone in all their gorgeous array. The office-seekers are there in formidable array, and as it has been given out as Mr. Buchanan's policy that he is in favor of rotation in office, there are plenty of applicants for the many vacancies that it is supposed will be created.

New York politics is one of the many absorbing topics under discussion in Washington, and as there are a number of our State and city politicians there looking after the interests of the party, the appointments in our city are matters of earnest consideration. From present appearances Augustus Schell, Esq., will be appointed Collector of the Port—in fact there appears to be no candidates against him, and men of all sections of the party are in favor of his appointment.

The candidates for Surveyor are numerous, and all urgently pressing their claims; Anson Herrick, relying upon his faithful adherence to Mr. Buchanan in sunshine and shade, is confident of success and there is a general feeling that Herrick is entitled to the place. The Soft section of the democracy are urgently pressing Mr. Speaker Ludlow and insist upon his appointment; while the Hard friends of Gideon J. Tucker are demanding the place for him on account of their support of Mr. Buchanan in the Cincinnati Convention. Between the two conflicting factions Herrick is very likely to step into the place.

The Hard section of the party are in high feather with Mr. Buchanan, and it is said that Mr. Aaron Ward of Westchester is his right hand man in relation to New York politics; at all events we know that Mr. Ward has a "*front seat*" with the President, and will look out for the interests of his friends.

The U. S. Marshalship is wanted by Mr. Sheriff Bensel, Coroner Gamble, and Captain Isaiah Rynders. All of these gentlemen are confident of success; but Mr. Gamble is industriously at work, and expects to come home with the appointment in his pocket.—John Van Buren, and other distinguished "Softs," are active in their exertions to retain Mr. Isaac V. Fowler in his present position of Postmaster; but if the garotte is to be applied without regard to "influence," we cannot see how our handsome friend can retain his place.

At the present time, everything is a matter of conjecture, as to what the policy of the Administration will be; but it is generally understood that Mr. Buchanan will have his own way about the distribution of patronage, regardless of consequences, and his first duty will be to reward the friends who enabled him to secure the nomination at Cincinnatti.

It was rumored in Washington that by general consent Mayor Wood should have a foreign mission, and thus bring the discordant elements of the party in this city to an amicable reunion. If that gentleman solicits any such favor from the Administration, we think he will find but little opposition to his appointment.

Some dissatisfaction is said to exist among the friends of Mr. Douglas, at the course pursued by Mr. Buchanan in the selection of his Cabinet, and, as they term it, the weak endorsement of the Cincinnatti platform, of which he said he was the embodiment. It is understood that the New York appointments will be made at an early day.

☞ Sergeant Ely Devoe, one of the most efficient officers attached to the Chief's office, was considerably injured on Thursday night by three ruffians, while attempting to convey a prisoner to the office, whom he had arrested at the corner of Broadway and Barclay street. Mr. Devoe had carelessly left his club behind him, and two of the villains assaulted him from behind while the prisoner was being arrested. He did not permit his prisoner to escape until severely beaten over the head. It is said that quite a number of persons stood by, and though called upon by him, officially, for aid, declined to render it. If citizens show no more regard than this for faithful officers, how can we expect them to display any energy in preserving the peace?

THE WORST AND THE MEANEST OF ALL.—It has seemed to be reserved for the Burdell case to reveal atrocious villainy and execrable meanness outside of 31 Bond street, quite as much as an awful murder inside of it. And every week seems to give us something newly, freshly, and originally villainous.

Last week we had the pain of commenting upon what we then considered the worst development yet made, in a certain pictorial atrocity; but there has been developed a pitch of wrong and meanness infinitely worse. During the wretched weeks which have elapsed since the deprivation of the daughters of Mrs. Cunningham of their mother—incarcerated in a prison under indictment for murder—it is said that they have been insulted not only with obscene valentines and letters, but with dishonorable proposals from persons calling themselves men, who would as soon—two months ago—have plunged their heads into the flames as dared such an insult.

There used to be an acknowledged sacredness in sorrow, misfortune and suffering. We should be glad to think that the whole race of mankind has not yet grown so heartless as this gross beastiality would indicate. Is there no whip that can be made to reach the backs of such tramplers upon the wounded, sick and heart-broken, to lash them through the world?

THE CITY CREDIT REDEEMED.—The annual tax bill to meet the expenses of the city government having passed the Senate on Thursday, Comptroller Flagg opened his heart to the creditors of the Corporation the day after, without waiting, we presume, for a certified copy from the Secretary of State. The crowd about the financial department has since somewhat resembled the inflowing and outpouring of a mass meeting. Capital and labor have jostled each other to reach the treasury, and satisfaction smiles upon the countenances of men of empty stomachs, as well as others of plethoric habits. The city's credit stands higher than it did but a short time agone, when—

There came to the Park an unpaid city workey,
The due of his wages had passed by in vain;
It was long since he heard the Comptroller "say turkey,"
And he fervently sighed for that sweet word again.
On the old "Hall of Records" he gazed with emotion—
As if he wished somebody had sunk in the ocean,
Or hoped the grim "Cerberus" might take a notion
To open *that* door—and cried "When will he pay?"

The querulous querist is now answered to his satisfaction, and the municipality rejoices in a *flag* that no longer flies at half-mast. Hail Columbia!

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S CABINET.—After much speculation, even beyond the day of inauguration, the following persons are now known to compose the Cabinet of President Buchanan, having been formally nominated to the Senate on Thursday, and confirmed by that body on the same day. In two or three particulars the list is different from general expectation, and in the main more likely to be efficient and satisfactory:

Secretary of State—Gen. Lewis Cass.
Secretary of the Treasury—Hon. Howell Cobb.
Secretary of War—Hon. John B. Floyd.
Secretary of the Navy—Hon. Isaac Toucey.
Secretary of the Interior—Hon. Jacob Thompson.
Attorney General—Judge Black, of Pennsylvania.
Postmaster General—Hon. A. V. Brown.

THE TAMMANY HALL IMBROGLIO.—EXPLANATION.—The following communication from Messrs. Brown & Howard (lessees of Tammany Hall) explains itself.

> TAMMANY HALL, *March 5th*, 1857.
>
> DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of this day relative to the meeting of the Democratic Republican General Committee, of last evening, of which Wilson Small, Esq. is chairman, we have only to say that the said Committee convened without our knowledge or consent, and took possession of our sitting-room appropriated for our boarders, the large room and all the committee rooms being closed and locked. Yours respectfully,
>
> HOWARD & BROWN.
>
> WM. D. KENNEDY, Father of the Council.

☞ We were puzzled, the other day, to know what the last movement of the Empress Eugenie—taking a reef in her multitudinous skirts—could mean; but the last advices from France fully explain the mystery. The silk crop is almost a total failure, silk is very high and promises to be higher, and benevolent Eugenie has become aware that such a number of superficial feet cannot possibly continue to be covered with silk at such prices. Eugenie is a thoughtul woman, and we thank her.

☞ The late session of the House of Representatives, at Washington, to its credit, adjourned *sine die* without the usual signs of debauchery and disorder. It is very probable that exposure and failure of the various corruption schemes contributed to that result. Let us be thankful for the chastening influence of the correction that has been administered.

☞ Is that $100,000 for improving the Hudson River coming? The steamer Isaac Newton grounded on the bar at Castleton, where so much detention has formerly occurred—on Friday, and still remained fast on Saturday evening. Is anything to be done for the improvement of the river, before the obstructions succeed in ruining all the steamboat property upon it?

EVERY BODY IN RAPTURES.—Hosts of our acquaintances are in raptures with a medicine, called "The Extract of Cannabis Indica, which, we are assured by an abundance of competent and reputable witnesses is a sure, speedy, and permanent cure for consumption, coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, nervousness, and general debility. This highly praised medical preparation was discovered many years ago, in Calcutta, by Dr. H. James, a London practitioner, who had taken his only child—a daughter—there with him, hoping that the climate would prolong her life. She was pronounced an incurable case of consumption. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realising his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. He is now an aged man, and long since retired from practice; but he thinks it his duty to confer the grand benefit he holds upon his sick fellow-beings; and he therefore supplies it to all who apply for it. His charge is $2 a bottle; but if you cannot pay that, he will send you full instructions for making and successfully using the Extract. To get these instructions, you have only to enclose four postage stamps to the address—"Doctor H. James, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J." Try this famous Medicine. There can be no doubt of its efficacy.

SPRING HATS FOR SPRING SKIES.—"Spring is coming—spring is here!" But it will bring small pleasure to those who have neither taste nor liberality enough to provide themselves with the requisite comforts and adornments of the season. Spring Hats are to be bought, and they must be of unexceptionable make and durability. KNOX, the Hatter, corner of Broadway and Fulton street, the prince of good fellows as well as the King of Hatters—is getting out a spring fashion of hats that will astonish the city, and delight the devotees of fashion. Durability, neatness, lightness—all are combined in Knox's hats, and, added to this, they are cheap as an inferior article elsewhere.

CLEAR COMPLEXIONS.—The secret of the charming complexions of many of the New York ladies, is to be found in their knowledge of the proper and judicious use of cosmetics. Pernicious mixtures are common, and ruin many a complexion; but the artistic manufactures of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, near Broadway, instead of injuring the skin, makes the complexion clear and radiant. Dr. Gouraud has on hand a magnificent collection of cosmetics, fancy soaps, perfumery and fancy articles.

Correspondence.

DISTINGUISHED POETICAL CONTEST.

JUBAL CAIN AND SPONDOOLICKS IN THE FIELD!

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FORMER GENTLEMAN.

EDITOR LEADER:—I am sorry to trouble you with such nonsensical poetry as the following, but really you will oblige me by publishing it, and before I put it into your hands I must give you its history. You must know then that I have received it from my intimate but rather too hard-headed friend "Spondoolicks," whose little funny, ha! he! ha! funny indeed! article.—"How we do it at an evening party," you have already published. Well, Spon came to my room one evening last week, and says to me, says he, "Jubal Cain you're a brick," says he.—"Lord," says I, "Spon, when did you discover that?" says I. "Well, Jubal," says he, "just let me read you a little episode in my life," says he. "Episode, what's that," says I. "Why," says he, "that's a little accident you know," says he, "and you see," says he, "I've put it into rhyme," says he, "and I want you to take it to Mr. Leader," says he, "and have it published," says he. "What," says I, "publish it?" "Yes, sir-ree, sir," says he, "I mean to astonish the young women with my impudence," says he. "Well," says I, "what do you call it," says I.—"Well, you listen for a minute," says he, "till I read you—

MY SARI-NAID.

BY SPONDOOLICKS—AND—FRIEND.

"Wake to my strain, lady fair,
And open your casement and hear
The devotion I'm ready to swear,
To thee, Summer night's brightest star.
Do not frown on me, Pearl of the Sea,
For a moment but listen to me;
While I sing of affection as true,
As the sun to the calm Western sea."

"Hold on, Spon," says I, "hold on, that will never do," says I. Says he, "why not?" "Cause," says I, "it don't rhyme," says I. "Rhyme be—hanged," says he. "No, no," says I, "I won't take that to Leader," says I. "Why, he'd call me a fool and you a loony," says I. "Well," says he, "you know the *first two* verses," says he, "were written about a year ago," says he. "Did I ever tell you what caused my writing the first two verses of this '*poem*'?" says he. "No," says I. "Well," says he, "I'll tell you now. You know Amandy Stiggers what was?" says he, "don't you," says he. "Well, I was kind of sweet on 'Mandy, I was," says he, "and one night I went," says he, "to 'sarah-naid' her, and don't you believe," says he, "I found she'd been married just a year," says he, "and I didn't know nothing about that, you know, and" says he, "you know." "Just so," says I. "Well, you know—" says he. "How the—dogs should I know?" says I. "Well, just wait, you know, and I'll tell you," says he. Well, to make a long story short, he told me a heap of stuff about this young woman, the half which I know was a lie, and the other half I most seriously doubt. So on he went with the second stanza, as he calls it.

Thus chanted a love crazy swain,
'Neath the window of night's brightest star,
While the casement divides it in twain,
And a form at the opening appears.
Then it gazed at the form down below,
Who in transports his music resumes,
And his tale of devotion gives forth
In the strains of an opera's tunes.

"Good gracious me, Spon," says I, "that'll never do," says I. "Why, there are no two correct rhymes in the whole sixteen (16) lines; what do you mean," says I, "by offering those trashy things to Mr. Leader?" says I, for he wouldn't have them," says I, "for love nor money." "Oh! you 'dry—' No, no! cease to be moist," (that's the perlite of *dry up*, now) says he. "What's the matter with the rhymes, I'd like to know?" says he. "If John Bunyan rhymed when he wrote his Pilgrims of the Rhine," says he—"Pilgrims of what?" says I. "Pilgrims of the—," says he, and then he stopped short up, for he saw I was laughing at him. "Well," says he, "what was it then," says he. "It was—oh, yes," says he, "I see now I meant Paradise Lost," says he. "Ha, ha, ha!" says I. "Come, now, Jubal, switch off, if you please," says he; "I don't like this at all—it is not fair," says he. "No," says I; why, Bunyan didn't write Paradise Lost, you fool. Byron did that," says I. "No, you don't, Dicky Riker," says he; "you can't stuff this child with no such stuff as that;" and he commenced to haul up on the immense shirt collar that the ladies of the Temperance Society had presented him with for being drunk six times a week for a month. This collar was about six——. But hold on, Mr. Cain, you're getting as much into the mud as poor Spon. "Well, Paul says, you know, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'" He might have added—well, I really don't know whether he might have added anything else that would have expressed anything half as well as what he really did write. But back again to the original subject. Says I, Spon, says I, "Spon, my boy," says I, "if you like, I will finish this little thing for you as well as I can, and then, after reading it," says I, "I'll offer it to Mr. Leader, and if he chooses to publish it," says I, "why, then your name will go down to posterity along with mine," says I. "You know what Pope says in his 'Merchant of Venus'?" says I. "No," says he, "I don't—what is it?" "Why," says I, "he says—and very truly, too, I think—" "Well, what is it he does say?" says he. "Well," says I, "just give me time to get the words out of my mouth, will you?" says I. "He says, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to—to—to——, I don't exactly know what it does lead to," says I. "Well," says he, "will you finish it?" says he. "Yes," says I, "and then our names will go down the ages of old time, like twin bards born to immortality and fame," says I, "similar to Beaumont and Johnson, who wrote poetry together, you know," says I. "Oh, yes," says he. "Well, go on, now," says he, "commence." And so I commenced with

"Dearest lady, the jewel most prized
By thy champion and sworn cavalier—

"That don't rhyme," says Spon, says he. "That won't do." "Dry—I beg pardon—Cease to be moist," says I, and continued—

"To my cries and entreaties and prayers
Deign to notice my love's tale, and hear.
I love thee—but how I can't tell—
As I stand 'neath this frowning black wall;
But I love thee as man never loved,
And my heart flies away at thy call."

"Read that over again for me," says Spon. So I read it over for him. "Now," says I, "if you're going to interrupt me, hang it, I won't write at all." "Well," says he, "go on; I'll be quiet." And so I went on—

Then the form in the window replied,
In a voice of harsh, discordant bass,
"You lub her—*you* do—you go 'way;
"You's a impudent fool an' a ass;
"If you don't leab dis garden, my *buck*,
"I'se wet you all trough to de skin.
"M' lady's gone off on a tower,
"And de chile's got de measles widin."

"There, Spon," says I, "how'll that do?" "Capital," says he; "you couldn't have done it better if you'd tried a week," says he; "and I know Mr. Leader will take it now," says he. "Don't be too sure," says I, "for, hang me, if I think he'll have it, any way, rot 'im, if I sign my name to it; but there's nothing like trying," says I, "and so here goes." "I'll sign it," says Spon. "W-h-a-t," says I. "I'll sign it," says he again. "Go way, black man," says I; "don't come a-nigh me, or I'll buck—no! break your neck;" and so he didn't offer to pollute the paper with his name, when it already contained that of

Yours, without a wrinkle,
JUBAL CAIN.

New York, formerly
New Amsterd—m, March, 1857.

Theatrical and Musical.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—During the week, "Faust and Marguerite," in spite of the objections of many of the critics to the style of the translation, has held its own, and attracted good houses. Nothing can be more charming, *naive*, or natural than the acting of Miss Keene as *Marguerite* in the earlier portions of the piece; nothing more terribly truthful than her delineation of grief and sorrow in the conclusion. Were all the charming accessories of the drama taken away, this single character should and would attract and delight thousands of visitors. We congratulate the charming and enterprising lessee upon the fact that the *public* sometimes better appreciate her managerial efforts than the *critics*. That we have not the *best* translation of "Faust" on the stage, may be regretted; but that we have *any*, is due to her enterprise, and it should be remembered. "Love in '76" has been continued during the week, and very well received; Miss Kate Reignolds, so long a favorite with the New York theatrical world, having folded her wings of rest here in leading parts, and as the best companion player to Miss Keene who has ever been upon the stage with her. The many patrons of this house gladly welcome her, and her reception during the week has been of the most flattering character. We rejoice to chronicle good houses and general success for Laura Keene's.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Again we are under the necessity, in noticing this theatre, of remarking that we have really nothing to notice, in imitation of the conductor of a newspaper who stopped the press to announce that there was no news. The two rival attractions that have so long divided—or united, we cannot say which—the critical opinion of the city, "Medea" and "Camille," have been played on alternate evenings; the only perceptible difference in the amount of attraction seeming to be, that on the "Camille" evenings the house was *packed*, and on the "Medea" evenings *jammed*. The same strange fascination which from the first night of her appearance has clustered around Matilda Heron, has only gathered and become concentrated. No one can at present foresee any time when the previously predominant attractions at this popular house will emerge from the background again, except for an occasional moment. A variety of pleasant minor pieces have relieved the intensity of the drama, and on Saturday evening—Miss Heron's benefit—we had for an hour the privilege of seeing the charming face of Mrs. Hoey and the rollicking fashionable gaiety of Mr. Lester. It need scarcely be said that the house, which has for a month past been suffering with a plethora, on that evening was stuffed to a degree almost beyond endurance, in recognition of the claims of the great *tragedienne*.

For the coming week "Camille" will be played on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and "Medea" on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. On Monday evening, the 16th, Mrs. Howe's new play, "The World's Own," will be produced.

AMERICAN THEATRE.—In spite of the enticements offered at rival houses during the week, the American has nobly sustained its part; and though the houses have scarcely been all that we could have hoped, they have been such as to assure the success of the new enterprise; and a variety of popular pieces have been presented during the week in a style that has won the warmest approbation. If the test of the true capacity of a company is the ability to produce genteel comedy in a creditable manner—it must be conceded that the American has an excellent company; for certainly the performance of "Fashion," on Friday evening, was one of which any theatre in the city might have been proud. Mr. Davenport's *Trueman* was a most thorough performance.—Mr. Watkin's *Snobson*, perfect in its kind. Mrs. Davenport as *Gertrude*, Miss Fanny Denham as *Prudence*, Mr. Hamblin as *Tiffany*, Mr. Fitzgerald as the *Count*, and the whole cast, were unexceptionable. At the conclusion, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and Mr. Watkins were enthusiastically called before the curtain, when Mrs. Davenport's benefit was announced for the following evening. On Saturday evening that talented actress accordingly took her benefit, when Mrs. Davenport made her first appearance most successfully as *Joan of Arc*, in the drama of tha name, followed by an amusing extravaganza, called "Crinoline."—The Misses Henrarde, the popular dancers, add by them grace and beauty vastly to the attractions of the American.

It will be observed by reference to advertisement, that the managers have followed Mr. Brougham's lead, and adopted the democratic scale of prices. A new local piece, on the Huntington basis, by T. W. Meighan, is announced.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest's performances for the week opened on Monday evening with "Richelieu," cast with a perfection seldom attained. We have never seen him to greater advantage in the character, and certainly his support was such as to make this finest of modern dramas an equal pleasure to actors and audience. Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport's *Julie de Mortemar* has, on a previous occasion, been pronounced the best on the American stage; and it is difficult to imagine a better representative of the character of *De Mauprat* than Mr. Daley. Mr. Elmore as *Baradas* played much more satisfactorily than usual; and with one or two minor exceptions the whole cast was thoroughly satisfactory. "William Tell," with the same excellent cast as before, has been twice given during the week, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings "Romeo and Juliet," with Madame Ponisi as *Romeo*, and Mrs. Davenport as *Juliet*, and the whole tragedy unexceptionably cast. Mr. Forrest was reported as again too ill to appear, during the week, but the rumor proved unfounded, and he is announced for four evenings in the opening week.

We learn, with great pleasure, that Mr. Marshall has purchased this house from the heirs of Mr. Raymond, and that during the coming season it will be thoroughly re-fitted and made second to no house in the country; thus doing away with the fear of its conversion into stores for a long time to come.

PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE.—The drama of "Excelsior," of which we spoke last week, has preserved its attraction during that just closed, and with other popular pieces has contributed to keep up that unfailing success which seems to attach to everything touched by Manager Purdy. "Medea and my Deary," a burlesque upon the popular "Medea" of Miss Heron, was produced with the week, and shouts of uncontrollable laughter have greeted it from the thousands who have had the opportunity of comparing the two. Mr. G. L. Fox, as *Medea*, is certainly immense, and furnishes a make up from which any Jason of moderate nerves would be likely to run away at the earliest opportunity. Every one who has seen the charming original should see the burlesque—Miss Hathaway as *Jason*, Miss Fanny Herring as *Orpheus*, and the whole company perform their parts to admiration. Besides the burlesque and "Excelsior," a constant succession of Fox's drollery has been given in pantomime, to general delight. Miss Adelaide Price, the charming *danseuse*, took her benefit on Friday evening, a regular jam, as she deserved.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—During the week the leading attraction at the Museum has been a new English domestic drama, just produced, called "Ruth Oakley." Though liable to some of the objections commonly urged against the stereotype dramas of domestic life—in which it seems to be always conceded that the only way to dispose of an erring but repentant woman is to kill her in the last scene—"Ruth Oakley" is a well constructed and effective piece. The plot involves the marriage of *Paul Oakley* (Mr. Clarke) to *Ruth Wilton*, (Miss Mestayer) more in obedience to the wishes of her father—an ironmaster—Paul being a blacksmith without fortune—than any positive love borne him by the young girl; the seduction of the wife, in absence from her husband, by *Lord Gayton*, (Mr. Lingard); her expulsion by her husband, and desertion by her betrayer; her being struck blind by lightning, when permitted for one instant to see her child; her desolation; the stealing of the child by mountebanks; slaying of *Gayton* by *Oakley*; and the restoration of husband, wife and child to each other at the moment of Ruth's death. The plot is well managed; and at the Museum it is well prepared in scenery and general arrangement, and played by Miss Mestayer, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Eldridge, Messrs. Hadaway, Lingard, Bridgeman, &c. This drama is worthy of a long run, and we presume will have it. In addition to the other popular pieces given, the wonderful Arabian contortionist, Little Ella Lascali, and other choice attractions, insure full houses.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—"Karmel the Scout," taken from the last of Cobb's stories in the Ledger, and dramatised—it is said—by Manager Brougham and Mr. J. B. Howe—has been the leading attraction during the week at the Bowery. It has been well dramatised, is well put upon the stage and well played, and it is scarcely necessary to say that it has been well received. A variety of pleasant pieces, "Matteo Falcone," "The People's Lawyer," "Six Degrees of Crime," &c., have been pleasantly given. On Friday night Mr. Howe took a benefit, with three pieces and a good house. Low prices and new pieces at the Bowery are still making their mark, and success is every week more apparent and decided here.

BUCKLEY'S.—"Somnambula," splendidly given in burlesque, has been a leading attraction during the week, and on Friday evening, for the benefit of G. Swain Buckley, the burlesque upon "Trovatore," was repeated to a house showing the warmest appreciation of the beneficiare. The Buckleys are proof against all drawbacks, and manage to keep the public ever charmed and ever in good attendance.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

—Mr. H. C. Jarret, of Baltimore, the enterprising theatrical manager, has negotiated and arranged to play a company of American artists in Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Manchester and London; opening first in the metropolis on the 18th of May, 1857, at the Lyceum Theatre, which he has taken for a short term for the purpose. Mr. Jarret, with his company, will perform in this city the same piece with which he is to open in London, prior to his departure.

—The director of the Austrian Court Theatres has issued an order that the *danseuses* of the opera shall wear "trouserloons." The ladies rebel against the order.

—Our notice last week of the benefit of that charming danseuse, Miss Adelaide Price, at the National, by a strange freak of the compositors was appended to a piece of criminal intelligence, instead of occupying its proper position in our theatrical column. We beg the popular *beneficiare* not to suppose that we meant to connect her with the police records.

—The treasury of the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, has been broken into, an iron safe opened by means of a false key, and upwards of £70 carried off. The depredators are supposed to have remained concealed in some of the lobbies of the house after the performances were over, and to have escaped, climbing down the outside of the theatre, from the window of the treasury to the ground.

—An American drama, written especially for little Cordelia Howard, by an American author, was said to be on the eve of production by the Howard family at the Marylebone Theatre, London.

Police Recorder.

WIFE-BEATING.—A BAD SHILLING.—THE TABLES TURNED FOR ONCE.

That brutal and transatlantic habit—wife beating, is becoming altogether too common; among a certain class of our population, we mean. Not less than a dozen of these brutal blackguards were properly dealt with at the last sitting of the Court of Sessions, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for terms varying from 3 to 12 months. Among the number was a little German named Henry Shilling, with a black eye, given to him by a bar-room friend and a torn head, received at the hands of another. He was a queer looking fellow, a mixture of the brute and idiot. His wife, a sickly-looking Irish woman, appeared to testify against him with a young child in her arms. Her face bore marks of the cruel treatment she had received. Shilling attempted a defence, it was a very lame one,—and the magistrate cut him short with the remark: "You need not say a word, Shilling. I told you if you came here again I would send you up. I'll give you six months this time—take him away;" and the bad Shilling was hurried back to the cells, from which he had come, to await transportation to Blackwell's Island.

A sullen, black-muzzled Irishman was then arraigned for assaulting his wife Mary, while she was lying in bed, sick from the effects of a recent confinement. It was proved that while in this position the rascal kicked her savagely in the body, and struck her repeatedly in the face. The poor woman appeared with her new born at the breast. She looked as one of the lookers on said, "like a ghost," and was scarcely able to mount the raised place upon which the witness stood. She spoke with great difficulty, and in a voice so low as to be hardly distinguishable. "I do not deserve such treatment at his hands," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes "for when last winter he was out of work, I worked hard, both night and day to support him. I did the same winter afore last, and would willingly do it again, but he is so unkind to me. Oh! it is so hard, judge, to tell this, but what *can* I do?" Other persons, tenants of the same house, corroborated the wife's story. It was a shocking case of brutality, and without extenuation. Conkland essayed to say some words in excuse, how he had never been before a court, &c., but in this he was proved to have lied, for it was shown that he had on two occasions before been complained of for assaulting his wife.

