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rary Weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very sulient preuliarities of character and tone .- N. Y. DAILY

The "SATURDAY PRESS" is the ablest of the Lite-

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From the New York Day Book. We believe everybody, unless he is a sham and a charlatan,

likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nousense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs.

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N. B .- Advertisements for the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS should be sent in, if possible, by Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

HENRY CLAPP, JR. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING-NEVERTHELESS .-- The United Presbytery of Toronto last week passed the following singular vote : -

That the Presbytery being aware that the government have issued a proclamation, appointing Thursday, 3rd of November next, as a general holiday and day of thanksgiving to God for the late abundant harvest, and carnestly exhorting the subjects to observ the said public day of thanksgiving, the Presbytery ters of religion. Nevertheless, considering that gratitude ties. to give thanks to the Giver of all good for the great mercy vouchesfed to us.

Griginal Poetry.

AN IDYL OF OCTOBER. BY GRORGE ARMOLD.

JULIE, MARY, BILLY, and I, Walked down the cedar-lane one day, When the sun was bright in an Autumn sky, And the trees with their Autumn tints were gay; Down to the bridge our way we took, Past the chestnuts that crown the hill-

A year before, we had trod the lane, And then, half-jesting, ourselves we bound To take the self-same walk again, When another year had rolled around ; -So, when another October glowed On shrubby hollow and wooded ridge, It found us threading the cedar-road,

Down to the bridge that crosses the brook,

On the road to the cidermill.

And loitering on the bridge.

The water swirled mong the oaken posts, In long, dark currents, eddying by, And floating leaves, like shadowy ghosts, Were borne on its bosom silently. The breezes dallied with JULIE's bair, Where mingling gold and umber played-Fair Mary's face seemed still more fair In the flickering shine and shade.

We feasted our eyes on the pleasant scene, We gathered leaves of a thousand dyes-Speckled with crimson, spotted with green, And shaded with hoes from Paradise-We sang and shouted, we laughed and talked, Till the woods were loud with our echoed glee-O, never a merrier party walked

Last year, when under the Autumn sky. Through these bright Autumn woods we strolled, We met a lassie, pretty and shy, Mayhap some seventeen summers old : A blue-eyed, bashful country-maid, Who passed us, timidly glancing down, Her blue eyes taking a deeper shade From their lashes long and brown.

In a place more fair to see!

, who have ever been farceur-Loving a merry word alway-Feigned to have fallen in love with her-A new-found passion, to last for aye. So, when we spoke of the cedar-lane. And plans for this year's ramble laid. We wondered if we should meet again With the blue-eyed, bashful maid.

Then, I said that if we should meet With the country-lassie, modest and fair, There on the bridge would I kneel at her feet, And all my passion for her declare: Well, as we came to the foot of the hill. Where the maples glow like a colored flame, Down the road from the cider-mill. The blue-eyed damsel came!

But, alas, for the ways of destiny! I spied some leaves so gorgeously hued, Decking the boughs of a maple-tree. By a fence between the road and the wood, That I vowed to have them whether or no-Coveting beauty as some covert pelf-And, venturing where the ground was low, In a swamp I found myself.

There I gathered the prettiest leaves, Standing, the while, on treacherous ground -Such fair chaplets as Nature weaves When Autumn, King of the Year, is crowned-And there, alone, long after its time, I found a heaven-blue violet, Gleaming up from the come and slime Like a jewel, foully set.

Many a leaf of orange and red, Gold and purple, scarlet and brown, I found on the branches overhead, Or where the wind had rustled them down : Gathering these, no heed I paid To anything save my leafy load, And the blue-eyed, bashful, country-maid Had gone, when I gained the road!

But Julie and Many both were there-Better than bashful maids are they-The blue-eyed lassie is not more fair, And not more modest, as I dare say; I felt some pride, as surely I might, When I showed my leaves and my violet-Those Autumn colors were wondrous bright But those faces were brighter yet!

Whenever I see those leaves again, Pressed and varnished by Julie's skill, I shall think of our walk in the cedar-lane. And the bridge on the road to the cidermill; And if e'er for the bashful lassie I sigh-I, who have ever been farceurwill see that she does not pass me by-I'll wait on the bridge for her!

> FOREST FLOWERS. BY AUGUSTA B. KNOWLTON.

I sought my dearest love one day, As she was culling forest flowers ;-She said that they were all wet with spray, "That only fied with sunny hours."

"The spray crept down from out the clouds, Along the trembling threads of night-Besieged the dainty leaves in crowds,

And hastened off by morning light." " By morning light it hastes away, And then the flower droops and dies-Ah! if the dew would only stay!" And then she drooped her soft blue eyes.

Ah sweet! thought I, sure Love is like One of thine own bright forest flowers, 'Mid night and tears it flourisheth, But droops and dies in sunny hours.

Low darts the light across the western wold. Long quivering beams lie on the silent sea, The East is blue, the West is wrapped in gold, Wrapped as my spirit is, in love for thee!

From the blue waves the sunbeams melt away; Above the far borison's rim I see One faint white sail against the fading day, As faint and cold as is thy love for me!

Written for the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRIME, BY GETTY GAY.

One by one have my mest beautiful illusions vanished, and yet so far am I from despair, that I smile with mingled pleasure and sadness as I remember their verdant loveliness. How fresh and sunny they were in but rather as a bright spirit, who had put on a visible manding with an oath, in a tone as harsh as a rough experience, like the disenchanter's wand, exploded them forever, and left nothing but stony reality in their place!

I love my mother fondly still; but the beautiful illusion which hallowed her presence, imparting to my though he died years ago, before the excess of my filial affection had been tempered by a knowledge of the world. My heart is as warm as ever, but my head cooler; and the halo that surrounded every beloved object has disappeared, leaving it in cold clear light, which allows neither faith nor imagination to exaggerate its idol. Even things unseen, once as assured things present and palpable, have, through statements of doubts, evidences, and discussions, partially lost their charm, and that nearness which filled my dreams, the rainbow, and the sunset, with angels, golden portals, and vistas leading up to heaven.

My father was a gentle and noble-hearted man, and I thought him perfection; but I longed for a brother who could share my juvenile feelings, sports, and little ones, and there became acquainted with a boy, almost twice as old as myself, who then seemed to me and I almost looked upon him as such, for he made a of my day and nocturnal dreams, and I loved him more than I did either of my sisters, or even the baby. He allowed me to stand or sit on the bench beside him, to play with his soft, curling, glossy brown hair, laughed on me with his beautiful blue eyes, and sometimes kissed me and gave me fruit and candy. But my love for him was not selfish, and the candy, fruit, and kisses might have been withheld, without causing any perceptible diminution in my regard for him. His partiality was remarked, and my schoolmates used to call him my beau. The import of the word was more than I could fully comprehend, but it conveyed to me meaning enough to gratify my pride, and all my little heart with delicious confusion.

which enables children to learn their lessons without understanding a word of them. I was slow in committing to memory, and, being so fragile, my teacher advance than any of my fellow-pupils; and, on one occasion, when the old maid who kept the school had been too busy all day to attend to me, I was turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who undertook to hear me read my lesson. I was much excited by this event, and blushed as I approached him and stood demurely by his side. My thoughts were Among others, I persisted in mistaking capital B for on the end of her silver wand, with the addition of a good and the true." capital R, which letters seemed to me exactly alike, pair of flexible glass slippers, or some such present with the exception of their tails, one of which turned equally elegant. in while the other turned out; but which curl made

patience with me at last, and exclaimed :

biggest dunce in school!" of feeling as if she would have sunk through the held.

but I believe I was very much convulsed, and remem- there was a sufficient number of chairs and tables ber, as I was recovering, hearing the governess ask my the room, there was not a seat or spot clear of encumjuvenile tutor : "What have you been doing to this poor little ton's dress, lying just as she had stepped out of

"I only called her a dunce," said he.

other, "for I must have called her so myself a dosen | tles, and plates, sprinkled with fragments of segars, times. What did he do, Getty?"

and replied, " Nothing-I am sick." that many adults obstinately refuse to take.

There was another of my schoolmates who deaded ner of the room.

WAKING FROM ILLUSIONS. with the flesh-colored stockings. Words are too dry of astonishment said : was personated by Ross Melton, parent to the girl nised her, had not Minnie in answer to my blank stare and cold to paint my rapture at the sight of fairy- "That's my mother." land and Mrs. Ross Melton, with vapory skirts, magic

but gave free scope to the delicious new life with though Minnie might look for it in the dirty clothes which they inspired me. I courted intimacy with bag; but if we disturbed her again, she would skin us mind at once a heart-joy and a sense of perfect securiMiss Minnie Melton, and coaxed her to accompany me both alive. Having uttered this threat in a theatrical ty, is gone, and I behold in her a woman almost as to Sunday-school. She consented, and I called for her tone, she rolled over again, and swore herself to sleep. imperfect and fallible as myself. My affection is now at the hotel at which her mother was stopping. I had The dirty clothes bag was hauled from under the proud and happy as a queen.

things." I was flattered immensely, and promised to | heeded and unheard, and I went home, weeping as I let her have the hood. I was as good as my word, went. reau, and give it slyly into Miss Melton's possession, it; tried to smooth and coax it into shape; bedewed it

That my hood, however, should be hallowed, as it form whatever. I carried the loathed thing in my hand the most beautiful being I had ever beheld. He was Star," the ravishing Rosa Melton, was a source of defolks had gone in front before I put it on. Vain stratme, "appear upon her golden locks as she came down sisters' keen eyes discerned my disgrace in a moment, pet of me,—perhaps because I was the smallest girl in from the clouds, and win a share of the applause that and hailed it with a simultaneous shout. Concealment said so, with mortification, when he was not drunk." the school, and, being also very delicate, involuntarily would greet her descent." The thought set my lively was idle, and I had to confess the truth to them. Jenimagination all aglow, and I half expected that some nie, my elder, contented herself with a bitter "It uneasy curiosity. He approached the first, as if to ask virtue would accrue to the hood, from the exalted serves you right, you little fool!" and walked stately the name of the host; but Porbus, with a mysterious experience through which it was passing. If, when I on, paying no more heed to me; but Addy, my younger. next put it on, it should make me look like a fairy, sister, who enjoyed a great flow of spirits, and had and enable me to become invisible at will; if I should much of the monkey in her disposition, did not fail to find its quilting stuffed with diamonds, or its swan's- improve the occasion to the utmost. She allowed herdown set off with a double row of emeralds and ru- self to fall into the rear in order to view my hood from spect which Porbus showed for him, and by the artistic bies, I felt how happy and proud I should be to display | that point, declaring, as she returned to my side, my triumph to my prosaic relatives; but not that I "that she never saw anything so awful in her life: should be taken at all by surprise.

I was nevertheless rather anxious to get my hood | dog's bed, and kept it till it was too dirty for him to back, for I was afraid that mother, and grandmother, sleep in." Then she shot ahead and took a look from of my first daubs." too, who held theatrical people in great contempt, the front, entreating me when I came up, to change would have no mercy on me, if they found out what I hoods with the next beggar-girl that came along, if I said Poussin. had been doing. After several days had passed with- could find one so foolish as to do it. When we arrived At home I was much flattered. I was very observant, out the fulfilment of the borrower's promise, I began at Sunday school, she collected all the girls about me, and my sayings were considered remarkable in so small to entreat Miss Minnie rather urgently not to postpone told the story of my misfortune with mock sympathy, a child. But must I confess the truth? I was anything it any longer. Morning after morning she put me off and insisted upon showing them the hood, which she with the excuse of forgetfulness, and flattering promises, said I was so proud of because it had been worn over and Sunday came round at last; but as it rained hard Mrs. Melton's wig, and had slept a week next to her I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not dirty stockings in the old clothes-bag. go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on But it was at home that I suffered most severely for was cautioned against urging too arduous application every morning of which I was played with as before; my folly. There is no reason, however, why I should but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very put the reader through the terrible ordeal I was comfine, I knew I must get the hood or take the conse- pelled to endure. Let him drop a tear of genuine symquences, more than I had the courage to face.

without avail. I felt a kind of pleasing awe in antici- father reproved me as gently as wisely.

