# New York Leader

VOLUME V.—NO 31. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859. PRICE FOUR CENTS.


[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE

## OLD SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

### FAST MEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

NUMBER III.

BY TOM QUICK.

In looking over the *Herald* a few days since, I noticed an advertisement, signed by James Irving, calling on all the old members of the Empire Club since 1844, to meet at Jack Duryea's, in East Broadway, for the purpose of reorganization. Of course, as an old member of the Club, I responded to the notice, and, though Mrs. Quick objects to my going out at night, in consequence of my rheumatism, for the sake of the old Club she made no objection to my mixing in once more among the old sports.

The first man I saw in the room, where the "1,001" used to meet, was Johnny Austin, the first Vice-President of the Club in 1844, in the chair. I shook hands with Johnny and Jim McGowan, of Wilkes Spirit, an old "skiver" around Doyer street, and saw many of the original Empires, with a large sprinkling of young fellows, anxious to join the famous Empire Club. I asked Austin if he remembered how George Wooldridge, who is now in Washington, and himself, managed to split the old Club while Rynders was on an excursion to Waterford? Johnny was elected President of the bolters from Rynders' battalion, and took with him nearly all the muscle, that is all of No. 39's old boys.

Rynders was very grapey when he came back and found out what had been done, and had to show cause and stake the crowd very heavy to make things right again. The Captain made himself square with Wooldridge by leaving that disorganizer home when the Club went to Washington at Polk's Inauguration. How Johnny did laugh when we talked over old times, and he desired to "gore blame his skin" if there wasn't plenty of fun in politics in those days. I was glad to see Jim Irving made President of the Club, as he is a good Democrat and a right down clever fellow, as Alderman Johnny Bradley, Commodore of the steamer Only Daughter, will testify to, on account of Irving living in his Ward. Irving is a man of nerve, and I remember distinctly the night Toppy McGuire and his brother Denny attempted to whip Jim in Monroe Hall. I always thought it a good thing that Toppy left the job unfinished, like Yankee Sullivan did when he tackled Johnny Austin in 28 Park Row, and received a sockdologer from a decanter, which Billy Sparks would say "knocked him sensible."

I promised to tell you about the fight between Jake Somerindyke and Manny Kelly, in the Empire Club room—and not in the Arena, as you made me say last week. There was a little difference in our crowd about our value in the Cap's estimation—as such boys as Dave Scannel, Ford, Country, Tom Reeves, Kelly and Austin could and would have extras when they went to supper at Dan Sweeney's in Ann street, while the crowd I travelled with had lighter diet, as we were only fit to post bills, fill torches, carry banners, and run errands generally. It did not make much difference, however, as we all were going to get into the Custom-House as soon as Polk was elected. Some of us did, and some of us didn't—and I belonged to the latter crowd; Collector Lawrence being too much engaged with Big Bill Brown to pay attention to my petition, headed by Bill Shaler, and signed by every member of old Joe Keeler's "House of Lords" in the good old Sixth Ward.

But to get at the mill between Kelly and Somerindyke:—there was about a dozen of us sitting around the bar-room talking about the good time coming when Joe Jewell and Manny opened their restaurant under Harvey Aubrey's old place in Park Row. Rynders was to furnish the capital to start the cellar, and I believe the Cap did set the firm up in business. They did pretty well on the start, as Jewell always does, but Manny could'nt stand it when Joe brought all his family in as boarders, who would'nt eat anything but mountain oysters and spring chickens. Jewell has a dainty tooth, as John Lyng will qualify to, from his experience with him in the hotel line, where the Broadway Theatre since stood, and next door to where George Middlebrook, or Sykes and George West kept the show. Lyng can tell some high stories about Jewell, when they kept the Abbey on the Bloomingdale road, and when old "Dan Lewis" gets in humor he loves to talk about Jewell and what a "healthy beat" old avordupois is.

As I commenced about the fight,—we were all sitting about when Jake Somerindyke came in, and asked Jack Benjamin if Kelly was about. I put in a reply that he would find that gentleman engaged up stairs. Jake went up, and very soon down came Manny's brother Johnny and Sam Austin. In a few minutes Rynders, Dave Scannell, Joe Cornell, Tom McSpedon and Dick Connolly, came into the bar-room, and Dick opened a couple of bottles of wine, and promised to send Cap a couple of good speakers for the Empire meeting that night. Dick left with his friends, and Cap had hardly seated himself when Somerindyke came down stairs in his shirt sleeves, without a hat, and his face dreadfully beaten and covered with blood. As he reached the middle of the room, in his peculiar tone of voice he squealed out, "There's your fighter up stairs—yes, yes, go up and take care of him—the Somerindykes a fighter;" and without another word he walked out, mounted his butcher cart in front of the door, and drove off at a faster gate than Conk Pearsall's sorrel pony ever moved when things looked dusty.

In an instant all was confusion; every one rushed up stairs, and sure enough there lay Kelly almost insensible, yet without a mark to denote any severe punishment. After Manny came to, he gave his account of the fight, saying, that Jake came into the room, and shook hands with him, and after telling Sam Austin to go down stairs, locked the door and laid the key on the mantel. He then took off his coat, and said: "Kelly, I have been looking for you, peel yourself and let's fight." Kelly took him at his word, and the pair had it pretty severe for a few rounds, Kelly having all the advantage, and beating Somerindyke in the manner described, until Jake kicked him "below the belt," which took all the wind out of Manny, and laid him on the floor, unconscious of what happened afterward. There was considerable talk all that afternoon, and at night a big crowd of their friends gathered at the club room to hear the particulars. Manny afterward offered to fight Somerindyke on more than one occasion, but they never came together again. Every one considered Somerindyke had the worst of the battle, but accidents will happen when we least expect them.

Kelly in those days was considered the champion of light weights, and I know he never was afraid of taking hold and keeping his grip in any crowd. Since that time Manny has settled down by his own fireside, and devotes himself to waiting for a chance to get even with Collector Schell. Old Jake Somerindyke was about as good a man as they make them, and from the time he drew a sulkey to Harlem until his fight at the Bowery Cottage, was at all times considered what the Ensign would call a "ring man."

The Empire Club, during the year of grace 1844, made such a noise about Gotham that Brooks Brothers, the tailors down in Catharine street, where all the Bowery boys bought their clothing, had manufactured a plaid cloth, and called it the Empire cassimere. I will never forget the day Jim Becket wore the first pair down to 28—from this fact, that it was the same day that Rynders gave Austin a handful of "soap" to divide among the boys; which he did, like the honest fellow that he is. On the strength of this stake nearly all the Empires ordered a pair of the campaign inexpressibles. I must not forget to say that the star buffers were paid fifty each by the President—Austin taking care of the privates in a light way. Tom Reeves and Pete Connor were the only two I heard grumble at their whack.

It was about this time that Johnny Morrissey came to New York, or the first occasion that any of our crowd saw him. He had heard great stories told up in Troy about the Empire Club, how it was composed of good fighters, and any man in want of a job could find a fight if he came looking for it. As Morrissey was some account on the muscle in Albany and Troy, and had never found his match in those rural localities, he sighed like Young Norval on the Grampian Hills for fields of battle where his prowess would meet a foeman worthy of his bunch of fives. Of course Morrissey found his way to 28 Park Row, and I can hardly remember if it was not kept by Billy Miner and Mike Phillips, but as I write the old memories gather thick and fast about me, and I must be pardoned if I change my foot so often in my reminiscences.

Mike Phillips was at that time a fine looking fellow, and one who never said nay to any one, and just minded his business in a quiet old fashioned style. I believe Billy Miner has taken care of Mike, and I am glad to know it. I can hardly write straight ahead, as Ben Wood and Tobe Lester used to say, when old "Chick" broke up their crib game by shutting up at daylight, when the milk carts were rattling through the streets. Chick was an old sharper, and always closed up when the milk carts commenced their journey, as Joe Stantial was his partner, and Joe was a milkman, and Chick was opposed to squaring up so early in the morning. What a heap of fun I can tell you about old Chick and the crowd who put up at Charley Reynolds' old Head-Quarters, next door to the Hospital in Broadway. I wonder if Jim Bertolf remembers when black Aleck, the butcher boy, came around with a ruffle shirt, and was floored for showing so much style. If there ever was shouting it was then; you could hear Uncle Pete Cropsey holler "charcoal" way down in French Henry's cellar, but I must switch off or I will never tell you of Morrissey's first fight in New York.

As the Troy champion stood in the bar-room of 28, after taking a draught of "life balsam," he turned to the boys and said, in a low voice, "I suppose all you setting around here are fighters?" This "bold excursion" made every one look up and see who was talking, when Morrissey continued, by saying he had come "clear down from Troy to look at them, and they were all good looking, but he didn't see that any of them had any right to whip him." On the close of this challenge he walked up to one of the Empires, who was seated, and said, "I'll fight you!" I will not give names in this matter, for the thing has all gone by, and I do not believe Morrissey knows to this day who hit him hardest on that occasion.

I could see Rynders was getting mad as he raised up from his chair and walked towards Morrissey, while one of the boys was getting off his cravat to take things in the proper manner. After a few words between the Cap and Morrissey I saw some once strike out, which was cleverly stopped by Morrissey's head, and the jubilee began in earnest. The dance was of short duration. Morrissey and his opponent had it for a few seconds, but the Empire boy was getting the worst of the fight, when the heelers and handlers tendered their services to Morrissey, which soon left him a battered chicken in the pit. I don't exactly remember how many had a hand in the battle royal, but there was five at work on the same job, and only *one* came from Troy. After the festival was over, Morrissey was taken good care of, and stopped at 28 until he was all right again. I have often heard Tom Byrnes say, that he knew a man, who heard another man say, that Morrissey was the hardest man to knock down he ever practised on. Poor Mike Murray always said that no white man could take Morrissey at his fight, though Poole gave him a lively shake up; but it was in Amos street, and that is a great place for a fight, if you are well acquainted.

What Morrissey thought of the Empire boys can be stated by Dad Cunningham or Cooley Keese, if any one is anxious on the subject.

I have received a number of letters on old matters, which I hereby return thanks for in my humble way, and their contents will receive that attention which old friends deserve.

## Editorial and News Items.

MR. ALFRED FREEMAN, the proprietor of the International Hotel and Taylor's Saloon, committed suicide on Thursday evening, in his room at that place, by cutting his throat. He had been for some time ill, with a tendency to fever in the head, and great pain; and there is little doubt that he committed the rash deed while under temporary aberration of mind. Mr. Freeman was a son-in-law of Mr. Taylor, former proprietor of the saloon, and had succeeded to the business. All accounts represent him as a man of most estimable character, easy in pecuniary circumstances, happy in his family relations, and altogether unlikely to have cut short his own life while in sound mind. He will be widely regretted, not only for his own sake, but for that of his interesting family.

SELLING INDIAN SQUAWS is said by Horace Greeley, in one of his letters, to be among the standard occupations out on the Big Sandy, Oregon, and other proximate localities. The business seems to be conducted very much on the principle of the Georgian and Circassian slave markets in the East—a likely squaw bringing from £40 to $80. Horace is going to have a plank, on this subject, introduced into the Republican platform. We are thankful for a change in the color: they were formerly "Black Republicans," now they will be "Black and Reds," or perhaps they will change the name entirely to the latter.

A LITTLE CHILD of Mr. and Mrs. King, of Kalida, Putnam Co., perished in the woods, a few days ago, while lost. When found, it was discovered that the dear little soul of only six years had built a little baby-house and tried to keep alive in it. Was ever any incident connected with children more touching?

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, American Guard, Col. Vosburgh, will parade on Monday evening next, the 12th inst. The line will be formed on Great Jones street, right on Broadway, at half-past eight, P. M. The pleasant character of the season, and the full moon at that time, will place this parade under peculiarly favorable circumstances.

A THOUSAND BUILDINGS are said to be now in progress within the city boundaries of Brooklyn,—which reach, by the way, nearly over the whole island.

THE FAKIR OF AVA is now Rev. Dr. Haskell, and presides over a congregation at Mount Pleasant, Iowa—which "Toots" asserts is "only assuming a new form of jugglery."

[Written for the New York Leader.]

## GREEN ROOM SKETCHES.

### THEATRES AND THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

NUMBER X.

BY AN HABITUE.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

This lady, the acknowledged tragic queen of the present day, deserves flattering mention, not only for her transcendent talent, but also for her beautiful and blameless life during a long and not untroubled professional career. Women are invariably blamed for adopting the theatrical profession as a means of support; yet it is the *only* one, and we say it emphatically and regretfully, too—it is the only one that yields them a full and fair return for their labors. Here they stand free and unfettered, upon equal ground with their co-laborers of the other sex. Their efforts will command equal remuneration, and those who are gifted with genius have even a higher and a greater power in the effect of their impersonations than their male rivals. An actor may startle and terrify his auditors by the display of fine dramatic action, or elicit profound admiration for an artistic delineation of the poet's creations, but it is seldom that they can sound the fullest and the deepest founts of feeling of the human heart as a powerful actress can. She has the whole range of the passions, the fiercest, the subtlest, the tenderest, under her control, and we must confess that we have never yet seen the actor who could keep his audience spell bound with the same wonderful power possessed by Charlotte Cushman in some of her favorite characters. No male Romeo who ever trod the stage could please us after her picturing of the love-lorn youth, and hers was the only Romeo we ever saw that we could fairly forgive Juliet for falling in love with. She did not make him a love sick fool, maudlin and noisy; but a thoughtful and rather philosophical man, whose deep-toned, and at the same time fiery nature, was convulsed by the "master passion" in its extremest force. She neither looked, nor acted, nor uttered a single note of voice, in this part, like a woman.

She made *Romeo* a manly, and yet a thrilling and intensely passionate lover—a rendering of the character which we have never had the pleasure of witnessing in other hands. And her dark, wierd and terrible portrait of the grand old gipsy, *Meg Merrilles*, can never be forgotten by those who have seen it. Miss Cushman, after twenty-five years of professional exertion, now lives in the enjoyment of an independent fortune, made by her own almost unaided efforts. She was born in Boston, Mass., on the 33d of July, 1816, and is the grand-daughter of an old New England Puritan clergyman. Her mother kept a boarding house, and had several children to educate and provide for. Charlotte, the eldest, was educated with a view of becoming a teacher of vocal music, but some gentlemen pointed out the superior pecuniary reward which her fine voice would command on the boards of a theatre, and so the lady turned her attention to that source. Through the influence of friends an engagement was procured for her in the theatre where Mr. and Mrs. Wood were then delighting the Bostonians. She appeared in the "Marriage of Figaro," as the *Countess Almaviva*, and received the encomiums of the critics as one who possessed all the capabilities for the making of a grand operatic singer.

She accompanied the Woods to New Orleans, but here she met with a great affliction. The change of climate and injudicious exercise of her voice, which was a deep contralto, in soprano parts, caused its loss, and she found herself in the very beginning of what she had been led to hope would prove a successful career, in a strange city, without money, and but few friends. She was resolved, however, to try her fortune in another direction rather than return to her home to teach music. She procured an engagement at one of the New Orleans theatres, in some subordinate capacity, and remained there a whole season, wholly unnoticed, until one night, when she got the chance of playing *Lady Macbeth* for the benefit of the stage manager, in the month of February, 1836. She had no dress fit for the Thane's wife to wear, and no money wherewith to buy one; and so she was obliged to borrow one of the wardrobe keeper of the theatre, an old velvet train, which was a very bad fit, and which had to be let down here, and taken up there, and which cost her a day's labor ere it could be worn. She played the part, but excited no particular notice. She remained in New Orleans until the close of the season, and then came on to New York, where she was engaged by Mr. Hamblin for the Bowery Theatre; but the destruction of his house by fire, immediately after, put an end once more to her hopes.

She then turned her steps towards Albany, where she joined Dinneford's company, and where she remained until the close of the season of 1837. The following season she was engaged by Mr. Simpson, the manager of the Park theatre, for walking ladies and "general utility," meaning a line of characters which have no character at all, and which requires no mind or talent whatever, except speaking correctly, and being free from nervousness and gaucherie. What a trying season this must have been to the nervous and ambitious woman! With her tall figure and strongly marked face, she appeared as simpering misses, youthful Bettys, having three lines to utter, who had nothing to do but scream now and then at the proper time, and other such interesting roles, which I have no doubt caused her more painful mental effort to study than that of "Meg Merrilies" ever did; for there can be nothing so distasteful to an actor who feels himself equal to a higher position, than to be obliged to appear on the stage before an audience in an insignificant or worthless part.

By slow degrees Miss Cushman acquired a better rank in the theatre, and by her forcible rendering of the *Queen* in "Hamlet," during the engagement of the Keans at the Park, elicited the warmest praises of the newspapers, and induced Mr. Burton to offer her terms as the leading actress for his theatre in Philadelphia. At this establishment he produced the "Naiad Queen," a gorgeous spectacle, and Miss Cushman appeared in it as the royal leader of the fair Amazons. Wemyss said of her that "no captain of a company of volunteers, and very few in the regular army, ever carried his company through all their military evolutions with greater precision than Miss Cushman commanded her female guards upon this occasion."

She returned to New York, under Burton's management, to appear in the same character at the old National Theatre in Church street, which was destroyed by fire shortly after in May, 1840. Simpson then engaged her to play the leading *roles* at the Park for the ensuing season; from this time forward her merits as an actress were acknowledged, and her position secure.

Shortly after this, Mr. Marshall, who was then the manager of the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, made Miss Cushman an offer to assume the stage management of his theatre, which she accepted; and it was while here that she acted with Macready, and pleased the fastidious tragedian so well, that he engaged her services at high terms to support the leading female characters in his favorite plays in all the principal cities.

This raised Miss Cushman at once to a proud eminence in both managerial and public favor, and after her engagement with Mr. Macready was ended, she appeared as a "star" in the leading theatres of her native country, much praised by some critics, much abused by others. Having attained the goal of her ambition in the United States, she turned her thoughts to Europe, and left America with the view of commanding the applause of the English public. She had a few valuable letters of introduction to persons of distinction in London, but she found that the managers of the first class theatres were rather doubtful of American theatrical talent, and she passed some weeks in the great city full of discouraging fears, declining the offers from minor theatres, yet receiving no offer from higher sources. At length Mr. Maddox, the manager of the Princess' Theatre, offered to allow her to perform at that house for eight nights *upon trial*.

On the 13th of February, 1845, she made her appearance before a London audience in the character of *Bianca* in Milman's "Fazio," and with the perils of utter failure, and hopes of the exalted fame which perfect success would bring before her eyes, one may judge how grandly she must have played the passionate Italian wife. The result was the most brilliant and satisfying success, and nothing was talked of but the new American actress. Her engagement was extended to eighty nights, during which the enthusiasm of the people knew no abatement. As to arrangements with managers, she had now everything her own way, and formed the plan of taking her sister Susan out of her humble position in the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, and raising her to an eminence somewhat equal to her own. She engaged with Mr. Webster of the Haymarket Theatre to appear in concert with her sister, in Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet," herself to assume the part of the youthful lover, Susan appearing as the *Juliet*. The triumphant success which marked the production of this play, brought added fame and fortune to Miss Cushman. The sisters appeared in it for thirty nights, and at the close of the engagement made a successful tour through the provinces. After five years absence she returned to America, where she was received with such demonstrations of favor as proved that her countrymen were proud of the triumph she had won for American genius in a foreign land.

Susan Cushman, after a short season on the London stage, married an English physician, and retired from the profession. Her death occurred last year, to general regret. Her sister Charlotte returned to England, making that country the land of her adoption—the place where her talent had first won its full appreciation, and where acting is looked upon as an intellectual art, and its distinguished professors take rank with other artists of kindred liberal occupations.

Miss Cushman has taken care of the fortunes of different members of her family, and is a most devoted friend, and a kind-hearted and affectionate woman in all her family relations. She has won the respect and esteem of all by her high character for integrity and womanly principle, and has been, indeed, an ornament to the stage. She played a successful farewell engagement in America in 1857, and once more returned to Europe, where she has now taken up her future permanent residence.

## Sporting Season.

FOR ADDITIONAL SPORTING SEE THIRD PAGE.

### Cricket—The All England and United States Match.

The English cricketers who are to enter into a contest with twenty-two of the best cricketers who can be got together in the United States, sailed from Liverpool on the 7th inst. for Montreal, where they will play twenty-two cricketers of Lower Canada a first match of the series of four or five to come off on this Continent. It will be conducted by the Montreal Club.

The St. George's Club deserves great credit for the zeal they have displayed in getting up the matches to take place in the United States. The first match will be played on the spacious new cricket ground which has been laid out by Mr. Stevens, at Hoboken, and which is two hundred yards long by one hundred and eighty yards wide.

The second match will take place at Philadelphia under the auspices of the Philadelphia Club. A fourth match will be played at Toronto between the English Eleven and Twenty-two of Upper Canada. It is needless to say that England's best cricketers are coming, who would not be beat by twice twenty-two of America if they can avoid it. The first of the United States matches will be played at the latter end of September on the Hoboken ground; and the amount of excitement which will be kicked up on the occasion may be very readily imagined.

### Empire City Regatta Club.

A meeting of this Club for the purpose of awarding the prizes won at their regatta, was held at Mr. George J. Wood's Exchange Hotel, 368 South street, on Wednesday evening last. Judge Brownell, the veteran admirer and promoter of aquatic pastimes—more especially the noble one of rowing—made the presentation remarks. We need not say that they were good, appropriate and sincere. When the Judge talks "boat," every word he utters comes from his heart. Long may he be spared to participate in the gala days of, and to encourage the "boys of the oar."

At the conclusion of the meeting a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered the Judge; and at the invitation of Mr. Stephen Roberts, the worthy President of the Club, an excellent collation was partaken of by those present. The occasion was a genial and happy one, and the *finale* of the fifth annual regatta of the "Empire boys" will be chronicled among our most happy remembrances. Long may they float.

### Match for One Thousand Dollars.

The "George J. Brown" and "Dan Bryant" row their five mile race at Harlem, on Monday afternoon. The race will be one of the most exciting and best contested races that has ever taken place between four-oared boats in New York waters. The course will be over the usual one rowed in the races of the Empire City Regatta Club. The boats will start from off Conrad's Garden, Yorkville, from which place an excellent view may be had of the entire distance rowed. From the established and widely-known reputation of both boats, and their hardy oarsmen, we expect to witness a contest well worth looking at.

A NEW SARCOPHAGUS for the remains of Henry Clay has just been completed at a marble yard in Philadelphia. It is made of marble from Montgomery county. Philadelphia has a habit of furnishing sarcophagi for our deceased statesmen, which are not very well taken care of afterward.

THE GREENWICH GUARD, Captain Simon Meyer, made their annual target excursion to Turtle Bay Park, on Wednesday last. They made the finest turn-out of the season—numbering 168 muskets—and looked very well, Meyer especially.

"KNITTING WORK," Mrs. Partington's new book, has already reached the very heavy sale of 12,000 copies. This is among the most rapid sales, in a given period, of any American book—and well merited.

A NEGRO BOY committed a rape on a married woman, at Springfield, Mo., a few days ago, and was taken and hung, within the hour, by the enraged populace.

"THE BOSTON CHESS CLUB"—says the Chess Department of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*—"is closed for repairs." What is out of order among those chess-men?

[Written for the New York Leader.]

## OLDEN MEMORIES.

BY THE "LETTER C."

Once again with memory toying,
Brings a vision of the past—
Every olden will employing
Opening treasures rich and vast.
Comes the early passion seeming
All a world of rapturous bliss,
Boyhood's youthful hopes and dreaming
Crowned and radiant with a kiss.

Sorrowing pass in endless number
Shadowy files of marching years
Buried in perpetual slumber,
Dimmed and stained with bitter tears.
Falls, in gentle dalliance, longing
O'er the mirror of my brain
One fond shape, and round it thronging
Love and hope awake again.

Ah! that phantom let me follow,
Nothing can its place supply;
All succeeding hopes are hollow,
Dust and ashes to the eye.
Gone the glorious inspiration,
Girdling life with passion's zone,—
Leaving but the dull stagnation
Of the heart, when all is known.

Panting, longing, for the highest,
And condemned to sigh in vain,
Seeing hopes that seemed the nighest
Vanish like a ghostly train:
Little left to make exertion
Worth the labor of its cost—
All that *is* a weary version
Of the perished and the lost.

Oh! in many a night of sorrow,
When the hours have no relief,
And the darkness seems to borrow
Deeper shadows from our grief;—
Then again with memory toying
Comes the vision of the past—
And on these our thoughts employing
Daylight breaks on us at last.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE

## BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY CHARLES BICKLEY,

*Author of "The Life Web," "Garnelle," "Old Kit," "Oo-na-le-tah," "Mock Marriage," "Hawk-Eye," "Albion Linville," "Rival Knights," "Love and Revenge," "The Peasant Pope," "Forest Guide," &c., &c.*

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE RENEGADE.

It was a rude wild scene—an Indian village or encampment in the wilderness.

The sun of a summer day was just disappearing beyond the horizon of the west, and his last rays of effulgence were momentarily, we might say, blended with those of his less assuming rival, fair Cynthia, the Queen of Night.

The village alluded to contained perhaps two dozen lodges or rudely constructed huts of bark, hewn from the forest trees, and erected in the usual style of aboriginal architecture—a style which has been so frequently described by romancers and historians, as to render a repetition of the details unnecessary here.

In the roof or top of each lodge was a small opening, to allow vent to the volumes of smoke from the interior; for it must be understood that chimneys were not fashionable in those days.

The village was built in a circular form—the vacant space in the centre being reserved as a place for physical exercise and amusement. This part of the village—or, as it was termed by the Indians, the "race ground"—was occupied at the hour above mentioned by the juvenile portion of the inhabitants, who were indulging in various sports, to the no little gratification of the old men and women, who were seated at the entrance of their lodges smoking their pipes.

A close observer would have remarked an important fact, which one less versed in Indian life might not have noticed. This was the absence of the young or middle-aged males. In truth, the inhabitants of the village seemed to be made up entirely of old and decrepit men and women, young maidens, and children of both sexes.

The sports of the juveniles were suddenly interfupted by the appearance of a stalwart Indian brave, equipped in the entire paraphernalia of warfare, who entered upon the "race ground" panting and breathing as one who had travelled long and fast.

Being instantly surrounded by the inhabitants of the village, in a few brief words he told them that the band of warriors belonging to the village were close at hand, bearing as trophies of their success a dozen scalps and four prisoners.

"One of the prisoners," he added, "is a pale face maiden, whom the white chief, Snake Eye, intends to make his squaw."

This announcement, as well as the others, was received with great acclamation by most of those present; but there were some who openly avowed their disapprobation of the latter measure, expressing a wish to see the pale-face maiden suffer torture along with the rest.

"The Snake Eye is brave and powerful; but he is indiscreet," remarked an old man who, in times past and gone, had held a high rank in the tribe to which he belonged—the Natchez.*

"Aye, and has too soon forgotten his vows to Panola, the Sun-flower of the Natchez," added an old squaw, who was seated near by, holding the hand of a beautiful maiden in her own.

"Hush, mother," said the girl, in a low and tremulous tone.

"No, child; I will not!" exclaimed the old woman, elevating her voice so as to be heard distinctly by all. "I repeat that the Snake Eye has not fulfilled his trust to the tribe of Natchez. Listen! It is many moons ago since our chief, the great Oo-see-yan-bo, brought among us the pale-face who is now known as the Snake Eye. He was young, but brave and daring, and as such he won the love of an old chief and by him was adopted as one of us. He said that he hated the pale faces as bitterly as did his red brethren, and was willing to become one of us and wage an eternal warfare against them. I need not tell ye how by his daring on the war path and skill in the hunting ground he won the esteem of all. He was everything that was necessary for a great chief, and such our people made him, even before the great Oo-see-yan-bo had gone to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. When he demanded the child of your old chief, Panola, in marriage, the consent of her father and myself—her mother—was at once given, for we believed that when he said he loved her—and her alone—he meant it. We did not think his tongue could say what his heart belied. And yet it now appears that he brings home a pale-faced maiden, with the avowal that she shall become his wife and share his lodge with the 'Sun-flower of the Natchez,' the daughter of Oo-see-yan-bo. You have heard the wife of your old chief patiently, and she thanks you. You have also heard the words of O-ko-lo-na; who says that the Snake Eye is brave, but indiscreet. Ponder well upon what you have heard, and when the braves of our tribe return, covered with victory, be prepared to decide accordingly. I have spoken."

This speech of the old woman, whom it appears was the squaw of a former chief called Oo-see-yan-bo, had a marked effect upon the assembled multitude. The old men shook their heads significantly, and conversed with the person who had been distinguished as O-ko-lo-na; while the squaws, old and young, crowded about the old woman and daughter to offer their sympathy and condolence.

In the midst of this general interchange of sentiments their voices were suddenly hushed by a long loud yell in the vicinity of the village. Although the shout was of a warlike nature, they did not for an instant apprehend danger, for they knew from the report of the runner who had lately reached them, that the absent members of their tribe were close at hand.

The shouts gradually became louder as the returning party neared the village, and as may be supposed the excitement of the occupants of the race ground increased every moment—manifesting their feelings in screams, yells and antics of the most uncivilized character. The returning warriors were met by the entire occupants of the village at the outskirts, and conducted into it with the most extraordinary manifestations of joy and welcome. The war party numbered about twenty-five stalwart braves, and were hideously painted and armed with formidable bows and arrows and tomahawks.

A more inhuman and blood thirsty looking set of creatures could not have existed, and that their looks did not belie them, the numerous human scalps dangling from their belts abundantly testified. The band as they moved forward ranked after the usual Indian custom—in a single file, except that their prisoners were surrounded by a strong guard to prevent their making an attempt to escape.

These prisoners, four in number, were closely bound with leathern thongs about their arms, and although their feet were suffered to remain unfettered in order to enable them to walk, the chance of escape would have seemed very remote, even had they not been constantly under the strictest surveillance.

The prisoners consisted of two men, a boy and a maiden. The first three named were evidently used to the toils of backwoods life, for their skins were deeply tanned by hardship and exposure, while their costumes were of the coarsest kind of material. Their manners were rough and uncouth in the extreme, although they appeared as angels in comparison to the fiends by whom they were surrounded. The young woman on the contrary was neatly clad, and exhibited an air of refinement that contrasted strangely with the uncouthness of those beside her. She was young, and extremely prepossessing in her appearance.

As the band entered the "race-ground" the hootings of the multitude grew perfectly deafening, and it was several moments before the voice of the chief in command could be heard. He then sternly bade them seek their lodges.

Murmurs of dissatisfaction now arose, as many of the tribe were maddened at the sight of the pale-face prisoners, and wished to commence the hellish tortures at once.

"Back to your tents! Do you hear?" thundered the chief, his eyes flashing with the fury of a demon. "It is your chief, Snake Eye, that commands! Our braves are wearied by a long march, and do not feel like engaging in the ceremony now. Besides, the Council has not been convened. Before the pale faces suffer they must receive their sentence from the lips of our wise men in council. Early in the morning they will decide the fate of the prisoners, and if it be the stake your desire shall be gratified."

This explanation seemed to pacify the majority of the tribe, who, after indulging their feelings of animosity towards the white prisoners, by sundry pinches, kicks and scratches on their faces and bodies, dispersed to their various lodges, or congregated in small groups and discussed the probable decision of the Council on the following morning.

When the crowd had mostly dispersed, the chief ordered the warriors to conduct their prisoners to the large building denominated the Council House, and there guard them closely for the night. This having been done, he took leave of them and repaired to his own lodge, promising, however, to convene the Council at an early hour on the following morning, to decide the fate of the pale faces.

After his departure the Indian guard proceeded to bind the prisoners hand and foot in the most secure manner, and having satisfied themselves that escape was beyond possibility, even, they seated themselves on the ground, for the edifice could not boast of a floor, and lighted their pipes to smoke away the weary hours of their watch.

Whether it was owing to weariness, caused by their long march during the day, or the narcotic properties of the tobacco in their pipes, we are not prepared to say; but in less than a couple of hours the entire guard were stretched out, in deep slumber, upon the ground. It was then that the captives felt free to open their lips and converse with each other.

The eldest of the men spoke first:

"Jim," said he, "I guess as how we can gab a bit now, for the red devils 'pear to be purty well gin out."

"'Pears so, that's a fact!" replied the other man. "It strikes me that we've got into a purty considerable sort of a difficulty this time, Jake, certain and sure; and it's my opinion that we'll have a purty close shave ef we get out on't alive and kickin'."

"True, Jim; but ef it wasn't for the boy and gal I wouldn't mind it a dratted bit. As for the boy, I s'pose they'll gauntlet him along with us; but I can't see what they're agoin' to do with the gal. You don't believe any of the red devils will perpetrate a bogus marriage on her, do ye, Jim?"

"Wall, to say the truth, the thing has struck me exactly in that way. I've noticed somethin' in the manner of that white renegade—Snake Eye, as they call him—that makes me think he has an old grudge aginst her. Durin' our journey he several times come up along side o' her and whispered in her ear, and as he did so I noticed a devilish look in his eyes that in my opinion boded her no good."

"Well, if such be the case, Jim, I pity the poor gal from the bottom of my heart; for in my opinion she'd be better off by a darned sight ef she was knocked in the sconce at once."

"So she would, Jake. But s'pose we change the subject a little, fur thar's one thing that's been a runnin' in my mind ever sence we entered the village, and I want to ask your opinion consarnin' it."

"Wall, spit it out, Jim. The red devils are all sound asleep, and I think as how the boy and gal are jest about in the same condition."

"The matter then, Jake, is this. You will recollect that when we come into the village that the hooting old and young sarpints wanted to put us through the gauntlet without judge or jury; and that when the Snake Eye told 'em it couldn't be did, they looked as though they'd a mind to do the business for us in spite of him."

"That ar a fact, Jim."

"Well, all the while I had my eyes open as well as my ears, and I thought that I diskivered the pint of the difficulty."

"What did ye diskiver, Jim?"

"I obsarved among the crowd an old squaw and a young gal, and the latter, from the glimpse I got of her, was as purty as a picter. Well, this old woman and the gal seemed to be looked up to amazingly by the rest, and when they said anything about us they always glanced toward the gal, as much as to say that she had been wronged by us in some way or other, and that our lives ought to be sacrificed on that account."

"But whar is the pint, Jim."

"Why, don't you obsarve? It's as plain as preachin', and a darned sight plainer than some discourses I've hearn in my time. The gal I take it is the daughter of some great chief—I guess so by her toggery—and the tarnal white nigger has aither married her or is a courtin' her, and she naturally enough kicks against his luggin in another squaw and particularly a white one. Do ye see?"

"Wall, Jim, sence you mention it, I do begin to obsarve the gist of yer idees, and I must say that it isn't onpossible and don't look onprobable."

"I tell ye what, it's true, as sartin as I'm Jim Finley and you are Jake Harper; and the feller that went on ahead and told 'em of our comin' must 'ave give 'em a idee of what was a goin' on to put 'em in such a stew. However, be that as it may, it don't better our case, and I fear it'll make it go harder with the gal."

"True, Jim. Our case seems to be reether ticklish, that's a fact. I guess we'll hev to run for it in the mornin', and 'though I'll try my best lick, I'm afraid I'll never get out alive and a kickin.'"