The magistrate seemed to partake of the general indignation which the hearing of the case excited in every heart present, for he sentenced the brute to twelve months imprisonment in the penitentiary, and $50 fine, regretting at the same time that it was not in his power to make the punishment more severe. "However," he added, "your inability to pay the fine will keep you away from society for a year or two, at all events.

Cockland was escorted across the "suspension bridge."

The next case turned the tables "entirely." Ann Donnelly, "fat, and forty" at least, but not at all fair, was put to the bar for "batin" her husband John, a diminutive specimen of a Celt, with a very large head and prematurely gray hair, of a mop-like appearance.

When he mounted the stand the audience laughed, and the officer rapped for order.

"Did your wife beat you badly, John?" asked the Recorder

"Oh yis sur, very sorely."

"What did she beat you for?"

"Faith, sur, for nothin' at all, unless 'twas the divil put it in her head! I was nather putin' to her or from her, when she up with that, sur, and let me have it under the are! [The Recorder smiles]. Faith'n sur, its no laughin' matter, I tell ye. Now, how would you like sur to get a rap just like it yerself—now I ask you that?"

"She hits hard, eh?"

"Bedad an' you may well say that—look at me are, and, savin' your presence, I might show you other marks that she's left me besides," and John commenced to fumble at the buttons of his unmentionables.

"Oh, you needn't mind," added the Recorder. "Has she been long in the habit of chastising you?"

"In the what, sur? Faith she isn't much, she's out most of her time with Judy Neil and her dirty clutch—an' if I says a haporth its one word then another, and perhaps a batin."

"Well, what'll I do to her? Shall I send her to the Penitentiary?"

John hesitated a moment, only a moment, and then said, imploringly: "Ah, no, Judge; let her come home wid me jist this time, if you plaze, ye'll be doin' me a sarvice, ye see!"

"Very well; I'll let her go this time, but neither of you must come here again."

"Yis sir," said John, "thank ye, but (in a whisper) spake a word to her, if ye plaze."

The Recorder replied, saying: "See here, my good woman, you may go this time, but if you beat your husband again, I shall lock you up. Do you mind!"

"I do, sir," replied the woman; "but how can I help it when he won't mind, and is good for nothin'—sometimes."

So the wife left with her husband, well pleased at her delivery by the kind-hearted Recorder.

HOW CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS ARE CHEATED BY BOGUS TICKET OFFICES IN NEW YORK.

In neat and comfortable farm-houses in a town in the western part of this state, might have been seen about ten days ago, three industrious young men, named Jedediah, Ezekiel and Peter. They were in the habit of reading the New York newspapers, which frequently contain glowing descriptions of gold discoveries in California. Upon the arrival of every mail they sought the intelligence from the auriferous diggings of the Pacific. At one of their conversations on the subject they agreed to make up a party and try their luck. The following mail after this conference was held, brought the news of the "turning up" of a lump of gold, weighing one hundred pounds, and the reduction of fare on the steamers. "Here is a chance," said they, "to go in the steerage of the mail steamer of the 5th of March, from New York to California, for one hundred and twenty five dollars." Each had saved a little more than two hundred dollars, and calculated that the overplus would supply them with such other articles as might be required on the journey.

Jedediah and his friends therefore packed up their luggage and started for New York on Tuesday last, two days prior to steamer day. They came by the Hudson River Railroad, landing at the depot at Chambers street late at night, and fell in with a boarding-house keeper, who took them to lodge near the North river. The *disinterested* guide soon ascertained their destination, and as they had yet to procure tickets, he advised them to lose no time, for the steamer was about to carry out a large number of soldiers. They then expressed a wish to be taken to the office of Mr. Raymond, the agent of the regular United States mail line. Accordingly, early the next morning, this man conducted them to one of the bogus offices in the vicinity of the steamer, where they purchased their tickets. But how the price had suddenly advanced! Instead of the advertised rate of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, they were compelled to pay two hundred dollars each for their steerage passage. No matter, they were bound for California, though it took all of their money.

During the morning, however, they were informed by somebody that they had been cheated out of seventy-five dollars each, having paid that sum to the sharpers over the regular price. Chagrined at the deception, Jedediah and his friends proceeded to the office of the mail line, and were informed of the same facts, but that their tickets were good for steerage passages. The three flats then hied away for the Tombs Police Court to seek the aid of the law to recover the overplus. No justice could be administered, however, as they had bargained with their eyes open, and the trio departed the Court exclaiming that they would look out next time who they traded with in New York. On the 5th they sailed in the mail steamer for California.

VAGRANT BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PUBLIC STREETS—AFFECTING SCENE IN COURT BETWEEN A MOTHER AND SON.

Towards the close of the last year, certain members of the Board of Education called attention to the very large number of children idling away their time in the streets during school hours. Not only were these children neglecting their education, but they were thrown in contact with all kinds of vices. Many little boys and girls, during the rainy weather, were found sweeping the crossings and begging pennies of pedestrians. The money obtained by this mendicancy, it was discovered, was not used to clothe and feed the hungry children, but was spent by brutal parents for liquor. Up to the present time this system of beggary and juvenile depravity is tolerated in our thoroughfares. But mark the results! The next step of these uncared-for youths is thievery, caused by ignorance of the punishment which will be meted out to them in case of detection.

Occasionally a policeman arrests one of the young pilferers, and he is straightway sent to the Juvenile Asylum, where it is supposed his morals will be corrected, and an education and trade for future life given him.—In many cases, however, the good intention of the law is frustrated by these unnatural parents again getting back their children. They are then kept at school for a time, but at length fall into their old habits, are again brought to court, and, probably, instead of the Asylum, they are sent to the House of Refuge or the Penitentiary.

On Wednesday morning last, an Officer of the First Ward brought to the Tombs Police Court two dirty and ragged little boys. They were each fourteen years of age, and their faces looked as if they had been dipped into the mud. The Officer had them tied by the wrists with a cord, to prevent them running away! He had detected them stealing cotton, from bales in front of a store in Washington street. The young delinquents came into Court, crying in the most pitiful manner, and begging the officer to let them go.

The mother of one of the boys followed close behind and presented herself at the magistrate's desk, imploring him to spare her child. She stated that she had only left him a moment before, to go to market for a basket of apples, and she was sure he had committed no crime. The boys continued their noisy importunities, mixed with floods of tears down their dirty cheeks; but the officer was relentless, and made an affidavit of vagrancy against them. The necessary papers having been made out, the criminals were untied, and taken down stairs to the City Prison by the Officer. As they were leaving the room, the mother of the smallest boy caught him by the hand with a maternal grasp, shook it warmly, and said, "good bye!" She lingered a moment, until they had disappeared from the Court room, and, turning to the magistrate, again asked that her son might be released. Finding the justice inflexible, she went away with a heavy heart; and her head drooped as if she despaired of ever again seeing her offspring in her widowhood. The action of the justice is not, however, final; there is yet an appeal to the humane disposition of the magistrate holding the Special Sessions (Recorder, or City Judge), after careful report of all the circumstances shall have been made by Mr. Beale, Agent of the Prison Association. Such cases are usually referred to that gentleman for investigation.

A SINGULAR CASE OF JEALOUSY—NOVEL MODE OF APPEASING A HUSBAND.

Not long ago a very curious application was made at the Tombs Police Court by a young and pretty looking married woman, to ease her jealous husband from a crushing weight upon his mind. It seems that the couple resided in a tenant house in the lower part of the city. The husband was a mechanic, and spent the day at his vocation in a work-shop—some distance from home. Now the wife was childish, and sought company during his absence among the inmates of the dwelling. She became acquainted, in the course of time, with another married couple on the next floor above, and was a frequent visitor to the society of the wife.

After a while some mischievous and meddlesome person—supposed to be a maiden lady of advanced years—insinuated to the husband that his wife had better be looked after, as her morals, if not her virtue, were endangered by her intimacy with the lord of her lady friend. He had always, up to that time, held a good opinion as to the chastity of his wife, and the mere intimation of such a disgraceful thing almost unnerved him. However, he determined to keep a vigil upon his wife, and for this purpose would occasionally make his appearance at home when she least expected him. The wife, however, on these occasions happened to be attending to her housework. He said nothing to her of his opinions, and she was not aware that any person had attempted to prejudice him against her.

The husband, instead of committing suicide or murdering his wife, as is generally the case when jealousy holds sway, returned to his daily labors, and resolved to wait until he had proof of the insinuated infidelity of the wife of his bosom. Rumors multiplied, and some of the busy bodies even went so far as to say that somebody else, whose name, of course, would not be mentioned for the world, had seen her in criminal conversation with the man to whom we have referred.

No man, under the circumstances thus far developed, could patiently exist with such a foul stigma resting on his wife. With a heavy heart and dejected look, he gently broached the subject to his wife at the breakfast table one morning. A surprise, such as is only exhibited by an innocent wife, met the interrogatories of the husband. The imputation was so vile, that she could not resent it with indignation, but merely denied it, saying that it had been circulated by one of the tenants because she had offended her, by refusing to grant a favor. Therefore friends of the parties were called in to converse privately on the slander. At first, having found out the name of the base woman who had attempted to destroy the happiness of a man and wife, it was proposed to bring her before the Courts, to answer a charge of defamation of character. Upon further deliberation, however, as the slanderer had very little character of her own to lose, it was concluded, as the wisest proceeding, to let the matter drop as far as she was concerned. It was then agreed among them that, to settle the difficulty for ever, the wife should go to the Police Court, and there make an affidavit that she had never, by word or deed, compromised her virtue or integrity with the man in question, or any strange man.

She came to the Court, accompanied by her friends. One of her female acquaintances acted as mediator, and approached the clerks' desk, stating the facts substantially as we have here narrated them. The wife afterwards came to the desk, when the clerk told her he thought it was unnecessary for her to make such an affidavit, and that if her husband was a man of humane feelings he would not require it. The husband, wife and friends then had a consultation in the court room, and finally consented to adopt the clerks' advice. With a bow to their counsel, they left the court room, the man and his wife apparently much happier than when they entered the room.

WINTER BATHING IN THE EAST RIVER—DODGING JUSTICE BY JUMPING OVERBOARD.

A few days since, while a steam tug was towing a cotton-laden vessel into one of the docks of the East river, two river theives came alongside with a small boat. Although it was broad daylight, they crept up the sides of the vessel and got on board unobserved. The piles of cotton bales on deck hid them from the view of the crew, who were hauling the vessel into the slip. This fine opportunity for carrying on their scheme of plunder was quickly embraced, and the fellows went to work vigorously cutting open the bales. Their row boat was at the side, and they threw the loose cotton into it.

Unfortunately they became so interested in their work that they forgot themselves, and the mate of the vessel surprised them. They retreated in double quick time, jumped into their boat, and rowed across the river. The mate followed as soon as he could get his boat ready, and overtook them near the Brooklyn shore. They were caught before they touched Kings county, and he took possession of them and their boat and its contents, and brought them back to New York. Just as they reached the end of the pier where they were to land, both of the thieves leaped into the water, and attempted to swim away. In this manœuvre they were unsuccessful, as they were captured by boatmen in the vicinity. They were taken from the water soaked like a couple of rats, and paraded through the streets to the police court, where they were committed for trial. The stolen cotton was not worth $25, consequently they were held for petit larceny before the Court of Special Sessions.

THE BURDELL QUESTION IN ABEYANCE.—Nothing has yet been arrived at in the way of a decision in regard to the Burdell estate. The Public Administrator has applied to Surrogate Bradford for an order to sell the furniture at 31 Bond street, but the application was opposed by Mr. Clinton, and the question will be argued on Wednesday next.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM EUROPE!

A WEEK LATER,

BY THE

ATLANTIC AND PERSIA.

The Collins steamer Atlantic arrived at this port on Thursday last, and the Cunard steamer Persia on Friday evening. We condense briefly the news by the two arrivals.

The outward passage of the Atlantic was lengthened in consequence of injury sustained to her floats to the paddle wheels, in the attempts which she made to get to sea, through the ice of 31st January and 1st February.

The Arago arrived at Southampton on the morning of the 20th; and the New York (s. s.) at Greenock at 9.30 A. M. of the same day.

The treaty concerted between England, Prussia and France for the redemption of the Sound dues, was made the subject of a conference of the Powers interested, on the 3d ultimo, at Copenhagen. On this occasion not only the representative of Austria, but also the plenipotentiary of the Hanseatic Towns, acceded to it, in addition to the original members of the conference.

The London *Morning Advertiser* asserts that the government nas received a despatch announcing the total destruction of Canton by the British.

The Persian difficulty, which a few days since appeared in a fair way of settlement, has taken a new turn for the worse, it being reported that Ferouk Khan had, in consequence of the unexpected receipt of bellicose despatches from his government, broken off all negotiation with the British minister at Paris, and would not now visit England.

In the British Parliament the motion on the income tax reduction was to have been discussed on the 16th ult., but the rule of the house requiring that all such motions should be submitted in the first instance in the Committee of Ways and Means, the debate was deferred until the 20th.

The London *Advertiser* asserts that nearly seventy members of the conservative party in Parliament have intimated to Lord Derby that if he gives his sanction to a coalition with the Peelites they will cease to acknowledge him as their chief.

A report had been circulated, that the British government had ordered the Arctic ship Resolute—just presented by the American government—to be pulled to pieces, and the statement was authoritatively denied in the House of Commons.

The London *Chronicle* of the 18th ult., publishes a condensation of the report of the Burdell inquest, which extends to two columns.

Orders have been given at Southampton to proceed immediately with the equipment of the European and American Company's steam fleet, the first vessel of which will be ready for sea in a couple of months, and the others will follow in succession as speedily as possible.

General Almonte, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Mexican Republic, presented his credentials to Queen Victoria on 14th ultimo, at Buckingham palace.

W. H. Russell, the London *Times* correspondent, has entered into an engagement with Mr. Beale, of London, to deliver three lectures a week, on the Crimea, till April, 1858, for a sum which rumor calls £10,000.

About £500 are in bank, at Cork, for a monument to the late Father Mathew.

The French government has instructed its representatives at London, Vienna, St. Petersburgh and Berlin to invite the governments to which they are accredited to join in a conference at Paris, for the settlement of the Neufchatel affair. The ministers of the above powers resident at Paris will act as plenipotentiaries. The conference will meet about the beginning of March.

Catherine Fanelli, who has been passing herself as a saint and capable of working miracles, has been condemned by the Inquisition at Rome to twelve years imprisonment.

Ex-Queen Christina, of Spain, proposes to make Rome her permanent residence, and is purchasing palaces in that city for her sons.

Charles C. Furber, late first mate of the American ship James L. Bogart, and who was injured in the mutiny on board of that vessel on the 19th of January, died in the Liverpool Northern Hospital on the 14th ult. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide by Jeremiah Jones, the colored seaman who killed the deceased.

It was said that the headquarters of the Russian army of the Caucasus would be removed to Ervian.

A partial amnesty to political offenders has been granted in Parma.

The Code Napoleon has been adopted in Germany.

Great distress, bordering on famine, prevails throughout Finland.

The city of Candia is to be rebuilt, and the damage done to Sinope repaired.

The British money market had been tolerably easy, without material change, although some uncertainty arises in regard to the fiscal measures proposed by the ministry. The rate of discount continues 6 per cent.

The grain trade remains in the same dull and lifeless state as for some weeks past, and without quotable change in the week in the value of either wheat or flour, the demand for each being only to supply immediate wants.

Provisions generally were unaltered, beef and pork being dull, and the prices of bacon, although not active, were maintained.

LATEST NEWS IN BRIEF.

MRS. PATTEN AND THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Mrs. Mary A. Patten, the heroine Captain, has received a remittance of $1,000 from the Insurance Companies of this city, and acknowledged the receipt in a modest letter, paying high compliments to her second officer on the voyage, Mr. Hare.

LIBELLED FOR TOWAGE.—British brig Waterford, a few days since brought back to this city, from the Lower Bay, on account of alleged mutiny on board, has been libelled at the Atlantic Dock for towage.

A CHANGE AT THE ASTOR.—The proprietors of the Astor are changing the "exchange" of that establishment into a restaurant, and the hotel will in future be conducted partially on the European plan.

CLEANED HIM OUT THOROUGHLY.—A man named Jonas Place was garotted in Poughkeepsie a few evenings since, and not only robbed of his money, but even of most of his clothing, his boots and stockings.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER—A PUBLIC RECEPTION.—Lord Napier, the new British Minister to this country, was among the arrivals by the Persia on Friday. In acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce to Mr. Dallas, the Chamber of this city some days since passed resolutions to tender Lord Napier a formal reception, which will be no doubt extended at an early day.

DIED FROM A FALL.—John Morrissey died on Friday, from falling into the hold of a ship on Wednesday last.

NEW CABINET IN POSSESSION.—The new Cabinet took possession of their respective charges at Washington at noon on Saturday last; the duties of the several officers having been discharged by the chief clerks up to that time.

A FATHER LOSING HIS CHILD.—In the Supreme Court on Saturday morning, Judge Davies gave a decision in the claim of George A. Schaffer and his divorced wife, to their child Forestine, giving the custody to the mother; the father to have the privilege of seeing the child weekly.

FITTING UP THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.—Before the adjournment of Congress, $20,000 was appropriated by that body for the purchase of new furniture for the Presidential mansion at Washington, and $10,000 in addition for the repairs and beautifying of the grounds around it.

ACCIDENT TO MR. BUTTERWORTH.—On his way to Washington, a few days since, Mr. F. S. Butterworth, Superintendent of the Assay Office in this city, met with a serious accident. He was lifting a pile of overcoats in a car, when a concealed revolver in one of the pockets went off, the ball penetrating the thigh, but leaving the bone fortunately uninjured.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAHAWBA FROM HAVANA.—U. S. mail steamship Cahawba arrived on Saturday afternoon from Havana. Her news are of little importance, except the announcement that 390 of one cargo of Coolies coming into the island had died on the passage. Sugar sales had been heavy, at former prices.

JUDGE APPLETON ILL.—Hon. John Appleton, the new editor of the Washington Union, has been taken suddenly very ill, and the charge has devolved upon Col. John F. Carter, his assistant.

A U. S. SOLDIER KILLED.—Patrick Farrel, a U. S. soldier upon Governor's Island, got into a drunken brawl, while on leave at Brooklyn on Saturday night last, was struck in the head with a slung shot, and died on Friday last. The name of the man who killed him is unknown.

THE WRECKED BURGLARS.—Justice Connolly yesterday received a requisition from Gov. King, for the transfer of the prisoners arrested last week on a charge of breaking into the public stores on the Cunard Docks, in Jersey City, and stealing therefrom some $5,000 worth of goods, with which they put to sea, and were drifted ashore at Keyport on the same day. The names of the parties, are John Thompson, alias John Mongham, alias stuttering John, George Masterson, Mike Welsh, James Perry and George Carl. A writ of certiorari has been taken out and is returnable before Justice Davies of the Supreme Court to-morrow, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A BOY KILLED ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—A boy, about twelve years of age, named John Brady, was run over by the Hudson River cars on Friday afternoon, in Tenth avenue, near Thirtieth street, and had both legs crushed above the knees. He was conveyed to the City Hospital, where he died about 10 o'clock in the evening.

LATEST CITY NEWS.

Reception of the British Minister.

THE VISIT OF THE MERCHANTS.

The Committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce waited upon Lord Napier, the British Minister, yesterday afternoon at the Clarendon Hotel. The deputation consisted of Messrs. Pelatiah Perit, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Moses H. Grinnell, Jas. G. King, Thos. Tileston, Henry A. Coit, Denning Duer, Adam Norrie, Jas. De Peyster Ogden, E. E. Morgan, Henry Grinnell, John A. Stevens, Alexander Duncan and others. The deputation was introduced by Joseph Fowler, Esq., Acting Consul of H. B. M.

Although the affair was private we have obtained a report of the proceedings. After being introduced, Mr. Perit said: In behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, of New York, we have called to pay our respects to you and to offer to you, your lady and family, a cordial welcome to the shores of our country, in doing which we but give utterance to the sentiments of the whole community. Your arrival in this country is the more interesting, as it will fully restore the diplomatic relations of Great Britain and the United States of America, and will, we trust, be the means of adding strength to the ties of consanguinity, friendship and interest, which bind these nations together. On this continued harmony of feeling and action depend not only the prosperity of two great and powerful nations, but the advancement of commerce, civilization and liberal institutions throughout the world. It will be the distinguished privilege of your mission, we trust, to contribute largely to these great objects.

We regret that your early departure for Washington will prevent the opportunity of tendering the attentions which it would have afforded us, and our fellow-citizens great pleasure to render, and that we can only offer you in this interview a hearty welcome.

Lord Napier replied: Mr. Perit and gentlemen—I beg you will convey to the New York Chamber of Commerce my highest sense of the honor they have done me in offering me their congratulations, on the occasion of my arrival in this country. I can assure you that no efforts shall be wanting on my part to realize the happy anticipations which you have had the goodness to express, and to deserve the favorable opinion which you have gratuitously formed of my ability to promote the interests of our respective countries. I come with every desire to be useful. Although I have never visited American before, I have enjoyed the intimacy and friendship of many of your countrymen abroad, and I would gladly merit that regard on the part of the nation which has been extended to me by its individual members. The sentiments of cordiality which you have conveyed to me, are those which animate the Government and people of Great Britain. If I fail in giving effect to them it may arise from a deficiency of ability, but never from a want of good will. I am, moreover, justified in anticipating that nothing can occur to mar the harmony of our international relations or to diminish those friendly sentiments which under no circumstances have ever expired in the hearts of the two nations. I venture to hope that the period of my employment in the United States may be passed in that concord and co-operation which are so essential to our mutual welfare and to the best interests of mankind.

After the usual courtesies the deputation retired. The minister will leave for Washington on Tuesday next.

FATAL SHOOTING CASE.—RIVER THIEF KILLED.—John Doyle, a desperate character, about 18 years of age, died yesterday at the City Hospital from wounds received on the 5th of February. It appears from the facts developed, that John Doyle and three others, during the course of the night, rowed up to the barge Bradford, Captain Worden, at the foot of Dover street, in a yawl-boat, but for what purpose, unless it was to secure a load of plunder, is unknown. A dog on the barge snapped at the fellows, which led to angry words between Captain Worden and those in the skiff; immediately after which the four fellows boarded the barge, and, when safely on the deck, commenced to throw stones at the captain and those in his employ. Not satisfied with this mode of warfare, the assailants each drew pistols and threatened to shoot Capt. Worden, whereupon the latter ran to his cabin, and taking down a loaded pistol, told the marauders that he would shoot them if they did not desist and leave his vessel. Paying no attention to what he said, their acts of violence continued till the Captain, thinking his life to be in danger, discharged his pistol into the crowd. The bullet took effect on the right side of Doyle's neck, but, encountering the muscles, it glanced upward and around his neck, burying itself in the flesh near the windpipe. Seeing the fate of their companion, Doyle's confederates fled, and the report of the pistol being heard by Officer Deming of the Fourth Ward, he arrested Capt. Worden, and held him to bail to answer the charge. Doyle was conveyed to the City Hospital, where he appeared to be in a fair way of recovery, but yesterday the wound commenced bleeding afresh, and in about two minutes he died from loss of blood.

ANOTHER MURDER IN BROOKLYN.—Coroner Perry held an inquest on Friday, on the remains of Patrick Farrell, a private in the U. S. Army, stationed at Governor's Island, who died from injuries received at the hands of unknown persons. It appears that deceased, with two others, were in this city on Sunday last, where they became very much intoxicated. They had some difficulty in a disreputable house in Duane street, but nothing serious appears to have occurred until the party were crossing on the Ferry-boat to Brooklyn, when a quarrel took place between them and some of the other passengers. The soldiers left the boat, and proceeded up Columbia street, where it is supposed they were followed, and simultaneously attacked. Farrell was conveyed to Governor's Island, in an insensible state, by his companions, where he died. Medical examination showed that death was caused from a fracture of the skull. The jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from injuries received at the hands of some person or persons to them unknown.

ARREST OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.—Henry Lockwoo, and elderly man, was yesterday brought before Justice Flandreau, and committed on a charge of obtaining property under false pretences. It appears that some time since accused went to Richard V. Bateman, and represented that he had an opportunity of disposing of a watch. He was accordingly entrusted with a gold watch and chain, valued at $50, and since that time has failed to return or pay for it. Officer Areson took the matter in hand; and accused admitted having received the watch, but failed to produce it. Upon being taken before the Police Justice he denied all knowledge of the transaction, and was accordingly held on a charge of constructive grand larceny.

A FORGER ARRESTED.—Harrison Hall, a spruce looking young man, 18 years of age, was brought before Justice Flandreau yesterday, and held in $500 bonds to answer the charge of forgery. Accused was a clerk in the employ of George H. Brownley, at No. 456 3d avenue, and while so engaged admitted having formed the acquaintance of females of loose morals, involving as a consequence the necessity of funds, probably beyond his means. Two small forged checks were so successfully drawn upon the Bull's Head Bank, that they were cashed, but a third one was detected and led to his arrest.

FELL DOWN THE HOLD OF THE ERICSSON.—A man named John Schroeder, was taken to the Hospital badly injured. He was employed as a fireman upon the steamship Ericsson, now on the sectional dock, and fell down the hold, by which he sustained a fracture of the thigh and a severe scalp wound.

TOW-BOAT LAUNCH.—Saturday forenoon the steamboat John Styles was launched from the ship-yard of Lawrence & Foulkes, in Williamsburgh. She is 98 feet keel, 28 feet beam, 7 feet 6 inches hold, and 170 tons measurement. The John Styles is intended for a tow-boat to run outside of the harbor.

A SAILOR ARRESTED FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—A man named Thomas Forbes, residing in New Jersey, was knocked down and robbed of $93 in the Fourth Ward on Friday evening. A sailor named Peter Kane was arrested, on a charge of having committed the robbery and committed.

DROWNED.—John Rogers, a laborer, fell overboard at pier No. 11, North river, on Friday afternoon, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. His body was recovered and conveyed to his late residence, No. 89 Greenwich street.

FIRES.—About 7½ o'clock Friday evening some goods in the show window of Mrs. Moore's store, No. 183 Sixth avenue, caught fire from the gas light. It was extinguished by some passers before much damage had been done.

Yesterday morning about 5 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the basement of Clinton Hotel, corner Broadway and Eighth street, which had originated from the furnace. The firemen were soon on the ground and extinguished the flames. The damage was slight.