But nothing of the kind occurred; and seeing a the character B, and which R, was more than I could, for | waiter gliding about, I had to muster the courage to the life of me, recollect. My boy-teacher got out of all acquaint him with my business, but was told that it was no time to think of disturbing Mrs. Melton, and "Well, I didn't think you so stupid! You are the that I must come later. I had to go home without years afterward. my hood, to breakfast, and after dressing for Sunday This to her who at home was esteemed so "smart" school, I managed to slip away again and return to the and before the very girls who had envied me so much hotel. This visit was more successful, for I found on account of the preference the speaker had previously | Minnie, who again tried to put me off; but I told her shown for me above them all! I heard them titter plainly that I could not go back without what I came with delight at my disgrace. I can recollect the sensa- for, as I should be whipped if I did, and that I thought tions I experienced then, perfectly, as if they had been | she had no right to expose me to punishment for doing awakened within the passing hour. The harsh words her a kindness. She hesitated to usher me into her of one I had looked up to with so much esteem and mother's room, but as she could not find the hood heraffection, shocked me like blows, and my blood seemed | self, she had no alternative, and in I went. I entered to become suddenly heated, rising and filling my neck | hesitatingly, expecting to be overpowered by a blase and face till sense grew dim,—as if my head had been of light, for my mind was prepared for a scene of fairy wrapped in a veil. I had often heard my mother speak | elegance and luxury, but not for what I actually be

ground, and I said to myself, I feel like mamma now. Never had I seen a picture of confusion equal to the have vanished, but my limbs felt like lead. Something began swelling up from my bosom into my throat, and would certainly have choked me, had I not harst into would certainly have choked me, had I not burst into my Quakerish sense of order, cleanliness, and propriety. Costumery, made into what my grandmother would passed.) What took place immediately after this I cannot say, | call "wads," was scattered here and there, and though brances. The floor was littered over with Mrs. Melwith dirty clothes, empty bottles, odd shoes, soiled stockings, theatrical properties, and other miscellane-"That cannot be the cause, I am sure," rejoined the ous articles. Upon the table stood empty glasses, bot-

called "Cherry and Fair Star," in which "Fair Star" Mrs. Ross Melton herself? I should never have recog- public ought to know something about him."

I had never dreamed of such a transformation, and allver wand, and emblematic star. I was completely would willingly have attributed it to some fell enconfied away by them, and filled to overflowing with chanter. She looked ghastly in her sleep. As we met their beauty and enchantment. The gorgeous mag- with no success in our endeavors to find my hood, micence, the thrilling life, the damling charms of the Mrs. Melton had to be awakened and made to undermade it appear a heaven to me, and I had, for stand the case. I see her now rolling over in bed, weeks after, no room in my mind for anything else. yawning lasily, half opening her big black eyes, dis-I dould not look upon Mrs. Melton as a mere mortal, figured underneath by blue shades and bagginess, deform out of benevolence and condescension to hu- man's, what was the matter. Her daughter explained. She honored me with a drowsy glance, and cursed me I did not, of course, reflect upon my own childish for disturbing her about such a trifle. She cursed my idens, and hardly knew what I thought at the time, | hood, too, and said she did not know where it was,

measured, rational, and lives on the past; but it was dressed myself with unusual care, and wore a beauti- bed, and soiled linen, dirty stockings, and towels were then implicit and unbounded, the main stay of my confidence and of my daily delight. And what I say the confidence and of my daily delight is the confidence and of my daily delight. And what I say the confidence and of my daily delight is the confidence and of my dai confidence and of my daily delight. And what I say silk, and trimmed with swan's-down, which set off my At first I positively refused to recognize it; but it was face to the utmost advantage. Even Mrs. Melton, mine, alas! and the transformation it had undergone herself, who was peeping through the blinds, honored was as deplorable as Mrs. Melton's from "Fair Star" me with a look and a compliment, which made me as to herself. Crushed, torn, soiled, and stained inside and out, it had lost all definite shape and color, and One Monday, during intermission at school, Miss was no longer fit to be worn in the rain, much less before a picture, "don't look at that too long; it will Minnie took me aside, and told me that her mother suited for "Sunday best." By one string I held up make you despair." had fallen in love with my hood, and wanted to wear my lately beautiful hood, now a limp, draggled, rent, it on her benefit night, in a new piece which was to be spotted, diagusting thing, from which the swan's-down presented on that occasion. "If," said she, "I would dropped in discolored particles, and against which my lend it to her for a couple of days, she would return it sense of smell and of vision revolted; the sight was to me uninjured, and repay me for the loan with any too much for my feelings, and I burst into tears. The quantity of spangles, tinsel, and other glittering lame apology and consolation Minnie offered were un-

> single stain, its sickly smell, or to bring it into any that she was sure Mrs. Melton had borrowed it for her

pathy, and I consent to spare his feelings and pass on. I rose early that morning and went to Mrs. Melton's The poetry and romance of my nature,—which had

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG. ILLUSTRATING THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Ain: "John Brown had a little Injun " Old John Brown, he had a little nigger. Old John Brown, he had a little nigger. Old John Brown, he had a little nigger, One little nigger boy. (Chorus by several voices.)

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD-One little, two little, SECRETARY FLOYD-Three little nigger, MESSES. MASON AND VALLANDIGHAM-Four little, five

MR. BUCHANAN-Six little nigger. GOVERNOR WISE-Seven little, eight little. WASHINGTON CONSTITUTION-Nine little nigger. NEW YORK HERALD-Ten little nigger boy.

(Interval, in which the election is supposed to have HERALD, AND CONSTITUTION-Ten little, nine little, AUTHORITIES OF VIRGINIA - Seven little, six little AUTHORITIES AT WASHINGTON-Four little, three little.

PROPLE OF THE COUNTRY (in accents of surprise at the upshot of the whole) - One little nigger boy !!!

BULWER.

I was a thousand times too proud to confess the truth, wash-stand I saw the beautiful golden hair hanging, days ago a daily journal announced, upon the some be better not to draw a single outline, but to comwhich I had imagined to be the natural growth of what singular authority of the New York Tribune, the mence with the middle tints, using them as a contrast I was immediately put on the sick list, and soon af Mrs. Melton's head, and beneath it lay a set of false entire restoration of Sir E. B. Lytton's health. We between the brightest lights and the deepest shades. terwards sent home. I cried myself asleep that night, teeth grinning in frightful mockery. The walls were regret to learn from another source that this statement is it not thus that the sun, the divine painter of the but I never after spoke to the boy who had offended ornamented with two or three pictures of dogs and is incorrect, and that Sir Edward still continues to world, proceeds? Oh Nature, who can ever catch thy me, and hardly deigned to look at him again. My race-horses, and the mantel with small heaps of stage suffer severely from illness. We quite agree with our secrets? Learning and ignorance arrive at the same excessive sensitiveness was morbid, no doubt; but in jewelry, that I had mistaken by gas-light for genuine, contemporary the Critic, who says: 'For some time denial. I doubt the excellence of my work.' this instance, it taught me a useful lesson—not to but the glass, wax, and coarse setting of which appeared for a moment, and then conlong for a brother, nor to expect either great patience peared common and lustreless in the light of day. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. That his health had tinued: wards it was reported that he was better, and would walked." my eyes-Minnie Melton-a girl wearing flesh-colored I was all eyes for the moment, and took in every- shortly be able to resume the normal activity of his He fixed his eyes, and, playing mechanically with - Bishop Onderdonk has decided to bring a legal stockings, sleeves looped up with ribbons, and a short- thing almost at a glance. I should now have to study life. Since that time, however, his name as it were his knife, sank into a deep reverie. Christian duty to obey magistrates, yet they cannot action to recover damages which he has sustained or dress than any of us. She was lively, bold, and a kind of 'Oh! "He is communing with his soul," said Porbus, in recognize the right of civil rulers to interfere in matwarmly recommend all the congregations under their in land for some time past, will spend the Winter in performances, that I allowed my father no respite for me. The riceper—that sallow, freckled, thin- a private sorrow, we cannot but regard Sir Edward seemed like a spirit living in some unknown sphere. ill he took me to see the play haired, sunken-mouthed little woman-could it be Lytton Bulwer as public property; and, as such, the A thousand confused thoughts were awakened in his

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

AUTUMN SONG. BY AUGUSTUS B. ENOWLTON

The zephrs are hurrying thro' the woods,
A-singing a silver song;
They're pulling the beard of the golden grain,
And laugh as they hurry along.

They're plucking the roses from many a tree, But, ah! not a whit care they For the flowers that smile with a Summer's aun. And live but a Summer day.

They've ruffled the robin's scarlet breast, And broken a white dove's feather; They've whispered a word to the mourning bird, And now dance over the heather.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! for the Autumn wind. Laughing so clearly, cheerily; It kisses the white sail over the sea.

And bloweth the white foam merrily. Hurrah, hurrah! for the Autumn wind. That scatters the fruit in showers-The roses are dead and the lily has fled But the fruit is better than flowers.

Brooklyn, October, 1859.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK. GILLETTE.

"Young man," said Porbus, seeing him absorbed

It was the picture of Adam which Mabuse painted to free himself from the prison in which his creditors held him so long. The figure had such an effect of reality, that Poussin commenced to comprehend the true sense of the confused words spoken by the old man. The old painter looked at the picture with an air of satisfaction, but without enthusiasm, as though but had to steal the article out of my mother's bu- There was no hope for it—wear it I must. I wiped there," said he. "My poor master surpassed himself; he would say, I have done better. "There is life pleasures. My only brother died in infancy. When I for fear my sisters should report proceedings at home, with my tears; but was wholly unable to get rid of a The man is actually alive; he is coming towards us But the air, the heaven, the wind which we breathe, we see, and feel, are not there. Then, too, at that were, by being worn by so celestial a being as "Fair till we were outside of the door, and waited till the old time there was but a single man in the world." ('ertainly the only man who ever came direct from the licious exultation to me. "It would," Minnie told agem! It proved as unavailing as it was shallow. My hands of God should have something divine in his appearance, which is wanting there. Mabuse himself

Poussin looks at Porbus, and then at his host, with air, placed his finger upon his lip, and the young man kept silence, hoping that sooner or later some word might give him a clue to the name of his host, whose riches and talents were sufficiently attested by the re-

splendors crowded about the room. Poussin seeing over the dark oak mantle a splendid portrait of a woman, cried, "What a fine Giorgione!" "No." said the old man; "you are looking at one

"Then I am in the house of the god of painters," The old man smiled, as though that praise were not

unfamiliar to him. "Master Frenhofer," said Porbus, "can you not give

me some of your good Rhine wine?". "Two pipes," said the old man, "one to pay for the pleasure I had, this morning, in seeing your beautiful sinner, the other as a friendly present."

"Ah, if I was not always in ill health," said Porbus, and if you would only let me see your Belle Noiseuse. I could paint a large picture, with figures of life-size." "Show my work!" cried the old man, much moved. "No, no; I must make it still more perfect. Last evening I believed I had finished. Her eyes seemed hotel. Nobody was stirring in the place, and I walked misled me in the matter of the hood,—had to sustain a moist; her flesh seemed moving; the tresses of her about it like one lost. I tried to attract attention, but severe shock and many a shaft of ridicule; but my hair waved; she breathed. Although I have found the secret of giving upon a flat surface the relief and constantly wandering from the page upon which I was pating my interview with the "Fair Star" of my "It is rather early for you to have such a lesson, roundness of nature, this morning, by daylight, I saw gasing, and were too much occupied with him to allow imagination, and half expected to behold her suddenly Getty," said he; "but it comes better too soon than my error. Ah! to arrive at this glorious result, I me to do justice to myself. I gave him, no doubt, a spring up through a trap-door, arrayed in snowy muslin, too late. If you live to be a woman, you will learn have studied profoundly the great masters of coloring. deal of trouble, which disturbed the sweetness of his fleshings, and dazzling jewelry, or to see her descend that the finery of this world, like the show on the I have analyzed and removed, stroke by stroke, the temper and disgusted him not a little with his employ. through the ceiling, partially hidden in cloudy radiment. Becoming conscious of his displeasure, I grew ance, with a brilliant star on her spotless brow, stand- You cannot help admiring the glittering and the sovereign painter, sketched my figure in a single tone. more embarrassed and made more blunders than ever. ing on a floral throne, and presenting me with my hood beautiful, my child, but it is only safe to trust the clear and well sustained—for shadow is only an accident-remember that, young man. Then I have gone "Ah! handsome is as handsome does," ejaculated over my work again, and by means of half-tints and my grandmother, who the next morning, as Minnie glazing, of which I diminish the transparency more was calling for me on her way to school, bounced out and more, I have rendered the shades deeper and and fired such a volley of stinging reproaches at her, deeper, down to the deepest black. For the shadows of that I doubt much if the little Thespian (a celebrated ordinary painters are of a different substance from their actress now) ventured within gun-shot of the house for lights; they are wood, or brass, or anything you wish, except flesh, in shadow. You feel that should their figures change their positions, the dark parts would not become clear and free from shadow as they came into the light. I have avoided this fault, into which so many illustrious painters have fallen; and in my pictures, color reveals itself under the opacity of the darkest shadow. I have not, like so many fools who imagine that they draw correctly because they mark each line carefully, indicated by dry lines the limits of my figure, and made every anatomical truth conspicuous; for the human figure is not bounded by lines. In

this the sculptors approach nearer the truth than we do. Nature gives us a succession of curves enveloping each other. Rigorously speaking, there is no such thing as design. Don't laugh, young man. However singular this saying may seem to you now, you will some day comprehend the reasons for saying it. Lines are the means by which men render the effect of light upon objects; but there are no lines in nature, where everything is full Modelling is designing; because in modelling we remove the surroundings, so as to allow the free play of light and shade. In the same way, I have not marked definitely the limits of my figure, but have so painted the warm shadows that you could not put your finger upon the line that separates my figure from my background. Standing too near, the picture looks rough and cottony, and wants nicety of execution; but at the right distance, everything looks correct—the body moves, the figures stand boldly out, you can feel the air circulate. Still I am not entirely bread and cheese, and fish-bones. Above a marble We find the following in the London Leader: "Some satisfied with it; I have my doubts. Perhaps it would