"You've bin in one of these scrapes before, hav'nt you, Jake?"

"Wall, yes, but matters warn't quite so bad as they ar' now. I had a companion in the diffikilty, who was the very devil in such matters, and a match for any red skin at any time. His name is Leatherleggins—may be as how you've seed 'im?"

"I've never seed the man, but I've often heard of 'im. He's counted one of the best Indian fighters west of the Allighanies."

"Jest so, he is a ripper, and no mistake! Wall, it happened that durin' the fight down to Smoking Spring as I've told ye on a former occasion, I and Leatherleggins and several others was tuk prisoners. Leatherleggins, it is said, killed about fifty of 'em, more or less, afore they got 'im, and they only succeeded in it at last when his rifle-barrel slipped out of his hands, and he hadn't nothin' but his fists to fight 'em with.

"Wall, after travellin' several days, we reached the village of our captors away up near the headwaters of the Ohio, and after they had dragged us about and showed us off to their hearts' content, they assembled their council to decide our fates. Some of us, unsophisticated fellers, manifested considerable anxiety about the result of this meetin' of the old chiefs in council, but Leatherleggins laughed at us, and told us that we needn't worry ourselves to guess what was a goin' to be did with us, for he could tell us jest as well aforehand.

"He then told us that this trial by council was a mere form, and didn't amount to anything at all except in very rare cases. He said that the sentence of all prisoners of war was death, and it was only when some great chief interceded for a man from personal motives that it was changed. He said that he was satisfied that there was no friendly persons among our captors, and he therefore bade us prepare for the worst. He then told us of a plan which he had devised for our escape. It was that when we were taken out upon the 'race ground,' to run through the lines or 'gauntlet,' one of our number should suddenly break through the lines, and during the confusion which would certainly follow, the rest of us would start off and take our chances in a long run through the woods.

"Wall, the long and short of it was that we made the attempt just as Leatherleggins directed. There war six of us—all stout, healthy men—when we started, but only three out of the six ever reached home, to my knowledge. Leatherleggins and myself were two of the fortunate three; and I assure you

* A powerful nation, formerly residing on the Mississippi, in the vicinity of the present town of Natchez.

I hadn't much to brag of. The other lucky man was the feller who started the ball by breaking through the lines. He was a good runner, like myself, and the swiftest of the red-skins war unable to come up with him. Consarnin' the other three, we only knew that one was overtaken within a quarter of a mile of the place of starting, and scalped on the spot; the other two must have kept on until overtaken, or been lost in the wilderness, for we never heard of them afterwards."

At the conclusion of this narrative the two men relapsed into silence, and for some minutes the conversation was not renewed between them. The eldest seemed to be the most experienced of the two, although not so much inclined to converse. His narrative evidently produced a deep impression upon his companion, for the circumstances were very similar to those by which they were now surrounded; and the latter, although a man of undaunted courage, could not avoid the thought that his fate would probably be similar to that of one of the three unfortunates spoken of by his companion.

When the conversation was renewed it was in a more solemn and serious tone of voice than before, and often, as it progressed, had there been a witness by, a tear might have been detected as it glistened for a moment on the rough, sunburned face, and was quickly brushed away. And so passed a long and weary night, and the sun had almost lighted up a new-born day before their captors awoke from their sluggardish repose, and began to make preparations for the assemblage of the wisdom of the tribe, in whose hands the fate of the white prisoners rested.

The chiefs, some five or six in number, at length congregated in the lodge, termed the Council-house, where the captives were confined. Among them the prisoners noticed the person called O-ko-lo-no, who had taken an active part in the tumult of the previous evening, and from his course then they felt that they had little to expect from him. The renegade leader did not appear in the council, as the prisoners imagined he would, and his absence seemed to agur unfavorably toward their cause. Hard-hearted and unprincipled as he was, they did not believe that he could resist their appeals to his generosity, for he was of their own race, and must have at least a kindred feeling for them.

The members of the council were mostly men of rank and importance, who, in times past and gone, having done good service on the war path and hunting ground, were considered by the rising generation as fit persons to legislate and decide upon the important questions of policy in peace and war.

After each, in turn, had closely scrutinized the prisoners, they indulged in the custom of the "pipe of war," which is similar to the smoking of the "pipe of peace" on more amicable occasions. One of the party having filled a large pipe with very strong tobacco, placed the stem in his mouth, and after indulging in a few "whiffs," passed it to his right-hand neighbor, who went through a similar ceremony, and thus it went around the entire body several times. During the time this was transpiring, not a word was spoken, but from the expression of each countenance it was easy to infer that their thoughts were busy.

When the pipe was laid aside, one of the chiefs, called Kee-see-tee-sing, arose and spoke for several moments in an earnest and impassioned tone. He was a fine looking old man, and his words appeared to make a deep impression upon his hearers. Being unacquainted with the Indian tongue, the captives were unable to tell whether his arguments were for or against them, but they judged from his manner that he was not a bitter enemy. From his gestures it was evident that his speech mainly referred to the female captive, for he frequently glanced at her and gesticulated earnestly as if in her behalf. It was from this circumstance that the eldest hunter made up his mind that he was a friend to the girl, or at least in favor of sparing her the torment which was designed for the rest.

Kee-see-tee-sing was followed by O-ko-lo-na, who it was plain to perceive was bitterly opposed to the captives, and the girl in particular. O-ko-lo-na was a tall, gaunt old man, and spoke in a harsh and vehement tone of voice, and ever and anon as his eyes wandered to the place where the four captives sat, bound hand and foot, his features, naturally repulsive, assumed a most fiendish expression. He spoke for nearly a quarter of an hour without cessation, and when he sat down he had so wound up the feelings of his hearers that they burst forth in one wild unearthly yell of fiendish satisfaction. It was then that the quickening pulses of the anxious captives ceased to beat; for they fully realized their awful doom!

Just at this important period the heavy buffalo-skin which closed the doorway of the council-lodge was drawn aside, and the Snake Eye entered. His quick eye detected at a glance, the state of affairs, and advancing into the circle formed by the chiefs in their deliberations, he waved his hand to command silence, and began to speak.

"Brethren!" he said, in the language quite common in the Southern backwoods at that period, being a mixture of French, English, and Indian, "my eyes tell me that the words of the wise O-ko-lo-na have had their effect. But before you proceed to bear the captives to torment you must hear a few words from your white chief, the Snake Eye. Brethren, when the Snake Eye came to your camp he was unknown to you, and as you had often been deceived by the treachery of the pale-faces, you naturally enough feared to trust him. But he said he was your friend and a foe to your enemies, and was willing to *prove* himself worthy of your confidence before he asked it. You opened your lodges and bade him enter. How he performed his pledge to you I am willing that you shall all answer. Enough, that in your generous confidence you made him your chief, and, besides, gave him the child of your old chief Oo-see-yan-bo, that he might have a noble-born companion to share his lodge.

"Brethren! for these and other favors the Snake Eye is grateful, and here on this spot takes occasion to renew his thanks. The Snake Eye has never asked a *favor* of his brethren, though many have been showered upon him from time to time. Now, however, necessity compels him to seek one at their hands, and he has no doubt that when his brethren learn his motives, they will gladly grant him the boon sought for. Before the Snake Eye sought the red man's lodge and the red man's fellowship in peace and war, he had resolved to take a wife from among the pale faces. She whom he sought to wed was very beautiful and withal very proud. The Snake Eye urged her to go with him to his wigwam; but the proud beauty rejected his offer with scorn and contempt, and her father almost spurned him from his door. It was this that made him swear eternal vengeance against the white race, and knowing the red men to be likewise pledged, he sought you and linked his destiny with yours.

"Brethren! do you not comprehend? This female captive of whom Snake Eye desires possession for purposes of his own, is the same haughty creature who scornfully rejected his honorable proposals of marriage. In making this request, he wishes you to understand that his motive is solely one of vengeance, which having accomplished as he may determine, he will at once abandon her to whatever fate your wisdom may select. What say my red brethren to this proposal?"

The Snake Eye sat down, well satisfied that his carefully worded speech had made a deep impression; and a glance around at the faces of his listeners, convinced him that the decision of the majority was already turned in his favor, O-ko-lo-na evidently realized the fact that his white brother had fairly turned the tables upon him in the matter of argument, and though not a little disconcerted and chagrined at first, soon assumed his customary manner of indifference. After a few minutes of earnest conversation the council broke up, and all its members, except the renegade, quitted the lodge. The latter, as soon as he was satisfied that they were beyond hearing, turned to the captives, and spoke in English as follows:—

"Prisoners, it now becomes my painful duty to reveal to you the decision just rendered in your case by the wise men of the tribe of Natchez. It is, that the two men shall an hour hence be taken to the race ground, and there undergo the sentence of running the gauntlet, after which they are to be burned at the stake. The boy's life will be spared, on the condition that he forever renounces allegiance to the white race, and becomes a devoted member of our tribe. As for the maiden, I am pleased to say a far more preferable sentence is agreed upon, which is that she shall at once become the bride of one who has long loved her—that one being a no less distinguished personage than Bonnel Moodie—*alias* Snake Eye, Sebastian Monteith, &c."

"Then you are the renegade Moodie, are you?" remarked the eldest prisoner. "Wall, I sort o' guessed as much from the start, from the description I once had of you from old Leatherleggins."

"Ha! Do you know that man?" exclaimed Moodie, quickly, his face becoming perceptibly paler as he spoke.

"Know him? Wall, I guess I do, and ef he only knew that his old comrade, Jake Harper, was in this consarned diffikilty, he'd be blamed apt to be around among ye a few."

"Umph!" muttered Moodie, in a tone meant to convey contempt for the prisoner's remark, yet still it was plain to observe that he was ill at ease from some cause.

The renegade now spoke to the Indian guards, who immediately unbound the maiden and the boy and led them from the lodge. Moodie remained long enough to indulge in a few words of sarcasm towards the doomed men, and then departed, promising, however, to meet them in the course of an hour upon the race ground.

The moments seemed to speed by with increased velocity in the opinion of the doomed men; for they had scarcely time to make up their minds to meet their fate bravely, before they were dragged forth into the open space denominated the "race ground." Here were assembled the entire population of the village, wildly shouting at the prospect of a rare treat—the torment of a couple of fellow creatures.

The "gauntlet" custom has been frequently described; but we may as well recapitulate it for the information of the reader unversed in Indian warfare. The captives doomed to "run the gauntlet," being stripped entirely naked, except a breech-cloth about the loins, were placed at the end of two parallel lines of warriors armed with heavy clubs. At a given signal they were forced to run between the lines and receive the blows of such as they could not avoid. Among so many experts in the handling of that formidable weapon—the Indian war-club—the chance of the captive for escape was quite slim indeed, and rarely did a prisoner reach the opposite end of the line alive. Instances are however recorded on the pages of pioneer history, showing that a single man has endured this species of torment several times, as in the case of the noted Kentucky backwoodsman, Simon Kenton, a man whose history, if correctly and truthfully written, would form a romance of the most marvelous interest.

Harper and Finley, when they reached the spot designated for the torture, were entirely deprived of their clothing, and having been hideously painted from head to foot, were placed at one end of the line, and then the hellish sport began. The women and children having amused themselves for a while by sticking splinters and other sharp implements into the bodies of the captives, Finley was commanded by Moodie to run through the lines.

Turning to his comrade, Finley spoke:

"Jake, I don't s'pose as how the plan you named will avail us much, but I'm resolved to make the attempt. Something seems to tell me that it's all up with me, and I'm therefore resigned to my fate. Ef I should fall, and you get clear, Jake, I only ask that you will take the trouble to hunt up my poor wife and tell her all consarnin' my fate. Break it to her lightly, Jake, for she's seed a great deal of trouble already, and can't endure much more."

Harper promised faithfully to comply with the other's request, in case the issue should turn out as he said, but urged him to cheer up and make a desperate effort.

The signal to start was now given, and Finley, after taking a few steps, broke suddenly through the lines, and bounded away as speedily as his legs could bear him. In the confusion which followed, his companion darted off in an opposite direction, and having the advantage of a thick wood in his favor, was soon lost to view. Finley in the selection of his course had not acted so wisely as he might have done, as he was forced to cross an open space of nearly a quarter of a mile before he reached the forest.

He was a stout, athletic man, and put forth every nerve, but before he had proceeded half the distance he realized the fact that he was no match for his pursuers in fleetness of foot. The result was that he was overtaken before he reached the wood, and scalped on the spot by his captors.

The pursuit of his companion was continued during the remainder of the day by some of the party, but they were unable to come up with him. In their disappointment and baffled triumph they revoked their decision in the case of the boy, and burned him at the stake.

The poor creature's agonizing shrieks were distinctly heard by the white maiden, who had been confined in the wigwam of the renegade, and she fell upon her knees at the villain's feet, and implored him to use his influence in behalf of one so young and innocent.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Moodie scornfully, spurning her grasp from his garments. "The fair Jennie Rancon has at last become the suppliant, it seems! She is now as humble as she was once proud and disdainful. Although, fair lady, I am henceforth entirely at your service, I must frankly tell you that I could not save the boy if I would, as my interference in your behalf has already been misinterpreted by my red brethren."

"Then they desire my death?" asked the maiden.

"Yes."

"Look ye, then, Sebastian Montieth!—or Bonnel Moodie, as your name may be! rather than submit to further contumely from one so despicable as you, I will at once deliver myself up to their vengeance, for death at their hands will be far preferable to life at yours."

The only reply which she received to this threat was a scornful laugh, as the renegade strode from the apartment and fastened the entrance behind him.

"The pale-face shall be preserved from either fate!" spoke a low voice at the ear of the captive maiden at this moment. Turning, she encountered the keen, cunning glance of Panola, the renegade's Indian wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Addison on Old Fashioned Hoops.

Addison, one hundred and fifty years ago, when hoop-skirts were as fashionable as now, gave vent to his humor in the following pleasing style: "It is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his expedition he buried several suits of armor, which, by his directions, were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and to make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it will lead into the same error the generations that be some removes from us; unless we can belive our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their grandmothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable. When I survey this new-fashioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who, after having entered an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey enshrined in the midst of it; upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great scandal of the worshippers), 'What a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant!'"

### Authors not Handsome.

Very intellectual women, we find by observation, are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly their foreheads, is more or less masculine. Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardoe, Miss Leslie, and the celebrated late Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Miss Porter's had a head as that of an intellectual man. I never knew a very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awful ugly; Dr. Johnson was no better, and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite among the ladies. Women more frequently prize men for sterling qualities of mind, than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose a woman for a wife who had scarcely an idea above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we judge by the inscription he left on her tomb.

☞ The Wellington Canada Canal, for taking vessels around Niagara Falls, has been so successful that it is to be enlarged.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

## THE AURORA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE NORTH.

O! thou most wondrous light,
That, through the silent night,
Glareth upon the sight,
Daylight's restorer?
Up, 'mid the surging globes,
Flashing thy fiery robes,
Spanning the heaven's lobes,
Mystic Aurora!

Camp fires in heaven's fields,
Where on their shining shields
Each, who the lightning wields,
Haughty and fearless—
Resteth the watchman grim
When all the lights are dim,
And the Aurora's rim
Gleameth, all peerless.

Watchmen we know are there,
Those of the city fair,
Walking their rounds of air,
Stars for their lanterns!
There at the city's gate,
Kindly they watch and wait,
When the dead souls and great
Stand at its posterns.

Waiting until the dead
After the soul hath fled,
Leap from their narrow bed
Upward to meet them.
And the great helping hand
Leadeth them through the land
Where the celestials stand
Waiting to greet them!

[Written for the New York Leader.]

# RAMBLES WITH ROD AND RIFLE.

BY RANDOM SHOTS.

NUMBER X.

According to announcement iu Number IX., this number gives further particulars of our party in the ball room, and their proceedings, thus:

Vane, unnoticed by Underhill, beckons Kinniard to his side, and asks: "Didn't Underhill get his dress from you?"

Kinniard—He did. Don't say I told you, but he asked me for a dress for Alexander the Great.

Randy—And you gave him the one that he has on?

Kinniard—I did. Rather a spicy costume for Alexander, isn't it?

Here we all laughed, not long or loud, but inwardly and chokingly. The absurdity of the thing would make a horse laugh, if he could but see it. Only look at Alexander, reader! twig his classic costume. A black wig, with very long curls, perched on the top of which, and firmly pinned to its apex, is a Scotch bonnet—blue, of course, with a Rob Roy plaid band, and a very long straight eagle's feather, springing from a foil ornament in front, shaped like a thistle; a white Roman shirt, the hem bound with purple, and falling somewhat below the knee; fleshings and sandals—these latter bound, or laced on round the instep and ankles with Rob Roy plaid ribbon; a steel armor breastplate; a spleuchan and long skeen dhu, suspended from a waist-belt of red leather in front, and a Roman sword on his left thigh. In his right hand he bears a short gilt-headed spear, and a Roman shield on his left arm. Over his shoulders is a toga of the imperial purple, one end of which is constantly getting under his feet. That's Alexander the Great.

Randy—Who, as we amateurs say in the green-room, made up his face?

Kinniard—I did. I persuaded him that it was a historical fact, that Alexander's eyebrows were of a very light color, though the rest of his hair was perfectly black; therefore, as you see, he wears his own sandy ones without coloring.

Randy (to Rajah, plucking him by the sleeve, and drawing him from the Princess, leaving her with her nymphs to be entertained by Underhill, who, it seemed, was instructing them in archery)—"Do come and listen to this. You are one of the Princes of the East; it's a sort of family affair. Who knows, you might be related to him.

Rajah—To him! Who?

Randy—Alexander the Great there (pointing to Underhill).

Rajah—Alexander the Great! Pooh! you mean Rob Roy.

Randy—What! Rob Roy, with black hair, beard and mustache?

Rajah—Equally absurd for Alexander.

Randy—Granted, for *the* Alexander; but not *our* Alexander. Kinniard, complete our Alexander's make up.

Kinniard—His beard, which, as you see, is pointed in the Vandyke style, and joins his whiskers of rather a modern English cut, together with the long, waxed moustache, with curled ends up to his nose, forms altogether a rather cosmopolite style of hirsute appendages, not frequently raised, I flatter myself, on the same countenance of any individual of the biped order. What do you say, Rajah?

Rajah—Perfectly unique; particularly as their black hue contrasts so well with sandy eyebrows.

Kinniard—Yes. I think it's a face bound to make some expression, especially when mounted by modern costume.

Rajah—Modern costume! Are we to be treated during the evening to a change of dress by the gentleman? Surely if we are, he will at the same time change his face to suit.

Kinniard—And that I defy him to do, for every hair I have stuck on his face, is fastened to his skin by a preparation which will for days defy all attempts to remove it. He may clip it short with scissors, leaving a good crop of stubble, nothing short of twenty-four hours' constant moistening with soap and water will remove the foundation.

A laugh, hearty, loud and long from us all, and the Princess, having I suppose, had a dose of Underhill, or Alexander the Great, solus, brings him forward towards us, remarking, "you are very merry, gentlemen; may we not be permitted to share the general hilarity?"

Vane—Undoubtedly, your highness. We were laughing at our friend the Rajah (winking at us) taking, or rather I should say, mistaking Alexander the Great here, (slapping Underhill's shoulder) for Rob Roy.

Princess—(looking from one to the other, surprised.) Alexander the Great—this gentleman?

Kinniard—Yes, that gentleman, your highness. Strange as this costume may appear, it is an exact copy from a picture I saw at Paris, in the celebrated gallery of the Louvre.

Princess—(to Vane aside.) What does this mean?

Vane—(to her, the same.) Fun! We are trotting out the animal—showing him up. Now, I'll give him a stir. (Aloud.) If I mistake not, I have seen a copy of that picture in the London Museum.

Randy—So have I, and I remember distinctly upon inquiring why it should find a place there, I was informed it was in honor of the Underhill family—a collateral branch of that family being related to Alexander the Great. Am I right, Underhill?

Under.—Perfectly. Hour connexion on that side is through the female line of the *Poopes*.

Kinniard—The *Poopes*! the ancient *Poopes!* Are you of that fam ly? (In affected admiration.)

Vane—I can answer yes, he is, and moreover, on the male side, to the yet more ancient one of the *Nincomes*.

Randy—The *Nincomes* and the *Poopes!* Then every Englishman must admit he is connected with almost every family in Great Britain.

Vane—We do admit it, and even go further and say branches of the same families have intermarried and are scattered all over the world. Who lives or breathes that has not heard of the *Nincompoopes?*

Under.—Aye, who? Hevery where they are known—and many of 'em 'igh in hoffi cial positions. (Very consequentially.)

Vane—The Church, the Army, Navy, Legislative Halls, Peers, and Commons, all have been recruited by that family.

Randy—They are universal, are the *Nincompoopes*. We of the United States can and do claim a fair sprinkling of them. Boston, for instance, that self-styled Athens, that seat of learning, taste and art, boasts loudly of the illustrious name, averring branches of it are spread throughout all its inhabitants, and is to be observed more particularly in the literary portions thereof. Indeed in that department, the name is frequently met with, that is as familiar to Athenean or Bostonian ears as household words.

Vane—Ministers of State, Presidents of Republics, nay, Kings and Emperors have sometimes and in some places been *Nincompoopes!*

Under.—Yes! We've 'ad Hemperors in our family.

Vane—To be sure you have, and will have as long as the world wags. Rajah, you must make much of your guest, 'tis not every day you have so illustrious a one.

Rajah bows, Underhill nods smirkingly, and plumes himself, twirls his moustache and casts glances of observation towards the attendant nymphs of the Princess. They, most of them, being but imperfectly acquainted with the English language, have just caught enough of what has been said to understand Underhill to be of the very *first caste* in his own country, and consequently view him with rather an eye of admiration.

This evidently tickled our Alexander, and probably under the impression of his greatness, he returns their looks with interest, displaying at the same time his handkerchief, waving it to and fro in a very Sultan-like manner, seeming undecided at which of the lovely ones' feet he shall cast it.

With our Alexander thus in my eye, I cannot help repeating those clever lines of S. M.:

"Dear merry reader, did you ever hear,
While traveling o'er the world's wide beaten road,
The curious reasoning and opinions queer
Of men who never in their lives bestowed
One hour on study—whose existence seems
A thing of course, a practical delusion,
Of pain and pleasure, mixed in strange confusion:
Who feel they move and breathe and know not why:
Are born to eat and drink, and sleep and die."

And with our Alexander still in my eye, I add:

There's one thing more he may be born to know:
'Tis how to *draw the longest kind of bow!*

One would almost suppose that my thoughts were audible, and had reached the ear of our Alexander—at least the word *bow*, for turning toward our party he observed, pointing to the nymphs—"Hall harmed with bows and harrows. [Then to the Princess.] I had-mire your taste. The hidea is excellent. Yourself and ladies hall dressed for a Harchery meeting."

The Princess—(Aside to Vane)—Is he really ignorant of whom we are dressed to represent? Or has my taste in classic costume so far erred, that myself and attendant nymphs do really represent a group of ladies dressed in the English style generally adopted at archery meetings?

Vane—Ignorant—utterly ignorant! Not only of Diana and his nymphs, but of the Heathen mythology in toto. Does not know Hercules from Hecuba. But listen—I see by his manner that he's going to say something rich.

Underhill—(To the Rajah)—I think its 'ardly fair, Rajah, that you should 'ave hinvited us gents 'ere to almost certain destruction.

Rajah—Destruction!—how!

Underhill—'Ow? Why, in three ways. First, your ball kills us with hadmiration. Second, the ladies' heyes [bowing to the Princess and party] pierce into our very souls; and third, their harrows transfix our hinmost 'arts!

All the gents laugh and exclaim, "Good! good! for our Alexander!" The Princess turns to her ladies.

Underhill—(Chuckling, and in an inaudible whisper to Vane)—That wasn't so bad, particularly the heyes and the harrows, eh?

Vane—Capital!

Underhill—I say, Frank, what a magnificent creature the Princess is! Do you know, between ourselves, I think she's cast a hye on me.

Vane—On you? [Suppresses his laughter with difficulty, and gives the others of the party a knowing look.]

Underhill—On me. I can tell you she gave me some werry significant looks.

Vane, grasping him suddenly by the arm, and gazing straight into his eyes, with a broken voice and agonizing manner exclaims—"Underhill! would you cleave your friend's heart in twain?"

Under—No, that is——

Vane—No reservations. Yes, or no?

Thus adjured, Underhill answered: Decidedly no.

Vane—Then give her, the Princess, no encouragement; for know I intend her for my own—my Mrs. V.; and also know, which of course you do, that in the event of your giving her the slightest encouragement, I should no longer stand a chance.

Under—Well, well, being it's you, I promise.

Vane (very seriously)—By your ancient descent and noble blood, on your honor?

Under—On my honor.

Vane—As a nincompoop?

Under—As a nincompoop.

Vane—Gentlemen, you are witnesses. I am satisfied.

During this, the Princess had caused her nymphs to perform several picturesque evolutions with the bow and arrow, finishing with a tableau herself—the centre figure.

This picture, Vane pronounced, represented Diana and her Nymphs wounding the Hart.

Underhill confessed it must be a 'ard 'art indeed, that escaped penetration from such heyes and harrows.

Vane explained—Wounding the Hart (spelling the word H. A. R. T), the animal, the quadruped.

Underhill enlightened, confesses—Oh, ah! I understand—the 'art, the spotted deer without 'orns. And, addressing the Princess, inquired if her highness had ever shot a deer?

Princess—Many.

Under—With a bow and harrow?

Princess—No, with a rifle.

Under—With a rifle! (To Vane)—What a hamazon!

Princess—Did you ever shoot a deer with a bow and arrow, Mr. Underhill?

Under (with contempt)—No, your 'ighness. Hany one could shoot a deer, a hanimal 'alf as large as a cow. No, I never shot one.

Princess—But you do shoot with the bow and arrow?

Under—I should rather think I did. Vane, you remember Rumpler of the 60th?

Vane—Of course.

Under—I won five hundred guineas from him on a shot with bow and harrow.

Vane—Indeed, how was that?

Under—Well, at a harchery meeting at 'ornsey wood, I made some good shots at the target. At fifty paces, I 'it the bull's heye three times out of five. Rumpler didn't hit it once, and wanted to bet me I couldn't do it again. Says I, I don't want to rob you, but I tell you what I will do—I won't bet on a bull's eye, but I'll you a cool five hundred at thirty paces I put my harrow through a bird's heye. A bird's heye, says Rumpler? Ah! some sort of a foreign bird, says he, with a heye as big as a saucer! No, says I, no foreign bird, but a Henglish bird, and a live one at that; and I'll set 'im on a perch, and at thirty paces I'll put my harrow through his heye. Is it a bet, says I? It is, says he. Done! says I. Done! says he.

Vane—An English bird?

Under—A Henglish bird! Well, the day came, and a pretty crowd there was to witness the feat. 'Ere stood I, with my bow and harrow—there yonder, at thirty paces, was the perch covered with a cloth. I waved my 'and, the cloth was removed, and there perched my bird.

All—What bird!

Under (triumphantly)—A howl!

All—Oh!

Under—A howl, with a heye bigger than a bull's. Rumpler saw 'e was done, and hofferred to pony up; but I waved 'im hoff, adjusted my bow, threw myself hinto hattitude, thus—(illustrating with the bow and arrow of the Princess)—drew my butt to my hear, winging my harrow straight through the heye of the howl!

In the midst of our laughter, applause and cries of "Well done, Alexander!" Paget joins our party; and with his eye on Underhill, who was still in attitude, appeals to us all that he would wager five hundred in ponies, that Underhill had been that moment saying something as spicy and pungent—as his own pickles.

At the word "pick'es," our Alexander sank at once from his attitude of triumph to one of appeal; and, taking Paget by the sleeve, in an under tone conjured him to sink the "shop;" to say not a word about his boing—or ever having been—in any way a shopkeeper.

Kinniard (loud enough for us all to hear)—Paget, I'm surprised at you. Suppose Underhill's governor did keep a pickle and preserve shop, it is not necessary you should publish the fact to all the world.

Vane—Certainly not; besides, granting our Alexander himself, in apron and sleeves, had accommonated customers with pickles, is there anything derogatory in that? No—not at all. Didn't Alfred the Great, King of England, occupy a menial situation—aye, menial—didn't he as a servant, or hind, of a low cotter's wife, toast cakes on a griddle?

Randy—Of course he did! and, moreover, did not Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, wear leather apron, handle mallet and saw, and caulk the seams of a ship?

Vane—Historical facts. Added to which, Peter the Great used to get drunk as a hog every night, after his daily mechanical labors. Now, I'll be bound to say, our Alexander here never so far forgot his high birth and ancient descent as to make a pig of himself, though he might have sold pickles.

Kinniard—Sold pickles! That's nothing. What does our poet Goldsmith say in that scene so graphically described in his famous comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer?" Squire Anthony Lumpkin, a gentleman of family and descent, entertains a party of his friends at a road-side inn. During the discussion of a capacious bowl of punch, the conversation turns upon the attributes of a gentleman, when one of the guests facetiously observes, "What tho' I am obligated to dance a bear, my bear never dances to any but the very gentlest of tunes, 'Water Parted,' or 'The Minuet in Ariadne.' A gentleman's a gentleman for all that." This is fully corroborated by another gentleman of the party, whose ostensible occupation is spinning the pewter platter, (a species of sleight of hand, I presume,) who very emphatically observes, "That's true. A gentleman's a gentleman, if so be he be's in a consternation accordingly."

Paget—I agwee with pewtew plattew.

Kinniard (proceeding)—Permit me. Observe, Goldsmith does not say Squire Lumpkin's guests were all gentlemen in disguise, or under a cloud, or that he of the dancing bear, yr he of the pewter platter, were like the Wandering Minstrel, assuming a character to win a wager. I say, Goldsmith does not say they were gentlemen; but I say they were, and I know it.

Paget—You, how?

Kinniard—You know my penchant for the stage. Well, when our Regiment was at Bath, I under an alias acted at the Theatre Royal there, and appeared as young Marlow, in the comedy now in question, and was then introduced—mind off the stage, to he of the dancing bear, and he of the pewter platter, and I give you my honor, they were both gentlemen.

Paget—So they wewa. I wemembwa now, I was at Bath at the time. You, Kinniard, intwoduced me to the two fellahs. Aftwa pewfowmance we had a bwoiled bone togethewa, and got wathwa swipey. The bear man was the yongwa son of an Eewal, and Petwa Plattwa a Bawanight.

With these examples of eclipsed greatness (so truthfully depicted) before him, our Alexander recovered his self consequence, and perked himself up accordingly, seeming to say "Pickles! I defy you! avaunt! Richard's himself again!"

And we inwardly acknowledge you are, you're a muff, a spoon, a butt, as before.

Paget—(to us) I say, fellahs, I touched him on the raw before, now I'll smooth him down and plume him up. Underhill, old fellah, I see you have set off your person to the best advantage. That's a killing costume, a sort of double bawwelled dwess. If the Tartaw don't kill, the Toga must. I always said you wewa a belewer in the old adage, that with the ladies, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute," (winking at us) which you know, means, you always in their presence, "put both your best legs foremost!" and 'pon my soul, they're killers both of 'em. They are made up, and dwessed to death. Eithwa of those legs singly must cweate a sensation in a female bosom, and if she gazes at 'em both together, she does it at the pewil of being within an inch of her life.

Under.—(Flattered.) Why, you, I flatter myself I 'ave the Under'ill calf.

Paget—A paiwa of 'em, my deawa fellah, a paiwa of 'em. I defy any family in England to waise gweatwa calves than the Underhills.

Vane—And I'll back you a hundred to ten.

Randy—And no takers.

Paget—Now Unndy, old fellah, just to oblige me and the ladies, gather up the folds of your toga gracefully, so a leetle higher. Now step out to the fountain and back. (Underhill does as requested, assuming as much as in him lies the air of a dancing master, pointing out his toes and springing each step from the ball of his foot.)

Kinniard—What an air.

Vane—What a grace,

Paget—What a calf!

"What's the game? says Doctor Con, as he joins us. "But I need not ask, he adds. "I see the ould one. Faix, but Underl ill's a jewel in a camp. He's better game than fany in the country, he's never run down. But come, boys, the ladies must excuse you a little, that is, my duelling party. All four of yees must come with me to your antagonist's apartment."

Princess—Poor Mr. Capsicum! I was just on the point of observing the admiration elicited by this gentleman, (nodding towards Underhill, who returned the nod with interest, smirk and smile into the bargain,) has nearly made me forgetful of our absent friend, Mr. Capsicum. Pray, Doctor, how is he?

Doctor—He is at present, your highness, in the last stage of his malady.

Princess—Last stage—malady—you alarm me. Fever from his wounds?

Doctor—No, your highness. Not a faver, but forty of them. Don't be alarmed; it's a natural complaint he has, and it's part of my tratement. You must know when Kitt—excuse me, your highness, but Kitt comes handiest to my tongue—I say when he fonnd he was fastened into his room, afther killiing Paget and Vane here—and not allowed to get out to slaughter the Rajah and our friend Randy, he became mad with passion.

Princess—What a terrible man.

Under—Houtrageous! There hisn't 'is like hin hall Hengland. 'E is the most passionate, the——

Doctor—If you'll allow me, Misther Underhill, I'll go on wid my sthory first. (Underhill somewhat abashed, knowing the Doctor of old, wilted gently down, and slunk a little back.)

Doctor (proceeding)—As I was saying, my patient was mad wid anger. He swore he was glad, happy, delighted at having put two incumbrances out of this world, maning you two (Vane and Paget). Then he danced and snapped his fingers, and halloed like a wild Indian. "Sure," says he, (I use his own words) "That bull-necked, bull-headed, beetle-browed, bulldog of a soldier," maning you (to Vane) which nothing ever made an impression on before, has received one at last from me. Yes, my bullet has made a lasting impression on him!"

Paget—Complimentawy to you, Vane.

Doctor—Then he laughed and capered again, and went on: "As for that puppy, that perfumed dandy, that mincer of words and murderer of his native tongue, that perpetual bore, Paget—I've bored him now, ha! ha! ha! I ought to receive a vote of thanks from the regimental mess for putting such a pair out of the world!" And then he rubbed his hands and cut some more capers.

Princess—What a revengeful middle-aged staid gentleman, he must be.

Doctor—I tould him so, your highness. Says I, Yeould Corsican ye, have ye no bowels of compassion in all that capacious bel—stomach of yours; have ye no remorse? "Yis," cries he, snapping me up like a tiger, "I have remorse—my heart's full of it." That's well, says I. "It is," says he; "and the remorse that fills it is because I didn't serve the other two blackguards" (that's Randy and yourself, Rajah,) "the same sauce. But I'll do it. I'll do it! I'll do it!" and he danced again.

Paget—Insane old pump.

Randy—Very mad.

Doctor—Jumping mad!—mad as a coult touched up wid turpentine!

Princess—Mad, and you say, Doctor, he is in the last stage of his malady!

Doctor—I do, your highness. He *was* mad with anger and revenge; he *is* maudlin wid repentance and my prescriptions.

Princess—Your prescriptions?

Doctor—Exactly, your highness. There's a copy of the last, (handing the Princess a slip of paper), ten doses of the same, one every ten minutes. I never knew it to fail; its bound to produce its desired effect.