THE FEAST OF KITES.—Thousands of the juveniles of this city turned out yesterday to receive the presents of kites which had been promised them by Messrs. Christy & Wood, who had hit upon this novel mode of advertising their institution. The procession was headed by a mammoth omnibus drawn by twelve horses, and was followed by several others containing a band of music, the kites, &c. Next followed the boys in a procession reaching several blocks distance. After marching down Broadway and through several other streets they returned to Union Square and the lads received the kites amidst continued cheers for the generous donors.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—A man named Wm. Montgomery was arrested on Thursday afternoon, by constable Joseph Matthews, of Philadelphia, on a charge of picking a lady's pocket on board of the steamer Illinois, as she was about sailing on Thursday afternoon, of a purse containing about $200. Officer Matthew saw the accused commit the act and conveyed him to the Tombs, where he was committed by Justice Connolley.

Business Notices.

MARCH.

Grim, growling Winter flies afar,
And Spring with smiles and tears advances;
Once more we hail the roseate car,
Which, drawn by laughing hours, advances.
The snow-bank feels the genial beams,
Which in the softer heavens are glowing,
And through our long-impeded streams,
The tide once more is brightly flowing.

The heart with warmer hopes is rife,
The cheek with brighter hues is lighted—
And Commerce, wakening into life,
For stagnant Winter is requited:
Thou'rt rough, old March, but true, we trust,
Thou'rt hale and hearty, if not handsome;
And every peck of thy dear dust,
"Is worth," they say, "a monarch's ransom!"

Our WINTER CLOTHES we'll soon resign—
Heaven knows we've had a plenty of it!
And here is some advice of mine,
Which wise men may improve with profit:
Don't wait till Tom, Dick, Harry goes,
All crowding to the SMITHS together;
But GO AT ONCE, and PICK SUCH CLOTHES
As best may suit THE CHANGE OF WEATHER!

SMITH BROTHERS' One Price Wholesale and Retail Clothing Warerooms, 122 and 140 Fulton street, New York.

READ
FRIDOLINE,
IN
THE NEW YORK SUN.
ONE CENT PER COPY.

READ
FRIDOLINE,
IN
THE NEW YORK SUN.
ONE CENT PER COPY.

BEST AND ORIGINAL.—But what a crop of sturdy imitators have sprung up in consequence of their success: But they will melt away before the popular appreciation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

MILD OPERATION WITH SUCCESSFUL EFFECTS ARE THE PECULIARITY OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Now that we may soon expect genial spring, it is of great importance that a few doses be used by the wise. Our race are subjected to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use, we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the fine organs of the stomach and bowels. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness. In brief, Brandreth's Pills work their way to the very roots of the disease, cleansing in their passage, removing every unhealthy accumulation, till the blood is purified, the whole system renovated, and the functions and duties of his life become a pleasure, where before they had been sad and weary burdens.

We have thousands of similar testimonials to the following, and such evidence can be had from living witnesses all around upon every side. It is from a gentleman of high responsibility, whose letter can be seen at the Principal office, he writes:

"I am now over fifty years of age * * * * For twenty years I have used your Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other! and I have never had occasion to call a physician in my family, (save in the sickness of my wife with children) during the twenty years."

TRUE MEDICINAL PRINCIPLES.

Never extract blood. Blood is the life. By abstracting it in painful diseases you may occasion the patient ease, but *remember this ease is only the reduction or loosening the power to feel*. And by thus taking away nature's tools, you may prevent her from fully repairing the ravages of inflammation, and convert what might only have been the sickness of a few days or weeks into a chronic affection of months or years.

PURGING BY MEANS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

This is the means which accords with nature—nature's remedy in fact. When sudden, acute or continued pain occurs, then to insure security you must take a medicine that will surely purge. There must be no shilly-shallying, because every minute lost may be fatal.

Principal office 43 Brandreth Building, 415 and 417 Broadway.

POVERTY AND RICHES.—The other day a man starved to death in New York, surrounded by opulent fellow-citizens. He could obtain no work, and he knew of no other method by which to acquire money. The very people who permitted him to starve, would no doubt have abused him had he dared to invest his last few dollars in the purchase of a lottery ticket—had he purchased one, it might have conferred a fortune upon him. There are many wealthy men in this city, and in the principal Southern cities, who have no hesitation in saying that they were started in business by prizes drawn in lotteries. We have just seen a scheme, which, for gigantic promise, was never equalled in this country. It is gotten up on the Havana plan of single numbers, and embraces five hundred and seventy prizes, the capital one being $100,000, $50,000, two of $20,000, two of $10,000, and a hundred prizes of $1,000 dollars each. This lottery is the oldest authorized lottery in the United States, and is managed by R. France & Co., of Baltimore, Maryland. The State controls it, however and is responsible for its promises. The drawing of the scheme we have mentioned will take place on the 30th of April, under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Could there be a better guarantee of its fairness? Orders for tickets must be addressed to T. H. Hubbard & Co., No. 39 Fayette street, or Box. No. 40, Baltimore, Maryland. Will you try your luck? You stand as good a chance as anybody else to acquire a fortune by this method.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—*To the Editor of the N. Y. Leader*: W. Q. Phillips, of Covington, discloses a singular skin complaint, which he suffered for years, presenting a curious appearance, causing him great pain and annoyance. Although there is no mention made of this disease in the medical books, and very few cases reported by the faculty, we believe it to be quite common; and as the case itself is one of interest to the medical world, we deem it proper to publish the letter—"*verbatum et literatim et punctatum*:"

COVINGTON, Ky., Jan. 4, 1857.

MESSRS. RADWAY & CO.:

Many years since I was attacked by a disease, which attacked the root of each hair on my person, throughout the hair and then filled up the cavity occupied by the root of the hair with a fluid, which soon hardened, and when this was pressed from the cavity with the nail it presented the appearance of a white worm from one-fourth to three fourths of an inch in length.

The disease was extremely annoying. I employed a great number of physicians in hopes of being cured; spent much time at an hospital, visited various watering places, and have taken a little river of medicines, including Kennedy's Medical Discovery, Carter's Spanish Mixture, &c., &c., but though often relieved, I could never get cured.

At the approach of the present winter I commenced taking your Resolvent, and for the first time I have found a medicine that diminished the disease during winter, and I am so much improved that I feel satisfied that a few months will effect a cure.

But I have spent nearly all the money I ever owned, and lost years of the best period of my life in endeavoring to effect a cure, and my object in writing to you is to learn if you cannot put me up a gallon or two in such a form that I can get it here at very much less than it costs me to buy it by the dozen, which I do at $7 50. Could it not be put up in a large jug and sent by express, or to your agent here, so that I can save a little of my hard earnings?

Will you give me anything for several dozens of your bottles?

Thankfully yours,
W. Q. PHILLIPS.

Answer to a letter of W. Q. Phillips, Covington, Ky.

The disease described here, as we understand it, is a postular affection, attacking the hair bulbs on the person, not on the head, by which the hair is destroyed.—This disease partakes of the nature of *porrigo* or *tinea* of the head on the one hand, and *acne* on the other, attacking as it does the trunk of the body. It is a disease chronic in its character, and obstinate in resisting treatment. With these cases Radway's Renovating Resolvent is pre-eminently successful; and when the poor patient, after having tried numberless remedies, and often the most experienced physicians, in vain, comes at last, as is too frequently the case, broken down in health and fortune, to the trial of this remedy, he finds that which is more valuable than silver and gold. He finds a remedy, that to his astonishment so soon as he begins to take it, commences its work of renovation—he eats better, feels better, sleeps better, and enjoys the pleasure of seeing a disease fade away that has affected him for years, perhaps from birth. Such, reader, is Radway's Renovating Resolvent—the curer of incurable diseases.

RADWAY & CO.,
Office, 162 Fulton street, New York.

THOSE FRIED OYSTERS.—We had a notice at home, the other day, that we were growing somewhat difficult to please in eatables; with a suggestion that we were "living too high" in the city. We "acknowledged the corn." We are located over Landers' Saloon—Landers, of No. 15 Beekman street, and his fried oysters—oysters in every style imaginable, and the finest in the city—have very nearly spoiled our appetite for delicacies elsewhere.

THE NIAGARA GALLERY.—Pictures are the charm of existence, more quiet and loveable than any other enjoyment, as they appeal to the senses without exciting the passions. Commend us to fine pictures—like those of Richardt's Niagara Gallery—for an hour of quiet pleasure and rational enjoyment. These capital pictures may be found at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, and are daily and nightly visited—as they deserve to be—by crowds of delighted visitors.

FOR EUROPE.—The U. S. Mail steamer Fulton sailed for Europe yesterday. Among her passengers was the Hon. Chas. Sumner, who goes out to recruit his health.

YE LEGENDE OF YE TADDPOLE:

CONSTRUED INTO MORALL RIME.

Ye day was settinge in ye Weste,
Ye birds had ceased their singinge,
And through ye twilighte aire ye Crowes
Their roostward waye were wingingе.

I sate and watcht ye gathering Night
Beside ye cottage doore, o'erhung
Wi' flow'ringe vines, whose blossom'd wealth
A fragrance on ye coole aire flung:

A little waye in front there play'd
Ye tendre Childe, whose Mother's love
Made in my humble home on Earthe
A Heaven like to that above.

That Mother sate beside and watcht,
Wi' me, ye prattling Infante's play,
And while my hande e'en clasped Her's,
Ye lov'd Head on my shoulder laye.

Suddenne we saw, adowne ye Lane,
A Stranger form approach full slowe;
His garbe was rags, his gaite was halt,
His hoarie Heade was bended lowe:

Ye little Childe in terrour shrank
From ye gaze of His weird e'en,
And quicklie crouch'd her tendre form
Ye Father's guarding knees atween.

Ye Stranger spake—his accents sharpe,
As if from soundinge Metall rung—
Oh! ne'er a Voice so owre strange
Before had come from Mortall tongue:

"I thirst!" quod he, "Give me to drink!"
And in evere ringinge note
Ye Wordes did quaintlie seem as though
Blown forthe from out a Brazen throate.

Ye good Wife brought a drinkinge horne,
O'erflowinge to ye brimme,
And curt'sied to ye dewy sodde
In handinge ye draught to himme:

Ye Stranger seized ye brimminge Cuppe,
And raised it to his lippes;
Then dash'd it, cursing, on ye Grounde,
Before one Drop he sippes!

Ye little Childe scream'd with affrighte,
Ye good wife turn'd full pale,
And I, in Manlie wrathe, began
At ye Stranger Manne to rail:

"Why dashe ye Cuppe upon ye ground—
Ye Cuppe of costlie tinne?
Ye Waterre so clear is Heaven-sent,
And cursing It Ye sinne!"

Ye Stranger Manne then straighte beganne—
"Good Sirre, your pardon grant;
I'd drink your Waterre if I could,
But re'llie, Sirre, I can't.

"Listenne! ye Storie I'll propounde,
And, o'er my Tale is o'er,
You'll know that how accurst am I
In thirsting Evermore!

"'Tis Centuries off, e'en now," quod He,
In Metall-ringinge tone,
"Sin' I was working in ye Fielde
Wi' my own Self alone;

"Ye Day was warme as Daye could be,
And in ye copper Skye
No little Cloude was seen whereon
To reste ye dazzled Eye;

"Ye Graine was in ye ripen'd Eare,
He sharpe Scbythe in my Hande;
And thus I reap'd, so fainte wi' Heate,
That I could hardlie stande:

"At last I sought ye rippling Brooke,
And cast Me downe beside
Its mossie Bankes, and deeplie dranke
From out ye crystall tide:

"My thirste was slaked, no Gratitude
Founde lodgement in my Soule,
As there I laye and watcht ye playe
Of a merrie blacke Taddpole;

"Sometime I watcht, wi' curious eye,
Ye little blacke Thinge saile
Upon ye tide, then with my Scythe
I CHOPT YE TADDPOLE'S TAILE!

"Darke grewe ye Waterre in ye Brooke—
Its hue was bloody Redde—
And from its horridde flood there came
An awefull Voice, which said:

"'Ungratefull Manne! O, thankless Knave!
Ye Taddpole's taile ye chopt,
And hence beginnes that raging Thirste
Which Never shall be stopt.'

"And sin' that daye, in ev'ry spring,
And all ye drinking pailes,
Ye Waterre wears a bloodye hue,
And, mixt wi' Taddpoles' tailes:

"Forbiddes me that I coole my Tongue,
Or dampe my parched Throate,
Which is so drye that each Worde rings
Like a brazen Bugle note."

Then ceased ye sinfull Thirsting Manne,
And pass'd from out our Sighte.
As toddling down ye Lane his form
Was swallowed by ye Nighte!

—*West Florida Times.*

[Written for the New York Leader.]

TRUE ORIGIN OF "PUNCH."

In the summer of 1841 the scene here described was presented in London.

It was evening, and in a small room attached to the bar of a tavern situated in a by-street running from the Strand, were seated four men. They had ranged themselves round a small table in the centre of the apartment, and at their elbow reposed, ready for fresh application to the lips, the beverages most approved, varying from port to gin and water—the former in its bright pewter mug, the latter in its large crystal goblet.

The men were deep in conversation, and judging from appearances, their topic would have been pronounced of some importance. The tone of voice was low, while the play of both features and hands seemed to impart a peculiar emphasis to the words really spoken.

These four men were of about the same age, though very different in personal appearance. One was of almost diminutive size, and rather warped in outline, with large blue eyes, a pale complexion, a good nose, and straight hair, of a light brown. The gentleman who was *vis a vis* with him, on the contrary, was tall and robust, and of a dark, Jewish *contour*. The third, who was seated next to this large specimen of humanity, was of the medium height, and altogether ungainly, being thin and angular. The thing most noteworthy about him was his face, that would have done credit to an overgrown ploughboy, if we could fancy the hair of the latter to have been frost bitten. But it was neither the frost of winter nor the frost of age that had fallen on the head of our third gentleman. The season was a denial of one hypothesis, thirty-nine years of good health were a denial of the other. The fourth unit of the party, who was on the immediate right of the first, was short, rather corpulent, and very flush of his action. He had a good natured blue eye, an ample forehead, and rather a sensual mouth.

The names of the gentlemen, in the exact order we have described the originals, were Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Stirling Coyne, and Gilbert a' Beckett.

The first is too widely known perhaps to require further detail. Suffice it to say that at the time referred to he was a dramatist, and though prolific at his pen and acknowledged as a man of genius, still far from rich, his income never having averaged more than £300 or $1,500 a year.

His friend, Mark Lemon, was also a contributor to the stage, though not so long at the trade as Jerrold had been, and not in possession of a tythe of his talent.

Mr. Coyne was a journalist as well as dramatist, contributing articles to a morning paper and dramas (translated, &c.,) to the Adelphi Theatre. He was the most talkative of the *quartette*—more sanguine as to the success of the project in hand (whatever that might be) than any of his associates, and we may perhaps add, most fully convinced that he was the Sir Oracle of the party.

Of Mr. a' Beckett it will be sufficient for us to say he was an attorney at law, a writer who had already taken high degrees in humor, and—if that be any honor to him, which he considered it was—a lineal descendent of the celebrated churchman murdered while officiating as the altar in Canterbery Cathedral.

The tavern in which these worthies sat was a dingy and an odd looking place, and for many ages it was rumored had been the resort of the kind of men now seen about it. They were of the shabby genteel order, and subdivided into two classes—the first, having to do with the newspaper press, the second with the stage. The latter could not be mistaken by any possibility. Their whiskerless and wan visages betokened too plainly the fact of "each man in his time playing many parts."

But to the inmates of the private parlor behind the bar, or rather, to the business they had in hand—*that* was the establishment of a weekly magazine of fun and facetia. It was a perilous undertaking for men who, labor as they might, found it still difficult to support themselves and families in respectability. There was the certain outlay and the uncertain returns—duly weighed and pondered by three at least of the party. Perhaps, with the fourth, the only feeling was assured prosperity, because *he* was to be a contributor.

Publications, unlike babes, are christened prior to their birth, and the name of this bantling, as yet in embryo, was determined to be that of the antique droll who in Italy had satirized governments, and whom, in England, an act of Parliament had been found powerless to put down—PUNCH.

The chief announcers of the new work were gigantic posting bills pasted on uninhabited houses and dead walls. They informed the public that *Punch* was around, and very quietly asked and replied to a question touching the similarity of the new work and the Whig ministry of Viscount Melbourne. "Because both are just *out!*" To make the joke more potent, *Punch*, laughing and hilarous, was shown above—the ex-premier, sneaking and dejected, below.

The reception of the work and its success would have been encouraging to men with ampler means than those of Messrs. Jerrold, Lemon, Coyne and a'Beckett; but to them it was manifest that, unassisted, they could not carry it on—the very increase in the popularity and the demand for *Punch* necessitated greater outlays than would have been required under really less happy circumstances; and this coveted assistance was not long in coming. The Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, extensive printers, in Whitefriars, a district within the city limits of London, were the men to proffer their gold on the occasion; in a few months they purchased *Punch* entire—retaining its four projectors as writers on liberal salaries, making arrangements with the best of artists, and doing all within the compass of immense wealth, to push the work ahead.

For several years, the literary and pictorial excellence of *Punch* went hand in hand with its amount of circulation. Jerrold and Lemon still contributed to it; a'Beckett never left it for a week until he was associated as a metropolitan magistrate, and even then occasionally enlivened its columns. Coyne made but a short stay on it, returning to the writing of plays and paragraphs. Besides these gentlemen, others have been included in the literary staff of *Punch*—among the most prominent, Thackeray, Laman Blanchard, Frank Stone, Shirley Brooks, and though last, confessedly not the least, Tom Hood. His immortal "Song of the Shirt" was written for and originally appeared in *Punch*.

Though still an amusing work, and in the enjoyment of a large circulation, it would be ridiculous to accredit this English humorist for either the talent or success of former times. The illustrations are perhaps as good as ever they were, but the old writers show signs of decay, and the new ones have been accepted more out of regard for family connection than for literary genius.

Hints to Querists.

— It is true that titles are now but empty sounds: originally, however, titles of honor were names of offices. The *earl* in England, had, in former ages, substantial duties to perform in his country, as the sheriff, (the vice comes or vice earl) has now; but name has remained, though the peculiar duties are gone, and so it is with respect to other dignities. Some of these dignities, and titles correspondent to them, are hereditary. So were the eminent offices which they designate, in the remote ages, when there duties to be performed. Hence hereditary titles. There are five orders of nobility in England, distinguished by the respective titles of duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron, and the persons in whom the dignity of the peerage inheres are entitled to be designated by these words; and, if in any legal proceedings, they should be otherwise designated, there would be a misnomer, by which the proceedings would be vitiated, just as when a private person is wrongly described in an indictment; that is, the law or the custom of the realm guarantees to them the possession of these terms of honor, as it does of the dignities to which they correspond. Another dignity which brings with it the right to a title of honor, is that of knighthood and of baronet—a new dignity, originated during the reign of James I. Besides these, there are the ecclesiastical dignities of bishop and archbishop, which bring with them the right to certain titles of honor, besides the phrases by which the dignity itself is designated. And custom seems to have sanctioned the claim of the persons who possess inferior dignities in the church to honorable titles, and it is usual to bestow on all persons who are admitted into the clerical order the title of reverend, a title which was formerly given to others quite as appropriately—to judges, for instance. There are also academical distinctions, which are of the nature of titles of honor, although they are not usually considered to fall under the denomination. Municipal offices have also titles accompanying them; and in the law there are eminent offices, the names of which become titles of honor to the possessors of them, and which bring with them certain terms of distinction. The distinction which the possession of titles of honor gives in society has always made them objects of ambition. Such titles exist even in democratic states, as in our own country; but they are only temporary, and annexed to certain offices, as that of president. The hereditary nature of most of the chief titles of honor in European States gives them a different character.

— The Nephelescope, is an instrument invented by Dr. Bagot for making observations on the clouds. It consists of a circular piece of plate glass, on which are painted sixteen points of the compass, with lines connecting the opposite points, all meeting at a common centre. By fixing this into a framework, or in the top of a hut, with the N set to true north, the observer sitting under it, with his head resting on the back of a chair, (to insure an immovable position to the eye), the motion of any cloud may be carefully viewed, and its direction ascertained, by noting with which line of the instrument its movement corresponds.

— Nine-tenths of the olive oil that is used in Europe and America is manufactured in France from American lard oil, which is purified by soda. The oil thus obtained is sweet and pure, excellent for oiling machinery and making hair pomade; and for eating, is about equal to olive oil.

— The Beyeux tapestry is now in the public library at Bayeux. This wonderful piece of workmanship is ascribed to the industry of Matilda, wife of William I. and the subject is his conquest of England.

— Bread was originally an invention of the Greeks, adopted by the Romans. During several centuries they used in France, instead of plates, circular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of yeast to raise their bread. The French still make excellent bread, and are great consumers of it.

— Of the stars, thousands are visible to the naked eye, and millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschell calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be distinctly counted in a twenty feet reflector in both hemispheres, and thinks that the actual number is much greater. His illustrious father estimated, on one occasion, that one hundred and twenty five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty feet reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens in a single telescopic view.

— "Revenons a nos moutons," literally "let us go back to the sheep" is a proverb taken from an old French play, where a woollen draper is brought in pleading against his shepherd concerning the loss of some sheep, and who, constantly digressing from the narrative, causes the judge to cry, "revenons a nos moutons," which is the origin of it as a proverbial expression for "let us return to the subject."

— Fasting has been frequently recommended and practised as a means of removing incipient diseases, and of restoring the body to its customary healthful sensation. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin for a period did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased; but why adduce authority in favor of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick? Happily for them they have no meddling prompters, in the shape of well meaning friends, to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like.

— Transparent soap is made by dissolving pure tallow or oil soap in alcohol, then allowing it to dry in a warm situation. The soap is added to the alcohol in fine shavings, and, after being dissolved, it is formed into cakes or balls, as may be desired. Any kind of perfume may also be added to transparent soaps in the alcohol.

— "Home trade" is that sale and interchange of commodities which is carried on at home within a nation, and where the inhabitants of that nation are the sole customers and purchasers. The amount of the home trade, even in Great Britain, is about ten times the amount of the foreign trade—in every other country, from ten to twelve times.

— The Rubicon is a little river in the territory of Rimini, in Italy. As the limit of Cæsar's military command, to cross it was to proclaim himself in arms against the State, which, as the most momentous step in his career, has given rise to the saying, "to pass the Rubicon," when a desperate and important resolve is taken.

— Battle Abbey was built on the spot where the contest between William the Norman and Harold took place.

— Argus was one of the mythological heroes of antiquity, said to have a hundred eyes, of which two only slept in succession. Hence the phase to denote vigilance—Argus eyed.

Primrose Walk.

☞ How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy! In youth we are always looking forward to things that are to come, in old age we look backward to things that are past.

☞ A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter, but was answered:

"A man is going to be buried."

"Oh," replied he, "I'll stay to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

☞ True gratitude, in very fullness of the soul, knows not the limits of the debt; but when it weighs each little gift—books down each passing courtesy—it ceases to be gratitude, and sinks into calculation.

☞ St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words:

"Oh, mihi, beate Martine,"

which was corrupted into

"My eye and Betty Martin."

☞ Miss Tucker says it is with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do flame, they burn prodigious.

☞ Here is a good domestic toast:

"May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

☞ A Western editor, having heard that to persons in a drowning condition, all the events of their past life suddenly rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent sub scribers would take to bathing in deep water.

☞ There is an old saw which says that "Content is the true philosopher's stone:" Brown says "it's very likely—for nobody has ever found either the one or the other."

☞ Every schoolboy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

☞ Referring to the speed of railway trains, Thackeray says, not without reason, that "we do not travel now-a-days, we arrive at places."

☞ Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, few. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.

☞ A store was broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing.

"Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them."

☞ A friend said:

"Good morning, Patrick—slippery, this morning."

"Slippery? An' it's nothing else. Your 'onor, 'pon me word, an' I fell down three times without getting up onc't."

☞ In good "Old Colony" times (1630) there was a sumptuary act of the general court, which prohibited short sleeves, and required the garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists, and required information on immoderate great breeches, knots of riband, broad shoulder-bands and taylee; silk rases, double cuffs and ruffs.

☞ The Duke of Wellington once left his umbrella by accident on the stall of a lady of rank at a fair. On returning to look for it, he was told that the umbrella had just been sold for twenty-five guineas by the lady, who could not resist the temptation of disposing of so valuable a relic for charitable purposes.

☞ The faithful old fashioned man-servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one day in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a liveried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head, for all the world like an American Congressman, legislating at his ease; and from this comfortable position he budged not an inch at the importunate summons. "What!" cried the primitive footman, "won't you answer the drawing-room bell?" "Not unless they *perseveres*," was the cool reply of his footmanship.

☞ An eminent savant was introduced, at an evening party, to a rather pert young lady."

"Oh, Mr. ——," she said, "I am delighted to meet you. I have so long wished to see you."

"Well," said the man of science, "and pray what do you think of me, now that you have seen me?"

"You may be very clever," was the answer, "but you are nothing to look at."

☞ A stranger, riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman and inquired the reason?

"O, bless you, sir," replied the man, "the wind is so very strong sometimes in these parts, that if we weren't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blown off them, clear and clean."

☞ "Oh, I met such a beautiful girl in the street to-day," said a young gentleman to a lady friend, to whom he was doing the agreeable, not many evenings since. "She was dressed in deep mourning. I think I have never seen a sweeter face."

"Who could it have been?" said the listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing at the crape folds, to see if they were properly adjusted. "Pretty, you say; who could it have been? I was not out!"

☞ In a church in Durham, England, there is an unusually good choir, who are allowed to monopolize the musical portion of the service. A stranger, entering the church one day, joined in the hymn. The fat old sexton waddled up to him, and exclaimed:

"Stop sir, stop! We do all the singing here ourselves, sir."

☞ A tavern keeper, residing in a neighboring town, and who is a frequent customer at his own bar, was much annoyed by swarms of red ants, which, by dint of their perseverance, made sad havoc with his sugar. As he was one day waiting on a traveler, the landlord, in no measured terms, expressed his indignation against these little patterns of industry, adding, that he would give a generous sum to be effectually rid of them. Upon this the traveler said:

"Sir, I can tell you how they may be destroyed, in a very short time, without any expense."

"Well," said Boniface, "let me know how, and I will try it instantly."

"You must kill one of the ants," replied the traveler, "every time you go into the bar for something to drink, and my word for it, you'll make an end of them in less than a week."

☞ A Canadian paper tells us how one Miss Philbrick set a trap for a bear, and how the bear bodily carried the trap away. We have heard of cases of worse fortune; in which a lady, in her idleness, not only set a trap for a beast, but absolutely caught him. —*Punch.*

☞ The following account of a fisherman, from the *Knickerbocker*, is a good one: A friend, late one Saturday afternoon, hailed him as he was skilfully "essaying the wild fisherman's art" for trout, with:

"Hallo, there! Got anything?"

"Got anything!—of course not. I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

☞ A young lady commences a letter to us by thanking Heaven that "*her feelings are not all of a size!*"

☞ Be systematic in all that you do. By following this precept, you will be able to accomplish as much in two hours as you otherwise could in three; and with much less wear of patience.