or constant gentlemess from the rougher sex. My Instead of the delicate perfume I had anticipated, the suffered from his many labors, literary and political, "For ten years, young man, have I worked upon it; childish ideal was destroyed, and I ceased to look for strong smell of stale liquor filled the room; and in lieu and that a temporary cemation from all kind of work but what are ten short years, when passed in striving perfection, which was one step gained in wisdom of the soft music I had expected, I heard the heavy became necessary about the time of Lord Derby's fa- to comprehend Nature? We are ignorant how long it breathing of the sleeper, in the bed c xupying the cor- mous appeal to the country, was well known. After- took Pygmalion to make the only statue that ever

friendship cheep-with copper lace and spangies. The describe it. I began, as fine writers asy, to experience tained on the subject. This is far from satisfactory. To Nicholas Poussin, the old man, staring, but withfestly and strongly binding on us, the Presbytery - Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has been in Eng- told me such wanders of the theore was something stronger in store and although we have no disposition to intrude upon out expression in his eyes, seemed more than human -

soul. The moral phenomena of that kind of fascina-

excited in an exile's heart by the song that recalls his ten, and cast at her feet, as a grain of incense. home. The contempt which this old man affected to commenced Penssin, a he is sally an old feel for the fine efforts of art, his riches, his manness, men; he could only see the woman in you, you are so treasure from his moret. The lovers Porbus's deference to him, his picture so long kept perfect." thing about this old man, seemed superhuman. The what an awful thought is that you have proposed to rich imagination of Poussin saw clearly in this wonder- me !" ful being a complete image of the artistic nature ;—that nature to which, though weak itself, so much power is sort of contrition. "I am a scoundrel for it." given, and which often, in abuse of that power, guides the vulgar, and often its admirers, over the stony paths where, though for them there is nothing to be own fancies, finds its epics, its castles, its works of art : cry out, rush in and kill the painter." a nature at once generous and deceitful, productive and poor. So for Poussin, the enthusiast, this old in his arms. man, by a sudden transformation, had become the image of art itself -art with its secrets, its passions, its she found herself alone. dreams.

man one whose beauty was faultless, whose skin that would arise there. She believed she loved the art is immortal!" Venus of old, so often sought for, whose beauty we, heretofore. in these days, find only in scattered fragments? Oh! to see once, only for a moment, the divine ideal, perto the hell of art, to restore you to life."

neither hears nor sees us any longer."

"Let us go to his studio," said the young man. trance there. His treasures are too well protected for working upon his mysterious picture. He was seated understand?" us to see them. I have attacked the mystery long be. languidly in a large chair of carved oak, trimmed with Poussin was stern, and his words terrible; his attifore you advised or thought of doing so."

"There is a mystery, then "

"Yes," answered Porbus. "Old Frenhofer is the dejection is hopeless. only pupil Mabuse ever had. His friend, his patron, Majouse taught him the secret of relief -how to give or your brushes unmanageable?" tracted the attention of the Emperor, who, complibeauty, discovered the cheat. Frenhofer is a man who that she will disappear." has a passion for art, and who sees higher and further than most artists. He has studied color and drawing profoundly, - but so profoundly that he has come almost to doubt concerning the very object of his researches. In his moments of despair, he says that there is no science of drawing, and that with lines only geometsince with lines and black, which is not a color, we can represent a face;—which fact proves that our art, like in a state of complete abstraction. nature, deals with a great variety of elements. Drawin their hands."

"We will yet penetrate into his studio," said Poussin, not listening to Porbus.

Porbus smiled at the young man's enthusiasm, and asking him to call again and see him, went on his way. tile roofing usual in the old houses of Paris. Near the only window in the chamber sat a young girl, who turned with a passionate movement at the opening of the door; she had recognized the painter by the way he moved the latch.

"What have you been doing?" said she.

am right in feeling I am a painter. I doubted, until tures by Corregio, Michael Angelo, and Titian; I will this morning; but now I feel certain of myself. Ah Gillette, we will yet be rich and happy. There is gold rival—shame on me! Ah! I am more of a lover than I the canvas, did not neutralize its effect. They looked in these brushes."

But suddenly he was silent; his face lost its joyous expression, as he compared the disparity between his hopes and his present resources. The walls were covered with crayon-sketches on paper. He had no canvas; colors were then very high in price, and his palette was almost bare. Surrounded with this poverty, he still possessed the wealth of a great heart and boundless genius. Brought to Paris by a friend, or rather by his artist-instinct, he had soon met with a mistress - one of those noble and generous souls who were born to suffer with a great man, wedding his miseries, and learning to sympathize with his caprices; strong in supporting poverty and love, as others are

happiness and her suffering, consoling the genius not Poussin let his mistress sit to you?"

"Come here, Gillette, and listen." The obedient him; mine will remain always faithful." pression of a glorious soul.

"Oh God!" he cried, "I do not dare to tell her."

"Ah!" she said, "a secret; I must know it."

Poussin sat thinking. "Tell me now."

"Gillette, dear love "-

"You want me to do something?" " Yes."

day, I won't do it, because you look at me, and your Yet I would be certain"eyes say nothing; you are not thinking of me, and Porbus seeing him hesitate, moved towards the door, you almost impossible to represent. Well you may list, after this week, several journals which possess no dainty play. yet you look at me."

"Would you rather have me draw from some other

"Yes, if she was very ugly."

to secure my future glory, if to make me a great paint with a sudden presentiment: er, it was necessary to pose to another?"

"You desire to prove me," she said; "you know I tone, fixing her eyes upon her lover. could not do it."

influenced by grief, or a joy which is too strong for glory. Let us go back. I shall be happier, perhaps, ceeded in removing all suggestion of artifice, and given should have the honor of hanging John Brown.

coat by the sleeve. "I have told you, Nick, that I more than a child. Let us go on," she said, with an There! that is wonderful, I think!" With his brush he country, was indifferent. would give my life for you; but I have never prom- effort. "If our love dies, if my heart receives an pointed to a stroke of simple color. ised that I would surrender your love."

"If I should show myself thus to another, you connected in your mind with your art, will be like him a very great painter?"

would never love me more, and I should feel my- gaining another life!" self unworthy of you. It is a very natural and sim- In opening the door, the two lovers met Porbus, gravely. ple thing to obey your caprices. Despite myself, I am who, struck with the beauty of Gillette, whose eyes "There," said Porbus, showing the canvas, "is the be hung at all ?" happy and proud to follow your dear pleasure. But were yet tremblingly full of tears, took her by the earthly limit of our art." for another-oh, no!"

"Pardon me, my dear Gillette!" said the painter, "There, is she not worth all the master-pieces in the "How many hopes and pleasures are buried in this Brown is not indifferent. throwing himself on his knees; "I prefer being loved, world?"

art and all its secrets perish."

concealed a work of patience, doubtless of genius, if "We must love !" she tried, mady to murrender all as he matched the ald not from its excellence, the work of a prince in art—every- would be beautiful; but you would forget me. Oh! to his heart.

"I have had it, and I love you," he said, with a his arms.

"Let us consult Father Hardowin," she said. "Oh no! let this remain a secret between us."

She was sorry already for her consent—but she was beauty. "Yes, my dear Porbus, resumed the old man, "up soon a prey to an idea more fearful than her sorrow; "Don't allow him to retract," said Porbus, laying suddenly returning. Yes, my dear Porbus, resumed the old man, thought, his hand on Poussin's shoulder. "Love fades, but to the present time I have failed to find a perfect won any longer for I desplea you and the love to the present time I have failed to find a perfect won any longer for I desplea you any longer for I desple

CATHERINE LESCAULT.

feet and complete, I would give all my fortune; but I Three months after the meeting of Poussin and Por- and saw him fixedly gazing at the portrait, which he same calmness that a jeweller locks his cases when he man dare look humanity in the face and say the con- gles; up stairs whose Alpine steeps would fright the would seek you again, oh celestial beauty! in your bus the latter went to see Frenhofer. The old man had before mistaken for a Giorgione, "Let us go up," believes that he is in the company of the knee, though planned on sorret hiding place. Like Orpheus, I would descend was then laboring under a fit of profound discourage- she said; "he never looked at me so." ment, -- the reason of which, if we must believe the "Old man," said Poussin, recalled to himself by showed them promptly to the door of his studio, and Saul punished for killing Hagug, or whoever?" We The smallness of the space is amended by the huge. .. We can go, now, " said Porbus to Poussin. "He staticians in medicine, lies in indigestion, the wind, the bouse, said, "Farewell, my friends!" care not if they were. heat, or some gathering of hypochondria; and accord- I will plunge it in your heart, at the first word of com- on the serpent of difficulty—that again on the eleing to the Spiritualists, in the imperfection of our moral plaint this young girl makes; then I will fire your heat day Porbus, uneasy, came to see Frenhofer, and hor it, and denounce it—and whoever bases it on a phant of impossibility. Up and down, down and up, Ah, the old fellow knows how to guard the enblack leather, and, without changing his melancholy tude consoled Gillette, who pardoned even his sacriattitude, looked at Porbus with the air of a man whose fice of her to his art and his future. Porbus and

"Well, master," said Porbus, "is the ultramarine At first, the painter of Marie in Egypt kept saying, his father, Frenhofer sacrificed a large part of his for- that you went to Bruges to buy, bad? or don't you "She is undressing; he tells her to advance to the light; time to gratify the passions of Mabuse; in exchange, know how to mix your new white? or is your oil poor, he compares the two." But soon he was silent at the

that wonderful air of light to his figures, that sem said the old man, "I thought for a moment have no small scruples in the presence of art, he re- at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. plance of nature, -our lasting despair, but which he that mark was finished; but in some details I cer- spected them in the young man, they were so natural knew how to do so well, that one day, having sold for tainly have deceived myself, and I will not be satisfied and fresh. Poussin kept his hand upon his sword, and drink the embroidered damask for his court dress, he until I have settled my doubts. I am resolved to his ear pressed against the keyhole. In the dark en- Handsome Black Cloth Overcoats, accompanied his patron to a reception of Charles the travel in Turkey, in Greece, and in Asia, in search of a try the two lurked, like conspirators waiting for the Fifth, dressed in a suit of paper painted to represent model, in order to compare my picture with Nature. moment to stab a tyrant. damask. The splendor of the suit worn by Mabuse at- Perhaps," he continued, with a smile of contentment,

He got up as if to leave the room. Then, said Porbus, "I have come just in time to save you the expense and fatigue of the voyage."

"How?" said Frenhofer, astounded. incomparable beauty is without blemish. But, my dear size figure of a woman, half nude, which filled them rical figures can be represented. That is not the truth, master, if he consents to her sitting for you, you must with admiration. let us see your picture." The old man remained silent.

"What!" he cried, "at the last to basely show my position ;—that picture is not worth anything. These ing is the skeleton, color clothes it with life; but the creation-my wife! to tear away the vail under which are my errors," he said, showing splendid composiflesh without the skeleton is as incomplete as the I have chastely concealed my happiness! That would tions hung about the walls. Hearing this, Porbus and skeleton without the flesh. One conclusion only is be an act of disgusting prostitution. It is now ten Poussin, astonished at the contempt expressed for such nearer the truth than this, and that is, that observa- years that I have lived with this woman; she is mine, pictures, looked for the master-piece without finding it. tion and practice are everything to a painter, and that mine only; she loves me. Has she not smiled at every "Well, look at it," said the old man-his hair in if reasoning and fancy quarrel with the brushes, we stroke of the brush that I have given her? She would disorder, his face flushed, his eyes glistening, and will become like our good friend, who is as much a blush should other eyes than mine gaze on her. To breathing hard, like a young man intoxicated with Will embrace a course of TEN LECTURES, commencing fool as a painter. A sublime artist, he suffered the ill- exhibit her!—where is the husband or lover so base as love. "Ah!" he cried, "you did not expect such per- early in November, and continue weekly until finished. fortune of being born rich, that has enabled him to to lead his wife to dishonor? When you paint a pic- fection. You meet a woman, where you looked for a The services of the most eminent Lecturers in the country fritter away his time. Don't imitate him. Work! ture for the court, you do not put all your soul into it; picture. There is so much depth in it—the atmosphere have been procured, and will be announced in a few days. Painters should never meditate, except with brushes you sell to the courtesans only painted toys. My pic- is so real—that you cannot distinguish it from the air Tickets for the Course, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, ture is not a painting; it is a sentiment—a passion. | that surrounds us. Where is art? Lost! destroyed! \$5; simple ticket for the course, \$3; single Lecture tickets, Born in my studio, she must remain there unsullied, See the very form itself of a young girl! Have I not 50 cents. and cannot go out except when clothed. The muses succeeded perfectly with my carnations, the spirit and and women surrender themselves entirely only to their outlines of the figure? Does it not present the appearlovers. Do we possess Raphael's model, Ariosto's An- ance of an object seen in an atmosphere, as we see fish Nicholas l'oussin returned slowly to the second rate gelica, Dante's Beatrice? No! we see only a representation of the figure. Does the latest and most important improvement in the Pictorial hotel in which he lodged. Mounting uneasily to his tation of them. In the same way the work which I it not seem to you that you can pass your hand behind room, he entered a large garret chamber, under the keep upstairs under lock and key, is an exception in that back? Thus for seven years I have studied the art. It is not a canvas; it is a woman—a woman with effect of light. And her hair—see how the light whom I weep and laugh, talk and think. Do you sup- | gleams through it! I believe she breathes! Look at pose that I can lay aside a pleasure I have enjoyed for her breast! Who would not worship her, upon his ten years like a garment? that in a moment I can knees? Her pulse throbs! she is about to arise! cease to be at once father, lover, and creator? This woman is not a creature,—she is a creation. Let your "I have been learning," cried he with joy, "that I young man come; I will give him my wealth, my pickiss the dust on which he walks; but to make him my examined whether the light, in falling directly upon am a painter. Yes, I am strong enough to burn, with at the canvas from the right, the left, in front, standmy last breath, my Belle Noiseusse; but to allow her ing up, stooping down. stupid criticisms of fools? Ah, love is a mystery; hand. there is no life except in the secret recesses of the heart ;