The Princess seems puzzled by the prescription, and can make nothing of it. She hands it to Vane. As soon as he has it in his possession, the Doctor holds up his fingers to him and desires him not to read it aloud yet; at the same time winking around to us male creatures.

Vane—Read it aloud. I could'nt do it, it's in a sort of cipher.

Doctor—Hould on, and I'll give you a key to it. First let me explain my system of practice on our friend Kitt, and how nate, quiet, and aisy I reduced the craythur from maudliness. You must understand I always study the disposition as well as the constitution of my patients.

Paget—A wewy good woole.

Under—(Adventuring a remark, modestly). Hexcellent.

Doctor—Works like a charm. Well, I knew Kitt was in the main, kind, that is, he had bowels of kindness and compassion, if you could only get at thim. In fact he was, at bottom, a good natured fellow. Now, says I to myself, Con O'Crack, its in him, and you know it—and you must touch it, that is, his good nature, you understand. And I repeated to myself, you know, Con, he has it at bottom, now it's for you to bring it on top.

We men folks admired the idea and confessed 'twas logically put, and no doubt 'twas physically conducted. The Princess, as we have before had occasion to remark, was fond of the study of man in all his phases, and followed O'Crack's description of where Kitt's good-nature was deposited, from bottom to top, not losing a word. Her suite of ladies, taking their cue from her, seemed equally interested and listened eagerly. The doctor, warming with his subject, looked around him as if he were in his lecture room, and we his students.

Doctor—Now, we've an ould saying in Ireland, "if there's any good in a man it'll come out whin he's drunk." It's a little vulgar, but it's the truth, and your highness and the ladies will forgive me for repeating the ould saying. (Her Highness and suite gracefully inclined their forgiveness, and the Doctor proceeds.) Now human nature is human nature all the world over.

Under—Hevery fool knows that.

Unlucky Underhill, it was so ill for you the Doctor did know you, and knew that no man was morally, a greater hero—no man, physically, was a greater coward, or you would, like many a better man, have been "food for powder," early in the morning. The postponed prostration by bullet was performed on the spot by a glance—a look—but such a look. Oh! lancets, scalpels! and dissecting knives! but it cut him down at one glance. The cut down one being down receives one more cut, thus.

Doctor—I repeat, human nature is human nature all the world over! and (very markedly,) a Cockney fool in London is a Cockney fool in the East Indies, and every fool knows that. (The cut down one assumes a decided "dejected 'havior of visage." Doctor proceeds.) Well, we admit human natures the same every where, so, I said to myself,' "faix, Con, I'll thry our Irish prescription on my English patient." No sooner said than done. "Kitt," ses I, "if you've done dancing your war dance, yelling, and making a wild Indian of yourself, may be you'll listen to raison and your physician." You see by this time the craythur was trembling wid passion and excitement, and perspiring at every pore.

Princess—Poor fellow!

Doctor—Poor fellow, indade! "Kitt," says I, "if I recollect rightly, bit or sup hasn't passed your lips since the—(mangoes, I was going to say, but didn't), glass of ale and drop of punch you had this forenoon?" He sighed deeply, and shook his head as he sat in his easy chair. "Says I, it's dinner time." "I feel it is," says he, placing his hand upon his bow-window of a stomach, a few inches below his heart. "I'm going to prescribe for you," says I. He made a horrid grimace; it would have been bad enough without the court plaster, but with the black streaks of it down his face, on its original port wine color, it was horrid. And the groan he uttered from the very depths—(hesitating for the word)—depths—of his animal economy, was heartrending.

Princess—I really pity him.

Doctor—So did I; but I was rather pleased wid the groan, for, thinks I, I have touched the spot.

Paget—The spot. What spot?

Doctor (with asperity)—Do you want me to spake out plainer than I do before the ladies? The spot—why the spot where his good nature was.

Paget—Oh! ah! yes! I see, the depths of his animal economy.

Doctor—Yes; and everybody knows, about dinner time, where that spot is with our friend Kitt—the bottom of his exuberant bowels.

Paget (in an undertone to Kinniard)—Exuberant bowels! Exuberant bowels is good.

The Doctor, totally unconscious of having committed the solecism in good manners, which but a moment before he deprecated, went on gleefully. "Don't groan," says I, "Kitt, my hero. My prescription you'll find mighty easy to take; and if I mistake not, here comes the Doctor's stuff." And sure enough here comes Pink, heading half-a-dozen servants wid as nate a little spread of a dinner for two, as you'd be likely to get in this house when you understand how to order it. "There," says I, "ye ould sinner," as I popped the first cork from a bottle of a cool effervescing mixture, and he

for which they are to be employed—for embroidery, knitting, tatting, crochet, handsewing, and now for machines.

The sudden change in the weather, which has thrown us almost a month in advance of the usual time of requiring warm weather and out-door garments, has compelled us to investigate the novelties prepared, by the leading houses, for the fall trade. We observe that many of the prettiest cloaks are set in full box pleats into capes fitting closely on the shoulders, frequently finished by a small collar of the same material. This is far less cumbersome, and therefore more becoming to the figure than the styles of last year; and prettier, also, than many of the hood patterns. At W. D. ELLIOTT's, 294 and 296 Canal street, under the Brandreth House, we were shown a mantle known as the "Louisa," made in this manner. The cape, (extremely pretty in form and fitting closely to the chest and shoulders,) came in points down the front, and was bordered all around by a dahlia fluted trimming, or, in some cases, a velvet and moss trimming. Under this the mantle was set, in five large box pleats along the back, and a handsome moss trimming was carried down the centre of each, making a very handsome garment. The form of the cloak allowed some part of it to form very graceful sleeves, without disturbing the fall of the fronts. A collar pointed á la Mousquetine, at the back and in front, bound with a rich silk binding, finished the garment. Nothing could be devised which would form a much prettier or more comfortable Fall mantle. It is made in black cloth, as well as in the various shades of grey and brown which are so much worn at this season.

We find here, also, very pretty mantles with names of the most belligerent character—the Montebello, Solferino, and so on. The Druid is a novelty that pleases us much, from the eccentric, yet graceful, originality of its appearance. Imagine a mantle of striped cloth, in two delicate shades of grey, falling all round you, und enveloping you almost to the feet, with a hood, coming from the shoulders almost down to the edge of the mantle, trimmed with moss or ribbon trimming, making a remarkably pretty cape in front, and an ornamental addition to the back view of the cloak. This hood, however, on occasion may be drawn over the head, when it makes the prettiest coiffure imaginable—*tres coquette*, as the French would say. We can fancy the rays of Lady Moon falling on some bright girlish espiègle countenance, half shrouded, half displayed, among the soft folds of this garment, leaning over a balcony to listen to a serenade, or—who knows? a declaration—with love softening the eyes, and happiness giving a glow to the cheek; and can hardly fancy anything more charmingly becoming. Juliet might have worn it, and looked as pretty as she ever does in her very inappropriate balcony attire, as usually represented; and had she been daughter of ours—or had we a daughter likely to be placed in similar circumstances, we should assuredly feel strongly inclined to recommend her at least to don a Druid mantle before encountering chill night air, even though warmed by love's sighs, on the balcony of an American mansion.

We had meant to say something, this week, of the new ribbon trimmings and embroideries, but our allotted space is already filled; and we dare not, in the press of political matter at this season, encroach on the good nature of the Governor. So we must reserve our notice of the brilliant beauty of Lichsenstein's ribbons, Macy's embroideries, and many other things, until our next; remarking, however, that we found that very rare article, a good kid glove, for the very moderate price of sixty-three cents a pair, at the latter store, in Sixth Avenue, just below Fourteenth street.

## Peeps at Current Events.

A DARKEY'S CONTRIVANCE FOR ESCAPE.—The following account of the arrangements made by a darkey at Sing Sing, a few days ago,—to escape, proves him to have been a bit of a genius, and almost worthy of escape:

He obtained a piece of plank, through which he cut a hole large enough to pass his head. Over the whole he nailed strips of hoop iron, so as to form a shield and helmet. These he tarred the plank and shrouded the whole with straw and shavings, so that when floating on the water it would have the appearance of a bundle of rubbish. Having prepared these things, the convict launched his flotilla, and succeeded in ensconcing himself under the plank by which he was buoyed up. He soon passed the line of guards stationed on the river, and was making good progress towards the mouth of the Croton, when his craft attracted the attention of some boys swimming, who thought it strange to see a bundle of straw floating against the tide. One of them laid his hand on the straw, and was surprised when the man underneath exclaimed, "Go away! go away! or I'll drown you!" Of course the alarm was given, and the convict soon returned to the prison, very much to the surprise of the officers, who had not yet "counted him out."

THE ST. PAUL'S BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI.—The magnificent bridge across the Mississippi from St. Paul to Brooklyn, is now completed. The entire length is 1,700 feet. The bridge is of wood, consisting of 7 trussels, resting on granite pillars 140 feet apart. The main span, resting on two huge granite columns 86 feet high, is 240 feet long, and weighs 300 tons. The distance from the water at common level and the top of this main trussel, is 113 feet. The bridge is 40 feet wide, and the descending grade is 1 foot in 20. 800,000 feet of lumber, 175,000 pounds of iron, and 48,000 yards of granite, were used in the construction of it, the whole affair costing $150,000. The main columns are sunk deep in the bed of the river, and rest each on 400 piles driven 16 feet into the earth. They are as firm and solid as Bunker Hill Monument, and a person standing at the base of one would be reminded of the monument. No bridge in the United States can be more substantial or more beautiful than this. It will stand for years to show what enterprise and perseverance can do in a new country in the hardest times. The bridge was commenced last year, and is now used daily by hundreds who were obliged before to come over by ferry.

MODERN ARMY PUNISHMENT FOR STEALING.—By the following, in a letter from Fortress Monroe, it would not seem that there has been much change, under modern benevolence, in the cruel and unnatural punishment meted out to the soldier for slight offences:

To-day another private was undergoing the sentence of the Court. The finding was that he should walk near the guard house two hours daily carrying a knapsack with the word "thief" inscribed thereon, that he should forfeit his pay, undergo confinement in the guard-house, be branded with the letters "D" and "F," signifying deserter and thief, receive 25 lashes on the bare back, and be drummed out of the garrison. Whilst moving up and down his prescribed beat, the culprit seemed deeply mortified and dejected, and was careful when gazed at to conceal the word upon the knapsack.

A DANGEROUS VISITOR HIDDEN AWAY.—Some few days since, a live rattlesnake was brought from the mountains of Virginia, in an insecure box, and presented to one of the workmen on the Virginia Central Railroad, instead of putting an end to this poisonous reptile, his new owner placed the box in one of the workshops, for safe keeping, and there left him. Yesterday morning it was discovered that his snakeship had bursted his prison bounds, and taken up his residence in some part of the building unknown to any one. The fact coming to the ears of the employees, they have felt anything but comfortable at their situations, none of them knowing at what moment the serpent might glide from his hiding place, and fasten his deadly fangs into their persons. As a general rule rattlesnakes give warning before they strike their victim; but this particular one, finding himself in strange quarters, may deem it most prudent to strike first and warn afterwards.

A MILCH COLT.—The following odd freak of nature is vouched for by the Lancaster (Pa.) *Examiner*:

R. W. Ferguson, of Coleraine township, has a mare colt about four months old, which gives a pint of milk every day. Mr. F. says that when the colt was only about two days old he noticed the swelling of the udder, and, upon examination, found that it contained milk, which has increased up to the present time. The colt is remarkably healthy and of beautiful form, and attracts considerable attention in the neighborhood.

A LADIES' SWIMMING MATCH.—Recently a most extraordinary race took place in a fashionable ladies' seminary school in the Thiergarten, Berlin, where thirty-three young ladies contested for the championship in swimming. The winner, who is nineteen years of age, and very handsome, is said to have proved that she might as well challenge the other sex as her own. The race was followed by an elegant luncheon, only ladies being present, and the promenaders in the neighborhood listened with astonishment to the lusty cheers that followed the toasts.

DANGEROUS "CROWDING THE MOURNERS."—During the parade for the reception of Colonel Seymour, at Hartford, the crowd at several different points pressed so closely upon the military that they had no room for their manœuvres, and the commanding officer was compelled, on one or two occasions, to order a platoon of men to charge bayonets. In one of these charges, a man, said to be from Bridgeport, was stabbed by a bayonet in his right side, the bayonet passing between his ribs and fracturing the lungs.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A TURTLE.—The Middleboro (Mass.) *Gazette* gives the particulars of the painful death of a boy in Plympton, in consequence of a bite on the finger from a turtle. The symptoms were the same as hydrophobia. Not long after the bite the lad became feverish, and after the finger had been lanced, black spots appeared on the other hand, and paroxysms followed, in which the sufferer would snap and bite at whatever came in his way, after the manner of a turtle.

HOW TO PUT MONEY SAFELY AWAY.—A returned Californian reached home a week or two ago with between $15,000 and $16,000 in gold coin. Feeling it unsafe to keep so much money about him, and suspicious of the honesty of banking institutions, he determined to bury it, which he accordingly did, without informing any one of the locality. A few days afterwards he went out riding, when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Of course no one knows where the money is, although it has been searched for very carefully.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

## SHOP WINDOWS.

BY ENUL.

Glowing out upon the sunshine
With their many mingled dies,
In these breezy autumn mornings,
They are pleasant to the eyes.—
In these morns whose frigid greeting
On our foreheads, as we go,
Makes us shiver with the presage
Of the winter and the snow,

See the ribbons rippling downward
Like the rainbows over floods,
Filling all our charmed vision
With the tints of autumn woods:
Glowing orange, rich and mellow,
With the darker hues entwined!
Red and purple, like the dry leaves
Rustled onward by the wind.

Flowers by cunning fingers fashioned,
Long and golden ears of corn,
Such as bend along the valleys
In the early harvest morn.
And the robes of warmer tissues
For the pale September days,
Swiftly gliding in upon us
In their grey and chilly haze.

And the regal velvet mantles
For the icy winter meet,
When the frozen streets are ringing
Underneath the passing feet,
And the stars are cold and brilliant,
And upon the depth of night,
Breaks the parting strain of music
And the sudden glare of light.

And amid the warmer splendors
Does some gauzy tissue gleam,
Like the pallid flowers of summer
By a swollen autumn stream.
Charmed we linger—can we help it?
No, for ever from their birth,
Dear the robes that do adorn them
To the sisterhood of earth.

E'en the dusky Indian maiden
Decks with shining shells her hair,
Binds some bright and gaudy circlet
Round her tawny ankles bare,—
Makes a mirror of the waters,
And there lives in us no less,—
Daughters of all care and culture—
Woman's instinct, love of dress!

Yes; and is it blame unto her,
She that loves all lovely things—
Loves the summer and the sunshine,
Loves the blossoms of the springs:—
That she earnest still endeavors
Her own being to surround
With the harmonies of color,
Like the harmonies of sound.

Shall she turn at last, a rebel
To that ancient gentle law,
Careless if she's draped as nudely
As the savage Esquimaux!
Even there, I doubt not, woman
In the polar icebergs shut,
Shapes her robe to some wild fashion
In her dreary Arctic hut.

## Summer Letters.

### "THE GOVERNOR" AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

PROFILE HOUSE,
FRANCONIA NOTCH, *Aug. 29th*, 1859.

DEAR LEADER:—The season is rapidly nearing its close, here as well as with you: and I should feel the impropriety of writing at so much length of these localities, so late in the season, but that I am aware how little the body of people in the Middle States really know about these mountain ranges,—and that I am anxious to do my little share in improving their knowledge, and inducing them to extend their rambles hither next year, instead of vegetating during an entire season in bathing or ball-room life at Newport, Cape May or Long Branch—or even at Saratoga. But not to go beyond your space, or to overweary your readers with summer notes that will seem a little stale to them now that most of them have again unpacked their summer trunks at home,—I must be as rapid and as brief as possible—only touching upon the most salient points of scenery and sojourn.

My friend Martin—to whom I expect to render a fearful account, some day, thus for a second time personating him—Martin had told me by all means to take the Franconia range first; the wisdom of which advice I have already seen. With the exceptions of the ascent of Mount Washington and a few moments at the Willey House in the White Mountain Notch,—the balance of attraction lies with the Franconia, though neither must be lost by those who would see the mountains at all. We find—reaching here on the evening of the 24th—the Profile full to repletion, though we had been led to expect a thin company. The birch fires crackle brightly in the reception and reading rooms—the old country fireplace with its rough iron dogs and heavy cordwood logs being yet (and long may it be!) the system of warming. Such piles of birchen logs as lie in the corners, and such other piles as come in every hour or two from the wood-yard, on a species of half-grown farm wagon that is run backwards—suggest that fires here are nothing unusual, and that to keep them up on the same scale, in your city, would need the revenue of your merchant princes. There are few nights during the entire summer, they tell us, when the fires are not lighted; and though on a still evening they seem a *little* too warm—when winds come whistling up through the Notch, as they have a habit of doing for five or six days out of a week, the birch is very welcome.

The Profile House has a location the most peculiar of any I have ever seen. It stands upon a plateau at the entrance of the Notch, under the very brows of the mountains—the plateau so regular that one scarcely believes it entirely natural—though we are assured it is so. It is four stories in height, the side to the south forming the front, with a gable finish in the centre—and of great capacity. An inferior part of the building to the north, and now seeming but an oven-shed beside the main building, was but a few years ago all the accommodation that travel to the Franconia Notch demanded. Even the present huge caravanseria is to be added to, as I understand, by the Flume and Franconia Hotel Company, whose property it is, as well as the Flume House, five miles below, and who display much spirit in the management of both. I have not space fully to describe the Profile, but may say in one word that it is admirably kept in every particular, and that I have never seen either the table or the general attendance excelled. In the matter of tea-biscuits, particularly, I have been excessive, and the green veil has contemplated uncounted visits to the culinary department, in the hope of discovering the secret of their matchless delicacy. A glance at the very regular and well-printed bills of fare which accompany every meal, may lead others to the same discovery to which it led me,—that the Profile House has a neat little *printing-office* in one of the rooms,—where not only the bills of fare aforesaid, but billheads, illustrated note paper and envelopes, views of scenery, &c., are prepared. Perhaps no better idea could be given of the extent to which *hotel-keeping, as one of the fine arts*, has reached, than the fact I have just stated.

I had occasion, in describing the situation of the Kittatinny House, some weeks ago, to use the "box" idea pretty often, as illustrating how completely the house was shut away from the outer world. The same idea strikes us at the Profile House, though much exaggerated. One is shut in so completely by the mountain heights, that walking out in the still evening air, and only seeing the stars in a dark framed blue picture above,—it is no easy matter to shake off the impression of being overhung by some dark, gloomy shadow. The mountains do not stretch away at a distance, as at the Delaware Water-Gap—they are here, almost within reach of the hand. To the left of the house, Eagle Cliff, a perpendicular line of crags, rises to the height of many hundred feet within a stone's throw of the house; and to the right the foot of Cannon Mountain, one of the giants of the Franconia range, extends to the very end of the piazza. A long line of stables and carriage houses to the north;—a ten-pin alley and billiard room at she right-hand corner, southward;—two little black glossy bear cubs chained to posts beside their huts immediately in front,—taught all manner of ground and lofty tumbling by idle and mischievous boarders, and fed with nearly all the filberts and raisins of the dessert;—and we have a very fair impression of the situation and surroundings of the Profile House.

It is only on awaking in the morning, and looking out upon the top of Eagle Cliff, that we have any idea of the actual height of our present location above the sea. Thick masses of what seems to be mist are creeping along (not *up*) the sides of the cliff, and the first impression is that a morning fog is rising. But it is by far too dense, and it tangles itself among the scrubby bushes too constantly. It is then that the recollection breaks upon us that we are *among the clouds!* Those very clouds which, at our common altitude, seem floating so far on high as to dizzy us in looking up at them, are brushing along the side of the mountain but little above us, their skirts actually trailing at times on the roof of the house by which we are sheltered. We grow immensely in respect for our location, after this, and lose a little of our awe for the clouds, I think—having got up among them. But it takes us some time to realize the fact that this dull, leaden-looking morning is not going to be a rainy day, and that by and bye, when the sun has gained a glance at us over Eagle Cliff, he will lift those clouds so that they will only hang around the peaks of the giants of the range, and perhaps (though this seldom occurs) roll away altogether. One rule of direction obtains here as well as southward: the east wind is the storm wind. When the clouds roll down the Notch (i. e., southward) in the morning, a fair day may be expected—and *vice versa*.

Our first morning ride is to be down the Notch to the "Flume," past the "Profile" and the "Old Man's Mirror." For these excursions, which are constant in some direction, open wagons are provided, strongly built, hung on jack-springs, and drawn by four or six horses. The usual load comprises from six to a dozen. Nine o'clock, and with an excellent breakfast comfortably settled, ten inside and six in hand, we dash away down the Notch. It is a strange fancy, that of galloping down steep descents, but when not too long these drivers *will* do it! I have said that the mountain roads are very good, and they are also unexpectedly safe looking. There are none of the pokerish places along precipices, to which either the Cattskills or the Kittatinny have before introduced us. But we do wish the driver would press his foot a little oftener on the brake than he seems disposed to do. Whether the horses are a party to his reason for not doing so, I have no idea. It is this: "I must go *up* hill slow, and as I can't be all day on the road, I must go *down* hill fast!" Conclusive, if not entirely satisfactory to nervous people and those who have false teeth.

Half a mile from the Profile House our driver draws rein to give us a view of the "Profile," or "Old Man of the Mountain," on the right. It is a quarter of a mile from the road—on the south-east brow of a bald and almost perpendicular cliff of apparently a thousand feet, skirting the whole line of the mountain. The face is in profile, as the name indicates, relieved against the western sky, and needs an afternoon light to see it to advantage. It starts out boldly from the cliff, at the very summit, almost as clearly defined in shape as human chisel could make it, but in a position where there is no thought of artificial aid, for human chisel could never reach it. The head and hand have never been created, steady enough to be lowered over that cliff, even if such a thing were possible. The forehead, with a sort of iron crown—the bold, well shaped Grecian nose—the well-cut mouth—the firm chin, with its pointed beard—all are natural, with a very little imagination and a good opera-glass. The face seems that of an old man, and surveyors' measurement calculates the height from brow to chin as sixty feet. Art is outdone by Nature, as usual: the Sphynx is a baby to this! No other effigy of the human form was ever so throned amid the clouds; and what winds have howled and what rains have beaten around that immobile face, in the ages since the flood! Have not the Indians of these vast solitudes once worshipped it as the face of the Great Manitou, looking down upon them in anger or in love, as the storm-cloud swept around it, or the summer sun tinted it with an iron smile?

At our feet, to the right, between the road and the "Old Man of the Mountain" lies a placid little lake or pond—happily named "The Old Man's Mirror." If there is such a thing as its ever growing still enough, it must reflect the grim old face very prettily; but the winds of the Notch, I fancy, seldom leave it an unrippled surface. Half a mile further below, also on the right of the road, the driver pulls up at what is called "The Basin." It may have been before observed that nearly all these mountain pools, wherever located, are amphitheatrical in shape, the pit being supplied by the pool itself, and the fall forming the boxes or auditorium. "The Basin" is a regular horseshoe in one solid rock, down which a small, clear mountain stream is rolling, the pool below fifteen or twenty feet in depth, dark with its density near the fall, but, as it leaves the pool, full of those wondrous greens which puzzle all the scientific world at Niagara. The great wonder of this spot is a singularly shaped rock at the south side of the pool, over which the water is rolling—and called the "Old Man's Foot." It is of colossal size—the foot eight or ten feet long, and the lower leg and heel in proportion—marvellously natural in shape, except that the toe seems to elongate into one of those preposterous shoes made for looping to the knee, worn by the dandy nobles of England about the time of King John. But the morning is passing, and we must hurry on to the "Flume."

Five miles from the Profile we draw up at the Flume House, situated on a plateau at the foot of Mount Lafayette, but not oppressed by the cliffs like the Profile, and commanding a splendid view down the Notch, among the peaks, for perhaps twenty or thirty miles. The house is large and fine, and a favorite with many, but really a branch of the Profile. Half a mile below, turning sharp to the left from the road, the driver halts his team among the trees, and we alight for the ascent of the "Flume." This is, without exception, the most wonderful natural curiosity in the Mountains, and among the most beautiful. We ascend for perhaps a hundred feet over a broad acclivity of flat stone, over most of which a thin stream is pouring, forming at intervals pools of water shallow and wonderfully clear. Then we find the ravine narrowing, and the rocks become more broken. Then we clamber over broken stones and cross and recross the little stream over rude wooden stairways thrown from rock to rock. The ravine narrows and deepens till it becomes apparently merely a fissure in the rock, and creates the impression that far back in the ages the mountain must have shrunk apart, leaving this singular cleft, its rough chiseled walls rising square to a height of fifty or sixty feet at the deepest portions, and so narrow as to be touched with the outstretched hands on both sides. Rough boulders form the bed—growing larger and rougher as we ascend—and the tops and sides of the cleft are green with rich clustered and pendant mosses. Nearly a quarter of a mile from the entrance of the "Flume" a huge round boulder, shaped like a brook pebble, hangs suspended between the walls, twenty or thirty feet in the air, its extremes barely touching the rocks, as it appears, and threatening to fall at any moment from its insecure position. How it found its place there, at any other moment than creation, is another of the puzzles which the blue stone on the top of the West Island cliffs has before given us. Thrown across the cleft, immediately over the suspended boulder, and fifty or sixty feet in the air, is a log, from which those who have steady nerves can enjoy a fine view down the Flume, and sitting astride on which a runaway debtor might defy a weak nerved sheriff for a considerable period. Beyond this a considerable distance, and more than a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the Flume, it terminates in a dark, rugged cavern, with an infernal name, its walls black and slimy, and the chill which has been creeping over us all the way up the gorge, here culminating till it becomes painful. Half our party, and nearly all the female portion of it, have dropped away midway up the Flume, and lie scattered in picturesque confusion on the wooden steps and the dryer rocks below. The dinner hour is near, and the chill is threatening after the rough climb up the gorge: we hasten down it to the mouth, where we have left our vehicles.

Those of us who do not fear still rougher climbing, leave the rest to take wagon back to the Flume House, and strike across the woods through a rough woodpath, to meet them at that point. "The Pool" lies coyly hidden away in the very depth of the forest, and is only to be won by a quarter of a mile of toilsome descent over rough rocks and slippery logs. But the toil is forgotten when it is once achieved. Another of those amphitheatre fountains, and an exaggeration of that on the road down from the Profile. It is nearly round, and a score of yards in diameter, with the auditorum, or toe of the horseshoe, scooped out of a solid rock thirty or forty feet in height, smooth and rounded as if cut by human hands, a thin cataract dashing down it, and with its clear water so deep, under the shadow of the ledge, as to seem black as midnight. Here is Charon with his boat—a ricketty scow with a white muslin awning, and none may hope to see the fields of the blest beyond, who do not pay their shilling for ferriage. Our Charon is Merrill, the crazy philosopher, who believes that here is the very centre of the earth, and who reads us, as his lieutenant slowly paddles us round under the spray of the fall, and over to the steps on the opposite side—a letter from Queen Victoria, dated at the culinary department of Buckingham Palace—with an attempted lecture on geography, from the latter of which we beg off by promising him an audience at Hope Chapel at some indefinite period. The water of the "Pool" is clear as crystal, and icy cold, and all must drink it—it is a part of the tour. A sharp climb up the steps on the west side—a glance down what appears a hundred feet to the waters below—(our Charon ferrying over another load of assessed and lectured passengers)—and we go on through the woods to our wagons at the Flume House, and then back to the Profile to a dinner, for which the climbing of the morning has been no bad preparation.

Echo Lake is our pilgrimage of the afternoon, and had Franconia Notch no other attraction, a week might be pleasantly spent lounging beside it and floating idly over its bosom. It lies within sight of the road by which we came up from Littleton to the Profile, and only half a mile from the house. We saw its silver glittering through the trees, as we swept by it on the day of our arrival. A pleasant stroll down the road brings us to the open path leading to the lake side, and looking down it we see a miniature wharf, with a crank-wheel boat and a little skiff chained at its outer end. A rude Indian tent borders the path to the left—with its pretty young squaw—its half breed husband—its ugly old woman—its basket-making—and its humble collection of fans, and canes, and little birchen canoes, to tempt the stray shillings of the visitors. The little lake is perhaps a quarter of a mile in width, and a mile in length, shut in, on the side of our approach, by the woods, and beyond on all sides by the eternal hills. Never was sheet of water more beautiful—never one more sweetly nestled away in the very bosom of its mountain nurse. The winds in the Notch for once are still, and only a gentle ripple stirs the surface as our boatman unlocks his little craft and paddles us out into the middle of the lake. The afternoon sun lies lovingly on the side and crest of the mountain rising eastward from the edge of the water, touching its bald, scarred brow with ruddy gold; and the firs only nod gently in the breath of a momentary breeze. Spirit of calm, delicious quiet—shut in from the world, and with only a few gentle, loving hearts beating around us!—was there ever a spot more sacred to this feeling? The boatman ceases his paddling, and we float lazily on, our lips silent, our eyes closed, and seeming to be gliding away on a very lake of dreams.

We have floated over, till we lie beneath the very brow of the eastern mountain. Our boatman breaks the silence by a long steady blast on a six foot tin horn, like those used on our Western canals, which we noticed lying in the boat as we embarked. We are reminded, now, that this is "Echo Lake," and no stream of the land of faerie. The long low note has died on the ear, and an instant of silence follows. Then it comes back from the brow of the mountain above us—a little louder than before—a little mellowed by distance. Another instant, and the same sound reverberates from the opposite hill—the back of Eagle Cliff. Can there be yet more echoes? Yes, a third echo comes back from the range that slopes away from the head of the lake northward—a little fainter, and broken now; and then the more distant hills catch the sound, and far as the eye can trace the blue peaks rising behind each other through the gap beyond, the ear can catch the reverberation,—fainter—fainter—fainter, till it dies away in a drowsy murmur. How many experiments we try upon that horn, and with what horrid discords some of us must startle the Dryads in the wooded shades up the mountain, where we seem to *see* the echo leaping from cliff to cliff and from bough to bough! But we come back very soon to the practised notes of the boatman, and we shut our eyes and dream again, as his quick, sharp peals ring merrily up among the hills—of noble lord and gentle lady, hunting in the days of old, and the bugle blasts of outlaws sounding through gloomy Ardennes or merry Sherwood. Anon he ends his strain with a long, low falling note, and we hear some old cathedral hymn sweeping through forest aisles and bending the spirit to reverence and prayer. Half an hour later, when we have again landed at the little wharf, the capabilities of the echo are somewhat severely tested. A rusty swivel lies on the bank, and our cannoneer, (the boatman) loads it, with the aid of a coffee pot and a dilapidated pitcher. There is a loud report, a long, sullen boom as the sound crosses the lake—a stunning rebuff from the peaks opposite—the sound breaks and shivers into fragments, rattling among the rocks and crashing among the trees, till the whole range seems filled with a fierce commotion of sound. Then the echo grows distinct again, and bounding from peak to peak, dies away in muttering thunder in the distance.

We see Echo Lake, one afternoon, under different circumstances. The east wind comes rushing up through the Notch, drifting the clouds high and wild, singing around the gables of the Profile, and sending those who attempt to pass through the door, somewhat suddenly into the wide hall, in various states of personal disarrangement. We have a fancy for looking upon Echo Lake when vexed with the coming storm. Its face no longer smiles blue up to the heavens, but a black frown has gathered upon it, reflected from the leaden sky and the wind-tossed trees of the mountains. What a blast is that which comes roaring and singing up the Notch, and how the little lake imitates its larger sisters, and gets up little tumbling waves of rage! Echo is blown away, and so should we be, to the head of the lake, could we succeed in unchaining the boat with which we have no business.

We see Echo Lake once more—a last glimpse—when half done the weary ascent of the steep Cannon Mountain, which is made through much perspiring and many stoppages to recover breath—through dense woods, under fallen trees, and up slippery stones—decidedly the sharpest labor of the whole excursion. Echo Lake, seen in various glimpses after achieving half the ascent—is no longer a lake, but a little, quiet, wash-bowl sheet of water, into which, though a couple of miles away, one has a suspicion that he can toss a pebble. It smiles saucily, however, even at this distance, and we can hear that Echo is being disturbed, as usual, by the blasts of the everlasting and indispensable horn. It is the last of our rambles at the Franconia—this ascent of the Cannon (the "Profile"—and alternately called the "Cannon," from the appearance of a mounted cannon lying a few rods back from the "Old Man.") We have ridden up Bald Mountain by carriage, ascended its bald and bouldered head, had a glimpse of the inferior peaks of the White range, seen the Profile House and Echo Lake from that point, written our names on the flag-staff, and met with an inevitable shower coming down. The ascent of Mount Lafayette, which is to be made on horseback, we have concluded to waive in deference to Mount Washington. Nearly two hours of toil, and we stand on the top of the Cannon—on the very brow of the Old Man of the Mountain. It is a dizzy look into the valley below, and prudent people do not take it too near the verge. Mount Lafayette, the only peak of the Franconia range that rises above us, is for once clear of clouds, and we have a glorious view of its sun-kissed side, fluted, so to speak, with alternate ridges and gullies. It almost seems that we can step across to it, so completely annihilated, in the clear air, is the intervening distance, and yet there are miles between the peaks.

But the sun has left the peak of Lafayette, and there is an hour of rugged climbing—downward. Oh! how the nerves of the knees are strained in these descents!—strained till, long before we see the white Profile House again glimmering through the trees, we should be almost content to pass the night leaning against a tree, so as to escape the pain of moving further. But the descent is at last accomplished, and we have done with the Franconia Notch—it may be for the present, it may be forever. The quadrille and the waltz have been going on in the great drawing-room to-night, and the music has never seemed gayer; but we hear the first snow of the season come whirling against our windows from Eagle Cliff, and I must hurry on to the Crawford House to-morrow, for the ascent of Mount Washington.

THE GOVERNOR.

## World of Art.

### General Notices.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

THE SCALPEL. Edited by Edward H. Dixon, M.D. That world-renowned wit, John Matthews, has obliged us with the July issue of this excellent journal, for the amiable purpose of enjoying our literary quandary in acknowledging it from the World of Art! *Pas encore, monsieur.* The Scalpel, *par courtesie*, ranks under "legitimate art," as the inimitable statuette of its talented editor, by Muller, graces the desk whereon we write. There is overmuch truth, pathos, and sarcasm, in the leading article, "The Popular Medical Race-Course," for us not to detect from whose trenchant pen it emanated. For many ladies and gentlemen cut the leaves of Magazines, but flinch from delving further lest the Scalpel may *cut them;* but if the doctor was aware with what avidity we devour the substantial food he sets before us, he would no longer complain of a lack of wholesome literary appetite. "Oliver Asks for More," the racy "Seventh Letter" from J. M., touching the magnitude of "London Docks," and the æsthetics of "Wine-testing," and the philosophical treatise on the "Hypocrisy of Gymnastics," render this number particularly interesting.