☞ Holy and beautiful indeed is the smile of fathomless and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing dews to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it give a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

☞ The house of a man happily married is his paradise; he never leaves it without regret, never returns to it but with gladness; the friend of his soul, the wife of his bosom welcomes his approach with susceptibility; joy beams on her cheek, mutual are their transports.

☞ The Moslem creed divides hell into seven stories, sunk one under another, the lowest being for the hypocrites of all nations.

☞ The Frenchman eats roast horse, the Chinaman eats roast rat, and the New Zealander eats roast missionary.

☞ A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and, at the same time, promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil:

"A common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

☞ A foppish fellow advised a friend [illegible] to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work."

"Good," said his friend. "I would rather go up-hill than down-hill, any time."

☞ There are, at present, at Rome, 244 painters of both sexes, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers, who were all born in that city, or have resided there for a long period. The number of foreign artists surpasses all belief.

☞ Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent. She went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

☞ In the middle ages in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all-fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, there would be considerable bow-wowing.

☞ A paper desires to know "*why* so many mothers go on journeys with their infants in their arms?"

Queer, isn't it? Does it expect that mothers are going to carry their infants in their carpet bags?

☞ Did you ever hear of the wife who wrote to her husband in California, and commenced her letter thus:

"Oh tell me not that absence conquers love! The longer you stay away, the better I like you?"

☞ A "cheap" boarding house has just been opened in Boston. In the morning they have boiled potatoes for breakfast, which are sliced up and fried for dinner, and served up cold for supper. Board is *only* seven-and-sixpence per week, including lodging for single gentlemen—three in a bed.

New Publications.

MORRIS'S GRAMMAR.—A Practical and Philosophical Grammar of the English language, dialogically and progressively arranged; in which every word is parsed according to its use. G. G. Morris, A. M. pp 192. Miller and Holman.

The necessity for a thorough and radical modification and reformation of the science of Grammar, as applicable to the English language, has long been recognized by all who have considered the subject in its practical bearings.

The standard text books, hitherto in use, have been mere modifications of the Latin Grammar and have contained a mass of indefinite and impracticable rules better calculated to bewilder and disgust the student, than to afford him any definite ideas of practical value in the use of language.

The great majority of American youth never pursue their school course beyond a study of the English language, and therefore cannot avail themselves of advantages which result from the study of other languages in which the general principles of Grammatical construction, as applicable to all languages, are considered. This fact seems to have been thoroughly apprehended by the author of the Philosophical Grammar, who has himself, evidently been a thoughtful teacher and observer, and has practically felt the deficiencies in the science which he has sought to reform.

The volume before us, apart from the new system designed for learners, contains copious notes in which the author has stated his objections to old theories and advanced his arguments in favor of his own ideas with much originality, directness and vigor. No one can peruse the volume without being impressed with the fine analytical power of the author.

Routine and "let well enough alone," receive no mercy at his hands. He, evidently, has endeavored to furnish a text-book possessing the simple, essential and practical requisites for instruction in the Grammar of the English language, discarding all obsolete, contradictory and extraneous matter—so that his system, when once learned, becomes immediately available because its comprehension is the work of reason as well as memory.

In this new Grammar all the words in the language are classified into ten parts of speech, to which the following significant nomenclature has been given: Noun, Pronoun, Descriptive, Definition, Verb, Participle, Adverb, Relative, Conjunctive and Exclamation.

What definition can describe an *Adjective* in a single word so clearly as to call it a *Descriptive*? The so called Articles, Adjective Pronouns, Numeral Adjectives and the possessive cases of Nouns and Pronouns, our author calls *Definitives*: and let us ask the intelligent critic if these so called parts of speech do not define or point out the things (not always nouns) to which they refer? Grammarians have divided Conjunctions into copulative and disjunctive classes. Prof. Morris calls this part of speech "Conjunctives." This is calling it by its proper name; for when we go to the root of the word, we find *con*, together, and *jungo*, to join; *i. e.*: to join together. It certainly would be interesting to see a thing which *disjoins* by joining, or joins by *disjoining*.

But two genders are recognized, Masculine and Feminine—"no gender" being let alone. There are but three tenses or periods of time in which an action may have been or may be performed. The specific distinction of the verb, to which there is no exception in the language is: "Verbs agree with their subjects in number and person," "Nouns and Pronouns only, have the objective case." The Infinitive Mood becomes in the new system, a Verbal Noun governed by the relative *to*.

One of the most important and useful features in the book is the systematic order of parsing, by which the pupil is taken gradually, step by step, by means of simple formulas, over the whole subject, until he almost unconsciously finds himself, in a very brief period, master of it.

The author, in the production of this book, has rendered a valuable service to the cause of Popular Education, and his work should be in the hands of every intelligent teacher. By excluding the notes and thus reducing the book to about half its present size, a cheap and admirable hand-book for the class-room would be obtained.

We understand that the friends of Education have invited the author to submit his system to the consideration of the Committee on Books, and course of Studies for our Public Schools. The system deserves, and we hope will receive the careful and candid consideration of the School authorities.

GODEY FOR MARCH.—Philadelphia: L. A. Godey.—The March number of Godey loses nothing in interest from former issues. It has a fine array of articles from old and valued contributers, among whom we may mention Alice B. Neal, Wm. Alexander, Marie S. Ladd, &c. Interesting extracts from Perry on China and Japan, with illustrations, and a charming picture, entitled "The Mitherless Bairn," make up excellent features in the number.

HOW TO WRITE; a Manual of Composition and Letter Writing. New York: Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway; London, Wm. Horsell, 492 Oxford street.

This is an excellent little manual, uniform with "How to Speak," and other popular issues of the same houses; and gives an immense amount of pleasant and valuable information, in a small space, in regard to letter writing and the general use of the English language—writing for the press, proof-reading, &c., which might be studied by the great body of literary persons, as well as young beginners, to great advantage.

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY IN THE OCCUPATIONS.—Mr. Waring gives a table in his "Notes on the Diseases of India," which tends to show that a teetotaller is more liable to fever than a moderate or even an immoderate drinker, but the teetotallar is more exempt from most other diseases.

The Registrar-General of England and Wales concludes that of twelve classes of occupations farmers have the longest lives. The order of longevity is as follows:

1—Farmers.
2—Shoemakers.
3—Weavers.
4—Grocers.
5—Blacksmiths.
6—Carpenters.
7—Tailors.
8—Laborers.
9—Miners.
10—Bakers.
11—Butchers.
12—Inkeepers.

The extraordinary mortality of butchers is a fact for which we are indebted to the last census. Their red-flushed face has produced, it seems, a wrong idea as to the healthful nature of their business. Whether it is their excess of animal food, their proneness to drink, or their exposure to the decaying matter that surrounds the slaughter-house, that is the cause of this newly discovered mortality, is yet to be investigated. The highest rates of mortality are found in the class of innkeepers and licensed victulars—not a bad argument for the teetotallars—though their exposure from frequent intercourse with large numbers of people should not be left out of account.

[*Daily Times.*

Scrap Book.

ANCIENT SPANISH LYRIC.

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may;
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

Do, she makes so great a pother—
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the one, my darling—
Give it for my mother's sake.

OUR SISTER.

She hath caught the fair splendor,
She hath heard the low, tender,
Melodious warble at Heaven's high gate;
And she says, "I am weary!
The night time is dreary—
Dear Saviour, thou lov'st me, I know thou dost wait,
By the River of Life, at the beautiful gate!"

Her babe on her bosom,
(O, little pale blossom!)
We folded her hands in a solemn repose!
Then fell we a weeping,
For her visionless sleeping,
As the long heavy night watches drew to aclose,
And we left her with death in a lovely repose.

—*Louisville Journal.*

THE DEVIL WOULDN'T KISS YOU NOW.

A Printer's Devil was pierced in the heart
With the charms of a little miss;
Quoth he to the lass, "My dear, ere we part,
Let us seal our love with a kiss."

The maiden replied, as the imp she eyed,
"Dost thou think I'll let you revel
Where others before you have vainly tried?
No, no, "I'll not kiss the devil!"

Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass
Became an old sorrowful maid;
She lived like a Queen—was rich—but alas!
Her beauty had all decayed.

Once again they met, and the old maid tried
To recall her former issue—
But he gaily smiled, and only replied,
"The devil now would'nt kiss you."

—*Boston Post.*

HIGH LIFE AT HONOLULU.—A letter written by Hon. D. L. Gregg, American Commissioner to the Hawaiian Government, appears in the Chicago *Press*, from which we extract the following:

There are, I believe, seventeen Chinese mercantile houses here, all of them quite respectable, and distinguished, according to Celestial custom, for the most scrupulous promptitude in meeting pecuniary engagements. Some of them are quite wealthy.

Some time ago, they determined to give a festival in return for the social hospitalities they had been in the habit of receiving. The absence of the King occasioned a delay, but it led to a greater extent of preparation, and an additional degree of magnificence.

The rooms where the party was given were decorated in the most magnificent style.—Flags of all nations were displayed—the Chinese dragon and the Hawaiian cross being combined, and the standards of the great maritime powers separately arranged in a prominent manner.

A throne or dais for the King and Queen, with the national coat of arms in transparency behind and crimson hangings, first struck the eye on entering the principal apartment. Over the door was in transparent letters the Hawaiin welcome, *Aloha nui*, literally, "a big love!"

The ceilings were festooned with evergreens, intermingled with favorite Chinese devices, representing beasts, birds and fishes—things aquatic, terrestrial and fabulous. But the grand centre of attraction was an immense lamp, octagonal, six feet high, with corresponding proportions, so arranged by means of machinery, kept in motion by the heated air, as to put in systematic and constant revolution a series of figures representing all the chief incidents of Chinese history and custom. There were nearly eight hundred people present, representing all conditions and classes of the community.

The ball was opened by an "official quadrille," as it is here styled. The Queen danced with Mr. Yang Sheong, a celestial gentleman, selected by his countrymen for that honor. The King and Mrs. Gregg were partners, and also the Minister of Foreign Relations and Miss Hamlin.

The ornaments of the supper table were unique and characteristic. Cakes covered with devices and gilding, painted melons and other fruits, made a conspicuous figure. Liquors and wines were provided in the utmost profusion. There was an abundant supply for three times the number of guests. The style was European and not oriental. Chop sticks gave place to knives and forks and spoons, so as to suit the taste of those entertained. The King and his party retired at one o'clock, but many stayed till morning.

The Chinese ball has been an event in Hawaiin society. It was attended by those who never showed their faces at a dancing party before. Among others, I saw Dr. Judd and his family, and several more formerly connected with the lay department of the American mission.

I find myself in possession of one of the Chinese ball room cards. On one side are the names of the dances in English; on the other, they are rendered into the language of Canton, one of the innumerable dialects of the "Flowery Kingdom."

PLEASANT STATE OF SOCIETY IN AUSTRIA.—A late letter from an American in Vienna contains the following peep at the condition of things in that empire: "At a time when all the German and even some of the English newspapers, are singing the praises of the Emperor of Austria, on account of the amnesty which he has just granted in order to obtain a splendid reception at Milan, it may be interesting to learn what is the actual state of society throughout the empire. Anecdotes depicting the manners of a portion of the community, tell more than official decrees and proclamations. I can vouch for the correctness of the following: An illustrious Hungarian bishop was a few weeks ago on his way to Pesth, in Hungary, whither he had been summoned by the Governor, Archduke Albert. At an inn, where his horses had to be changed, he left his carriage and went into the room. Seeing that the tables were occupied, he took possession of the only one which remained empty. The innkeeper, who did not recognize a dignitary of the Church in a traveller wrapped up in a large fur-cloak, told him that this table was reserved for some daily customers, but, hearing that the stranger wanted only to wait until the horses were harnessed, he raised no further objection. At this moment entered the daily customers, some officers of an Austrian regiment, who instantly showed their bad breeding by loading the traveller with the foulest abuse, and one of them forgot himself so far that he gave him a blow in the face. The bishop quietly opened his cloak, exhibited his clerical costume, and said:

"Gentlemen, that you may know whom you have so wantonly insulted, I may as well tell you that I am the Bishop of ——; I am now on my way to the Archduke Albert, and will not fail to communicate to him the manner in which his officers behave."

"Such occurrences are by no means uncommon, and produce the greatest indignation among a population which is so proverbially quiet and good humored. Recently, in a coffee-house in Vienna, an officer fancied that an inoffensive civilian was too long occupied with the perusal of a newspaper which he wished to read himself; he drew his sword and inflicted a mortal wound on his imaginary antagonist. Add to these facts the statement of all the horrors which have been committed in the Danubian Principalities by the Austrian soldiery, and you may form an accurate idea of the oppression under which the people are groaning. If such brutality is allowed and possible in the capital of the empire, what may happen in distant provinces, where the inhabitants are looked upon as a conquered race?"

EFFECT OF COLOR ON HEALTH.—A writer in the Edinburg *Medical Journal* thinks that he has discovered that the different colors that stain the walls of rooms occupied by workers affect the spirits of the occupants. In one room colored with yellow ochre all the persons employed were inclined to melancholy, and were complaining of pains in the head, forehead and eyes. He had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the walls and ceilings white-washed; the workers ever after were more cheerful and healthy. There was no lack of ventilation or light; nothing about the drainage of the room before and after the whitewashing that could affect the place differently.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—HOW THE STYLES COMPARE IN NUMBERS.—The Boston *Congregationalist* has for some weeks been publishing a series of very racy editorial articles, entitled "Sweet Thoughts." The one in this week's paper relates to beards, moustaches, &c. The writer, in passing from State street to Dover street, met 543 men, and undertook the task of ascertaining how many wore full beards, how many the moustache, &c. We quote from the article:

"We met 543 men. Of these, one had a smooth-shaven countenance throughout, stove-pipe hat, gold spectacles, white cravat, jet black drapery, and was, in short, a thorough-going specimen of the D.D., got up on the most correct and elaborate principles, without regard to expense. Thirteen were young men whose stay at Jericho had, as yet, been unproductive of appreciable results. Four were men of the old school, smooth shaven, with the exception of slight tufted promontories jutting downward from either ear, as if designed for a compromise measure between the good old doctrine and modern radicalism. Twenty-seven had what used to be called whiskers, looking very much like straps to hold their hair on. Thirty wore the regular shed-roof French moustache, smooth-shaven besides; looking as if by far the most convenient method of feeding would be to hang them up by the heels, and slide necessary victuals down the inverted sugar-scoop, thus presented, into the orifice of the mouth. Forty-three wore the moustache with a fancy tuft upon the chin, but with smooth cheeks; looking as if a semicolon was the best extant representation of their idea of facial adornment. Eighty-seven had the upper lip shorn, and the beard clipped close, and shaven down an inch or so from the crown of the under lip, in crescent form, as if they had tied up their jaws in a hair muffler, in consequence of the toothache. Eighty-nine had full beards, moustache included, more or less flowing; and looked—like sensible men, as God meant to have them. The remaining two hundred and forty-nine wore the full beard, without the moustache, and looked—like sensible men, who had moral courage enough to do a just and natural thing, without fear of the reproach of dandyism, or of censure from those whose 'weak consciences' are apt to be offended by any attempt to obey God which leads people across lots without regard to the conventional fences which men have builded."

MISTAKES ABOUT RAILROADS.—The *Railroad Journal* has the following interesting article in regard to mistakes in calculation of the capacity of railroads and their arrangements; to which it might have added the greatest of all miscalculations, that of Brunel, the great English engineer—who said, some fifteen years ago, that a train could never be driven beyond forty miles an hour, from the fact that at a greater speed the pressure of air would smash the cars flat—and has already lived to drive an engine *seventy-five*, with a boast that he will yet achieve ninety:—

The railroad business has enormously increased. No man in the United States, ten years since, expected a railroad business to be what it is. Indeed, no adequate idea could be formed of the capacity and power of a railroad. *It was first assumed that they would carry no freight*, but would be profitable for passengers on long passenger routes. Next, it was deemed perfectly certain that their freight business would be confined only to light traffic, and canals must yet be made to carry heavy produce. But even the last has been exploded. Most railroads now make most of their profit from *freight traffic*. One direct consequence of this is in the increased expenses to which we have referred; for such a heavy business requires rails and machinery of a much stronger and more lasting character. Another idea was, that a *through business* was the one which furnished the profit: and accordingly the prospectus of every new railroad enterprise for the last five years has announced that it was certain of a great through business; and in operating roads this *ignis fatuus* has almost bankrupted many of them. The shadow was taken for the substance. But it is now discovered and proved that in nine roads out of ten, the best and most profitable business is *a local traffic*. To this there are exceptions, but they are peculiar cases, and in general it is the interest of railroad companies to cultivate their local traffic. As a consequence of this increase of business, and of local traffic, the gross receipts of railroad companies have been immensely increased from year to year. It is true that the cost of the roads have been enlarged, and that much of the income of the roads has been absorbed in enlarging the capital; but it is also true that this enlargement has given far greater power to the machine, and that its work is far more profitable. Although, then, the fancy value of railroad stock may have diminished, and it may not be so remarkable, yet it is most undoubtedly *worth a great deal more as a permanent investment*.

GOT MY MAN.—Lying is held in all countries to be one of the lowest and most degrading of vices—but there is now and then a man who, by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity, becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance, for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain, and to all travellers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage route from Whitehall to Saratoga. He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious, wide-awake, and faithful to the interests of his employers, with no other vice but that of lying—a useful gift on that route—which by high cultivation he had made one of "the fine arts."

Every traveller who ever saw him will remember him and his broken promises. It chanced, some three or four years ago, that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was about liars. At length a gentleman, from northern New York, said he would wager "the drinks all round" that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America."

"Done!" exclaimed a southerner. "Who do you name?"

"I name A. R., stage agent at Whitehall, New York," said the Northerner. "The devil you do!" cried the astonished Southron—"it's no bet—*you've got my man!*"

A WARNING TO THE WOMEN, AND A FEARFUL MALEDICTION.—The following, which we copy from the *Kentucky Yeoman*, is a fearful warning to women, generally, and the poetry will compare favorably with that of the Widow Bedott Papers:

This is designed to let all the world and the rest of mankind know that William Parker, my husband, has left my bed and board without cause or provocation. Scarcely had the honeymoon passed by before he sold my house and lot in Scott, near Stamping Ground, and took me to a wretched hut, in a desolate place in the Franklin hills, where he commenced collecting all that was due me, and selling off all I possessed; after selling my negro woman and child, he left and located in Lexington, where he is now ranting with the gals, rigged off from top to toe in broadcloth, bought with my nigger money, and left me destitute, forlorn and wretched.

Said OLD BILL PARKER is about sixty-five years of age, low in stature, heavy built, round shouldered, bald-headed, makes a wretched attempt to be polite and agreeable, and a countenance sufficiently base to convict him to the penitentiary or gallows.

Dear sir, you will do justice to right by publishing the above and requesting the editors throughout the Union to give it a place in their columns.

O that his bed may be made of briars
And his path beset with thorns
And the balance of his days
Be haunted by the Beast with 7 heads and 10 horns.
Wedlock has been a woful thing to me
For marrying is not what it's cracked up to be
I thought my pathway would be strewed with flowers
and roses,
But the way of I Bill has made me wretched
It is a sin to Moses
I feel like a forest tree by the north wind shaken
Wretched, forlorn, sad and forsaken.

Scott Co. Ky. Jan. 12, '57. JANE PARKER.

CANADIAN AND "STATES" WIVES—"I'll go to Canada for a wife when I marry," said a young southshore farmer. "When I come home at night she'll have a nice blazing fire on, and a clean kitchen, and a comfortable supper for me; but if I marry a New Yorker, it'll be, when I come home, "John, go down to the well for some water, to make the tea; or "John, go and bring some logs to put on the fire to boil the kettle." No, no; a Canadian woman's the wife for me."—*Johnston's Notes on North America.*

ANDORRE—A POCKET REPUBLIC.—I proceeded, at length, to the republic of Andorre,—a soil which had seldom, indeed scarcely ever, been trodden by the foot of an Englishman. The few of my countrymen, among past generations, who might have visited it, had none of them, so far as I was then aware, given to the world any description of the social condition, or of the political institutions, of this ancient commonwealth. The majority of the English people had, I was persuaded, seldom heard of its existence. And yet it was nearly the oldest of the states of Europe. It had maintained its independence with little intermission from a period anterior to the Norman Conquest. It presented nearly the identical form of polity which had characterised its government in the days of Charlemagne and of Louis le Debonnair. And in the midst of proscriptive revolution among the surrounding nations it continued, beyond comparison of any other state, to be guided by conservative principles sanctioned by immemorial tradition. I was naturally anxious, therefore, to visit a republic invested with so singular a political constitution. I was desirous of ascertaining, by personal observation, in what degree an unexampled stability of government, combined with the enjoyment of a rational freedom, had served to atone for natural disadvantages of situation, and to raise the people who had lived under such a system to industry and wealth, and to the comforts and refinements of social life.

There are three ways of approaching the frontier of Andorre from Bagneres de Luchon. The first involves the long and mountainous ride of several days which I have described, on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees; and the traveler who adopts that wild and desolate route should force himself to the reluctant conclusion that the ordinary requirements of European travelers form simply the unnecessary refinements of conventional life. The second, which skirts the French margin of the mountains, and passes through several considerable villages, brings you to the baths of Ax, in Ariege, within fifteen miles of the territory of the republic. The third, which, though the longest, is, perhaps, the most expeditious route, passes by way of Toulouse. It was early on an October morning that I left Ax on horseback, along a stony and indifferent road; and a ride of three hours brought me to the Hospitalet, the last village on the French side of the frontier of Andorre. The stupidity of my guide, and the worthlessness of the horse he had provided me, rendered me glad to change both the one and the other at this place. The landlord of the rustic little inn, who was for the moment my host, offered to be at once my dragoman and interpreter among the Andorrians, who spoke a dialect differing very little from the Catalan. The arrival of an Englishman in that corner of the Pyrenees had created some curiosity in the neighborhood.

In the first place, I was incessantly assailed by the gens-d'armes and douaniers, on the French side of the frontier; and my passport was examined as often as it had been in Hungary, and with a vigilance and scrutiny which implied at least that the official understood English. "You speak English, no doubt?" said I to the officer, in French, and in a tone, perhaps, involuntarily sceptical. "Pas beaucoup, Monsieur," replied the gens-d'armes, as he continued diligently perusing the document, which the royal insignia alone prevented him from holding upside down. The reply seemed for the moment to extricate him from the double danger of involving himself in conversation in the stranger's tongue on the one hand, and of being convicted of imposture on the other. I soon, however, brought his pretensions to the test, by addressing him an observation in English, so simple that the least acquaintance with the language would have enabled him to comprehend it. He replied, unguardedly, that he did not understand the Catalan of Andorre. After several irrelevant observations on the part of the official and the brethren of his trade, with reference to the consular signatures, and several impertinent inquiries on the part of the douaniers regarding the contents of such of my luggage as I had ventured to transport into Andorre, I finally procured horses; and, in the company of a new and more intelligent guide, soon passed the boundary which separated the great empire from the insignificant but eternal republic.—*Frontier Lands of Spain and France.*

HAPPY JAIL-BIRDS IN ENGLISH JAILS.—Sir J. Pakington amused the House on Monday night by reading some extracts from the private and confidential correspondence of a convict prisoner. The revelations of prison life afforded by this medium were, indeed, curious and startling. According to the Right Hon. Baronet's letter writer, there can be no jollier place than the domicile where convicted criminals are invited to spend their periods of penal servitude. Nor was the experience on this point limited to a single person. The witness had enjoyed opportunities of testing the pleasures of two or three, and seem really puzzled to decide which was the pleasantest. At Preston, where he lodged first, besides the ministration of an excellent chaplain, the guest found himself happier than he had been for many years. The board and lodging were capital. He had plenty of capital food, warm rooms, good clothes, and a comfortable bed to lie on. There was even a pleasant green walk for his daily exercise, and for all this he had very little work to do. In fact, he did only just as much as he liked—enough, we may fancy, to give him an appetite, and keep him in health and spirits. Matters were better still at Portland, whither the writer was afterwards invited. It was, he says, "a heavenly place." He missed the green walks of Preston a little, but continued to enjoy the excellent diet and creature comforts afforded him, and was getting stout. Here, it seems, he was expected to work, and had been put for that purpose into the shoemaking shop. But, as a compensation, he was earning money, gaining on the average, two and three pence a week, with other benefits. So that he had nothing to complain of. Workers in a shoemaker's shop outside would indeed have thought themselves lucky to get as much. Two and three pence a week, to say nothing of the "possibility," for mere pocket money, besides first rate food and lodging, is a nearer approach to wealth than many artisans are able to accomplish. A casual expression let fall by the "correspondent" that in this shomaking shop he had thirty companions, and "were not allowed to converse," gives a glimpse of restriction which some persons might think disagreeable. But tastes differ. There are people naturally disposed to taciturnity. At any rate, the witness whose experience Sir. J. Pakington communicated to the assembled Commons, either never felt the deprivation, or, like Mark Taply, thought it was creditable to be jolly under difficulties. Unless these letters can be supposed written in a spirit of mere bravado, the story they tell of prison discipline is little creditable to the authorities. Let Parliament enact what laws it may, the real efficiency of every penal system must depend upon those who have to carry it into effect. For good or evil, their power is almost supreme. Not long since the public were shocked by hearing of the frightful cruelties perpetrated upon the inmates of a criminal prison, at the command of a remorseless governor. The present revelations spoke of an opposite state of things, less alarming on the score of humanity, but scarcely less indefensible in tendency or results. We can hardly wonder at the notorious failure of criminal discipline. The letters read by the member for Droitwich were written by a prisoner to his relations, and only casually passed into hands through whose medium they arrived at publicity. If many such epistles are in circulation, there is little chance that our prisons will ever exercise that deterring influence over crime for the sake of which they are chiefly maintained.—*London News of the World.*

☞ The London *Lancet* says that there are a quarter million persons living in Great Britain constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. The average age of Sheffield workmen is thirty-five years; the average of the dry grinders of needles very much under this figure. The chief diseases among tailors is fistula; among bakers scrofula and skin diseases; the latter may prevent the flour insects and weevils from irritating the skin of their hands by rubbing them with oil. The most dangerous part of the painter's trade is "flatting;" white lead, turpentine, and closely heated rooms, generate colic; the remedy is sulphuric acid, cleanliness, tubs of fresh water, and fresh air; and as an antidote, the more frequent use of white zinc or zinc lead.

THE PRINCE AND THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW—HOW ENGLAND RELIEVES THE FAMILIES OF HER DEFENDERS.—Widow Allsop is the childless mother of five sons, killed in battle; three at Cabul and two in the Crimea. The daughter of a soldier, her father fell in action; the wife of a soldier, her husband died in abject poverty, having been compelled to sell his commission to pay his debts. Her grandfather was a general officer; and he is to be numbered among the slain. War has surely poured out its worst wrath upon the head of Widow Allsop. She is a living monument of the bloody horrors of the battle field; a desolate woman made sacred by her sufferings. Well, when the Iron Duke was alive "he always gave her a little help, and so did Lord Fitzroy." But they have passed away with the widow's five sons, killed at Cabul and the Crimea.