this is she whom I love!" eyes glistened; his cheeks flushed; his hands trembled. which form a sort of border to the colors." Porbus, astonished at the passionate violence with which he spoke, did not know how to respond to a feeling so deep and so new. Was Frenhofer same or mad? a part of a naked foot, which stood out from the chaos MASON & HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR bold in displaying their luxury and their heartlessness. Was he influenced by an artist's fancy, or did his words of tints which surrounded it like a fog. But it was an The smile that played upon the lips of Gillette express the fanaticism engendered by the slow pro- exquisite foot-a living foot! They stood in speechless For Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges. At Wholesale adorned the garret, rivalling the brightness of the sky. duction of a great work? Could be hope to succeed admiration before this fragment, which had escaped The sun was sometimes hidden by the clouds; but she with so singular a passion? With these thoughts he from the slow but certain destruction. It looked there was always there, retained by her love, bound to her said to Frenhofer: "But is it not an exchange? Does like some torso of a Venus in Parian marble, which

which unfolded itself in love, before triumphing in art. "What mistress? Sooner or later she will betray by fire.

all beauty, charming as the early Spring, decked with it. But before you will find, even in Asia, a woman as | which the old man had destroyed his figure, in wishing all womanly riches, and enhancing them by the ex- beautiful and perfect as she is, you will die without to perfect it." having finished your picture."

"But it is finished," said Frenhofer. "If you should | mencing to vaguely understand his extasy. see it, you would believe you saw a woman lying upon a velvet couch, shaded by curtains; at her side a

saying, "Go to Asia, then."

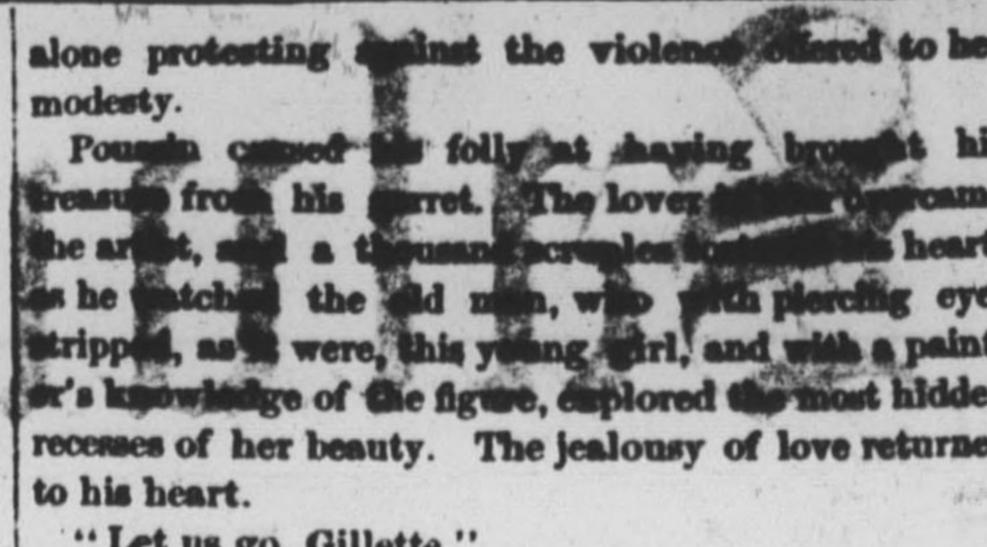
door to Frenhofer's house. As the young girl was on the you will understand better what I have always said underst point of entering, she drew her hand from the paint about truth in drawing and outlining. Look at the from which we had a right to expect better things, has assertion. I think, while my blood freezes in my "Well," answered Poussin, in a serious tone, "if er's arm, and started back as though she was seized light upon her breast, and see how, by a series of sharp been in the habit of stealing, in this way, our entire veins, what if my beloved country should be subjected The Art of Dancing Historically Illustrated, to which

"Gillette, you are my mistress, and I want to obey toning the lights, I have been able to graduate the con-Poussin let his head fall upon his breast, as a man you in everything. You are my conscience and my figure, until lost in the shade, I have suc-

"Listen," she said, taking hold of his well-worn "Am I myself, when you speak so? No, I am no and you will see better. At a distance it disappears. endless grief, will not your fame be the reward of my Porbus laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and should be hung, if at all, between the two, was no

hand, and leading her before the old man, said, "From there its existence is ideal," said Poussin.

to being famous. To me you are more than fortune Frenhofer started. Gillette stood like a simply edly at his imaginary woman, did not hear them. or honors. Here, throw away these pencils, burn graceful Circussian beauty, who, pure and innocent, "But sooner or later," continued Porbus, "he will serve their interests. these sketches; I have deceived myself. My calling had been stolen by robbers, and offered to a slave come to find that there is nothing on his canvas." is to love you; I am not a painter, I am a lover. Let merchant. A modest blush covered her face; her eyes "Nothing on my canvas!" cried Frenhofer, turning will injure theirs. were cast down, and her hands hung listless at her from the two painters to his picture.



"Let us go, Gillette."

tears. Though strong enough to stiffe her suffering, have produced nothing!" she could not conceal her happiness.

gained, this white-winged spirit, delighted with its present-stay outside, armed with your dagger; if I er, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. painters. Yes, I consent to it."

would gain, when compared with those of a living forgotten, in a corner.

bus to Poussin; "am I not more than a mortal wo- same time!" man?" She proudly raised her head, and when, after | While he listened to Gillette, Frenhofer re-covered dened by these bloody influences.

Poussin stood silently at the door of the studio.

aspect of Poussin's sad face, for though old painters will close at the New York Postoffice to-day, November 5th,

"Enter! enter!" said the old man, his face radiant Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats, "I have Nature herself up there. Sometimes I have a with joy. "My work is perfect, and now I can show menting the patron of the old drunkard upon its sort of fear that a breath will awaken that woman, and it with pride. Never shall painter, with brushes, Moscow Beaver Overcoats, colors, canvas, and light, make a rival to Catherine Blue, Black, and Brown Castor Beaver, Lescault, the splendid mistress."

> Excited with curiosity, Porbus and Poussin rushed Fur Beaver Overcoats, into the studio. It was a large room, covered with Excellent Pilot Overcoats, dust, in great disorder, with pictures hung here and "The young Poussin is loved by a woman, whose there against the walls. They stopped before the life- Mixed Beaver, Cassimere, Melton, and other Over-

"Oh, don't trouble yourselves with that," said Fenhofer; "that is only a study which I made for the

"Do you see anything?" said Poussin to Porbus. "No! do you?"

"Nothing at all." The two painters left the old man to his extasy, and

to be seen by a man,—a young man,—a painter? No! "Yes, it is in reality nothing but a picture," said cial, political, religious, and artistical world. No!! I would, upon the spot, kill you,-you my Frenhofer, mistaking the meaning of their close examfriend, if you did not salute her upon your knees. Do ination. "Look at the easel, the curtain, my colors, at Rogens's Bookstone, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscripyou wish me to submit my idol to the cool glances and my brushes," said he, showing them a brush in his tions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

"The old fellow is joking with us," said Poussin, reand all is lost when a man says even to his friend, See, turning before the pretended picture. "I see nothing but a confused mass of colors, daubed one over the The old man seemed to have renewed his youth; his other, surrounded by a multitude of crooked lines

"We are mistaken—see!" said Porbus. Coming nearer they saw, in a corner of the canvas, had survived among the ruins of some city destroyed

"There is a woman under all this," said Porbus, and happy girl came to his knee. She was all grace, "Well," said Porbus, "let us not speak any more of pointing out to Poussin the different coats of color with

The two painters turned towards Frenhofer, com-"He is in earnest," said Porbus.

"Yes, my friend," said the old man, awakening. golden tripod exhaling the perfume of incense. You "there is need of earnestness, of faith in art; and one would feel tempted to take the tassel of the cord sup- must live a long time with his work in order to proporting the curtain, and you would believe you saw the | duce a similar creation. Some of my shadows have breast of Catharine Lescault, a beautiful courtesan caused me a great deal of labor. See! there is one on "If you want me to pose for you, as I did the other called La Belle Noiseuse, heave with her breathing. her cheek, just under the eye,—a delicate shading, which, if you will notice it in nature, will appear to believe it has cost me unheard-of trouble to paint it. mentionable value, and also several others which, I hear "What a coward is a man who has lost his At that moment Gillette and Poussin approached the But, my dear Porbus, study my work carefully, and from the first, have been taking articles from Tun Sar virtue !" Pland thought the word used was honor, but At Home and Abroad: A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery. touches, I have succeeded in catching the actual light | Book List, and making a special feature of it. "What do you come here for?" she said, in a low and combining it with the glistening white of the fleshtints; and how, by proceeding in an opposite way, by the look and roundness of nature itself. Come nearer

"Surrender my love!" cried Poussin. obedience to your wishes? To have my remembrance said, turning to Poussin, "Do you know that I think accepted.

"He is more a poet than a painter," said Poussin

canvas I" said Porbus. The old man, smiling abstract-

She ruled side; she seemed about to faint—while by her tears "What have you done?" said Poussin to Porbus.

heart, Answer me, as Fam your friend; have Edestroyed my thurshade

Frenhofer looked at it a moment, staggered to heartless in the matter. a seat, and burst into tears, saying, "Nothing! Whatever else may be said of Brown, as compared with separate meaning, writhes in violent contortions. At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into nothing! and after having labored ten years! I am, with any politician in the land, North or South, he is a Not Hamlet's father clothed in blasts from helf, nor then, a fool! I have neither talent nor capacity; I am | saint. "Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into only a rich man, who has fooled away his time! I

"Well," she said, "I will go; but don't you be ... "Leave her to me for a moment, said the old paint denly rising, proudly, looked fixedly at the two Moreover this hanging business is about played out. love-maker dropped his love, and flew before it. Not

"By the Lord ! you are jealous; and to rob me of longer. Seeing nothing but his art, Poussin pressed Gillette There was an accent of love in Frenhofer's voice; my glory, you would make me believe I have spoiled "Humanity cries out against it to the heavens. The The play, at last, is over; I rise as one in a dream he seemed to be proud of the beauty of his picture, it! But I see her, and she is wondrously beautiful!" very hangmen are getting to loathe their abhorred while the cold drops fall from my brow. I am sensi-"He loves me no longer," thought Gillette, when and in advance to enjoy the triumph its perfections At this moment Poussin heard Gillette weeping, office. It is proved that I am about to be led behind the scenes; my

looked at the painters with contempt and suspicion, emnly ask: 'Did not Samuel hang Agag, and wasn't Brobdinagian scale. ing burnt all his paintings.

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Publisher, 9 Spruce street, New York.

The N. ¥. Saturday Press.

BENRY CLAPP. Jr., Editor.

NEW. YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE HANGING QUESTION.

The question of last week was, which of two great dignitaries-Governor Wise or President Buchanan-An awkward, as well as an awful question, in respect to which only Brown himself, in the whole

The proposition of THE SATURDAY PRESS, that he

A question a little more embarrassing than the the demonstration of perpetual motion. other, and concerning which, we may presume, Mr.

The state of things in regard to it is peculiar.

a party in interest.

tion can no more be explained than can the emotion him, and felt instinctively that, for her, art westforgotalone protesting aminst the violence cliered to her

The old man allow Pounin's arm, and finally settle the efference, by bending one knee Concealed a work of parties, and with a paint of the Virgin, her something the fear and any but the fear and any which ever indignantly protests against the insinua-Poussin could judge from the first would for skill admired, and which, even in the sucrifices he had made for her. "But the way mixed up with it—the Brown Republicans, the tion touching the tensibility of her auric nerves. Sudwhich he had so trankly admired, and which, well in pointed to the canvas, and said, "See for years."

Blue Democrats, and all other parties, being equally denly a spectral arm, whose body is hidden in the side to his heart arm.