Truly gratifying to our artistic eye is it to note the novel art feature of that most *recherche* of journals, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. That "dainty rogue," T. Addison Richards, has for some time past been busy slyly resurrectionizing the "mortal coil" of the ancient Deiderick, till we should not be surprised to see him in *propria personæ*, with his gold headed cane, plaited cue, cocked hat and sma claes, promenading Nassau as of yore and staring agape at our new "shingle" at the LEADER OFFICE. (Will Muller oblige us with his Clay statuette *a la Dixon* for next Christmas?) Of course we attribute all this improvement to the Art Department! How the ghosts of the old burgomasters must stare at the perfection of such miracles of art down there in the "old tannery!" We forsee the venerable weathercock which the St. Nicholas Society has in regal custody, beckoning to us from the spire of Our New City Hall! (Will Richards oblige us with a sketch of that edifice?) The "Doctor" ought to know better than to thus surfeit us with literary dainties—spoiling our appetite for the wholesome bread and butter of our ordinary *regime*.

ROMAN MOSAIC PICTURE, of the Ruins of Paestum and Bay of Salerno, Italy. On exhibition at Weston's. For sale, price $5,000. One of the largest, most brilliantly tinted and finely blended mosaics in this country. The history of Paestum, the ancient Posadonia, extends back to an age quite mythological. Here Ulysses landed when sailing in the Posadonian Gulf; Jason and his Argonauts, and Hercules himself, are said to have worshipped in the temples now standing, the principal of which is supposed to be that of Neptune. It is composed of *Travertena*, a species of fresh water limestone which, though extremely porous, is in this climate very durable. The huge Doric columns are composed of separate blocks of marble put together without aid of cement. They are six feet in diameter, and the height, including the capitals, is nearly thirty feet. It is this Temple of Neptune that is rendered the prominent feature of the mosaic of the Ruins of Paestum. Although the appearance of the country is ravishingly beautiful, it is no fit place for human abode, for all the water in the vicinity possesses the strange property of petrifaction, and though the immortal "Roses of Paestum" bloom here twice a year, the land is reeking with pestilence and malaria.

## New Publications.

RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS. By Henry Morford. New York: H. Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau street. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1859.

This collection of poems, some time promised, and noticed in advance with much kindness by a large portion of the newspaper press—is published by Messrs. Dexter & Co., to-day. It forms a neat 12mo. of 240 pages, with an excellent portrait on steel by Buttre, from an ivorytype by Fanshaw. The typographical imprint is that of Charles W. Baker, and promises well as the first book publication of Messrs. Dexter & Co., which enterprising house has heretofore been principally devoted to periodical issues. The connection of the author with this paper necessarily renders any critical analysis of his "Rhymes" impossible. From the brief preface we learn that the collection comprises what the author judged best worth saving, from the fugitive rhymings of the period covered by the title; and from the dedication—which is "to that portion of humanity which recognizes poetry in the home affections, and romance in the experiences of every-day life"—it is evident that most of the poems are intended to be given rather as the embodiment of life-experiences than as efforts of the imagination,—and that by that standard they must be judged. Nearly one hundred poems are embodied in the volume, embracing a great variety of title, and necessarily a good deal of incongruity. At least one quarter of the whole number have appeared originally in the LEADER, and several of the others have been republished here from time to time. Several, it would appear, have "never before been published, but been written or reserved for publication in this volume." Among those which have not before appeared in these columns, we make selection of two which seem best to illustrate two very different styles of composition,—leaving the author to meet what fate he may deserve at the hands of the critical and the reading world:

CLOSING THE LEDGER, FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Close up the Ledger, Time,
Slowly and sadly, but let it be,
Mournfully passeth by the year;
What are the records for you and me
Left by the falling fingers here?
What for passion, and what for love?
What for avarice and crime?
What for hope and the Heaven above?
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time.
Many a name, for good or ill,
Fills to the margin your blotted scroll,—
Many a high and haughty will,
Many a low but humble soul;
Yet one page to each is given,
Marking the changing path we climb,
Holding the balance of Hell or Heaven;
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time.
Say, are we creditors for aught?
Have we a store of noble deeds,
Springing from high and generous thought,
Such as our fallen brother needs?
Have we laid up for coming years
Words to weave in a funeral rhyme—
Names that will call up grateful tears?
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time.
Say what promises hope has drawn—
Say what drafts stern truth has paid;
Say what bankrupt hopes have gone
In the grave with memory laid.
Say if the heart has kept its own,
Gathering beauty with lure and lime?
Say what fabrics are overthrown?
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time.
Hark! the knell of the year goes by;
Have I run out my golden sand?
Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
Naught beyond may the Ledger tell,
Naught be known but in guilt and crime:
Listen! I hear the New Year's bell—
Shut up the Ledger, Time!

MY STEERAGE GIRL.

Oh beauty in squalor, in dirt and rags!—
Oh ugliness hidden in velvet and lace!
There's an eye, sometimes, that the covering drags
From the prisoned glories of form and face.
Then diamonds glow in the humblest tears;
Then fades the grace of the pearled curl;
And then I look back through a dozen of years,
And think again of my steerage girl.

I found her one day in the motley crew
Of the steerage berths in a packet ship;—
Where faces with hunger were gaunt and blue,
And suffering murmured in eye and lip.
A greasy candle with sputtering wick
She held at the ladder, lighting me down;—
The grime on her round cheeks gathered thick,
And little bare feet of a dirty brown.

Oh steerage girl!—little steerage girl!—
A queer little thing she was, I trow,
To set my senses all in a whirl,
But that was long—very long ago:
And I saw such diamond flashes break
Out from the dirt of that crusted gem,
That for her, once washed and heart-awake,
One might lose—if he had it—a diadem.

Such wondrous tints in her golden hair—
(It was matted, and tangled, and crazily wild)
Such flashes of white in the bosom bare—
(Remember, oh prude, she was only a child!)
Such a rosebud mouth—such a rounded cheek—
Such springing graces of supple form—
What a heaven of bliss did they all bespeak,
When a year or two more should ripen and warm!

Alas! for I lost her!—Was it a loss
To her or to me? We parted there.
But a moment joined, our fates ran cross
When I mounted again the ricketty stair.
Whatever had destiny ordered below
For so watery beauty, I sadly missed:
Lost angel of squalor—I do not know
If she ever was washed—or ever was kissed!

But sometimes when ugliness overpaints,
Or beauty lies hidden in rags or in grime,
I wonder if Poverty's guardian saints
Have kept her from suffering, sorrow and crime.
The Future is always voiceless and grim,
And the Past is growing as silent a churl;
Else I sometimes would ask it, though years grow dim,
To tell me the fate of my steerage girl.

GERMANY; by Madame the Baroness de Stael Holstein. With Notes and Appendices, by O. W. Wight, A. M. Two volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau st., 1859.

In the perusal of no other of Madame de Stael's works can so good an idea be formed of her wonderful versatility—of that union of the vivacity of the woman with the direct force and energy of the man, which made her both in conversation and as an authoress the mingled delight and terror of her time,—as in a close and careful reading of her "Germany." It is no small benefit which that rising and very able young *litterateur*, Mr. Wight, has conferred on the American public, in furnishing them with this new edition, which is, as the editor remarks, very nearly a new translation so far as labor is concerned, though founded upon the Murray translation of 1814. Nearly fifty years have elapsed since Savary, Napoleon's Duke de Rovigo, then Minister of Police, was entrusted with the optional task of expurgating a large number of objectionable sentiments from this very "Germany," or destroying the edition. With the blu

# Business Notices.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC., ETC.
J. MACDUFF, 11 WALL STREET.
If you want to buy a Good Watch, and wish it CHEAPER BY 30 TO 35 PER CENT., than you can obtain it elsewhere, call and examine my stock and convince yourself that, in Price and Quality, it defies competition by any other House, as may be seen from this list of Prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Silver Lepine Watches | $ 7, | worth | $ 14 |
| Silver Lever Watches | 8, | " | 16 |
| Silver English Lever Watches | 12, | " | 25 |
| Silver Hunting Case Lepines | 10, | " | 16 |
| Silver Hunting Case Levers | 12, | " | 20 |
| Silver Hunting English Levers | 18, | " | 30 |
| Gold Lepine Watches, 18 carats fine | 17, | " | 30 |
| Gold Detached Lever Watches, 18 carats fine | 20, | " | 35 |
| Gold Enamelled Watches | 22, | " | 38 |
| Gold English Patent Levers, 18 carats fine | 40, | " | 70 |
| Gold Hunting Case Lepines, 18 carats fine | 25, | " | 40 |
| Ladies Gold Hunting Case, 18 carats fine | 28, | " | 45 |
| Ladies Gold Enamelled Hunting Watches | 30, | " | 50 |
| Ladies Diamond Hunting Case Watch's | 50, | " | 85 |
| Gold Hunting Anchor Watches | 30, | " | 45 |
| Gold Hunting English Patent Levers, | 75, | " | 110 |

Also, a choice assortment of CHRONOMETERS, DUPLEX & LEVER WATCHES of the most celebrated Makers, cased in Magic, Shell, and other endless variety of styles, and in the latest designs. Ladies' Fine Gold Bracelets, Brooches, Pins, and Ear-Rings, Lockets, Necklaces, Spectacles, Vinaigrettes, Smelling Bottles, Shawl Pins, Pencil Cases, Charms, &c., at great sacrifices. He has also on hand, and is constantly adding thereto from France and England, an extensive assortment of the Newest Patterns in Gold and Silver, also Sheffield and other Plated Ware, in Tea and Coffee Services, Castors, Urns, Cake Baskets, Fish Knives, Spoons, Knives and Forks, Goblets, Liquor Cases, &c., which he offers at UNPRECEDENTED PRICES!

☞ Every Watch warranted to keep time for one year, and all articles sold will be guaranteed as represented. Watches repaired by the very best workmen only, at unusually low charges. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully solicited to call and inspect the goods, and their doing so will entail no obligation to purchase.
REMEMBER! 11 WALL STREET!
J. MACDUFF, 11 Wall Street.

NEW YORK MARBLE COMPANY.
FORTY-SECOND STREET,
Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, New York.
(Opposite the Crystal Palace Grounds.)
MANTELS, TABLE-TOPS,
COLUMNS, PEDESTALS, &c., &c., &c.,
Made of State Stone, Marbleized in exact imitation of the choicest imported Marbles, viz: Egyptian, Sienna, Brocatelle, Verd Antique, Red Antiques, Jasper, Porphyry, Mosaic, Pyrenees, French Spar, Lisbon, California, Statuary, White, Italian and
EVERY OTHER VARIETY NOW IN USE.
Our assortment of Patterns is very extensive, comprising elaborately-carved, heavy-moulded, paneled, and plain mantles; also, every variety of
TABLE AND BUREAU TOPS.
Our beautiful Marbles have secured the unqualified commendation of all who have seen or used them.
They resist the action of OILS and ACIDS which deface ordinary Marbles, and withstand a higher degree of heat. Reference is made to all parties having them in use.
MARBLEIZED SLATE STONE MANTELS
have been used in Europe and highly approved for the last ninety years, while they have been used in this country more than ten years.
The UNRIVALED BEAUTY, INDESTRUCTABILITY and AMAZING CHEAPNESS of these Marbles recommend their universal adoption. Our process of converting this Stone into Marble, is by fusing Mineral Colors; with powerful heat these colors (by the use of chemical agents) are absorbed by the stone and become incorporated into the same.
These Marbles can be shipped to any part of the country, without liability to breakage. Losses on account of breakage will be guaranteed by the Company for 2½ per cent. on the cost of the articles, payable in advance.
The attention of ARCHITECTS and HOUSE-BUILDERS is respectfully invited.
H. DWIGHT, President.
JAMES R. BAME, Treasurer.
E. DEMING, Superintendent of Manufactory.

THE COLLINS HOUSE,
No. 279 HUDSON STREET.
JAMES W. COLLINS, Proprietor.
This Model Restaurant, though only in operation for a short time, has already won golden opinions from the public at large. No pains or expense has been spared by the proprietor to render it the first house of the kind on the western side of the city.
His Larder is supplied with FISH, FLESH and FOWL of every class and kind that comes in the province of a caterer to mankind at large.
The PASTRY and CONFECTIONARY department is under the immediate supervision of a French Artist, who has achieved laurels in some of the most celebrated hotels in Paris.
There are TWO LARGE and ELEGANT SALOONS, fitted up in a style that reflects great credit upon the able designer. One of these is for the accommodation of Ladies and Families exclusively. Under no circumstances is a gentleman admitted to this apartment unless accompanied by a lady.
ICE CREAM, SODA WATER, and the choicest FRUITS of the season constantly on hand.
With a careful attention to business and a desire to cater for the tastes of the public, the proprietor is sanguine that the Collins House will earn a reputation second to none in the United States.
JAMES W. COLLINS, Proprietor.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.
THE DIAPHRAGM FILTER.
JENNISON'S INVENTION WITH GIBSON'S IMPROVEMENT.
Awarded two Gold Medals and one Silver Medal, by American Institute, as the BEST CROTON FILTER; Silver Medal, by Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association; and Silver Medal by Maryland Institute; also several Diplomas.
Since the introduction of the Diaphragm Filter several contrivances for filtering water, with combination faucets, or with felt, or other destructible fibrous material for medium have been brought before the public, and successively condemned; and have only served to establish this Filter as a standard article for domestic use, and as being the only durable apparatus ever devised for filtering water, under pressure.
MEDIUM OF COMPRESSED QUARTZ.
Adapted to various pressures of water. Renders the most turbid Water clear as Crystal.
McKENZIE & O'HARA, Plumbers,
HYDRAULICS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,
326 FOURTH STREET,
One block West of Broadway, N. Y.,
And 417 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.

$2,500 PER YEAR.
HOW TO MAKE A GOOD LIVING HONESTLY.
Agents wanted in every county in the Union, to engage in the sale of
TYLER'S PATENT HAND MILLS.
This mill is an article of admitted utility. No farmer, druggist or storekeeper after using it one year would be without it, for many times its cost. It weighs only 14 lbs., and a boy can work it. It will grind all kinds of grain, coffee, spices, etc., fine or coarse.
Also SHALER'S CARPET SWEEPER, which sweeps a carpet or floor cleaner than a broom and creates no dust. It is cheaper than a broom, for it will out last 20 brooms; it also saves its cost yearly in the wear of carpets.
Also, "SPEARS CORN HUSKER.—It perfectly removes the husk without injury to the corn. It will strip 30 ears per minute. Its working has been witnessed, and is endorsed and recommended by the following distinguished gentlemen: Hon. J. V. C. Smith, ex-Mayor of Boston; Hon. Hollis Bowman, Bangor, Me.; Hon. C. S. Flint, Secretary Massachusetts Board of Agriculture; Prof. Mapes, N. Y., and numerous others.
"Send for circulars," with three-cent stamp, C. H. TYLER & CO., 145 Nassau street, box 3391.

ASK FOR LEDIARD'S MORNING CALL,
Ask for Lediard's Morning Call.
Ask for Lediard's Morning Call.
WHY?
BECAUSE UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS ARE putting up spurious articles which they designate "Morning Call."
* * * * * * *
Buy Lediard's Morning Call.
Buy Lediard's Morning Call.
Buy Lediard's Morning Call.
WHY?
BECAUSE IT IS THE FINEST INVIGORATING cordial bitter in the world.
* * * * * * *
Try Lediard's Morning Call.
Try Lediard's Morning Call.
Try Lediard's Morning Call.
Try Lediard's Morning Call.
WHY?
BECAUSE ONE TRIAL WILL SATISFY YOU of its excellence as a tonic, alterative, and anti-dyspeptic beverage, without an equal for purity, and scientifically prepared from the choicest and best ingredients.
Sold wholesale by the leading Liquor and Drug Houses in New York.
Retail everywhere.
Depot No. 37 South William street.

FIVE TO SIX DOLLARS FOR THE BEST Spring Bed in existence.
WHAT IS SAID OF IT.
Softer than down—superbly comfortable.—*Mercury.*
It is a truly luxurious article.—*U. S. Journal.*
Has accomplished the object desired.—*Home Jour.*
Will be universally used.—*Times.*
Excels everything else in that line.—*Daily News.*
We have no hesitation in recommending it.—*Mer. Magazine.*
It is easy, luxurious, cheap. We speak advisedly.—*Atlas.*
We know them to be just the thing.—*Ohio Farmer.*
Is universally admired and applauded.—*Corn. Adv.*
The public are unanimous in its praise.—*Balt. Dis.*
The most meritorious invention ever introduced.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*
Are to ease to the weary in limb.—*Put. Mag.*
Can be fitted to any ordinary bedstead.—*Spir. Tel.*
They are all the inventor claims.—*Lake Sup. Miner.*
The Elliptic Springs may be procured of Cabinet Dealers and Upholsterers, throughout the country, or direct from the Company. Address
GEORGE F. GRAY, Secretary.
Elliptic Bed Spring Compay. 378 Broadway, N. Y.

MEDICAL.
DR. J. BOVEE DODS'
IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
DR. DODS has made a wonderful discovery for the cure of consumption, liver complaints, weak stomachs, and general debility in males or females, by the use of his
IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS,
which act directly upon the blood, equalizing it in its circulation, purifying and enriching it, and thus through the blood producing all their happy results. In his private practice in Brooklyn and New York hundreds have been cured, given up by physicians as hopeless. For particulars see the Daily Times, and his Circulars at his office, 649 Broadway.
His office hours are from 9 o'clock, A. M., till 6 P. M., where the Bitters may be obtained, wholesale and retail, of C. WIDDIFIELD. DR. DODS will be there every afternoon, from 12 to 6 o'clock, for the examination of patients, and to attend to their various diseases.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA — This is the great Spring and Summer Remedy, and the only permanent
BLOOD PURIFIER
and eradicator of diseases.
Reader, if your blood is impure, and your system out of order, there is nothing that will so soon restore you to health, and create NEW, RICH, and PURE BLOOD as the GENUINE DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA,
Manufactured under the direct supervision of DR. JAMES R. CHILTON, CHEMIST.
Try a bottle or two. Thousands will testify that it is the only medicine which
EFFECTUALLY CURES AND KEEPS THE BLOOD PURE.
BE CAREFUL TO USE NO OTHER.
Wholesale and retail depot, No. 212 Broadway—Office No. 2.

MEDALLION CARPET,
VELVET CARPET,
BRUSSELS CARPET,
THREE-PLY CARPET,
INGRAIN CARPET,
STAIR CARPET,
HALL CARPET,
Rugs, Mats, Matting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggets 4 yards wide. Table and Piano Covers, at greatly reduced prices. The largest assortment in this city, displayed in ten spacious Salesrooms.
HIRAM ANDERSON, 20 Bowery,
Sign of the large Gold Eagle.

# Business Notices.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES,
WITH IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.
THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH.
OFFICE NO. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
It is found by accurate experiment that the stitching of a shirt requiring by hand 13 hours and 31 minutes, can be done by this machine in 1 hour and 5 minutes. Other work is done with equal facility.
THE LOCK-STITCH MADE BY THIS MACHINE is the only stitch that cannot be raveled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.
GOOD NEWS.—*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reasons why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the past year the trials were numerous, and all the patents of any pretension were brought fairly into competition. In every case the Wheeler & Wilson machine won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five Ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $35. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

COSTAR'S CARD.—
To destroy Rats—
To destroy Roaches—
To destroy Croton Bugs—
To destroy Ants—
To destroy Bed Bugs—
To destroy Moths—
To destroy Mosquitoes—
To destroy Fleas—
To destroy Insects on Animals, &c., &c.—
USE
"COSTAR'S" RAT, ROACH, &c. EXTERMINATOR
"COSTAR'S" BED-BUG EXTERMINATOR,
"COSTAR'S" ELECTRIC POWDER, FOR INSECTS, &c.
THE
[only infallible remedies known.]
PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 410 BROADWAY, New York.
Sheffilin, Bros. & Co.
B. A. Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
A. B. & D. Sands & Co.
Wheeler & Hart.
Hall, Ruckel & Co.
M. Ward Close & Co.
Harrel, Risley & Kitchen.
McKlison & Robins.
Rush. Gale & Robinson.
Barnes & Park.
F. C. Wells & Co.—And others
Wholesale Agents in New York City.
Druggists, Grocers, and Retailers everywhere sell them.
Beware!!! of spurious imitations. Examine each Box, Bottle or Flask, and take nothing but COSTAR'S. For Agencies, send for Circulars, Terms, &c.

THE BALLAD OF BEAUTY.
BY JULIA CAREY RHEINHARDT.
"Give me a song," said a lover,
"Sing to me, lady fair,
Search through your brain and discover
Melodies finished and rare.
Sing of the feudal ages,
Or sing of the troubadour times
When princesses were woed by pages
And won by the power of rhymes!"
"Here we have no princesses,"
Faltered the lady fair;
"And rhyme but too seldom blesses
The ninnies who make it their care.
But men of the humblest mothers
May win the most lofty dames,
If arrayed in a suit of SMITH BROTHERS,
They plead their amorous flames."
SMITH BROTHERS, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING WAREHOUSES, 122, 138 and 140 Fulton street.

THE SEVEN AGES, either of man or woman, are full of incident and vicissitude, and scarcely any are exempt from times when cosmetic preparations, such as those prepared at Dr. GOURAUD'S Laboratory, are positively required. The best way is to be forewarned and forearmed with preventives. Dr. G. has evidently taken this view of the subject, as is proved by the variety of choice toilet articles which he has either invented or prepared for our selection. The most prominent in our memory are the Italian Medicated Soap, the Poudres Subtiles, the Lilly White, the Liquid Vegetable Rouge, the Medicated Hair Restorative, the Liquid Hair Dye, and various other articles which the ladies are sure to approve of as soon as once honoring them with a trial. These delightfully soothing productions can be obtained at J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; at Callendar & Co.'s, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and at Dr. Gouraud's Laboratory, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, New York.

FUN ON THE WATER.—The fine opportunity afforded by our bay and harbor for the lovers of acquatic sports seldom passes by unimproved, and the expanse of water is often dotted with the sea-bird sails of our pleasant yachts. Of these scenes there can be no scarcity of lovers, and the varied scenery of the gateway to the Island City is always worthy of a visit. To do this, but one thing is necessary—to make up your mind to a flying visit to Staten Island, which can very easily be done without the loss of much valuable time, by the boats of the STATEN ISLAND FERRY COMPANY, which leave Whitehall street every half hour.

AMERICAN SOLIDIFIED MILK.
Vast as is the importance of this discovery to the SHIPPING INTEREST AND VOYAGERS, it is of even greater moment to mothers
IN LARGE CITIES,
since it enables them to supply the Nursery instantaneously, and at all seasons with
PURE FRESH MILK,
from the best dairies in the State.
DEPOT, No. 167 BROADWAY.

CAROM AND SCRATCH.—If there be any one thing better calculated to make a man at war with the world, himself, the people in the world, and billiard players in particular, it is a scratch game, on a good table, such as those manufactured by MESSRS. O'CONNOR & COLLENDER, Nos. 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street. For our part, we are emphatically and undeniably *down* on any such principle, and when we encounter such an itch-troubled character, we are inclined to throw down our cue in disgust and play with the bridge. It has always been a marvel to us how, in the name of common sense, any one could play a *scratch* game on a Phelan table; when, with the finely gauged cushion, the marble beds and all the attractive features of the only genuinely fine and well-made table, under Mr. Phelan's immediate supervision and his own talents—when, with such tables, all the principles of the scientific game could be applied, and the calculations of a good and scientifically disposed player by no means likely to fail—when caroms can be made on such scientific principles, it is almost an outrage to play for a scratch. This, at least, should be one recommendation for the public patronage of O'CONNOR & COLLENDER'S tables, and we mistake greatly if it be not accepted. There can no longer be any doubt of their superiority over other manufacturers—the decisions of the best judges have always been in their favor, and we are free to say that a fair trial will always insure their adoption by the lovers of the game.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Our readers who yet propose visiting the "Alps of America," this season, should remember that three-fourths of the visitors to that fairy region go by the direct route of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad and Steamboat Line, E. S. Martin, Agent, Pier 18, foot of Courtlandt street. The strong, swift and splendid steamers, Commonwealth and Connecticut, start at 5 P. M., every week day. The distance is 120 miles by steamer, and 180 by rail, it requiring but 23 hours of pleasant travel ere you reach those health and joy giving localities. The Norwich and Worcester route to and from Boston and other cities of the extreme East, is unsurpassed for speed, safety and comfort; and the rates of freight and passage and all the regulations have made this route popular with the public for many prosperous years. The gentlemanly and experienced agent at this end, E. S. MARTIN, Esq., is one of the most useful officers of the Line, faithful to his duties, courteous and energetic. Indeed, no small share of the popularity of this route is attributable to the agreeable manners of its various officers.

MESSRS. W. H. & J. S. DARLING.—We lately had the pleasure of visiting the vast building establishment of this well known firm at No. 371 South street. Their race, club and shell boats are favorably known all over the Union for speed, beauty of model and finish; in short, for every quality that goes to make up a superiority in their line of business. As a proof of what we say it is only necessary to mention some of the places for which the Messrs. Darling have built boats during the past one or two seasons, among which are Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Milwaukee, Boston, San Francisco, Springfield, Albany, New Haven, Rochester, &c. One of the most elegant single-pair scull boats we ever saw, is now nearly finished by them for a Chicago club. She is called "The Star of the West," and will be exhibited at the coming State Fair in Chicago.

THE FALL STYLES.—There is quite a contest on the *tapis* with our various clothiers, regarding the priority in gaining the public opinion in favor of the new fall styles, which are creating such a sensation with the *beau-monde*. Fashion seems to have outdone herself, and to have produced a style for the present opening season, which sets aside all minor considerations in the adoption and admiration of the prevailing mode. Of the contestants, there seems to be but one which deserves the popular praise, and that is the new style of DRUMGOLD & PROOH, No. 214 Broadway.

THE LION OF THE AVENUE.—A pretty sign is often times the index of a pretty store, and we know of a friend of ours, who, although shining forth with an attractive front-door announcement, contrives to satisfy those who enter to patronize as well as those who survey the lion and the beaver. DUNLAP, the premium new-style hatter under the new Fifth Avenue Hotel, and No. 537 Broadway, is the man who rivals, in the trade, the new styles of Paris and the World—for the world is Paris and Dunlap is the world. Don't forget DUNLAP & Co., if you admire good hats and desire to wear them.



# New York Leader.

JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.


CONTENTS OF INSIDE PAGES.


RAMBLES WITH ROD AND RIFLE—*By Random Shots—No. X.*
DRESS, ART, AND FASHION (*Ladies' Department.*)—*by Mrs. Pullan.*
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—(*Summer Letters*)—*by the Governor.*
NEW PUBLICATIONS—"*Rhymes of Twenty Years*;" "*Germany*;" "*Lectures for the People*;" "*Miss Leslie's Behavior Book*;" *Magazines, &c.*
CHOICE POEMS—"*Shop Windows,*" *by Emil*; "*Hot Corn,*" *by Thomas Rogers*; "*The Aurora,*" *by Walter Savage North.*
PRIMROSE WALK.
PEEPS AT CURRENT EVENTS.
MILITARY MATTERS.
FIRE GOSSIP.
SPORTING SEASON, &c., &c., &c.


GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H.—"Spell-free" will be used. We do not recognise the propriety of the remarks of the correspondent, having tried to do him even justice with others. We have before remarked that we welcome contributions from all sources, but that they must come under our best judgment, and revision if necessary.

FEARLESS, (*New Haven.*)—Unaccountably the *date* of the Parade is not given in the communication. Please supply this omission, and the letter will be used next week.

JUMPER, (*Binghamton.*)—Will try to do you justice next week. We are, as usual, overcrowded.

SPARTAN, (*Rochester.*)—Will do all we can for you next week.

## THE TRUE MODE OF PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNING.

It is a fact to be confessed and regretted that the position to which orators refer as "the highest office in the gift of a free people," has, on several occasions last past, been sought after and captured by arts and artifices the very reverse of noble. One candidate was urged by his friends on the ground that no one knew anything about him; that his principles—if he had any—were of a kind to be developed and modified by time and the force of his social surroundings; that he had never been of sufficient consequence to attract any decisive hostility; and that, therefore, he would enter the White House under no other obligations than those of gratitude to the men who successfully conspired to place him there. Another candidate was carried forward on the pure and simple ground that he could plead absence from the country at a time when an important public question was under discussion, and that in this manner he could establish an *alibi* when charged with participation in an obnoxious measure. Whatever may be thought of the success of this policy, no pretence can be made that it was either chivalrous or manly. After all it was a mere paltry dodging of questions which should have been frankly met and settled on the ground of merits; and it was followed by the natural results of disappointment and disgust, among more than one half the operators who had assisted in these pig-in-a-poke transactions.

It therefore gives us pleasure at last to see a Presidential candidate who courts and challenges free discussion of all vital interests; who places himself before the people, subject to their scrutiny, and determined that those who support him, if at all, shall do so with a full knowledge of what they may expect should he prove successful. In the masterly speech of Judge Douglas, delivered at Columbus, Ohio, in which the great party issues of Non-intervention and Popular Sovereignty were taken up and discussed on Wednesday evening last, we have the first decisive blow against the policy of silence and mystification with regard to the views of candidates for National Suffrage. All who have read that effort are in possession of the grounds on which the speaker asks national sympathy and support: he states his premises broadly, and advances without faltering to every legitimate conclusion. To-day he will deliver a more careful and elaborate summary of his views at Cincinnati; and the press of business on us during the past week, with reference to the State Convention, makes us prefer postponing critical examination of his position, as set forth in his Columbus speech, until we shall have received the renewed light and assurance of his second address, delivered in the Queen City of the West.

## SECRETARY COBB'S CONTRACT.

We believe in an economical administration of government, whether it be national, state, municipal or family. We believe that all useless expenditures should be retrenched, and that extravagance, no matter of what nature, no matter in what department, is always injurious and oftentimes ruinous. And we shall be among the last to complain when those having charge of our national affairs shall institute a respectable, healthy, honest reform in the use of the public revenue. But the spectacle now presented of a great country, with its unmeasured territory and limitless resources, putting in a false plea of poverty, and making its first retrenchment out of the well earned wages of the laborers in the government warehouses—is one against which we protest as the handiwork of unmitigated politicians, and derogatory to our national character.

It is useless for us to narrate the reasons why the labor in the public warehouses should be retained within the control and patronage of the general government, and not permitted to become the subject of private speculation. They were stated to Mr. Secretary Cobb in cogent and vigorous terms. The only argument which the Secretary could interpose was economy! Eighty thousand dollars were to be saved to the public treasury.

This is a saving at the tap and wasting at the bunghole. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually consumed in the construction of costly Custom Houses along the inland waters, where the tides ebb and flow occasionally, and where the whole amount of duties received scarcely serve to meet the expenses of clerks and candles. No hand of power is interposed to stay this waste of money. But against this city—the warehouse of the Union, its moneyed and commercial centre, the great outlet of its native products, the great inlet of the products of foreign countries, which pays into the Treasury millions and millions of dollars every year, the complaint of overburdensome extravagance is made—illiberal in its spirit, untenable in its whole extent—untrue in fact.

We have spoken—we still speak in behalf of the laboring men, upon whom the results of this political contract will more especially fall. Our feelings and opinions upon this point have not been changed because they themselves have "expressed their entire satisfaction with the arrangement." We think they are deluded. We do not believe that they have any real protection in the bargain between the Federal Government and the parties of the second part. We hope we err in this belief, but the faith is strong within us, and with reason. Whether we err or not, we raise our earnest voice against this injudicious and humiliating proceeding, which confesses the incapacity of the Government—which suggests suspicions that, for the credit of the country, had better not be spoken—and which smells strongly of the inner caucus room, inaccessible to ordinary Democrats.

## POLITICAL GOSSIP—STATE CONVENTION.

The delegates to the State Convention having been selected almost unanimously in every district but the Fifth, of this City, where the Convention adjourned without selecting a candidate,—there will be no apprehension of a want of unity at Syracuse on Wednesday next. The attempt of Fernando Wood to disorganise and disgrace the party by a contesting delegation from this city, will be met by the Convention with a proper spirit of rebuke, and the leading mover in the Mozart Committee will find his exact level in the political scales. As we have heretofore stated, the State Convention will act not only judiciously in the selection of candidates, but will present available names that will concentrate on the ticket not only the united Democratic vote, but the support of the conservative men of the Opposition.

The manner in which the Republican State Convention treated the proposition from the American party, will prevent the latter from sustaining the ticket nominated; and if the Democratic Convention act in a proper spirit, the American vote in this State can be secured for the Democratic candidates. The American State ticket polled in 1858 nearly sixty-one thousand votes, while the majority of Morgan over Parker was short of eighteen thousand.

If the Democratic State Convention can secure, by proper nominations, one-half of the American vote—and we are assured by competent authority that it can be done—it is their duty to take advantage of every available element to wrest the State from Republican imbecility and extravagance.

The ticket placed in nomination by the Republicans is not a strong one by any means. The proceedings of the Convention exhibit great bitterness of feeling in relation to some of the nominations made, and in this city the ticket is received by many leading Republicans with coldness and distrust. There is a threatened mutiny among the friends of Senator Diven throughout the State, at the manner in which he was treated by the Convention, and the prominence and wonderful influence of General James W. Nye in controlling nominations is not relished by many of the more active Republicans. It is openly asserted that the original Republicans have been ignored in making out the slate, and that apostate Democrats have usurped their places.

With this dissatisfied feeling in the councils of the Opposition, the Democratic party can have an easy canvass if a proper method is adopted to ensure success.

The delegates to the Democratic State Convention, as far as they have been elected, are friendly towards Douglas, and it is fair to presume that the Douglas interest will receive consideration. The action of the State Convention of New Jersey, in refusing to endorse the Buchanan administration, will be imitated generally at the North and West, and platforms of State individuality will alone be adopted as the creed of the party in future campaigns. The delegation to Charleston will be selected by the State Convention, and as elector at large from this section of the State, Postmaster Fowler or James T. Brady will be named. The local nominations are hanging fire until after the meeting of the State Convention, when the merits and claims of candidates for political honors will be discussed and proclaimed by their friends. According to our best surmise from present information, the Convention in assembling will be found to stand about seventy in favor of regular organization and party usage, some seven doubtful, twenty-six disposed to aid Henry A. Wise in having New York not recognised at Charleston, and about twenty-eight seats will be contested.

We notice that the Democracy of Kings County have nominated Hon. Thomas A. Gardner, formerly a member of Assembly, as the successor of Hon. Samuel Sloan in the Senate. Mr. Gardner while in the Assembly was relied upon as an active and influential member, and there can be no doubt of his election to the Senate. Hon. Frank Spinola has been renominated for State Senator. The course of Senator Spinola having been thoroughly endorsed by his constituents, will result in his triumphant return to the Senate by an increased majority. We look forward to the election in Kings County with considerable interest, and as the names of Spinola and Gardner are deservedly popular with the Democracy, we can see no reason to anticipate anything but good news from our neighbors across the water.

## RESIGNATION OF RECORDER BARNARD.

We regret that Recorder Barnard, who has justly earned an enviable reputation as an upright criminal magistrate, contemplates resigning his present position. The duties of the Recorder's office have made inroads on the health of Mr. Barnard, who desires to find rest and relief in the more congenial sphere of family enjoyments. The appointment of his successor will lie with the Board of Supervisors, under the act of 1847, which provides as follows:

"In case a vacancy shall occur in the offices of Surrogate or Recorder, by death, resignation, or otherwise, the Board of Supervisors of said city and county of New York are authorised to fill such vacancy until the General election next ensuing, when an election shall be had to fill the unexpired term of the officer whose term had so become vacant."