Widow Allsop, in the depth of her misery, applies to Prince Albert. His royal highness is a field-marshal, and must have the compassionate feelings of a soldier toward a widow, so direly stricken. Widow Allsop's prayer for a little relief is received, and duly answered by the field-marshal's private secretary.

WINDSOR CASTLE, MARCH 2, 1857.

"Lieut. Colonel Phipps has received the commands of his Royal Highness Prince Albert to inform Mrs. Allsop *that very numerous and pressing applications* for pecuniary assistance *must prevent compliance with her request*. The enclosure contained in Mrs. Allsop's letter is herewith returned."

That applications to the sympathies of Prince Albert may be numerous—that they may—in their truthful misery, be pressing, we doubt not; but is it every day that a forlorn, helpless woman, weeping the loss of five sons, gone early to their bloody graves in the defence of their country—is it often that *such* a petitioner stands at the gate of Windsor Castle to ask a little help at princely hands, full to overflowing with the liberal gifts of a too liberal people? We know that a common prejudice exists of the inexhaustible means of royalty: that, with almost the will, the royal person may create the power of relief to all comers. We join in no such vulgar error when we express even more regret than indignation that such a woman as Widow Allsop, speaking through so many woes, should have her sorrows outraged by so cold, so cruel a letter as that, written in his official capacity, of Secretary Phipps. If such a case as Widow Allsop's is thus dismissed, we must ask what degree of personal suffering, what amount of heartache is necessary at Windsor Castle, to obtain royal relief? Prince Albert is the father of four sons; four boys in the fulness of fortune, in the felicity of youth. Widow Allsop *was* the mother of five sons. Could there not, even in a royal breast, be a quickening sympathy from the rejoicing father toward the childless mother; a widow with *no* remaining son? Nevertheless, Widow Allsop was rebuked. And, we again ask it, if she were an object to be rebuked, who, in the name of all human calamity—who, at Windsor gates can be qualified by wretchedness for relief?

Happily, Widow Allsop—we give the case elsewhere—applied to a magistrate. She appeals from the Prince to the people. Spurned from the palace gate, she is relieved and comforted through the police court.—*Lloyd's London Newspaper.*

A CURE FOR CRINOLINE.—The young men of fashionable society propose to form themselves into a combination against the gigantic nuisance of crinoline. This confederacy will style itself the Anti-Dancing League; its members all engaging with each other not to contract any engagement to dance on any evening, at any party whatsoever, with any young lady or any old woman, who wears these preposterous skirts, which incommode everybody about her for a considerable distance, and rendar the performance of a waltz with the most eligible partner an intolerable bore.—*Punch.*

[Written for the New York Leader,]

A DOSE OF SALTS.

BY DOCTOR QUOD.

Dick Sanders and I were fellow apprentices many years ago, ere I had aspired to the distinguished honor of the sheepskin, which the celebrated Quattlebum College has since done itself the favor to confer.

My honored parents considered a *trade* as indispensable, hence I was early associated with others in gaining a knowledge of the art and mystery of book-making, and thus met our friend Dick, who was a good-natured, free and easy chap, but just as full of fun as possible, and perfectly possessed to play off a trick upon every new comer he met.

Not unfrequently, we were awakened in the middle of the night to find ourselves tumbled upon the floor, bed and bedding—the cords being nearly severed in several places, and allowing us to come down with a "*bump,*" after having retired under the supposition that we should have a full night's rest; and often we would find an intruder between the sheets, in the form of a rat or toad, or some other offensive reptile, while Dick would lie beside us, snoring as if for a wager, and apparently unconscious that anything was going on—protesting, when awakened, that he knew nothing whatever of the cause of the mischief.

These pranks had been played so long that the subjects of them felt considerable annoyance, and concocted a scheme of vengeance upon Dick, whom no one doubted was the guilty one.

A few days of unusual quiet rather lessened the vengeful feelings of the boys, until one night, Will Roberts was nearly suffocated by being tied up strongly in his own cot, the head board of which had been taken out, and a stout rope passed under, and fastened securely over the top. Dick was not in his place, but ere a light could be obtained, came up-stairs, loudly whistling "God save the Queen," which was a favorite tune whenever he wished to save *himself*—and seemed particularly astonished at the scene he had witnessed.

He had taken the precaution to remove the boot-jack, at the head of Will's bed, or his own head would doubtless have suffered at the hands of his enraged victim.

A day or two after, Dick was grunting terribly about sundry pains in his head and stomach, when we suggested *a dose of salts*, and offered to defray the expense, and procure the drug.

The bait was eagerly swallowed, and Will Roberts was deputized to call upon the Apothecary.

Meantime, at the idea of taking medicine, Dick grew sensibly worse, and grunted more than ever, never suspecting a trick from us, who had so often been his dupes.

Presently Will returned with a quarter of a pound of *Epsom salts*, well prepared in a large cup of warm water, which we persuaded Dick to take at one dose, insisting that it was quite a small one, and the only thing which could do him any good, and which he swallowed—not without serious contortions of countenance, and a decided objection on the part of the stomach to receive such an unwelcome visitor. However, once down, *it was there*, and Dick's grunting soon became sufficiently violent to claim the attention of the good woman who presided over the destinies of the household, whom we readily satisfied that he was only up to some of his old tricks again, and was working for some special favor; and then succeeded in getting poor Dick, who was now really sick, safely to bed.

Ere the night had progressed into the small hours, we had become really alarmed, for our patient was nearly crazy from the action of the medicine which we had administered, but there was no help for it, save to stifle Dick's groans until morning, which dawned slowly enough, and revealed a decidedly *sick* looking specimen in the person of our victim, who did not, until several days after, when the trouble was all over, discover the practical joke we had played upon him.

One good result at least, followed the drug. He was entirely cured of his mischievous propensities, and if tempted to any renewal of his old pranks, we had a good means of protection in simply reminding him of that "dose of salts."

MEDICAL.

R. R. R.

THE MEDICAL TRINITY

Each of Radway's Three Remedies possess special curative powers over certain diseases; and when either the Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, or the Regulators, are used for the certain class of diseases they are specially designed for, the system undergoes a rapid transformation from its diseased condition to a healthy and happy state of existence.

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This Remedy is to be used externally, or taken internally, for all pains, aches and infirmities. In a few minutes it stops the most torturing pains, subdues all inflammations and cures the worst cases of *Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Tooth-ache, Burns, Sprains, Stains, &c.* It restores the *lame, stiff-jointed, infirm and crippled* to soundness and vigor. It is likewise a certain cure and preventive for *Fever and Ague, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Croup, Hoarseness, Colds, and Influenza.* Whenever you feel any unpleasant or painful symptoms, take a dose of Radway's Ready Relief, or apply it to the parts where the pain is located; in a short time you will enjoy ease and comfort.

Bear in mind, there is no pain so severe but that Radway's Ready Relief will stop, and no system so crippled with infirmities but that the R. R. R. Remedies will restore to sound and vigorous health.

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One or two doses of Radway's Regulators will entirely remove all distressing symptoms of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Melancholy, and will cure all organic diseases, either in man or woman. Ladies troubled with irregularities or weakening discharges, may rely upon a prompt cure and regular periods if Radway's Regulators are taken

PICTURE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

A few doses of Radway's Regulators will insure a clear, fair, pure and healthy skin and a rosy complexion. They give to those troubled with weak, dull, yellow eyes, a clear and brilliant appearance. Radway's pills give natural beauty to the face, eyes and head; and the use of the Ready Relief as a wash for the teeth and an aromatic for the breath, will change the most disgusting foul breath to sweetness, and the blackest teeth to Parian whiteness.

One to ten of Radway's Regulators is a dose; they never do injury, but always do good.

CONGESTIVE DISEASES, APOPLEXY, TERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

Persons of full blooded plethoric habits are more subject to congestive diseases, headaches, rush of blood to the head, than those of a lean habit; bleeding in these cases is highly detrimental, nor does this practice lessen the danger; the difficulty is not caused by too much blood, but by its disturbed circulation, and the irregular action of the *heart.* Now a dose of Radway's Regulators will correct all these difficulties—they will *correct* the action of the heart, liver, and all other organs to a natural and regular action, and will immediately *equalize* the circulation of the blood. Mere purging in these cases will only aggravate the disease. Radway's Regulators not only *regulate* the bowels, by which all diseased and injurious matter is purged from *the body*, but they control the whole system, and hence, each and every organ, the heart, brain, liver, nerves, bowels, skin, pancreas, bladder, kidneys, stomach, lungs, throat, blood, and every tissue in the whole organization, to a healthy and regular action. They infuse new life throughout the whole system: their action is not confined to any local part of the stomach, like common pills, but they search out diseased action wherever it may be hidden, and expel all diseased humors and deposits from the body. In a few hours after taking a dose of these life-creating pills you feel refreshed and invigorated from head to foot. We have known the dispirited and melancholy take a dose of Radway's Regulators *just to feel good—they make one feel so happy.*

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Corned Beef	6d	Roast Chicken	1s
Corned Pork	6d	Chicken Pie	1s
Pork and Beans	6d	Chicken Fricassee	1s
Meat Pie	6d	Lamb Chops	1s
Pot Pie	6d	Pork Steak	1s
Clam Pie	6d	Fried Eggs	1s
Boiled Fish	6d	Beef Steak and Onions	1s 6d
DISHES COOKED TO ORDER.			
Sirloin Steak	1s	Raw Oysters	1s
Tenderloin Steak	1s	Stewed Oysters	1s
Porterhouse Steak	1s 6d	Fried Oysters	1s
Broiled Chicken	2s	Pickled Oysters	2s
Veal Cutlet	1s		
DESSERT.			
Plum Pudding	6d	Plum Pie	6d
Suet Pudding	6d	Peach Pie	6d
Bread Pudding	6d	Mince Pie	6d
Rice Pudding	6d	Custard Pie	6d
Indian Pudding	6d	Apple Pie	6d
Apple Dumplings	6d	Cranberry Pie	6d
Farina Pudding	6d	Lemon Pie	6d
Tapioca Pudding	6d	Pumpkin Pie	6d

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

THE SADDLE ROCK OYSTER HOUSE,
15 BEEKMAN STREET.

First house from the south-west corner of Nassau street, (formerly MONTGOMERY'S) New York.

The subscriber respectfully solicits the patronage of the lovers of good OYSTERS, who alone can appreciate the extra Saddle Rocks, Shrewsbury and Mill Pond Oysters, with all the other various kinds, cooked in the best manner, and in every style.

PRIVATE FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

Orders for Shipping thankfully received and promptly attended to.

Also a Bar, supplied with the best liquors the market affords.

M. LANDERS solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.

Respectfully, M. LANDERS.

THE PHENIX OYSTER AND DINING SALOON, No. 167 William street, between Beekman and Ann.

The undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public, that they have opened the above house as an Oyster and Dining Saloon. They pledge themselves to serve up at all times the best of viands in the market. The stock of OYSTERS kept on hand, are the extra SADDLE ROCK, SHREWSBURY, MILL POND, and all the other various kinds served up, raw, stewed or fried.

Shipping, Families and Parties supplied with promptness and dispatch on short notice.

The BAR is also stocked with the best of liquors and segars of the most favorite brands.

Faithful and obliging waiters will also be in attendance to serve customers, and nothing will be left undone to satisfy those who will favor us with their patronage.

Very respectfully,
McPHERSON & RABINAU.

HIGGINS' AMERICAN LUMCH, corner of Chatham and Roosevelt street. —JAMES HIGGINS, having succeeded NICHOLAS L. BRUNDAGE, begs leave to invite the visits of his friends and the public, and would inform them that he will strive to merit their continued patronage and good wishes.

Breakfast ready from 7 till 10 o'clock. Dinner from 12 to 4 o'clock, and Supper from 6 to 7 o'cloch. Ordered dishes promptly served up by attentive and obliging attendants, and nothing shall be wanting on his part to ensure that comfort and accommodation for which his house has been so renowned.

A supply of the best Oysters, Game, Poultry, Fish, &c., &c., on hand at all times. Bar accompaniments as usual, of superior quality.

IVY GREEN.—NO. 72 ELM STREET. —This long established and popular resort, under the direction of Andrew Nesbitt, the proprietor, has been recently re-fitted, and is now one of the most brilliant establishments of the kind in this city.

The finest quality of Ales and Liquors are always on hand, and the best brands of Havanas can be procured over the Ivy Green bar.

The California and also all the sporting papers will be found on the files for the accommodation of customers.

ANDREW NESBIT.

MUSEUM HOTEL, 22 ANN ST.
(Late M. C. Fordham's.)

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM HIS friends and the public that he has recently made such improvements on this old favorite Second Ward House as the increasing patronage bestowed on him seems to demand. His bar is always supplied with the best imported liquors and segars, while he has fifty choice single rooms for lodgers or travelers, all having been newly fitted up, renovated, newly painted, and improved in every way. He therefore asks for a continuance of the liberal patronage that he has received. The bar and reading room, on the second floor, are very agreeable places to spend a sociable hour.

THOMAS ROE, Successor to M. C. Fordham.

FERRIS & LEGGET'S DINING SALOON, No. 52 CHATHAM street, opposite North William, and near Chamber st.—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 the very lowest prices. The saloons will be found worthy of its long established reputation.

E. G. FERRIS,
E. A. LEGGETT.

SAVERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL
AND
TELEGRAPH DINING SALOON,
No. 14 Beekman street, New York.
KEPT ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Meals at all hours of the day.
LODGING ROOMS,
From $2 to $5 per Week, or 35 to 50 Cents per night.
JOHN S. SAVERY, Proprietor.

ENGINE BUILDERS, ETC.

GRENOBLE HOSE.

This superior Hose, manufactured from the finest Hemp, is adapted and especially recommended for the use of Fire Engines, Mills, Manufactories, Ships, Steamboats, Railroads, Hotels, Garden uses, &c. Its advantages over other Hose are its extreme lightness and cheapness; it will stand as much pressure as leather hose, and has proved to be as durable, and all the care it needs after use, is to thoroughly dry it in the open air.

For sale and orders received in sizes from 1 to 7 inches in diameter, in lengths from 100 to 200 feet, by

CHARLES LENZMANN,
54 Cedar street, New York,
Sole Agent for the United States.

Certificates of its superior qualities from the Washington and Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yards, Alfred Carson, Esq., Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, James Smith, Esq., New York, and L. Button, Esq., Waterford, Fire Engine Builders, and from some of the most prominent Mills and Manufactories at Lowell, &c., can be examined at the office of the advertiser.

LEATHER HOSE FOR THE CROton Water, Fire Engines, Ships, Steamboats, Factories, &c., Suction Hose, Fire Buckets, Leather, Copper and Brass Pipes, Couplings, Copper and Tinned Rivets, always on hand and for sale by

JOHN H. BOWIE & CO.
Hose Manufacturers, 25 Ferry st., N. Y.

TORBOSS & CO., MANUFACturers of Fire Engines, Hose Carriages, Hook and Ladder Trucks, and all implements used to extinguish fires, at the old stand,

151 ESSEX STREET, NEW YORK.

New and Second-hand Engines always on hand.

FIRE ENGINES, &C., PINE & HARTSHORN, 119 and 121 Walker street, near Centre, manufacturers of Fire Engines, Hook and Ladder Trucks, and Hose Carriages of every variety of style and capacity — Sole Proprietors of the celebrated "Pine's Patent Running Gear." Orders from the country punctually attended to.

JOS. PINE,
C. E. HARTSHORN,

FIRE CAPS! FIRE CAPS!!
T. SMITH,

late with Wilson, manufacturer of creap fire caps and belts, of every style and pattern, under jackets, fire buckets, deck covers, and plain and ornamental belts, begs to announce to fire companies in town and country, that at his

CHEAP EMPORIUM,

136½ BOWERY, near Grand street, will be found all articles requisite for their use, at twenty per cent. lower than any other establishment in the city. Prompt attention given to all orders.

T. SMITH, 136½ Bowery.

MILITARY GOODS.—JAMES S. SMITH, Manufacturer and Importer of Military Goods, 15 DUTCH STREET, near 112 Fulton street, New York, where can be found all the latest styles of Military Goods, suitable for Artillery, Infantry, Ride and Dragoon Corps, warranted correct, neat, durable and low priced; Game and Shot Bags, Gun and Pistol Case, Belts, &c., &c.

Samples forwarded on New York city references.

Police Caps, with and without safe Leather Skulls inside, suitable for warm, cold, or wet weather; Cap Letters, Numbers, Belts, Batons, Buttons, Stars and Chains, Badges, &c., with City or State Arms, in centre. Aldermanic Badges of Office, Seal, Stamps, &c.

J. S. S. having been employed by the Cities of New York and Brooklyn Police Departments since its first adoption of the Police system, now eight years, has permission to refer to the Heads of Police of each city, as above.

JOHN H. STEELE,
ACCOUNT BOOK
MANUFACTURER,
164 PEARL ST.,
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☞ First class Blank Books, suitable for Banks, Insurance Companies, Fire Companies, Associations, &c., &c., furnished much below the usual rates.

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164 Pearl street,
Third Story.

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. Pattern Caps sent 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.

HENRY T. GRATACAP,
143 Grand street, N. Y.

MILITARY AND FANCY TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERY as is Embroidery, in Gold and Silver, for Military and Naval Uniforms, Societies' Regalia, or for any other purposes, at No. 198 GRAND, near Mott street.

B. DELAPIERRE.

N.B.—Flags and Bunting for Decorating and for Hire.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

U. S. MAIL LINE STEAMSHIPS FOR CALIFORNIA,
Via PANAMA RAILROAD.
REGULAR SAILING DAYS—5th and 20th of each Month.

CAUTION!!!

So many frauds and impositions of various kinds have been lately perpetrated on travelers bound to California, that the Subscriber, the ONLY authorized Passage Agent for passage by the U. S. Mail Line, *via* of Panama, in the City of New York, feels it his duty to caution all persons seeking passage to California, that

TO AVOID IMPOSITION,

they must be careful to find the TRUE OFFICE of the steamers of the

U. S. MAIL LINE VIA PANAMA RAILROAD,

as no other office in ew NYork is authorised to engage passage.

☞ The Companies have only ONE Office in New York, which is at 177 WEST STREET, corner of Warren street, fronting on the North River, at the head of the Company's Wharf.

☞ OBSERVE MY SIGN OVER THE DOOR.
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
NEW YORK.

U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP CO. BETWEEN NEW YORK, HAVANA, AND NEW ORLEANS.—Leave New York 2d and 17th of each Month, at 2 P.M., from foot of WARREN STREET, North River.

When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will sail the following Monday.

OFFICE—177 WEST STREET,
(Corner of Warren street,)
NEW YORK.

Leave New Orleans on the 5th and 20th of each month, at 8 A.M., from Jackson Square, J. R. JENNINGS, Esq., Agent, 72 Magazine street.

Leave Havana for New Orleans and New York, about the 8th and 23d of each month. DRAKE & Co., Agents, Havana.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

New York to Havana and New Orleans. New Orleans to New York, Havana to New York.—First cabin, $60; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25.

Havana to New Orleans. New Orleans to Havana.—First cabin, $30; second cabin, $20; steerage, $15.

Freight to New Orleans, thirty cents per cubic foot.

Specie only taken on freight to Havana.

Shippers will be supplied with Blank Bills of Lading, of the form signed by the Company, on application at their office. No other form signed, and no Bills of Lading will be signed after the hour of sailing.

Passengers for Havana must have passports from the Spanish Consul at the port of departure.

THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.—The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC, Capt. Oliver Eldridge.
The BALTIC, Capt. Joseph Comstock.
The ADRIATIC, Captain James West.

These ships having been built by contract expressly for the Government service, every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines, to ensure strength and speed, and their accommodations for passengers are unequaled for elegance and comfort. Price of passage from New York to Liverpool, in first-class cabin, $130; in second do. $75; exclusive use of extra-size state-room, $325. From Liverpool to New York, 30 and 20 guineas.—An experienced Surgeon attached to each ship. No berths secured until paid for.

For freight or passage, apply to
EDW'D K. COLLINS, No. 56 Wall street, N. Y.
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.
STEPHEN KENNARD & Co.,
No. 27, Austen Friars, London.
R. G. WAINWRIGHT & Co., Paris.

The owner of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones, or metals, unless Bills of Lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT and FALL RIVER, by the splendid and superior Steamers, 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 53 miles to Boston only.

Leave Pier No. 3 N. R., near the Battery.

The steamer EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Brayton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, P.M., touching at Newport each way.

The steamer BAY STATE, Captain Jewitt, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, P.M., touching at Newport each way.

These steamers are fitted with commodious state rooms, 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 A.M., and reach Boston about 8¾ 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, etc., etc.

For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 3, North River, where state rooms and berths may be secured. Hereafter no rooms will be regarded as secured to any applicant, until the same shall have been paid for.

For further information, apply to
WILLIAM BORDEN, Agent,
70 and 71 West street.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—On and after MONDAY, March 2, 1857, and until further notice, Passenger Trains will leave Pier, foot of Duane street, as follows, viz.:

Dunkirk Express, at 6.30 A.M. for Dunkirk.

Mail at 8.15 A.M., for Dunkirk and Buffalo, and intermediate Stations. Passengers by this train will remain over night at Owego, and proceed the next morning.

Rockland Passenger, at 3.00 P.M., via Piermont, for Sufferns and intermediate Stations.

Way passenger, at 4.00 P. M., for Newburgh, Middletown and intermediate Stations.

Night Express, at 4.30 P.M., for Dunkirk.

Night Express, at 4.30 P. M., for Buffalo.

Emigrant at 5 P.M., for Dunkirk and Buffalo and intermediate Stations.

THE ABOVE TRAINS RUN DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

These Express Trains connect at Elmira with the Elmira, Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad, for Niagara Falls; at Binghampton with the Syracuse and Binghampton Railroad for Syracuse; at Corning with the Buffalo, Corning and New York Railroad for Rochester; at Great Bend with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad for Scranton; at Buffalo and Dunkirk with the Lake Shore Railroad for Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, &c.

D. C. McCALLUM,
General Superintendant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONNER'S UNITED STATES TYPE FOUNDRY, Nos. 29, 31, and 33 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.—TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—The undersigned beg to inform the trade that they have recently issued their

NEW QUARTO SPECIMEN,

and that it is now ready for delivery to their old patrons, as well as to all who patronise their Foundry.

In it will be found a new series of Faces, from PEARL to PICA, surpassing, if possible, their celebrated series of SCOTCH CUT FACES.

The FANCY TYPE department exhibits an unsurpassable variety of beautiful styles, selected from France, Germany and England.

The Scrips and Bordering are now for the first presented to the Printing Public, and are the productions of the best American and European artists.

An entire New Series of German Faces, both for Newspapers and Job Printing, of a very superior style, is now completed and for sale.

Electrotyping and Stereotyping in all their branches. Type copper-faced to order.

The metal from which our Type is made will be found peculiarly adapted to the severe usage of Machine Press Printing.

They beg to return thanks for past favors, and to solicit a continuance. Their well-known liberal manner of doing business for the past thirty years, is a guarantee to new patrons of their disposition and ability not to allow themselves to be surpassed for fair dealing, whether orders are by letter or otherwise.

N. B.—Proprietors of Newspapers are requested to insert the above three times, provided they will trade out three times the amount of their respective bills in materials of our manufreture, and forward us one copy of the paper containing the advertisement.

JAMES CONNER & SONS.

N. B.—The type on which this paper is printed is from the above foundry.

BEEF, VEAL, AND MUTTON.—A. BROADWAY offers for sale at his stand, 844 Broadway, one door above Thirteenth street, a choice lot of BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, POULTRY, GAME, and all other MEATS in their season; FRUITS, VEGETABLES, &c., to which he would respectfully invite the attention of the public.

A. BROADWAY.

WILLIAM M. TWEED,
CHAIR DEALER
AND
MANUFACTURER,
No. 325 Pearl street.

LIGHT AND HEALTHY BREAD.
JAMES PYLE'S
DIETETIC SALERATUS.

The high point of purification reached in manufacturing this Saleratus, gives it a superiority over all other in use. It is entirely free from all the impurities of common Saleratus, so destructive to the digestive organs, and therefore should be used by all who have regard for health.—It has powerful raising properties, sufficiently so to produce

ONE-EIGHTH MORE BREAD,

of a better quality, from the pound of flour, than can be obtained in any other way. It is also much nicer than baking soda, for short buscuit and cake; none will dispute this after trying it.

Manufactured by
JAMES PYLE, 114 Warren street, New York,
And sold by Grocers generally.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS—Patented February 19, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with accuracy of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, No. 786 Broadway, or at the Manufactory, No. 53 Ann street, New York.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price $1.

ATTENTION!! COMPANY!!
HOJER & GRAHAM'S
STEAM TARGET FACTORIES,
95 and 97 DUANE STREET, and 274 THIRD AVENUE.
PLAIN and FANCY TARGETS at all prices.
Silk Ensigns, Guide Flags, and Carved Eagles to let.
Flag Staffs, Brass Spear Heads, Ornaments and Targets always on hand.

PLUMBING & GAS-FITTING.

WILLIAM WEBB'S
GAS-FITTING AND PLUMBING
ESTABLISHMENT,
307 BOWERY, near First street,
New York.

Public Buildings and Private Dwellings fitted up on the most reasonable terms.

CANDLE MOULD MANUFACTURER.

☞ All orders promptly attended to.

HOUSE AND SHIP PLUMBING.
Robert C. Brown, House, Ship and Steamboat Plumber, No. 73 EAST BROADWAY, corner of Market street.
WATER CLOSETS,
COPPER, LEAD AND IRON BATHING TUBS,
COPPER BOILER RANGES,
WASH BASINS, SHOWER BATHS,
LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS

constantly on hand or made to order. Stores and Dwellings fitted up in the best manner. Repairs promptly executed either in the city or country, at the lowest rates.

GAS FITTING AND ENGINEERING.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to receive orders for fitting gas into churches, public buildings, private dwellings and stores, on the most approved principles, and at charges twenty-five per cent lower than any other house in the city; while at the same time he warrants his work to be perfect in every respect. Ornamental work of every description, without reference to style or design, will be executed with promptness, to the entire satisfaction of those patronizing him.

JOHN G. WILSON, 39 Centre street.
Next door to the Paint Store.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital $200,000, with a surplus securely invested on bond and mortgage in this city. Offices, corner Broadway and Grand street, and 60 Wall street. This Company continues to insure buildings, mechandise, household furniture, vessels in port and their cargoes, against loss or damage by fire on favorable terms. All losses adjusted and paid with promptness and liberality.

DIRECTORS.