He looked at his canvas through his tears, and sud- to run their heads, like Brown, right into the noose. a volley from a cannon's mouth. Even the ardent Not even the clergy themselves can austain it much so the lady; she captured bodily the frightened swain.

crime, but that it promotes it. That it does not pre- limbs refuse to bear me-the arena swims around me. "What is the matter, my angel?" he said, his love vent murders, or make them infrequent, but multiplies My companion gives me a supporting hand. I pass them and makes society murderous,-makes homicide through galleries, through private boxes. I leap out love you any longer, for I despise you! I admire and as a mode of retaliation. It destroys the sacredness of the stage, cutting my way through dismantled cot-But where is she in life, interrupting himself, "this painter less, for thinking him less admirable than "For him!" answered Gillette, glancing from Portages, over prostrate mountains, under inanimate vade the human breast, and would if it were not har- windmills. By turns, I leap, I plunge, I crawl, I fly.

There is not an Exquimanx, up where the nights are fall, lifeless, into the arms of the star-lady. five months long, that does not know it intuitively, The following criticism of the performance appeared, and would not at once acknowledge it, put the ques- the next morning, in one of the daily papers : tion to him, and let him speak independently of his THEATRE.—The —— brought out a new star last Scripture as you will bring on.

texts and ecclesiastics.

can get a Testament to open it. If a man feels for yellow kids and lavender-flavored handkerchiefs. 10 to 16 our neck with a halter in his hand, we will venture 10 to 20 to remonstrate, if we are not within a mile of a text.

or the recollection of one." After all, this is the lesson of the day, and men are 6 to 12 beginning to feel it.

They know that hanging people is not doing to others as they would have others do to them;

That it is not returning good for evil; That it is not loving their neighbors as themselves; To the yearning ear ripples a murmur of sweet words

That it is substituting revenge for forgiveness, and and stream, and town, and forest—and lo! time and That, in a word, it is going back to the old eye-for-

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE. No. III.

I have just returned from a visit to a neighboring its enjoyment, in the present grievous dispensation of town, not many miles distant from New York, whither life, half the existing hearts would crack and break up, went to witness the theatrical performance of a like glass vials under exhausted receivers. friend, notwithstanding her entreaties that I should not see her under such exasperating circumstances as she was surrounded with there, -notwithstanding her All the Year Round publishes a story called "Lois the assurance that "the stock company, though having Witch," of which the plot and circumstances are their heads on, had nothing in them, and ran round wrenched boldly and unblushingly from Miss Cheesthe stage like sick pismires on uncertain legs." But bro's "Victoria." knowing the lady's personal attractions, and having heard her talents commended as most fine and rare, I

determined to risk the surroundings. The evening I had chosen was the occasion of the lady's benefit. I concluded to walk there, and on my way asked for directions from a very small boy. He declared his own steps to be bent in that way, and gallantly offered to conduct us, which escort we joyously accepted. What wonderment was mine, when he led me down a dark lane, into which the pigs would not have entered without the most masterly driving. Groping my way after him, and treading with much tribulation on the inconsistent pavingstones, I was suddenly stopped before a building, the door of which looked like the small cork of a dwindling adopting the system of "commutation." little bottle, labelled "Theatre."

I was then ushered into the smallest temple, I may safely state, in which the Muses were ever throned. Sitting in the front rank of the box-circle, I was seized Ferry in thinking of Ullman's Ferri, who is, just now, with an anatomical curiosity to measure the length of what Whiskers calls the "wage and the few wory." MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS my arm, by stretching it over the parquette to shake hands with the gentleman who commanded the more momentous fiddle. The parquette seated thirty-two ton full-grown creatures; and though I am not prepared to substantiate the fact by oath, I am confident that the CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, entire theatre would have seated three hundred, or to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal even three hundred and nineteen people. At last the curtain rolled up and displayed a stage of the size of a Baptist pulpit, and bearing in its appointments a general resemblance to the same. The play commenced, and I saw a drama represented, to whose language listened in astonishment. Had I then never seen the "Lady of Lyons," that the words of those who spoke with the tongues of men and actors, were strange and unintelligible to me? Did I hear the fair Pauline force them down the libelling throat? What are these allusions to cabbages and turnips? Whence comes this whole kitchen-garden of vegetable metaphors? know. I know that my lord the baronet did not soil his We have ordered to be stricken from our exchange white-gloved fingers in bowling turnips through his The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries, con-

to an invasion of foreign foes? In my trembling hands, the string which binds my roll of peppermint losenges, breaks, and down they clatter one by one, in dismal succession, sounding like the hollow echo of my last hopes, rolling into the parquette of disappoint-

I brace my nerves, to sympathise with the unfortunate Pauline, whose efforts are at every step foiled and undone. Finally I turn to make a general survey of the audience. One thing above others strikes meevery other man has a toothpick in his mouth. The swain next to me is leaning forwards on his elbows. aggravating his dental members with a very large. very black jackknife, which is varied ever and anon. The question of this week is, "Shall John Brown by snapping the blade in and out, wantonly regardless of the fact that knife-hinges were not constructed for

The Lady of Lyons is finally dispatched in cold blood, and the curtain rises on a farce. The star of the evening sings charmingly, and with toothpicks waved The Republicans want him hanged because it will sloft in air, the house screams with delight. Now a scene comes on, in which a number of students are The Democrats don't want him hanged because it presenting the lady with a tobaccobez. The presentation being over, the leader of the band, suddenly re Neither of them looks upon poor Brown himself as members that it is cue to kneel. All of the others stand irresolute whether to follow their leader or not,

scenes, swoops across the stage. Each finger, bristling Banquo shaking his gory locks, did so rack and fright And saints are not so plenty that we can afford to the disposition of beholding men. It blows off the irhang any of them now, even when they are so silly as resolute followers from the stage, as though it were and brought him back to his vows and her feet.

I swim! Down stairs whose steps have a mad desire looking at Frenhofer, she turned towards her lover, his Catherine with a curtain of green baise, with the "Everybody knows that this hanging is wicked. No to personate inclined plains, and hopelessly acute an-

ness of the confusion. The turtle of impediment rests not right? Everybody knows we are, the globe over. around, until I am at last thrust into a cell, where I

priest. 'Will you heave away Genesis?' people cry. evening, Miss ---. She appeared as Pauline-a char-Yes, if Genesis authorizes you to butcher our brother, acter that she sustains with marked ability. Miss and hang him like a dog. And Exodus, too,—and figure, and is, by all odds, the best-looking actress we Leviticus,—and even Numbers—and as much hanging have had at the Gayety Theatre this season. Miss is a very spirited actress, and is full of all those stage "It is high time human life was held paramount to movements so necessary to the success of a first class artiste. Miss -- is never still. She is continually doing something to give employment to the eyes and "We say nothing here of the overwhelming testimo- admiration of the audience. Miss — made a decided ny of the New Testament against the gibbet. We hit last evening, and we expect to see her create a per-12 to 18 will not indulge its defenders by quoting it against fect furore among our good-looking young men. This them. It is a question we venture to settle before we barian. We expect to see the house crowded with

, I think the happiest days are far from being the quickest to pass away, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary. When we suffer, the days wear themselves out with dragging against the sharp corners of our griefs. In a long, weary voyage at sea, the eye, ever gazing on a vague waste of waters, loses its esti-That it is not forgiving people their trespasses as mate of distance, while the mind equally lets go all measurement of time. But the blue shore at last breaks upon the sight, starred with its thronging cities. But that, on the contrary, it is doing evil that good and voices. An earth-mother, too, smiles up a welcome from her deep heart, through her beamy eyes of hill, distance are again born in the mind, and all that uncounted, timeless water-path hangs dim and spectral in eye, tooth-for-tooth doctrine of the Jews, who, as Car-space. So, indeed, the heart takes no count of days or lyle says, made their choice, twenty centuries since, years, in the sullen, trackless ways of doubt and debetween Christ and Barabbas, and have stuck to it spair; but let some new hope and happiness sweep shining up before it—then it weighs and strives to hold back each moment for the sake of its own joy, and all that vast void of grief which it has toiled through, blackens in the distance, with its eternity contracted to a breath-spasm, and its world-disc shrivelled to a pinpoint of space. If it were not so, if pain worked the same intensity in its endurance, that pleasure does in

I have discovered another instance of plagiarism.

I understand that the story, "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," attributed to that lady, is really from the pen of Miss Hale, of Boston.

Consistency. It is reported that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in

order to illustrate his idea that the black should have a fair chance at the North with the white, proposes to exchange pulpits, next Sunday, with a distinguished colored preacher in Broome street.

Sensible Idea

There is some talk just now, at Harper's Ferry, of New Ferry Excitement.

- Edwin Booth is playing to crowded houses in Bos-

The Upper Ten have forgotten all about Harper's

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press For the Week ending November 5, 1859. The Old Stone Mansion. By Charles J. Peterson, author of "Kate Aylesford," "Cruising in the Last War," "The Valley Farm," "Grace Dudley," etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 367. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

The Mountain Daisy. By the author of "The First Twenty Years of My Life." 18mo, pp. 144. American Sunday School Union (New York Depository). called Mamselle Dish of Pills, and no avenger near to Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. By Alphonse

de Lamartine. 18mo, pp. 275. New York: Shel-The American Homoeopathic Review. Edited by Henry M. Smith. Vol. 2, No. 1, October, 1859. New York : John T. S. Smith & Sons.

cerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. III., No. II. New York : C. B.

and Men. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 500. New York : G. P. Pntnam. 1859. are added a few Hintson Etiquette; also, the Figures. Music, and Necessary Instruction for the Performance of the most Modern and Approved Dances, as executed at the Private Academies of the Author.

By Edward Ferrerro. 12mo, pp. 284. New York: Ross & Tousey. 1859. Ordinances of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York. Revised A. D. 1859, by D. T. Valentine. Adopted by the Common Council. and published by their authority. \$3. New York : Banks & Brothers. 1859.

The Manual of the Wardrobe. A complete treatise upon the branch of Domestic Economy; comprising a thorough dissertation upon dress; an explanation of the different kinds of stitches made in sewing : remarks upon the various kinds and qualities of fabrics used in the Wardrobe, with complete directions for cutting and fitting all kinds of Garments for women's and children's wear; the preparation of Table. Toilet, and Bed Linens. By Mrs. Pullan, (Aiguillette), author of "The Lady's Manual of Fancy Work." "The Court Partial," "Maternal Counsels," etc.; editor of the London Review, and the London and Paris Gazette of Fashion, and director of the Work-Table of many of the leading magazines. Il-Instrated with one hundred engravings, of Patterns and Modes. Pamphlet. pp. 76. New York: Woods

Fisher's River (North Carolina); Scenes and Characlustrated by John McLenan. 12mo. pp. 269. New York: Harper & Brother. 1859.

A. H. Davenport.

Bourcicault.

Miss Secor.

- Dora Shaw has been playing a short engagement

Orleans on the 7th inst.

Nicholas Nickleby W. Wheatley.

in Philadelphia, that it met with here and in Boston.

an effect as to obliterate any sensation of weariness

which may result from the earlier scenes. From this

- The Herald says of Beaucarde, the new tenor:

BOOKS, ETC.

TO THE TRADE.

WILL PUBLISH THIS DAY (NOV. 5):

AT HOME AND ABROAD. A Sketch-Book of

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Sheep. .

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point out the tragedy flows with a constantly increas-

critic in the Philadelphia Press says of it:

wholesome harvest of tears.

Newman Nogges.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Operatic.

Maria di Rohan: Gazzaniga, Stigelli, Ferri, Mme.

Strakosch 2. La Favorda: Gazzaniga, Braucarde, Amodio, Maru de Rohan is not very frequently done here, and

it is not generally well treated when it is done. The story is pretty good, though hardly the thing for the domestic fireside of a New-Connection Methodist family.

Probably everylandy knows all about Maria. She was a very well bred person, with a weakness for flirta-

That was in the time of Louis something (not Del-

monico an or the Regency, I forget which. In such matters, one can the particular about dates, the number of women of Maria's order having been ery large, in France and elsewhere, at all known peri-

! am told that there are several in New York, now. They are good things to make plays and operas of. in point of fact, I don't know what the composers ; and dramatic authors would do without them.

In this opera, Maria gets into a great deal of trouble through her flirtations, first with the contralto, a sort of Page of the last century, and then with the tenor, the Count de Chalais, a man about town, and not a proper person to ask to dinner, if there are grown-up young ladies in the family. The baritone, the Duke de Chevreuse, who has a proprietory right over Maria, don't see all this in an agreeable light; and after a terrific row, and several fights and propositions to fight, he (the buritone takes the tenor into a little closet on the left hand side of the stage, and then and there, with a deadly weapon to wit, a pistol, charged with powder and a leaden bullet -- does him to death. Returning, the triumphant baritone strikes an attitude in the ntre, and the unfortunate Maria flops down in one

ner, like a discarded bath towel. 14 I said, it is a very pretty story.

he music is considered as among the finest that Indizetti has written, -- passionate, powerful, sensuous, it belongs to the thorough Italian school, which I in lieve no one except Donizetti, Verdi, and Mercadante ever expressed.

it is unfortunate for us, however, that the artists will take liberties with the score of Maria di Roban, cutting and slashing it as furiously as if it were a Ledger title of "There's many a slip twixt the Cup and the and a voice which is more remarkable for its sweetness stigelli, the tenor, had very hard work Lip." People say, however (you know people will say than its power. He is earnest, true, and sympathetic, with his tole, and sung what he could manage of it, as it he was in great pain. He may truly be called a great deal the best. It is quite certain that it has any rate prove a most valuable acquisition to the commade a veritable success, a fact which is owing, with pany. painstaking artist. [That expression is original with the critic of the Spirit. | Gazzaniga got herself up very well for Maria, and looked like the fascinating feminine whom she intended to represant. She sang the Cavatina of the first act, -- a favorite concert-piece with heradmirably; and although overshadowed, not to say bullied by the baritone, was still very fine in the last

Ferri won the honors of the night, as Badiali did be- ferson as Newman Noggs, and T. B. Johnston as fore him, and as every decent baritone always will in | Squeers. T. B. has toned down a little and is much this opera. People always like to see the tenor pitched better for it. His performance was decidedly one of BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW WORK. into when it is done strong, and Ferri is absolutely fer- the very best order. The acting throughout was very ruginous. I am very fond of this baritone's style of good. If you want to have a real good laugh you singing; his mezzo-voce is the best I have ever heard, ought to see Holland as the Specimen Boy at D., the and his execution remarkably fine. He nearly set an Boy's Hall. enthusiastic foreign friend of mine crazy, and created a real furore.