It will be seen that the law of 1847 gives the Supervisors power to appoint, but as that body is exactly balanced politically, there will be some difficulty in finding a candidate whose politics will suit the democracy of President Purdy and the ultra Republicanism of John A. Kennedy.

☞ The failure of the resolution to expel Dick Compton from the General Committee, has brought forth a conundrum from an old joker in the City Hall. "What is the difference between the Administration of James Buchanan and that of Colonel Delevan?" "Buchanan was defeated on *Lecompton*, and Delevan on *Dick* Compton!"

☞ *The Dean Family.*—This is the title of a new tale, written for the New York *Sun*, by A. G. Shepard, Esq. Mr. Shepard has the reputation among magazine readers of being a first-class writer of serials; this is the first he has written for the *Sun*. It is to commence in that paper on Thursday next.

☞ The city delegation to the Syracuse Convention organized last evening by the selection of Edward Cooper as temporary chairman, and Wm. N. McIntyre, secretary. The delegates will meet at the Voorhees House, Syracuse, on Tuesday evening next.

GENERAL EWING, present Attorney General of Missouri, has been elected to the Supreme Judgeship of that State.

## UNDESERVED CENSURE.

The statements made by the *Daily* and *Sunday Times* in relation to the course pursued by Justice Brennan in a recent case brought before him, have been proved incorrect and without foundation. Officers Jourdan and Wooldridge have been fully exonerated from censure by the Police Commissioners. It is unnecessary to say one word in defence of the character of Justice Brennan, as a life of integrity and devotion to public interests spent in his native city, removes him far above the reach of slander in any form.

# PEOPLE WE MEET;

OR,

## UP AND DOWN THE PLAZA

ON THE SHILLING SIDE.

NUMBER XXVI.

Dressed with a violent affectation of the English militaire, this somewhat short, bull-necked and broad-shouldered young gentleman of five and thirty, with heavy brown moustache and Napoleonesque imperial twisted to a point, gloves of saffron colored kid, dark eyes under heavy brown eyebrows, white teeth in good quantity and of more than average sample, skin giving evidence of exposure to torrid climates, and a heavy raw staple of iron-grey wool dumped down on his head and bulging out on every side in ringletty profusion,—such, with the addition of elaborate Honiton frill-displays attached to shirt-front and shirt-cuff, is the external man of Mr. Stephen C. Massett, formerly law pupil in the office of James T. Brady, more lately known to the press as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," and a decided popular favorite just at present as the giver of pleasant lectures and the singer of pleasant songs. Of Massett, in any serious character, it is difficult to form a right estimate; difficult to decide at what exact point the public jester ceases and the private gentleman begins. A social butterfly, very gaudy, very restless, very anxious to display the gold and purple powdering of his wings; acutely sensitive to the implied flattery of being allowed to hover in the vicinity of female honey-bells; proud of a social recognition which dignifies boon-companionship with the graces of an art; thrilling with sentiment and delicate perceptions of pleasure, and sacrificing the capacity of usefulness and all the more sober claims to human respect, for the secure ease of a familiarity which is rather tolerated than acknowledged. In the sunny atmosphere of saloons; in the golden haze of supper-tables, when the steam of wine and jollity blots out from recollection all the real purposes of life; in the whirls of fancy dances and the flush of voluptuous music—the charge of conflicting wits and the gay rollick of that social eloquence which aims at no other triumph than one of brimming glasses; in all the minute discriminations of good company and good fellowship—liberal concessions to prejudice and vanity—liberal inclinations to oblige, where no corresponding benefit can be hoped for; in all the generous, frank traits of a boy, possessing riches of unascertained value, which he is willing to bestow on any who may pay him the flattery of asking;—such is one of the most salient aspects presented to our mind's eye as we meet our friend Stephen on the Plaza; and he will not misunderstand us as wishing to wound him, if we confess that a shade of pity for his wasted powers is always blended with our admiration of his rare good nature and good qualities. In his public character of entertainment-giver we cannot but suspect that he has mistaken his vocation. The very fidelity of his imitative power and the subtle nicety of its expression are thrown away in theatres and halls, where vulgar masses of men and women sit in expectation of their money's worth. "Jeems" is a cabinet picture—a study for just a parlor-full to examine through a stereoscope—an article of social *bijouterie*, so to speak, and one never intended to be stared at by pit, galleries and boxes as if he were an elephant, or harlequin, a panoramic Cataract of the Ganges, or a child with two heads, in P. T. Barnum's Museum. We have often thought that Judge Daly should issue proposals for a joint stock company of one hundred Fifth avenue families to make purchase of Stephen and keep him in select circulation as the Doer of Delightfuls for all society-aspirants with more money than brains. In such a company it would give us pleasure to take a share, or so much of a share as our means would permit; and we feel sure that every stockholder would be given par value and a bonus for his money deposit in the amiabilities of Pipes.

With something of the Gascon musketeer in the easy swing and swagger of his gait, this fair-faced youth of less than thirty, who would be well dressed if the textures in his coat, vest and pantaloons were selected with a more artistic regard to harmony of color, is a prominent member of the Board of Aldermen, and a devoted adherent to the Little Giant of the West. Certainly not exceeding the average height, but well built and gymnastic, with clear gray eyes full of animal life and vivacity, short and stiff brown hair, features rather modelled on the pattern of Cæsar's legionaries, long and strong jawbones concealed under no whisker, brilliantly clear complexion, and a fair mouth faintly smiling at its own hopeless attempt to seek shadow under a *pyjeme* moustache—this is Mr. John J. Bradley, of the Eighteenth Ward, Alderman, horse owner and patriot—as good a fellow for friendship as ever struck palm against palm, and as bitter a political partisan as ever lay awake o' nights revolving how he could most embarrass and annoy the enemy. Shrewd, vigorous and with a certain system and theory of life in the midst of habits which appear not regulated by any general plan, Bradley never either looks for support, or pays heed to censure beyond the circle of his affections; and in the esteem of those with whom he lives and moves and has his being, all the world of his conceived responsibility stands contained. A man who lavishes on relatives of blood that affection not called for by the tenderer tie of marriage, John is one who can travel far and visit many lands without forgetting either the friends he has left behind him, condemned to daily drudgery, or the little home-circle who follow him through his pleasure pilgrimage with anxious pride and expectation. He can visit no town without bringing back some trinket or some toy to show that the absent in body were present in his tenacious memory; and so far as the endorsement of good son, good brother, and unchanging friend will go, (and few traits speak more in our judgement, for general excellence of character) the subject of this Aldermanic sketch has no comparison to fear. Decidedly fast in some respects—almost as fast as the best of his own seven-dollar-a-day-livery-horses — John has proclivities to the gentler sex of a very ardent nature; and though no passion seems as yet to have taken permanent hold of his errant fancy, he is secretly believed amongst his intimates to have suffered some, if not a little more, in the pursuit. Devoted politically to Douglas, and paddling in the same canoe with Congressman Clark, John, it is thought, desires to register some abiding impression of his individual consequence on the Democratic annals of this city. A fluent, close and ready speaker on all topics which he has studied, it is the rare virtue of his eloquence never to seek outlet where he does not feel "at this time" that he can throw light on the matter under discussion. There is great common directness and energy in his logic, and he may believe us "at this time" that we pay him no empty compliment. In party association and the every-day work of party politics he manifests very decided independence, and it is known that he can never be used, like one of his own horses, to draw an appointed burden. John will hire all his four wheeled stock without question, but demands both the address and destination of every one who seeks the use of his little political vehicle. "Just at this time," you may be sure, that he is on his way to Mataran's, where he will attempt the translation of small items from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, to the horror and consternation of Charley Baker, Dick Connolly, Ed. Whitlock, John Clancy Jim Sweeny and all the other French-reading and non-French-reading frequenters of that Bohemian establishment.

speeches were made by Etheridge, John Bell, Neil S. Brown, John Netherland, Quailes, and other great Opposition Tennessee guns. Nashville was crowded on the occasion by patriots from all parts of the State. This is no Republican demonstration, but a *bona fide* rally of Nucops.

The official vote of Tennessee is published. Harris (Democrat) is elected over Netherland (Opposition) by 8,103. With such a majority for Governor, we can only say that the Congressional Districts must be very curiously cut up to allow 7 Opposition candidates elected and only 3 Democrats!

OREGON.

General Joseph Lane has written a letter, dated Winchestor, Oregon, to a friend in Washington City (the President). The *Constitution* is "permitted" to make it public. He writes that Stout, the Democratic candidate is elected by *tight squeezing*. Lane was "in the saddle for four weeks," to achieve this result. He adds: "Thank God, we have triumphed over all opposition; the honor of Oregon has been maintained, and the (your) Administration indorsed fully, and should the election of President in 1860 go into the House, the Union, so far as Oregon is concerned, will be safe."

VIRGINIA.

The internal strife among the Democracy and their presses continues to rage with unabated vigor. Hunter's friends consider Wise as used up, and say boldly that the Virginia delegates to Charleston will be unanimously for him. On the other hand the friends of Wise are as implaceable and as determined as their leader, and they have increased their exertions to secure the nomination of their favorite at Charleston, since his Donnelly letter came out. It is not impossible but highly probable that this State will send two sets of delegates to the National Convention. The Opposition party in Virginia are in great spirits, and are getting ready for the great State Convention, to be held in Richmond, December 14th. One of the Virginia opposition papers hopes that "every man who votes for Goggin will be there, and we call upon the grand old spirit of immortal Whiggery to come forth." The Virginia Opposition seem to be in earnest.

MARYLAND.

More nominations for Congress. A. B. Hagner is the American candidate in the Sixth District. He has issued an address to the people. J. M. Harris was re-nominated for Congress by the Americans in the Third District. It is said that John P. Kennedy is to be an independent candidate in the Fourth Congressional District, against the Hon. Henry Winter Davis, (American.)

An immense Congressional Convention met at Hagerstown on the 1st inst, and nominated the Hon. H. W. Hoffman as its candidate to represent the Fifth District in Congress. Mr. H. was from that District four years ago.

MISSISSIPPI.

This State, or rather many of its presses, seem to be perfectly crazy about Douglas and his prospects. The leading organ of the Democracy, the Vicksburg *Sun*, declares that it "repudiates with loathing the heretical outgoings of Stephen A. Douglas." We are inclined to the belief that this State would be more friendly to Mr. Douglas, if she did not have two Democratic aspirants for the Presidency in her own borders. Senators Davis and Brown are both in the field, and the only way to improve their chances is to kill off Douglas. Hence the fiery denunciations of the Illinois man. The gross personal attacks upon Senator Douglas by the Democratic Journals of Mississippi, are too transparent in their motives.

The Conservative Democracy will eventually interpose, and protect him from infamous abuse and slanders. Instead of becoming a victim, he will be exalted ten fold in the hearts of respectable Democrats.

"'Tis thus the diamond we refine
The more 'tis cut, the more 'twill shine."

Col. Petters, the Democratic candidate for Governor, in a late speech says: "If a Black Republican is elected President, I will ask the legislature to fill the arsenal with arms, that we may be prepared for the worst."

An Opposition State ticket has been put forth, although it was supposed that the Democracy had control of the popular mind. This move has its rise partly in disgust of the people at the Democratic fire-eaters and disunionists. The Vicksburg *Whig*, the oldest Whig paper in Mississippi, and one of the staunchest and ablest to be found in the South, has been working hard to overthrow the Democracy, and "to redeem the State from the misrule, extreme fire-eating rulers, and corrupt dominant party." It has succeeded in rousing an Opposition, and a State ticket has been nominated. D. W. Watter is up for Governor; H. H. Southworth, for Secretary of State; A. E. Reynolds, Auditor; Joseph Regan, Treasurer. The odds are heavily against this ticket. The *Whig* says: "Let us never give up the old Whig ship. if the darkest hour is just before the dawn, why may not the Whigs of Mississippi undergo the hope of success at the coming election?"

VERMONT.

The election in this State came off on the 6th inst. The Republicans succeeded in electing the following ticket: Governor, Hiland Hall. Lieutenant Governor, B. Martin. Treasurer, H. M. Bates. The Legislature is more largely Republican than even before, but the majorities received by the successful Republican candidates for the various offices are not larger than in former years.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

There are three candidates in the field for the Mayoralty of Charleston. The present Mayor, Charles McBeth, Colonel A. O. Andrews, and John. E. Carew. The latter was proprietor of the *Mercury* when it was the organ of John C. Calhoun. U. S. Senator Chestnut was to be complimented with a public dinner at Camden on the 28th of September. He was then to define his position. The *Mercury* and *News* of Charleston oppose Douglas. So does the *Southern Guardian*, *Sumter Watchman*, *Camden Journal*, *Pee Dee Times*, *Cheraw Gazette*, *Nationnelle Times*, *Newberry Conservative*, and *Walhalla Banner*. A dozen more just like them would not harm the prospects of Douglas as much as a flea-bite. They are of no account. South Carolina will not probably go for Douglas at the Charleston Convention, or for any other man, except General Hammond. Even Colonel Orr would not get the vote of a single South Carolina delegate.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Concord *Standard* says the "clique" of Democrats who control the State, will not support any candedate nominated at Charleston, except it be Douglas or Frank Pierce. It is said that Mr. Pierce is quite confident that either he or Douglas will get the nomination, if things are shrewdly managed. We guess it will not be *he*, but t'other one.

ALABAMA.

W. L. Yancey, the great Southern fire-eater, has been badly beaten. He canvassed for members of the Legislature who would elect him United States Senator. A majority of those elected are in favor of Fitzpatrick, the present Senator. The latter is a brother-in-law of the late lamented Dixon H Lewis, who was the most popular man in Alabama that ever lived in that State. He weighed over 600 lbs. when he died.

MAINE.

The State election comes off the 12th of September. A Governor and Legislature are to be elected. The Democratic candidate for Governor is Mannasah H. Smith. The Republican champion is the present Governor, Lott M. Morrill.

OHIO.

The Republicans of the Fourteenth Congressional District, vacant by the death of Cyrus Spink have nominated the Hon. Harrison G. Blake of Medina as their candidate.

MICHIGAN.

The Old Line Whigs have called a public meeting for the 25th inst. at Green Bay. They want all to come who have heretofore stood firm to the principles of their lamented leader, Henry Clay. Good boys.

NEW JERSEY.

Two Conventions were held at Trenton on the 7th instant. The Republican Convention met in one building, organized by appointing Hon. D. S. Gregory, Chairman, and then nominated Charles S. Olden, an old line Whig, and in 1856 a Filmore American elector, for Governor.

The American Convention met in another building, and made the same nomination, of course. Thus a strong union ticket is effected. The Republicans have become scared at the extent of the Southern Opposition movement, and they see that it is necessary to coax the old line Whigs and Americans in Jersey, and they will do so in every other free State where there is danger of an opposition from Whigs and Americans. The Republican leaders have shown their hand. They give their new allies a Governor in 1859, to secure that organization for Seward in 1860. To ensure Seward's election next year, they will rope in Americans and Whigs by sacrificing if necessary, every State office to their allies in exchange for their votes for Seward in 1860. They have done it in Jersey. They are trying to do it in New York, and to ensure Pennsylvania they will make even greater sacrifices. It looks very much as though the Republican leaders would nominate John Bell or J. J. Critteuden for the Vice Presidency, on the Seward ticket—not that they expect to get southern votes, but to keep old Whigs and Americans in the North quiet, and to prevent them going over to any other organization.

NEW YORK.

Our State has been very busy in politics since our last. The Republican party held a State Convention at Syracuse on the 7th inst., and nominated the following ticket: For

*Secretary of State*..Elias W. Leavenworth..Whig.
*Comptroller*.....R. Denniston.....F. S. Dem.
*Attorney General*...Charles G. Myers.....Democrat.
*State Engineer*.....O. W. Story.....Whig.
*Treasurer*.....P. Dorsheimer.....Democrat.
*Canal Commissioner*.Ogden N. Chapman....American.
*Judge of Appeals*...Henry E. Davies.....American.
*State Pr an Inspect*.David P. Forrest.....Whig.
*Clerk of Appeals*..Charles Hughes.....American.

The antecedents of these nominees lead the Republican managers to suppose that they will rope in many Whigs and Americans. The design is to cultivate the Old Line Whigs and the Americans. It may succeed, but we doubt it. The American State convention will meet at Utica on the 29th inst., and should that party nominate an entire new ticket, it will be supported in preference to the one above.

The Democracy of New York have selected from each Assembly District the following names to go as Delegates and Alternates to the State Convention that will meet at Syracuse on the 14th inst:

| *Dist.* | *Delegate.* | *Alternate.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Thomas Bryan | J. C. Tucker. |
| 2 | John Clancy | George H. Purser. |
| 3 | John Y. Savage | Michael Norton. |
| 4 | Isaiah Rynders | Wm. McCaffil. |
| 5 | N. | N. |
| 6 | Elijah F. Purdy | David Kissner. |
| 7 | John Richardson | Peter Duffy. |
| 8 | John Brown | Peter Boylan. |
| 9 | Wm. N. McIntyre | Peter Halpin. |
| 10 | John Cochrane | J. J. Gumbleton. |
| 11 | Peter B. Swazey | N. J. Waterbury. |
| 12 | Bernard Kelley | Hiram Engler. |
| 13 | Peter Masteron | John Wilson. |
| 14 | Edward Cooper | Richard Murphy. |
| 15 | Andrs Fromont | S. McCabe. |
| 16 | Bryan McCahill | Dennis McCarthy. |
| 17 | James McKean | Wm. Harris. |

DOUGLAS IN THE SOUTH.

A well informed Southern correspondent of the *Daily Times*, writing from the Sulphur Springs, Va., gives the subjoined facts in relation to the position of Senator Douglas at the South:

"You will find on an examination into the political discussions in the press, and on the hustings, the Lecompton issue completely absorbed, and the public mind wholly engrossed with a controversy between what are called the interventionists and non-interventionists. In Virginia we have the Hunter wing of the Democracy on the Douglas platform of absolute non-intervention with slavery in the Territories, and against any modification or interpolation of the Cincinnati platform. The advocates of this doctrine, embracing largely the preponderating influence in the Virginia Democracy, are daily assailed by the friends of Gov. Wise as Douglasites—which allegation they do not traverse. So in Kentucky, so in Georgia, so in Alabama, and all throughout the South. It is evident that in this controversy the non-interventionists will prevail in all the States except in Mississippi and probably in South Carolina and Texas.

Meanwhile it is not difficult to perceive that under cover of the smoke of this battle on an abstraction, the engineers of Douglas are sapping the very citadels that are relied on to resist his nomination at Charleston. For instance, it is easy to see that there is an independent Douglas movement in Virginia, outside of Wise and Hunter, and that this is daily becoming more and more formidable. Several of the Democratic press of influence have given unmistakable evidence of preference for Douglas over either of his Virginia rivals. In addition, I have information that leads me to believe that some of the first of her Democratic statesmen prefer Mr. Douglas to any other candidate in the present exigency. Indeed, I should not be surprised to see every inch of Virginia contested for Douglas in the approaching struggle for Delegates.

In North Carolina, while there has been no outspoken declaration in his favor by more than one or two presses, there is an evident feeling of kindness towards him in them all, remarkable, to say the least of it, after all that has happened. It is understood that Ex-Governor Reid, Speaker Settle, the Hon. Mr. Branch, the Hon. Mr. Barringer and numerous other gentlemen of large influence in the Democratic party, and enjoying much of its confidence, warmly espouse the pretensions of Mr. Douglas.

Passing over into South Carolina, it is as obvious that the wing of the Democracy represented by Senator Hammond and Ex-Speaker Orr, warmly sympathize in the Douglas movement. The Edgefield *Advertiser*, the leading organ of this wing and published at the home of Hammond, has already had a series of editorial articles urging the policy of nominating Douglas at Charleston. These articles have given rise to a warm discussion between the *Advertiser* and the Charleston *Mercury*, in which the *Advertiser* maintains its ground with zeal and ability.

In Georgia the movement for Douglas takes a wider range, and is probably more potent than anywhere else in the South. It is understood that Toombs and Stevens have entered actively in his interest, supported by the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, the Macon *Telegraph*, and quite a number of the country press. This movement in Georgia evidently embraces a wide and influential combination. Senator Toombs has declared that he prefers Douglas to any man in the Union for President.

In Alabama, where one would naturally look for the most bitter opposition, a gradual softening down is perceptible. The Mobile *Register*, the old organ of the Alabama Democracy, and edited by John Forsyth, openly advocates the nomination of Douglas; while the *Confederation* at Montgomery, the *Advocate* at Huntsville, and the *Herald* at Athens—all papers of large influence—are evidently rowing in the same direction. Forsyth has lately led the entire Democratic ticket in Mobile twenty-two votes, running on it for the Legislature as an avowed Douglas man. In Louisiana a bitter fight is in progress between the politicians of Douglas, championed by Soule, Parham, Gray, Taylor, Perkins and Slidell, &c. The issue of the conflict is in doubt. Several of the leading Democratic papers are openly advocating Douglas' nomination at Charleston. In Arkansas, Douglas appears to have much strength. General Rush, present member of Congress, Edward Flournoy, ex-member of Congress, Cross, and other men of influence in the Democratic party of that State, are actively in the field for him. In Maryland the feeling for Douglas is strong.

The three States, however, at the South, in which Douglas' greatest strength lies, are Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. Missouri he will carry beyond question. The active leaders of the party, backed up by the St Louis *Republican*, are all for him. In Kentucky, the present Governor, Magoffin, and a large number of the friends of Breckenridge, supported by the *Democrat*, at Louisville, are cordially enlisted in his behalf, and will doubtless give Guthrie a hard fight for the State. In Tennessee we find the leading Democratic paper, the Memphis *Appeal*, openly for Douglas, besides a large number of active influential politicians.

I could recite other evidences of Southern strength for Douglas, but this will be enough to show that if he is to be defeated at Charleston for the nomination, other localities than the South will have to be relied on to furnish the necessary votes in the Convention to accomplish that object.

# Fire Department Matters.

[FOR ADDITIONAL FIRE MATTERS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.]

Statement of Fires for the Week Ending THURSDAY, SEPT. 8th, 1859, inclusive.

FIRE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, HALLS OF JUSTICE, *Sept.* 9, 1859.

| *Date.* | *Time.* | *District.* | *Locality.* | *Description of Property.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept. 1859. | | | | |
| 2. | 1:10 a.m. | 7. | 25 Mulberry street. | Building. |
| 2. | 1:58 a.m. | 2. | 260 W. 56th st. rear. | Cabinet shop. |
| 2. | 3:15 p.m. | 6. | 104 & 106 Goerck st. | Foundry.* |
| 2. | 5:40 p.m. | 7. | 10 Spruce st. | Hat manuf'ry |
| 2. | 8 p.m. | 4. | 229 Sullivan st. | Camp f'p ex.† |
| 2. | 11:15 p.m. | 6. | 118 Forsyth st. | Window cart† |
| 3. | 9:20 a.m. | 2. | 108 W. 23d st. | Feed store. |
| 3. | 3:04 p.m. | 4. | Bond st. & B'way. | Chimney. |
| 5. | 11:15 p.m. | 2. | 264 W. 27th st. rear. | Building.§ |
| 6. | 2:55 a.m. | 2. | 279 Seventh ave. | Grocery. |
| 6. | 8:50 p.m. | 4. | 100 Thompson st. | Desk manuf'y |
| 7. | 11.28 a.m. | 6. | 127 Avenue B. | Coffee mill. |
| 8. | 9 p.m. | 4. | 76 Grand st. | Dwelling.† |
| 8. | 9:50 p.m. | 2. | 345 Eighth avenue. | Fluid l'p exp† |

† Still alarms.

* The fire was caused by a boiler explosion; two men lost their lives by the accident.

§ A man named James Bailey was arrested on the charge of arson.

‡ Mrs. Paschell and her daughter Elizabeth were dangerously burned. A. E. BAKER, Fire Marshal.

The Parade.

The Board of Marshals are busy making arrangements for the parade. Committees have been appointed to make out the programme and the general arrangements. Nearly every company in the city will turn out, and many from neighboring places. The impression that has gone forth that no outside companies would be admitted in line, has kept many from signifying their intention to visit the city. Yet we know that all who come on invitation of our companies will be well received. All the companies under disbandment, whose cases have been carried to the courts, will be admitted in the line. The programme will be completed in a couple of weeks. It is in the hands of Messrs. Hackett, Brice and West, and will be as satisfactory to the whole Department as possible We are glad to see that the whole Board have taken hold of the matter. The spurious programme published by order of the Grand Marshal has created great trouble in the management, but we have no doubt the Board will make matters straight.

The Fire Wardens.

The Board of Wardens on Tuesday evening presented their late President, John T. Harding, with a series of resolutions expressive of the esteem in which he was held while associated with the Board. The resolutions are carefully engraved, and set in an oval frame.

The Board of Wardens have not been overrun with business during the summer. The failure in the passage of the Fire Law at the last session of the Legislature, rendered any exertion in bringing delinquents to trial nugatory. The law is a farce as it stands, and unless the next Legislature do something to protect the people of New York from speculation buildings, the Board of Wardens may as well cease their daily perambulations. Under the present law it is impossible to recover for violation to any extent; and the Wardens are content to measure the height of sheds, and undertake raids against powder vessels, for the sake of excitement, and to remind them that they still hold their warrants.

Out of Funds.

The Street Commissioner has declined approving any more orders for work on fire apparatus. The sum of sixty-four thousand dollars has been expended on fire apparatus since the passage of the appropriation in April, less than six months. During the coming winter the fire apparatus will have to remain without any repairs, unless some arrangement can be made to keep them in order by outside parties. It is not probable that any appropriation can be made for the next six months. At least one-half of this money has been unnecessarily spent, and, as will be seen, the fire companies themselves must suffer. The law is very plain on the subject of spending public monies, and, as the charter expressly forbids any head of department from exceeding the sum allowed by the Legislature, the failure of the funds can only be charged to the Chief of the Fire Department. The Legislature granted all that the Chief asked for, and if it was not enough he is alone to blame.

Board of Fire Commissioners.

The Board resumed their meetings on Monday evening. The same small, ill-ventilated room is used for the accommodation of the Commissioners and the hundreds of firemen who are forced to wait upon them. All this could be remedied in a couple of weeks, if the parties having charge of public buildings would place a few benches and a table in the third story of the Hall. The room is as large as the meeting room of the Board of Representatives, but wholly destitute of furniture.

The principal case of the week was that of Hook and Ladder Co. 10, which was called on Thursday evening. Nearly all the members of the Company were present, and much conflicting testimony was taken. We publish on fifth page a statement of the case from one of the members.

☞ The statue of a chief and the golden eagle which for a brief period added to the appearance of the Chief Engineer's office, has been taken down to be used on the parade. Will they ever be returned?

Orange.

The Chief of Orange has seen service, and he desires the New York Department to see how he wears his honors. He will be in the parade—if the Board of Marshal's consent—and all can view the other great. Pioneer Engine Co.. No. 1, of Orange—which company we so long supposed a myth—is a reality, and will appear under command of the illustrious Chief of the Jerseys.

OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER OF FIRE DEPARTMENT, ORANGE, *Sept.* 9, 1859.

The Chief returns his acknowledgments to Engine Companies 6 and 7, and Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, of Newark, for the truly gallant manner with which they rushed to the assistance of the Chief at the fire on the evening of the 31st ult.

The Chief shared with his Department in the pleasure of fraternizing with those companies, who have ever reflected credit upon their position as firemen.

The citizens of Orange viewed with delight the ease with which the Newark engines drew water from the brook, which freely gave vent when the Chief announced that he would neither dam the brook nor the water.

The attachment evinced by the Newark companies for the person of the Chief, sealed as it has been by fire and water, leads the Chief to proclaim them honorary members of his department.

The Chief has yielded his consent to Pioneer Engine Company 1 participating in the triennial parade of the New York Fire Department.

It will be received in that city by the Zouaves of the Department, the members of Columbian Engine 14, that nursing mother of Chiefs, who, like the mother of the Gracchi, exultingly claims her children as jewels.

The Chief, at the suggestion of his advisory board, has declined the invitation to ride on the day of parade in a barouche to be drawn by six white horses, as they esteem him not too small to walk nor too large for one horse to draw.

By order of the Chief.
JOHN PORTER, Acting Private Secretary.

Ringing Fire Bells.

We have had several complaints from firemen in regard to the manner in which the bells are rung for fires. They state that in some instances the Hall bell has rung but four or five rounds for a down town fire, and that many of the members are unable to hear it in the day time, and consequently are obliged to pay their fines, when they could just as well be on hand. The bells, in our opinion, should be rung a certain number of rounds, sufficient to give every man a chance to hear the alarm. We know that it is rather hard work ringing for a seventh or eighth district fire, and in this warm weather the ringers are apt to stop too soon; but they should recollect that the few who hear the alarm are obliged to do all the work of the whole Company, and it is no light job for a half dozen men to drag a heavy engine through the streets under a hot sun. The bell ringers have for some months attended to their duty remarkably well. But few complaints have been made for late ringing, and few false alarms have been struck; yet, while their hand is in for reform, they should adopt some simple rules for their own guidance, ring just long enough to turn out the firemen, and no longer. Fires are not very plenty now-a-days, and a little muscle could be easily spared. The ringers themselves would profit by the exercise, and the firemen feel thankful for the marks saved them.

The Badges.

There seems to be some stick about the badges. Although the Committee completed their work four weeks since, the job has not been given out. As but a short time is to elapse between this and the parade, we hope the matter will be no longer delayed. Scarcely time enough remains to cut the dies and make the badges, and every day adds to the trouble.

The Fire Department Banner.

The work is, progressing finely. The artist, Jos. H. Johnson, is devoting his whole time to the work, and it will certainly be ready by the morning of the parade. The presentation will take place in front of the City Hall.

☞ There has been a very funny story told us of a young man who entered his name on the hotel register at Lake Mohapac in this manner, "C. Augustus Noodle, of Hose 91, New-York," and entered the parlor during a "hop" with his fire cap on his head. The name of the silly young chap was given us, but, as we entertain considerable respect for the company and its officers, and are loth to believe that they would countenance such nonsense, we shall keep it to ourself. Will "Balty" make a note of it?

☞ Our fire apparatus builders seem to think that the parade is a great deal further off than it really is. Some of them, if we mistake not, will be unable to fill all the orders they have taken, while other shops, with equally good workmen, are comparatively idle. An equal distribution of the work should be made, particularly in these hurried times. We cannot really see the benefit of greasing the "favored kine," when those with equal claims on our sympathy are hungered.

☞ Who wants a good steam fire engine to run? There is an extra engine belonging to the city at the Novelty Works, for which no demand has yet been made. It is the best engine yet owned by the city, and can be easily altered to be run either by hand or horses. It was presented by the Insurance Companies and accepted by the Common Council, on the part of the city. Who wants a good steamer?

☞ We should publish the communication of "X. Y. Z.," on the subject of permitting a company under disbandment to frequent their house, were it not that the company have already as much on their shoulders as they can comfortably carry. Resides it places the great Chief in a very unpleasant position, and we have no desire to interfere with him in his efforts to attain place after the Department is rid of him.

☞ The officers of Engine Co. 43 deny that they have been laid up, as stated in our last paper. They state that they have not missed a bell alarm in their district for months, and have done duty with an engine while other engine companies ran with their tenders. We are glad to hear that No. 43 is not among those engine companies who do duty with a tender, and cheerfully acknowledge the error.

☞ Runaway accidents and falling horses have not annoyed the promenaders on Broadway of late, but the sudden appearance of the fixtures of some prominent firemen will soon bring about the same disagreeable scenes. Photographs have become the order of the day. The statue of the chief, on the Chief's office, has been taken down, we learn, to get a new coat and its likeness taken.

☞ Gratacap has on exhibition a fire cap from California, sent as a present to one of our Atlantic companies. The names of all the members are painted on it. He has gotten up some parade caps, weighing four ounces 2 pennyweights and 4 grains. We advise every fireman to call and see them.

☞ We had occasion to see Engine Company 33 at work a few days since, and feel satisfied that they are a good working company. Lying in the upper part of the city, their labors are not noticed by the downtown folks, yet in quick duty they can vie with the best of them.

☞ A number of gentlemen, from the Charleston Fire Department are in this city, visiting our Fire Department. Mr. J. C. Courtney, of the Ætna Engine Company, one of the visitors, is spoken of very highly by those of our firemen who have visited Charleston.

☞ Mr. McGrath, foreman of Engine Company 3, states that he and his Company are entitled to parade, and that they will do so. Their case is pending in the courts, and the Company are still together. They have made application for an engine of the Chief Engineer.

☞ Neptune Engine Company No. 6, of Staten Island, of which company John W. Jones is Foreman, and Thos. C. Burns Assistant, send their acknowledgments to North River Engine Company No. 30 for the beautiful fire cap front sent them.

☞ The Hydrant Companies, like the Orange Fire Department, one and indivisible, represented by A. Webster, Esq., will parade in drab suits. The apparatus of the company—one hydrant wrench—is at Smith's, getting its running gear polished.

☞ The scarcity of fire engines in some parts of the city has awakened considerable feeling in the minds of the citizens. The fire in the Second District, where seven houses were allowed to burn, is commented upon quite freely.

☞ Williams, on Monday, sent a beautiful hose carriage to Norwich, Conn. It was for Buckingham Hose Company No. 1, of that place, and appeared in the parade of Tuesday.

☞ Engine Co., No. 28, tried their new engine one morning last week, and with twenty men on the brakes she threw one hundred and seventy-eight feet.

COLLINS' HOTEL.—This fine house is located at the foot of Canal street, directly opposite the Hoboken ferry. It is convenient to all the depots steamboat landings, ocean and other steamships. Cars and stages to all parts of the city pass close at hand. The Collins' Hotel is kept on the European and American style to suit the tastes of all. Furnished rooms, with or without board, by the day or week. Prices very moderate. Hot and cold water on every floor. It affords us pleasure to recommend this house to all our readers. W. STRUCKMAN, Esq., long and favorably known to both old and young New Yorkers, is the proprietor. Remember his house, and give him a call.