Amos F. Hatfield,
Thos. Jeremiah,
Charles B. White,
William Tilden,
Jacob Campbell, Jr.,
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John E. Merritt,
Henry Bruner,
Wm. B. Lindrine,
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Henry Wentgel,
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Jno. W. Sageman,
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Harman Blauvelt,
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AMOS F. HATFIELD, President.
THOMAS F. JEREMIAH, Secretary.

THE EAST RIVER INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE, No. 69 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, $150,000, with a surplus.

This company continues to insure against loss or damage by Fire, on dwelling houses, warehouses, buildings, goods, merchandise, and household furniture, on as favorable terms as similar institutions in the City.

DIRECTORS.

Isaac E. Cotheal, 69 Wall street,
Joseph Kernochan, President Fulton Bank,
Fred'k Schuchardt, Schuchardt & Gebbard,
Jno. T. Johnston, President Central R. R. of N. J.
Sidney Brooks, late Davis, Brooks & Co.,
Daniel S. Schanck, Shanck & Downing,
John Brouwer, 72 Wall street,
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Alex. J. Cotheal, 49 Water street,
Augustus Whitlock, Augustus Whitlock & Co.
ISAAC E. COTHEAL, President.
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 61 Wall street, 3d month, 24th, 1855.—This Company, with a cash capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS.

George S. Fox,
Richard A. Reading,
Josiah Macy,
William H. Falls,
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Peter S. Titus,
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Chas. H. Marshall,
Thos. W. Pearsall,
Wm. H. Macy,

Leon'do S. Suarez.
GEORGE S. FOX, President.
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, Secretary.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL..........$200,000
OFFICE, No. 6 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

This Company Insures all kinds of Buildings, Household Furniture, Merchandise, Vessels in Port, and other property against less by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

Frederick Pentz,
Jacob Little,
Richard F. Carman,
Marshall O. Roberts,
Ambrose C. Kingsland,
John R. Peters,
Ramsay Crooks,
Frederic De Peyster,
E. K. Collins,
Alfred Plunkett,
John Garcia,
Daniel Richards,
G. W. Burnham,
Charles B. Hart,
Edouard Bossange,
F. J. Hosford,
Robert W. Mead,
Auguste Belmont,

Wm. H. Johnson,
Henry L. Hoguet,
Joannes Gourd,
L. E. Lahens,
S. J. Pardessus,
George B. Morewood,
J. T. B. Maxwell,
Ab'm Van Santvoord,
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Robert Hogan,
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Howard C. Cady,
William Ferdon,
Anson Livingston,
Charles Sagory,
John Ewen,

Chas. B. White.
GEORGE S. DOUGHTY, President,
EUGENE PLUNKETT, Vice President,
HENRY QUACKENBOSS, Secretary.

PETER COOPER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—THIRD AVENUE, corner of NINTH STREET (Bible House) and No. 61 WALL ST.

This Company continues to Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Warehouses, Dwelling-Houses and other buildings, Merchandise, Ships in Port and their Cargoes, Household Furniture, &c.

DIRECTORS.

Nathan C. Ely,
Henry A. Burr,
David Seaman,
Cyrus H. Loutrel,
A. M. Arcularius,
Harvey Hart,
Clarkson Crolius,
Isaac C. Kendall,
James Morris,
Thomas Hyatt,
John D. Harris,
Albert W. Wright,
John Foster,
Thomas Carnley,
Robert J. Jimmerson,
Milton G. Smith,
Peter Cooper,
John Lewis,
Joseph C. Skaden,
Thomas McLelland,

Thomas Morton,
Theodore Crane,
Elisha R. Belcher,
George Colyer,
John L. Gratacap,
Wm. B. Landrine,
James A. Tilford,
Philip Dater,
George W. Riblet,
Ezra White,
Wm. T. Blodgett,
Wm. H. Morris,
Silas Sutton,
Henry C. Miles,
Amos R. Eno,
Charles Perley,
Alfred W. White,
James Cruble,
Andrew A. Bremner,
Humphrey Phelps,

NATHAN C. ELY, President,
EZRA WHITE, Vice President,
WM. H. RIBLET, Secretary.

ÆTNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK,
NO. 56 WALL STREET.
Capital..........$200,000
INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY FIRE AT THE USUAL RATES.
CHARLES TOWN, President.
JACOB BROUWER, Secretary.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE—No 6 BROAD STREET.
New York, January 6th, 1857.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of TEN PER CENT, payable on and after the 15th instant.

The transfer books will be closed until that date.

HENRY QUACKENBOSS, Secretary.

BROOKLYN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
CHARTERED IN 1824.
Offices: 16 Merchants' Exchange, Wall street, N. Y.—11 Court, corner of Remsen street, Brooklyn.

This Company have their capital invested in the most undoubted securities, and having a large surplus, continue to insure Dwelling Houses, Stores and other buildings, Furniture, Merchandise, Vessels in Port and their cargoes on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

Wm. Ellsworth,
Francis A. Palmer,
Moses S. Beach,
Elijah F. Purdy,
Israel B. Brice,
Charles Burkhalter,
Robert Knight,
John Bodine,
Isaac J. Oliver,
Francis P. Schoals,

John Dimon,
Orson D. Munn,
Charles Knox,
George Gilfillan,
Joseph Bradley,
Isaac V. Briggs,
Joseph Wilson,
Richard M. Hoe,
Alfred E. Beach,
Edward C. Badeau,

George Alger.
WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
WILLIAM F. LEGGET, Secretary.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C BELL, Surveyors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. C. WRIGHT'S DANCING ACADEMY,
690 BROADWAY, between Bleecker and Bond sts.
(CONSTITUTION HALL.)

MR. WRIGHT most respectfully informs his patrons and the public, that his second quarter will commence on Tuesday, January 6th. Pupils subscribing then will receive four months tuition for a quarter.

Days of Tuition—For Ladies, Misses and Masters, Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, from 3 till 6 o'clock. Gentlemen, Tuesday and Friday evenings, from 7 till 10 o'clock.

Mr. Wright will teach every fashionable dance of the season.

Academies, Schools, etc., attended. Private lessons given at any hour not occupied by the regular school.

For further particulars please call on, or address Mr. W., at his residence, 415 Fourth street.

BALLS AND PARTIES.—GREEN'S Rooms, No. 508 Pearl street, recently fitted up, are the best suite of Ball Rooms in the vicinity, and kept expressly for the above purpose. Persons wishing to hire are invited to call and see them.

JOHN C. GREEN.

N. B.—Terms moderate.

BALL SUPPERS.—JOHN KEEFE respectfully informs the ball going public, that he is prepared to furnish SUPPERS during the Ball season, with all the delicacies and game in season, at short notice, at the spacious SUPPER ROOMS, 594 and 596 Broadway, adjoining Niblo's.

PHAIR & CO.'S STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 22 BEEKMAN STREET,
(A few doors from Nassau.)

The proprietors of this establishment call the attention of the Business Community to their great facilities for the rapid production of superior

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL JOB PRINTING.

Having all the latest improvements in

STEAM PRINTING MACHINERY,

an unsurpassed variety of every style of Type, and the very best workmen in the city, they are now prepared to furnish everything in the whole range of Job Printing, in the highest style of the Art, and at the

LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

An examination of their Specimens and Prices is respectfully invited, and they feel convinced that the result must prove satisfactory to all who want a good article at a low price.

☞ PRINTING FOR COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—Country Merchants visiting New York will find it to their advantage to call at 22 BEEKMAN STREET, and examine the endless variety of BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED STORE BILLS, WINDOW CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, &c., got up expressly to meet their wants.

☞ Remember the No.—22 BEEKMAN, near Nassau street.

BAKERY, 330 PEARL STREET, between Peck Slip and Dover street.—The undersigned begs to inform his friends and the public that he is now prepared to supply Steamboats, Ships, Hotels, Restaurants, Groceries and Families with a Superior Article of LOAF BREAD, all the various kinds of BISCUIT, CRACKERS, etc., and the best assortment of TABLE CAKE. Having at his command all the facilities and improvements of his business, the subscriber is now prepared to execute all orders with punctuality. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the public patronage.

JAMES KELLY.

WRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, ALgebra, Arithmetic, &c. These important branches are taught every day and evening, by Mr. Paine or Assistants, at 62 Bowery, corner of Canal street, N. Y., 283 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Mr. Paine is adding new rooms to his Academies, for the express accommodation of ladies and gentlemen, whose early education has been neglected, or otherwise wishing strictly private instruction. Ladies writing lessons, $2—12 lessons including stationery.

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
for the following States, authorized to take acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments of writing, and to administer oaths or affirmations for the States of

Pennsylvania,
Kentucky,
Georgia,
Iowa,
New York,

Ohio,
North Carolina,
Mississippi,
Wisconsin,
Rhode Island.

Office during the day at No. 153 Bowery, under Bowery Bank, and from 7 to 10 P. M., at No. 127 West Thirteenth street.

PROFESSOR B. YATES, BALLET MASTER at LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, has the pleasure to inform the public that his DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY is now open at Military Hall, 193 Bowery. Terms, payable in advance.

Days of Tuition—Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons, from 3 to 5½ o'clock, for Ladies, Misses and Masters. Also Fancy Dancing for the Stage taught. Terms made known at the Academy.

A NEW OPERA.

FASHION AND FEELING.

THE NEW COMIC OPERA.
With selections
FROM ALL THE CHOICEST GEMS OF OTHER OPERAS,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
Though played with immense success before the
MOST DELIGHTED AUDIENCES
IN
NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.
WORDS BY ALBERT TENNYSON. MUSIC BY BELLINI, MOZART, &c.

FEELING AND FASHION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Park in front of the City Hall.—A vast crowd of people thronging steadily towards Fulton Street. They sing as they walk.

CHORUS. (*From the Opera of the Enchantress.*)
All hail to Fashion—Fashion divine!
Haste we to bend at her shrine!
Long may she flourish—Queen of the mart—
Dear to the people's heart!
All hail to Fashion, &c. &c.

Enter Walter, walking hurriedly from the crowd and then stopping to look while it passes. He folds his threadbare cloak more carefully around him.

RECITATIVE.

WALTER. What means this everlasting row and riot?
Have men run mad? Why can't the brutes be quiet?
And yet I wrong them, for no brutes are they;
How rich their dresses and their hearts how gay!
Ah, that reminds me of my own deep grief;
My clothes are seedy and there's no relief!
But lo! here comes Horatio richly drest—
I'll hide my sad thoughts in my own sad breast.

Enter Horatio, who flies across the scene towards his friend. Walter muffles his face in his cloak, pulls down the brim of his dilapidated sombrero and tries to avoid him.

HORATIO. (*warmly.*) What means my friend? It was not thus we met
In our old College days! Can you forget
When with one heart—one hope—one purse, we two
Swore each to each a friendship firm and true.

WALTER. (*sadly.*) My hopes have fled, my heart is well-nigh broken—
My purse is empty—see this fatal token!

He exhibits a tailor's bill thirteen yards and a quarter in length. Horatio, looking over the monstrous items, is filled with consternation.

HORATIO. (*passionately.*) Why you were swindled! If in cloth of gold
Your tailors dressed you like the Knights of old,
Those charges still would be too dear—too great;
You have been swindled———!

WALTER. (*in despair.*) But it is now too late.
Last night when at Lucinda's house I called,
Her father met me and his words appalled:
"Hence, beggared spendthrift!" cried he with a grin,
"No seedy lover shall my daughter win!
"Know to your anguish, I have seen your tailor!"
And at that dreadful word my pallid cheek grew paler.

HORATIO. (*with agitation.*) What's to be done? Will he no longer trust, or——

WALTER. (*wildl.*) No—not a cent: I'll turn a fillibuster:
Despite McKeon, I'm off to help poor Walker—
Here's my last song, and then let's have a "calker."

SONG.

("*He like a Soldier fell.*"—MARITANA.)

I only ask, Lucinda dear,
That when my name is named,
And when my debts, as much I fear,
Are all too justly blamed,
That you will think, in some bold charge,
Of which Fame's trump shall tell—
Your lover, though his bills were large,
Yet like a soldier fell.

In that fair land where Walker wars,
No tailor's bills can press—
A rifle, knife and pair of drawers
Make up a beau's full dress;
And when the earth my blood shall drink,
Then Lucie loved too well—
Forget those odious bills and think
He like a soldier fell.

RECITATIVE.

HORATIO. (*weeping.*) 'Tis very touching—it should move her, rather!
Does she refuse, or that old cuss, her father?

WALTER. (*tenderly.*) 'Tis he—'tis he! To quit me she is loath.

HORATIO. (*eagerly.*) And is she rich?

WALTER. (*sighing.*) Aye! rich enough for both.
But for that tailor and his cursed "TICK,"
Fate never could have played this scurvy trick.
Her father hates poor fortune-hunters needy,
And thinks I'm one—because my clothes are seedy.

CHORUS. (*enthusiastic and vigorous.*)
All hail to Fashion—Fashion divine!
Haste we to bow at its shrine,
Haste we to SMITH'S, then—proud be our strain!
They are the priests of her reign!

HORATIO. (*with enthusiasm.*) Hear you that chorus? There is hope within it:
I'll be your banker. Come! let's off this minute!
Nay, no apologise—the sum ain't large;
They sell for CASH and moderate is their CHARGE.
From them, for *thirty dollars* you'll buy thrifty,
A suit for which "TICK-TAILORS" would charge *fifty*:
But should she frown—you see I'm no great talker—
Then load your Colt and steam away for Walker!

WALTER. (*seizing his friend's hand with great emotion, sings.*)

SONG.

("*Ah! per me si lieti canti.*—SONNAMBULA.)

Ah, your words my fears are routing,
Friendship then is not a myth;
Hark! the people loudly shouting:
All proclaim their faith in SMITH!

HORATIO. Neighbors sing it to their neighbors,
Kindred tell it unto kith;
Even the wrangling Daily Papers
Are agreed in praise of SMITH.

Walter and Horatio together embrace each other, and move off, followed by the crowd.

WALT. and HOR. *sing.*
Haste to SMITH'S, the day grows foggy,
Let us there our dress transmute;
And hurrah for "Niceroggy"
Should she then refuse your "*suit!*"
And hurrah for Niceroggy, &c.

Exeunt omnes, the Chorus singing.
All hail to Fashion—goddess divine!
Haste we to bend at her shrine!
Hail to SMITH BROTHERS of ONE TWENTY-TWO
And ONE FORTY FULTON—Hurrah!
Hail &c., &c., &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A boudoir in Fifth Avenue.—LUCINDA discovered sitting pensively before her embroidery-frame.—Her cousin EMELINE at the window.—EMELINE moves back towards LUCINDA as the curtain rises.

RECITATIVE.

EMELINE. What ails my cousin? She looks dull to-day
Who yesternight was gayest of the gay:
You weep, alas! your cause of grief declare—
Is there a pang your Emmy would not share?

LUCINDA *sings.* SONG.

("*In Happy Moments.*"—MARITANA.)

In happy trifling, hour by hour,
A maiden's heart may range;
But once beneath Love's fatal power,
There is no further change.
Though Walter's purse was light, his heart
Was warm and free from guile;
And since my father bade us part,
And since, &c.
I never more can smile.

RECITATIVE.

EMELINE. Nay—nay, dear Coz., your father may relent—
You are his only child, and if you're bent
To marry Walter in despite of fate—
Why, he must yield.

LUCINDA (*clasping her hands.*) Perhaps 'twill be too late.
Walter is proud—it is the fault of men—
And once repulsed may never seek again:
Oh, Emeline! how fortunate thou art,
You love Horatio and you hold his heart.
I once had hopes that on the self same day
To these two friends we might be given away—
You to Horatio, and to Walter I—
But dreams the brightest are the first to fly!

Enter a servant, who announces a visitor.

LUCINDA. Let him come in!

Enter HORATIO *dejectedly. He bows and takes his seat.*

LUCINDA. (*looking at him with surprise.*) Horatio! why, how strange!
What means this sadness—what has caused this change?

EMELINE. (*tenderly.*) Oh, speak, beloved one! Why that clouded brow?

HORATIO. (*slowly.*) I said farewell to an old friend just now;
A tried, staunch friend—he sails this very day—
Then can you wonder that I seem not gay?

LUCINDA. (*leaning eagerly forward.*) His name! Oh heavens!

HORATIO. (*starting.*) His name, I dare not falter—

LUCINDA. Speak or I perish! do you not mean Walter?
I know 'tis he. Great heavens, I shall go wild—
Oh, father! father, you have killed your child!

[She faints.—Emeline supports her.—Horatio rings the bell and calls for help.—Enter several servants with perfumes, burnt feathers, cold water, wine and other restoratives. After them Mr. Grampus Cornerlot, her father.

GRAMPUS. What's this I see? My child Lucinda dead.

EMELINE. (*passionately.*) And if she is her blood be on your head!
In that which touched her most, you would not trust her!
And Walter's gone.

HORATIO. (*interrupting her.*) To be a fillibuster!

LUCINDA. (*reviving.*) What's that I hear? Oh let me die at once!

EMELINE. (*tartly.*) What made you tell her that, you great big dunce?

GRAMPUS. (*nervously.*) What! gone to Walker, just because I said
That he must pay his tailor ere he wed.

LUCINDA. (*in tears.*) Oh, cruel father, you have driven him mad
And killed me too.

HORATIO. (*interposing softly.*) It mayn't be quite so bad.
If Oalter now were here, would you forgive him?

GRAMPUS. (*excitedly.*) Aye, and with arms wide open would receive him:
Dear is my cash, but dearer Lucie's life,
And she seems bent on being Walter's wife;
Besides he's young, has genius and ambition,
And one day may achieve a high position—
One fault he has—his dress is always seedy:
If that were cured——

HORATIO. (*running to the door, which he opens and enter* WALTER, *dressed in a style of chaste magnificence and durability such as the* SMITH BROTHERS OF FULTON STREET *are alone competent to produce.*)
It has been cured already!

LUCINDA. (*wildly rising and throwing herself into her lover's arms.*) Heavens, it is Walter! dearer now than ever,
And oh such loves of clothes!—dear me, I never!

(*She sings*) ARIA.

("*Then You'll Remember me.*")—BOHEMIAN GIRL.

When other beaux in gayer clothes,
With ruffled shirt and pin,
And settled hair and mincing air,
Came round my heart to win:
I thought of you—compared with these,
Your forehead's height and width—
And prayed in secret on my knees
That you would deal with SMITH.
That you would deal—that you would deal with SMITH

[Walter takes her hand and answers pathetically. As he sings they, accompanied by Emeline and Horatio, all kneel down before Mr. Grampus, who gives way to a burst of feeling and blesses them and joins their hands.]

(*Walter sings.*)

I own my fault, but never more
Shall you have cause to weep.
I've found at last a ONE PRICE STORE,
Where clothes for CASH are cheap.
Your cousin here, and my good friend
Will soon be married with—
And for this most delightful end
The praise is due to SMITH.
The praise is due—the praise is due to SMITH.

[Old Grampus weeps a few tears over each of them, blows his nose several times in a red bandanna, kisses them all round when they get on their pins, and the young ones make up private kissing parties on their own account. A noise is then heard outside the windows, which is caused by the same procession of citizens we met in the first act. They sing:

CHORUS.

All hail to Fashion—Goddess divine!
The SMITHS are the priests of her shrine!
Hail the SMITH'S banner, proudly unfurled!
The CHEAPEST and BEST in the world!

[The curtain is about to descend, when Mr. Grampus Cornerlot comes forward to the footlights, and says:

GRAMPUS. Not quite so fast—our play has got a moral,
And one with which no man that's wise will quarrel:
It shows that running bills with "uptown tailors,"
Leads in the end to duns, to debts and jailers;
While those who pay CASH at a ONE PRICE STORE,
Have easier hearts, and for their price GET MORE:
Last, I would say, ere the green-curtain smothers,
These my "last words," deal only with SMITH BROTHERS.

New York Leader.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1857.

CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS.

⁂ All concurrent proceedings of the Common Council, with the action of the Mayor thereon; and all advertisements required by State Law or Municipal Ordinance to emanate from the several departments of the City Government, are published in this paper, weekly, by authority of he Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New York—the NEW YORK LEADER having been officially designated a Corporation paper. Matter to be found under this head will be of unusual interest to citizens of all classes, as the concurrent proceedings of the Common Council with the action of the Mayor will find their earliest, and only official newspaper publication in these columns.

[OFFICIAL.]

REPAIRING HOSE CARRIAGE 15.

Resolved, that the Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to have the Carriage of Hose Company No. 15, properly repaired forthwith.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Feb. 13th, 1857, by the following vote:

AFFIRMATIVE—Councilmen Von Glahn, Bulteel, Monroe, Baulch, J. Rielly, Bickford, Waugh, Clark, Crane, Hughes, Gilmartin, Warner, Barry, Judson, Phillips, Crawford, Fransway, Avery, Kennard, Hemphill, Campbell, I. O. Hunt, Roebner, Van Tine, Sickles, Miller, Boole, Rhodes, McLoughlin, Doty, McConnell, J. W. Hunt, M. Smith, Brady, Chapman, Ottarson, Jones, Ketteman, Murray, Mansfield, Reynolds, Schappert, Odell, B. Reilly, Ryer, Dunn, Noyes, Haswell, Franklin, McCahill, Doherty and Hopper.—52.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 2d, 1857, by the following vote, viz:

AFFIRMATIVE — Aldermen Wilson, Harris, Healy, Adams, Banta, Griffiths, McConnell, Moneghan, Blunt, Fullmer, Coulter, Valentine, McSpedon, McConkey and Owens—15.

NEGATIVE—Alderman Tucker—1.

Approved by the Mayor March 6, 1857.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SITE FOR NEW MARKET HOUSE.

Resolved, that the Comptroller be, and he is hereby directed to advertise for proposals for a site for a new market upon the North river, between Gansevoort and 40th sts., of about 320,000 square feet, (120 city lots) or less, and that he report the proposals received to the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, February 18th, 1857, by the following vote, viz:

AFFIRMATIVE—Aldermen Wilson, Corwin, Harris, Healy, Hoffmire, the President, Aldermen Adams, Tucker, Banta, Griffiths, Steers, McConnell, Moneghan, Coulter, Valentine, McSpedon, and Owens—17.

NEGATIVE—Alderman Blunt, Fullmer, and McConkey—3.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 2d, 1857.

Approved by the Mayor, March 6th, 1857.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

TWENTY-THIRD STREET FERRY.

Resolved, that the proprietors of the 23d street ferry be compelled forthwith to run their boats up Newtown creek, according to their lease, until such time as they can build ferry slips in Green street to run in, as the up-town population who have to cross to Long Island daily is suffering a great deal of hardship and inconvenience by having to travel down to 10th street ferry, which is nearly a mile further, in consequence of the 23d street ferry being stopped running since last fall.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 2d, 1857.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 2, 1857.

Approved by the Mayor, March 5, 1857.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PURCHASE OF A MARKET SITE.

Resolved, that the Comptroller be, and he is hereby directed to purchase without delay, for the use and purpose of a market, the property of Robert W. Lowber, comprising a block and part of block of ground, lying and being in the 18th ward and bounded by 16th street and 17th street, Avenue C, and the East river, together with the bulkhead in front thereof, extending from the centre line of 16th street to the centre line of 17th street, and the water front between the centre line of said streets as continued, for the sum of one hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars, ($196,000) the Corporation assuming the taxes and assessments unpaid thereon, in accordance with the proposition submitted to the Comptroller by Robert W. Lowber, under date of November 6, 1856; the property to be conveyed by good and sufficient warranty deed, free and clear of all liens and incumbrances, except taxes and assessments upon the title to the said premises being approved by the Counsel to the Corporation, and the sum of one hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose aforesaid, and provided the said taxes and assessments to be assumed by the Corporation shall not exceed the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars.

Resolved, that the said premises when purchased, shall be subject to the control and supervision of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Jany. 21th, 1857, by the following vote, viz:

AFFIRMATIVE—Councilmen H. Smith, Van Glahn, Bulteel, Monroe, Baulch, J. Reilly, Bickford, Waugh, Crane, O'Donnell, Gilmartin, Warner, Barry, Judson, Phillips, Crawford, Fransway, Kennard, Hemphill, I. O. Hunt, Roehner, Van Tine, Sickles, Colyer, Miller, Boole, Rhodes, McLoughlin, Doty, McConnel, J. W. Hunt, O'Brien, Kelly, M. Smith, Brady, Mitchell, Ketteman, Murray, Reynolds, Schappert, Odell, B. Reilly, Ryer, Dunn, Doherty and Hopper.—46.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, February 18, 1857, by the following vote, viz:

AFFIRMATIVE—Aldermen Wilson, Corwin, Harris, Healy Hoffmire, the President, Aldermen Adams, Banta, Griffiths, Steers, Jackson, McConnell, Moneghan, Valentine, McSpedon and McConkey—16.

NEGATIVE—Aldermen Tucker, Fullmer, Coulter and Owens.—4.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, March 2, 1857, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter, the same became adopted.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

HONOR TO DR. KANE.

Whereas, information has been received in New York, announcing the death at Havana of the celebrated and esteemed Arctic explorer, Doctor Elisha K. Kane, and that his remains are on their way to his native city of Philadelphia for interment and inasmuch as the premature decease of our distinguished countryman was caused by his noble devotion to the cause of Humanity and Science, in the prosecution of an expedition fitted out by the munificence of one of our citizens to search for Sir John Franklin and his companions in the Arctic Circle, and it is fitting and becoming that the citizens of New York should mark their sense of the eminent public services of the deceased and of his personal worth, and the national loss that is involved in the death of so good and brave a citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, by this Board, that the authorities of the city of New York be invited to unite in paying suitable tokens of respect to the remains of Dr. Kane and expressing their deep regret at his untimely decease, which deprives our country of a worthy citizen, Science of an ardent disciple, and mankind at large of a generous friend.

Resolved, that we respectfully recommend that the flags of the city be half-masted on the day of the funeral obsequies of Doctor Kane in Philadelphia, and we would invite the proprietors of public buildings and masters of vessels in port to join with the authorities in the like observance, and we would direct that the City Hall bell be tolled at minute intervals on that day, at sunrise, at noon and at sunset.

Resolved, that with the concurrence of the Board of Aldermen, which we trust will be readily given, a Committee of Five from each Board shall be appointed to proceed to Philadelphia, as a deputation from the Municipal Government of this city to join in the obsequies of Dr. Kane.

Resolved, that copies of these Resolutions be forwarded to the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and to the family of Doctor Kane.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 2d, 1857.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 2d, 1857

Approved by the Mayor, March 3d, 1857.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

Our Albany Correspondence.

ALBANY, March 6, 1857.