Mmc. Strakosch looks too prim, proper, and matronly en garçon, and was not equal to the musical requirements of the role of di Gondi. Who can ever forget | cleverly; and I hope to hear before a great while that the slashing way in which Vestvali acted it? She sug- she has employed her pen in some dramatic work of gested rope ladders, assignations, duels, and billet doux greater intrinsic merit than Les Deux Aveugles, which in every movement.

That'll do for Maria. Now about Beaucarde.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the Favorita on Wednesday.

in a bank, and the juvenile looks at everything from a I have got it awfully. Wall-street point of view.

think !" mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the "musical cricket" of the old Spirit.

the negative : " Well, I'll tell you : Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor.

I'd like five shares in it now." Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beaucardé together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the tirst named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beaucardé may have been a great singer; he certainly

sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young

enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice. Like all the artists, Beaucardé has been a warm political partizan in Italy. In '48 he was a most ardent dom. Republican—one of the reddest of the red. A friend. who was at Florence during that exciting period, tells me that Beaucarde went, personally, day after day, among the insurgents, singing the songs of Liberty, and teaching them to the young men. At night he would go to the theatre, and sing in the opera. The

voice was then in its prime, but he has absolutely almost worn it out. Such an artist as Beaucardé really is, even now, cannot fail with our public. This is quite as certain as lip's speech the other evening, Tom Corwin, of Ohio, Coupon's idea, that Brignoli will not be supplanted. | was "called out," and Mr. Phillips offered to hold his It is a good idea, also, to have an artist like Beaucardé, hat. to keep Brignoli up to his work.

next day would find him again in the ranks. His

Gazzaniga's Leonora is a truly great performance. In the last act, she gives you a sensation equal to the shock of a galvanic battery. There are occasional tlashes in Gazzaniga's acting which are worthy of Ristori

The Matinees are coming up again-the manager having pledged his word that the programmes shall be considered "as good as wheat?" given as announced, without mutilation.

They used to cut an act here and there, to oblige some artist who was hungry and wanted his maccaroni at half-past three.

The public, crinoline, said it was a shame, and kept its dollar for marrons glacés.

was no more than fair that Dubufe should paint Ross. Now the public is mollified. So every one will go to-day, when the programme is immense. There is a good deal of good Italian opera, and the Draytons in Dun't Judge by Appearances - very appropriate motto for the Academy, just now.

Apropos to the Draytons: They open at Hope Chapel on Tucaday, and will do very well, I believe. They ought, however, to pray to be delivered from the insane partisanship of certain asinine friends, who are laboring zealously to secure for the Parlor Opera soon be produced in this city. The music is by Mr. the hostility of the entire press.

Rows and Things. My little affair with the jokers of the New and the old

Spirit is going on famously. Next to the diptheria, it is the greatest thing of the

riage will take place between Mr. Edwin Rooth and The News man takes my advice and keeps his temper. Miss Mary Devlin at the close of the present season. He is a good boy. I accept his apology. I forgive Miss Devlin has retired from the stage. him freely. Let him consider himself embraced,--That veteran of the stage, Mrs. A. Drake; played French fushion. Lady Randolph at Cincinnati one night recently, for

There? we are friends again !

the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chapman. The other is not so philosophical. He does let his angry passions rise; he does wish to tear out the subscriber's eyes, and writes sundry wicked things about the subscriber, which lacerate the subscriber's tender Charleston, S. C., previous to going to the Varieties, susceptibilities in the most agonizing way.

Evidently belligerent is the friend of Virtue, and of the Draytons.

I don't see it.

But I warn him to beware of one thing. Let him say what he pleases about the wicked, the idan. corrupt, the malicious, the ill-looking, the ignorant.

the stupid Presonne, but let him beware how he speaks | ment of the so-called "Beautiful comediennes, Anna of the Brightest and Best of her sex,—the favorite fe- and Addie Lounedale," has been an unfortunate and male child of the Hagle, -the most angelic creature unprofitable one to all parties, adding that "neither of that was ever sheltered by the Flag of the Free, or any the sisters are beautiful, and neither of them can other drapeau, -need I say, ARRA MARIA! fairly rate as first-class stock."

One word against her, and I shall be changed from a Feuilletonist to a Fiend, and shall send the Last of the in Albany. Barons after the heaviest of the critics, at once. So, rash youth, be warned in time. There is a step, beyond which, etc., etc.

Laura Keene's.

The Election wouldn't do here, and it has been tem porarily replaced by The Marble Heart (Les Filles Marbre), in which Jordan is splendid as Raphael, made by Mr. Burton's admirable acting in Cuttle. Wheatleigh very good in Vologe, and Miss Keene Nicholas Nickleby was dramatized close upon the heels clever, though occasionally jerky and spasmodic, as Marco. It is a very entertaining style of play, The Marble Heart, and I recommend Dr. Bellows to see i before it gives place to the Wife's Sarra which is up for

The Barney Williamses Are still doing a rousing business at Niblo's Garden, which is crowded every night by the nobility of the Mantilini Richings. Oriental districts, the gentry from Reoria and Pike county, and ordinary people from the Fifth Avenue Smike..... and other parts of the world. The last thing is a John Browde..... lively piece, called Ireland as It Was, in which per- Mrs. Niekleby sons who have been so unfortunate as to own estates Mrs. Mantilling. in Ireland and expected to get any rent from their Miss Squeers tenants, are abused as they richly deserve. The Mrs. Squeers Mrs. Wheatly. incidents of the play, as may be imagined, are of a particularly exhibarating character, and Mr. Barney still say that the Winter Garden cast will not suffer Williams relieves my mind very much by the announce- from the souvenirs of any that have preceded it. ment in the bills that things in Ireland look much bet-

ter now than when this play was written. A. M. inquires, in the simplicity of her heart, why do the play then. Bless your dear little soul, -isn't Barney Williams an dine" is distinguished by great simplicity of move-

George Christy

Irishman?

Has commenced a burnt-cork campaign at Niblo's which cannot fail to enlist the popular attention. There are few episodes, and these few are wisely confined to Saloon. Just think of it, -where they have the Bach- the first act, which, however, terminates with so grand elor's Ball! Facilis descensus Africanius. To oblige a "literary friend," (crinoline) who adores G. C. I shall see him half an hour and report progress.

Theatre Français. They have been stealing another of our pieces here; Les Crochets de Père Martin, is nothing more nor less than a three act drama, written by "a distinguished American author," for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and produced at Wallack's last Summer, under the all sorts of absurd things), that the French piece is a

Novelties.

out the slightest doubt, to its American origin.

At the Winter Garden, Nicholas Nickelby. At Wallack's a Walcotized version of Les Deux Aveugles. They are both cleverly done, and have had a due measure of success. In the Nicholas Nickelby the honors belong to Miss Agnes Robertson as Smike, Jef-

The other piece, "Going it Blind," is an affair between Brougham and Walcot, and between them they manage to make a good thing out of it.

Miss Walcot has done the work of translation very

does not amount to much at the best. N. B. If any one is disgusted with this Feuilleton, let not the subscriber be blamed.

It is the diptheria. Now don't ask me what the diptheria is? Never Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, mind, please; it is something very disagreeable, and

The only thing that consoles me, is that everybody So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I has got it more or less, and that it is considered quite the correct sort of thing to do. After all it is not so Never having suspected him of any exercise of his bad as being bored to death by a veteran proser, like

Lottery Policy.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of wis-

How to become a Real Estate Agent.

The American Eagle's Appeal.

Immediately after the conclusion of Wendell Phil-

Apothegm.

Question for Pugilists.

The ideas of one age are the institutions of the next.

May a fellow who has just been well thrashed, be

Tit for Tat.

on exhibition at Goupil's, Jo. Cose (whose French is at

To Time-Servers.

Cheatrical, Musical, etc.

-We are informed that a new American opera,

founded upon Mr. Longfellow's Miles Standish, will

Kielblock, the libretto by Mr. C. Congdon, of The Tri-

-Mr. and Mrs. Florence open at Pittsburg on the

-The Sunday Leader (Chicago) believes that a mar-

- Wood's Theatre, St. Louis, is closed and adver-

- Mr. Sothern is playing a short engagement in

- Among the company engaged by Mr. Barras for

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, are Mr. and Mrs. F.

- The Chicago Sunday Leader says that the engage

tised as to let.

Nothing goes the way of the wind so readily as chaff.

From Phillips drunk to Phillips sober.

To elect Fernando Wood mayor of New York.

trough for the next four years.

Marry a rich wife.

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in a dramatic form, the most popular of Dickens' works, if we except "Dombey and Son," which was netts Mechanical Association, 1866.

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June 3d, correctly: June 15, fast 4 seconds. Aug. 15, fast 18 seconds. He is an accomplished artist, with a thoroughly July 1, " 6 " Sept. 1, " 23 good method, a graceful and agreeable stage presence, 15, " 28 Aug. 1, " 16 " I give you permission to make such use of this statemen and if he does not turn out to be a great star he will at you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

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Book Room, 200 Mulberry street, | NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DRAR SIR .- I take great pleasure in being able to certify The call for each number of THE INDEPENDET con- that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the taining Mr. BEECHER'S Sermons has been far greater than | manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it the supply. To insure the receipt of the present number of has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not | HOSIERY For see TWO DOLLARS, see containing fifty-two Ser far distant when watches made in the United States will su-JAMES FLOY, D.D.

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fast per month. Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.; DEAR SIR: -The watch I bought of you-one of your ad- CHILDREN'S HOSIERY and UNDERVESTS, all sizes and qualities. justed Chro. Bal. movements-runs to my entire satusfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the

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NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th. R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

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EXPERIENCE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER. Oh Time ' Oh Mutability! Oh dear. How all things change! That is, in man's affairs; As to the rest, it isn't quite so clear. By day, the sun, as usual with him, glares; By night the stars come out ; " The varying year." the great Laureate calls it, still prepares It- u-ual beauties; while our senses claim The usual admiration of the same.

But men, and all their works, and women too, Change most amazingly: and I have seen Much that I thought it wisdom to pursue Before a few brief years had rolled between Me and my hopes, change to that spectral hue Which tinges day-dreams -- but I do not mean To lose my hope yet, be that as it may; For I myself shall change and pass away.

And it may be that, in a happier sphere,
"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil," That which we vainly hoped and strove for here, Will recompense us for our patient toil. And many a heart-ache, many a bitter tear ! And so en route again; and though I spoil The stanza, let me make no wider range From the chameleon subject, namely, Change!

There's change in time, in fashions, manners, speech There's change in parties, governments and creeds . There's the exchange, whose poisonous ingers reach The heart of Commerce, and it straightway bleeds. There's change in what we learn and what we teach. There's change in what one writes and what he reads: There's change in everything - or, not to shock it, In everything except a poor man's pocket.

"Of chance or change, oh let no man complain, Said Dr. Beattie, and so say I! I have seen many forms of joy and pain : Seen bright hopes crushed and fond affections die; Seen very lucid minds become insane; Seen beauty fade and arry fortune fly : Seen man's injustice, and expect to know

A great deal more of it before I go. I like experience, though, howe'er it tells For, or against me; all is one at last! These hearts of ours are much like soundless wells. Wherein the shining pearls of truth are cast ; And very happy he who rightly spelis The sweet and bitter lessons of the past . For only thus he comes himself to know, Which all his knowledge is, - as Pope will show! I like experience, therefore. I have had My share of blows and bruises; but I think,

The "wine of life" 's a very decent drink. Yet, if a man lives on and don't go mad, When finally he pauses on the brink Of death, I judge, though certain people threat it, The chances are that he will not regret it. I love this self-dissection; for I wen All knowledge, and this process tinds it out: l love to judge between the false and true;

Let it be good, indifferent, or had,

Blow off the dust of romance and of doubt : Break error's crust and let the sunlight through, Ope mystery's doors; give bigotry the knout . l love the good, the beautiful, the great, And all the noblest hopes in man's estate. I love to laugh-likewise I love to sneer! Am fond of pleasure - nor averse to pain. I have found wisdom sometimes in a tear :

I love my sorrows, though they've cost me dear : I love my dinner, - but did not complain When I had none, which sometimes was the case : For even that may be a means of grace!