# Theatrical and Musical.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

LAURA KEENE'S.—The production of Tom Taylor's new comedietta, "Nine Points of the Law," at this house, on Monday evening, brought back to the New York boards an old favorite some time absent from them. We allude to Mark Smith—best of old men, and true artist. His reception was most enthusiastic, and must have been most gratifying. In addition, the piece gave us a gratification we seldom enjoy, that of saying that we have seen a piece thoroughly played on its opening night in every character. "Nine Points of the Law" (possession) is an admirably-managed episode in the life of a certain *Widow Smylie*, (Miss Ada Clifton,) who is about being dispossessed of a cottage in favor of *Joseph Ironside*, a cotton-spinner, (Mark Smith.) In the by-play, by which the widow not only retains her cottage, but annexes *Ironside* to it, figure *Rodomont Rollingstone*, an adventurer; *Cunningame*, a lawyer of the *Coyle* order, Mr. Burnett; *John Britton*, a lawyer, (Mr. Levick;) *Kate Mapleson*, the widow's sister, (Miss Macarthy;) and *Sarah Jane*, a village school girl, (Miss Henry.) It has not often been our privilege to see Miss Clifton playing up to her full capability, for she has been a little spoiled, and seems to us very often more than a little indolent. But in this character she is worthy of all praise. Her *Widow Smylie* is the very ideal of the mischievious, plotting, fawning, but good-natured and good-hearted woman; and she has never won more genuine plaudits. Mr. Smith's *Joseph Ironside* is admirably artistic, thorough in every respect of make-up, action, and by-play, and well worthy its warm reception. Mr. Vincent, as *Rollingstone*, falsified all we said of him last week, and gave us the rollicking, wordy, impudent, but witty and felicitous scamp and fortune-hunter, who had been over all the world, and drawn mingled lessons of scoundrelism, coolness, and good humor everywhere—to perfection. In this character we have everything to commend. Mr. Burnett's *Cunningame* is like his *Coyle*, which is high praise; Mr. Levick plays his small part well; Miss Macarthy plays hers with much more grace than usual, and sings well; and Miss Henry is the school girl to the life. There! we have had nothing to find fault with, in playing or performance, and the fact is a pleasure. "Nine Points of the Law" has been a hit for the week, while "House and Home" has not lost its attraction. They are to be followed by Palgrave Simpson's "World and Stage."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"A short season of Italian Opera"—as it is announced—is to open on Monday evening next. "Il Poliuto" is to be given as the opening piece, with the very effective cast of Adelaide Cortesi, Brignoli, and Amodio. This is to be followed on Wednesday evening by "Sonnambula," and probably by "Norma" on Friday. A grand gala matinee is announced for Saturday. Besides the artists before named, Gassier, Madame Gassier, Stefani, and Junca are to take part in the round of performances. Now that the world of pleasure-seekers have returned to the city—their appetites sharpened by absence—this early season of opera will be very welcome. That the regular season is to be one of extraordinary brilliancy in appointments, a late arrival from Paris evinces. The Ariel brings an immense number of new suits of armor and costly stage accessories, made in Paris, to be used in the production of "Les Vepres Siciliennes," "La Juive," "Aroldo," &c. This lavish outlay may be taken as a fair index to the coming season, and we have rumors of artistic combinations quite to sustain it. The past two years have done more to form a true taste for opera in America than all before them; and in the metropolis it must find its true field—*malgre* the brilliant pretensions of the suburban cities.

WALLACK'S.—That writer in the *Baltimore Dispatch*, who announced that "'Geraldine' was played for the first and only time on Monday night," would probably distrust the evidence of his own eyes in seeing it yet upon the stage at Wallack's. Yet so it is; and there is no certainty how long it might hold that place, but for the early closing of Miss Heron's engagement and Mr. Bateman's management there. All the characters are more carefully rendered than at first, Miss Heron having added repose, Mr. Sothern knightly force, and Mr. Couldock capital by-play in the scene of watching the sisters. Of course, the text shows its real beauties more clearly, and its continued success is better accounted for. We have few finer things in the language than the fool's tribute to *Geraldine*, and Mr. Walcot renders it very feelingly. This evening, with Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, are to conclude the very successful career of this play, as it is to be produced in Boston on Monday the 19th.

NEW BOWERY.—The opening of this establishment, which took place on Monday evening last, gave really a gala evening to the whole Bowery; causing, as it did, not only a general crowd in the street, to hail the name of "New Bowery," in colored gas-burners, over the door of the theatre—but the strings of colored lanterns at the rival house. A casual visitor would have supposed the evening one of a grand parade, judging from the appearance of that quarter of the town. Mr. Trimble had fulfilled all he promised: the theatre *was* finished, and dry. And a brilliant spectacle it presented, when the curtain rose for the opening address: the stage a drawing-room, with a brilliant chandelier, and the whole company in plain dress, properly grouped. The address was delivered amid almost embarrassing applause, by Mr. Lingard, Mr. Fox, Miss Cordelia Cappell, with the "Star-Spangled Banner" by Mr. Dunn etc. We need not say that the house was densely packed, or that such thunders of sound shook it as have not often been known even in that locality. Everybody smiled—everybody was happy; especially John Brougham and James Anderson, in a side box; Tryon, who dealt out more tickets than he had ever before heard of; and Tillotson, who found himself busier than he used to be at Burton's. The "Orange Girl of Venice" was the opening piece—old, but good, as it showed the company to advantage. The company is really very strong. Nagle, as he has appeared as *Galliano*, *Gennaro* and *Rover*, during the week, is certainly a chaste and forcible actor; and Miss Cordelia Cappell, though troubled during the week with a hoarseness which has almost made her words inaudible, has quite sustained our previous good opinion of her as leading lady. Fox, of course, has been received like a snow-squall; and Dunn, Mrs. Nagle, and other favorites in much the same manner. The inauguration of the New Bowery has been altogether a most triumphant one, and we may well congratulate "that side of the town" on having a dramatic temple inferior to none, supplying and promising entertainment of the very first excellence.

BOWERY.—"Competition is the life of trade" says an old motto, and the Bowery well sustains the saying. Without and within, this theatre has gathered new life from the opening of the rival house. The front has been brilliantly illuminated *a la Chinoie*, during the whole of the week, and within the course of entertainment has moved briskly. "Hubert the Foundling," Poole's last, has been a hit, albeit it is a shade too long, and a little too tragic in its general character. Boniface and O'Neil have appeared to peculiar advantage in the leading characters of *Hubert St. Marc* and *Thady*; and charming little Henrietta Lang has won more than her usual credit as *Babette*. Leeson's *Jocko* has been very clever, but a little overdone. This evening a somewhat striking novelty is to be presented:—a military drama in three acts, from the pen of our old contributor, J. Harry Hayward, called the "Champion of Liberty." We are informed that its scene is laid in France, during the Reign of Terror, and that most of the prominent personages of that time will figure in it. From the dramatic power evidenced by Mr. Hayward in many of his stories, we are inclined to look for a drama of more than usual merit.

JONES' WOOD.—On Wednesday last, Angelo Chiarini made a Grand Rope Ascension at Jones' Wood, which was certainly a great performance of the sort; although it was scarcely on that day adapted to secure the general admiration which it deserved. We will tell why this was. It was done too rapidly and seemed too easy. This it was not, for the rope at one extremity was about 121 1-2 feet from the ground, while on the other it was no more than 40 feet—thus giving him a real rope ascension of more than 80 feet. At the same time his exceeding rapidity in crossing, which made it all the more marvellous to those who took time to think about it, produced a feeling in the mind of most of the spectators that it could have cost him no trouble to do it. This we might grant that it could not, but at the same time the general crowd present would infinitely have preferred to think that he made his perilous passage with a full conviction of the extreme chance he ran of breaking his neck. On this occasion he stood on his head on the rope, and reclined on his back upon it, both of which actions were loudly cheered. Of course they were. So much the more risk he ran of breaking his neck. However, our objections on the part of the spectators to his daring evolutions were greatly removed upon yesterday's performance being given. Id this he took more time about it. He allowed sufficient space for those who wished to bet upon the chances, to indulge themselves in that philanthropical amusement, and actually walked, or made the ascent the whole extent of the rope backwards. We will not take it upon ourselves to say that Blondin was actually beaten, but at all events, he has a dangerous rival in the field.

PALACE GARDENS.—This and to-morrow evenings the lovers of music in this city are to enjoy an unexpected pleasure, in the singing of Madame Anna Bishop at the Palace Gardens. Years have elapsed since this favorite vocalist, with whose name much that is glorious in art is associated, has been heard among us; and we do not know of a greater pleasure that could be conferred, than the opportunity of again hearing her silver melody.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The theatrical season at this house is going on very prosperously. We observe that the great spectacular drama, "The Flying Dutchman," is to have place with the week, and in the hands of a good company there is nothing more effective. The frequenters of this house will be glad to learn that a new three act drama by that able author, Mr. H. J. Conway, is in rehearsal.

NIBLO'S SALOON.—A drawing-room entertainment is to be given at this saloon on the evening of the 15th, entitled "A Portfolio of Oddities." The entertainment is said to be very spirited and attractive.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. Howard and Harry Watkins commence an engagement at Buckland's, Montreal, on Monday next, after which they will go to Cincinnati, Louisville, and play an engagement of several weeks in the towns of Virginia. Mr. Watkins is to produce at Montreal a new comedy of his own, called "A Game of Chess; or, A Queen's First Move," which has a good deal of brilliancy and effect.

Taylor's saloon window, on Broadway, has for some days been exhibiting a bunch of grapes, grown at Mr. Wm. E. Burton's vineries at Glen Cove, measuring twenty-six inches in length, and weighing six and a half pounds.

Little Mary McVicker appears at the Boston Museum on Monday next. If reports of her talent and grace be correct, she is likely to create a sensation in the modern Athens.

Mr. Burton has been playing at Albany this week, and will go thence to fulfil an engagement at Portland, Maine, where all the floating world (falling her coming here) will crowd to see the Great Eastern.

Manager Fleming has now taken the theatres at Savannah, Augusta, Columbus, Macon and Atlanta, (Ga.) and is to open the Savannah theatre on the 1st of October.

Manager Eddy is to re-open Niblo's on the 3d October, with brilliant attractions, not too strong to be rumored, but too important yet to be announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Florence commence an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on Monday.

IMPERIAL.—We do not mean the thing worn by dandies, nor are we going to speak of any of the "crowned heads," (though we believe most heads have a crown,) but we wish to call attention to the superior merits of DR. J. BOYCE DOD'S Imperial Wine Bitters as a tonic. Their effect is pronounced surprising by all who have used them, and their name is legion; and it is an agreeable fact that the Bitters are not at all bad to take. Consumptives, and all suffering from general debility, will do well to give the Bitters a trial.

NOTHING on the Bowery, the splendid new theatre not excepted, exceeds the attractiveness of No. 99, the well known Carpet Emporium of HIRAM ANDERSON, whose importations for the fall trade surpass even his former superb selections. It is really a pleasure to walk through his establishment and inspect the quality and variety of his goods. Purchasers can never go amiss when they visit No. 99 Bowery.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.—How often do housekeepers and others ask themselves what they shall put under their carpets to keep them off from the hard floor, and prevent their rapid wear? The question has been satisfactorily answered for the present and future by J. R. HARRINGTON, whose Patent Carpet Lining is "just the thing." Try it and see.

"GOD BLESS the man who first invented sleep!" exclaimed Sancho Panza, Don Quixotte's trusty squire; and he made a slight omission, when he gave utterance to his characteristic outburst of genuine feeling—he should have included the inventor of fire mattrasses, T. LANIGAN, No. 67 Bowery, one door above Canal street.

LOUISE SCRIVENS, the wife of a Buffalo canal-boatman, getting tired of her husband's spreeing propensities,

[Written for the New York Leader.]

## "HOT CORN!"

BY THOMAS ROGERS.

"Hot corn! hot corn!" how gladly they sing,
And the jest goes joyfully round;
The gas lights each through the window fling
Their beams on the snow-mantled ground.
The music swells happily, happily there,
And the feet to its melody fly.
"Hot corn! hot corn!" how icy the air,
But there's nobody coming to buy.

"Hot corn! hot corn!" how merrily ring
The musical bells of the sleigh;
Like voices familiar of old they bring
Bright dreams of a bygone day;
The father so kind, the mother so fair,
Are dead—to their ashes a sigh!
"Hot corn! hot corn!" how icy the air,
But there's nobody coming to buy.

"Hot corn! hot corn!" how cheerfully shine
The stars in their places above:
Their smiles seem to meet and to mingle with mine
In blissful communion of love.
And I fancy I see—no no! 'tis despair
To number the treasures on high;
"Hot corn! hot corn!" how icy the air,
But there's nobody coming to buy.

"Hot corn! hot corn!" the music, the bells,
Are silent—but hark! from the spire
Solemnly, slowly and mournfully, swells
The warning—some home is on fire.
'Tis not mine! how it burns, how gaily the glare
Leaps up to the pitying sky!
"Hot corn! hot corn!" how icy the air,
But there's nobody coming to buy.

## Fire Gossip

AT

## HOME AND ABROAD.

"Dix" has answered our inquiries. The troubles in Hook and Ladder No. 10 are set forth in his communication in language plain enough for all to understand. By the way, the case was tried before the Fire Commissioners on Thursday evening. The great chief of all the firemen was present, and gave his statement by affidavit. Mr. A. O. Alcock denied the statement of the Chief. And thus the matter stands at present. It does not look well for his Excellency to be caught in his endeavors to place in the Department men whom he got out of it when he had the power. Perhaps he will have use for them next next year; and if so, it is no matter who suffers so long as the aspirations of a natural politician are gratified.

THE CASE OF HOOK AND LADDER 10.

EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET, (cor. Fourth av.)
YORKVILLE, *September*, 1859.

*To the Editor of the New York Leader:*

In a recent issue of your paper—in that portion of it devoted to Fire Department matters—you alluded to the fact that the Chief Engineer had taken possession of the house and apparatus of Hook and Ladder Company No. 10—the former being locked up and the latter given by him to Hook and Ladder Company No. 11. In the same paragraph you suppose that I am still a member of No. 10, and being posted as to the facts of the matter above alluded to, you requested me to give an explanation of the same.

In both of your suppositions, I have the pleasure of informing you that you were correct. I am still a member of that company, and fully posted on all the facts of the matter in question; but for reasons which will be apparent to you, I have remained silent up to this time, desiring that the case should go to the Board of Commissioners (in whose sense of right and justice I have the fullest confidence) for adjudication, without one word in print from me upon the subject. But owing to the action taken by certain parties of whom I shall presently have something to say, and perceiving a second allusion to our company's affair in your last issue, I have come to the conclusion that the ends of justice will be best subserved by giving the whole subject an airing; and relying upon your generosity to give this a place in your columns, in reply to your own interrogatory, I now proceed to deliver "a round, unvarnished tale."

At the May election this year, Mr. R. S. Gray was elected foreman by one vote, that one declaring that "he knew Mr. Gray's incompetency and general unfitness" for the position, but he was bound to defeat the gentleman (Mr. C. Hubbard) whose term of office had then expired. To outsiders this statement would go to show that there were two parties in the company, each organized to defeat their opponents. And, to a certain extent this was the case; but as the writer voted for neither of the above candidates, but for one who he knew possessed the necessary qualifications for the office of foreman in a marked degree superior to either—it may be inferred that he is competent to state the position of affairs impartially. From the date of his election, Mr. Gray displayed his utter incompetence for the position he occupied, as well as a domineering, one-man-power disposition, which no man could brook.

It is no wonder, then, that dissatisfaction should arise; and when it became evident that this model fireman had decided upon shirking duty, and had by specious representations induced other young members, who knew as little of fire matters and duty as he did himself, to follow in his footsteps, it is not the least surprising that those members of the Company who are well known to be duty-doing men, should adopt some measures to prevent their organization from becoming what it was before they took hold of it—a bye-word in, and a reproach to, the Department. Consequently, hearing from Assistant Engineer Ruch that he had reported the Company to the Chief for neglect of duty, a requisition was sent to the Foreman, signed by five members—including the writer—for a special meeting, in order that some steps should be taken in the premises. What was the consequence? Neither the Foreman (?) nor his friends appeared at the meeting, although the hall was open for the same. As the Company was by this means left without a quorum, no business could be done; and so the monthly meeting, not then far off, was anxiously waited for. But when that arrived, lo and behold! our model Foreman and his backers were *non est inventus*—the former having gone, upon his own responsibility, and unauthorized by the Company, who were never consulted in the matter, and resigned the truck and the house, containing the property of the Company, as well as some belonging to individual members, into the hands of the Chief Engineer. Was ever such a high-handed outrage perpetrated on any body of men? I answer emphatically "never."

Under these circumstances, we were deserted by our officers, who would not attend meetings, fearing that certain men, who were known to be active members, would be elected—and robbed of our apparatus and property—it was determined that those who had once before redeemed the character of the Company by taking it out of the hands of a pack of "dead-heads" should once more don their harness and rescue the organization. Accordingly a meeting was held, at which the above facts were set forth, and it was deemed expedient that the Company should not remain without officers—those elected in May having willfully and maliciously deserted their Company and resigned the apparatus into the hands of the Chief Engineer, in the vain hope of destroying the organization—when the following gentlemen were duly and unanimously chosen, to fill the places of those who had absconded, viz:

A. O. Alcock, Foreman; G. C. Hubberd, Assistant; Hay Watkins, Secretary.

It is but simple justice to the above named to state that each of them repeatedly declined the positions offered them, at the same time declaring their will and intention to stick by the Company, and to perform their usual duty with Engine Company No. 45, until such time as the Board of Commissioners established their rights upon a hearing of their grievances. The Foreman was directed at this meeting to present to the Chief Engineer a copy of its minutes, and to request a return of the apparatus. This has been done, and we presume the documents handed to the Chief—which set forth concisely the facts of the case—will be forwarded to the Board of Commissioners.

As to the power of the Chief Engineer to take possession of our Truck on the representations of *any one* man, before the Board of Commissioners have heard of the matter, though I have doubts, I shall not commit myself until the Board shall have decided. As to its propriety, I have also my own opinions, which may be hereafter expressed. Of one thing I am certain, the Chief Engineer refuses to return the Truck upon my presentation of the Company's request; but he informed me that he had only given her to No. 11, upon the express condition that she should be given up immediately should he find it necessary to return her to No. 10.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have in as little space as I possibly could—in order that you should be acquainted with the state of affairs—given you a correct account of the origin of the difficulties in Hook and Ladder Company No. 10. For five years and a half I have been an enemy to dead-heads; and for proof of this I can confidently point to the New York LEADER and *Mercury*, the Boston *Firemen's Advocate*, the San Francisco *Fireman's Journal*, as well as to the *Fireman's Journal* of Detroit, in each of which I have preached upon this and kindred subjects, with a single eye to the welfare of our volunteer Fire Department as at present organized; whilst for my own individual practice I can as confidently appeal to the last Board of Commissioners, the present and the last Chief Engineers, as well as to the Assistant Engineers of the districts in which our company has performed duty. In reply, finally, to all those friends of active members who have enquired with surprise why we threw up our apparatus? I have only to say that we did no such silly thing. We can settle our own affairs in a better way. One man gave her up, and one man took her from us. How long have we been serving under a despotic government? How long are we to serve under it? We shall see.

Respectfully your obedient servant, DIX.

The communication from our Philadelphia correspondent, "States," this week, will be found to contain the usual amount of general interest, and in addition to it, has that somewhat rare pendant in the Quaker City—a trial for arson. We are promised a list of the new officers of the Fire Association, next week:

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept. 6th*, 1859.

DEAR LEADER:—Last week the trial of George Hansberry and David Boulta, for arson, took place in the Court of Quarter Sessions, before Judge Ludlow. They were charged with firing the frame shed and drying house of Smith & Co., on Allen's Lane, west of Main street, Mt. Airy (Twenty-second Ward) on Sunday morning, July 31, 1859. Hansberry pleaded guilty and gave evidence against Boulta. The District Attorney believing his testimony to be unreliable, abandoned the case against Boulta, and he was acquitted. Hansberry was sentenced to three years' solitary confinement in the Penitentiary.

The Wecaccoe Steam Fire Engine was housed on Thursday afternoon, after parading through the principal streets. She was built by Merrick & Sons, and is said to be the best of her class. I visited their house not long since, and found them in possession of all kinds of apparatus—one steamer, one hand engine, one Hook and Ladder truck, one carriage, one tender, (jumper), and *one wheel-barrow*. The company is one of the largest and best in the city. One of our steamer fire engine manufacturing firms has received an order for an engine, to go to Russia. Agnew has an order for one from Cardenas, to be called the "J. B. Danbury," and one for a hand-engine for Charleston, S. C. The Shiffler Hose Company intend procuring a strong carriage and a thousand feet of gutta-percha hose for steamers. The West Philadelphia Engine Company take Beck's Band with them to Harrisburg. The Empire Hook and Ladder Company have accepted an invitation to be present upon the same occasion. On the 10th there will be a parade in Morristown. I have not heard whether or not any of our companies will participate. The Diligent steamer has been undergoing some alterations, and was tried in front of the Goodwill Engine house last Monday, where, it is said, she performed well. The Spring Garden and Hope Engines and the Vigilant Hose Companies are taking measures to procure steamers. The Western Hose have housed their new truck. The Warren, Moyamensing, and Goodwill Hose Companies have ordered supplies of hose suitable for steamers. The latter company housed a new carriage last week.

The delegates from Companies intending to participate in the escort of the Empire Association of Lynn, Mass., held a meeting at the house of the United States Fire Company, on Saturday evening. There were forty-five Companies represented. Henry Cook of the Hibernia Engine Company was appointed President, and Mr. Thompson, of the Franklin Hose Company, acted as Secretary. Mr. J. Allen Simpson of the United States Company was elected Chief Marshal of the procession. There are several Companies who have signified their intention to participate who were not represented. Yours truly, STATES.

## CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

### PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

PAVING FIFTY-FIRST STREET.

Resolved, That Fifty-first street, between the Tenth and Eleventh avenues, be paved under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 25, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 8, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 10, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PAVING FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Resolved, That Forty-eighth street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 25, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 8, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 12, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

REGULATING, &c., DUANE STREET.

Resolved, That Duane street, from Chatham street to City Hall place, be regulated, graded, and curb and gutters set and reset and sidewalks flagged, where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; that the award of contract be submitted to the Common Council for confirmation, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, August 1, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 8, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, August 10, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

FLAGGING, &c., WOOSTER STREET.

Resolved, That Wooster street, from Spring street to Amity street, be flagged and curb and gutter reset on both sides, where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the award of contract be submitted to the Common Council for confirmation, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, August 1, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 18, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, August 22, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

FLAGGING, &c., PRINCE STREET.

Resolved, That Prince street, from Broadway to Macdougal street, be flagged and relagged, and curb and gutter stones reset on both sides, where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the award of contract be submitted to the Common Council for confirmation, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, August 1, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 18, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 22, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BASINS IN DUANE STREET.

Resolved, That receiving basins and culverts be placed in Duane street, from Chatham street to City Hall Place, where necessary, after the same shall have been regulated by the Street Commissioner in accordance with the recent widening of said street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and that the award of contract be submitted to the Common Council for confirmation, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Aug. 1, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 8, 1859.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 10, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

CROSSWALK IN WEST STREET.

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid from No. 154 West street, to the pier opposite, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Aug. 1, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Aug. 18, 1859
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 24, 1859.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.


☞ **More to be Admired than the RICHEST DIADEM EVER WORN BY KINGS OR EMPERORS** is WHAT? WHY A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

Because it is the ornament God Himself provided for all our race. Reader, although the rose may bloom ever so brightly in the glowing cheek, the eye be ever so sparkling, the teeth be those of pearls, if the head is bereft of its covering, the hair be matted and shrivelled, harsh and dry, or worse still, if sprinkled with gray, nature will loose more than half her charms. Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, if used two or three times a week, will restore and permanently secure to old such an ornament. Read the following and judge. The writer of the first is the celebrated Pianist, Thalberg:

NEW YORK, April 19, 1858.

DR. WOOD:—

Dear Sir,—Permit me to express to you the obligations I am under for the entire restoration of my hair to its original color: about the time of my arrival in the United States it was rapidly becoming gray, but upon the application of your "Hair Restorative" it soon recovered its original hue. I consider your Restorative as a very wonderful invention, quite efficacious as well as agreeable. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

S. THALBERG.

"Drych a'r Gwyliedydd."
WELSH NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
113 Nassau st., April 12, 1858.

PROF. O. J. WOOD:—

Dear Sir,—Some month or six weeks ago I received a bottle of your "Hair Restorative" and gave it to my wife, who concluded to try it on her hair, little thinking at the time that it would restore the gray hair to its original color, but to her, as well as my surprise, after a few weeks trial it has performed that wonderful effect by turning all the gray hairs to a dark brown, at the same time beautifying and thickening the hair. I strongly recommend the above Restorative to all persons in want of such a change of their hair.

CHARLES GARDEW.
New York, July 25, 1857.

PROF. O. J. WOOD:—With confidence do I recommend your "Hair Restorative," as being the most efficacious article I ever saw. Since using your "Hair Restorative" the whiskers which were quite gray, are almost white have gradually grown dark; and I now feel confident that a few more applications will restore them to their natural color. It also has relieved me of all dandruff and unpleasant itching, so common among persons who perspire freely. J. G. KILBY.

PROF. WOOD—About two years ago my hair commenced falling off and turning gray. I was fast becoming bald, and had tried many remedies to no effect. I commenced using your Restorative in January last. A few applications fastened my hair firmly. It began to fill up, grow out, and turned back to its former color, (black.) At this time it is fully restored to its original color, health and appearance, and I cheerfully recommend its use to all. J. D. HOES.

Chicago, Ill., May 1, 1857.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of all sizes, viz: large, medium and small; the small holds half a pint, and retails for $1 per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for $2 per bottle; the large holds a quart, forty per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

☞ **Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor** and NOTHING ELSE, will allay inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases:

BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS,
CHAFES, SORE NIPPLES,
CORNS, BUNIONS, BRUISES,
STRAINS, BITES, POISON,
CHILBLAINS, BILES, SCROFULA,
ULCERS, FEVER SORES,
FELONS, EAR ACHE, PILES,
SORE EYES, GOUT, SWELLINGS,
RHEUMATISM, SCALD HEAD,
SALT RHEUM, BALDNESS,
ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM,
BARBERS' ITCH, SMALL POX,
MEASLES, RASH, &c., &c.

Wholesale orders address C. F. Chase, 165 Chambers st. Sold at retail by all Druggists.

☞ **Bronte's Magical Invigorators.**—When age has brought on physical debility in either sex, or when youthful indiscretion produces impotency BRONTE'S Magical Invigorators, in the form of pills, will in fifteen minutes after being taken make the recipient as vigorous as if nature had never been retarded or debilitated, causing a complete restoration of the animal functions, doing entirely away with the disappointment arising from incapacity to perform the requirements of nature. Bronte's Invigorators act with magic on the debilitated system, and while the barren rejoice, the fireside is surrounded with a smiling offspring. To the married or single in every physical exigency this marivalled medicine is earnestly recommended as a complete restorative of the nervous system where manhood has been impaired.

Price $1 per box, or six boxes for $5.

L. BRONTE, Paris and New York.

Sent by mail by enclosing one dollar to F. H. ARNOLD, Sole Agent for the United States. Station B, New York Post-office.

Sold at 374 Greenwich street, 61 Bowery, corner of Canal; 374 Grand street, corner of Norfolk; 205 Bleecker street; 193 Third avenue; 176 Sixth avenue; 10 Eighth avenue; and corner Canal and Varick streets; and in Brooklyn at Mrs. Hayes, 176 Fulton st.

☞ **Health and Happiness Secured.**—Young Men who are suffering from the effects of early indiscretion can be surely and permanently restored by using the

CONCENTRATED CURE or AQUA VITÆ,

A Remedy of great and certain Power. This remedy is put up in small phials, and can be sent by mail to any address. A trial will satisfy. Use it for a week, and you will experience a great benefit. A circular containing full particulars, sent (free) on application. Price, per bottle, $1.

One bottle will last a month.

N. B.—This remedy is suitable for either sex.

Address K. CRUGER, Medical Agent,
743 Broadway, New York.


## SPECIAL NOTICES.


☞ **Atkinson's Chirayta Bitters,** OR NERVO-TONIC ELIXIR.

A tkinson's Chirayta Bitters or Nervo-Tonic Elixir, cures
T orpidity of the Liver and various diseases of a
K indred character, resulting therefrom—such as
I ndigestion or Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Biliousness,
N ervousness, General Debility, Nervous Prostration, and
S ickness or Nausea on the Stomach; Nervous Tremors,
O riginating from a long excessive use of ardent spirits,
N ervous Headache, Irregularity of the Bowels, &c. A
S ingle bottle—price one dollar—will convince the most incredulous of the value of this medicine.
C hirayta is a herb which grows in Northern India,
H ighly tonic and bitter, acting on the biliary secretions
I n a manner unsurpassed by any other article known.
R ecently we have been induced to advertise our Bitters:
A nd finding the public, and we are sorry to say it—
Y et truth must be spoken at all times—some of
T he profession, unacquainted with the herb, we make this
A nnouncement, that they may know whence we derive the title (Chirayta Bitters) for our invaluable remedy.
B uy but one bottle, and if you are weak or nervous,
I n a few days you will feel the good results from it.
T ry it—follow the simple directions around the bottle;
T hus you will find relief from sickness and suffering.
E very label has a fac-simile of Dr. Atkinson's signature
R egistered thereon, to prevent counterfeiting. Depot for
S ale of Dr. Atkinson's Chirayta Bitters, or Nervo-Tonic Elixir, No. 230 Greenwich street, a few doors above Barclay street. Liberal inducements offered to agents in every city or village throughout the country.

☞ **Hutchings Life Exhilarant!—This** novel preparation has met with the approval of the faculty in every part of the world, and the discoverer and proprietor fearlessly proclaims it to be

UNEQUALLED

as a rejuvenetor and restorer of wasted or inert functions.

Hutchings' Life Exhilarant should be used by all nervous persons, as it stimulates the nerves to their natural work, and will indeed produce a reaction, no matter how suddenly dropped.

It is also a grand tonic, and will give relief in Dyspepsia with the first dose. A brief persistence in its use will renovate the stomach to a degree of perfect health, and banish dyspepsia forever.

The aged should be certain to make Hutchings' Life Exhilarant a household article, inasmuch as it will render them youthful in feeling and in strength, and enable them to live over and enjoy the days of their pristine joy. It not only exhilarates but strengthens, and is really an invaluable blessing, especially to those who have been reduced to a condition of servility by misfortune or ordinary sickness. No matter what the cause of the impotency of any human organ, this superb Exhilarant will remove the effect at once and forever.

Hutchings' Life Exhilarant should be used by all persons who have disordered nerves, stomach, liver, muscular action, torpid intellect, or lowness of spirits. It is unrivalled, as an appetizer, when powerful simples, and contains not a grain or atom of mineral substance.

Females afflicted with barrenness, will discover in Hutchings' Life Exhilarant the realization of their hopes of motherhood.

This remarkable and unapproachable preparation is for sale by the proprietor, R. B. Hutchings, at 165 Chambers street, New York City. All orders should be addressed to him. Sent by express everywhere. One large bottle $1; 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Mrs. Hays 155 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

☞ **Facts for the Feeble.—Dr. Mott's** CHALYBEATE PILLS.—The only preparation of Iron ever introduced by the Medical Faculty, and prescribed in their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can for a moment be compared with it. Innocuous in all maladies in which it has hitherto been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in numerous cases of each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofulous Tuburbulosis, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Mismenstruation, Whites, Chlorosis, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Mercurial Consequences, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fever, &c., &c., &c.

Debility, Impurity of the Blood, Depression of Vital Energy, Pale and Sallow Skin, Indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case. In all cases of Female Debility, its effects are delightfully renovating. No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole History of Medicine which exerts such prompt, happy and fully restorative effects. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own immediate neighborhoods, have, after a few trials of this Restorative, suddenly appeared, in the busy world, as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful employment, immediately follow its use. For sale by all Druggists in town and country. Price 50 cents per box, containing fifty pills, sent free by mail to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price. Principal office, 251 Broadway.

R. B. LOCKE, General Agent.

Wholesale and retail in Boston by Redding & Co., No. 8 State street.

☞ **Hair Dye! Hair Dye!! Hair Dye!!!** WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE!

The Original and best in the World! Harmless and Reliable!

All others are mere imitations, and should be avoided if you wish to escape ridicule.

GRAY, RED, OR RUSTY HAIR Dyed instantly to a beautiful and Natural Brown or Black, without the least injury to the Hair or Skin.

FIFTEEN MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS have been awarded to Wm. A. Batchelor since 1839, and over 80,000 applications have been made to the Hair of his patrons of his famous Dye.

WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE produces a color not to be distinguished from nature, and is warranted not to injure in the least, however long it may be continued, and the ill effects of bad Dyes are remedied; the Hair invigorated for Life by this Splendid Dye.

Made, sold or applied (in 9 private rooms) at the Wig Factory, 233 Broadway, New York.

Sold in all cities and towns of the United States, by Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers.

☞ The Genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraving on four sides of each Box, of

WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR,
233 Broadway, New York.

☞ **Worthy of Confidence is** MY MOTHER'S SALVE.

From the fact firmly established by those who use it, possessing as it does healing, soothing and pain-relieving virtues, never before combined in a salve or ointment.

Every day brings some new testimonial of the wonderful efficacy of it in curing all kinds of Scrofula, sores, cuts, burns, boils, ringworms, sore lips, sore eyes, chapped hands, felons, salt rheum, erysipelas, gout, corns, and many other diseases, it is a sure cure. It is compounded mainly of roots, herbs and gums, fresh from the forest, and combined through a most difficult and delicate chemical process. We hesitate not to say that it is the best salve introduced, as a trial will substantiate the fact. Having been in use for the public about three years, and we have received from 300 to 400 certificates, speaking of the salve in the highest terms. Great care is used in the manufacture of this salve, and we warrant it to be free from all poisonous substances, and perfectly safe to use upon an infant.

BURRILL & HUNTING, sole Proprietors, No. 6 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 102 Nassau street, New York. Conrad Fox, 81 Barclay street, Wholesale Agent.

☞ **Herring's Patent Champion Fire** Proof Safes, with Hall's Patent Powder Proof Lock; the same that were awarded separate medals at the World's Fair, London, 1851, and the Crystal Palace, New York, 1853, and are the only American Safes that were awarded medals at the London World's Fair. These Safes form the most perfect security against fire and burglary of any Safes offered to the public, and can only be had of the subscribers and their agents, who have on hand and make to order all kinds of Bolt and chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors and Windows, Iron Shutters, Iron Bridges, Wharf Doors and private families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other valuables. And are also Patentees (by purchase) and manufacturers of Jones' Patent Permutation Bank Lock. Also, manufacturers and sole proprietors of Crygier's Patent Changeable Lock, without key or key hole. $1,000 reward will be paid to any person that can show that a Herring's Patent Champion Safe ever failed to preserve its contents in an accidental fire.

HERRING & CO.,
251 Broadway, corner Murray st., opposite City Hall, New York.

☞ **Burrill's Turkish Liniment.—This** celebrated Liniment, which is now introduced to the public of this country for the first time, has been in use among the Turks from time immemorial, and is one of the best articles on record for the speedy cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Chilblains, Pains in the Back or Joints, Headache, Swelled Face, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, Toothache, Sore Throat, &c., &c., And for horses' Sprained, Swelled Legs, Chafed, Wind Galled Chest, Foundered, and the like, nothing can be produced its superior. All we ask to establish its merits is a trial. The proprietors knowing full well its merits, will authorize every agent to refund the money where perfect satisfaction is not given. A large number of certificates could be given if necessary, but one trial will satisfy the most skeptical. It is perfectly safe to take inwardly in case of Colic or Cramp. The Liniment is for sale by all druggists. BURRILL & HUNTING, Proprietors, No. 6 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 102 Nassau street, New York. CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent, No. 81 Barclay-st., New York.