Out of the gloom of doubt which has so long hung over the new "Reform" bills for your city, a new Charter, and a new Police bill of gigantic proportions loom up on their onward passage. The Republican majority are confident of carrying them through. To effect this it is necessary that the vote of Senator C. P. Smith, of Brooklyn, shall be had, unless one of the American Senators can be induced to come to the rescue. Mr. Smith is halting at present, and does not give in his adhesion; he says he is waiting to consult his friends. In the event of defection in that quarter, Senator Petty, (American) may step in and become the keystone of the arch over which the Republican hosts are to pass to victory. The kind treatment his party friends, Street Commissioner Taylor and City Inspector Morton, receive in the Charter, is expected to placate him to the support of the measures. *Nous verrons.*

Of the Harbor Masters there will be a clean sweep; handsome and ill-favored, if there be any of the latter, all go overboard in a batch; on this point the Governor is determined; the new batch is expected to go in next Wednesday. Of those who are credited as lucky ones in the new dispensation, but two have leaked out—Brevet-Major Alfred W. Taylor, of the New York Volunteers, and Col. Charles S. Tappan, of the war of 1812–14. That the list is not furnished more complete, is owing to the fact that the counsels of the Executive Chamber were never more carefully guarded. The Private Secretary does not go gadding about making revelations, as former secretaries have done, and the Governor discreetly holds his judgment uncompromised until the moment for action. The present Port Wardens will likely share the fate of the Harbor Masters. *Seaman* may be saved, but it will be owing to the presence of an experienced pilot near the Captain of the Ship of State.

The bills to make the Register and County Clerk of New York, and their deputies and clerks, salaried officers, will probably become law; also, Senator Petty's bill providing that on every Grand Jury there shall be a member from each ward of the city, and that no grand juror shall be required to serve more than twice in one year.

With the passage of the Police Bill, prepare yourselves to see the appointment of Commissioners under it, in part, as follows: New York, James Kelly; Kings, John A. Cross and Edward Fisk; Westchester, William H. Robinson, present County Judge. "Richmond is on the sea." Hon. Obediah Bowne, of that county, stood most prominent, but he has been otherwise provided for, and Hon. Henry I. Seaman, Governor's Private Secretary, does not want it, it is said. Zophar Mills is well thought of as an associate for Mr. Kelly, on the New York side; his appointment would be relished by the *debris* of the American party, amazingly. The latter are coquetting for recognition as allies of the Republicans, and would appreciate the appointment as a favor, and as a bond of peace.

Senator Richardson's bill, repealing the usury laws of 1837, so far as to allow individuals to let out their capital without restriction as to interest, is likely to succeed. Banks and other incorporations are to limit themselves to legal interest, under penalty of loss of charter.

The Special Committee on Trinity Church, Senators Spencer, Noxon and Ramsey, have given the "red lady" a re-hearing, but have not charged their mind in regard to her frailties; they are rather confirmed in their former opinions. They will come in with another, and a stronger report, and make some trouble for the vestry. This will gratify the persistent opponents of Trinity, and feed the revengeful memories of the heirs of *Anneke Jans.*

The Quarantine is to be removed. That is a fixed fact. The merchants' lobby here, against it, was a fizzle, and there is considerable exultation in certain quarters that the great South street interest has at last been taken by the rock. Egbert Benson, Esq., of New York, Hon. George Hall, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, and Hon. Obediah Bowne, of Richmond, are named in the Commission to to designate new anchorage for the big ships of the sea when suspected of distemper. Until a permanent location can be fixed, a branch is to be established near Sandy Hook, of a hulk hospital if nothing better can be effected. It is expected, however, that a Commission to confer with the New Jersey authority will obtain jurisdiction over the ground at Sandy Hook of which the State of New York already has the contingent fee, and that no obstacles will be offered to the removal of our whole Quarantine establishment to that barren locality.

*

FIRE.—Last evening at 8½ o'clock a fire occurred in the stable, No. 204 Elizabeth street, which was extinguished with but slight damages.

Fire Department Matters.

Excursion of Howard Engine Co. No. 34.

HOSPITALITIES IN NEIGHBORING CITIES.

WELCOME HOME.

This Company, comprising about seventy men, left last Sunday for Washington, to take part in the ceremonies of the inauguration. They presented a very handsome appearance, fully equal to any company that has ever left this city. On their departure they were escorted to the boat by a large concourse of their friends. They were received in Philadelphia by several of the fire companies in that city, and were feasted and feted with Philadelphian hospitality. The Newmarket Engine Company had charge of them in Baltimore, and they were taken care of in a very handsome manner. Upon their arrival in Washington, the Northern Liberty Engine Company received them with all the honors, and they were assigned a place in the inaugural procession. Their stay in Washington was a most pleasant one; they were escorted to the various places of public interest in that city, and received every attention. Mr. John N. Genin, of this city, tendered the Company a splendid collation in Baltimore, which they did ample justice to.

The following named Companies of this city turned out to receive them on their return last evening: Engine Companies Nos. 48, 44, 33, 22, 17, 11, 8, 2; Hose Companies Nos. 24, 23, 17, 10, and Hook and Ladder Company No. 12; John H. Houghkirk, Esq., acting as Marshall. The excursionists were accompanied by Shelton's Band, and the escort were attended by five other fine bands of music. The late hour at which the procession moved, prevents our giving further particulars of the magnificent display.

ONE OF THE PERILS OF FIRE DUTY.—The life of a fireman is subject to continual hazard from the ravages of the devouring element, but his dangers are not confined to that. In the discharge of his noble duty his path is beset with vicissitudes. A recent instance of suffering appeals to every sympathising heart. During the severe storm on Sunday, the 18th day of January last, while a fire was raging in Water street, Mr. Thomas A. Devlin, a member of Engine 21, so exposed himself to the cold while working on the brakes, and, subsequently, housing the engine, that his hands were frost-bitten to such a degree as to cause amputation. Inflammation and mortification setting in, and necessitating the loss of the third and small fingers of his right hand, they were accordingly amputated. The sufferer has a family dependent upon him for support; and what makes his case peculiarly hard, is the fact that the loss of his fingers will seriously embarras him in the prosecution of his trade, which is that of a moulder. Under the good care taken of him we are gratified to learn that he is gradually recovering. But as his "time" is nearly expired, it is not probable that he will be able to resume fire duty, unless as an exempt. This instance of suffering is only a cumulative proof of the sacrifices of constant occurrence, made by the members of the Fire Department, but we trust it may have its particular influence in directing the attention of those who receive the benefit without sharing in the labor, of making due and proper return when occasion offers.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

This Board held a meeting on Thursday evening, attended by Commissioners Wright, Freeborn Craft and Schenck.

Complaint of Harris Solomon against Engine Co. No. 6, for running on sidewalk and and breaking awning posts in front of No. 90 Chatham street, on the 19th of January, was dismissed.

Complaint of S. W. Roberts *vs.* certain members of Engine Co. No. 9, dismissed. Settled by the Company.

Appointment of Thos. Irving to Engine Co. No. 13. Confirmed.

Appointment of H. Concklin to Engine Co. No. 20. Confirmed.

Expulsion of E. Lebar from Hook and Ladder Co No. 14. Changed to resignation.

Complaint against Engine Co. No. 17 and Hose Co. No. 47, running on the sidewalk. Dismissed.

Complaint of Assistant Foreman Engine Co. No. 16 against certain members. Laid over indefinitely.

Petition of James Powers and associates to be organised as a Hose Co. in the 4th Ward. Rejected.

Complaint of Hose Co. No. 35 against Hose Co. No. 11. Having been referred back to the Common Council, the Board decided to adhere to their original decision.

Complaint of Hose Co. No. 54 against Assistant Foreman Engine Co. No. 11. Referred back by the Common Council. The Board considered that the same had become a law, not having been legally referred back.

Complaint of Hose Co. No. 53 against Hose Co. No. 21. Referred back by the Common Council. The Board adhered to their former decision.

THURSDAY—*Present*—Commissioners Brown, Wright, Craft and Freeborn.

Appointment of R. Bradham to Engine Co. No. 7. Return corrected. Confirmed.

Appointment of J. Coneve to Engine Co. No. 9. Confirmed.

Appointment of Patrick McCaffrey to Engine Co. No. 18. Confirmed.

Appointment of Mathew Stripp to Engine Co. No. 20. Laid over.

Appointment of Michael Vallery to Engine Co. No. —. Laid over.

Appointment of Morty Sullivan to Engine Co. No. 21. Laid over.

Appointment of David Callopy to Engine Co. No. 31. Confirmed.

Appointment of Jas. Graham to Engine Co. No. 37. Confirmed.

Appointment of John Gibbs to Engine Co. No. 39. Confirmed.

Appointment of Geo. Wiseburn to Hose Co. No. 5. Confirmed.

Appointment of John Carroll to Hose Co. No. 16. Confirmed.

Appointment of Geo. Eberhard to Hose Co. No. 22. Return corrected. Confirmed.

Appointment of Philip Geraghty to Hose Co. No. 39. Confirmed.

Appointment of Wm. Carl to Hook and Ladder Co. No. 5. Confirmed.

Appointment of August. Baker to Hook and Ladder Co. No. 5. Confirmed.

Appointment of Peter Schafer to Hook and Ladder Co. No. 5 Confirmed.

Petition of John W. Dale to be re-instated.—Granted.

Petition of Dan'l I. Chalmers to be re-instated. Laid over.

Petition of John Quinn and associates to be organized as an Engine Co. in Bloomingdale. Laid over indefinitely.

Petition of R. J. Flanagan and associates to be organized as an Engine Co. in the neighborhood of 10th Ave. and 30th street. Denied.

Petition of H. S. Davies to be appointed to Hook and Ladder Co. No. 9. Rejected.

Complaint of Hook and Ladder Co. No. 4 against John Carpenter, of Engine Co. No. 41, for assault. The Board decided to suspend Mr. Carpenter for one year, and to suspend Chas. Gardner, of Hook and Ladder Co. No. 4, for six months. Adjourned.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Representatives was held at Firemen's Hall on Thursday evening, March 5th, 1857, Henry H. Howard, Esq., Chief Engineer, in the chair.

The meeting having been called to order, the Secretary read the minutes of the previous meetings, which were unanimously approved.

The collection of dues and fines was then taken up.

The Committee on the Reorganization of the Fire Department was called upon to report.

Mr. Lyons, of Hose Co. No. 10, stated that his report was a verbal one, that the Committee had met and disagreed, and he therefore asked that the Committee be discharged. The report of Mr. Lyons was accepted, and on motion of Mr. Burhans, the Committee discharged.

The Secretary proceeded to read the by-laws, as amended. The only alterations are the abolition of the quarterly meetings, and the office of Vice-Chairman. The object of the latter, the Committee stated, is to make the Chief Engineer attend more to the business of presiding at the meetings of the Board.

The by-laws, as amended, were unanimously adopted.

A clause, "that the by-laws shall not go into effect until June," elicited considerable discussion, and was altered so as to read, that they shall hold from the moment of adoption.

Mr. Burhans offered a motion to have the by laws printed and distributed among the members of the Fire Department, which was adopted.

No further business offering, the Board adjourned.

HOSE.—The Department will soon be in possession of that much needed article, new hose. Chief Engineer Howard has been actively at work hurrying this matter along, and it has been owing to the sickness of the Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies that the proposals for the work have not been opened ere this; but on Monday the contract will be awarded, and before long Companies will be supplied, and this vexed question finally settled.

ACCIDENT TO A FIREMAN.—Thursday evening while proceeding to a fire in the Fifth District, Mr. E. W. Lockwood, of Marian Hose No. 4, was considerably hurt, by being knocked against a tree in Second avenue corner Houston street, by the above carriage. It appears he had charge of the tongue, and the wheels of the carriage striking against something, brought him against the tree. He recovered shortly after the accident and was taken care of by his friends, who advised him to go home.

NEW YORK FIRE MATTERS IN ALBANY.

The bill amendatory to the act of 1849, taking all foreign fire insurance companies to the amount of two per cent on the premiums received by them for risks taken in the City and County of New York, was considered by the Committee on Insurance on Friday last, and the friends of the bill have reason to believe that the Committee of the House will report in favor of concurring in the action of the Senate on the subject. The bill passed the Senate with but one dissenting voice, and when the vote is taken in the Assembly a like record is very probable.

Messrs. George H. Purser, Zophar Mills, John S. Giles and James Kelly were in attendance, and advocated the passage of the bill. Mr. Kelly has been unremitting in his measure. It is of great interest to every fireman, and exempt fireman.

The bill for the alteration of the law relating to the transportation and storage of gunpowder is likely to become a law, as also the bill regarding the construction of buildings. Mr. John Dixon, of Hose Company, No. 54, has charge of the Building Law, and will doubtless give it the same attention he has bestowed on all matters that have come before the Legislature in which the Fire Department is concerned. The Department is well represented in the Assembly. Messrs. Dixon, John J. Reilly, Mahen, and the indefatigable Mooney, foreman of Hose Company, No. 3, are all as active in the well fare of Fire Matters in Albany, as they are in the discharge of the more laborious duties of firemen when in New York.

CANDIDATE FOR FIRE WARDEN.

By an advertisement in another column of this paper we notice the name of James M. Macgregor, Esq., as a candidate for the above office. Mr. M. is a member of Manhattan Engine Company No. 8, and an active as well as deserving member of the Fire Department. Being by occupation a carpenter, he would bring a large amount of practical experience to the discharge of the requisite duties. Our firemen should ponder awhile before voting for Fire Warden, and select those only of tried fitness. We are certain that Mr. M. would acquit himself creditably, and give satisfaction to the Department.

ZEPHYR HOSE COMPANY NO. 4, OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

This efficient Company made a parade on Thursday afternoon to this city, headed by Robertson's Band, to bring their newly painted hose carriage to their house. Before crossing the Ferry, the entire Company, Band and all, adjourned to Gov. Theo. Ward's, No. 65 Ludlow street, where a fine collation was set, of which the Company partook with a great relish. After crossing, they proceeded to the Odeon, at Williamsburgh, where they took their fine carriage in the room, and a supper on a grand style was also had. The Foreman of the Company is Mr. Thomas H. Browning, and the President of the Honorary members, Benjamin Folger, Esq.

Balls Held During the Week.

On Wednesday evening, March 4th, the Annual Ball of Robertson's Band was celebrated, and turned out a very brilliant affair. The attendance, as we predicted, was unusually large and highly fashionable. Nearly the entire Second Regiment (to which this Band is attached) was present, in uniform, which showed off to great advantage. Dancing commenced at an early hour and was kept up with great spirit until 12 o'clock. when the Band, mustering 40 pieces, formed in the Ball Room and played "*Scena ed Aria,*" from the opera of "*Luisa Miller,*" arranged by Mr. D. I. Downing expressly for this occasion, and a military quickstep, both of which elicited unbounded applause. Shortly after supper was announced, and on this occasion George Alker Esq., mine host, came in for his share of approbation. The appearance of the Band was most beautiful, they having appeared, on this evening for the first time, in their new uniforms. Of one thing the Band may rest assured, that they have had as fine a ball as was held this season at the Apollo. The floor was under the management of several military gentlemen, and Wm. Robertson Esq., the leader of the Band, was everywhere visible, attending to the wants of the guests.

On leaving the Apollo Rooms, we wended our steps to the City Assembly Rooms, where we found a most brilliant assemblage. The Young Mens Democratic Union Club celebrated a Ball, in honor of the Inauguration of James Buchannan on that day. The whole of these magnificent Rooms were thrown into one, and presented a scene seldom, if ever, witnessed. There could have been no less than 1,200 persons present during the evening, and everything was life and animation. On the balcony, opposite the orchestra, the numerous flags of the "Union Club" were arranged in neat order. From the orchestra balcony, a magnificent banner of the Club was suspended; also a large transparency of James Buchannan. At half-past eleven o'clock a circle was formed around the room, and Thos. Francis Meagher, Esq., accompanied by Spencer W. Cone, President of the Union Club, entered the room, having a banner in hand for presentation.

This banner, made of pure silk, and elaborate workmanship, was manufactured by a number of patriotic ladies, under the supervision of Henry Liebenan, Esq. Mr. Meagher acted as champion for the ladies, and made the presentation in their behalf, in an eloquent speech.

Jas. T. Brady Esq., on behalf of the Union Club; received the banner, and in his usual brilliant and able way returned thanks and done honor to the occasion by passing an eulogy on the fair donors of the gift. The customary ceremonies having gone through with, the company *en masse*, adjourned to the spacious supper rooms over the ball room and the scene that presented itself to view, was a caution to epicures. The tables groaned under the weight of delicacies placed thereon, and great credit is due to Geo. W. Miller Esq., for his exertions to give general satisfaction, in which he fully succeeded. Due justice having been done to the viands, Mr. Cone rose and after a few able remarks, stating the occasion of the assembly, proposed the first regular toast of "JAMES BUCHANAN," which was received with nine hearty cheers and in the absence of Jas. T. Brady Esq., who was to have responded, was done justice to by Mr. Cone. The second toast of "John C. Breckinridge," brought Col. C. H. Bracket, of Kentucky, to his feet, and that gentleman acquitted himself nobly of his task. The "Democracy of the Empire State," "Franklin Pierce," "Jas. T. Brady," "Thos. F. Meagher," "The Young Men's Democratic Union Club," "The Press" and last, though not least, "The Ladies" were toasted, "and each had its champion to respond. After spending an hour in the Supper Room, an adjournment was had to the Ball Room and the exercises of the light fantastic toe were kept up until near daylight. Too much credit cannot be given to Messrs. Douglas Taylor and L. F. Harrison, who were the principal actors in getting up this grand affair, and in only *four days* notice. The whole affair was well managed and passed off to the great satisfaction of all the participants. The floor was under the management of Douglass Taylor Esq., assisted by Messrs. L. F. Harrison, A. R. Herrick and Chas. J. Kelley. The following is a description of the banner: The ground is of white silk, and a broad border of red, the staff being surmounted by a liberty cap ornamented with stars. On the front of the banner is the inscription of "Young Men's Democratic Union Club," on the reverse "Organized June 30th, 1852, New York.

The music was furnished by Harvey B. Dodworth, Esq., and was conducted in his usual efficient and able manner. This ball was held instead of the Club going to Washington as was their intention to do, but by some contrary arrangements with the Railroad Companies they were compelled to do honor to the inauguration in some way, hence the ball of the Union Club.

On Thursday evening the New York Association, United Daughters of America, had a grand ball at the Apollo Rooms. This was a perfect jam, the Hall being crowded to suffocation. Before dancing commenced an oration was delivered and several other performances gone through with; such as singing, recitations, &c. After the exercises, the Association formed a cotillion party, in which all present joined. The music which was most excellent, was furnished by George Wallace, Esq. The number of ladies present exceeded that of the gentlemen, and many were the ones disappointed in procuring partners for the dance. Still the best of humor prevailed; the festivities not did break up until near morning. The best feature of the ball is that the Society of ladies will make a nett profit of about $150. The most part of the attendance were "young folks," and they appeared to enjoy themselves greatly. The floor was under the direction of Mr. B. Grant, assisted by R. Doane, C. Hartshorne, John H. Briggs, J. Gray, B. J. Belden and H. Sears.

Balls to Come.

⁂ We cannot guarantee editorial notices of the many Soirees, Balls, &c., to which our kind friends invite us, unless the customary advertisements are sent for publication.

The Ball Season may now be said to be drawing to a rapid close, and in every respect it has been a most attractive and successful one the New-York ball-going public have ever enjoyed. The several Halls, including that of the Academy of Music, are in constant demand, and always well filled. Niblo's Saloon, we understand, is closed for the season, the City Assembly Rooms have been engaged for a few more nights, but the Apollo Rooms have engagements for every night during this and some part of the next month. The amount of money that has been spent is almost fabulous to imagine, and we may say, with impunity, that the most brilliant and costly dresses have been worn during the present ball season.

The Third Annual "Hop" of the "SHANGHAES" comes off at the Apollo Rooms on Thursday evening, March 12th, and, judging from the previous "hops" of this body, we are inclined to think it will be a very brilliant affair.

The "Pickwick Club," an association of gentlemen, organized for fun and frolic, will give their grand Annual Ball on Wednesday evening, March 11th, at the Apollo Room. This is part of the "*town talk,*" and especially are the ladies on the *qui vive* for it, as the rumor goes that each lady will be presented with a handsome bouquet. The President of the Association is William Coulter, Esq., Alderman of the Seventeenth Ward. We are certain that the sum of $20 has been offered for a ticket, and none to be had. The tickets are not sold, and whoever holds one has to have his name registered for reference at the door. This is to keep improper characters out of the room.

The Washington Brass Band held their Annual Ball on Monday evening, March 9th, at the Apollo Rooms, and will also be a very fine affair. There will, no doubt, be a large attendance present, as the number of tickets sold are enormous. All you who have not procured your tickets should buy them at once, and a good time may be expected.

The Grand Ball of Dodworth's celebrated Cornet and String Band is now near at hand. Wednesday next (March 11th) is the appointed time for it. All that is pleasing and rich will be seen at this Ball, which is to be second to none held this season. All we have to say is, go at once and procure tickets, in order to be present on this brilliant occasion, and judge for yourself. We gave so lively a description of it last week that we forbear saying too much about it this week, being afraid of exhausting the subject. Next week look out for further particulars.

The City Guards and Light Guards have had their annual Balls, which created no little gossip among the disciples of Terpsichore; but the chief topic now is the Grand Ball and Reunion of Dodworth's celebrated Band. The preparations that are made for this gorgeous affair are most extensive. The whole of the Assembly Rooms will be thrown open, and both balconies occupied by the entire band of over one hundred pieces. The price of the tickets are fixed very low, so as to give a chance to the friends of the Messrs. Dodworths, to enjoy a pleasant evening with them. We are satisfied that in every respect it will be as good as those of the City or Light Guards, and in some respects even superior, as far as accommodations are concerned. The String Band will be under the superintendence of Harvey B. Dodworth, Esq., and the Brass Band will be conducted by Thomas Kingsland, Esq. Whoever wishes to hear good music, as well as enjoy a good dance should not fail to procure tickets for *the* Ball of the season.

The Annual Exhibition Ball of Prof. Penj. Yates will come off at the Apollo Rooms, on Monday evening, March 23d, 1857, when he will introduce a large number of children in various new dances.

Sporting.

LAZARUS AND 'ORRIGAN.—The *Clipper's* confidence that 'Arry Lazarus would accept Denny 'Orrigan's manly offer for a friendly contest with "bunches of fives," on "a square up and down proposal," is fortified with the fact that 'Arry has forwarded a "sawbuck" to cover 'Orrigan's stake. The 28th day of April is fixed for the friendly encounter, and at that inviting period of a lovely season it will come off. The place is Canada, near Buffalo: sufficiently explicit for the "knowing ones," and just vague enough to baffle the "beaks." The last deposit of $50 is stipulated by 'Arry Lazarus to be put up at the house of his father, at Buffalo; as there can be no reasonable objection to this, it is probable that 'Arry will be accommodated with this trifling gratification to his parent, who, no doubt, will relish the compliment. The editor of the *Clipper* courteously declines an offer to make him a referee in the case, for reasons which he does not deem necessary to state. It is surmised, however, that his engagements with the *Tribune* corps-editorial stand in the way of his acceptance of the honor. 'Orrigan has not been consulted in regard to the "stipulation," but it is not doubted that he will accede to the promptings of 'Arry's filial piety.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ **New York, March 6th, 1857.**—At the Annual Meeting of EMPIRE ENGINE COMPANY No. 42, held Monday evening, March 2nd, 1857, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the year:

Foreman,
RICHARD P. MOORE.
Assistant Foreman,
JOSEPH D. COSTA.
Secretary,
J. J. MCCORMICK.
Assistant Secretary,
JOHN LETSON.
Treasurer,
F. L. PARMERTON,
Representatives,
JOHN J. BLOOMFIED AND CHAS. L. VANPELL.

☞ **To the Members of the New York** FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notice is hereby given that an Election for Assistant Engineer, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of Henry H. Howard, Esq., as Chief Engineer, will take place on MONDAY, March 16th, 1857. between the hours of 7 and 10 P. M.

The Returns to be handed in to the Chief Engineer's office on TUESDAY, March 17th, 1857, before 10 o'clock, P. M., at which hour the Inspectors will proceed to canvass the same.

The necessary blanks can be obtained on application at the office of the Chief Engineer. A Commissioner of Deeds will be in attendance during the day and evening of the 17th.

All returns must be made in strict accordance with the rules adopted by the Convention of Engineers, Foremen and Assistant Foremen, or they will be rejected.

SAMUEL BURHANS, JR.,
DE LANCEY W. KNEVELS, } Inspectors.
STEPHEN MITCHELL,

☞ **For Fire Warden.**
JAMES M. MACGREGOR,
OF
Engine Company No. 8.
OCCUPATION—CARPENTER.

☞ **For Assistant Engineer.**—
CHARLES H. LYONS,
Foreman Hose Company No. 10.

☞ **Regular Nomination.—Firemen's** HALL.
For Assistant Engineer,
EUGENE WARD,
OF
Engine Company No. 29.

☞ **Regular Nomination.—Firemen's** HALL,
FOR ASSISTANT ENGINEER,
DANIEL DONOVAN,
EX-FOREMAN ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 13.

☞ **For Assistant Engineer.**—
ISAAC G. SEIXAS,
Ex-Foreman Hook and Ladder Company No. 2.

☞ **For Assistant Engineer.**—
THEODORE WARD,
Governor of the State House,
NO. 65 LUDLOW STREET.

☞ **New York Fire Department.—For** the accommodation of persons in the lower section of the city, a box has been placed in the store of Mr. Robert H. Ellis, No. 158 Pearl street, for the reception of any communications for the Fire Department.
HENRY H. HOWARD, Chief Engineer.

☞ **For Assistant Engineer.**—
CHARLES NEARY,
Ex-Foreman of Engine Company No. 21.

☞ **Post Office Notice.—The Mails for** EUROPE, per U. S. Steamer ERICSSON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of March, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

☞ **New York, March 7th, 1857.**—I take this method to inform my friends in the Fire Department that I am not a candidate for Assistant Engineer, but that I recommend my friends to support Mr. Chas Neary, Ex-Foreman of Engine 21.
JAMES LEONARD,
Foreman Engine 21.

☞ **At a Special Meeting of Columbian** Engine Company No. 14, held at the engine house on Friday evening, March 6, 1857, the following resolutions were presented and adopted, viz:

Whereas, In the dispensation of an all-wise Providence we are called upon to mourn the loss of our esteemed friend and brother fireman, George D. Forbes, and as the melancholy event calls from us expressions of our deep regret, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our friend and brother fireman our hearts are veiled in sorrow at the loss of him who, while in the sphere of his usefulness, has been suddenly taken from us.

Resolved, That, while living, by his many excellent qualities he endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and in his death the Department has been deprived of one of its most valuable members, society one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved that the above resolutions be published in the New York Herald, New York Leader and Sunday Mercury.
JAMES FORSYTH, Foreman.
CHAS. A. GRAY, Secretary.

☞ **The Active and Honorary Members,** and friends of Columbian Engine Company No. 14 are hereby notified to meet at the engine house on Sunday, March, 8, 1857, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending the funeral of our brother member, Mr. George D. Forbes. By order of
JAMES FORSYTH, Foreman.
CHAS. A. GRAY, Secretary.

☞ **Healing Balsam and Jordan Salve.**—I have often been solicited by those who formerly knew the effects of the two Remedies to offer them to the public for sale. Latterly having received frequent requests from friends in this city, and throughout the Western States so to do, I venture now to attempt it, well knowing that when once known, they will be appreciated. The following is the healing effects of the Balsam, viz: Rheumatism, Burns, Sprains, and Toothache. The uses of the Salve are Sore and Swelled Breasts, Old Wounds, Gout, Frost-bitten Limbs and Corns. These Remedies are to be had, wholesale and retail of M. D. SHEPMAN, No. 183 East 17th street.
Price per box, 25 and 50 cents.

☞ **Fowler & Wells, Phrenologists and** Publishers, No. 308 Broadway. Office open for examination day and evening.

☞ **To Southern and Western Mer-**CHANTS, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, and Others.—We have on hand and are daily receiving a large and well selected stock of fresh and genuine Drugs, Medicines, French, English and American Chemicals, Dye Woods, Acids, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, French and American Window Glass, Glass Ware of every description, Genuine Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., &c., which we offer for sale in quantities to suit purchasers at the lowest wholesale market prices. Grocers, Bakers, Dyers, Hatters, Printers and Confectioners articles. Physicians and Country Merchants having orders to be executed in our line, can rely upon getting prime articles and having them promptly attended to.

Principal Depot for Bush, Gale and Robinson's superior Waterproof Friction Matches, so long and favorably known to the public as the "BUSH & HILLYER MATCH."
BUSH, GALE & ROBINSON,
Wholesale Druggists and Importers,
186 Greenwich st. (North River side,) N. Y.

☞ **Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.**—There never has been a discovery made in Materia Medica, whereby pain can be so quickly allayed, and where parts in a high state of inflammation can be so rapidly reduced to their natural state, nor where wounds and sores can be so thoroughly and rapidly healed, and decayed parts restored without either scar or defect, with DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR.

In Cuts, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises—casualties to which children are constantly subject—the action of the genuine DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR, is ever the same! How much Pain and Suffering may not thus be prevented! Moreover, Life itself is often dependent upon having at hand the genuine DALLEY EXTRACTOR, and for particulars of which I respectfully refer to my printed pamphlets, for the truth of which I hold myself responsible.

No case of Burns and Scald, no matter how severe, has ever yet, in any one instance, resisted the all-powerful, pain-subduing and healing qualities of the DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR.

No PAIN EXTRACTOR IS GENUINE unless the box has upon it a Steel Plate Engraved Label with the signatures of C. V. CLICKENER & Co., proprietors, and HENRY DALLEY, manufacturer. Price 25 cts. per box.

☞ All orders should be addressed to C. V. Clickener & Co., 81 Barclay street, New York.

☞ **State House.—The undersigned** would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened the premises known as No. 65 Ludlow street, where he keeps constantly on hand a large supply of choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands. THEODORE WARD, Governor.
N. B.—Meeting and Drill Rooms to let.

R E A D !
FRIDOLINE,
IN
THE NEW YORK DAILY SUN
ONE CENT PER COPY.

M. VASSAR & CO.,
BREWERS,
POUGHKEEPSIE
PORTER, PALE AND AMBER ALE,
In Hhds., Bbls. and Halves,
FOR SOUTHERN TRADE AND CITY USE.
NO. 116 WARREN STREET,
Between West and Washington sts., NEW YORK.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.—City of New York, March 2d, 1857.

CENTRAL PARK FUND STOCK.

$800,000 AT SIX PER CENT. REDEEMABLE IN THIRTY YEARS.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's office until TUESDAY, March 31st, 1857, at two o'clock, P. M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars of Central Park Fund Stock, of the City of New York, authorized by an act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to alter the map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a Public Place and to authorize the taking of the same," passed July 21st, 1853, and amended February 13th, 1856, and by an ordinance of the Common Council, of said city, approved by the Mayor, February 29th, 1856.

The said Stock will consist of eight thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter-yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1887.

The proposals will state the number of shares desired, and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city the sum awarded and covered by the bid, and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares carrying interest from the date of the deposit.

Those persons who have awards due them on the Central Park, if they offer terms more favorable to the interest of the city than those who make cash bids, can receive certificates of stock for the amount of their awards immediately after the bids are decided on, carrying interest from the date of the confirmation of the awards. In case the same person or property is assessed, the person claiming the award will be required to pay the amount of assessment, with interest thereon, from the time of the confirmation of the report of the Commissioners, before the delivery of the certificate.

The Act of 1853, for laying out the Park, provides for levying a tax annually for the payment of interest on the stock to be issued; and the Act of 1812, made applicable to this loan, provides not only for pledging the faith of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty for the final redemption of the stock issued, but also enacts that all the revenues of the corporation "are hereby pledged and appropriated for the payment of the interest which shall become due on the said stock, and shall continue so pledged until the final redemption thereof; and that, in case the said revenues be not sufficient to satisfy and pay the whole of the said interest, then, and in that case, *the faith of the State shall be, and the same is hereby pledged to pass such acts as shall, from time to time, be necessary, authorizing the Mayor, &c., to raise by tax,*" such sum as shall be requisite to supply every such deficiency. In addition to this, the 7th section of the Act of 1853, for taking land for the Park, declares that all the land thus taken shall be "irrevocably pledged" for the payment of the debt created therefor.

Each proposition should be sealed up and endorsed, "Proposal for Six per cent. Central Park Fund." And the proposition may then be put in a second envelope, sealed and directed, "A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller, No. 5 Hall of Records, New York."

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—DE-PARTMENT OF STREETS AND LAMPS, March 6th, 1857.—PROPOSALS FOR CLEANING THE STREETS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex streets, until 12 o'clock, M., on THURSDAY, March 19th, 1857, at which time they will be opened (in accordance with the amended charter of 1853,) for cleaning the streets of the nineteen (19) contract Districts, and removing therefrom the ashes, garbage, rubbish, &c., &c., for the term of one (1) year from the date of confirmation of the contract by the Common Council.

Bidders will estimate for each District separately.

Specifications for the work to be performed can be had, on application, at the office of the Commissioner.

The Commissioner reserves the right to reject all or any of the estimates, if deemed for the interest of the Corporation.

Blank estimates can only be had at the office of the Commissioner. Security required for the full amount of the contract. Payments to be made semi-monthly.

Ten (10) per cent. of the full amount of the contract will be reserved until the completion of the same.

The proposals must be directed to Joseph E. Ebling, Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, and endorsed on the outside with the name of the person making the estimate, together with the number of the District or Districts estimated for.

JOSEPH E. EBLING,
Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

N. B.—The opening of the estimates for cleaning of the streets of the nineteen (19) contract Districts of the City of New York, and also the estimates for painting the Lampposts of said City, is postponed until THURSDAY, the nineteenth day of March, 1857, at 12 o'clock, M., until which time proposals will be received.

JOSEPH E EBLING,
Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—DE-PARTMENT OF STREETS AND LAMPS—March 6th, 1857.—PROPOSALS FOR LIGHTING THE CITY OF NEW YORK ABOVE 79TH STREET WITH GAS.—Proposals will be received at the office of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex street, until 12 o'clock M., on Thursday, March 19th, 1857, (at which time they will be opened, in accordance with the amended charter of 1853,) for lighting with gas for the term of one (1) year, such streets and avenues above 79th street, as may be directed—the proposals to be made for lighting at so much per lamp every night during the year; the contractor to furnish the burner for each lamp; said burner to consume not less than three (3) cubic feet of gas per hour. Also to light, extinguish and clean the lamps.

Proposals will also be received, at the same time and place, for the term of one (1) year, for setting the lampposts and frames, which will be furnished by the Department; and also to furnish and lay the necessary supply-pipe from the gas main to and through the post—with all the joints, bends, &c., &c.—said pipe to extend two (2) inches above the top of the post, with a good thread cut on top for the burner. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Commissioner. Security required for the full amount of the contract. The proposals must be directed to JOSEPH E. EBLING, Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, and endorsed on the outside—"Proposals for Lighting the Streets and Avenues above 79th street with Gas—and for Setting the Lamp-posts and Frames—and to Furnish and lay the necessary Supply-pipe for the same."

The Commissioner reserves the right to reject all or any of the bids, if deemed for the interest of the city. Blank estimates can only be had at the office of the Commissioner.

JOSEPH E. EBLING,
Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

CROTON WATER FOR SHIPPING.—Sealed proposals will be received at this Office, until Monday, March 16th, (at which hour they will be opened) for the exclusive right to supply water to the water tanks and casks of all shipping propelled by sails, and destined to any port in the United States, or to foreign ports, and of all steamers clearing direct to any foreign port for the term of three years, from the first day of April, 1857. The water to be taken from the Hydrants placed on the bulkheads along the wharves, which Hydrants so used are to be kept in repair by the Contractor at his own expense. A price per year to be named in the proposals, said price to be paid in equal monthly instalments on the first day of each month in advance, and if not so paid or within ten days next thereafter, the Contract to be null and void. The Contractor is not to charge more than twenty-five cents per hogshead of 120 gallons. The names of two responsible sureties will be required to accompany the proposal—the amount of security required is $2,500. The contract will contain a stipulation, reserving to the Department the right at any time to shut off the water for the purpose of making repairs to the Acqueduct or main pipes, without claim for damages an amount thereof. The right to reject any or all of the proposals is expressly reserved by the Department.

Proposals to be endorsed "Proposals for Shipping." Blank forms in accordance with the Corporation Ordinances can be had on application at this office.

M. VAN SHAICK,
T. R. DE FOREST, } Croton Aq. Board.
A. W. CRAVEN,

Office of the Croton Aqueduct Department, March 4th, 1857.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—DE-PARTMENT OF STREETS AND LAMPS, March 6th, 1857.—Proposals for furnishing Iron Lamp Posts.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Office of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex streets, until Twelve o'Clock, M., on THURSDAY, March 19th, 1857, at which time they will be opened (in accordance with the amended Charter of 1853), for furnishing the Corporation of the city of New York with fifteen hundred (1,500) Iron Lamp Posts, to be cast in three (3) pieces, from pig or scrap iron, after a pattern post which may be seen at the Office of the Superintendent of Lamps and Gas, corner of Grand and Essex streets. The said posts to average 425 pounds in weight, and to be delivered at the following places: Four hundred (400) at the Corporation Yard in Jane street, near Washington; four hundred (400) at the Rivington street Yard, and seven hundred (700) at the Yard foot of 121st street, Harlem River, with the right to reject all that may be imperfect or unsound: the estimate to name the price per pound. The Commissioner reserves the right to reject all or any of the bids, if deemed for the best interest of the city.—Blank estimates can only be had at the Office of the Commissioner. Security required for the full amount of the contract.

The proposals must be directed to Joseph E. Ebling, Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, and endorsed "Proposals for furnishing fifteen hundred (1,500) Iron Lamp Posts, with the name of the Person making the estimate.

JOSEPH E. EBLING,
Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

OFFICE COMMISSIONER OF Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex street, New York, March 5th, 1857.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons who have performed any work for this Department during the year 1856, and have not been paid therefor, that I will commence paying off in the following manner:

Attaches of the office on TUESDAY, March 10th, and cartmen and laborers of the 1st, 2d and 3d wards on WEDNESDAY, March 11th.
4th, 5th, and 6th wards on THURSDAY, March 12th.
7th, 8th and 9th wards on FRIDAY, March 13th.
10th, 11th and 13th wards on SATURDAY, March 14th.
14th, 15th and 16th wards on MONDAY, March 16th.
17th, 18th and 19th wards on TUESDAY, March 17th.
20th, 21st and 22d wards on WEDNESDAY, March 18th.
Commencing at 8 o'clock in the morning, at this office.

All persons having orders on this Department, must present them on the day set apart for the payment of the wards for which they hold the orders. The Department will not be responsible for any order unless presented in the presence of the parties giving the same.

JOS. E. EBLING,
Comm'r of Streets and Lamps.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that petitions have been presented in the Board of Councilmen for the construction of Sewers in the following named streets, to wit:

In Houston street, from Wooster to Greene street.

Also in Marion street, from Spring to Prince street.

And also a resolution for a Sewer in 50th st., from about eighty feet east of 3d avenue to 2nd avenue.

All persons interested in the above, and having any objections thereto, are requested to present the same, in writing, to the Contract Clerk, at this office, on or before Saturday, March 14, 1857.

MYNDERT VAN SCHAICK,
THEO. R. DE FOREST,
A. W. CRAVEN,
Croton Aqueduct Board.

Croton Aqueduct Department, March 2d, 1857.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—DE-PARTMENT OF STREETS AND LAMPS, March 6, 1857.—Proposal for Painting Lamp Post. Sealed Proposals will be received at the Office of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, corner of Grand and Essex streets, until 12 o'Clock, M., on THURSDAY, March 19th, 1857, at which time they will be opened (in accordance with the amended Charter of 1853), for Painting such Lamp Post (including the Frames), as may be directed by the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps; the said Lamp Post to be painted with two (2) coats of the best Oil Paint.

The estimate must name the price per Post (including the Frames). The Commissioner reserves the right to reject all or any of the bids, if deemed for the interest of the Corporation. Blank estimates can only be had, and all information in relation thereto, at the Office of the Commissioner. Security required to the amount of two thousand ($2,000) dollars.

The proposals must be directed to Joseph E. Ebling, Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, and endorsed on the outside, "Proposal for Painting Lamp Post," with name of the Person making the estimate.

JOSEPH E. EBLING,
Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

STREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 4 HALL OF RECORDS.—Public notice is hereby given, that the following resolution has been presented in the Board of Councilmen:

That 130th street from 3d to 4th avenue be regulated and graded under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

All persons interested, having objections thereto, are requested to present them in writing to the undersigned, at his office, on or before the 18th day of March instant. March 7th, 1857.

JOS. S. TAYLOR, Street Commissioner.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, No. 5 HALL OF RECORDS.—NEW YORK, February 24th, 1857.—CENTRAL PARK—NOTICE TO TENANTS OR LESSEES OF PROPERTY IN CENTRAL PARK.—Having been informed that my office cards have been served upon you, with a written direction upon the back of the same, to pay your rent elsewhere than at the Comptroller's Office.

Therefore, take notice, that this has been done without my consent or authority, and that all rents payable to the Corporation of the City, must, in accordance with law, be paid to me by virtue of my office.

JOSEPH ROSE,
Collector of City Revenue

CORPORATION NOTICES.

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 by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For fencing vacant lots on the east side of 2d avenue, between 34th and 36th streets.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the east side of 2d avenue between 34th and 36th streets, known by the ward map No. 4330

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

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 by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For fencing vacant lots in 2d avenue, west side between 36th and 37th streets.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the west side of 2d avenue between 35th and 36th streets, known by the ward map Nos. 3628, 3629, 3630 and 3631.

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

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 by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For fencing vacant lots on 2d avenue, east side between 37th and 38th streets.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the east side of 2d avenue, between 37th and 38th streets, known by the ward map Nos. 4504 and 4505.

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

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 by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For fencing vacant lots in 2d avenue, east side, between 36th and 37th streets.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the east side of 2d avenue, between 36th and 37th streets.

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

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 assessmets have been completed by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For fencing vacant lots on the north side of 36th street, between 2d and 3d avenues.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the north side of 36th street, between 2d and 3d avenues, and known by the ward map numbers 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672.

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

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 by the Assessors, and are lodged in the office of the Bureau of Assessments for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For building a sewer in Wooster street, from the sewer in Bleecker street to near Amity street.

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 Wooster street, between Bleecker and Amity streets.

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 the undersigned, at their office, No. 4 Hall of Records, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

CHARLES McNEILL, JACOB F. OAKLEY, WILLIAM A. DOOLEY, Assessors. Office Bureau of Assessments, Street Department, February 23d, 1857.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—THE CELLARS connected with Washington Market; Cellar No. 3 Centre Market, and the large room 3d story of Union Market, will be leased on bids at public auction, on MONDAY, March 16th, 1857, at 12 o'clock, M., at the City Hall, for the term of one year from the 1st of May next.

N. B.—The following stores and houses will also be leased in the same manner, for the same period, and at the same time and place, viz:

The 3 stores Nos. 12, 14, and 16 Greenwich avenue, corner of Amos street.

The 3-story brick house, No. 79 Willet street, formerly occupied as an engine house.

The 2-story brick house, No. 23 Gouverneur street, formerly occupied by Hose Co. No. 6.

The 2-tory brick house at the junction of Houston and First street, formerly occupied by Hose Co. No. 16.

The 2-story and attic brick house, No. 79 Houston street, formerly occupied by Engine Co. No. 44.

☞ Lists of the property to be leased, containing the terms and conditions of sale, may be obtained at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records.

Department of Finance, Comdtroller's Office, New York, February 21st, 1857.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

SEREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 4 HALL OF RECORDS.—Public notice is hereby given, that the following resolutions have been presented in the Board of Councilmen:

To widen Crosby street, and extend it from Chambers street to Irving Place.

To flag and curb and gutter 105 Franklin street.

To flag N. side 38th street between 1st and 2nd avenues.

All persons interested, having objections thereto, are requested to present them in writing to the undersigned, at his office, on or before the 9th day of March instant.

26th February 1857. JOSEPH S. TAYLOR,
Street Commissioner.

STREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 4 HALL OF RECORDS.—Public notice is hereby given that the following petition has been presented to the Board of Councilmen:

To change the grade of Mulberry street, south of Canal street.

All persons interested, having objections thereto, are requested to present them in writing to the undersigned, at his office, on or before the 20th day of March inst.

March 9th, 1857. JOSEPH S. TAYLOR,
Street Commissioner.

DIVIDEND.—NEW YORK CON-SOLIDATED STAGE CO.—The President and Directors of this Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of Five per cent., payable to the stockholders on and after Monday, March 16, 1857, at the Pacific Bank, Broadway corner of Grand street. The transfer book will be closed from the 19th to 16th March, inclusive.
J CAMPBELL, JR., Treasurer.

R E A D !
FRIDOLINE,
IN
THE NEW YORK DAILY SUN
ONE CENT PER COPY.

DRY GOODS.

THE GREAT SALE REMOVED
From 703 to 347 Broadway,
corner of Leonard street.
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
GLOVES,
HOSIERY.
The balance of the stock
OF CHARLES G. HOOK,
who has finally relinquished the retail business, is now being closed out,
UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF COST.
by G. B. WILLIAMS,
347 Broadway.
Sale commences Monday, March 9.

THE LAST OPPORTUNITY,
The Great Sale Removed,
From 703 to 347 Broadway.
The stock of CHARLES G. HOOK,
Who has finally relinquished the retail business,
is now being closed out
By G. B. WILLIAMS,
Utterly regardless of cost
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
DRESS GOODS,
GLOVES AND HOSIERY,
SILKS AND SHAWLS.
Sale re-commences, Monday, March 9.

REMOVAL OF THE GREAT SALE,
Late at 703 Broadway,
To 347 Broadway,
Corner of Leonard street.
The balance of the Stock of
CHARLES G. HOOK,
Who has finally retired from business,
Is now being closed out entirely regardless of cost.
BEST MAKES OF SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS,
DAMASK TABLE LINEN,
NAPKINS AND DOYLEY'S,
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS OF ALL KINDS,
All at from 40 to 50 per cent from cost of importation
G. B. WILLIAMS,
347 Broadway.
Sale commences Monday, March 9.

SILK!
BAREGE!
GRENADINE!
ROBES!
ROBES!
ROBES!
Just received,
and will be sold
at reasonable prices
By JAMES CROPSEY,
481 BROADWAY.

REMOVAL OF THE GREAT SALE
late at 703 Broadway,
now at 347 Broadway,
corner of Leonard street.
THE BALANCE OF THE STOCK
OF CHARLES G. HOOK,
who has finally retired from the retail business,
is now being closed out,
utterly regardless of cost.
Greater Bargains than ever,
IN BLACK AND COLORED SILKS,
DELAINES, BAREGES AND SHAWLS,
all at an enormous reduction.
G. B. WILLIAMS,
347 Broadway.
Sale commences MONDAY, MARCH 9.

$50,000 BANDS FROM AUCTION.
At less than the cost of Importation, for sale by
JAMES CROPSEY, 481 Broadway.

AMUSEMENTS.

LAURA KEENE'S NEW THEATRE,
624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
MONDAY EVENING, March 9th, 1857.
will be presented
RACHAEL, THE REAPER;
OR,
Clouds and Sunshine.

Robert Hathorn	Mr Lingham
Rachael	Miss Laura Keene

To conclude with
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Young Marlow	Geo Jordan
Miss Hardcastle	Miss Laura Keene

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Parquette	Fifty cents
Balcony Seats	Seventy-five cents
Family Circle	Twenty-five cents
Orchestra Stalls	One Dollar
Private Boxes	Six and Eight Dollars

CHANGE OF TIME.
Doors open at half past 6. The performance will commence with the Overture at a quarter past 7.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.
On Monday evening, March 9th,
Miss MATILDA HERON
will appear in the celebrated play of
CAMILLE.
To conclude with the capital Farce entitled
OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.
Prices as usual.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING, March 9th, 1857.
Will be performed
KARMEL THE SCOUT,
or
The Rebel of the Jerseys.

Capt. Pemberton	Mr Howe
A Dance by	Miss Salome

After which
MATTEO FALCONE.
To conclude with
THE GIPSY FARMER.
PRICES THE SAME.

PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE.
Monday Evening, March 9th, 1857, the performances will commence with
THE SECRET FOE.

Dance	Miss Adelaide Price

To be followed by the burlesbue of
MEDEA.

Highland Fling	Miss Adelaide Price

After which the Pantomime of
PLANCHE.
To conclude with
WILFUL MURDER.

AMERICAN THEATRE, CHAM-BERS STREET (Late Burton's).
Managers..........E. L. DAVENPORT & H. WATKINS.
REDUCTION IN PRICES.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 25 cents; Upper Boxes, 12 cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents: Seats in Private Boxes, $1.
Doors open at 7; commence at 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, March 9.
Will be performed
THE SCALP HUNTERS.

Leguin	E L Davenport
Tortoise Shell	H Watkins
Adele	Mrs E L Davenport

Song.........by.......Miss Fanny Denham
JOAN OF ARC.

Joan	Mrs E L Davenport

A new local piece, taken from the novelette now publishing in the "Ledger of Romance," written expressly for this theatre by T. W. Meighan, Esq., entitled "Modern Insanity; or, Forgery and Fashion."

PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE.
BENEFIT TO WILLIAM CRANE,
Machinist to the Establishment,
On FRIDAY EVENING next, March 13th,
on which occasion
A MONSTER ENTERTAINMENT
will be given, consisting of
DRAMA, PANTOMIME, BURLESQUE, FARCE, DANCES, SONGS, &c.
Secure your places.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
PERFECTLY ASTOUNDING SUCCESS!
CROWDS IN A PHRENZY OF DELIGHT!
ASTONISHING EFFECT
on the public mind, and public approbation of
THE TOUCHING AND DOMESTIC DRAMA
just received in manuscript, by the management, from their special agent in London,
NEVER BEFORE PLAYED IN AMERICA,
and entitled
RUTH OAKLEY.
This fascinating and moral play, which has already won
THE UNANIMOUS EULOGY OF THE PRESS.
will be repeated
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.
Monday, March 9th, to Saturday, March 14th, and
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS
with the following cast of distinguished strength and ability:
RUTH OAKLEY.

Paul Oakley, a Blacksmith	Mr C W Clarke
Lord William Gayton	G Lingard
Rev Mr Hurstley	Bridgman
Simmy Stiles	J Lingard
Dandylion } Mountebanks	Hadaway
Tiddywinks } Mountebanks	J. Herbert
Squinting Bob	Havelock
William	Cunningham
First Blacksmith	Duncalf
Walter	McClosky
Ruth Oakley, wife to Paul	Miss Mestayer
Dame Martha, Paul's mother	Mrs France
Alice Seyton	Mrs. Radinski
Letty Woodbine	Mrs Eldridge
Mrs Wilks, Landlady of an Inn	Mrs Dickson
Prudence	Mrs Lingard
Cleopatra	Miss Orton
Alice	

Villagers, &c.
Previous to which (in the evening) the marvellous
POSES TORTEUSES
of the Arabian Azi-Cheriff, Dances, &c.
MONDAY and TUESDAY AFTERNOONS will be presented the comedy of
A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER,
besides Songs, Dances, &c., the celebrated
POSES TORTEUSES,
On THURSDAY and FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, Comedies, Farces, Songs, Dances, &c., as usual.
The Living Phantom, Living Serpents, Happy Family, and all the other curiosities, may be seen as usual.
Admission 25 cents; children under 10, 12½cts.

CHINESE ROOMS.
539 BROADWAY.
THE GIFT LADY AND GIFT GENTLEMAN
on alternate nights.
LADY,
Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings.
GENTLEMAN,
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings.
This will be the last week of the
SEVEN MILE MIRROR,
Afternoon and Evening.

FERD. RICHARDT'S GREAT NIAGARA GALLERY
AND
COLLECTION OF SCANDINAVIAN PAINTINGS,
Comprising more than ONE HUNDRED OIL PAINTINGS, is open daily at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents. Season tickets, One Dollar.

BALLS TO COME.

"WELCOME SPRING."
A GRAND
OPENING BALL
WILL BE GIVEN AT
Green's Rooms, 508 Pearl Street,
ON TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 17TH, 1857.
MARTIN GILMARTIN, } Proprietors.
JAMES GLASS,

THE ANNUAL BALL OF DOD-WORTH'S CORNET BAND, will be given on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 11th.
The WHOLE of MILLER'S CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS are engaged.—TICKETS, $2.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL BALL OF WASHINGTON BRASS BAND at the
APOLLO ROOMS,
(410 Broadway),
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1857.
Tickets $1—To be had at the Band's Headquarter's, Fourteenth Ward Hotel, cor. Grand and Elizabeth street, or at the door on the night of the Ball.
On this occasion the Band will appear, for the first time, in their splendid new uniform.

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STUYVESANT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 153 BOWERY, cor., of Broome, under Bowery Bank.
Branch Office, No. 4 Broad street.
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CATARRH!
WHAT IS THIS DISEASE?
Who, but the unhappy victims of it know how loathsome and dangerous it is, and they only by its fatal ravages? Who has ever cured it? Have doctors done more than palliate the severity of symptoms? If they had understood its cause, character and location it would long since have been cured.
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But CATARRH in its worst aspect CAN be cured—RADICALLY cured.
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His remedy is a liquid, and but a few drops of it to be inhaled or drawn up into the nostrils. The doctor is amply shielded against the charge of imposition or "humbug!"