I love my country, though, as Brutus says, late not like her faults: I love to hear Of those old, rusty sires and dangerous days : I love to burn my fingers, once a year, In Independent joy: I love the praise Of patriotic citizens, in beer : And, though a quiet man, I love to stand In annual torture for my native land.

I love those "glittering generalities" Which we have read-and sometimes read about ; And, more significant than language is, blove the wild emotion of the rout; Hove His memory who gave us this Perennial freedom-and, although devout. can't tell which may be the greater loss, The "Constitution" or the "Holy Cross.

I love my friends—they're mostly books—and they Are always faithful: at my foes I laugh. What Mr. Blank and Mrs. Grundy say Affects me not. I love at times to quaff A health to those who love me; and I pray That honest men may not be caught with chaff. So in this philosophic style I live;

tiet what I can, and give what I can give. -Boston Transcript.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

Mr. N. P. Willis, in a letter to the Home Journal thus describes a visit to the factory of the American. Watch Company at Waltham :

" Novelties in mechanism having always been most interesting to me-seeming, as it were, supernatural and sudden apparitions of things hitherto deemed impossible. I accepted very gladly an invitation to go where I might see watches made by machinery. How a watch should be made at all, is mystery enough; but, that this ultimatum of human ingenuity in handlabor should be reduced to mechanism, so that a hundred watches can be made with the thought and labor hitherto expended upon one, was a marvel worth making sure of having seen on this planet-being very likely to be 'a dropped stitch' (like an antedeluvian lost art), in a world to come. If asked, therefore, at some scientific party in the Evening Star (our next planet, the poets tell us), whether I have ever been to Waltham, I am happy to have it to say that I visited the Watch Factory there, in one of the last years of my previous existence. I may add, for a side ear (a fact about which there is likely to be a sidereal curiosity 1 think), that Governor Banks comes from the same

From Boston to Waltham, by railroad, is but the taking of a seat for a few minutes; and our guide, Mr. Robbins (one of the company of proprietors, to whose courageous faith and persevering make-work-ativeness much of the success of the enterprise is attributed.) soon opened the door for us at the shop of the Timesmiths. Three of our party were brother artificers, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Tilton, and myself, being manufacturers of public opinion; and the fourth was a lady not altogether of an unsympathetic profession, Miss Booth. the lady historian of the 'City of New York.' To the worth-while-ativeness of so intelligent a group of companions I owed the obliging particularity with which the riddles of mechanism were unraveled to us.

It is a curious necessity of a watch-factory that it should form a part of a beautiful landscape—a secluded place, a moist soil on the bank of a river being requisite to its operations. The original site of the factory, at Roxbury, was abandoned, because the light and dusty character of the soil, and the degree to which the atmosphere was charged with dust by the winds and the industrial movements of the neighborhood, materially interfered with the nicety of the work. Hence was chosen the present beautiful hillside on a bend of the Charles river, where the hundred or two of male and female operatives, as they sit at their benches, regulating the different movements of the machinery, can look out of the windows before them upon bits of river scenery that would enchant an

It is another poetic peculiarity of watchmaking (at Waltham, at least,) that the more delicate fingering | The Chemistry of the Sea Shore, by the author of of woman is found to work best at it. Of the large | Chemistry of Creation; Anecdotes in Natural History. number of persons employed in the Factory, more than by the Rev. F. O. Morris; A Natural History of British half, if I observed rightly, were of the sisterhood left | Moths, by the same author; The Sea and its Living idle by the sewing-machine - a happy compensation | Wonders, by Dr. George Hartwig; Contributions to of Providence! Gradually, in this way, probably, the Mental Philosophy, by Fichte, translated and edited indoor employment of all trades and vocations that by J. D. Morell; The Pyramids, and why were they do not require masculine strength will be given over Built, by John Taylor; Volumes 4 and 5 of Bunsen's to woman.

and enclosing a quadrangular court; and, along the tain M'Clintock's Narrative of the Discovery of Sir closely-placed inner and outer windows, stand the John Franklin and his Companions, in 8vo, with map work-benches at which are seated the successions of and plates; A History of the Two Years' War in the operatives—each of the one hundred and twenty parts | Crimea, by the author of Eothen, based chiefly on the of the watch requiring separate manufacture and ad- private papers and correspondences of the late Lord justment. What impressed me particularly as I Raglan, and other authentic materials, in 2 vols.; walked through these long galleries of seated and pa- Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, The Crucible; or, Tests of a Regenerative State. Detient artificers, was the exceeding delicacy and minute- Esq., or the Life and Pursuits of an English Country ness of it all—the inevitable machinery accomplishing, Gentleman, by Sir J. E. Wilmot, Bart., with portrait with such powerful exactness, the almost invisible won- and other illustrations; Pictures of the Chinese, ders of transformation and construction, and human aid drawn by themselves, and explained by a resiseeming only needed to supply the material and meadent of many years in China, the Rev. R. H. The Word of the Spirit to the Church. By the Rev. Music. sure the work, with movements of hand scarcely per- Cobbold, late Archdeacon of Ningpo, with 84 wood ceptible. The successions of minute instruments were engravings; The Correspondence of the late Duke of like long ranges of little fairies, each weaving its cob- Wellington, whilst Chief Secretary for Ireland; and web miracles, under a careful sentinel's superintending | Memoirs of Great European Congresses, by the Earl of eye. It is the novelty of the Waltham Factory that | Westmoreland, in 2 vols. 8vo. ties which have hitherto been done only by the varia- Author of Wide Wide World, and Hills of the Shateble hand of the workman. With the machinery once muc, entitled Say and Seal; Anecdote Biography, by

each watch was only a probability by itself. dollars.

truth in a woman's heart has been so often compared of Charles James Fox, by Lord John Russell; ed, and which knows no wearing away nor variation; J. Heneage Jesse. and to see these precious truth-jewels and their adjust- Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have in the press - New ment was one of my main points of curiosity. The Works of Fiction, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss aid of the Microscope was again to be called in, to see | Kavanagh, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the authese - the precious stones, as we first saw them in the | thor of Margaret Maitland. glass phial, resembling grains of brilliant sand. They Messrs. Nisbet & Co. announce the following: An for my statistics :

wire, their perforations having certain microscopic dif- by John Richardson Phillips, City Missionary. ferences. In like manner, the pivots of steel that are Messrs. Macmillan reissue some of their successful to run in these jewels, without wearing out in the least, must be exquisitely polished. By this opera- tales at a lower price; -Kingsley's Westward Ho! pivots, after being thus finished, are classified by 8vo, and Tom Brown's School Days, in fcp. 8vo. means of a guage, so delicately graduated as to de- new works, they announce—The Life of David, King tect a difference of the ten thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are classified by means of the pivots, the of Israel, a History for the Young; Little Estella, jewels and pivots of the same number fitting each and other Tales for the Young. The first number other exactly. The sizes of the several pivots and of Tom Brown at Oxford will appear in their new magjewels in each watch are carefully recorded, under its azine on the 1st of November, as already announced number, so that if any one of either should fail in any part of the world, by sending the number of the and cheaply replaced with unerring certaintity."

dies from sheets of brass, hardening and forming the | hold Words, Nov. 1st; Hannam's Pulpit Assistant, 8ve barrels and chambers, coiling and fastening the main a new edition shortly; Hone's Every-Day Book, burning and marking the porcelain dials, and final portraits partly reengraved, in November. putting together and adjusting of the various parts- | Amongst the illustrated works of the season, an voice and eye, and his brief expressive language, how Moxon & Co. much better it was than the 'seeing of a play,' or the reading of a novel. My two hours of following him and listening to his 'discourse with illustrations,' were To the Editor of the Herald :like the passing of a dream."

NIGHT AND MORNING.

So they've sent you a card, my Adonis, For the Countess' ball of to-night You fancy no fate like your own is ; No future so charmingly bright. costs half-a-crown for a Hansom To go to that beautiful ball, Though shortly a Duchess' ransom You'd give to have not gone at all.

For you dance with some lovely young creature With a winning soft grace and a sinile; And you dwell on each look and each feature As if Paradise opened the while. You clasp her slight waist in the "Dewdrop,"

Though you feel that your touch is profane, And think that fair burthen ere you'd drop You would die to the cornet's wild strain. The cornet blows louder and brisker She grows more confiding and weak Her soft tresses tickle your whisker; Her soft breath is warm on your cheek;

And in the excitement grown bolder, You murmur soft words in her ear. And in blushes quite low on your shoulder She replies that Mamma must not hear! Replies, " I delight in these crushes;

One can talk though the dances are full! You don't go next week to the Duchess? Then I'm sure I shall find it quite dull!" But now for the next dance they're starting. She shrinks to the chaperon's wings;

on press the small hand in the parting. And her eyes say unspeakable things. You cherish for many days after The look that so lovingly beams : Tis a sorrow that stifles your laughter 'Tis a joy that is bright on your dreams.

You fancy, so lightly she dances, Her dear little foot on your stair You people with those sunny glances A sweet little home in May Fair : ou saw that all eyes were upon her As she moved down that glittering room,

And you fancy, when once you have won her, How pretty she'll look in your brougham. Oh! visions that madly you cherish! Oh! smile that was cruelly false-Oh! hopes that were born but to perish!

Oh! dream that has fled with the valse! When next you meet, doffing your beaver, You look for her bow - but in vain-The dear little ball-room deceiver Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together Now she on her back canters by And you're not worth one wave of her feather : You're not worth one glance of her eye.

Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em, Your visions seem drifting away. And you count your few hundreds per annum, And their fractions at each Quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is The result (though your feelings it hurts), All men are self-confident puppies All women are frivolous flirts!

ENGLISH BOOKS. (From the London Publishers' Circular, Oct. 15, 1859.)

Messrs. Longman & Co.'s Quarterly List of forthcoming books is a very extensive one, promising publishing season if it stood alone. It comprises, in addition to the illustrated and other works that we have already announced, a History of Constitutional and Legislative Progress in England, since the accession of George III., by Thomas Erskine May; a Translation of Palleske's Life of Schiller, by Lady Wallace; a new edition of Italy in the Nineteenth Century, by the Right Hon. J. Whiteside; Travels in Peru and Mexico, by S. S. Hill; the Seventh Volume of the new edition of Bacon's Works; new and improved edition of M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary; Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry, edited by Watts; and of Ure's Dictionary of Arts, edited by Robert Hunt;

Place in Universal History; etc., etc. The Watch Factory is of brick, two stories in height, Mr. Murray announces as having in the press, Cap-

Mr. Bentley announces a new tale by Miss Warner, therefore, any number of watches of the John Timbs; Autobiography of a Seaman, by Thomas, same size and pattern are made with invariable exact- | Earl of Dundonald; and an early publication of the

ness—all equally sure to keep time; whereas formerly, following long-announced and important works:-Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the Mis-The minuteness of very essential parts of the watch sion of Augustine to the Death of Howley, by Dr. astonishes the visitor. A small heap of grains was Hook, Dean of Chichester; The Diaries and Corresshown to us, looking like iron filings, or grains of pep- pondence of the Hon. George Rose, with original letper from a pepper-caster-apparently the mere dust of ters of Mr. Pitt, Lord Castlercagh, Mangida Wellenley, the machine which turned them out; and these, when Mr. Wilberforce, Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, Lord Sidexamined with a microscope, were seen to be perfect mouth, Lord Bathurst, with a correspondence with screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw- Lady Hamilton respecting Nelson and his daughter, driver. It is one of the Waltham statistics, which is edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt; Memoirs worth remembering, that a single pound of steel, cost of the Life and Writings of the Rt. Rev. Richard ing but tifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hun- Hurd, D.D., Bishop of Worcester, by the Rev. F. Kil- The Rev. J. W. Loguen as a Slave and as a Freeman. dred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred vert; Lives of the Princes of Wales, by Br. Doran; the Third Volume of M. Guisot's Memoirs of My Own The poetic part of a watch, of course, is what the Time; the Third and concluding Volume of The Life to-the jewel upon which all its movements are pivot- Court of England under the Reign of George III., by

are rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, inferior only to the Illustrated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, by Gilbert, diamond in hardness, and to be drilled by the dia- uniform with their edition of Thomson's Seasons; The mond's point into pivoted reliances. The process is Ancient Church, its History, Doctrine, and Constituthus described in the article to which I am indebted | tion, by the Rev. W. D. Killen, D.D.; The Romance of Natural History, with many illustrations, by P. H. The jewels are first drilled with a diamond, and then Gosse; The Hart and the Waterbrooks, by the Rev. opened out with diamond-dust, on a soft hair-like iron | John R. Macduff; and Remarkable Answers to Prayer,

tion their size is slightly reduced. The jewels and ready, and to be followed by Two Years Ago, in crown