☞ **Dr. Velpeau's Cankerine.—The** greatest discovery of the age!—For the almost instantaneous cure of CANKER, in its worst forms. It is also a sovereign cure for Sore Mouths and Throats, resulting from Scarlatina and Typhus Fevers, and unrivalled by anything yet known for Sore Nipples, Flesh Wounds, Fresh Burns or Scalds, Old Sores and Sores of every kind. A positive cure for Bronchial affections in its first stages. We will warrant it to extract the pain or smart from a burn, however bad, in from one to two minutes. The same with Canker. All we ask is a trial, and we will guarantee the result. It is perfectly safe to give to an infant. For sale by all druggists.

BURRILL & HUNTING, Sole Proprietors, No. 102 Nassau street, New York, room No. 4; and No. 6 Tremont street, Boston. CONRAD FOX, 81 Barclay street, Wholesale Agent.

☞ **The Functional Derangements** incidental to both sexes are reorganized, and prostrated powers restored to a healthy tone, by the use of TRIESEMAR, No. 1.

Read "HUMAN FRAILTY, OR PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCHES;" it explains everything. To be had of the author, Dr. BARROW, No. 194 Bleecker street, four doors below McDougal, N. Y.

Price 25 cents, sent free of postage. Sold also by F. C. WELLS & CO., No. 115 Franklin street, N. Y. And at APOTHECARIES' HALL, corner of Pineapple and Fulton sts. Brooklyn.

☞ **Defiance Salamander Safes.**—ROBERT M. PATRICK, SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND PATENT POWDER Proof Defiance Locks and Cross-Bars. Also Fire and Burglar-Proof Side-Board or Parlor Safes, for Silver Plate, etc.

DEPOT—53 Murray street, corner College Place, New York.

[Formerly 192 Pearl street.]
Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64 and 66 Cannon street.

☞ **L. Miller's Celebrated Hair Invigorator,** warranted to CURE BALDNESS,

Restore gray hair to its original color, cure scurf and dandruff, impart to the hair an unequaled gloss, cause it to curl, and CURE ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES OF THE SCALP.

Sold (in large bottles, only 25 cents) by dealers everywhere. Wholesale depot, No. 56 Dey street.


## MISCELLANEOUS.


SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.

NEVER DEBILITATES.

It is compounded entirely from Gums, and has become an established fact, a Standard Medicine, known and approved by all that have used it, and is now resorted to with confidence in all the diseases for which it is recommended.

It has cured thousands within the last two years who had given up all hopes of relief, as the numerous unsolicited certificates in my possession show.

The dose must be adapted to the individual taking it, as the following directions as to act gently on the Bowels.

Let the dictates of your judgment guide you in the use of the LIVER INVIGORATOR, and it will cure Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Dropsical Costiveness, Cholic, Bilious, Cholera Infantum, Female Weaknesses, and all Ordinary Family Complaints, as an Ordinary Family SICK HEADACHE, (as Twenty Minutes, if two Teaspoonfuls are taken at commencement of attack.

All who use it are giving their testimony in its favor.

MIX WATER IN THE MOUTH WITH THE INVIGORATOR, AND SWALLOW BOTH TOGETHER.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

ALSO,

SANFORD'S FAMILY CATHARTIC PILLS,

COMPOUNDED FROM

Pure Vegetable Extracts, and put up in GLASS CASES, Air Tight, and will keep in any climate.

The Family Cathartic Pill is a gentle but active Cathartic, which the proprietor has used in his practice more than twenty years.

The constantly increasing demand from those who have long used the PILLS, and the satisfaction which all express in regard to their use, has induced me to place them within the reach of all. know that different Cathartics of the bowels. Now that different Cathartic PILL has, this well established fact, a variety of the purest Vegetable Extracts, which act alike on every part of the alimentary canal, and are good and safe in all cases where a Cathartic is needed, such as Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Pain and Soreness over the whole body, from sudden cold, which frequently, if neglected, end in a long course of Fever, Loss of Appetite, a Creeping Sensation of Cold over the Restlessness, Headache, Blood, and many other diseases to which flesh is heir. Dose, 1 to 3. mention in this advertisement.

The Liver Invigorator and Family Cathartic Pills are retailed by Druggists generally, and sold wholesale by the Trade in all the large towns.

S. T. W. SANFORD, M. D.,
Manufacturer and Proprietor,
335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS to amend the Constitution relative to the Judiciary of the State.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur), That the following amendments be proposed to the Constitution of this State:

From and after the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty, the Court of Appeals shall consist of six judges, to be chosen by the electors of this State. The four judges who may then be in office, by previous election or appointment, shall continue to hold until the expiration of their respective terms. On the third Tuesday of May, eighteen hundred and sixty, an election shall be held, at which two judges of said court shall be chosen, whose terms shall commence on the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty. The term of one of them shall expire in nine years from the thirty-first day of December following, and of the other in eleven years from the same time. At the general election in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and in every second year thereafter, unless the Legislature shall by law, appoint a different day, one judge of said court shall be chosen, for a term of twelve years from and after the thirty-first day of December, next after such election. Four judges shall constitute a quorum. In case of the absence or inability to serve, of any Judge or Judges, the Governor may designate one or more justices of the Supreme Court to serve for the time being.

Section seven of article six of the Constitution is hereby abrogated, and the following provision substituted:

The Judges of the Court of Appeals and the justices of the Supreme Court shall receive, at stated times, for their services, a compensation, to be ascertained by law, and which shall not be increased or diminished at less intervals than once in six years; the provision made for such compensation, by act of the Legislature, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, applying to the judges and justices then in office, as well as those thereafter elected or appointed, and the same shall be deemed to have taken effect accordingly from the first day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Section fourteen of article six of the Constitution is amended as follows:

The County Court shall have such original and appellate jurisdiction as the Legislature may prescribe.

Resolved (if the Assembly concur), That the foregoing amendments be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators and that the same be published for three months prior to such election, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
IN SENATE, February 10, 1859. }

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Senate,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
IN ASSEMBLY, March 19, 1859. }

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Assembly,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS amending the Constitution, so as to abolish the property qualification.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That section one, of article two, of the Constitution of this State be amended, by striking out the following words: "But no man of color, unless he shall have been for three years a citizen of this State, and for one year next preceding any election, shall have been seized and possessed of a freehold estate, of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, over and above all debts and encumbrances charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid a tax thereon, shall be entitled to vote at such election. And no person of color shall be subject to direct taxation, unless he shall be seized and possessed of such real estate as aforesaid."

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of senators, and that, in conformity to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
IN ASSEMBLY, March 22, 1859. }

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
IN SENATE, April 8, 1859. }

The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

SATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. }

I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of such original resolutions.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, at the city of Albany, this twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

GIDEON J. TUCKER,
Secretary of State.

STATIONERY.—

W. H. ARTHUR & CO.,
39 Nassau and 56 Liberty Streets:
STATIONERS,
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND LITHOGRAPHERS,

Offer for sale a complete assortment of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STATIONERY AND PAPERS, comprising every article required in the

COFFICE, BANK, OR COUNTING ROOM,

Consisting in part of English, French and American Papers; Drawing and Tracing Papers Envelopes, Plian, Adhesive or Cloth Lined, in great variety; Gold and Silver Pens and Pencil Cases; Gold, Steel and Quill Pens; Bronze, Ebony, Glass, Porcelain and Wood Inkstands; Portefolios; Pocket-books; Portemonaies; Rosewood, Mahogany or Leather Portable or Traveling Desks; Notarial and Copying Presses and Stands; Writing and Copying Inks; Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

made to order, and ruled to any desired pattern, of superior quality.

PRINTING,

Bill Heads, Bill of Lading, Shipping Receipts, Custom House, Law and Commercial Blanks, and every description of Job Printing executed with accuracy and dispatch.

LITHOGRAPHIC CHECKS,

Notes, Drafts, Bills of Exchange: Certificates of Stock, Bonds and Coupons, &c., and every description of Lithographic and Copper Plate Printing.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES,

## Military Matters.

### First Regiment.

An election was held in this Regiment some three months since for Colonel. The candidates in nomination were at the first election, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, of the First, and Lieutenant Colonel Menck of the Third. By the informality on the part of General Spicer in destroying a vote, this election was set aside and a new one ordered. At the second election, Lieutenant Colonel Menck withdrew, alleging as a reason, that Lieutenant Colonel Smith had induced him to accept a nomination, declining to accept the position himself, but at the election was in nomination. Lieutenant Colonel Menck, having withdrew, Major Price of the Third was placed in nomination at the second election. At this election Lieutenant Colonel Smith received the largest number of votes, and was declared elected. From this the Major appealed, on the ground that Lieutenant Colonel Smith was a non-resident, and could not by "law or regulation" hold the office. This appeal was heard before General Spicer, who was the proper person to hear the appeal, and he renewed again the opinion given by him at the election, by dismissing the appeal. The Major took his case to Albany, and was there defeated, as he alleges without authority of law. On the strength of this, he brought his case in the Supreme Court, through the Attorney General, Lyman Tremain, and has obtained a writ of *quo warranto*, ordering Lieutenant Colonel Smith to show by what authority he holds the office of Colonel of the First Regiment. This will bring the whole matter before the Court early in October, when we will probably have an opinion on the eligibility of non-residents.

### Lindsey Blues.

The above corps (independent) made their first parade on Monday last, since their adoption of the Hardee drill. They numbered nearly fifty guns, and made a neat show. Their company staff consisting of Surgeon, Engineer, Quarter-Master and Paymaster and Chaplain. They proceeded to Pleasant Valley, had a pleasant time, and returned to town late, but highly gratified. This, we believe, is the only regularly organized independent corps, it being eight years old, and is commanded by Capt. John A. Wilsey. They make their anniversary parade on the 25th October. The above corps we deem the best of our independent organizations—adhering, as they do, more strictly to the book. We hope, therefore, that the above offices of the staff may be abolished, as being contrary to the science.

### National Grays, Kingston.

This company will visit New York on the 13th inst. They will arrive on the Thomas Powell at 12 M. They are on a visit to New Haven and will leave on the Elm City at 3 P.M. How they are to be taken care of, and by whom, we are yet to learn. We hope some of our active corps will take hold of the matter and give them an escort.

### Third Regiment.

A very instructive drill of this Regiment was held on Tuesday last—Lieut. Col. Menck in command. The course was very agreeable and the attendance very large.

## MISCELLANEOUS.


DON'T LAY DOWN YOUR CARPETS!
HOTEL KEEPERS! DON'T LAY DOWN YOUR CARPETS!
STEAMBOAT OWNERS! DON'T LAY DOWN YOUR CARPETS!
JANITORS OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS
DON'T LAY DOWN YOUR CARPETS!
PATERFAMILIES
WHO ARE TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE,
SEND THIS "TELEGRAM" TO YOUR HOUSEKEEPER,
DON'T LAY DOWN YOUR CARPETS;
UPHOLSTERERS! DON'T LAY DOWN ANY CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS OR MATTING,
WITHOUT USING
HARRINGTON'S PATENT CARPET LINING.
USE IT IN CHURCHES,
" " " HOTELS,
" " " PRIVATE HOUSES,
" " " " PARLORS,
" " " " BEDROOMS,
" " " READING ROOMS,
" " " BANK PARLORS,
" " " INSURANCE OFFICES,
" " " LODGE ROOMS,
ANYWHERE, EVERYWHERE, IN EVERY PLACE WHERE CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, AND MATTING ARE USED.

'Tis the cheapest and the best: it preserves the Carpets and prevents them from wearing out, and adds a rich appearance to the

LOWEST PRICE CARPETS.

J. R. HARRINGTON, Agent for
The N. Y. Carpet Lining Co.,
62 Warren street.

BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON.

W. EVANS & CO. DERBY.

Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness, and elasticity, for MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.

Warranted 200 Yards.

Certificates from some of the best judges in the United States.

"We have tried Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Sewing Machine Cottons, and find them excellent."—Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, 505 Broadway.
C. CARVILLE, Sole Agent,
186 Fulton street.
Retail, J. DALRYMPLE, 841 Broadway.

FURNITURE.—CHEAP AND GOOD!—CHEAP AND GOOD!
Those in want of Furniture will find their interests subserved by purchasing at the store of
N. A. SUTTON, No. 101 BOWERY,
his stock being one from which everybody can make a suitable as well as profitable selection, consisting of every variety, among which may be mentioned
SPLENDID MAHOGANY PARLOR SUITS,
ELEGANT BLACK WALNUT PARLOR SETS,
FINE MAHOGANY BEDSTEADS,
WARDROBES, DRESSING BUREAUS,
EXTENSION TABLES, WASHSTANDS, &c., &c.
Don't forget 101 Bowery.

LIGHTING GAS BY ELECTRICITY and SELF-LIGHTING GAS BURNER.
S. GARDINER, Jr., Patentee.
All orders for lighting churches, theatres, hotels, stores and private dwellings promptly attended to. Parties desirous of applying this modern improvement to their houses can have an opportunity of seeing its practical workings in some of the modern houses in this city, by calling at No. 167 Broadway, where they can receive a permit to examine and see this wonderful invention.
AGENTS wanted to sell GARDINER'S Patent Self-Lighting Gas Burner. This burner, if blown out, by accident or otherwise, will re-ignite. Wholesale and retail. Apply at No. 167 Broadway.

DR. T AIKEN'S HYGEOHAIMA:
A VEGETABLE COMPOUND TONIC SYRUP.
This medicine stands unrivalled for its great medicinal and purifying qualities.
There have been many attempts to produce a medicine that will harmonize with all the various temperaments, constitutions and diseases of our variable climate.
This Compound is a harmonious combination of the vegetable kingdom:—seemingly to be peculiarly adapted to every ill that man is heir to.
The blood is the fountain of life, and upon its purity we are dependent for permanent health. Let the blood become impaired in its purity and all the delicate machinery of the human frame become disarranged, and leaves us liable to the contraction of fatal diseases: hence the importance of keeping the fountain of life pure—for health, happiness, and beauty depend upon it. It is folly to be sick where the HYGEOHAIMA can be procured; it immediately attacks the blood without debilitating the body—cleanses the system of every impurity, and health must of a certainty follow.
We particularly solicit those cases of Scrofula, of every description, that have baffled all previous attempts of the medical fraternity and are looked upon as incurable and hopeless.
The HYGEOHAIMA has never failed in any case where it has been taken. It stands unrivalled in all the following diseases:
ALL MERCURIAL DISEASES, COUGHS, HOOPING COUGH, DYSPEPSIA, HEART INTERMITTANT AND PALPITATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, SCROFULA, OLD SORES AND ULCERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CONSUMPTION, LOSS OF APPETITE, LIVER COMPLAINT, DIZZINESS, BARBER'S ITCH, PILES, SALLOW COMPLEXION, HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, PIMPLES ON THE FACE AND SKIN, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, ERYSIPELAS, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHI- AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES.
Advice given in all diseases free of charge.
TO THE LADIES—who are desirous of a clear, fair skin would do well to use this medicine, as it will surely remove all Sallowness, Pimples, and Roughness from the Skin, and give a freshness and beauty to the complexion, such as could not be produced by any other means; at the same time giving health and vigor to the system. Let any one take of the HYGEOHAIMA for two or three weeks who has a sallow or impure complexion, and they will hardly know themselves—its effects are astonishing; try it once, and then say the HYGEOHAIMA is a humbug, if you can find it in your heart to do so. Ladies, if your blood is not pure, you cannot be either healthy or handsome.
Cure warranted, or money refunded.
PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 481 HUDSON STREET, 476 Broadway, 206 Seventh avenue, 197 Ninth avenue, 311 Bleecker street, 576 Hudson street, 304 Ninth ave.
PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE,
Or Six Bottles for $5.

THE GREAT VITAL REGENERATOR.—TRIESEMAR.
PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT OF ENGLAND.
And secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna.
No. 1 is invaluable for relaxation, spermatorrhœa and physical exhaustion, and is a tonic.
No. 2 completely eradicates all traces of those diseases that have been hitherto treated by the nauseous and pernicious use of copavi and cubebs.
No. 3 has entirely supplanted the injurious use of mercury, thereby insuring to the sufferer speedy relief, dispersing all the impurities and rooting out the venom of disease.
TRIESEMAR Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are prepared in the form of a lozenge, devoid of taste or smell, and can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Sold in tin cases, and divided into separate dozes, as administered by Velpeau, Lallemand, Roux, Ricord, &c., &c. Price $3 each, or four cases in one for $9, which saves $3, and in $27 cases, whereby there is a saving of $9. To be had wholesale and retail of Doctor BARROW, No. 194 Bleecker street, N.Y. Immediately on receiving a remittance, Dr. Barrow will forward the Triesemar to any part of the world, securely packed, and addressed according to the instructions of the writer.
Sold wholesale and retail by F. C. WELLS & CO., No. 115 Franklin street, and at Apothecaries Hall, cor. Pineapple and Fulton streets, Brooklyn.
Dr. Barrow can be consulted privately at his residence, No. 194 Bleecker, four doors below Macdougal street, from 11 to 2 and from 4 to 8.


## ENGINE BUILDERS, ETC.


GRENOBLE FIRE HOSE, MANUfactured of the finest HEMP, without SEAM; also COATED HEMP FIRE HOSE—Patented December 14, 1858—same manufacture, coated inside and outside, with a preparation for its preservation
These hose are both specially adapted for the use of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, Mills and Manufactories, Steamboats and Railroads, Hotel and Garden uses, and also for all Hydraulic purposes.
Their advantage over other Hose are their lightness and cheapness, costing about ONE HALF the price of leather hose, with the same durability.
The coated Hose is recommended for Fire Departments in cities, and also wherever it is continually exposed to heat, steam and dampness, as in the hold of steamboats, on locomotives, &c., &c.
The uncoated Hose is a trifle cheaper, and is efficiently suitable for the use of Fire Engines in towns and villages, for Force Pumps, and in Mills and Manufactories, &c.
Certificates of their efficiency from the Washington and Brooklyn Navy Yard Engineers; New York, Jersey City, and other Engineers of Fire Departments, Agents of Mills and Manufactories, Manufacturers of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, &c., &c., can be examined at the office of, and for sale in quantities to suit Purchasers, in sizes from 1 to 7 inch in diameter, by
GEO. LENZMAN,
Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,
54 Cedar street, N. Y.
None Genuine but that marked with Trumpet and name of Patentee.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.,
SILSBY MYNDERSE & CO.,
Manufacturers of the celebrated
ROTARY STEAM FIRE ENGINE,
with which they challenge the world, as to portability, time of getting at work, low pressure of steam used, quantity of water discharged, and distance forced. There are now 5 of these machines in use in the City of Chicago, and 2 in the City of Boston, Mass. Are now making to order machines for four different cities. Third class engine weighs about 7,000 pounds, and forces a 1¼ inch stream 280 feet, or two 1-inch streams 180 feet, or one 1¼ inch stream 240 feet, with a steam pressure of from 40 to 60 pounds. Generates a working pressure of steam in from four to six minutes from cold water.
ALSO, HOLLY'S PATENT ROTARY ENGINES, AND ROTARY PUMPS.
In great variety, acknowledged to be
THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE PUMP IN THE MARKET.
This Pump has no valves or packing, and is the most simple, durable, and effective Force Pump in use, as numerous certificates in our possession will prove.
Descriptive Catalogues sent to all applicants.
SILSBY, MYNDERSE & CO.,
Island Works, Seneca Falls, New York.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE HOSE.—Great improvements having been made in the manufacture of our
VULCANIZED RUBBER HOSE,
Combining strength, firmness, and flexibility, which warrant us in asserting it to be superior to any other made. It is furnished in lengths of fifty feet, and of any size and strength required.
It is warranted never to become stiff by cold, and not to be affected by heat at 300 degrees Fahrenheit. It never, like leather, requires oiling, and is much less in price.
This is the only manufacture of Hose that will stand for STEAM FIRE ENGINES.
We refer to the Fire Departments of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other principal cities.
NEW YORK
BELTING AND PACKING COMPANY.
JOHN H. CHEEVER, Treasurer,
37 & 38 Park Row, nearly opposite the Astor House.
New York.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.
The undersigned invite the attention of
ENGINE and HOSE COMPANIES,
And all others interested in Fire apparatus, to our
LIGHT STEAM FIRE ENGINES,
Designed especially as a substitute for the Hand Engine, and capable of being hauled and manged by any ordinary Company. They are furnished with our Patent Annular Boifer, and Cary's Rotary Pump, giving them much greater power in proportion to their weight than any yet brought before the public. Our lightest Engine,
WEIGHING ONLY 2200 POUNDS!
Is guaranteed to throw at steady work
AN INCH STREAM 180 FEET,
And will throw a 1¼ inch stream a good working distance. Larger sizes, weighing 5000 and 7000 pounds, and performance increased in proportion. We offer also our celebrated Self-Propelling Engines, dispensing with horses, tender, &c., and of unequ lled power in throwing water. For full information apply to us at the Novelty Iron Works, New York.
LEE & LARNED,
Steam Fire Engine Builders.

ABRAHAM VAN NESS & CO.,
BUILDERS OF
FIRE ENGINES,
HOSE CARRIAGES,
HOOK & LADDER TRUCKS.
And all other implements for extinguishing fires.
NO. 151 ESSEX STREET.
New York.
All repairs done at the shortest notice.
ABRAHAM VAN NESS.
J. L. HAWKINS.

WILSON'S FIRE CAP EMPORIUM
AND MANUFACTORY,
135 BOWERY.
Fire caps of every style and patteren, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all the articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned at his old established and well known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and frontispieces furnished them and all orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.
WILLIAM WILSON, Agent,
No. 135 Bowery.

FIRE CAPS! FIRE CAPS!!
The subscribers desire to announce to the Fire Departments of New York and other cities, that they have established a
FIRE CAP MANUFACTORY
AT
NO. 142 GRAND ST.,
(North side, near Broadway.)
Where every description of work in their line will be promptly furnished, and finished in the best style. Both the subscribers have had much experience in the manufacture of such goods, and fully understand their business.
BELTS FOR BASE BALL CLUBS, &c.
ANDERSON & JONES.
May 20th, 1859.

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.

FIRE ENGINES.
JOSEPH PINE,
formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
No. 52 Marion street,
Is prepared to execute orders, from city or country, for every variety and style of fire apparatus, with promptness and dispatch, and with the well-known fidelity to order and contract for which the old firm was always known. New York, May 14th, 1859.

FIRE ENGINES.—
C. E. HARTSHORN,
Formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
119 and 121 Walker Street,
is prepared to execute orders from City or Country, for every variety and style of Fire Apparatus, with promptness and dispatch.
New and Second Hand Apparatus on hand.
NEW YORK, August, 1858.

JOHN H. SICKLES,
Builder of
FIRE ENGINES, HOSE CARRIAGES, AND HOOK AND LADDER TRUCKS,
NO. 8 LAFAYETTE PLACE,
(Between Great Jones and Fourth streets), New York.
New and second hand Fire Engines constantly on hand, and for Sale upon accommodating terms.

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

1858 HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT. 1859
391 Broadway. M. H. CHAMBERS, 391 Broadway.
Has opened a Fine Stock of
JEWELRY FOR PRESENTS,
consisting of
FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, from $10 to $150.
FINE CORAL, LAVA, CAMEO, ENAMELLED and PEARL SETTS.
Fine Fob, Neck, Vest, Band, and Chatelain CHAINS.
Fine Silver Plated SLEEVE BUTTONS and STUDS.
Fine BAND BRACELETS, plain and engraved.
391 Broadway. M. H. CHAMBERS, 391 Broadway.

GEORGE C. NEWMAN, BOAT AND YACHT BUILDER, factory, foot of 114th street, E. R. Builder of the "Continental," Race Boats "O. U. A," "Sea Witch," "J. D. R. Putnam," "Lady Putnam," "Daniel D. Westervelt," "Margaret Emma," "Wm. H. Decker, "Mike Walsh," "Ripple," of N. B'd, "Undine," of Pitsb'g, "Omacatl," N. Y., and the "Camille," and "Star," of Phila., and "Phantom," of Chicago. Also, the Sail Boats "Northern Light," "American Girl," "Bee's Wing," "Tornado," "Storm Bird," "Grape Shot," &c. &c.
Also, proprietor of the "Club House," where parties can be furnished with boats of every description.

ROBERT M'GUINNESS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER,
No. 3 DEPEYSTER STREET,
is now prepared to do any work in his line at REASONABLE PRICES
and
TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Offices and Stores fitted up with neatness and despatch, at the shortest notice.
☞ Do not forget the number
5 DEPEYSTER STREET.

A. LANGE, MANUFACTURER
OF
GILT MOULDINGS,
ORNAMENTED
PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES,
206 William street,
Corner of Frankfort, N. Y.
Re-gilding done at the shortest notice.
☞ All plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water.

A. J. GARVEY, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERER,
93 Third Avenue, above Tenth Street,
Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings, Earichments suitable for the finish of Fire Companies Meeting Rooms,
PLATES OF DESIGNS
furnished. Orders carefull packed.

W. H. & J. S. DARLING,
CLUB, BARGE AND RACE BOAT
Builders, No. 371 South street, New York. Orders received from any part of the country, and Boats properly and carefully shipped.


## RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS.


FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT, and Fall River, by the splendid and superior steamers METROPOLIS, EMPIRE STATE, and BAY STATE, of great strength and speed, particularly adapted to the navigation of Long Island Sound, running in connection with the Fall River and Old Colony Railroad a distance of 53 miles to Boston, only.
Leave Pier No. 3, N. R., near the Battery.
The steamer METROPOLIS, Capt. Brown, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.
The steamer EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Brayton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.
These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and on arrival at Fall River, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6¼ o' clock, A. M., and reach Boston about 8¾ o'clock, A. M.
A baggage master is attached to each steamer, who receives and tickets the baggage, and accompanies the same to its destination.
A steamer runs in connection with this line, between Fall River and Providence, daily, except Sundays.
Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great dispatch by an express freight train, &c., &c.
For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 3, North River, 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,
Nos. 70 and 71 West street.

NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAIL ROAD COMPANY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after WEDNESDAY, June 1st, 1859, trains will leave Twenty-sixth street station, New York, as follows:
7:45 A. M. for Williamsbridge.
8:30 A. M. Mail train for Albany.
9:30 A. M. for Williamsbridge.
1:30 A. M. for White Plains.
2:30 P. M. for Williamsbridge.
4:00 P. M. for White Plains.
4:30 P. M. for Dover Plains.
5:00 P. M. for White Plains.
6:15 P. M. for White Plains, from White and Centre sts.
8:30 P. M. for Williamsbridge.
RETURNING, WILL LEAVE
5:00 A. M. from White Plains.
5:30 A. M. from Dover Plains.
6:40 A. M. from Williamsbridge.
7:00 A. M. from White Plains.
9:30 A. M. from Williamsbridge.
11:30 A. M. Mail train from Albany.
1:00 P. M. from Williamsbridge.
3:00 P. M. from White Plains.
5:00 P. M. M. from Williamsbridge.
6.00 P. M. from White Plains.
WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL, Superintendent.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—From SEPT. 5, 1858, Trains will leave Chambers street station as follows:
Express Trains, 6 and 11 A. M. and 5 P. M.
For Hudson, 3:30 A. M. and 4 and 10:30 P. M.
For Sing Sing, 9.45 A. M., and 4 and 10:30 P. M.
For Poughkeepsie, 7:15 A. M., and 1:15 P. M.
For Tarrytown, 3:45 and 6:45 P. M.
For Peekskill, 5:30 P. M.
Sing Sing and Tarrytown Trains stop at most of the Way Stations. Passengers taken at Chambers, Canal, Christopher and 31st streets.
Trains for New York leave Troy at 4:45, 8:30 and 10:35 A. M., and 3:55 P. M.; and Albany about 15 minutes later. On Sundays, at 6 P. M.
A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.


## 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* the Isthmus 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 New York 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.


## MISCELLANEOUS.


WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S
DELAWARE STATE LOTTERIES!
CAPITAL PRIZE—THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!!
TICKETS TEN DOLLARS!!!
WOOD, EDDY & CO., MANAGERS,
SUCCESSORS TO
GREGORY & MAURY.
The undersigned, having become owners of the ABOVE LOTTERY CHARTER IN DELAWARE, offer to the public the following scheme, to be drawn each Wednesday in SIXTY-SIX Numbers. Delaware, in public, under the superintendence of sworn Commissioners appointed by the Governor.
Class 480 Draws Wednesday, September 7, 1859.
Class 492 Draws Wednesday, September 14, 1859.
Class 504 Draws Wednesday, September 21, 1859.
Class 516 Draws Wednesday, September 28, 1859.
THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED
AND SIXTY-SIX PRIZES.
Nearly One Prize to Every Two Ticket
78 Numbers—13 Drawn Ballots.
MAGNIFICENT SCHEME!
TO BE DRAWN
EACH WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Prize of | $37,500 is | | $37,500 |
| 1 " | 20,000 " | | 20,000 |
| 1 " | 12,000 " | | 12,000 |
| 1 " | 8,000 " | | 8,000 |
| 1 " | 6,000 " | | 6,000 |
| 1 " | 2,292 " | | 2,292 |
| 40 Prizes of | 1,000 are | | 40,000 |
| 40 " | 500 " | | 20,000 |
| 180 " | 300 " | | 54,000 |
| 65 " | 100 " | | 6,500 |
| 65 " | 80 " | | 5,200 |
| 65 " | 40 " | | 2,600 |
| 130 " | 30 " | | 3,900 |
| 4,745 " | 20 " | | 94,900 |
| 27,040 " | 10 " | | 270,400 |
| 33,396 Prizes amounting to | | | $593,392 |

WHOLE
TICKETS, $10; HALVES, $5; QUARTERS, $2 50.
CERTIFICATES OF PACKAGES in the above scheme will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:
Certificates of Package of 26 Whole Tickets..$129 50
" " 26 Half " .. 74,75
" " 26 Quarter " .. 37,37
DELAWARE LOTTERY!
CLASS No. 516.
*Draws on Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1859.*
78 Numbers—13 Drawn Ballots.
ONE GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE OF
$70,000!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Prize of | $30,000! | 1 Prize of | $8,000! |
| 1 " | 25,000! | 6 " | 5,000! |
| 1 " | 15,000! | 109 " | 1,000! |
| 1 " | 10,000! | &c., | &c., |

32,326 Prizes amounting to $1,198,197!
WHOLE
TICKETS, $20; HALVES, $10; QUARTERS, $5.
IN ORDERING TICKETS OR CERTIFICATES,
Enclose the amount of money to our address for what you wish to purchase; name the Lottery in which you wish it invested, and whether you wish Wholes, Halves or Quarters, on receipt of which, we send what is ordered, by first mail, together with the scheme.
Immediately after the drawing, the drawn numbers will be sent with a written explanation.
Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give the name of their Post-office, County and State.
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Those who prefer not sending money by mail, can use THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY,
whereby money for Tickets, in sums of Ten Dollars, and upwards, can be sent us
AT OUR RISK AND EXPENSE,
from any city or town where they have an office. The money and order must be enclosed in a "GOVERNMENT POST OFFICE STAMPED ENVELOPE," or the Express Company cannot receive them.
☞ Orders for Tickets or Certificates, by Mail or Express, to be directed to
WOOD, EDDY & CO.,
Wilmington, Delaware.
☞ The drawings of the Delaware State Lottery are published in the New York Herald and New York Times.

PHAIR & CO'S STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABISHMENT,
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 No. 22 BEEKMAN STREET, and examine the endless variety of beautifully Illustrated Store Bills, Window Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Business Cards, &c., &c., got up expressly to meet their wants.
☞ Remember the Number—22 BEEKMAN, near Nassau street.

ELLIS & THOMAS—
STATIONERS,
AND
LITHOGRAPHERS,
158 Pearl street.
STATIONERY
of all kinds, Foreign or Domestic.
PRINTING,
Plain or Fancy.
Job Printing
In the Best Style, and
AT REDUCED RATES!
BLANK BOOKS
of every variety, kept constantly on hand or made to order—ruled and bound to any pattern.

THE GREAT PHELAN BILLIARD TABLE QUESTION SET AT REST—H. W. COLLANDER vs. WM. J. SHARP.—This suit, involving the substantiality of the patent for the so-called
PHELAN'S COMBINATION CUSHION,
was decided on the 25th May, 1859, in the U. S. Court; Wm. J. Sharp, the defendant, Billiard Table manufacturer, having clearly shown that the exclusive right claimed had no real existence, and is therefore null and void.
Wm. J. Sharp continues to manufacture, and have on sale at 148 Fulton street, as usual, Billiard Tables, with cushions well known to be superior to any in use, where he invites inspection and challenges competition.

LIVERY STABLES.—The finest turnouts in the city may be obtained at
BRADLEY & CO.'S STABLES
CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND EIGHTEENTH STREET,
AND
NOS. 8 AND 10 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET,
Between Madison and Fifth avenues.
Messrs. BRADLEY & CO. flatter themselves that they have the finest stable of horses, and the most elegant carriages to be found in the city of New York.
☞ Calls at any hour of the day or night promptly attended to at the most reasonable rates.


## HOTELS & DINING SALOONS.


PUTNAM HOUSE, NOS. 357, 359, 361 FOURTH AVENUE, between Twenty-Sixth and Twenty-Seventh streets, opposite
HARLEM RAILROAD MARKET.
LAWRENCE R. KERR, Proprietor of this popular LODGING HOUSE AND DINING SALOON,
is prepared to accommodate citizens, travelers and business men with pleasant lodgings, and meals at all hours, in a style equal to any other establishment in the city. He would call attention to the following extensive and economical
BILL OF FARE.
BREAKFAST AND TEA.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beef Steak | 7c | Wheat Cakes | 6c |
| Pork Steak | 7c | Buckwheat Cakes | 6c |
| Veal Cutlets | 7c | Fried Eggs...each | 3c |
| Mutton Chops | 7c | Boiled Eggs...each | 3c |
| Lamb Chops | 7c | Poached Eggs | 12c |
| Ham and Eggs | 19c | Broiled Mackerel | 12c |
| Fried Ham | 12c | Milk Toast | 9c |
| Fried Sausages | 7c | Dry Toast | 6c |
| Fried Fish | 7c | Fried Potatoes | 3c |
| Fried Clams | 7c | Coffee or Tea | 3c |
| Fried Eels | 7c | Cocoa...per bowl | 6c |
| Porterhouse Steak | 25c | Coffee and Cakes | 6c |
| Tenderloin Steak | 15c | Extra Bread | 3c |
| Sirloin Steak | 12c | Brown Bread | 3c |
| Broiled Chicken | 25c | Bread and Milk | 3c |
| Fish Balls | 7c | Rice and Milk | 3c |

DINNER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roast Beef | 7c | Beef Soup | 6c |
| Roast Lamb | 7c | Roast Turkey | 15c |
| Roast Veal | 7c | Roast Goose | 15c |
| Roast Pork | 7c | Roast Duck | 15c |
| Corned Beef | 7c | Roast Chicken | 15c |
| Corned Pork | 7c | Chicken Pie | 12c |
| Pork and Beans | 7c | Chicken Fricassee | 13c |
| Meat Pie | 7c | Lamb Chops | 12c |
| Pot Pie | 7c | Pork Steaks | 13c |
| Clam Pie | 25c | Fried Eggs | 6c |
| Boiled Fish | 7c | Beef Steak and Onions | 6c |

DISHES COOKED TO ORDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sirloin Steak | 13c | Raw Oysters | 13c |
| Tenderloin Steak | 15c | Stewed Oysters | 13c |
| Porterhouse Steak | 25c | Fried Oysters | 13c |
| Broiled Chicken | 25c | Pickled Oysters | 13c |
| Veal Cutlet | 13c | | |

DESSERT.

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

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

EXTRAORDINARY REMOVAL OF the old COFFEE and CAKE SALOON, of No. 140 Nassau street, to No. 19 Beekman, near Nassau street.
NOTICE to the Coffee Drinking Public, that I am located permanently at
No. 19 BEEKMAN STREET,
Where I will always be happy to supply the masses with
GOLD CUTS
In addition to my regular
BILL OF FARE,
At all hours, either day or night, to wit:
COFFEE AND CAKES,
Boiled Ham, Tea and Crullers, Pies of various kinds, Corned Beef, Boiled Eggs, Pork and Beans, Pickled Tongues, &c. &c.
THEO. UDELL, Proprietor.

THE GOTHAM.—Long and favorably conducted
BY
HENRY B. VENN, ESQ.,
NO. 292 BOWERY.
Is now owned and conducted by the Undersigned, on a plan that will satisfy the most skeptical. The bar will always be supplied with the choicest Liquors and Segars, and the different Bay Oysters are also served in every style.
Three commodious ten pin alleys and two billiard tables that are attached to the establishment, are accommodations enough for any sporting man.
Respectfully,
EDWARD BONNEL,
298 Bowery, opposite First Street.

FLORENCE HOTEL,
490 BROADWAY, COR. OF WALKER ST.
GEO. M. SHERMAN, PROPRIETOR.
The subscriber having again assumed the proprietorship of this fashionable House, has been at great expense in refitting, and is now open for the occupation of guests.
Mr. Sherman feels grateful to his former patrons, and will spare no pains to merit the continuance of a discerning public. Everything is replete with neatness, comfort and economy. The House is in a central position, convenient to strangers visiting the city from all sections of the country.
Splendid Bathing Rooms, and a fine Barber's Shop is attached to the House. Attendance prompt in every department.

WILLIAM WILSON,
71 LIBERTY STREET,
IMPORTER AND DEALER
IN
WINES, BRANDIES, CIGARS, &c.
☞ Country and Family orders supplied.

THE ADRIATIC.—
463 HUDSON STREET.
The old established and well-known public place has recently been thoroughly re-fitted in the most elegant manner. As a quiet resort, where can at all times be found the finest qualities of Old and New Ales, Wines, Liquors and the best importations of Segars, it cannot be excelled.
The European and California papers received by every Steamer, and are always on file.
ALEXANDER MASON.

IVY GREEN.—NO. 72 ELM STREET.—This long established and popular resort, 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.

WILDEY'S FIREMAN'S HALL RESTAURANT.
Nos. 140 and 142 Mercer street.
Refreshments of all kinds. Ales, wines, liquors, cigars of the choicest brands.
☞ Private rooms for supper parties are attached to the premises.

PARK LUNCH,
No. 4 Centre Street.
Everything that a First Class Saloon ever contained can be served up.
A CALL INVITED.
PROPRIETORS:
JOHN SLOWEY JOHN S. WOODS.

THE EXCHANGE,
BY GEORGE J. WOOD,
NO. 369 SOUTH STREET.
(Near Gouverneur.)
New York.
Particular attention paid to the Dining Department, and a first class bill of fare served up daily with great care.

EMPIRE HOUSE
CONEY ISLAND ROAD,
Half a mile from Windsor Terrace, near the Toll Gate.
HORACE R. HOWLETT.
Accommodation for Military Companies and Pic-Nic Parties.
DINNERS GOT UP AT SHORT NOTICE.

MANSION HOUSE.—
CORNER 32d STREET and 8th AVENUE.
Near the Harlem and New Haven R. R. Depots.
Every convenience for passengers and city tavelers afforded by
O

## AMUSEMENTS.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**
A SHORT SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA.
MME. CORTESI. MME. GASSIER.
BRIGNOLI, STEFANI, GASSIER,
AMODIO, JUNCA.
MONDAY, Sept. 12th, at 8 o'clock,
OPENING NIGHT.
POLIUTO.
MME. ADELAIDE CORTESI.
BRIGNOLI, AMODIO
Wednesday—SOMNAMBULA. Saturday—GALA MATINEE.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.**—H. L. BATEMAN.....Manager.
Termination of the great legitimate revival.
MATILDA HERON
as the
HUNCHBACK BRIDE.
GERALDINE
LAST THREE NIGHTS.
MONDAY, SEPT. 12, TUESDAY, 13, and WEDNESDAY, 14.

MR. H. L. BATEMAN regrets the impossibility of this very successful play being performed after September 14th, as it is to be produced in Boston, on Monday 19th inst.

He begs to tender his sincere thanks for the deep interest that has been manifested by the most intelligent and thoughtful class in this community, in this, his eminently popular effort to place an American play effectively and properly upon the stage. He is also deeply grateful for the favor with which the various artists who have so ably sustained Matilda Heron in the character of Geraldine, have been received, as well as for the houses that have for the past three weeks been nightly crowded with brilliant and fashionable audiences, all combining to render his short season a complete triumph. Mr. Couldock, as the Welsh Bard —a character in which his tragic powers appear to the highest advantage. The curse holds the audience spell-bound with its awful force. Mr. Walcot, as the Jester, is one of the most complete and exquisite of this capital actor's many celebrated personations. Mr. Sothern as the Crusader, a character in which his refined and intellectual bearing appears to the best advantage. Miss Josephine Orton, the lovely and natural young American Actress, as the gentle Edith. Mr. AVIDGE as the loquacious Steward, thus displaying a cast of extreme excellence.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.**
LAST NIGHT
of the
TWO BEAUTIFUL PLAYS!
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1859,
will be produced, for the last time, Tom Taylor's comedietta
NINE POINTS OF THE LAW,
with a cast comprising the following names:
MISS ADA CLIFTON, MR. MARK SMITH.
MISS MARION MACARTHY, MR. F. A. VINCENT
MISS C. HENRY, MR. J. G. BURNETT
MR. LEVICK.
Also, for the last time, Tom Taylor's charming two-act drama of
HOUSE AND HOME,
with the following excellent cast:
MISS LAURA KEENE, MR. GEO. JORDAN,
MISS ADA CLIFTON, MR. H. F. DALY,
MISS FLORENCE BELL, MR. J. G. BURNETT.
In active preparation, and will be immediately produced, a new and original comedy, in three acts, by Fairfax Simpson, Esq., author of "Second Love," called
WORLD AND STAGE.
with a cast embodying the entire strength of the company.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.

**NIBLO'S SALOON.**
MR. J. E. HAWKER,
has the honor to announce his
DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED
A PORTFOLIO OF ODDITIES,
original, mimicical and musical, profusely illustrated by
SKETCHES OF CHARACTER FROM LIFE,
and entirely impersonated by himself, for
SEPT. 15, 1859.

**NEW BOWERY THEATRE.**
Sole Prop'rs. ..Messrs. J. L. Fox & J. W. Lingard.
During the past week
20,000 PERSONS
have visited this splendid Temple of the Drama, and all pronounce it
CHASTE AND BEAUTIFUL!
CAPACIOUS AND COMFORTABLE!
Five Thousand persons can be seated with ease, each seat commanding a perfect view of the stage, and every word spoken distinctly heard by the audience.
THE COMPANY UNEQUALED
Greeted with enthusiastic applause!

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. J. E. NAGLE, | Mr. J. G. HANLEY. |
| Mr. G. L. FOX, | Mr. E. W. EDWARDS, |
| Mr. JOHN SLOAN, | Mr. JAMES PILGRIM, |
| Mr. JAS. DUNN, | C. K. FOX, |
| Miss CORDELIA CAPELL, | Mrs. J. E. NAGLE, |
| Miss KATE FISHER, | Mrs. R. FRANCE, |
| Miss MINNIE JACKSON. | |

ALL IN PROMINENT CHARACTERS
every evening during the week!
THE PIECES PRODUCED
have met with universal applause,
NOVELTIES IN REHEARSAL,
which will be produced in rapid succession. No effort will be wanting to make this the
FAVORITE PLAY HOUSE OF THE MILLION,
where ease, comfort, and rational amusement can be fully enjoyed at
DEMOCRATIC PRICES!

**BOWERY THEATRE.**
Allen & Bonifice.....Lessees.
T. W. Meldon.....Acting Manager.
This SATURDAY EVENING, Sept. 10, 1859,
A GRAND ORIGINAL DRAMA
will be produced for the first time, called
THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM;
Or,
THE REIGN OF TERROR.
The entire strength of the company in the piece.
To be followed by the laughable tableaux vivants of the
ITALIAN BRIGANDS!
To conclude with Poole's great drama of
THE BLACK KNIGHT.
In rehearsal, and will be produced at the expense of $1,000, the trick pantomime of the
GREEN MONSTER.

**BARNUM'S MUSEUM.**—ROMANCE and MYSTERY!
The wild, mysterious and romantic drama, in 3 acts, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN; or, THE PHANTOM SHIP, which will be repeated with all the original music, and remarkable scenic effects, EVERY EVENING at 7½ o'clock, this week. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 3, cast with the whole strength of the company and followed on MONDAY EVENING by the operetta of NO! TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, the ballet of the VILLAGE ARTIZANS, and on MONDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS by the farce of the HAUNTED CHAMBER. TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY AFTERNOONS, first time of the drama of THE SEVEN CLERKS, Or THE ANNOUNCER; followed on Tuesday afternoon by the VILLAGE ARTIZANS, and on Thursday and Friday by NO! In rehearsal, a new American drama in three acts, written expressly for this season by H. J. Conway. That tree from the MOUNT OF OLIVES: the family of ANACONDAS; the AQUARIA, HAPPY FAMILY, &c., are all here.
Admittance, 25 cents. Children under ten, 13 cents. Parquette seats, 13 cents additional.

**JONES' WOOD.**
STILL CONTINUED SUCCESS.
DARING AND MARVELOUS ROPE ASCENSION.
CHARLIE
Has, and will again,
WALK THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE ROPE BACKWARDS!!!
The most wonderful Feat ever performed by
mortal Man.
HE CHALLENGES
ANY MAN IN EXISTENCE TO PERFORM THE SAME.
MONDAY, SEPT. 12TH,
This Great Feat will be repeated
THE SECOND TIME.
Admission, Twenty-five Cen's.
Tickets may be obtained in all the principal Hotels and Music Stores.
JONES' WOOD.
SUNDAY (To-morrow) SEPT. 11TH,
LAST GRAND DAY
MONSTER CONCERT.
SUPERB ORCHESTRA.
SPLENDID SELECTIONS OF MUSIC.
Unrivalled Conductors.
MESSRS. UNGER & GRILL.

**ATLANTIC GARDEN.**
Nos. 9 and 11 BROADWAY,
Opposite Bowling Green.
This Garden has been refitted and redecorated, and is NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON. ICE CREAMS and REFRESHMENTS of all kinds, of the best qualities, will be served at all reasonable hours of the day and evening.
A GRAND SACRED CONCERT will be given TO-MORROW EVENING by Robertson's Brass and Clarionet Band. In order to render the intrusion of mere idlers impossible, twelve cents will be required as an entrance fee, for which refreshments will be furnished.
jy23 2m CHARLES McCAY, Proprietor.

**MOZART HALL.**
663 BROADWAY,
NEWLY PAINTED, AND IN ORDER.
TO LET for
BALLS,
CONCERTS,
LECTURES,
FAIRS, &c.
Terms low. Enquire of C. BRADEN, on the premises.

**WASHINGTON GARDEN,**
BROOKLYN, E. D.
This beautiful resort is situated on First Street, foot of Broadway, (Division Avenue) E. D., and is one of the coolest and most agreeable places of popular resort in the city of Brooklyn.
☞ Families and Parties supplied with a superior article of Ice Cream. CHARLES WETHEREL,
Proprietor.

## AUCTION NOTICES.

**HENRY B. HERTS, JR.,**
AUCTIONEER,
BY HERTZ & MOSS,
General Auctioneers and Commission Merchants,
Office, 5½ Pine street,
Between Broadway and Nassau street.
HERTS & MOSS will give their personal attention to sales of Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, &c., at the Merchants' Exchange. Also, to sales of Household Furniture at the salesrooms, or private residences.
FINE ARTS.—We beg leave to inform the Public that we have arranged a spacious Gallery on the second floor of our Store, No. 5½ Pine street, for the sale of Paintings, articles of Vertu, Works of Art, &c., and shall continually keep an assortment on view for private sale.

**THOMAS VEITCH, AUCTIONEER.**
SALES ROOM, No. 10 SPRUCE STREET.
THOMAS VEITCH will give his personal attention to sales of Household Furniture, Works of Art, Stocks of Merchandise, &c., &c., at his spacious salesrooms, at the stores of merchants and at private residences. Sales of merchandise and by order of assignees and others. Also, sales of Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, &c., at Merchants' Exchange punctually attended to and references given.

JAMES M. MILLER, Auctioneer.

**BY MILLER & M'EVILY,**
OFFICE, No. 28 PINE STREET.
The subscribers, in addition to their Real Estate sales, are prepared to attend to the sales of Household Furniture, Stocks, Bonds, Ships, Steamboats, and all kinds of personal property.
MONEY obtained on Bond and Mortgage.
Houses rented, &c.

☞ **Post Office Notice.—The Mails for** EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. Steamer ARAGO, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 17th day of SEPTEMBER, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

## DRY GOODS.

**AT R. H. MACY'S, FOURTEENTH** STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.
Ribbons in desirable colors and new designs.
Ribbons in desirable styles for dress trimmings.
Ribbons in velvet, black and all colors.
Dress trimmings, every color, new designs.
Cloaks in new styles, $4, $5, $6, $7 to $25.
Raglans in every new design, cheap.
Every description of trimmings for cloaks.
Bugle head-dresses in rich designs.
Bugle gimps and fringes, very cheap.
Lining silks of every color.
Paris flowers of choice designs for the season.
Ladies can be sure to find (real French) flowers in every novelty at our store. Premium hand made ruches can only be purchased at this establishment. Ladies please examine the novelties we have to show you in the way of
RICH RIBBONS, FLOWERS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c., &c.
Every article of ladies' wearing apparel we make to order, in the very best manner.
Store Nos. 204 to 206 Sixth avenue, one door from Fourteenth street. R. H. MACY.

**LACE GOODS.—EVERY NOVEL-** TY in real laces, such as real thread veils, coiffures, crowns, point collars, point sets, &c.: black thread laces, colored silk laces for evening dresses, white Illusion laces in silk and cotton, for sleeves, berthes, &c.
Hoop Skirts, a real prime article
Corsets, a prime article, at $1 25.
Ladies' tucked skirts, cheap.
Nos. 204 and 206 Sixth av.
R. H. MACY.

**DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.**—Every kind flannels, all wool.
Every kind shirtings and sheetings.
Every quality Richardson's linens.
Every quality Richardson's napkins.
Every quality Richardson's towelings.
Every quality Richardson's table linens.
Every quality curtain muslins.
Every quality book and Swiss muslins.
Every quality cambric and dotted muslins.
Every kind linings for dresses.
Nos. 204 and 206 6th av., one door below 15th st.
R. H. MACY.

**HOSIERY.—ENGLISH AND GER-** man Hosiery, for ladies and children, in every size. Prices as cheap as can be afforded for a good article.
KID GLOVES.
Quality the best, in every conceivable color and size, price 63c.
BEST SILK MITS, 25 cents to $18 a pair.
LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 6 cents to $21. Every handkerchief in our store is made of pure flax.
Gentlemen's Hosiery, Shirts and Drawers.
Nos. 204 and 206 Sixth av., one door below Fourteenth street. R. H. MACY.

**NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED** STAGE COMPANY.—DIVIDEND.—The Board of Directors of this Company have this day declared a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of FIVE PER CENT, payable on and after Sept. 15, at the Pacific Bank.
The transfer books will be closed from the 12th to 15th September inclusive.
J. CAMPBELL, jr., Treasurer.
New York, September 6, 1859.

**EMBROIDERIES.—HAVING JUST** received our fall importation of choice designs in every kind of Embroidery, we now offer to our customers the rare chance to make their selections from our many pretty patterns in
COLLARS, BANDS, SLEEVES, CAMBRIC AND MUSLIN EDGINGS, &c., &c.
Nos. 204 and 206 6th av., one door below 14th st.
R. H. MACY.

**MADE TO ORDER. LADIES** CLOAKS, RAGLANS, SACKS, &c.
Every article of Ladies' and Children's wearing apparel made to order, in good style and taste, at short notice.
Nos. 204 and 206 6th av., one door below 14th st.
R. H. MACY.

**RIBBONS! RIBBONS! RIBBONS!** —More important than even the material of the dress itself is the fabric with which it is trimmed. Silks and moires do not change greatly between season and season, but every month, almost, is marked by some novelty in the finishings and decorations. At one time fringe is in favor; lace is the universal ornament at another; now RIBBON is the universal finish for dresses, for the promenade, the dinner or the ball. It is used principally for puffings and ruchings—being equally fashionable for every sort of material, from tartatane to moire antique. The leading Fashion writer of the day, MRS. PULLAN, observes that it is employed as a heading, as well as for the edge, of every style of flounce. Broad rich ribbons are also used to trim the plain full skirts that are now the latest mode, with narrower pieces to match, for the corsage; and very wide ribbons in brilliant colors, are extensively employed for sashes. It is most important therefore, that this essential auxiliary of the toilette of a well-dressed woman should be in the newest and most fashionable style; and nowhere in New York will so great a variety of Ribbons be found as at LICHTENSTEIN'S, No. 257 BROADWAY. We may add that, from the extent of business done, Mr. LICHTENSTEIN can afford to sell cheaper than any of his contemporaries.

**IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.—A** new and very superior skirt, that is cheaper than the cheapest, and better than the best; a skirt that has no objections and very many advantages over all others, and a skirt that cannot get out of order. MME. DEMOREST'S Excelsior skirt is made by an entirely new method, without sewing, eisping, weaving or glueing; of the best watch spring steel, with a superior bustle and supporter complete; can be adjusted to any desired length, graceful in form and size, will not slip on the springs, very durable and cannot get out of order. Cannot get out of order! Mme. Demorest's Excelsior and Woven Skirt Manufactory and Wholesale Depot, No. 375 Broadway; retail stores, No. 320 Canal street, and No. 358 Bowery. Best woven skirts, eleven steel springs, finely tempered, retailed at $1: also, 15, 20, 25 and 30 springs in proportion. Bustles and children's skirts at very low prices.

**AT 294 CANAL STREET,**
ELLIOTT (late McKenzie).
RICH NEW CLOAKS
FOR EARLY RETAIL TRADE,
ARE NOW READY.
NEW VELVET MANTILLAS.
NEW VELVET CLOAKS,
NEW CLOTH CLOAKS.
ALSO,
NEW WRAPPERS AND DUSTERS,
Expressly for first class trade,
UNDER THE BRANDRETH HOUSE.

**MME. DEMOREST'S NEW-YORK** First Premium Emporium for Patterns of all the artistic and approved novelties of Paris, London and New York Fashions and accurate Dress-Making. New and reliable Waist Patterns cut by measures, at 18 cents, at No. 375 Broadway. Branches, No. 262 Fulton street, Brooklyn; No. 154 Fourth street, Williamsburgh; No. 736 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and in all the principal cities of the Union, Canada, Cuba, &c. A brilliant display of Spring and Summer Fashions, in advance of the published modes, now ready.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**NEW YORK TO GUTTENBURG,**
BULL'S FERRY, TILLIETUDLUM and FORT LEE.
FARE.....10 CENTS.
On and after June 26th, the Steamer
FLORA,
Captain W. HAWES,
Will leave New York for the above places, From foot of Spring street. From Fort Lee.

| | A. M. | P. M. | | A. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mon...9 | 1½ | 4 | 7 | Monday..7½ | 10½ | 3 | 6 |
| Tues...9 | 1½ | 4 | 7 | Tuesday..7½ | 10½ | 3 | 6 |
| Wed....9 | 1½ | 4 | 7 | Wed.....7½ | 10½ | 3 | 6 |
| Thur ..9 | 1½ | 4 | 7 | Thurs....7½ | 10½ | 3 | |
| Friday..0 | — | 4 | — | Friday...7½ | — | — | — |
| Satur...9 | 1½ | 4 | 7 | Saturday.7½ | 10½ | 3 | 6 |
| Sun....8½ | 11 | 3 | 7 | Sunday..6 | 9½ | 1 | 6 |

The Flora will land and receive passengers at Twenty-second street, North River, on the 9 and 1½ up trips, and the 6 down trip.
On Sunday will land and receive passengers at Twenty-second street on the 8½, 11 and 3 o'clock up trips, and the 6 o'clock down trip.
FORT LEE, TILLIETUDEUM, BULL'S FERRY and GUTTENBURG offer peculiar attractions to parties making Excursions into the country for social enjoyment, Pic-Nics, &c. They are spots noted for rural beauty, and they are well provided with places of entertainment.
☞ The steamboat FLORA can be chartered on FRIDAYS by Sunday-Schools or Select Parties on her route.
To those engaged in business during the greater part of the day, the trip leaving Spring street at 4, and Fort Lee at 6 o'clock P. M., offers peculiar inducements for a delightful sail of ten miles up the Hudson.

**A NEW TALE,—**
ENTITLED
THE DEAN FAMILY
WILL COMMENCE
IN THE NEW YORK SUN.
ON THURSDAY NEXT.

**A NEW TALE—**
ENTITLED
THE DEAN FAMILY,
WILL COMMENCE
IN THE NEW YORK SUN.
ON THURSDAY NEXT.

**A NEW TALE—**
ENTITLED
THE DEAN FAMILY,
WILL COMMENCE
IN THE NEW YORK SUN
ON THURSDAY NEXT.

**HEAVY SILVER PLATED**
FIRE
TRUMPETS,
AT THE
MAUFACTURER'S WARE-ROOM,
HIRAM YOUNG,
No. 20 JOHN STREET.

**TO TARGET COMPANIES.** —The proprietor of the NEWARK BAY HOTEL would call the attention of Target Companies and Excursionists generally to the above resort, which is located on the borders of Newark Bay, five miles below Jersey City. Communication by stages every hour. Apply on the premises to A. P. SALTER.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**IMPORTANT TO BOOK BUYERS.**
GEORGE G. EVANS,
NO. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
ORIGINATOR
OF THE
GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
OLDEST AND LARGEST
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD,
Calls attention to the fact that he has made such arrangements with other publishers and manufacturers that it gives him pleasure to offer
GREATER INDUCEMENTS
than ever, and such
THAT CANNOT BE EQUALLED
by any other Gift Book House in the world.
223
GOLD AND SILVER
WATCHES,
AND OVER
250,000, DOLLARS' WORTH OF JEWELRY
HAVE BEEN
GIVEN AWAY
during the past six months, each article of which has been of the finest quality, and has given satisfaction in every instance.
ALL BOOKS
are sold at the
PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AND A
SPLENDID GIFT,
Worth from
50 CENTS TO $100,
IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.
You can select from the
LARGEST STOCK OF BOOKS
IN THE COUNTRY.
And by complying with the directions, as given in the Catalogue, you will receive your Book
FREE OF EXPENSE
for carriage or mailing, and a guarantee of
NO RISK OF LOSS BY MAIL.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,
which will be sent by mail gratis, and which contains a list of the most valuable standard works in every department of literature, comprising

MUSIC,
TRAVELS,
BOTANY,
SCIENCE,
VOYAGES,
MEDICINE,
THEOLOGY,
CHEMISTRY,
MECHANICS,
GEOGRAPHY,
NAVIGATION,
ALMANACS,
AGRICULTURE,
MANUFACTURES,
ARCHITECTURE,
FREEMASONRY,
NATURAL HISTORY,
ODD FELLOWSHIP.
ALBUMS, ANNUALS, BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
SINGING BOOKS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
WRITING PAPER, LETTER PAPER, AND ENVELOPES.

THE GIFTS,
which are given with the books, consist of Jewelry, &c. of the finest quality and of the best manufacture, and are valued at the manufacturers' prices, and comprise a large variety of
Ladies' and Gents' gold and silver Lever Watches.
Eight-day Time Pieces and bronze Clocks.
Ladies' Elegant Black or Plaid Silk Dress Patterns.
Silver-plated Tea and Coffee Sets; Cake, Fruit, and Card Baskets.
Tea and Table Spoons; Butter, Fish, Bread and Fruit Knives.
Elegant Sets of Jewelry for Ladies, including Bracelets, Breastpins and Ear Rings to match, neatly put up in boxes.
Costly Sets of Cameos, Mosaic, Florentine, Coral, Garnet, Turquoise, Lava, and every variety of Jewelry.
Gold Lockets of all sizes for miniatures, hair, etc.
Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pencil Cases, with find Gold Pens.
Gents' Diamond-pointed Commercial and Engrossing Gold Pens, with Silver and Ebony handles, in boxes.
Ladies' Gold Neck, Chatelaine, Watch and Guard Chains.
Gents' Gold Fob and Vest Chains.
Gent's sets of Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Enamelled and Engraved Gold Studs, Bosom and Sleeve Buttons, Cluster Breast-pins with opal centre, and gold chains.
Pearl Pocket-Knives, Portemonnaies, Cabas, and Purses.
Ladies' Breast-pins, Ear-rings, Finger-rings, Cuff and Chemisette Buttons, Gold and Silver Pencils, Crosses, Belt Slides, etc., etc., of over a thousand varieties, varying from 50 cents to $25.
BY PURCHASING BOOKS
AT
EVANS'
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,
you pay no more than you would at any other Book Store in the city, and have the advantage of getting a valuable present with each book that you buy.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,
And one trial will assure you of the honorable method of transacting business.
AGENTS WANTED.
Any one, either male or female, who desires to engage
IN AN HONORABLE
AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT,
and one that requires but little time, is requested to call on or address
GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 Chestnut street,
Philadelphia.

**ATTENTION FIREMEN.**
PHIREMEN ATTENTION.
PHUN FOR YOUR BUNK ROOMS.
Will be published next Thursday Morning, Sept. 5th, at 12 o'clock,
THE PHUNNY FELLOW,
A very large Comic Illustrated Paper, the largest, cheapest and best of the kind ever issued in the United States.
To all lovers of Phun—Yankee Notions Phun, Comic Monthly Phun, Budget of Phun Phun, Pickles, and all who want a good laugh, plenty of Comic Engravings and Comic Sayings, cannot do better than buy
THE PHUNNY PHELLOW.
It will contain nearly One Hundred Engravings and Sixty (60) Columns of the most spicy reading matter that can be written and prepared for any Paper. All for Four Cents—all for Four Cents per copy.
It will contain contributions from Deacon Snowball, and from a number of our best Comedians and Negro Performers of the day.
So all be on hand for
THE PHUNNY PHELLOW,
Which will be for sale by every News Agent throughout the United States, at the astonishing low price of Four Cents.

**NOW READY.**
"RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS,"
BY HENRY MORFORD.
which have been delayed for the
ADDITION OF NEW POEMS,
are
READY THIS DAY,
(Saturday, September 10th.)
HANDSOME 12 mo VOLUME,
240 pages, with portrait on steel.
H. DEXTER & CO.,
No. 113 Nassau st., N. York.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Phila.
A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston.

**AUG. BRENTANO—BOOK STORE,** STATIONERY AND NEWS EMPORIUM,
636 BROADWAY, near Bleecker street.
Subscriptions for American or Foreign Papers or Books, from the city and country, will be promptly attended to.
Foreign papers received by every steamer. California every two weeks.
N. B.—To accommodate strangers at the hotels, the store will be kept open till 11 o'clock, P. M., throughout the week.

**A. DODWORTH'S DANCING** ACADEMIES, Nos. 806 Broadway, New York, No. 137 Montague Place, Brooklyn.
New York, on WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, commencing September 24.
Brooklyn, on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, commencing September 27.
Private class for ladies at 11 A.M.; class for children at 4 P.M; for gentlemen at 8 P.M.
Families, private classes and school classes attended.
Circulars may be had at either of the Academies.
Mr. DODWORTH takes great pleasure in calling attention to the enlargement of his Brooklyn establishment. The large room has nearly double its former capacity, with ante-rooms in proportion. Great attention has been given to the adoption of a proper system of ventilation. Mr. DODWORTH has ever made it his duty to introduce, in addition to all the fashionable dances, such exercises and dances as would have the most salutary effect upon the figure, walk and general deportment of those placed under his charge.

**CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC** Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors, for examination by all persons interested, viz:
For flagging four feet wide and setting curb and gutter stones on the south side of Fifty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth 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 south side of Fifty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues.
All persons whose interests are affected by the above named assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHAS. McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
Board of Assessors.
Office Board of Assessors, New Court House, Sept. 8, sep10 4t

☞ **Beauty Without Paint.**—DR. F. W. BOSWELL'S BEAUTIFIER will positively remove TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, and impart a permanent Bloom to the COMPLEXION. It attracts the admiration of all who use it.
Price 50 cents per box—by mail, 60 cents.
BOSWELL'S HAIR ERADICATOR, for REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—is the best in use. $1 00 per bottle.
THE SECRET OF BEAUTY—a little book of 32 pages, sent free.
All Orders by Mail should be sent to the Principal Office, No. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.
For sale by
P. L. TADMAN & CO.,
81 Bleecker St., 4 doors west of Broadway,
AND DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

**HO! FOR FISHING!!**—Those fond of fishing will address, with 15 cents, G. G. BERRY, North Stratford, N. H.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS.
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
IT IS THE FINEST TONIC OF THE AGE.
IT IS A FINE BEVERAGE.
IT CURES INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.
IT STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS.
IT INVIGORATES WEAK STOMACHS.
IT REMOVES GENERAL DEBILITY.
IT PURIFIES AND ENRICHES THE BLOOD.
AND AS A FAMILY STOMACHIC BITTER CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
It invigorates the whole system, and gives a fine tone and healthy action to all parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for diseases and weakness peculiar to Females, when a Tonic is required to strengthen and brace the system. No Lady who is subject to lassitude and faintness should be without them, as they are revivifying in their action.
TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT.
And your verdict will be a new lease of life.
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
For sale by CHARLES WIDDIFIELD,
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
649 and 651 BROADWAY, N. Y.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
CONRAD FOX, Wholesale Agent.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
81 BARCLAY Street, N. Y.
None genuine without the signature of J. BOVEE DODS stamped on the cork, and Dr. J. BOVEE DODS IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS blown in the glass.
Price $1 per bottle; a liberal discount to the trade, and orders promptly supplied.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

**STATE OF NEW YORK,**
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 31st, 1859.
*To the Sheriff of the County of New York:*
SIR: Notice is hereby given that, at the GENERAL ELECTION to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:
A Secretary of State, in the place of Gideon J. Tucker;
A Comptroller, in the place of Sandford E. Church;
An Attorney-General, in the place of Lyman Tremain;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond;
A State Treasurer, in the place of Isaac V. Vanderpool;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles H. Sherrill;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Wesley Bailey;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Alexander S. Johnson;
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russel F. Hicks;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of James J. Roosevelt, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, Senators for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Senate Districts, comprising the County of New York.
COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED:
Seventeen Members of Assembly;
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Slosson and James Moncrief;
One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly.
One Justice of the Marine Court, in place of Albert A. Thompson;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to chap. 271 of Laws of 1859, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said act. "submitting to the people a law authorizing a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State."
CHAPTER 271.
AN ACT to submit to the People a Law authorizing a Loan of Two Millions Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, to provide for the payment of the Floating Debt of the State. Passed April 13, 1859—three fifth being present.
*The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:*
SECTION 1. The Commissioners of the Canal Fund are hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the State two million five hundred thousand dollars, at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, and reimbursable at such periods as shall be determined by said Commissioners, not exceeding eighteen years from the time of making such loan. All the provisions of law in relation to loans made by Commissioners of the Canal Fund, and the issue and transfer of certificates of stock, shall apply to loans authorized by this act, so far as the same are applicable.
SEC. 2. The moneys realized by such loan shall be applied exclusively to the payment of claims against the State not otherwise provided for, for work done on the canals of the State, and for private property appropriated by the State for the use of such canals, and for injury to private property growing out of the construction of the canals, or in the payment of the principal and interest of such loan, and for no other purpose whatever.
SEC. 3. Two million five hundred thousand dollars is hereby appropriated, to be paid out of the Treasury on the warrant of the Auditor of the Canal Department, from the said moneys, within two years from the time when this act shall take effect, for the payment of claims against the State, specified in the last preceding section, and for the payment of the interest on the loan authorized by this act, which shall become payable prior to the receipt into the Treasury of the first annual tax, hereinafter directed to be levied and collected, for the payment of the interest and principal of the loans authorized by this act; but any sum applied to pay interest as aforesaid may be refunded out of the proceeds of the said taxes when received into the Treasury.
SEC. 4. An annual tax is hereby imposed, and shall be levied and collected in the same manner as other State taxes are levied and collected, sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan hereby authorized, within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof. The Comptroller shall ascertain and determine what sum, being applied in payment of principal and interest, in the first year after the tax can be collected as aforesaid, and in each succeeding year thereafter, within the period of eighteen years from the time of contracting said loan, will be sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of said loan within said period of eighteen years; and shall in each year apportion the sum so required among the several counties of the State, according to the then last corrected assessment rolls received in his office, and shall give notice of such apportionment to the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties. It shall be the duty of the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties to cause the amount so apportioned in each year to be levie, collected and paid to the Treasurer of this State, in the same manner as other State taxes. The money collected and paid into the Treasury under this section, shall constitute a sinking fund to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan contracted pursuant to this act, and shall be sacredly applied to that purpose: and if, at any time, the sinking fund shall be insufficient to comply with the requirements of this section, the Comptroller shall increase the sum thereafter to be levied and collected by tax in each year, so as to make the fund adequate for the purposes aforesaid.
SEC. 5. The fourth section of this act, imposing a tax, may be repealed whenever the revenue of the canals, after meeting all present constitutional charges upon them, shall amount to enough to form a sinking fund sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of all loans within the eighteen years mentioned in the first section of this act.
SEC. 6. This act shall be submitted to the people of this State, at the next general election, and the votes given for its adoption shall be endorsed: "Constitutional loan," and shall be in the following form: "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." "Against the loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." The inspectors of the several election districts of this State shall provide a separate box, in which the ballots given in pursuance of this act shall be deposited. The ballots shall be canvassed and returned, and the result shall be determined and certified in the same manner as votes given for the office of Governor of this State. If a majority of votes cast, pursuant to this act, shall be "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," then the preceding sections of this act shall take effect; but if a majority of the votes cast shall be "Against a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," then the said sections shall not take effect, but shall be inoperative. Yours respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 31, 1859. }
I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original notice received by me from the Secretary of State, and now on file in this office.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
All the proprietors of the public newspapers of the City and County of New York are hereby requested to publish the above once a week until the election, and cause their bills for said publication to be sent to the Board of Supervisors for payment. JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
Aug. 31, 1859.

**PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OF-** fice, No. 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of JOSEPH S. GUGGENH