Mr. Tegg announces a new edition of Tooke's Diverwatch to Waltham, the part desired may be readily sions of Purley, 8vo, by Mr. James Nichols, for November; Locke's Essay, a new edition, crown 8vo, On this and all other operations, too minute for de- with Questions for Examination, in December; Botany tailed description-the first cutting of the stamps and Bay, by Mr. John Lang, a series of papers from Housesprings, gearing wheels and cutting their teeth, shap- vols. 8vo, a new edition, corrected, in November; ing of pinions and axles, cutting of escape-wheels, Spectator, 8vo, an entire new edition, with the steel

the superintendent, Mr. Dennison, discoursed to us edition of Mr. Tennyson's poem, The Princess, will be most interestingly. I could not but think, as I listen- likely to prove a favorite; Mr. Maclise has been the Curiosities of War, and Military Studies. By Thomas ed to this philosopher of mechanic art, telling us these principal artist engaged upon the work; it will be beautiful secrets with his quiet concentrativeness of published in the course of November by Messrs.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, Nov. 1, 1859. has been transferred to the gallery of the National Academy of Design, Tenth street, with the view, we presume, of giving its beauties the advantage of a better light;" and goes on to say-"It was pretended by connoisseurs in these matters that it was badly placed and badly lighted in the Dusseldorf Gallery. The real reason for its withdrawal was, that during stay (owing, perhaps, to your critiques thereon) a class of visitors attended the gallery who evidently came not to view a work of art, but a picture of that character which would pander to their baser passions; though they were doomed to disappointment, as they pretty plainly expressed by their manner on leaving. grumbling out some such sentence as-"Why, there is nothing immodest in that picture; it's a take in &c., &c. This, coupled with the fact the daily journals announced that at a drinking saloon in Broadway "The Venus on a half shell, with other unsophisticated pictures," &c., &c., were on free exhibition; and out of respect to the feelings of the artist (who, though a stranger to me, is, I believe, a gentleman of refined and most sensitive nature—one who would not wish the agent employed by him for its exhibition to thus gain money at the sacrifice of name, pride and selflove), we determined to close the exhibition. As to the amount received at the doors, perhaps a faulty cali graphy has caused the three to be taken for a fivethe correct figures being \$3,010_12. You will be pleased to understand we could have retained the pic ture for another month, but had the privilege to conclude our agreement at the end of four weeks, which we did for the reasons stated above, and though, perchance, at a pecuniary loss to ourselves. It has been replaced by Mr. William L. Sontag's "Dream of Italy," a work we trust, which will command the atten-THE DIRECTOR tion of your pen. of the Dusseldorf Gallery.

The Saturday Press Book-List. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN. HISTORICAL.

American Historical and Literary Curiosities. Second Series, containing De Bry's Engraving of Columbus, never before copied, Documents of Interest relating to the various colonies, and many Original Mementoes of the Revolution, with a variety of Relics, An tiquities, and Autographs. Edited and arranged, with the assistance of several autograph collectors, by John Jay Smith, lately Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc., etc. Imperial 4to \$8. New York : C. B. Richardson.

TRAVELS, ETC. Home and Abroad: A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 500. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters. By "Skitt," "who was raised thar." Illustrated by John McLenan. 12mo, pp. 169. New York : Harper & Brothers.

e Code of Procedure of the State of Wisconsin, as passed by the Legislature in 1856, and amended 1857, '58, '59, with an Appendix, containing the Rules of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, the Time of holding the Terms of Court in the various Circuit and of the U. S. District Court; also, a new ar Compiled by Walter S. Carter, complete Index. Counsellor-at-Law. Strickland & Co.

Teachings of Physiology and Pathology in Relation Homosopathy. By J. T. Alley, M.D. Pamphlet. cents. New York: John T. S. Smith & Sons.

MEDICAL

Jomen Artists in all Ages and Countries. By Mrs. Ellet, author of "The Women of the American Revolution." 12mo, pp. 369. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Old Stone Mansion. By Charles J. Peterson, author of "Cruising in the Last War." "Kate Aylesford," "Valley Farm," "Grace Dudley, or Arnold at Saratoga." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson &

Loss and Gain; or, Margaret's Home. By Alice B. Haven. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, 75cts. Now York: Appleton & Co.

signed to Bring to Light Suppressed Hopes, Expose False Ones, and Confirm the True. By Rev. J. A. Goodhue, A.M. With an Introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D. 12mo, \$1. Boston : Gould & Lir

C. A. Bartol. 16mo, cloth, 50cts. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. BIOGRAPHICAL

O'Neill. Charleston: S. G. Courtenay & Co. MISCELLANEOUS Cyclopædia Bibliographics: A Library Manual of Theological and General Literature, and Guide to Books

8vo, cloth, pp. 1,907. \$7. New York : J. W. Bou-

The Art of Dancing Historically Illustrated, to which is added a few Hints on Etiquette; also, the Figures, Music, and Necessary Instruction for the Perform-Executed at the Private Academies of the Asthor. By Edward Ferrero. 12mo, pp, 284. New York: Ross & Tousey.

Munroe & Co.

A Narrative of Real Life. Syracuse, N. Y.: J. K. G. Truair & Co.

upon the Branch of Domestic Economy; compris- can be no doubt. ing a thorough dissertation upon dress; an explanation of the different kinds of stitches made in sewing, remarks upon the various kinds and qualities of fabrics used in the Wardrobe, with complete directions for cutting and fitting all kinds of Garments (Aiguillette), author of "The Lady's Manual of dying by drowning. Fancy Work," "The Court Partial," "Maternal Counsels," etc.; Editor of "The London Review, and "The London and Paris Gazette of Fashion engravings of Patterns and Models. Pamphlet, pp. 76. New York : Woods & Co.

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC. The Peculium; or, The Causes of the Decline of the against going to the bottom. Society of Friends. By Thomas Hancock. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

MEDICAL, ETC. Phthisis and the Stethoscope; or, The Physical Signs of Consumption. By Richard Payne Cotton. edition, 12mo, pp. 80, cloth, 8s London : Churchill Recollect the location. On the Diseases and Injuries of the Joints: Clinical Post 8vo, pp. 290, cloth, 7s. 6d. London: Churchill. Manual of Operative Surgery on the Dead Body. By Thomas Smith. With Illustrations. Post 8vo pp. 140, cloth, 6s. London : Longman. TRAVELS, ETC.

The United States and Cuba. By the Rev. James M. Phillippo, author of "Jamaica, its Past and Present State," etc. Post 8vo, 5s. London: E. Marlborough & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS. Under Bow Bells: a City Book for all Readers. John Hollingshead. Post 8vo, cloth, 6s. London Groombridge & Sons.

Carter, Adjutant-General's Office. Foolscap 8vo. cloth, os. London: Groombridge & Sons. The British Timber Trees: their Rearing and Subsequent Management in Woods, Groves, and Planta tions; including Remarks on Soil and Situation, the General Improvement of Landed Estates and Mountainous Districts: with Directions for the Measure ment and Valuation of Standing Timber. By John Two Dollars per Year. All the New Books, English and

don : Routledge. To-day's Herald says :- "We see that Page's Venus Nature-Printed British Ferns : being Figures and Descriptions of the Species and Varieties of Ferns found in the United Kingdom. Nature-Printed by Sold at Retail by all Stationers. Henry Bradbury. 2 vols. Vol. I., 8vo edition, cloth, 42s. London: Bradbury.

> Shakespeare Papers: Pictures Grave and Gay. By William Maginn. 12mo, pp. 360, cloth, 6s. London : Bentley. Stilicho; or, The Impending Fall of Rome: an Historical Tragedy. By George Mallam. 12mo, cloth,

> 5s. London: Smith & Elder. Handbook of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. By Mrs. William Fison. Post 8vo, pp. 228, sewed, 2s. 6d. London: Long-

> ne Genera and Species of British Butterflies, described and arranged according the System now adopted in the British Museum. By H. Noel Humphreys. Illustrated by Plates, in which all the Species and Varieties are represented, accompanied by their respective Caterpillars, and the Plants on which they feed. Royal 8vo, cloth, 31s. 6d. London: Jerrard. The Study-Book of Mediæval Architecture and Art. By Thomas H. King. Vol. 2, 4to, half-bound, 63s.

The Caucasus and its People; with a Brief History of cle, adapted to the requirements of the more refined classes their Wars, and a Sketch of the Achievements of this notice is peculiarly opportune; prepared, as we are, t the renowned Chief Schamyl. By Louis Moser. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. London: Nutt. The Stones of Etruria and Marbles of Ancient Rome.

By George L. Taylor. 4to, cloth, 15s. London: The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography; an Extensive Series of Maps, embracing the most Recent Discoveries, and the latest Political Divisions of Territory in all Parts of the World. Compiled from the

Most Authentic Sources, under the supervision W. G. Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S. London and New York : Blackie & Son.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS. NOVELS.

A Good Fight, and Other Tales By Charles Reade, author of "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," etc. Embracing "A Good Fight," "Jack of All Trades," "Autobiography of a Thief." Illustrations, 12mo, muslin, 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sword and Gown. A Novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." 8vo, paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Monograph upon Aconite: Its Uses, together with Accurate Statements, derived from the various sources of Medical Literature. Translated from the German of Dr. Reil, by Henry B. Millard, M.D., A. M. Prize Essay, with engravings. 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 168. 75 cents. New York: William Radde. Alcohol: Its Place and Power. By James Miller, F.R. S.E., Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, etc. Reprinted from the 19th Edinburgh 16mo, bound with flexible cover. 50 cts Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

obacco: Its Use and Abuse. By John Lizars, late Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Physicians, etc. Reprinted from the 8th Edinburgh tion. 16mo, bound with flexible cover. 38 cents Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. By Alphonse de Lamartine New York : Sheldon & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical By John McClintock, D.D., President of Troy University, and James Strong, S.T.D., Professor of Biblical Literatuce in Troy University. D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

On the Origin of the Species by Means of Natural S lection. By Charles Darwin, M.A. Historical Evidences of Revealed Religion, with Refer ence to Recent Discoveries at Nineveh, Babylon, etc. Ures's Dictionary of Art, Manufactures, and Mines, Metallurgy; or, The Art of Extracting Metals from their Ores. By John Percy, M.D.

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N. ORR & CO., 52 John street, New York STATE OF NEW YORK. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, AUGUST 31, 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 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. Rich. A State Treasurer, in the place of Isaac V. Vanderpoel A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles H Sherill : An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Wesley Batley A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Alexander ?

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russell F All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of Decem Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial Districts, in the place of James J. Roosevelt, whose term of other will expire on the last day of December next. Also Senators for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Schate

Districts, comprising the County of New York.

Seventeen Members of Assembly Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Slos son and James Moncrief One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles One Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Albert A All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of Decem

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to chap. 271, of Laws of 1859, a copy of which is printed berewith, for instructions in regard to their dutie under said act. submitting to the people a law authorizing a loan of two mothers five hundred thousand dollars, to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State."

An Acr to submit to the People a Law authorizing a Loan of Two Million Five Hurdred Thousand Dollans, to provide for the payment of the Floating Debt of the State. Passed April 13, 1859 three fifths being present. THE PROPLE 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 Fix per cent per annum, and reimbursable at such periods as shall be deter mined by the said Commissioners, not exceeding eighteen years from the time of making such wan. All the provisions of law in relation to loans made by Commissioners of the Canal Fund, and the is ue 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 exclu sively 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 canals, and for injury to private property growing out of the con struction of the canals, or to the payment of the principal and it terest of such loan, and for no other purpose whatever. SEC. 3. Two million five bundred thousand dollars is hereby ap

propriated to be paid out of the Treasury, on the warrant of the Auditor of the Canal Department, from the said moreys, within two years from the time when this act - half take effect, for the pay ment of claims against the State, specified in the last precedible 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 aterest 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

D'S POUDRE SUBTLE uproots hair from low fore- determine what sum, being applied in payment of principal and ips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, in the first year after the tax can be collected as afores aid ed to 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 countries cause the amount so apportioned in each year to be levied, collect ed, 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 rection, shall constitute a sinking fund to pay the inter est and redeem the principal of the loan contracted pursuant this act, and shall be sacredly applied to that purpose; and if, a 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 purpose aforesaid. SEC. 5. The fourth section of this act, imposing a tax, may be repealed whenever the revenues of the canals, after meeting all

present constitutional charges upon them, shall amount to enough to form a sinking fund aufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of all loans within the eighteen years mentioned the first section of this act. Sac 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 indorsed "Constitutional Loan," and shall be in the following form: "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars. \$1,395,622 21 to pay the floating debt of the State," and "Against the loan of two million five bundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." The inspectors of the reveral election districts of this State shall provide a set arate box, in which the ballots giver in pursuance of this act rhall 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 Gov ernor of this State. It a majority of the votes cast, pursuant to this act, shall be " For a loan of two mitton 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 so cast shall be "Against a loan of two million five hundred thou sand dollars to pay the floating debt of the State," then the said sections shall not take effect, but shall be inoperative. Yours, respectfully, GIDEUN J. TUCKER, Secretary of State. CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

SHERIPF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 31, 1859.

I bereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original notice received by me from the Secretary of State, and now on All the proprietors of public newspapers of the City and County of New York are herewith requested to publish the above once it tion to be sent to the Board of Supervisors for payment. Inted New York, August 31, 1859.

PRINTED AT ALLER'S OFFICE, 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK