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BY VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

The *Atlantic* of this month is an admirable number. The paper on "Co-operative Housekeeping" is enough in itself to infuse a vital, inspiring atmosphere through a whole volume. In this excellent series of articles the Woman question has been treated with more thorough appreciation and insight than in any of the publications that have appeared. In thought they are earnest, and even impassioned; strong and practical; their style is free, graceful and vigorous. The following brief sketch of a gifted woman is deeply interesting, and will give some idea of the author's style and manner of illustrating her subject:

A LOST GENIUS.

"I knew a woman, once gifted so extraordinarily by God, that she might have been a florist, a musician, an artist, a physician, a teacher, an evangelist; since to the mastery of any one of these callings she could have brought a nearly equal power and passion. Whatever her fiery mind fastened upon it fused into itself; nor was there anything her cunning right hand sought to do in which it did not excel. At fourteen her precocity was so great that her father cut short her studies, "because she knew enough for a woman," and made her a teacher in his school. At sixteen she married a young clergyman. Children came fast. Her health gave way, but her energy remained. She was never idle a moment; but, alas! neither father, nor husband, nor one of her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law saw that it would be better economy to give the genius they were all so fond of, a musical, or an artistic, or a medical education, that she might pay with her earnings some ornamental mortal to make clothes for her little ones than to let her do it herself with the painful toil of the needle. And she had been brought up with too narrow a vision of woman's duties and destines to understand herself that she was wasting her life and abusing her powers. All her ready gifts were, in her eyes, merely appropriate feminine "accomplishments," and to make fame or money out of them did not even occur to her as a possibility, far less as a duty. And yet her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, of beneficence, of friendship that tormented her. The music rang in her ears, the pictures floated before her eyes, the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned from her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible lesson; and still, nailed to her chair, the swift needle went in and out—went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs, as well as through the cloth until, at nine-an-thirty the struggle ended; the body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish, gave up its strong hold upon life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so long beaten its bright wings in vain. I saw her in her coffin, with an expression of freedom and exaltation upon her marble features that seemed a glory reflected down from her now triumphing lor-off spirit; and I resolved to remember the woe and earthly wreck of her thwarted nature, and never to cease till I saw some better way for women than this, which can so horribly waste and abuse their finest powers.

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"'I am often complimented on my accomplishments,' once said the exceptional woman just described, 'but I ought much rather to be praised for my domestic requirements. For my music and drawing never give me any trouble—indeed, I could not help doing them—but what toil and tears it cost me to plan and cut out my children's clothes!'

"She laughed pleasantly as she said this, and seemed quite unconscious of the pitiful waste it was."

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"Such a guardian of household health might have been the poor, heart-broken genius who never found her true place in the feminine community. For she bravely preached the laws of health in every family, while her presence in the sick-room was almost that of a Saviour. People sent for her for miles around, and often healing seemed to wait upon her coming, such new hope and confidence could she infuse into the patient. The very touch of her warm and skilful hand; the quickness of her sympathy and comprehension; her courage, decision and presence of mind in cases of great danger; her observation of every minutest symptom—all marked her out as one of Nature's great practitioners, while her enthusiasm for anatomy and physiology seemed to show that, if she could have had the opportunity, she would have been a true and pure and tireless devotee of science. Her popularity drew her at one time into so wide an amateur practice that she found she was neglecting her home duties for it, and gave it up for the sake of sewing. But how much more appropriate and grateful would her ministration have been—a mother herself, a baby nurse absolutely perfect, and with the most sensitive and at the same time the steadiest nervous organization in the world—at the bedside of her friends and neighbors in their need, than the services of the ordinary country doctors who did officiate there."

The Bad Economy of our Present Feminine Standard; "Womanhood" is More "Multitude"—It scarcely recognizes Individuality; Fatal Consequences of a Conventional Standard of Feminine Development; Doctresses vs. Doctors; Why insist that the Feminine Community must be all Hand and no Brain? The Sphinx must Speak for Herself; Coöperation would Set Free the Intellectual and Artistic Energies of her Sex; the Author's Castle in Spain, etc., etc.—these headings of the different subjects treated will give a good idea of the scope of the article which the story of "The Lost Genius" so touchingly and vividly illustrates.

The other articles in the *Atlantic* are—"Malbone," an Oldport romance, part 2, by T. W. Higginson; "The Doorstep," by Edmund C. Steedman; "Our Postal Deficiencies," by E. Hasket Derby; "Charles Baudelaire, Poet of the Malign," by Eugene Benson; "Consumption in America," second pape, by Henry J. Bowditch, M.D.; "The Bee and the Rose;" "Ritualism in England," by Author Pember; "Proud Music of the Sea-Storm," by Walt Whitman; "The New Education," by Charles W. Elliot; "Birth of the Solar System," by James D. Whepley; "Love in Mount Lebanon," by J. W. De Forrest; "Tribute of a Loving Friend to the Memory of a Noble Woman," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; "Our Four Servants," Reviews and Literary Notices.

Most of these contributions are by well-known authors, and will commend themselves to the reader's attention without comment. It is scarcely necessary to remark that "Proud Music of the Sea-Storm," is utterly without rythme or any of the essential qualities of the poetic form. It contains a catalogue of the principal operas and musical instruments that have been and are in vogue, and concludes with a flourish of personal application to the author's soul, distinctively a "yawp." This is Walt Whitman's usual style of treating a subject, and the method has found many admirers; but what induces him to call his productions poetry? This to the uninitiated must ever remain a mystery. This piece seems singularly out of place in the pages of the *Atlantic*. "Our Postal Deficiencies" and "Consumption in America" are most valuable papers, while "Ritualism in England" and, above all, "The Birth of the Solar System," are articles of the highest interest.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine was resumed a little more than a year ago, upon the foundation of a past career whose record was at the same time a guarantee of its excellence, and a somewhat formidable criterion of comparison. It has proved itself equal to the task of competing both with the popular journals among which it has taken its place, and the phantom of its past reputation. Its characteristic good qualities were at once acknowledged, and it has steadily gained in brilliancy and force. Each of the last few numbers have been better than the last; nor has the present number been excelled by any that has before appeared. The list of the contents is as follows: "The Ass in Life and Letters," H. T. Tuckerman; "Work, Wages, Combinations, etc.," C. C. P. Clarke; "A New Œdipus," Leonard Kip; "In the Saddle, On the Plains," T. S. Gedney; "An Invocation," R. H. Stoddard; "Substance and Shadow, a Phantasy" Eugene Benson; "A Violet Stop," Elizabeth Stoddard; "Within and Without," a Sermon at Notre Dame, author of "Still Life," "The Tryst," "To-Day," a romance, B. B. Kimball; "Men's Rights, Mrs. R. Harding Davis; "The Gallows in America," Edmund C. Stillman; "Love Cancels All," C. F. Bates; "Correspondence of a New York Business Man at Rome," "Literature at Home," Edmund C. Stedman; "Literature, Science, and Art Abroad," Bayard Taylor; "Table Talk," Clarence Cook; "Fine Arts," E. S. Conant; "Current Events," V. B. Denslow. "A Violet Stop" we like better than any of Mrs. Stoddard's previous stories. It has her usual force, and far more grace and sweetness than she has displayed in any of her former works. "A New Œdipus" is a striking story of unusual merit, while "To-Day," the new romance by K. B. Kimball, sparkles with freshness and vitality. The articles, almost all of them, are of more than average interest. "Men's Rights," by Mrs. Davis, is admirable. We are almost tempted to supplement the citations that we have made from Co-operative House keeping by a few extracts. The same position is treated in both articles with almost equal earnestness and penetration, although it is looked at from a different point of view. In the following paragraphs, Mrs. Davis shows the principle cause of the baffled, discontented lives that so many women lead. She has been describing a woman of strong character, and earnest but aimless aspirations, who has failed to obtain a congenial career:

"But with Eliza's progressive blear, she cannot be cowed by the fear of losing caste? Not altogether; her difficulty is of another kind. She is what is called a capable woman—shrewd, quick-sighted, cool and prompt in action, thoroughly fitted for trade; if she had been born a boy, she would, by this time, have made for herself a steady growing business, and been known in the stock market as a live man. But she has the mania of all intelligent girls for becoming a teacher of the public. She writes poems, sapped out of Emmerson and Walt Whitman; argues for suffrage in season and out, giving weak dilutions of Mrs. Dial's powerful, down-right logic. She is in doubt whether to begin lecturing, or to go on the stage and restore the legitimate drama. But to open a book store, or to learn the fur business as a clerk!

"As an almost invariable rule, the young woman, now-a-days, who feels within herself a hunger for some other work than that of her hands, believes herself qualified by right of that hunger, for the very highest work. She must leap into the pulpit or the rostrum, or not leap at all—forgetting the innumerable trades, hand-and-hand crafts that lie beneath, in which the majority of men find ample fields for all their observation, skill, and ingenuity. She forgets that the spirit of God filled Bezaleel to enable him to devise cunning works in gold, and silver, and brass, as much as it did Aaron, who spoke well for him. She is dazzled by the stately march of such a life as Lucrezia Mott's, and the great triumph that came to close the work to which she was called, and does not understand that they only labor worthily who confine themselves to the labor to which they are qualified, whether it be that of freeing a people, or of blacking boots."

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"If I had as many daughters as those with whom the Lord rewarded Job, and twice his wealth, they should each one have some head-or-hand craft by which, if need were, they could earn their own living. So far, at least, like him, I would give them inheritance among their brethren."

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"It is just in this step of your course that Man's Right opposes you. There is one hard fact which we women are apt to shirk, but which we must face after all, and that is, that in the pitiless economies of nations the question is not the worker but the value of the work. Wages are given for the wages' worth, not for sentiment. If the wheat you bring into market is poor, your pay will be poor; and it is sheer folly for you to point to your pale face, or to boast of first-rate grain raised in another century by one of your family. How can that make yours worth another penny in the pound?"

"Before you can take man's work from him you must prove that you can do it as well as he. * * * Make your work equal to man's, and then exact his rate of payment. Take not a penny less because you are a woman. However weak you may be, you owe this much service to all other women. It is another right of the man that you should not underbid him in the market, and one which we will willingly cede to him."

These extracts do not do justice to Mrs. Davis's able and comprehensive article, but they show the spirit in which it is written.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Harper's Magazine contains the following articles: "A Sleigh Ride through Eastern Siberia"—Thomas W. Knox; "Spent and Mis-spent"—Alice Cary; "Zanzibar"—Mrs. C. L. Weeks; "Spain"—Charles Gaites; "Executive Departments and Seals"—Benson J. Lossing; "Grandpapa's Baby"—D. R. Castleton; "The Morning Hour"—Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southerners"—J. W. De Forest; "Isabella, Ex-Queen of Spain"—J. S. C. Abbott; "Fate and Daisies"—Mary S. Coon; "My Enemy's Daughter"—Justice McCarthy; "Preachers and Preaching"—Robert Tomes; "A Wife of the Period"—Katharine F. Williams; "Changes in Population"—Nathan Allen; "Refugee Life"—Mrs. W. M. Parker; "Stars"—Harriet Prescott Spofford; "The Insurance on the Highflyer"—Harriet Prescott Spofford. "Light Houses"—M. Schele De Vere, etc.; "Editor's Easy Chair," etc.

"A Sleigh-Ride through Eastern Russia," and "Zanzibar" are profusely illustrated and exceedingly entertaining. Mr. De Forrest's brilliant article on Southerners is full of graphic and effective descriptions. We should like to make citations from it, but have no space to do so. "My Enemy's Daughter" is a capital story. All the articles are meritorious, and the "Editor's Easy Chair" is sparkling as usual. We will quote Alice Cary's sweet and simple poem, "Spent and Mis-spent:"

"Stay yet a little longer in the sky,
O golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strown about
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and, pansies sweet,
My heart and I, said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune—
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke, and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so like a little work-day hour has all
Been spent, and mis-spent doing what I could,
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would,

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set—
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer, yet."

GALAXY.

The articles in the *Galaxy* are: "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards; "A Message," by H. H.; "Queen Victoria and her Subjects," by Justice McCarthy; "Coffee and its Adulteration in New York," by John C. Draper, M. D.; "Twenty Thousand Dollars," by James T. McKay; "One Woman's Work," by C. W. Elliott (with illustrations); "New York Journalists," by Eugene Benson; "Violet Eyes," by Edmund C. Stedman; "Light Houses," by M. Schele De Vere; "The Grammarless Tongue," by Richard Grant White; "The *Galaxy* Miscellany;" Drift Wood," "Literature," "Art," and "Nebulæ."

"The limits of space," as a distinguished author writes, will prevent us from doing justice to the varied and excellent contributions to the *Galaxy* of this month; but this is the less to be regretted as the names of most of the authors are a sufficient recommendation of their articles. "One Woman's Work," by C. W. Elliott, is a biography of Charlotte Cushman, and "The Grammarless Tongue," by Richard Grant White, is unusually entertaining.

Circumstantial Evidence.

PARIS, January, 1869.

We have had this week a revival of the "Courrier of Lyons," which has disappointed and distressed all of us. You have, I am sure, seen the play with this title performed at your theatres. Do you know the story on which it is built? It is a sad one, and ill suited with the merry season lighted by the yule log and hallowed by good wishes and blessings. But as I am only your mirror-bearer, in which the stream of Time glasses what objects it bears upon its bosom, hold me excused if at this season I tell a mournful tale.

In April, 1796, Joseph Lesurques came up from Douai to Paris to better his fortunes. He was an ambitious young man. He possessed a clear income of three thousand dollars a year (which was then equal to six thousand dollars nowadays) and wished to increase it. He had honorably served his time in the Auvergne regiment, and had held a lucrative and responsible position at Douai. Everybody who knew him liked him. There was a wagon-master named Guesno, whose wagons brought goods up to Paris and carried other goods back to Douai, where he lived, who was very fond of Joseph Lesurques. Guesno was summoned to Paris about one of his teamsters, who had been arrested for theft. He improved the opportunity to pay his friend Joseph Lesurques a compliment. He invited Joseph to breakfast. The breakfast was given at the house of one of Guesno's friends, named Richard. Guesno invited three young men to meet Joseph Lesurques. These young men were dressed in the top of the fashion of those days. The breakfast was exceedingly merry, until a man named Courriol made his appearance, bringing with him his mistress, Madeleine Brabant. Courriol was not an agreeable-looking man. He had a black face, and his dark eyes were shaded by bushy eye-brows. His manners were as repulsive as his face. He laughed at Joseph Lesurques' buoyant spirits, and bright hopes, and so damped the merriment of the breakfast. He was a friend neither of Guesno nor of Lesurques. He had called to see Richard. Guesno invited him to take a seat at the table. Breakfast over, the whole party went to the Palais Royal (in those days the great centre of attraction in Paris), entered a cafe for coffee and brandy, and after a while they parted. Guesno gave his breakfast the 23d of April.

On the 27th of April, four gentlemen (they appeared to be gentlemen) rode out of Paris by the Charenton Barrière. They somehow or another made an impression on the city-customs officers, who observed and remembered they talked loudly and seemed very merry, and rode fair horses, but evidently hired horses, nevertheless. These men wore sabres under their cloaks. Courriol was one of these four men. He was riding moodily alone, though with them. The party breakfasted at Hotel Evrard, in a village named Montgeron. Here again they made a deep impression on master and maid. After smoking they went to the village café, where they tossed off coffee and brandy. They remained some two hours and a half or three hours at Montgeron, when they mounted and rode off towards Lieusaint. As they neared this village one of the horses lost a shoe, and one of the riders broke his spur. The latter went to a café, kept by Mme. Chatelain, where he called for coffee, and asked for some string to mend his spur. Mme Chatelain supplied both, but she made such bungling work with the spur, that the rider bade her servant, named Grosseteto, try her hand, which she did to the horseman's satisfaction. These incidents attracted the attention of Mme. Chatelain and Grosseteto to the horseman, and they felt themselves able to swear to the pleasing blonde face of the rider when they met again. His three companions had gone to Hotel Champeau, had ordered a servant to lead the shoeless horse to the smithy to have the missing shoe replaced, and to kill time ordered wine, which they drank. When their companion, who had broken his spur, joined them, and the horse was brought back ready for the road, they all went together to Mme. Chatelain's café, where they played billiards, and made Grosseteto the butt of their jokes until the decline of the sun warned them to be turning their faces homeward, if they would not have night overtake them. They paid their score, and turned their horses' heads to Paris. They had gone about an hour when the clatter of a horse's hoofs brought everybody in Hotel Champeau to the door. The man whose spur Mme. Chatelain and Grosseteto had mended came up, his horse covered with foam. He had forgotten his sword in the hotel. Mons. Champeau made search for it. The horseman ordered a glass of brandy, which was served him at the door by Mme. Champeau. As he was drinking it the Lyons Courier drove up. He changed horses at Hotel Champeau. The horseman gave a glance at the Courier and his passenger—there was but one—put spurs, and in an instant was out of sight. The passenger was a man whose name was Laborde—at least that was the name he wrote on the books of the stage office. Laborde was armed, that is, he had a poignard, for in those days the roads were not altogether safe; so he said to the Courier, adding, his chief dependence was on the Courier, as well it might be, for the latter was a powerful man and armed to the teeth, and the Courier was soon bounding towards Paris once more. They had quitted Hotel Champeau about sixty minutes, and had come to rather a bad bit of road. The Courier bade the postillion urge his horses through it as quickly as possible. Well he might give this order! The road passed through a hollow, and was bordered on both sides by high banks covered with thick undergrowth and tall trees, now in full leaf, which excluded day. There was a steep hill beyond this ravine. A cut-throat place! The Courier's words were scarcely uttered when highwaymen sprang from the thicket. One stopped the leaders, two cut the traces, the fourth dealt the postillion a blow with his sabre, which literally beheaded him. The Courier rose from his seat to see what all this meant. It was done swiftly and silently, but the stage stopped, and this the Courier could not understand. As the Courier rose from his seat, Laborde leaped on him and buried his poignard in his heart. The five highwaymen pulled the Courier's body out of the stage and cut off his head to be sure that he was dead. They then cut open "the boot" of the stage, and took from it all the money it contained, namely, fifteen thousand dollars, and hurried off. In their haste to escape, they left behind them a sword, a scabbard, a silver spur mended with string, and a grey riding coat, with blue loppels. Laborde got on one of the leaders, and the five companions returned to Paris as swiftly as they could ride. Once in town, Laborde dismounted and turned the leader loose. This horse was picked up by the police on the outer boulevard. The five companions re-entered Paris by the Barrière de Rambouillet. The four hired horses were returned to the livery stable about five o'clock in the morning. They were covered with foam, and were almost foundered.

In the course of the following day intelligence of the assassination of the Lyons Courier and his postillion, and the robbery of the stage of fifteen thousand dollars, spread over Paris, and threw the public into a state of great excitement. Judge Daubanton was ordered to take the matter in hand, to discover the guilty persons and to bring them to justice. The livery stable keeper at once put him in possession of the names and addresses of the two persons who had hired the four horses. One was a man named Courriol, and the other was his friend, a man named Bernard. The latter was easily found. More time elapsed before Courriol was discovered; but he too was arrested at Chateau Thierry, in the house of a man named Bruer.

When arrested, Courriol had in his possession bank notes which were known to have been in the stage. There were, Judge Daubanton thought, suspicious circumstances which pointed to Guesno as one of the highwaymen. He had had business transactions with Bruer and Bernard; Courriol and his mistress, Madeleine Brabant, had breakfasted with him on the 23d of April; so, Guesno was arrested. But he demonstrated his innocence so clearly that he was at once released. When liberated it was too late in the day to apply to Judge Daubanton for his passport and other papers seized on him. The Judge lived at some distance from the jail. Guesno was told to call for them the next morning. He did so. On his way to Judge Daubanton's office he fell in with Lesurques. He told the latter the disagreeable incidents which had occurred, and asked Lesurques to accompany him to the Judge's office. Lesurques, sure, his own reputation and social standing would aid his humble friend, and remove the last shadow of suspicion of the latter's honor from the Judge's mind, gladly consented to go with him. When they reached the office the Judge was engaged. They took seats in the ante-chamber, waiting their turn. The ante-chamber was full of people; among them was Santon, the servant of Hotel Evrard at Montgeron, and Grosseteto, the servant at Mme. Chatelain's café at Lieusaint. These women kept their eyes fixed for some time on Guesno and Lesurques. At last they beckoned to Hendon, Judge Daubanton's usher, and whispered to him. He went straight from them to the Judge's chamber and repeated to the Judge what the servant-women had said. Judge Daubanton was agitated by the communication. He summoned the women, questioned them closely, and was unable to shake their affirmations. He ordered Guesno and Lesurques to be introduced. Santon, servant of Hotel Evrard, swore positively that Lesurques was one of the four men who had come to Montgeron on the day on which the Lyons courier was assassinated. She had waited on them at table, and remembered distinctly that Lesurques was about to pay the bill with a bank note, when the "stalwart dark man" (Courriol) bade him pay silver. Grosseteto as positively swore that Lesurques was the man whose spur was mended with twine—was the man who forgot his sabre and galloped back for it—was the man who drank a glass of brandy as the Lyons courier drove up to change horses." They swore, too, with equal certainty that Guesno was one of the four men. Strange to say, this mistake (for Guesno clearly proved an *alibi*) did not shake the Judge's confidence in this testimony. Brier was likewise released. Richard, at whose house the fatal breakfast had been given, Courriol, Bernard, and Lesurques, were committed to prison to stand trial for murder and highway robbery.

Lesurques was confident he could prove his innocence, and entered the jail with no more uneasiness than any man feels under similar circumstances when conscious of innocence. He appealed to all his friends—he had devoted friends—to come to his assistance. He had fifteen witnesses who were prepared to prove an *alibi*, to prove he was in Paris during the whole day of the 27th of April, and consequently could not have been the man seen at Montgeron and at Lieusaint on that day in company with Courriol and Bernard. Hilaire Ledru, an artist, and Chauffer, Lesurques' cousin, swore that they had breakfasted with Lesurques that very day at a café in the Rue the 27th of April, produced the invitation written by Lesurques and dated the 24th April, swore he was prevented from accepting the invitation because he was ordered on service as National Guard that day, produced this order, which bore date the 27th April; swore he had, after his service as National Guard was at an end, spent the evening of the 27th April with Lesurques at Lesurques' house until a late hour. Several tenants of the same house swore they had met Lesurques repeatedly on the staircase during the 27th April. Aldenof, a wealthy jeweller, swore that Lesurques spent the whole forenoon of the 27th April with him and another wealthy jeweller, named Legrand, in the latter's shop. Legrand swore still more positively to this fact, for he had on that day bartered in Lesurques' presence a silver spoon to Aldenof in exchange for a pair of ear-rings. To support this testimony and place it beyond all question, Legrand brought his day-book into court and gave it to the presiding Judge that he might see with his own eyes the entry of the transaction with Aldenof on the 27th April. The moment the Judge turned to the entry he indignantly threw the day-book to Lesurques' advocate, exclaiming: "A palpable forgery!" Lesurques' advocate looked at it, and he could not deny—never was there a more clumsy interpolation—the 28th April had been altered to the 27th April. "Seven" had been written in very black ink over "eight," which was in paler ink. Legrand, when called upon to explain these changed figures, became extremely confused. He blundered, stammered, told different stories, and at last acknowledged that the entry was not made the day of the transaction. He forgot to make it, for some days; when he remembered his omission he wrote it down the 28th, and then recollecting a day or two afterwards that the transaction took place on the 27th, he made the correction. Pressed by the presiding Judge, he swore that he believed his friend innocent, but in his present confusion about dates he could not remember so clearly as to swear whether the transaction occurred on the 27th or on the 28th, although his firm belief still was that it took place on the 27th. Instead of allowing Baudart's testimony (which was so positive) to settle this question of disputed date; instead of recalling the conflict of testimony between Mons. and Mme. Campeau, and the proved truth in regard to Guesno's identity, the presiding Judge denounced Lesurques as a suborner of witnesses, as a rich man who had perverted his wealth, and insisted that the evidence of the people from Lieusaint and Montgeron, who were disinterested, and could not be mistaken, should outweigh the testimony of bribed boon companions.

After the charge, most hostile to Lesurques, the jury retired. The door had scarcely closed on them when Courriol's mistress, Madeleine Brabant, deadly pale, trembling with emotion, out of breath with agitation, hastened in front of the bench and exclaimed: "Lesurques is an innocent man—Dubosc is the assassin; they are very much alike." The Court refused to allow this testimony to go to the jury. The presiding Judge arrogantly said: "It is too late. The cause has been heard. The jury returned. They found Lesurques, Courriol, Bernard and Richard guilty of murder and highway robbery, and admitted "extenuating circumstances" in favor of the latter. The Court sentenced Lesurques, Courriol and Bernard to suffer death by the guillotine, and Richard to imprisonment in the galleys for twenty-four years with hard labor. After sentence Lesurques stood up and gravely, calmly, and firmly protested his innocence. He had no sooner taken his seat than Courriol started up, and eagerly, earnestly declared: "I am guilty, I confess; but Lesurques and Bernard are both innocent men; neither one of them had anything to do with the crime." He made this declaration four times. Courriol wrote from jail a long letter to the presiding judge, reiterating these declarations, declaring his accomplices in the murder were men named Vidal, Rossi, Dutrochat, and Dubosc; that Dutrochat was the passenger in the stage under the name of Laborde, and the murderer of the Lyons Courier; that Lesurques was mistaken for Dubosc—two men who were extremely alike—and the likeness was unintentionally increased by Dubosc, who covered his brown hair with a blonde wig. Lesurques' friends, with Courriol's and Madeleine Brabant's testimony in their possession, exerted themselves with the utmost energy to save him. They appealed to the Directory, they petitioned the Legislative Chamber—all their efforts were in vain. Unhappy Lesurques, who had hitherto been buoyed up by confidence in his innocence, now saw that his doom was sealed. He bowed his head with the resignation of a brave man. He cut off a lock of his hair and placed it in this letter which he wrote to his wife: "My dear love—No man can avoid his fate. I am on the eve of being assassinated by law. Nevertheless I shall face death with the courage to be looked for in a man like me. I send you my hair. Divide it among your children when they reach man's estate. I have now no other inheritance to give them." He wrote to an intimate friend: "I die the victim of an error," but he added his firm belief that a little sooner or a little later the error would be discovered, and his own fair fame cleared of dishonor. He wrote a last letter, which at his request was published in the newspapers of the day. It was addressed to Courriol's unknown accomplice. "You in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life. Should you ever fall into the clutches of the law, think my three children are covered with opprobrium; think of their broken-hearted mother, and put an end to the wretchedness our deplorable resemblance has occasioned." The 30th of October, 1796, was the day appointed for Lesurques', Courriol's and Bernard's execution. As a last protestation of his innocence, Lesurques attired himself in white to go to the block. When they [illegible] Courriol cried out to [illegible] moment Lesurques' headless trunk [illegible]

London Gazette.

[Written for the Leader.]

THE RIVER SHORE.

BY ELLEN M. FERRY.

Softly sang the flowing river,
Faintly sighed the evening breeze;
Softer, fainter was the shiver
Of the restless aspen trees.

From the west the sun had faded,
Still his glory lingered there;
Scarce had dusky twilight shaded
His bright locks of amber hair.

On the river shore we wandered,
Fond and gentle Edith Fay;
Of the golden future pondered
That so bright before us lay.

Builded we a stately palace
Hanging o'er a summer sea,
Where the odorous east wind dallies,
Where the sun shines goldenly.

There the sea bird rests his pinion
From his long and weary flight,
There the mermaid hath dominion
In her halls of pearly light.

There the magic fountain floweth
That eternal youth can give;
Pure and clear its water gloweth,
Free to all to drink and live.

In that palace free from sadness
We would dwell for evermore;
So we dreamed our dream of gladness
Roaming by the river shore.

Sadly sounds the moaning river,
Faintly sighs the evening breeze;
Sadder, fainter is the shiver
Of the mournful aspen trees.

From my life the joy has faded,
As the sunlight from the wave,
And my heart with grief is shaded
As the cypress shades her grave

Of the river shore I wander,
Listening sadly to its moan;
Of the golden past I ponder,
When I wandered not alone.

THERE is a certain species of young animal, held by many mothers as at best a doubtful blessing; by many sisters, of slightly superior years as an irrepressible nuisance; by settled spinsters and contemplative old ladies as a small Apache skirmishing upon the outskirts of civilization, and specimens of which these good people would voluntarily invite into drawing-room or flower-garden no sooner than wild horses. This creature is a boy.—*Boston Transcript.*

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday: A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday: Gloomy and very chilly; unseasonable weather. Wednesday: Frosty, at times sharp. Thursday: Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday: Storm in the morning with peals of thunder; clear afterwards. Saturday: Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday: A night southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

"Have I not offered you every advantage?" said a father to his son. "Oh, yes!" replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking my drunkards or my father."

[Written for the Leader.]

That "Model" Young Man.

BY SI. SLOKUM.

There are "fine" days, dark days, black days; but these are crimson days. "Blood" tells—tells every day, of fearful deeds. Murder stalks, red-handed, through the streets. The poison and the pistol, the bludgeon and the knife, are kept busy. Neither becomes junk for its work from disuse, nor do hands lose their cunning from want of practice. The daily list of murders, attempts at murder, arson, burglaries, frauds, etc., etc., is appalling. One would think, from a perusal of the papers, that everybody was going to the bad. Let us hope they aren't.

"How pleasant it would be," we thought, as our eyes glanced down the morning column of horrors, "to read of something *good* for a change. Don't you think so, reader? To be certainly you do.

Well, as you can't find it in the dailies, we propose to try our hand at something good, for the benefit of those who prefer good to evil. If any such there be. Not yet believing in total depravity, we believe there are some who yet prefer good to evil.

The latter, we are sorry to say, is more tenacious of life than the former; and we are prepared to prove this, on the word of no less a personage than the Hon. Mark Antony, formerly of Rome. Mark got up on a butcher's block one day in the market-place at Rome (this knocked Washington Market place higher 'n a kite), and spoke a piece about Cæsar, who had just been carved up by the Hon. Marcus Brutus and other roughs that infested Rome in those days, in spite of detectives and the Police Superintendent.

How thankful we should be for not having lived in those times, when murder was a pastime! How different, to-day in New York!

This piece spoken by Mark is remembered to this day, chiefly on account of an extraordinary loan he wished to negotiate that occasion. He opened thus:

"Friends, Romans, and countrymen." What under the sun he wanted of their ears surpasses our comprehension. What cheek! Finding they wouldn't loan these appendages (they would have been "countrymen" had they done so), he went on to say:

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

These were his words, if he was reported correctly, according to the Roman *Tribune*, edited by Horace Van Somebody.

In these remarks of Mark's there is more of truth than of poetry expressed. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Thus: when you bury a friend; you bury with him that little matter of a "fifty-spot" you borrowed, and only remember that he would "nig" at euchre.

Isn't this so? You know it is.

Now, how many of you have any idea of what *good* is? Not many, probably. Well, you aren't to blame, perhaps. Evil so predominates about this time that it isn't to be expected you would know much about *good*. We suppose you are willing to learn, so here goes.

Some of you may say, perhaps, that bourbon cocktails are good; but recent disclosures prove to the contrary.

Good is—well, we refer you to Webster for the definitions, which are as plenty as green peas in a good season for peas. You can read them in half the time it would take us to write them—they would occupy a column. We advise you to look over your "Webster," for many of you, we fear, are fearfully and wonderfully ignorant on the "good" subject. We will give two or three definitions, just to whet your appetites:

Definition 20: "Kind, benevolent; affectionate." Are you all these, every time? Perhaps.

24: "Honorable; fair; unblemished; unimpeached." How do you stand in this schedule? Probably you never were impeached, as Andy was, and he never likely to be; but who can answer for the rest?

30: "Humane; merciful; gracious." Can you plead guilty to all of these? Doubted, muchly.

32: "Pleasant; cheerful; festive." How do you rate in these? Oh, we're festive, we think we hear some of you say. You may be festive cusses, and not be as good as to make you round-shouldered. Don't pick out this one definition—"festive"—and claim that you are good. It doesn't always follow.

Nero was one of the most festive of gentlemen, so much so that he played a Champagne Charley and Captain Kidd on the fiddle while Rome was burning, and the firemen off on a target excursion (as you well remember); but we never heard that he was a distinguished good man from all his festiveness, unless as a moral lesson.

It is well enough to be festive, if you can be so on the square; but don't borrow a "ten" of a friend and get on a festive tear; there is much this side of innocent festivity. Be good humored and festive, but don't undertake to be too good. If you do, the chances are that you'll go over the top, and be carried to a degree that is good may be carried to excess.

distressing at times. It is, however, by no means, an universal failing—this extreme goodness. People are more prone to moderation in this respect, the great majority being extremely temperate in the matter. They never need fear being charged with excess, intemperance, in this particular. They believe in "letting their moderation be known to all men"—and women, for that matter.

But we once had a friend, who was so exceedingly, so excessively good that he "slopped over" continually, and became a positive bore to all his friends and acquaintances. He was an oppression to all whom he inflicted with his presence. He was (we hadn't ought to *say it*, perhaps, he was "*so* good," as our landlady and other women folks said of him), a confounded nuisance to have about one. He was "*so* good" that he overwhelmed, impressed us so heavily with a weight, a sense of our own unworthiness, that it was positively unendurable.

We believe we hated that fellow, he was "*so* good," and finally we had to "shake him." We couldn't help it—we couldn't stand his goodness. We felt like a condemned criminal in his presence; and as we couldn't rise to his level, nor expect him to come down to our own, we were forced to sever the bonds of friendship—divorce him, or rather ourself. He was continually endeavoring to do good, forever preaching "good" (it wasn't good preaching), and forever trying to keep from wrong-doing—certainly, to be commended; but he was so oppressive that he became to us a thing of dread and a nuisance always. It would take six weeks by the clock to toll of all the "good things" that young man was guilty of; but his goodness was oftener inopportune than the contrary.

We believe there is a time and place for everything, and consequently a time and place to do good. There is such a thing as doing a thing, good of itself, at the wrong time and in the wrong place. For instance: what is the good of ringing a man up at dead of night, or, say, three in the morning, in winter time, to let him know that you have taken his cat out of the snow on the stoop and placed it in the area, under shelter from the pitiless storm? It's all very well for the cat—a good action—but what the deuce does the man care about the cat at that hour in the morning—snowing great guns at the time, too? He would probably wish the de—tectives had taken you and the cat both. It was a good action, nevertheless, and you thought you were doing a good thing by informing the proprietor of the cat respecting the latter. But you "slopped over." Don't you see you did? Besides, it is ten to one that the cat goes back to her former position on the stoop! Cats are stubborn as mules, and prefer to choose their own roosts.

Well, our friend was one of that pattern—we don't know as he ever picked up a cat and placed it under cover, but that was his style every time; he would have done it had he been there—it was just like him; and he wouldn't for the world have omitted informing the proprietor of what he had done—not he. He was governed by no limit in the matter of doing good, and with us, it was always at the wrong time. There is a certain degree of good in tendering a man a first-class "Figaro," if in the right place and at the right time; but if pressed upon one when in the presence of a rich, old, maiden aunt, whose heir he expects to be, and who abhors tobacco in any form, it becomes a wrong instead of a good. That was him—every time.

We roomed together, this good young [illegible] house, room, landlady and all, on account of that exceedingly good young man. When about to do some little thing about the room, it would be, "Let me do that, Si. I can do it just as well as you." No doubt he could, but there are times when a man prefers to do his own doings. He would always want to fill our inkstand, and at the wrong time—when we didn't want it filled—and in filling, would be sure to fill till it slopped over—like himself. "That lamp wants trimming," he would say (we didn't have gas). "Let me trim it." Consequence—broken chimney. If we "roated up," as liable to do, he would say, in a mild, silvery voice, "Keep cool, Si. I'll get another immediately." Out he would go, and back he would come in a jiffy, with another chimney and, as like as not, a quart of peanuts, saying, "There, my boy, help yourself." Oh, but he was "*so* good!"

Now, all these things in themselves were good, except the peanuts (we detest peanuts), but don't you see we didn't require these goodnesses—didn't want them. It was a bore, a confounded nuisance, to be subjected to them. If there were any other things that we detested more than peanuts, those were Canary birds; and if he didn't come in one day, with one of these squawing animals, you may shoot us.

"Here, Si, see what I've brought you. Take good care of him—he's a splendid singer." (Just the quality we abhorred). We stifled a groan at this exhibition of goodness. But what could we do.

We aren't good, we expect, for we felt like throwing him and the yawping bunch of feathers out of the window. We wanted to swear, but he was so fearfully and wonderfully good that we knew it would entail upon us a lecture; so we refrained, and swallowed the bird—not literally, you know, of course—accepted it with smiles and thanks, wishing all the time it was in the talons of a hen-hawk; but the bird died next morning from an attack of *cat*-alepsy. The house cat got hold of it somehow or other, and nothing remained in a few moments of that "splendid singer" but a few feathers, two claws, and a bill, and we took a rest—got an extra hour of sleep.

Our good young friend belonged to a library association, and was continually bringing us books (which we never read), and asking our opinion of them. They were mostly metaphysical works, good, no doubt, but we weren't on metaphysics as much as he was; and it was rarely that we hazarded an opinion. Theatres he never visited; euchre he never played; nothing of the sort was he ever in for.

If we went on a chowder party and expatiated on the "good time" we had had, he would tell how he enjoyed himself the night before at a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. And the landlady said he was "*so* good," and called him a "model young man." We guess he was, but his kindnesses, his goodnesses, at length became greater than we could bear; and we went away from the house and left that "model young man" to his fate.

Two weeks after we saw him at a horse trot, a species of entertainment he had ever decried as extremely barbarous and highly demoralizing. Looking our astonishment, he explained his presence there by informing us that a rich old aunt of his had just deceased and left him a snug sum, as he had been such a *good*, young man—such a model. "I walked a long time in the path wherein I knew her money lay," he said, "and now, after a long devotion to her, I think I'll enjoy myself a little, Si—eh?"

"Sensible," we said; but our faith in young man's *goodness* exploded on the instant.

"Don't attempt to be good clear through, all over, *too* good; if you do, you'll surely "slop over."

A very little wickedness, now and then, is expected of the best of men (and women too); but don't aspire to become the "wickedest man in New York." That's played."

St Slocum.

P. S. That "model young man" and the subscriber now room together again. He don't fill our instand, trim our lamp, bring us peanuts, or Canary birds any more; and if all the cats in creation were out on the stoop in six feet of snow (and more falling) they would stay there for all his putting them under cover. He isn't so much of a "model" as he was, you see, and we get along together first rate.

[For the Leader.]

The Promise Kept.

BY ORMES ORIMM.

The story I am about to narrate is true—so true, that all the names I have used of persons and places are false. For it never shall be employment of mine to lift, for the satisfaction of an inquisitive and uncharitable world, the curtain, which it is kinder to leave dropped upon the names and the memories of the erring or the afflicted. The world may benefit by the moral of past events without knowing the parties who have been the actors in them. Further elucidation would be impertinent, because useless. It would but withdraw public attention from facts to persons; and my object would be lost.

I am one of those few men who think it worth while to travel for pleasure in their own country. I go a tour every summer, and have done so for the last fifteen or twenty years; and yet much still remains to be seen by me in my own land; and I am in no fear of being obliged to quit it to find either novelty or amusement. Of course, in speaking of my own land, I claim the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and consider every inch of the sister islands lawful ground to an English traveller.

It was in the course of one of these excursions (never mind in what year) that, passing through a retired village, far from any city, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be a new building, and which, at the same time that it excited my admiration by the simple and excellent taste of its architecture, caused me considerable surprise by its size and importance: for there was nothing in that place or the immediate neighborhood that seemed to justify so imposing a fabric.

I saw at a glance that it consisted of a number of small abodes, and was a charitable institution. But it was too large for a private charity; and, although pretty well acquainted with the localities of such things, I knew of no public one of the kind in that part of the world.

What part of the world that was, after the declaration I have already made, I shall not be expected to disclose. No: my readers are out of the limits of Great Britain and Ireland. But, for my own conveniences in writing, and for theirs in reading, I will call the place Beachton; and I will say that there was nothing else in that small village that would have made me look to the right or to the left (unless a smarter maiden than one is apt to meet with every day on a dusty road, or a more cherubyˆchild than usually holds up, in the hope of a penny, the compound of dirt and napless beaver he calls his hat, had happened to catch my eye as I passed through it), had it not been for these almshouses.

And yet I ought, even in the absence of these, to have remarked the modest church and neat parsonage. But the one was so hid by its rich mantle of ivy, and the other was so small, so low, and so retiring, I really think I should have overlooked them both, especially as both were some little distance from the road.

When, however, upon failing to obtain any satisfactory account of the object of my curiosity from the ignorant or stupid people at the only public house, I was fain to force myself, by their advice, upon the afternoon repose of the clergyman of the parish, and to stop at the foot of the lane leading towards his residence to look for some one who could direct or conduct me farther, I perceived how wrong I had been not to have sooner remarked the venerable little church.

A neat white gate not far from the lane opened upon a carriage road of the smoothest gravel, and passing along the greenest of green paddocks, in which the pastor's horse and an Alderney cow were grazing, led to a second but smaller gate in his low garden paling. His house was close to the church, one side of which formed a right angle with it.

The carriage road by the paddock would have taken me by the best or garden entrance. The lane, which ran in a line almost parallel with the paddock, took a turn, where it neared the church, round it and the small church-yard, and led to the porch, which formed the public entrance from the village. My guide assured me I should find a footpath from thence to the back door of the parsonage. I resolved to show some modesty at least in my manner of besieging the good man, and proceeded by the lane in preference to the carriage road.

I paused when I reached the church to admire it. I have said it was almost hidden by its rich ivy, but in some places its masonry was visible, and I could see it was very ancient, of simple Gothic architecture, and that it still retained a few remains of excellent sculpture. It had two porches; one, as I have described, formed the public entrance from the lane, the other was on the other side of the church, immediately opposite to it. It opened on the broad gravel walk of the parsonage garden, and was the clergyman's private door. Both doors happened to be open when I got there; and it was pretty, thus looking through the church, to mark the gay flowers of the little garden in bright perspective beyond the low dark arches of the church's nave.

As this means of approaching the parsonage was so near and so extremely picturesque, I made use of it, and passing through the cross aisle of the church, I ventured to ring at the likewise open door of the house.

The pastor, with unaffected simplicity, answered the bell himself, without making the slightest apology for so doing. He was alone at home. He had let his one man—clerk, gardener, butler, all in one—go out with his only other servant (the man's own wife), who was cook, dairy-maid, and everything else, to enjoy an evening walk. He came himself to the door, and with ready, hospitable civility, such as one only finds in country villages, refused to reply to my questions till we were both seated in his comfortable parlor.

When he knew the cause of my intrusion, and had listened with complacency to my approbation of the exterior of the alms-house, he said he should be very happy to take me over them himself, and should have pleasure in pointing out and explaining the different objects of the building to one who seemed to be so well able to understand and enter into the subject.

The truth is, that I *was* particularly interested in the subject; and, as I mean to conceal my own name, as well as other names, I will own for what reason. I am rich, single, and middle-aged. I have no near relations—no friends whose fortunes are in any great need of my assistance; and I have been for several years casting about for a use to put my worldly goods to when I shall myself have ceased to require them. I wish to make this act a source of amusement for my age; and I have often fancied I should like to be the founder of a charity in my lifetime, which I would endow handsomely at my death; but, till I saw so unexpectedly these alms-houses, I never had met with any establishment of the kind that pleased me. This one was considerably larger than anything I meditated; but I thought it would admit of reduction; and the style and plan were so much to my mind, that I could easily comprehend the good pastor's perception of my admiration of, and interest in, the work of his own genius, as this turned out to be.

"We will go there directly, while we have good sunlight before us," said he, reaching his three-cornered hat from its peg in the passage; "and by the time your curiosity shall be gratified, and when you shall be tired of standing and walking, my people will be back, and tea will be ready."

Who could have withstood an invitation so agreeable in itself, and made with such finished kindness and good breeding?

As we walked together by the carriage-road, across the paddock, he stopped at about half-way between the two white gates. I soon saw that this was his custom; for the Alderney cow immediately came up to him, looking askance with her meek eye for the expected crust of bread from his coat pocket. His nag next approached, whom he patted; and, although he only pulled for him a handful of the fine clovery grass that grew in profusion under the animal's feet, still the animal took it with an eagerness which showed he knew and loved the hand that bestowed it.

As we proceeded, I could not help taking a sly survey of the man who was gaining with every passing moment on my esteem; and whom I was already easing to consider as a stranger. He was, in fact, a rare and guileless being, who really felt for his fellow-man as for a brother; who needed no introduction to become at once friendly [illegible] and who, willing to lend or give all that he possessed, feared no fraud nor robbery. He left his own house open and unwatched. He followed me, a stranger, with confidence and kindness! He was old, but hale and active; and his cheek had a freshness, and his eye a cheerfulness, which were pleasing and certain indications of the health of his body and the tranquillity of his mind.

We soon reached the alms-houses, which were very near the public road; but on the opposite side of it to the church and parsonage. They were recently erected, as I have said. But the simple Gothic architecture of the church had been closely imitated; they were built chiefly of stone, of which there appeared to be a great plenty in the neighborhood, and the rich color of which accorded most happily with the style of the building. It was, likewise, a soft kind of stone, but which hardened upon exposure to the air; so that with little labor, it had admitted of some very good, although rough imitations of those carvings about the church, which the ivy permitted one to observe.

In the centre of the principal front was a low arched gateway; over it was a label bearing this inscription: "Saint Magdalen's Alms-houses," and the date. The arch led to a quadrangle within the building, in the middle of which was a large pump, rendered picturesque by the assistance of a really ancient stone cross, raised upon a few broad steps. This pump had a spout on each of its four sides, and the abundant flow of fine sparkling water was sufficient for the use of the whole establishment.

On the outside, a low stone wall enclosed a strip of land on all sides of the square building, only breaking off at the gateway, which fronted the road. The strip of land was divided by light wooden palings, into as many gardens as there were almshouses. All were well stocked with vegetables; each had a narrow border of flowers under the broad casement windows, and a few standard fruit trees, chosen with judicious reference to the different aspects. Each house had two doors, and a passage through from the quadrangle to the garden, but no openings were permitted in the surrounding wall, so that all ingress and egress to and from the village must take place at the gateway, on either side of which were the chambers of the overseer of the establishment. In short, I never before saw in one building so many advantages collected together. Nothing, either of use or comfort, was sacrificed to taste; and yet a finished taste, and a superior judgment, must have united their efforts to conceive the plan.

But, as my readers are not probably intending to build almshouses with me, they will dispense with any more minute description of my model. I remained, looking and admiring; erecting, not castles but almshouses in the air, and never satisfying myself upon the matter, when, at last, I perceived the sun had sunk to rest, and recollected that my venerable guide, who was evidently a man of early hours, must be in want of his evening repast.

He smiled when he saw the reluctance with which I quitted the building, and noted the slight sigh that escaped me upon the reflection that, in another hour, all my airings but promising ideas might die for want of nourishment and emulation.

"We must return here together to-morrow," said the pastor. "I am a selfish old fellow, and never like to part with an agreeable companion; and I make it a rule always to have, under my own little roof, a well-aired bed ready for a friend or benighted traveller. You are the latter at present; but, before we part, I hope you will let me consider you as a friend. You shall see all the plans and calculations of expense that have assisted me in the formation of this establishment. If was my solace for several years that it was about. You will know why I needed solace when I shall have explained to you the history of it. I have only been its willing architect and steward. You shall know why it was founded—and by whom; for, large as it is, it is a private charity, and a melancholy tale goes with it. Many travellers have, like yourself, been attracted by the building, and have applied to me to see it. Some few have already taken hints from it for smaller, but similar, purposes. But to no one have I disclosed the particulars which I shall not hesitate to trust to your honor and sympathy by and by."

We had reached his door—we found tea ready for us in the parlor—and tea that might have tempted an anchorite, and have satisfied a voluptuary; a pool of the richest cream from the Alderney; butter made from the same; brown bread; fruit freely gathered; and a welcome, which was the greatest treat of all.

After a plentiful repast we sat in the twilight, which was gradually gathering brightness under the light of a rising harvest moon. We moved our chairs to the open casement; we inhaled the dewy fragrance of the flowers that perfumed the air about us, and gazed in such full contentment upon the tranquil scene around that, as is ever the case with full contentment in this world, it bordered upon melancholy. Well did that painter understand his subject who, in describing upon canvas a moonlight scene of deep repose, placed one single horse in the attitude of grazing in a shadow on the foreground. The pastor's nag had approached the garden paling, on the outside of which we could trace his gently-moving form, and hear him as he cropped monotonously the dewy tops of the rich herbage.

I reminded my host of his promise to intrust to me the history of St. Magdalen's charity.

"I have not forgotten it," he answered; "I was even now thinking to bespeak your attention, when the recollection of circumstances very interesting to myself carried me back many a year, and recalled the forms of those with whom I have so often, and in this very place, enjoyed such an hour as this."

After a few minutes of silence and recollection he spoke as follows:

"I have been pastor of the same little flock for many years, and have never had reason to repent the having given up large preferment and society in exchange for the peaceful retirement of this village. But it was not always so deserted. When I first lived here there were some gentlemen's houses in the neighborhood, and I was within a half-hour's walk of three or four very agreeable families. These houses are now appropriated to other purposes—the principal one, and the nearest to me, is now a farm-house. It was formerly inhabited by a gentleman who had been my contemporary and companion at college; and I be[illegible] dence, chiefly induced me to make the exchange of livings which fixed me for the rest of my life in this spot.

"He had an only son; and when the boy grew big enough to receive more than nursery instruction in English and Latin, his mother put his studies under my direction. My friends could not be persuaded to part with an only child, and they were pleased to think he would gain as much under my tuition as at a public school. I was anxious to deserve their good opinion, and soon prevailed upon them to let me have their son under my own roof for at least some days out of every week.

"The boy was quick and intelligent, and as I contrived to render study rather an interesting occupation than a laborious duty, and took care never to disgust him with books by pressing for attention to a dry subject when his mind was naturally wandering to a near and happy home, he soon had a taste for, and a pleasure in, our literary pursuits; and, what was as desirable as it is rare, loved the master who conveyed instruction to his mind.

"He was so forward in his education that he was ready early for college, and before he was nineteen he left the University. At this time his mother died; and Leonard Weston, being unwilling to desert his father, gave up a plan he had formed for travelling, and spent most of his time at home.

"At his own request we continued our studies, and I had the delight of seeing a mind, naturally well endowed, ripen and refine itself by judicious cultivation. He was, indeed, a very accomplished gentleman; and at twenty-two, when he lost his father, and came into possession of a large and unencumbered fortune, few men could be better justified in looking forward into life with confidence and pleasure.

"He was now at liberty to travel; but he had become attached to a cousin of his own, a very young and extremely beautiful girl. She was his equal in, every respect, excepting in fortune, but that was easily dispensed with where already there was so much, and they were married.

"They settled in this neighborhood. I saw them constantly, daily; and I marked with joy their happiness, which was of so rational a nature that they needed no change of scene, no society beyond their own, to render it complete. They loved their home, they employed themselves usefully, and they were beloved and respected by all who knew them.

"After two years of marriage they had a son. And now did I begin to tremble for them; for this event, which a casual observer would have considered the only one that had been wanting to complete their happiness, came, as I feared, to mar it. The child was too beautiful, his large blue eye was too bright, the tinge upon his cheek too vivid, the ivory of his skin too spotless, for health. I ventured to hint my fears to Leonard; but how could he, how could any one, resolve to disturb the joy of the young mother's heart, as she exulted over the uncommon loveliness of her offspring?

"I was too true a prophet. When barely one year old the infant died, after a few hours of illness. The mother's mind had not been schooled to resignation. How should it? She was herself so young, so like a blooming child. This sudden heavy loss first taught her there was sorrow in a world to her erewhile so full of bliss.

"She gave way with violence to her feelings. With the mistaken energy of enthusiastic youth she fancied it her duty to aggravate and to prolong her grief. She never quitted the body of her child—she attended it to the grave. I strove in vain to recall her to her real duties. I dreaded lest her health should suffer. She ought to have spared, to have tranquilized herself, for many reasons, but chiefly for the sake of another child, whose birth might haply have supplied the loss she mourned, but which she destroyed by these undue exertions. She fell ill, and for several months was in a state of alarming weakness. Her husband did not sufficiently control her, his love was so fond, so doting, he could not bear to thwart her, or do anything that might savor of severity, and thus he lent himself to all her exaggerated feelings.

"He told me one day that he was going abroad for the recovery of his wife's health, by her mother's desire, who thought change of scene and amusement would withdraw her mind from the subject of her melancholy. I opposed the plan; and I did it upon principle. It is true, she was ill, but she was young and naturally healthy, and her illness had been of a nature which accounted for her state. Her medical attendant did not consider it necessary that she should change the climate, although he did not forbid the experiment, and all their friends were unanimous in their applause of a measure which would banish two reluctant beings from their home, the scene of their duties, and till an accident had for a season clouded it, that, of their happiness. I had never known any of my married acquaintance who had improved by a residence abroad, however short; either they had been discontented and unhappy during their absence (the best case conceivable), or they had suddenly imbibed such a taste for all that cannot be procured, seen, or enjoyed here, that their life was invariably one of uneasiness, complaint and privation.

"Yes, I opposed the plan; and Leonard, who had no great wish to move, had almost yielded to my reasoning, when his wife's mother (who was likewise his aunt, and who assumed power over both of them) arrived, and soon settled all things her own way. She would not listen to a word against it; declared her daughter's life depended on a change of climate; arranged every thing; urged them to remain abroad long enough to see the whole of Italy, Germany, Switzerland; packed them up; hurried them off; parted with her daughter without a tear, and said, and perhaps thought, that she had done her duty.

"Their journey had been somewhat delayed by a circumstance which I must now mention. The infant had been deposited in the clergyman's vault, there being none appropriated to the family of Mr. Weston, no member of it having been till now buried at Beachton. It was natural that Leonard should wish to have his child placed in a vault belonging to himself. The young mother was most eager on the subject; and, accordingly, a vault was immediately begun. They both took much interest in the work, and delayed their departure a few weeks that they might see it completed.

"The evening before they started they both came to my house. We proceeded together to the church, which we entered [illegible] I placed the little coffin, with my own hands, in the spot they had fixed that it should rest. A space was left on each side of it, and these bereaved parents joining their hands across it, made to each other a solemn promise that they would lie, when their own lives should end, one on either side of their child. Then, turning to me, 'You are our witness,' said Leonard Weston; 'and, if you should survive us, you must see this done.'

"'My dear young friends,' I answered, 'may I never see that day; for, in the course of nature, I must go long before you. I pray that I may never see you resting here—but that, after a long life of peace and happiness, your sons' sons may do this duty by you both.'

"I took a hand of each, and led them to the narrow stair by which we ascended to the church, and locking the vault, and putting the key in my pocket—'but I am guardian of this little dismal chamber,' I said, 'and it shall be my care till you both come back again.' The young mother threw her arms around my neck, and sobbing, said: 'Oh! I wish we were to stay with you and with our child; why do we go?' Ah! why, indeed? I answered mentally; and yet I little thought I was then looking my last upon her! Her mother's voice was heard calling for her from my garden, and approaching. She dried her tears, put down a veil which was upon her hat, and left the church by the other porch, as if to conceal from her parent where she had been, and what about.

"During the first months of their absence I received constant letters from Leonard, and they generally contained a few words from his wife, the young Helena—a few words of kind recollection of myself, and of tender regret in allusion to her severe and early loss. But her health and spirits were improving rapidly, and, when they had been about half a year from home Leonard wrote me the pleasing intelligence that both were perfectly restored.

"From this time his letters became less frequent, and were dated from different parts of Italy. They mentioned plans of amusement, and extended travel, which I sighed over, because these would necessarily much prolong his absence. After the first year and a half he ceased to write at all. Many months had then passed since I had received a postscript, or even a message, from his wife. I continued to write to him under cover to men of business at Rome, as we had concerted I should do; but I got no answers, and my uneasiness became great in proportion with my affection for Leonard, and the interest I took in his welfare and happiness.

"The second year passed, and still no news of him; a third was almost gone, when one morning a letter arrived in his well-known hand-writing. It bore an English post-mark only, and my heart welcomed it most gladly, for I thought it would announce his happy return to me and to his home. Alas! it did indeed announce his return, for the first lines told me that when I should receive it he would be at Beachton, but alone and miserable!

"I paused to wipe my glasses, and to recover from the shock—to breathe a prayer for my unhappy friend, and ask for resignation in his name. Would that my first surmise had been correct! Would that his heart's treasure had been taken from him by death! that she had died in her youth—her innocence—her soul's beauty! Yes, yes, he was alone, and he was indeed most miserable. Deserted by the one being to whom he looked for all his happiness—by her whom he had loved and cherished with affection that was, perhaps, too ardent to be fitly placed on aught of earth; by her who looked and smiled so like a dream of heaven, one could not have believed that sin could find a harbor in her least guarded thought. And yet she had left him—she had sealed his misery and her own disgrace!

"I cannot, if I wished it, relate particulars. Poor Leonard never would expose her conduct, even to my censure. I only knew from him those circumstances that could in any manner palliate her offence; and these he loved to dwell upon. He blamed her mother; her education had been neglected by her; she was so very young; she knew so little of the world; and then, he had allowed his better judgment to be overruled, and had yielded weakly to her mother's wish that they should travel; he had not used sufficient caution in their society when abroad; he had been too proud of her—too fond of seeing her admired; his own habits had been too retired, too studious. These and others similar were the excuses he was ever seeking for her, hoping to convince me that she had erred less widely. Alas! they only served to enhance her fault with me, to prove the value of the heart she had broken.

"Nor could he deceive himself by this fond sophistry. I have often known him to pause in the midst of it, and shudder when the truth, in its plain unvarnished name of guilt, would suddenly lie before him; when he would see it in the scenery around; meet it in his empty, solitary home; feel it in his own blighted and most hard condition.

"It was long before I ventured to inquire if he would take any measures in consequence of this distressing event.

"'None,' he answered, 'unless it be her wish that I should release her, as far as man can do it, from her vow to me. If *she* shall wish it—and for her own sake solely—it shall be done as speedily, as secretly as possible—otherwise, never!'

"He seemed glad I had put this question to him, which encouraged me to proceed; but with all the gentle tenderness a fatherly friendship, such as mine was, knew so well how to mingle with my inquiries. I wished very much to learn what had become of his unhappy wife—and I told him so. He said he did not know, and that he could hardly say how he felt on that subject.

"'When she left me,' he continued, 'I was, in truth, incapable of following her; but had I been able, I should not have done it then. No; she had left me! she had fancied she could be happier elsewhere with another! Why should I have followed her? What *could* have happened at that moment that would not have caused pain, and rendered her act more public? I know not where she is—I must not try to know. Alas! if I did, there would my heart follow her. My heart, my thoughts, my wishes—all would be there; perhaps my steps would even wander with them. Oh, if I could believe—if I could hope!'

"He was silent, but his thoughts were busy still upon the same sad subject; and after a while, as if unconscious of the pause,

"'She is not happy—wherever she is she is suffering. I know it, I feel it, but I cannot give you reasons for what I am myself convinced of. She loved me once; and such a love as she once felt for me, when we were here together—when we lost our child—cannot be quite forgotten! When such a love ceases to bring happiness to our breast, it must bring something—pain, remorse; it cannot, cannot be forgotten.'

"I had hoped that time would shed its healing power over the wounds of my poor friend's heart. So it would have done had he lost his happiness in almost any other manner. But in this affliction what was to reconcile him to his fate? What was to make him feel that fate decided, sealed, requiring only patience and submission on his part? His wife still lived, but where? but how? Alas, he knew not! And both were matter of uneasy surmise—of unceasing, agitating speculation.

"In the first months of his sad trial, Leonard had taken care to place a large sum of money at his banker's for the use of his unhappy wife, with orders that it should be given to any one who should ask for it in her name. He had taken measures by which she would have been apprized of this, and of his intention to place a similar sum annually in the same manner.

"He had been intensely anxious to know if this sum were called for; and when he understood that such had been the case, he appeared much relieved. Year after year the money was so placed, and as regularly had it been asked for.

"Year after year passed, and almost insensibly. My poor friend's melancholy had become habitual; his health had sunk gradually; a restless uneasiness had long deprived him of quiet by day—of sleep by night. I saw him so constantly that my eye became familiar with the change. As is but too common when one watches a very slow decay, I ceased to remember what he had been—what he ought still to be. I saw him only as he was. I compared the day then present with the one just passed. I hailed a smile upon his countenance, without examining if it were the result of cheerfulness, or conceded to kindness and to friendship only. I marked with satisfaction a transitory tinge upon his cheek, for I had ceased to wonder at its usual undue paleness. I rejoiced when he would seek the balmy air, and walk under the dark shadows of those elms, although he required this aged arm to support his uncertain steps. I had grown accustomed to the cruel chance by which his youth was blighted, and which had caused this sad anomaly.

"But my attention was soon called to his real and alarming state. I was summoned to attend a friend—one I had known in youth, whom I had been much attached to, and who wished to see me ere he should die. I could not choose but go, although it was with much reluctance that I left poor Leonard; for there was no one else in whose society he could vary the monotony of his sad days.

"I was detained some weeks; and, when, at length, my friend's decease gave me liberty to return to Beechton, and I again saw Leonard Weston after this short absence, I cannot say how greatly I was shocked. Alas! the first glance told me he was dying—slowly, but surely. He saw my concern—he read my feelings; and, taking my hand with kind affection, he said: 'Why should you grieve to see me thus, when I am well content to have it so?'

"This was no matter for dissembling. Leonard knew the truth; and, from this time, we spoke together of his death as of an event that might be very near—that could not be far distant. His affairs needed but little settlement. His only anxiety was about his wife. His only care was to settle upon her for her life the large annual sum she had been accustomed to receive. He said to me one day:

"'You little know the comfort I have felt as often as I have heard this sum has been received. It has told me what I so much wished to know, but did not dare to ask. It has told me, more surely—more solemnly—than words could have done, that she has lived alone. I mean, that she has long awakened from the dream that parted us—and awakened from it never to dream it more. She would not have received this sum from me, unless it had been for her own—her single use—to save a being, once my own, from deeper humiliation, and from want.'

"'It was then within a day of fifteen years from the time when Leonard Weston left his home to travel with his young and beautiful wife. Full twelve years had they been parted. Twelve years had elapsed since his return to Beechton—a sad, long, uneventful period—marked only by a few constantly and painfully recurring circumstances. My narrative has brought us to the twelfth anniversary of the event, perhaps the most fraught with recollections, distressing and agitating to poor Leonard's feelings, of that evening when, as I have described, he and the young mother consigned the remains of their infant to the last resting place—of that evening when both had felt so confident of passing life together, they needed but to order that death should make no parting.

"'I looked with fear to everything, however trifling, that might bring with it agitation or excitement to my friend. His life now hung upon a thread so slender that I saw exertion must be fatal. He had, however, passed the day better than I expected. He had suffered; but he had seen my anxiety, and had striven to spare it.

"'I had been reading to him. We were sitting, as you and I are sitting at this moment, at this opened casement. The season was the same. The moon had risen. All was still and tranquil. I had closed the book, and we were gazing mournfully, he on the calm landscape, I upon his pale cheek, his faded but handsome features.

"'His eye suddenly fixed upon some object in the distance, and guided mine to the spot which had attracted his attention. It was that farthest gate, which even now we see so white and plainly in the moonlight. It opened, and though the hour was strange for aught to pass that way, something large and dark came through the gate. It halted at a little distance on the road, and then another but a smaller body likewise passed through the gate. This last we could perceive to be a chaise. It remained stationary withinside of the paddock, and a single figure, after closing the gate, joined the first object we had remarked, and walked by the side of it as it advanced slowly up the road towards the second gate, which you see close to the corner of the church. There it stopped, and the person who had preceded it, leaving it there, entered the garden alone and came to the door of the house.

"'Leonard had risen from his seat. His eye had never quitted for an instant the shapeless mass. As it neared the second gate it had been no longer shapeless. It was a hearse, and the man who attended it was clad in black.

"'I hastened to the door to ask his business. He was in years; his appearance that of an upper servant or tradesman. He drew a letter from his pocket, and inquired if he saw in me the pastor of Beachton. I held out my hand, which trembled, I hardly knew wherefore, for the letter; but another hand, more feeble than my own, but to which strong emotion lent energy in that moment, had seized it. Leonard had taken the letter, and had returned with it to the parlor. I followed him directly. The short-lived vigor had subsided. He was lying back in his chair, gasping for breath, and the letter had fallen from the trembling fingers, which then had no power, no force to break the seal.

"'Without speaking a word I stooped for the letter. I drew my chair close to his. A light had been already brought, and I prepared to look at the contents. Poor Leonard's eye followed my every movement. He had no power to stir or speak; but that eye was quick and eloquent, and I could understand its meaning. Yes, we had both already guessed the truth. The letter was from his wife—written in her last illness. Yes, that hearse did indeed contain all that was left of her on earth.

"'It was addressed to me. She desired me to give a packet which I found enclosed to her husband. It contained bank bills to a very large amount—even all the sums he had given her annually, with interest for twelve years. She prayed that it might be spent in raising some charitable institution for the benefit of the most desolate and needy belonging to the parish of Beachton. She said it had been her only consolation during the years of her long penance and deep affliction to hoard this sum, the gift of continued, however ill-deserved affection, and to hoard it for a purpose which should record her penitence in the scene of the duties she had forsaken.'

"The good pastor paused. His voice had become weak and low, evidently from the emotion with which he still contemplated these touching events. He was silent for a few minutes, seeking and finding in his own reflections the composure with which he soon resumed his affecting narrative.

"'You can judge,' he said, 'if this real penitent has been obeyed. To the best of my powers I have fulfilled her desires, and have studied to give full effect to her charitable intentions. But I must finish the little that remains to be told of my melancholy history.

"'Her letter ended with these words:

"'Give this packet to my husband, and explain to him my wishes. Tell him my heart has thanked him, as only he can be thanked, for his constant recollection of a wife who, for one short moment of her life, and only one, forgot him. Tell him my repentance has been long, unceasing, deep; that my own hands have ministered to my wants—that my own industry has supplied the scanty living I have required. I have found humble friends in the persons in whose house I have lived for many years.'

The man who will deliver this letter and his wife have been these friends; none other have I seen or known. One more request, and only one—Oh! lay me by my child, silently, secretly, as becomes my fallen state; and tell my husband—tell Leonard—there is *one* promise I have kept!"——

"Poor Leonard!" said the pastor, rising from his seat and closing the casement; "that night I prayed long and late with him, for him, over him. They were buried on the same day. To-morrow I shall show you where they lie together—they and their child—a reunited family."

Mr. Volt, the Alchemist.

I am by profession a solicitor—I regret to say literally so; my practice being almost entirely confined to "soliciting" the settlement of long-standing debts on behalf of clients whose less peremptory solicitations have proved ineffectual. Business of this nature took me to Stoppington, on the South North-Eastern Railway. I had a spare evening before me, and remembering that an old college chum of mine, Mark Stedburn, had married and settled down as a doctor somewhere in the neighborhood, I resolved to look him up.

"You see that tall tower on the hill, right across the heath, three miles away? That's Mr. Volt's Tower at Firworth. Walk straight for the tower, and you can't mistake. You'll find Mr. Stedburn's a little further on."

It was a pleasant walk across the winter heath. The rain had fallen all day, but had ceased at sunset, and the stars sparkled as if the rain had washed them newly bright.

Not far from the tower I met Mark Stedburn, bustling along on foot at a great pace. I might have passed him without knowing who it was; he had become so pale, and thin, and hollow-eyed; but he recognized me immediately.

"Look here, old boy," said he, "you will sup with me, and of course I will find you a bed; but I'm off to see a patient a couple of miles away, and I can't say to half an hour how long I may be detained. I tell you what you shall do till I return. Take my card, by way of introduction, and go in and see Mr. Volt at the tower there. He is always delighted to see visitors, and *is* a kind of man you won't meet every day."

"But what is Mr. Volt?"

"What is he? Everything almost. A great chemist, for one thing. He professes to believe in alchemy. But go in and see him for yourself. I will meet you there as soon as I can."

And he shook hands and went his way.

Firworth I found on a great heathy hill, with two clumps of firs, the greater and the lesser clump. About these traffic has worn a bald patch in the heather on the hill-top, and thrown up a cottage or two, which is Firworth. In the midst of the lesser clump and in the centre of the rise stands Mr. Volt's tall brick tower, tapering towards the parapet, and surmounted by a high wooden observatory, whose top is about ninety feet from the ground. Built into the walls of the edifice are mystical devices in dark bricks. A sun-dial marked with strange characters stood out in the light before the door, when I first saw it, with two enormous boles of gnarled dead trees on either side, taking grotesque shapes in the evening light. When I pulled the heavy iron ring at the end of a chain hanging before the large oaken door, it seemed as if the clangor of the deep-toned bell would never cease. It died away in queer echoes, that seemed to wake again in the topmost stories of the building above me. I could hear the sound wandering about the hollow tower until it reached the observatory, whence it floated out into the night.

The door was opened by a man who might have been of any age between forty and seventy. He was either an old young man or a young old man. He carried an oil lamp, which he shaded with his hand. I saw that he had a quantity of matted gray hair and beard; that his face was kindly and intellectual, though full and sleek; that his eyes, deep and brown, and thoughtful, glowed with a strange dull lustre that made me suspect opium. His dress was disorderly, uncouth, and old-fashioned.

Apologizing for my intrusion, I introduced myself as a friend of Mr. Stedburn's, and presented Mark's card.

"I need no introduction," said Mr. Volt, quietly. "Living here alone, I am always glad to see a fellow-student. You are a fellow-student, or you would not be here. Enter."

We passed through some spacious bare rooms full of old sculpture, old pictures, old books and philosophical instruments heaped in piles without care or order, and covered with dust and cobwebs. Then he led me into a large laboratory, of which every part was crammed with bottles of chemicals, retorts, crucibles, papers, more old books and pictures; more strange instruments, and all kinds of learned litter. A small furnace was at one end of the room and beside it a still.

"You see the nature of my employment," Mr. Volt began, when he had begged me to be seated in a tall, old-fashioned chair. "My time is occupied in chemical research. It is a wide field, sir—a wide field. It is true we seekers have found neither the philosopher's stone, nor the elixir vitæ, nor the alcahest, but in seeking them through speculative chemistry, we have found the secrets of steam, gas, electricity. It is good still to keep before us the three old aims of the alchemists, the more so, I think, if they never be attained, since they stimulate search. When we give up dreaming of wonders yet unrealized we shall give up seeking."

"Am I to suppose," I said, "that you have yourself contributed an important discovery to science?"

"I don't know. I can scarcely tell," replied Mr. Volt, hesitating. "I fear it is in advance of the age."

The eyes of the old man assumed a singular look of fulness, and the pupils became dilated.

"You will probably be sceptical when I tell you that I have discovereda certain solvent by which to resolve the being we call man, at will, into his primitive elements of body and spirit, allowing the spirit to travel over the universe, free from the gross trammels of the fleshy element."

"You do not mean to imply that you can go out of your body at pleasure?" I asked, doubtful of Mr. Volt's sanity.

"I do mean no less, and probably more," he replied with composure.

"Surely it is more easy to go out of your mind," I observed.

"A jest is but a poor answer to a fact proved by experience. Still I will accept your very retort as an evidence how plausible my position really is. If it be so easy as you suppose for a man to get out of his mind (which to me involves a contradiction in terms, since I hold the mind to be the man himself), it surely must be less difficult to suppose he can go out of his body; which, I take it, is but the external idea of the man. For my own part I have been a great traveller, although my external idea has not left Firworth for many years. I explored central Africa long before Livingstone. I am familiar with the whole tract of Abyssinia, and have investigated all the territory of Japan. Dreams, you say? The publishers say the same. Although I have written volumes on the subject of my travels, no one will print them, simply on the ground that I was not foolish enough to waste time and endanger my life on long sea voyages, when I could travel quicker without. I made the first step in my grand discovery," Mr. Volt went on, and I saw that argument was out of the question, "accidentally. Your friend, Mark Stedburn, who occasionally practises chemistry with me, was, at my suggestion, combining olefiant gas and iodine in a peculiar manner over the furnace, to produce a vapor of iodic ether at a high temperature with which to experiment. When heated to three hundred and eighty degrees, fumes of a pale violet color and of a penetrating ethereal odor, rose from the crucible, dispersing themselves in wreathing clouds about the room. I remembered at this moment having made a very important omission in the directions I had given him, but feared to speak, as the operation on which he was engaged was of so delicate and absorbing a nature, that to disturb him even by a word would have involved his going through the whole process again. At the time I wished very strongly that he would take a certain book from a shelf beside him, and refer to section two hundred and seventeen, where he would find the omitted direction. His back was towards me at the moment, but I saw him reach down the book and refer to the place. When he had completed the experiment successfully, I inquired what had led him to take down that book? His reply was: '*I fell* you had told me to do so.' Reflection convinced me that I had unknowingly projected my mind upon his; and I had reason to believe that the pale violet vapor had rendered this easier of accomplishment than under ordinary circumstances. I thereupon commenced a series of experiments with a view to ascertain how far it would be possible to carry out this principle of projection of mind. I find it is first of all needful so to refine the body, by a course of low vegetable diet, succeeded by a day's fasting, that the spirit shall withdraw itself from its outposts and become gradually detached from the external idea, every part of which must be brought into abject subjugation to the will. Then, after inhaling the pale violet vapor for fifteen minutes, I take a small quantity of confection from this box, and, remaining in the heated fumes of the vapor, can distil the spirit from my body in a pure essence, as easily as we distil the spirit from any other earthly body. I thus obtain pure concentrated mind. In this state I can either travel—not involuntarily as in dreams, but consciously and under the direction of my own will—or I can project my mind on that of another person, and live in him and direct him for the time being, while my own body appears to sleep."

"May I ask of what this confection consists?" I said, very sceptically indeed. Mr. Volt placed in my hand a small tortoise-shell box, containing a dull greenish paste.

"That is the true 'hatchis'" he explained; "it is made of many ingredients, but Indian hemp, and a peculiarly volatile preparation of opium, are two of its active principles."

"And the vapor?"

"No; that is my secret. But," he continued, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "I meditate a still greater experiment in the projection of mind than any I have hitherto attempted. I propose for Mark Stedburn and myself to perform the operation simultaneously: each to project his mind upon that of the other, and not to rest until we have literally exchanged ideas—I mean outward ideas—bodies.

"Has Mr. Stedburn consented to make the attempt?" I inquired.

"He has. And we intend to try it very soon. I do not, however, conceal from myself the idea that the experiment is fraught with some risk, since we may have largely to increase the dose of hatchis. Now, having no near relations of any kind, I have resolved to execute a document, leaving my whole property to Mark Stedburn before we begin the experiment. And to prevent any difficulty, in the event of my decease, arising from ignorant persons who might stupidly attribute it to suicide (for it might look like it), I intend to execute an unconditional deed of gift, instead of a will. If you would act as trustee under this deed I should feel obliged."

Just then the great bell rang, and Mark came in: to my infinite relief.

"Well," he said, "has Mr. Volt told you of his grand discovery?"

"Oh, yes," I returned.

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied raising my eyebrows to imply that I didn't know what to say about it in Mr. Volt's presence.

"You see," said Mark to Mr. Volt, "our friend's mind cannot grasp a new and powerful truth all at once. When he has tested it by experience he will be wiser."

"No doubt," he assented.

Was Mark a believer, too? And were they both mad? As I looked at the two men together: Mr. Volt, plump and full-faced: Mark, thin and pale: it occurred to me that by deluding him into dreamy and speculative studies, Mr. Volt had sucked the life and health out of my friend as if he had been a vampire.

"This is the hatchis," said Mark, bringing me the box again. "Shall he try it, Mr. Volt?"

"Yes, if he will: though its effect, alone, without previous preparation of the body and without the violet vapour, can only be feeble."

I deprecated any trial of the sort.

"Try it," Mark insisted; "I give you my word as a medical man, and as your friend, that I have taken it myself, and that you shall feel no ill effects from it. I promise that you shall not remain more than ten minutes under its influence. Take the dose Mr. Volt will give you. It is now ten minutes to nine. You shall leave the tower with me at nine punctually."

I consented. Mr. Volt brought a tiny thin spoon, and with it took out a portion of the hatchis, about as big as a hazel nut.

"Now," said he, "during the time you are under the influence of this paste, you will have certain experiences. Decide whether they shall be real or ideal. Real, in the sense of a succession of persistently coherent ideas independent of your own will (for I think I can so far project my mind upon yours as to insure that), or ideal, in the sense of a succession of ideas directed by your own will.

I replied that as I could at any time obtain a succession of ideas directed by my own will, I would elect a succession of ideas produced by his will.

Having seated me on the sofa, he gave me the spoonful of hatchis, looking steadily into my eyes as he did so.

I felt that his eyes hurt me somewhere in my head—I can't tell where; and looking at his legs I saw them grow large, and long, and zig-zaggy, till they flashed away up in the ceiling, and I felt a kind of veil-like misty rain let down before my eyes. I seemed to grow up out of this veil, or through it, and to gaze on the pure blue night-sky and the sparkling stars, until quickly I was near them. They loomed, shining, on me, as huge, full-orbed planets, and I could hear the whirr and rush they made as they wheeled past me round their awful orbits until they grew distant and small, and faded into twinkling stars again. Then looking down, I saw the earth spread out like a dark curtain beneath me, and I heard it yield two great notes like notes of a huge organ: one, harsh and discordant, from the cities that blazed up, a mass of flame and lurid smoke, into the peaceful sky—the cry of trouble and unrest; the other, like the quiet murmur of the forest in the night winds. These two went up together to the stars and blended into music. Then I felt a cramping sensation and became oppressed, and, gradually recovering, found myself with Mr. Volt and Mark. I went home with Mark and supped, and I went to bed and slept it off, and next morning returned to London and fell into my humdrum life again.

I cannot tell how long afterwards it might have been, but, as nearly as I can calculate, it must have been at least two months, when I received a letter from Mark announcing the death of Mr. Volt. The letter stated that, in attempting to carry out their intention of effecting an exchange of bodies, his eccentric friend had unfortunately made a mistake in his dose, which had proved fatal.

I went down to Firworth immediately. The first thing that struck me was the alteration in Mark's appearance. He had become unaccountably plump and sleek, and seemed wonderfully to have improved in health during the past few weeks. Another thing occurred to me as odd, and this gave me pain. Mark appeared strangely anxious to convince me that Mr. Volt was really dead, and not in a long trance produced by "hatchis." Notwithstanding my repugnance, he insisted on taking me to see his friend's body, that I might be assured of the fact. There could be no doubt whatever that Mr. Volt was dead, had not come to his death by an overdose of the "hatchis," for the body gave out a most powerful and unmistakable odor of opium. Now, it being the character of that drug to dissipate itself immediately in the system, even when taken to the extent of an ordinary poisoning dose, so thoroughly that it is next to impossible to determine its presence by the nicest tests, it was quite clear to me, from being able so readily to perceive the smell, that Mr. Volt had died of an enormous overdose of opium. As he had been a good chemist, it was hardly reasonable to suppose that he could have taken such a dose ignorantly if in his senses. It remained, therefore, either that Mr. Volt must have committed suicide sanely, or in a fit of insanity, or that the opium must have been intentionally administered to him by another person.

When I reflected upon Mark's anxiety to prove that Mr. Volt was dead, and upon his interest in his death, and when I considered besides how singularly Mark was altered in his ways and modes of thought, as well as in his bodily appearance, for a moment I had suspicions of him. His account, however, was as follows: That under the influence of the vapor Mr. Volt had taken by mistake the same quantity of opium confection that he had meant to take of the green paste, while Mark, conscious of the mistake, yet being himself under the influence of "hatchis" at the time, was unable to recover himself soon enough to prevent the error, or to use remedial agents to save his friend's life. At the inquest Mark nevertheless suppressed all mention of the attempted experiment, and on his deposition that the deceased had been in the habit of consuming large quantities of narcotics, a verdict was returned to the effect that Mr. Volt came to his death through taking an overdose of opium in a fit of temporary insanity. The general opinion expressed by the rustic jury on dismissal was this: "They always know'd old Volt were certain to pison hisself accidentally some day, and now he had been and gone and done it, sure enough, and no mistake."

One afternoon, shortly after the funeral, to while away the time, while Mark went to visit the same distant patient as before, I thought I would go over the tower and look into some of Mr. Volt's curious lumber. I obtained the key from Mrs. Stedburn, and letting myself in at the great heavy oak door, made my way to the laboratory. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed since Mr. Volt's decease. The place was in its wonted litter. Books, manuscripts, diagrams, instruments, bottles, retorts, crucibles, were lying about as of yore. Taking down a large manuscript tome from one of the shelves, and finding it to consist of some of Mr. Volt's dream-travels in Northern Asia, I blew off the dust, and having banged the covers together to beat out some of the pungent mildew from inside, began reading. I had finished the first chapter when I heard my name called in a tone of entreaty:

"Tom!"

I looked round, but could see no one. Presently the call was repeated still more plaintively:

"Tom!"

There was no mistake about it, and it was Mark Stedburn's voice.

"Tom, I say!"

The voice seemed to come from the other side of the laboratory. I concluded that Mark was in the grounds calling from outside one of the windows.

"Where are you?" I halloed, going over to a window to look out.

"Here," said the voice, faintly, apparently from within the room. It seemed to come from one of the shelves close by me, but high up. I took the light ladder that belonged to the laboratory, and began to examine these shelves one after another: determined to see into this delusion, for I thought it nothing else. There were on the shelves books and bottles and papers—papers and bottles and books—in endless numbers, and all covered with dust. As I ran my eye along them, I observed one very small phial, less dusty than the rest, with a label on it in small characters apparently, written more recently than the labels on the other bottles, for the ink on this one was not discolored by time as they were. I read thus:

"MARK STEDBURN,
BOTTLED, FEB. 4, 1857."

The date was that of Mr. Volt's death. I was about to take the phial into my hands to examine it more closely, when a voice, that appeared to come from the inside of the bottle, said:

"Take me down very gently. Don't shake me, Tom, whatever you do. This is *I!*" It was Mark Stedburn's voice.

"*You?*"

"Yes, this is the *pure Essence of Mind*, which that rascal, old Volt, has distilled out of my body in a volatile spirit. Fool that I was to let him try, but I never believed he could do it. This is *I*, Tom—in a fluid state."

I lifted him down carefully and placed him before me on the laboratory table. The bottle contained a thin colorless liquid, which I judged to be very subtle and highly rectified, because its surface was perfectly level, and not concave in the slightest degree—as would be the case with the strongest known spirit. In so confined an area, it would rise slightly at the sides of the glass, from attraction. This did not.

I took out the cork to try how he would smell.

"Don't Tom, don't; it's so cold," he cried, piteously, "cork me, there's a dear friend, cork me quickly, or I shall evaporate, goodness knows where."

"Mark," I said severely, having complied with his request, "you are an impostor. You are a phantasm of the brain, or of the stomach. You either represent the ill effects of that bit of 'hatchis' I was foolish enough to take two months ago, or you are the ill-digested dinner I took to-day with you and your wife."

"I'm no impostor, Tom," he answered. "I'm an unfortunate reality. I'm persistent and coherent, and independent of your will. And I've been a most unfortunate reality without the ghost of an external idea ever since Volt served me this scurvy trick. You didn't dine with me to-day, Tom. I don't appreciate dinners in my fluid state. You dined with Volt and with my wife."

"Nonsense, Mark. Volt is dead, and you and I buried him."

"Tom, you don't understand. Will you promise to listen, and not interrupt me any more? I want to lay my case before you for a legal opinion?"

Having rubbed my eyes, pinched myself, and trod on a most painful bunion which I kept for such emergencies, to prove I was not dreaming, I consented to listen to the bottle which proceeded to deliver itself of this painful harangue:

"You are aware that Mr. Volt and I meditated making an exchange of external ideas—bodies—pro tem. Well: after nearly a month's dietary, to bring our susceptibilities to the requisite degree of fineness, we met in this laboratory for the purpose of carrying out the experiment. Before proceeding to business, Mr. Volt informed me that, in case of fatal results to himself, he had left me the tower and all its contents by deed of gift. This was very generous, as it appeared to me, but not very reassuring. We then got our still under way, and produced a great quantity of the violet vapor of iodic ether. When we had become thoroughly impregnated with its fumes, we each took a stiff dose of 'hatchis.' Now, whether Mr. Volt, through contriving to sit nearer than I did to the heating apparatus which gave out the vapor, inhaled more of it in the time than I, or how otherwise it took place, I do not know; but it is certain that he managed to distil the spirit of his body some minutes before I was ready to leave mine. The consequence was that while his body remained empty, waiting for its new tenant, his essence wandered about the room. 'Be quick, for its awfully chilly,' his essence said to me. 'I am as quick as I can be,' I retorted. As soon as ever I felt myself loose, I disengaged myself from my external idea. And I had no sooner done this than Mr. Volt took possession of it; for I heard him say to me, in my old voice, 'All right, Mark; I'm in; how are you getting on?' You will scarcely credit the baseness of that man; but how do you think he had occupied the time till I was ready? If you will believe me, he had gone over to his empty body and poured a pint and a half of laudanum down its throat, and killed it, so as to leave me no where to go to! I could have cried with vexation; but being vapor already, I didn't like to, in case of injuring myself. I made several vigorous attempts to condense myself back into my own body; but my body was only made to accommodate one, and Mr. Volt more than filled it already. This accounts for its puffing out, and being so smooth and sleek, now he occupies it; it being a little tight for him. 'What is to become of me?' I cried. Mr. Volt, who was pretty comfortably settled in my body by this time, replied, 'We'll soon settle that,' and he went and fetched a great cold sheet of glass—ugh!—and condensed me into this phial. You see why the rascal made his property over to me. It was only in order that, when he had stolen my body, he might enjoy it himself. Now, in all your professional experience, did you ever meet with a case like mine?"

"Never," I returned.

"Very well, then. What is my remedy in law against Mr. Volt?"

"Really," I said, "there is no precedent to go by. I don't see what you can charge Mr. Volt with."

"Charge him with!" he retorted, sharply. "Why, with every crime in the statute book. Begin with common assault. Isn't it a common assault to beat a man to a jelly?"

"Of course it is."

"Then how much more to reduce a man to a fluid state? What would he get for the common assault?"

"Say a fine of forty shillings and costs."

"And when he has paid that, can't you charge him with felony? Isn't it felony to steal wooden legs and arms?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then how much the more to steal real legs and arms. He has got *all* mine. What would he get for that?"

"Not more than a twelvemonth (it being his first offence), if convicted," I said, with marked emphasis on the "if."

"You can charge him next with forgery, can't you? Presuming on stealing my body, he has forged my name to checks on my banking account, besides embezzling the moneys in my cash-box."

"That is an unquestionable offence?"

"How much for the forgery?" he asked.

"About seven years' transportation."

"Then, again, he's living with my wife; it's bigamy, and good for two years, at least."

"Scarcely bigamy on his part," I said, "since, if your story stood in evidence, your wife would be the bigamist, she having two husbands, whereas Mr. Volt is not a married man."

"That's unfortunate; but you can make him a co-respondent, can't you, and get damages out of him, and then prosecute him again for paying the damages out of my money? And then you can charge him with suicide for killing his own body. What's the punishment for that?"

"Only to be buried, and he has been that; or, if he has not, then he is not dead, and cannot be charged with that offence."

"Make it murder, then. Indict him under the name of Stedburn, to save trouble, and charge him with the murder of Mr. Volt; when he has been sentenced, get him recommended to mercy, and transported for life, so that he may come back with a ticket-of-leave some day, and be sued in the civil courts under a writ of ejectment for wrongly holding possession of my body."

"All this is very well, my dear Mark," I said, "if you could only prove your case, but I am very much afraid you have no *locus standi*. The question is, could you, as a bottle, give such evidence on these indictments as would satisfy a jury?"

I heard the bottle murmur some reply, and then I became conscious of nothing but the strange veil-like misty rain, and, looking through this veil where it drew away thin and transparent, I saw my own body asleep on a couch in Mr. Volt's laboratory, with Mark Stedburn beside it, loosening my necktie and shirt collar and sprinkling water on my face. Then the veil shrivelled up and was gone, and I was sitting on the sofa with Mark's hand on my pulse.

"You're all right now, old fellow, eh?" he said, kindly.

"Let me go back to London, Mark. I have had such queer ideas since Mr. Volt's funeral, that I don't feel myself."

"Funeral! Why, here is Mr. Volt. Do you know how long you slept under the 'hatchis?'"

"I woke once, I know, two months ago, and went to London. You haven't given me that stuff again since I came back, have you?" I stammered, in doubt.

"You had one dose precisely ten minutes ago, and it is now nine o'clock to the minute," said Mark, holding up his watch in confirmation. "Singular preparation, is it not?"

"I hope," said Mr. Volt, "You are now thoroughly convinced of the reality of the impressions produced by 'hatchis.' They were sequent and recurrent, I believe as they; were they not? And they were place independently of your will, I think?"

"Quite so," I rejoined, "but still they differed from reality in this important particular, that whereas phantasy told me you had committed suicide, I woke up to find you resolutely and persistently alive."

Mr. Volt much wished to argue this point, but Mark insisted that our time was out, and dragged me away from the tower to his house to supper.

"He is one of the cleverest chemists we have in the country," Mark explained, as we walked home.

"But he surely is not sane?"

"He is only mad on one point," returned Mark, "and I humor him in that for the sake of his intelligence in other respects; but rest assured that although we frequently exchange ideas, in the common acceptation of the phrase, I have no earthly intention of exchanging outward ideas with Mr. Volt, in his sense of the term."

Women's Faces.

Without its quaint prejudices and delicious prepossessions, without its foolish impulses and illogical likings, without its comic contradictions and absurd idealisms, human nature would be a dull and stupid blunder. The worst type of man is he whose actions you can always predict. A man without an obvious weakness is a dangerous character. And yet there are such men—men whose notion of heaven is that of a sort of translated Carlsruhe, with very straight streets converging to an accurate geometric centre. Cold as a jelly fish, with no more human sympathy than a cat, moving as mechanically as a hydraulic engine, such men pass through life in an orderly and precise manner, filling respectably the office in church or state to which they have been called, leaving the world in front of a fashionable funeral, and commemorated by a prim monument which does not mention their failings, for they never had any. These are the men whose criticism of a woman's face may be depended upon for its superficial accuracy. The odd blunders which ordinary men make in judging and speaking of women's faces are very amusing. The scientific spirit, which ought to approach cautiously a careful definition, sets to capering and dancing like a harlequin, and finally flies off into the pure empyrean of idealism. Bold scrutiny of a profile gets transfixed by a glance from a pair of eyes, and dangles helplessly there, like a scarecrow in the rain. We have all noticed the absurd transition in the look of a man who has inspired laughing gas, when, advancing with a prodigious and pugnacious frown on his face, he suddenly bursts into an idiotic giggle, and stands puzzled by his own sense of the humorous. That is the ridiculous plight in which criticism suddenly finds itself when about to scan a pretty woman's face. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that no man (except he be of the jelly-fish order) can perceive that a woman who has a wonderful pair of eyes and a wonderful smile has also an awkwardly bent nose. Were he to take her photograph, and trace with a pencil the outline of the face, his reason might compel him to acknowledge that, certainly, the nose was not *quite* straight. Another reference to the original, however, and lo! he has no more power of artistic scancion than the shepherd who first saw the face of Aphrodite burst laughing through the white froth of the sea.

In this matter, love is out of court. The freaks of idealism committed by him are too prodigious to form the topic of an intentionally sane essay. The odd criticisms which men who are not in love pronounce on the faces of the women whom they meet are, without any extraneous help, sufficiently curious. There can be no doubt of the fact that what might be supposed to be the chief criterion—accuracy of outline—is held to be of very secondary importance indeed. The grand protest of Medievalism and even of the Renaissance against the tyranny of the unapproachable antique types effected at least this one good in our notions of the human face—it gave value to individualism and freedom to the choice of art. Henceforth there were no supreme forms, to approach which all the specialties of individual portraiture had to be smoothed away. Prominence and proper appreciation were given to specific characteristics; and the human face, with its infinite varieties of form and expression, with its innumerable artistic graces, was made a law unto itself. This tendency to recognize the beauty and artistic fitness of actual forms, in preference to a slavish obedience to certain sublimated "universals," was but the reflex of a sentiment which has run through, in many directions, all our modern life. Men no longer sigh for the perfectly beautiful woman. Regularity of the most faultless kind in physical form is held to be of lesser account than those variations which are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to indicate special emotional or intellectual characteristics. When a man thinks over the beautiful women whom he knows—that is to say, the women whose profile is correct, whose head and figure are admirably in accordance with artistic types—does he not invariably find that the handsomest women are also the dullest? Does he not, in trying to decide which is really the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance, choose out her whose irregularities of feature are lost in the movement and light of the face, in the glow and color of the eyes, in preference to the woman of cold and formal accuracy of outline? It may be said that we are begging the question in assuming that women of classic regularity of features are generally expressionless and formal; but we demand the promise on the ground of common experience. Somehow or other, the women whose life and grace of face are remarkable—so remarkable as instantly to attract and fascinate—almost never approach either the ancient or modern types of beauty. We do not at all mean to echo the vulgar belief that pretty women are invariably stupid. We leave mental qualities for the moment out of the question. The dullness of which we speak is not the dullness of mental vacuity, but that of conventional form. If you were to take one of the women out of the pages of "La Follet," and give her twenty times the genius of George Eliot, she would still look a fool. No power of brain could conquer the simpering stolidity of the perfectly regular face. Yet if pressed for an answer as to what they consider the perfect type of modern beauty, most men would think of one of these women in a book of fashions. There are the clear outlines of nose, mouth and chin; the smooth high forehead, the small ear, the rounded cheek, to some regularly placed eyes. It is given this stamp in private life. Sometimes these outwardly angelic creatures are fools; sometimes, though rarely, they have mental qualities considerably above the average. In either case the result is the same. A man suddenly confronted by such a face admires it; he is not moved by any instantaneous sympathy towards it. Perfectly beautiful women (there are not many of them, even if we accept the low type mentioned above) are much caressed by society. They adorn dinner-tables; are magnificent at balls, and make good matches. But they do not break hearts; and the memory of their face, tortured with parting or glowing with the quick joy of meeting, does not haunt a man's life.

Intellectual graces do certainly add to the chances of a face being beautiful; and, without intellectual graces, the most charming face can never be quite satisfactory. Emotional variety and expression, however, is the true key to the inexplicable influence of the most irregular faces—a key which suggests considerations as to the origin of this free emotional display which cannot be entered upon here. The possibilities of tragedy and comedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly and strangely suggestive—you know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, the whole mine of concealed emotion would fly up. Even the suggestion of a fierce temper (as a brief artistic study, be it understood) is better than the helpless dullness of the faultless and inexpressive face. Not unfrequently this indication of a fiery temperament lies in the eyes of a face which is otherwise unutterably soft and dove-like. In such a case the *piquante* contradiction is irresistibly charming if the woman be tender, and fragile, and winning, with a discreet and delicious veil of mildness tempering the powerful eyes. Such a woman invariably lends herself to any passing mood with an *abandon* which is either wonderfully seductive and confiding or repellant and terrible. She is either affectionate with a sort of kitten-like, tantalizing playfulness, or she is a revengeful Juno with eyes of anger and words of sharp fire. There are other faces which express powerful emotion under powerful restraint—with all its suggestions of strong, enduring constancy and irreproachable delicacy of conscience. There are others that only speak of emotional weakness—of a certain infantine want of principle, joined to a want of will, and a prevailing misapprehension of surrounding relations chiefly arising out of vanity. We may most easily find types of such women in fiction, although they are common among us. As a representative of the last named section take Hetty Sorel; of the previous class take Nina Balatka—surely one of the most perfect figures ever conceived by a novelist; and for the first Cleopatra may be taken as the one perennial type. The list might be indefinitely expanded.

It is this suggestion of emotional power which gives the wonderful glamour to faces which are far from being strictly beautiful. Who is to define it, or mark its limits? No two men are affected in the same way by the same face; because it depends on themselves to seize the full suggestiveness of the face—to catch the stray lights of the features—and construct unspeakable sympathies out of the raw material of features. The man who pronounces a woman plain or beautiful according to certain canons of form is either a hypocrite, a pedant, or a donkey. A face is beautiful in proportion as it says something to you which you are desirous of hearing. Different men have different modes of hearing; and there are some to whom only the coarse message of health—conveyed in fresh color and plump cheek—is intelligible. There are others, to whom such a face is blank and meaningless, who are willing to give away their life to win a smile from a certain pair of eyes, even although the eyes are green. Of course, it is easy to see that a man with strong powers of idealism will construct a beautiful face out of unpromising materials; but this is not to the point. What face is that which appeals to the sense of beauty of the majority of men? Not the plump inanity of the colored lithograph. Not the buxom country lass, who has all the beauties of which poets sing, but whom poets do not marry. Not the pinky doll of the book of fashions. Men love long eyelashes, because they seem to hide a secret. Men love those eyes which are transparent and yet deep, because there lies in them something of the unknown and the discoverable; and so men love faces that tell stories, and are coy, confiding, tantalizing, with vague and grand emotional possibilities hidden somewhere about their expression.

We have not said a word about the desirability of marrying a woman with one of those tantalizing faces, nor of the desirability of marrying a woman with a pretty face at all. It is almost impossible to touch upon this branch of the subject without repeating the commonest of commonplaces. This may be said, however—a plain woman who has a cultivated brain, and good taste, ought always to be able to hold her ground against pretty women. Emotional variety has so much narrower limits than intellectual variety. You can run over the gamut of a woman's loves and hates much sooner than you can measure the circle of a cultivated intellectual sympathy; and, once you have exhausted the possible chords, their repetition is likely to become a trifle wearisome. With good taste come the charms of artistic dress, pleasant, fresh, amusing conversation, and a graceful manner, which does far more execution than the victims of it imagine. Through her intellectual sympathies a woman enlarges the horizon of her life, borrows a new lustre for her own use, and gets the credit of all the wit, and grace, and brilliancy which her extended vision embraces.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN PARTITION.—SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Sarah A. Whiteford and George A. Whiteford, her husband, Plaintiffs, against Edward A. Bush, Ferdinand H. Bush, Mary L. Bush, an Infant, and Mathew D. Bush, an infant, Defendants.—Pursuant to the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided, and of an order of this Court made in the above-entitled action, notice is hereby given to all persons having any general lien or incumbrance on any undivided interest or share in the lands described in the complaint, and hereinafter mentioned, and of which partition or sale is sought thereby, or any of them, by judgment or decree, to produce to me, on or before the 1st day of February, 1869 at my office, No. 42 Pine street, in the City of New York, proof respectively of all such their liens or incumbrances, and the amount due thereon; and that they specify the nature of such incumbrances, and the dates thereof; which said lands described in the said complaint are as follows, viz: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Eighteenth Ward of the City of New York, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street, distant two hundred and ninety-five feet westerly from the intersection of the westerly side of First avenue with the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street, and running thence westerly along the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street, twenty-five feet, thence northerly and parallel with First avenue ninety-eight feet nine inches, thence easterly and parallel with Twenty-sixth street twenty-five feet, thence southerly, parallel with First avenue, ninety-eight feet nine inches to the place of beginning, which said lot, piece or parcel of land, at the time of the levy thereof, was real estate made by virtue of the said writ of execution, and which is designated on said map as Lot No 13, on Twenty-sixth street, will more fully appear with the one story brick dwelling house thereon.
Dated December 11, 1868.
JOHN MOSS SUTHERLAND, Referee.
GLEASON & BLOODY, Plaintiffs' Attorneys. d18w6

OUR MR. HENRY I. BARBEY BEing desirous of retiring from active business, our firm is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Dated New York, November 30, 1868.
HENRY I. BARBEY,
A. RICHARD,
WILLIAM BARBEY.
Composing the firm of Henry Barbey & Co.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a limited partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York: that the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "HENRY BARBEY & CO.;" that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the importing of dry goods, and the general dry goods business on commission or otherwise; that the names of all the general and special partners interested in the said business are Auguste Richard, William Barbey, Henry I. Barbey, and Adrian Iselin; that the said Auguste Richard is a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city of Hoboken, in the county of Hudson, and State of New Jersey; and that the said William Barbey is also a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the said Henry I. Barbey is a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the said Adrian Iselin is also a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the amount of capital which each of said special partners has contributed to the common stock of said partnership is as follows: the said Henry I. Barbey has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and the said Adrian Iselin has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of December, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirtieth day of November, 1871.
Dated New York, December 1, 1868.
A. RICHARD, } General
WILLIAM BARBEY, } Partners.
HENRY I. BARBEY, } Special
ADRIAN ISELIN, } Partners.
d10 6t

SUPREME COURT—ABRAham Leggett and William A. Leggett, Plaintiffs, against Jacob P. Zeyer, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.—Dom. not served.)
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, at No. 165 Broadway, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred and sixty-one and nine one-hundredths dollars, with interest from the 26th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, besides the costs of this action.
Dated January 7th, 1869.
D. G. WILD, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 14th day of December, 1868.
D. G. WILD, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

SUPREME COURT.—SAMUEL A. Jones, Thomas Barnes and S. Lehman Smith, Plaintiffs, against David France, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 23 Pine street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of seven hundred and thirty-five 96-100 dollars, with interest from the sixth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, Nov. 14, 1868.
CLARKE & MORGAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys, 25 Pine street, N. Y.
To the Defendant: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York this 16th day of December, 1868.
CLARKE & MORGAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—NEW YORK.—Charles Waite, Jr., Plaintiff, against John Garvin, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract. (Dom. not served.)
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at No. 7 New City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 6 Beekman street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plainti

New York Leader.

Published by the Leader Association,
No. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.

DE WITT VAN BUREN..... EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

"MR. SPEAKER!"

Tom Moore sang: "There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." The Albany poets will have to alter that, and say, in paraphrase: "Nothing half so sorry in life as Young love's dream."

Speaker Younglove's dream is over. Next-Senator Fenton and ex-Senator Morgan are no longer his nightmares, upon his hearty supper of pork and beans at the Delavan House. But a score of disappointed Assemblymen take their places. Discomfited chairmen put their chairs upon the Speaker's stomach as he lies in bed. If he has ever dreamed of a happy session his dream was a morning one, that will go by contraries, and become a mourning one. If he dreamed of glee, it must disappear in the fact that Gleason, of St. Lawrence, is chairman of the Committee on Cities and Villages, and *not* "some other person from Allegheny or Madison." Henceforth he can cite Byron's "Dream," because his associations will be gloomy and morose.

The appointment of ex-Senator Truman as chairman of the Committee on Banks was evidently the result of a dream. So was placing Mr. Glenn at the head of Charitable and Religious Societies. And clearly, the appointment of Jimmy Henstead as chairman of Federal Relations was the result of a nightmare!

Some of the Western papers are zealously condoling with the metropolis upon the supposed sickness of the veteran proprietor of the *Herald*. Even our friend of the *Atlas*, not intending any unkindness, has recently mentioned the supposed fact. But Mr. Bennett is remarkably hale, hearty, and vigorous; and, with warm heart, cool head, and intelligent temperance in sleeping or eating or drinking or exercise, yet presents the feelings of youth incorporate in a sturdy frame of experienced age.

Secretary Stanton authorizes the assertion that the New York *Times'* account of the alleged secret history of Grant's campaign in front of Vicksburg is a tissue of falsehoods.—*Sun Washington Correspondence.*

Not time that Grant White, Edward S. Gould or the *Round Table* were "after" this phrase? Falsehood is usually as strong as Bristol board—in fact, is a very bristle of lies. But Stanton to the contrary, the public find an inherent probability in the *Times* account. Stanton had best not rely on his destruction of evidence.

THE RETIRED GROCER.

Exit Morgan and his money bags from the political stage, and enter Fenton at the right upper entrance. The utter and inglorious defeat of Morgan for the United States Senatorship is one of the most marked political events of the time. His ascent to political eminence was gradual but certain, and his fall is sudden and not less certain. From the position of Alderman in New York, Morgan rose to be State Senator, then Governor for two terms, and for the past six years has misrepresented this State in the United States Senate. By means of his immense wealth, he has been able to win the prize of political preferment, but even his wealth would never have secured him such enviable positions if he had not been backed by that able and sagacious political manager, Thurlow Weed. Mr. Weed has carried him upon his atlas-like shoulders, and the moment Weed drops his burthen, Morgan falls to rise no more.

It must be humiliating to Morgan to be beaten by Fenton, whose political progress has not been accelerated by the employment of money, and who never was a favorite of Mr. Weed's. Fenton is by no means a great man—he is simply a successful politician. Suavo in manners, courtly in presence, skilled in the study of human nature, Mr. Fenton is to-day perhaps the most successful Radical politician in the State. He has worked with brains for his capital, and he now succeeds a man who without his money never could have risen to be a member of the Legislature. The money king retires to his grocery store, and the rising, ambitious Fenton goes to Washington for the next six years.

The correspondents tell us that fabulous sums of money were expended by the defeated Morgan for a re-election. Clearly the Committee on the Investigation of Frauds, which was in session in New York for a number of weeks, adjourned too soon. They should have repaired to Albany, where they might have studied the Senatorial contest to some advantage. Morgan's testimony would furnish delectable reading. But of course it would be unkind to expose the numerous tricks and schemes of the Radical cabal at Albany, and the world must remain in ignorance of the facts.

The coming sensations in the theatrical world will unmistakably be Shakesperean in their character and tendency. Mr. Booth's new theatre will soon be dedicated to the Sweet Bard of Avon. At Fisk's grand Opera House, "The Tempest" is to be produced in early spring with a grandeur and completeness seldom, if ever, equalled in this country. Mr. Wallack has had "Much Ado About Nothing" in preparation for some time, and will shortly produce it in splendid style; and there is a possibility that Shakespeare will take possession of the boards at Niblo's in April. This approaching revival of the legitimate is attributable mainly to the reaction in the public mind against opera bouffe and sensational leg pieces. All that sort of thing has had its day, and Shakespeare is now in order. With three theatres in the city playing Shakesperian pieces, the legitimate will have full sway, and will probably retain it for the balance of the season.

EDUCATIONAL.

The President of the Board of Education is a lawyer, and he has prepared an elaborate and ingenious defence of his machine. When people begin by putting themselves on the defensive, it is certain that prosecution is feared. The *Sun* was the first to accept the gauntlet, and is showing pretty conclusively what a humbug the Free-school College has become. Yesterday's *Times* has also accepted the challenge, and completely establishes how injudicious, in a physical point of view, are the arrangements for studies. It charges that the general health of the children is degenerating in the public schools, under the wretched system. The *Times* also shows up the humbug of turning away children from schools because they are dirty, instead of washing them up. Shortly no scales will cover the eyes of the *Tribune*, *Herald* and *World*, and they will find out who supplies the piano and music, the brick and mortar, the timber, the coal, the wood, the books, and the stationery, and into how many fifths the extra profit is divided. In undertaking a defence upon his re-inauguration for another year, the President of the Board shows that he feels he has got a big and a long job before him.

A GREAT many papers are advocating the ridiculous bill before the Legislature commanding newspapers to print their circulation upon every issue. No paper desiring to do so needs the aid of a law. If the *Tribune* and other papers so much itch to announce their circulation, why don't they daily print it without legislative compulsion?

JUSTICE DODGE has reserved his decision as to whether Wesley Allen stole an overcoat. This is a waste of time. So experienced a magistrate knows very well that W. A., Esq., is not such a fool as to steal an overcoat. He might invest in a round-about!

UNCONVENTIONAL.

The National Woman's Rights Convention, as it was called, has been recently holding sessions in Washington. The press probably meant that it was a Woman's Rights National Convention. Is there any such a "She" as a national woman? Are there any national rights for women as distinguished from State rights? The action and tenor of the convention may be judged from the one resolution, commanding the Federal government and the public that women and colored people shall choose their own occupation. We suppose there is no objection to their choosing in that direction as much as they please. The great trouble is whether people will give them the occupations which they have chosen. The intelligent women of the country will never get rights so long as such crazy people commit wrongs. Abolition societies, by their foolishness, procrastinated emancipation. Suppose Sorosis and the very practical Mrs. Jennie June take hold of the convention nuisance and treat it unconventionally.

WHILE some of the police are "Tom-fooling" and hunting for needles in hay-stacks, District Attorney Garvin, Coroner Flynn, and Chief Clerk [illegible] are using the meshes around a man whom they have in custody as the murderer of Rogers.

THE LATE MR. LEONARD.

The loss of Inspector James Leonard is a public one in a political, social, and professional sense. He was not an active partisan in practice, but he was a vigorous and bold Democrat in his views and influences. His cheery voice and kindling eye and hearty, unhypocritical hand-squeeze, were social delights. He had studied and practised the science of detection, and he was original and intuitive in his ideas of investigating crime. He was a considerate disciplinarian, and he was a police encyclopædia. While the Commissioners will be able to fill his place with a competent and discreet man at the desk now vacant, they will find it difficult to discover one of so good a judgment.

The oldest Captains are Speight and Harit. If seniority is a virtue, one of these will obtain the place. Under no circumstances should Captain Jourdan take it. He is wanted for Superintendent—some day.

THE BEST RHYME to Delmonico is tonico. The *World* having been misled as to the D brand of brandy (we will warrant that careful epicure and gourmet, W. H. H., was not the taster) has made a tonic *amende*. Here it is:

"The Delmonicos, as we some time ago stated, ordered careful analyses to be made of the whiskeys and brandies in their possession immediately upon the development of the public interest in this question. These analyses were made both by Dr. Draper and by Dr. Doremus, and the results, as communicated to us, show that the house possesses, not only some of the finest brandy in the country in an importation of the year 1821, long before the Morrill dispensation set a premium upon adulteration, but also in the more ordinary brandy sold at its bars, a thoroughly honest French cognac, colored only with caramel, as the custom is with all the good brandies of commerce and of consumption. These, and these alone, are the brandies dispensed by the Delmonico's, as they assure us; and we beg leave to say that the simple assurance of so respectable a firm must," etc., etc., etc.

Henceforth let the Delmonicos call their brandy *World*-renowned.

INDIANA will send D. S. Pratt to the United States Senate, in place of Mr. Hendricks. Who is Pratt? Can it be that Daniel, the Great American Traveller, has met with such good luck? Pratt, whoever he is, has "laid out" Will Cumback; and D. S. P. will come back from the Senate an older and doubtless a sadder man than when he entered.

WE WONDER WHAT criminal lawyer, accustomed to sifting evidence, will be humbugged by the alleged confession of Arnold and Atzerodt, about the assassination? Especially when taken in connection with the fact that they were not produced on the trial of Surratt. It is not fair, now that he has been released, to give them the semblance of truth. But this is Stantonian tactics.

THE New Jersey Radical legislative caucus commended George T. Cobb to Gen. Grant for a seat in his Cabinet. Who in the world is George T. Cobb? Don't let us have an unknown Cobbler changing his trade to that of cabinet maker.

Now that the Loew Bridge has been lowered as an advertisement for Knox the hatter, the public begin to mourn for it. This is the way of the world. People are not apt to prize the comfortable things of life until they have been taken away from them.

HOWE ARE YOU?

There is a hymn relating to lamps holding out to burn, and vile sinners returning etc., etc., which the Union Loyal League Club should sing, in chorus. The little cliquo who, counted out Col. Frank Howe at the last election, and whose cliquo Pharisaism we exposed last week, have been compelled in very shame to undo their deed.

Says the *Sun*: "At a special meeting of the club last evening, the report of the canvassers was reconsidered, and an amended report was unanimously adopted, electing Col. Frank Howe by a majority of 47. This result will be gratifying, not only to the friends of the gallant Colonel at home, but throughout the country, where his distinguished services to the nation during the war, are gratefully remembered and appreciated."

What says the song: "Loyal Leaguer, Loyal Leaguer, your returns were very meagre!" "The report of the canvassers was reconsidered"! That's a good phrase. We recommend it to politicians on Union League Club authority. But what says an older song: "Lord Howe he went out. But, Lord! how he *came in*!"

WHERE is Olive Logan? Why don't she give herself up to the police as an olive branch?

OUR ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.

—On his back—Cum-back.

—Sanitary timber—the Board of Health.

—The political canvass back—Drake of Missouri.

—A case for a truss—the rupture between Greece and Turkey.

—One Washburne too many—the one defeated for the Wisconsin Senatorship.

—Paris has a journal devoted to ballooning. It must require some gas to run it.

—A good locality for the man who has lived one hundred days without food—Exeter.

—Milkmen ought to make good dancing masters—they manage pumps with such great success.

—The Tenure-of-Office act seems to be one of those things that return to plague their inventors.

—Counterfeit nickel cents have appeared. Built is non-sense to counterfeit so insignificant a coin.

—Forney is after Butler, and Butler is after Kilpatrick, and Kilpatrick is after—well, everything he can get.

—The five leading belles at the French Court are said to wear false teeth, which make them unsound belles.

—Griswold is called the iron man, but he did not deem himself strong enough to enter the Senatorial contest.

—Todd is one of the committee on the Liquor Law in the Massachusetts Legislature. Todd is at home there.

—"Bows, plenty of bows, all over bows," is the fashion report from Paris. But they are probably worn mostly by high strung people.

—It is evident from the marshalling of Marshal O. Roberts's to be a power on the Radical side in this city.

—A Cincinnati journalist says Carl Schurz is ugly enough to scare horses, self-opinionated and egotistical, and with no more heart than a hollow turnip.

—The Missouri Legislature, like that Department clerk, are to send their soiled Schurtz to Washington. Schurz will make a fit companion for Yates, of Black Crook notoriety.

Captain Ira Goodenough was married to Miss Lawrence Taylor on Thursday. The wedding took place at St. Ann's, and was a fine affair; but whatever may be thought of the wedding, Miss Taylor has certainly secured a Goodenough husband.

—Ashley doesn't appear as lively as usual. Boutwell's "judicial mind" has crept into its hole. Banks, while anxious to protect thousands, finds it difficult to take care of himself. Wilson, although a temperance man, used to indulge in "hot-taps." Schenck is seeking enjoyment, and knows the Ways and Means. Bingham's speech proves him sound in wind.

Amusements Gossip.

We sympathize with the embarrassments of Mr. Pater Familias Theatregoer, who may on Monday morning next conclude to visit the theatres in consideration of novelties being advertised after a long cessation of dramatic originality. His attention on taking up the newspaper will at once be riveted by the following bill, which of itself is a dramatic entertainment:

BROUGHAM'S THEATRE.

Proprietor..... Mr. James Fisk, Jr.
Lessee and Manager... Mr. John Brougham.

WILL OPEN

MONDAY EVENING, January 25, 1869, with a new and original comedy, in two acts, by Mr. John Brougham, entitled

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER,

Characters by Messrs. John Brougham, George Stoddart, C. Hale, F. Lamb, C. Edmonds, Miss Eliza Newton, Mrs. W. Winter, Miss Carr and Mrs. Andrews.

After the Comedy

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM

WILL MAKE A FEW REMARKS,

To be followed by an entirely new and original Burlesque, by Mr. John Brougham, entitled

THE DRAMATIC REVIEW FOR 1868.

Being a series of somewhat personal, but, the compiler hopes, not unpardonable reflections upon the abilities and notabilities of the past season, containing, among other injunctionable matter, sundry audacious and unjustifiable infringements upon existing patent rights.

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PLATE FIRST—ALLEGORICAL GROUP; NEW YORK. (Duflocq) INDIVIDUALITIES.

MANHATTA, The favorite daughter of Columbia, by her union with a highly respectable Dutch settler named Mein Amsterdam, progenitor of all the subsequent dams, except McComb's, whose patronymic sufficiently indicates its Oriental origin.....

Miss ANNIE FIRMIN.

BROOKLYNA, The oldest of her numerous family, a remarkably forward young lady, proud, pious and independent, holding but FERRY little intercourse with her ma, and that she means to ABRIDGE.....Miss LYRE.

NEW JERSIA, Another of Manhatta's offspring, but, having been unfortunately born out of the Union, not in complete communion with her sister.....Miss L. MAHON.

NORTH RIVERO, A fluent individual, whose certificate of character consists in his running from Albany.....Mr. HURLEY.

EAST RIVERO, The Janitor of Hell Gate, rather shallow in spots, but sound in the main.....Mr. C. HILYARD.

MADEMOISELLE FASHION, from Paris, Manhatta's dearest friend, general dealer in darling dry goods, ducks of diamonds, and other indispensable necessities to the disconsolate people who have nothing to wear,

.....Miss EFFIE GERMON.

PUBLIC OPINION, The Great "Sir Oracle," of social life, whose judgment wise men reverence, fools fear, and knaves deride.....

Miss ELIZA NEWTON.

MELPOMENE, An old and much neglected melancholy muse, who has seen better days and brags about them, which she has every right to do, poor soul.....Mrs. PRIOR.

CAPTAIN JINKS, of the naval Equestrian service.....Miss EFFIE GERMON.

MUSICAL, SCENICAL, AND VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIRST SUBJECT—"THE EMERALD RING."

DEDLIGHT, The Vyllyan..Mr. C. EDMONDS.
MIKE, The Avenger.....Mr. CORRIE CROSBIE.
GERALDINE, The Persecuted.....Miss WILSON.
MAGGIE, The Resolute.....Miss HALPIN.

SECOND SUBJECT—"BARBE BLEUE," "AFTER DARK."

BARBE BLEUE.....Mr. A. MATTHISON.
BOULOTTE.....Miss AMES.

The "ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

Houseless wanderers, appalled spectators and Blackfriars Arches generally, by members of the Company.

THIRD SUBJECT.

"THE FOX'S NEST,".....HUMPTY, DUMPTY, the illimitable,.....Mr. CORRIE CROSBIE.
PANTALOON, an excellent pair to wear, Mr. GROSSI.
HARLEQUIN, the Velocipedal, Mr. ALEXANDER.

FOURTH SUBJECT.—"A PLATE OF BOUFFE A LA MODE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH BISTORI,.....Mrs. PRIOR.
PITOU, the Lachrymose,...Mr. CHARLES HAC.
GUBRONGE, the Inflexible,...Mr. E. LAMB.
DROGAN, the Invisible,...Mrs. LIZZY EDKARDT.
TYROLEAN,.....Mr. A. MATTHISON.
TYROLEANESSES, Mrs. LIZZY ECKHARDT and Mrs. CLARA FISHER.

FIFTH SUBJECT.—"THE LANCASHIRE LASSES."

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF JOHNSON, Mr. O. EDMONDS.
DICK, the Slippery,.....Mr. H. PECK.

SIXTH SUBJECT.—"THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

IXION, the Inimitable,.....Miss CLARA FISHER.
VENUS, the Irresistible,.....Miss BELLE FISHER.
MERCURY, the Irrepressible,...Miss AMES.
MINERVA, the Impregnable, Mr. HURLEY.

SEVENTH SUBJECT.—"PIKE'S GRAND PALACE."

GRAND DUCHESSE, No. 1, Miss EFFIE GERMON.
GRAND DUCHESSE, No. 2,.... Miss LIZZY ECKHARDT.
FRITZ, the Embarrassed, Mr. A. MATTHISON.

EIGHTH SUBJECT.—"THE DEEP SEA DEPOT."

NEPTUNE, Conductor of the Ocean Telegraph, Mr. GRAY.
Surrounded by submarine operators, all Diving Belles.

After reading this he will exclaim: "This is my point for approach. I will go to Erie Fiske and hear Brougham."

P. F. Theatregoer, Esq., will then go to the box-office, where the treasurer will stare at him through the little hole, as a Metropolitan policeman stares at the country knows where her niece, Miss Smith lives. Mr. Treasurer, with a polite smile of sympathy for the ignorance of Pater Familias, will say, "My dear sir, haven't you read in the papers that every seat in this house was sold, several days since, at auction, and at a net premium of two thousand dollars, which is to be presented to the dramatic fund?"

Pater Familias will then scratch his head, and return to his home and his newspaper. In the latter he will see that Vol II. of "Humpty Dumpty" is to be opened at the Olympic. He will then go there. The bland Sutton, who takes care of the seating business, will tell P. F. T. that he can give him seats for any other night, but Monday night; and that the first edition of the new volume of "Humpty Dumpty" is already exhausted.

Pater Familias will now discover that Owens opens at the Broadway that night as Solon Shingle—a character which he has many times seen, but which he thinks will bear witnessing again, after two years of intermission.

P. F. T., Esq., might have gone to the Bryant's Minstrels, where there are one of two novelties in the way of burlesques.

Or he might have secured seats at the Tammany Varieties, where the Risley Troupe of Japanese commence their farewell engagement.

But at the French Theatre, at Fisk's Grand Opera House, at Wood's Museum, at the Worrell Theatre, at the New York Circus, at the San Francisco Minstrels, at Niblo's Garden, and at Wallack's, he would have found that the bills continue as we have hitherto announced them, and have at some length criticized.

Brougham's Theatre is opened to-night for private entertainment, when the admirable Crichton of our day will play the part of host.

Among his company we are glad to recognize Mrs. Winter, whose ladylike demeanor and intellectual assumptions at Wallacks are so pleasantly remembered by those who have watched her excellsior career—slow, but sure—since her *debut* of four years ago.

We were in error last week in stating that the preface to the new volume of "Humpty Dumpty" was written by Mr. Simonds. He has spiritualized the bills, and made them very funny, but Fox is the author of the new burlesque opening, whose action commences in the forgery cavern of Vulcan—the original Smith; and where Fashion and Love and Brother Jonathan, accompanied by his relatives, Enterprise and Fortune, make various rhyming comments on men, women, manners and contemporaneous history. Then follows a succession of new tricks and transformations, accompanied by all the best of the first volume.

The Circus people have made a great success of the trick horse "Red-Cloud" and the performing dogs. All these astonish; but the perversities of the two mules have been as laughable as anything one can imagine.

At the San Francisco Minstrels Master Jerry, the jig dancer, has thrown down a large glove to many of his competitors.

We hear of transepts in churches, but the transept of the Tammany is a little more flighty. The trancception of the Rizarelli Brothers, however, at the New York Circus, Monday next, will surpass all others. Each will start at the same time from opposite ends of the building on their fligat, and using only two trapeze bars instead of three, will pass each other en route. They will make no other "hit" than a popular one.

Very extensive preparations are being made by the Wood's Museum people for a new burlesque troupe, which is led by Billy Florence. He has been rolling "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and smoothing it down to the velvet tapestry of an English lawn. It will sparkle with morning dew drops and beam with the crimson flush of a summer's evening.

Mr. Florence is undeniably the greatest burlesque actor in the world. He appreciates his philosophy, and never misplaces its practice. He illustrates burlesque with unmatchable make-up, with unflagging business, with appropriate action, with proper adaptation of face and manner, and always presents the idea of an actor practicing burlesque, without being conscious that it is burlesque. This is rare perfection.

Every theatre-goer must mourn the death of Humphrey Bland. He was not a great actor, but he was always a good one. If he could not play a part to his own satisfaction he would decline it at any cost. He had no very great ambition. He was a conscientious, painstaking actor. He was an accomplished Shakespearian scholar. He was a favorite with audiences, for he played equally. In private association he was amiable and much beloved. In some respects his man of middle age was the best, in comedy or drama, to be found on the stage.

At Wood's Museum, "Ixion" has dwindled to two acts, and the play is being played out. He was a dashing sensation, this "Ixion," but whom the gods and goddesses love die young. "Ernani" is a better burlesque than "Ixion." The tax is no better; it is worse, if anything, and full of intolerable gags. But there is a method in its madness that quite atones for the loss of scenery which enhanced "Ixion." "Ernani" is nothing without the romping, jolly girls of the Thompson Troupe. Miss Lydia Thompson, as "Ernani," is not without blemish; but there is a spirit of—what they call out West—"pure cussedness" in the part that is at least interesting.

Miss Lina Weber, as Don Carlos, sustains her part with considerable saucy vigor, and with an occasional bit of care that would succeed admirably in a soberer play.

Miss Ada Harland, as Donna Elvira, plays with a delicacy and grace which could not be expected in a burlesque. She could assume the character of a Spanish girl with eclat in a tragedy, and even in so wild an extravaganza as "Ernani," and with a poor text she was fully equal to any Senorita who trips the stage. Her voice is like that of many a fashionable young lady which is powerful, but needs the improvement of a good method.

Harry Beckett is happier in Jago than he was in Minerva, and Mr. Mestayer better in Do Silva than as Bacchus in "Ixion." The comic songs were good, and were encored so long, that it was evident the audience chose to pick the plums from the pudding, although the sauce got cold.

Booth's Theatre is to open a week hence. The monetary firm is Robertson (a Boston millionaire) and Booth. Everything that scenery and properties can do to make "Romeo and Juliet" a success will be cared about. Thus far the "Shakespearean scholar" [illegible] between his slices of dramatic admiration for the legitimate. But his company is too much Bœthian and too little versatile. Surely *he* ought not to fear rivals near his throne. The seats are to be sold at auction next Monday at Irving Hall. We have not heard whether the premiums go to the Dramatic Fund.

"Much Ado About Nothing" is pitted against "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Wallack of course cares well for scenery and properties, but he also cares for a good cast and a perfect company. In this play—whatever the ill-natured said about "Money"—*he* does not think of any rival near the throne. We have seen his Benedick, and it is as good as William Wheatley's used to be—which is the best praise one can yield.

But why is Mr. Wallack so mysterious about his preparations? Why can't he tell the public all about what he is doing? Popularizing information is a nice thing to a manager. Putting expectation on tip-toe is a tip-top figure. It would not be realizing the title of the play to inform Mrs. Grundy what was coming.

James Fisk is not satisfied with aiming at the title of Railway King, but he is seeking to be a fiscal Emperor of the drama. He controls the Twenty-third street Opera House, Brougham's Theatre, and the Kelly and Leon building. During the past week he has offered a good figure for the Catacombs, or Academy of Music. The short-sighted stockholders refused. So Maretzek is coming to make it dismal again after the brilliant ball season.

But not before the Fire Department ball illuminates the Catacombs still more next Monday evening. It is the fortieth ball. Think of it. And there are scores of gentlemen and ladies living who have attended each one. The advertisement shows all how to get a box or ticket for this noble charity.

"L'Œil Crevé" is now in its third week at the French Theatre, and although it is proving no ordinary attraction, will be withdrawn after next week to make room for a new novelty. The production of "Fleur de The" is now a positive fact; and after many months of indefatigable exertion on the part of the director and staff of the Theatre Francais will be brought forward on a scale of beauty and magnificence never equalled here or in Europe. "Fleur de The," though not depending on spectacular display as the principal attraction, will be mounted with costumes, mise-en-scene, properties, etc., of the richest and most costly description; and, at the same time, original and artistic in design. The greater part of the scenery has been painted expressly in Paris, by the celebrated artist Framont, whose fine scenery in Genevieve has made for him a good reputation in New York. Some of these scenes are perfect marvels of scenic art.

The costumes have been invented and designed in Paris, and are entirely new and original in form and construction. "Fleur-de-The" is the great musical sensation of the present season, and is now the leading attraction in all European capitals. It is the intention of Mr. Grau to spare no expense to make its production in New York a success. The cost of production of "Fleur-de-The" will exceed 100,000 francs, and it will fairly eclipse "Genevieve de Brabant."

The Bowery Theatre is giving benefits to all its good actors. The bills are always variable, and suit the old-fashioned patrons and their descendants to a nicety. Manager Freligh blows few trumpets in his own praise, but the public heed him nevertheless, and crown him weekly as the genuine successor of Hamblin, Dinneford, Fox and all other clever managers of the East End.

THE CAPTAIN'S POLITICAL GOSSIP.

LOUI McLEISH NED HARDING—ALBANY MATTERS—SENATORIAL CONTEST—FENTON CAPTURES MORGAN—THE SCENES AT FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL—HON. HENRY C. MURPHY—THE EXCISE LAW—TAX COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE—CONGRESSIONAL—GRANT AND THE NIGGER DELEGATION—ALBANY COMMITTEES, ETC.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1869.

DEAR LEADER: On last Wednesday evening, I don't know why, I somehow or other drifted into the deep waters of melancholy. This is an unusual channel for me to get into, I can assure you, as I endeavor to maintain my good temper and my philosophy of contentment under all circumstances. I take things as they come; the bad, of course, I strive to mend, and the good always brings to me some happy and joyous reflections. Seizing my "tourist," the one replacing by my friend Silverman, the "Alpine," walked off with by the hungry, bate-headed diner who took such an appreciative fancy to it at one of the Aldermanic dinners last month, I sallied out in quest or some pleasure to drive the cobwebs from my heart, when instinctively my footsteps led me as far as my old friend, Louis McLeish's quiet and well-patronized ranche, the Buck's Head, in Crosby street, near Grand. Loui, by the way, is a true and ardent son of auld Scotland, and, when a simple "bairn," sported and played among the braes and burns of his native home, which are not yet forgotten by him. Loui and "myself" have been long friends "thegither," and "mony" have been the happy hours I have listened with rapturous delight to his description of the beauties of the "land o' cakes," of its hills and its lochs, of its glens and its mountain tops, and which, of course, the good fellow thinks the finest and "bonniest" in the "warld." And why shouldn't he? It was there he ate his first porridge, and it was there he drank in his first inspirations of goodness and virtue from the fount of that immortal bard who sang:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

As I landed in the place, the kind welcome I received, and the warm and friendly grasp of the hand bestowed on me by jovial and happy-hearted Loui at once dispelled my gloomy feelings, and happier thoughts filled up the vacuum. I happened fortunately upon one of Loui's festive nights, which occur on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. As usual upon those occasions quite a large and happy party was present, and as we sat and chatted together of past times and old, well-remembered scenes when, as Loui would say, we, like "yang dreamers, built our castles in the air," the sweet warblings of Ned Harding were indeed grateful to my ears, as he would, in exquisite melody, breathe the simple and affecting tale of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," enrapturing every heart with the virtues of the good man; and "Tubal Cain," "the man of might," and "Beautiful Leaves," containing so sweet a moral—of life that knows no spring like the "beautiful leaves," except in a better [illegible]. Ned is a great favorite of mine, but yet that is not the reason I speak so warmly of him. The sweetness of his voice, and its richness of melody and tone, and the feeling and pathos he flings around his pieces, never fail to meet with the admiration of his listeners. Everybody knows Loui McLeish and Ned Harding. They never judge a man by the coat he wears, nor by the length of his purse. Loui's latch-string always hangs outside, and he always has a stamp left for a needy friend. But few men in our city has warmer friends, who appreciate him for his benevolent and generous nature, which is characteristic of the sons of "auld Reekie," and none are more deserving of their friendship. I spent a happy and delightful evening, not forgetting the "barley brew," and with many regrets separated from Loui and Ned, and wended my way home, a cheerful and happy man.

ALBANY MATTERS.

The Senatorial contest is over, and honest Reuben has captured the situation. The result has astonished many, as it was expected, after the vaporizing of the friends of Morgan, that in the caucus of Saturday night those clamorous individuals would make a stronger fight than they did. But Bemis held the whip, and snapped it furiously over the heads of those who desired in the House to shine on the several committees, in the hopes of gathering a share of the plunder to be found at the capital this winter. And that is what cooked the goose of Edwin. The eloquence of Folger and the ponderous argument of Truman, of Tioga, were of but little avail. Their wailings fell on stony hearts, and with a rush Morgan was ordered into private life.

I was at the Fifth Avenue last Saturday night, and it was amusing and interesting to witness the anxiety of the distressed and hopeful Radical politicians who crowded and thronged the sitting-rooms, parlors, vestibule, and bar-rooms of that popular hotel upon that eventful evening. Various were the speculations as to the result of the caucus then being held up the river, and who would be the "coming man." The spiders were everywhere watching for flies. The slightest whisper one way or the other would instantly cause a terrible fluctuation in the stock of the two contestants, Fenton and Morgan. The moral and political characters of those two leaders of the Republicans were hustled about like foot-balls, and a stranger listening to the denunciations heaped upon the heads of either would think that instead of our Legislature electing either Morgan or Fenton to the Senate of the United States, society would be more benefitted by consigning them both to the State Prison for life. The boldest in the crowd fearlessly staked their stamps upon the action of the caucus at Albany, while the spooneys and cunning knaves—and there were many of these—maintained a silence, waiting to throw their hats up for the winning man, whoever he might be. Knots of these individuals were gathered together in all parts of the hall and in the liquor room, smacking their dry and parched lips at the inviting fluids behind the bar, with no money to "buy something" but ever ready to ring themselves in on any one they found willing to bestow a few drops upon them in charity, or who might be moved by their supplicating looks.

Various were the rumors and false rumors, and loud were the "vivas" for the reported successful man, and when they found they had been the victims of a canard, the yelping curs slunk into obscure corners, and passionately bit their tell-tale tongues, that they feared had proved long enough to hang them. One individual I particularly noticed from an up-town ward, who holds quite a lucrative position in our city, who, from the start, assured everybody that Morgan would win, as he was backed up by Seward and Weed, and whose wings had been clipped by Hugh Hastings, was the first to cry, "Long live Fenton!" when it was known that Bemis had the head of the James-faced impeacher in his basket.

Great was the joy and sad was the disappointment of many when the true facts of the case were made known. The Fentonites made a desperate assault upon the "fusil oil" fountain, while the Morganatic philosophers, with painful sighs, buttoned up their great coats, and dragging their castors over their eyes, rushed out in the cold air, to allay the fever heat of their blood, that had risen so high during the few hours of excitement they had passed through, and left behind them the friends of the successful Reuben to their delightful anticipation and their wassail bowls. Well, perhaps things should be as they are, and no better man could be found in the Republican ranks to snatch the Senatorial mantle from the shoulders of Edwin D. Morgan, "King," as he has been termed, of the whiskey ring, who had long trafficked in the slime of deceit and political corruption than Reuben E. Fenton. It cannot be denied but that Mr. Fenton is a man of extraordinary ability and discernment, and will, no doubt, prove an able and consistent defender of the principles of his party upon the floor of the Senate of the United States. Mr. Fenton is a strict partisan in every sense of the word, and this has been the whole cause of his success. As regards the interest of his party, he knows no middle ground, and has sacrificed a deal of popularity in his steadfastness of purpose to augment its power and strength in the State, discarding individual claims imposed upon him in his strict devotion to what he conceived to be his duty and fidelity to Republicanism. This has engendered a bitter opposition to him among certain leaders of cliques and factions in his party, who have hurled against him the poisoned shafts of censure and malice, which, however, have fallen harmless and shattered at his feet, as the gratifying result to him of last Wednesday has proved. What he has done in the State, while wielding its executive power, was prompted by his ardor and hopes of sustaining the permanency of his party, and the ribald abuse and vulgar defamations against his moral and political character, emanating from certain Republican papers and enemies in his own household, instead of preventing, rather hastened his elevation to a position scarcely inferior to any in the gift of the people.

The knowledge of the mistakes of those calumniators comes now a little too late, and already they are shrugging their shoulders in fear of the smarting lash that will fall upon them, applied by the strong and vigorous hand of Reuben, in the future. As our Legislature at present is formed, in a great measure Reuben will be its guiding spirit. It is plainly seen that within his strong grasp is clutched the controlling agencies that shall direct its many movements, and relieved from any responsibility regarding its action, Mr. Fenton will, no doubt, endeavor, with this lever in his possession, to use its influence to reward his friends and punish his enemies; the only catspel in his way to great things will be the potency of the veto power of Governor Hoffman. What shall be the course of Fenton in the Senate time will disclose. In the meantime, let us watch and pray.

The action of the joint ballot in electing Mr. Fenton United States Senator lays out Edwin D. Morgan stiff and cold, and throws such a bomb into the great, virtuous whiskey ring of this State, of which he is the Head Centre, and Bill Seward Chief Engineer, that will knock splinters out of it. Great is the distress of those fellows, who are not satisfied with the stolen millions they have robbed the Government of, but they want nobody else to have a chance. But Rube will have things different after next March—*Sic transit Morgan.*

HON. HENRY C. MURPHY.

The nomination by the Democratic party of this State of Henry C. Murphy of Kings County for United States Senator, was indeed a gratifying compliment to a faithful Democrat, who has ever been an inflexible and indomitable champion of the principles of his party. Although the honor was but an empty one, as, under the circumstances, unfortunately the possibility of his election was entirely precluded, yet it was a noble manifestation of the high regard and esteem in which he is held by the Democracy of the Empire State, and the reverence for him within the breasts of its leaders for his brilliant services in the past, and for his unswerving devotion to that sacred creed that finds a resting-place only within the breast of the true and honorable patriot. The Captain rejoices in the action of the Democrats, and, with all of the Senator's friends, hopes that the time may yet come when more substantial honors may adorn that fadeless wreath that graces his brow, and casts so bright a glory upon his past political record.

THE EXCISE LAW.

I hear that Senator Creamer intends to take prompt action in the Senate with a view of amending this obnoxious law. I am not aware as to whether the features of the Senator's bill will meet with the full approbation of our citizens, but I presume they will. I am certain by an explanation I have received that, if passed, it will greatly soften down the many sharp points of the Excise Law and make it more acceptable to the people. But the infamous and tyrannical act should be repealed at once; that, however cannot be expected at present. Senator Creamer proposes that the licences shall range from fifty dollars and upward, to two hundred, as the case may be. In hotels of fifty lodging rooms fifty dollars, and of one hundred and fifty rooms, one hundred and fifty dollars, and of any number above that two hundred dollars—all places to be kept open until one o'clock in the morning, and to open again at four. Does the Senator's bill contain anything relative to the cruel and arbitrary arrests, as now made under the present law? Tommy must not forget how many of his friends and others have suffered in our city in this way, who have been by the unprincipled police spy torn from their families and thrown into damp and unhealthy dungeons—and, in many cases, when they had committed no violation of the law. I am of the opinion that this feature of the law is as repugnant to our citizens as any it may contain, and a remedy immediate and certain should be applied in this direction. I hope the Senator will not overlook this, and that he will embody it in his bill, if it is not there already, and, with all the force of his intelligence, push it to a successful issue.

THE TAX COMMISSIONERS & CITIES.

Messrs Cisco & Sherman will also present a full statement of the case of the New-York Commissioners of Taxes, in the matter of the application of the cities of Brooklyn and Albany for a writ of certiorari to review the assessment of their property for taxation. The arguments will be heard before the Supreme Court at Chambers, in this city, on Monday next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Counsel for the Commissioners of Taxes will submit the following points:

1. That the Commissioners of Taxes have jurisdiction to assess the property of railroad companies, and that the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction to review the assessments made by the Commissioners of Taxes.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.—THE PARTNERship heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of O. E. WOOD & COMPANY, is this day dissolved by its own limitation. Either Partners will sign in liquidation.—New York, Dec. 31, 1868.

O. E. WOOD, | General
JOHN MAXWELL, | Partners.
ISRAEL A. BARKER, |
JAMES I. BRUMLEY, | Special
CHARLES KELLOGG, | Partners.

Mr. Wood will, for the present, attend to the settlement of the business at the store of Maxwell & Barker, 52 and 54 Murray street.

NOTICE OF LIMITED PARTNERship.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have this day formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the acts of the Legislature amendatory thereof.

That the name and firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is MAXWELL & BARKER.

That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by said Partnership is the General Domestic Dry Goods Commission Business, and whatever appertains thereto.

That John Maxwell and Israel A. Barker are the General Partners, and James I. Brumley and Charles Kellogg are the Special Partners interested in the said Partnership.

That the said John Maxwell resides in Hoboken, Hudson County, State of New Jersey; and said Israel A. Barker resides in Brooklyn, Kings County, State of New York; and that the said James I. Brumley resides in Brooklyn, Kings County, State of New York; and the said Charles Kellogg resides in the city, county, and State of New York.

That the amount of capital which the said James I. Brumley has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars.

That the amount of capital which the said Charles Kellogg has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars.

That the said Partnership is to commence on the second day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and is to continue until and terminate on the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.—Dated New York, Jan. 2, 1869.

JOHN MAXWELL, | General
ISRAEL A. BARKER, | Partners.
JAS. I. BRUMLEY, | Special
CHAS. KELLOGG, | Partners.

ja2 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Limited Partnership heretofore formed, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, under the name or firm of BURNHAM, HOPKINS & BATES, for the purpose of transacting the business of Grinding and Mixing White Lead Zinc, and Colored Paints, and of buying and selling Paints and Painters' Materials, and in which Partnership Edward Burnham, William A. Hopkins and William A. Bates, who respectively then resided, and now reside in the City, County, and State of New York, were all the General Partners, and Jacob Hoppock, who then resided, and now resides in said City, County and State, was the only Special Partner interested; to the common stock of which Partnership the said Jacob Hoppock, the Special Partner, at the formation thereof, contributed the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars in cash, as capital, and which Partnership was, by the terms thereof, to commence on the sixteenth day of November, 1865, and to terminate on the thirty-first day of December, 1868, it continued until, and will terminate, on the thirty-first day of December, 1869.

Dated this 31st day of December, A. D., 1868.

Signed, J. HOPPOCK,
EDWARD BURNHAM,
W. A. HOPKINS,
W. A. BATES.

ja5 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that David Hirsch, of Brooklyn, Kings County, N. Y., Gustave Kohn, of the City of New York, and Frederick A. Schroeder, of Brooklyn, Kings County, have formed a Limited Partnership, in accordance with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, in the business of the Manufacturing and Dealing in Tobacco and Cigars, to be conducted in the City of New York, under the firm name of "D. HIRSCH & CO."

That the above-named parties are all the parties who are interested therein; that the said David Hirsch and Gustave Kohn are the General Partners, and the said Frederick A. Schroeder is the Special Partner.

That the said Frederick A. Schroeder has contributed and paid in in cash the sum of Forty Thousand Dollars as capital toward the common stock; and that the said Partnership is to commence January 1, 1869, to continue three years.—Dated January 1, 1869.

DAVID HIRSCH, | General
GUSTAVE KOHN, | Partners.
FREDERICK A. SCHROEDER, Special Partner.

ja2 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Statutes of the State of New York: that the name or firm under which said Partnership is to be conducted is FREDERICK W. SMITH; that the general nature of the business to be transacted by said Partnership is the buying and selling of Flour, and all other things appertaining thereto, in the City of New York; that the General Partner in said Partnership is Frederick W. Smith, whose place of residence is the City of Brooklyn, in the State of New York; that the Special Partner in said Partnership is GERRIT SMITH, whose place of residence is the said City of Brooklyn; that the said Gerrit Smith, as such Special Partner, has contributed in cash, as capital to the common stock, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars; and that the said Partnership is to commence on the first day of January, A. D. 1869, and terminate on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1873.

Dated New York, January 1, 1869.

FREDERICK W. SMITH,
GERRIT SMITH.

ja2 6t

SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that a limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York. The name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is LENT & BRAMAN. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such Partnership is Importing of Tailors' Trimmings. The full names of all the General and Special Partners interested in the said business are William H. Lent, General L. Braman, and Abraham Lent. That the said William H. Lent is a General Partner, and his place of residence is 149 Madison street, New York City. That the said Abraham Lent is a Special Partner, and his place of residence is in the City, County and State of New York. That the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars. That the period at which the said Partnership is to commence is the 1st day of January, 1869, and the period at which it will terminate is the 31st day of December, 1871.

Dated New York, January 4th, 1869.

WILLIAM H. LENT, | General
SAMUEL L. BRAMAN, | Partners.
ABRAHAM LENT, Special Partner

ja6

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR a Discharge consenting the person of an insolvent from arrest or imprisonment, pursuant to article fifth, title first, chapter fifth, part second of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, JAMES GILL, of the City of New York, an insolvent and imprisoned debtor.—Notice first published on the 19th day of December, 1868, creditors to appear before the Hon. George G. Barrett, one of the Judges of the New York Court of Common Pleas, held in and for the City and County of New York, at the Chambers of said Court, held at the City Hall in said city, on the 24 day of February, 1869, at 10½ o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why said insolvent should not make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and his person thereafter be exempted from arrest or imprisonment, and he be discharged from his imprisonment.

Dated New York City, December 18th, 1868.

H. C. SAWYER, Attorney for Petitioner,
No. 15 Wall street, New York.

dl9 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—This is to certify that we, the undersigned, have formed a Limited Partnership, to be conducted in the City of New York, upon the terms, with the rights and powers, and subject to the conditions and liabilities prescribed in Part Second, Chapter Fourth, Title First and Article First of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled "Of Limited Partnerships," and of the acts amendatory thereof.

That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is CHAPMAN, LYON, SMITH & CO.

That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted thereby is that of importing and selling, at wholesale and retail, staple and fancy dry goods, their own, and on commission.

That the names of the General Partners are George Chapman, who resides at Madison, in the State of New Jersey; Robert S. Lyon, who resides at Morristania, County of Westchester, and State of New York; and Charles A. Smith, who resides at Summit, in the State of New Jersey, and Benjamin F. Britton, who resides at Morrisania, in the County of Westchester, and State of New York.

That the name of the Special Partner is James Winslow, who resides in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, and State of New York.

That the amount of capital which the said James Winslow, as such Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock of said Copartnership is One Hundred Thousand Dollars in cash.

That the period at which the said Copartnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirty-first day of December, which will be in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

In witness whereof we have severally subscribed our names this 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.

GEO. CHAPMAN,
ROBT. S. LYON, General
CHAS. A. SMITH, Partners.
B. F. BRITTON,
JAMES WINSLOW, Special Partner.

[So U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp cancelled.] d28 6t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at Public Vendue, on SATURDAY, 20th day of February, 1869, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall, all the right, title, and interest of JOSEPH HIRSCH, which he had on the 16th day of November, 1868, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following-described property, to wit: All that certain lot of land, situate, lying and being in the 7th Ward of the City of New York, on the southerly side of East Broadway, late Harman street, between Pitt street and Market street, and known and distinguished on a map of the estate of the late Heinrich Rutgers, deceased, dated November 15th, 1813, made by Bridges & Poppleton, and filed in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, as lot number 117. Bounded northerly in front by Harman street aforesaid, southerly in the rear by the rear of lot number 213, easterly on one side by lot number 118, and westerly on the otherside by lot number 116; and also the rear or northerly part of the said lot number 213, which said rear or northerly part is bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said lot number 117, and running thence southerly along the easterly side of lot number 211, 15 feet; thence easterly and parallel with Harmon street to the westerly side of lot number 213, 15 feet to the southwesterly corner of said lot number 116; and thence westerly to the place of beginning, which said lot number 117, and the above-described part of lot number 213, taken together, constitute one lot of land, containing in breadth in front 25 feet, in rear 24 feet 1 inches, and in depth on each side 99 feet, be the same more or less, being the same property conveyed to the said Joseph Hirsch by James Woods and Roxana his wife, by deed bearing date Sept. 3, 1864, and which was recorded in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, Sept. 23, 1864, in Liber 912, page 578.—Dated New York, Dec. 23, 1868.

JAMES O'BRIEN, Sheriff.
JAMES GUMMERTON, Deputy Sheriff. d26 8

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER A. MESIER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the office of A. V. W. Van Vechten, Esq., Attorney at Law, No. 56 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of April, 1869.

Dated New York, the 30th day of September, 1868.

JAMES LEE, Executor.

o3 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PATRICK FOLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 72 Washington street, in the City of New York, on or before the 22d day of March next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of September, 1868.

BRIDGET FOLEY, Administratrix.

s19 6mo

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES J. FOX, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Andrew J. Smith, Esq., No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of February next.

Dated New York, the 30th day of July, 1867.

JOHN FOX, Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to the provisions of Article 1, Title 3, chapter 4, of Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled "Of Limited Partnership," and the amendments thereof, that a Limited Partnership has been formed under the provisions of the Statutes above mentioned, in which Jehial Read, who resides in the town of Newcastle, in the county of Westchester, and State of New York; Nathaniel Norton, who resides in the city, county and State of New York; and Edwin B. Strange, who resides in the town of Greenburgh, in the county of Westchester, and State of New York, are the only parties interested.

That the said Jehial Read and Nathaniel Norton are the general partners, and the said Edwin B. Strange is the special partner therein.

That the said Partnership is to commence on the fifteenth day of December, in the year 1868, and is to terminate on the thirty-first day of December, in the year 1871, and may be continued to the end of said term notwithstanding the death of any one of said partners, general or special, with the consent of the heirs or legal representatives of the deceased, and is to be conducted under the name or firm of JEHIAL READ & CO.; and its business is to be carried on in the City and County of New York; that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is that of Manufacturers of and Dealers in Fur and Wool Hat Straw Goods, Umbrellas, and other goods usually manufactured by or dealt in by that branch of trade; and that the said Edwin B. Strange, the Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock of said partnership the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, in cash.

Dated New York, Dec 15, 1868.

(Signed) JEHIAL READ,
NATHANIEL NORTON,
EDWIN B. STRANGE.

de19 6t

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Benjamin Lehmaier, Plaintiff, against Lazarus J. Laberman, Defendant.—Summons.—For Relief. (Com. not served.)

To the Defendant above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above-named Court, at his office in the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 220 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, November 17, 1868.

LAUTERBACH & SPINGARN, Plaintiff's Attorneys, No. 220 Broadway, New York City.

The complaint in the above action was duly filed with the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at his office in the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 19th day of December, 1868.

LAUTERBACH & SPINGARN, Plaintiff's Attorneys,

d26 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—THIS is to certify that we, the undersigned, have formed a Limited Partnership, to be conducted in the City of New York, pursuant to the provisions of the Statutes of the State of New York.

That the name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is WELD, KNEELAND AND ANDREWS.

That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the Fancy Dry Goods Business.

That the names of the General Partners interested therein are De Forest Weld, Sylvester H. Kneeland, and Wesley R. Andrews, and the name of the Special Partner interested therein is Charles A. Bulkley; that the said De Forest Weld, Sylvester H. Kneeland, and Charles A. Bulkley all reside in the City of New York, and the said Wesley R. Andrews resides in Newark, New Jersey.

That the amount of the capital which the said Charles A. Bulkley, as Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock is the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars in cash. The Partnership is to commence the 31st December, 1868, and will terminate on the 31st December, 1871.

JAMES H. ALDRICH,
WILLIAM P. IDDINGS, | General Partners.
JUNIUS A. CLIFTON,
HERMAN D. ALDRICH, Special Partner.

d1 Ja2

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—THIS is to certify that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the several acts supplementary thereto and amendatory thereof; that the business of said Partnership is to be conducted at the City of New York, under the name or firm of A. SCHMIDT AND COMPANY; that the general nature of the business to be transacted by said firm is the importing and selling of Fancy Goods and other Merchandise; that Adolphus Schmidt, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York, and Edward Schumacher, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, are the General Partners, and Louis Goetze, who resides in the said City of Brooklyn, is the Special Partner interested therein; that the said Louis Goetze, as such Special Partner, has constituted the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars to the common stock of said firm; that the said Partnership is to commence on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and to terminate on the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

Dated New York December 31st, 1868.

ADOLPHUS SCHMIDT,
EDWARD SCHUMACHER,
LOUIS GOETZE.

ja2 6t

CERTIFICATE OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned, J. Nelson Tappan, Franklin W. Gilley, Jr., and Henry S. Germond, being desirous of forming a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York, do make and severally sign the following certificate:

1st. The name or firm under which said partnership is to be conducted is GILLEY & GERMOND.

2d. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the business of Stock Brokers and everything incident thereto.

3d. The names of all the General and Special Partners interested in said partnership are as follows: J. Nelson Tappan is the Special Partner, and resides in the City of New York; Franklin W. Gilley, Junior, is a General Partner, and resides in said city, and Henry S. Germond is a General Partner, and resides in the City of Brooklyn, in the State of New York.

4th. The amount of capital which the said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock of said partnership is $25,000.

5th. The period at which the said partnership is to commence is the 31st day of December, 1868, and the period at which the said copartnership is to terminate is the 31st day of December, 1871.

Dated New York, December 31, 1868.

J. NELSON TAPPAN, Special Partner.
F. W. GILLEY, Jr., | General Partners.
H. S. GERMOND. |

ja2 6w

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—James H. Brush, one of the Executors and Trustees named in the last will and testament of Isaac Green, deceased, Plaintiff, against James Green, the other of said Executors and Trustees, and also in his individual capacity; Thomas Green, John F. Green, Mary F. Green, Robert R. Ring, Joseph H. Gray, and Martha his wife; George W. Ring, Phebe Ann Ring, Isaac G. Ring, Eliza Ring, George J. Ring, Eliza J. Ring, Robert R. Ring (the last three being minors), Emily D. N. Green, John F. Green and Wilkins Updyke Green, and William R. Gray, the last three being minors.—Summons for Relief.

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and of which a copy is herewith served on you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at my office, No. 243 Broadway, in said city, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, August 4, 1868.

CHARLES H. SMITH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the Clerk's office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, December 31, 1868. ja2 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Levi J. Mabie, of Tarrytown, County of Westchester, and State of New York, and Cyrus J. Murray, of the City of New York, and County of New York, George W. Morgan, of Jersey City, County of Hudson, and State of New Jersey, and Thomas T. Vaughan, of Whitehall, County of Washington, and State of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership in accordance with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, in the business of wholesale dealers in Boots and Shoes, and is Buying and Selling all articles to the said business belonging, in which the above-named persons are all the parties who are interested therein; that the said Levi J. Mabie, Cyrus J. Murray, and George W. Morgan, are the General Partners, and the said Thomas T. Vaughan is the Special Partner; that the said Thomas T. Vaughan has contributed and paid in in cash the sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars ($15,000) as capital toward the common stock; and that the said Partnership is to commence on the first day of January, 1869, and is to terminate on the 31st day of December, 1871; and the said business is to be conducted under the firm name of MABIE, MURRAY & MORGAN.

Dated December 28th, 1868.

LEVI J. MABIE,
C. J. MURRAY,
GEORGE W. MORGAN,
T. T. VAUGHAN.

ja2 6

Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That a sewer, with the necessary receiving basins and culverts, be built in Spring street, from Mulberry to Crosby street, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Thomas Farrell, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, for the sum of $700, as a donation, to be applied by the said pastor in payment of taxes (principal and interest), on the property of said Church for the extension of Church street; the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Isaac S. Hartley, Pastor of the Union Reformed Church in Sixth avenue, for the sum of eleven hundred and thirty-nine dollars and ninety-six cents, as a donation to be applied by the said Pastor in payment of taxes (principal and interest) on the property of said church, for the years 1865, 1866, and 1867; also, including an assessment of one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and thirty-seven cents for the Church street extension, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution,

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That a gaslamp be placed in front of No. 137 Delancey street, "Zimmer House," under the direction of the Street Commissioner, without delay.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Communication from the Croton Aqueduct Department, with resolution of the Board of Aldermen, as follows:

Resolved, That the ordinances heretofore adopted by the Common Council for the construction of Belgian or stone-block pavement in the following localities, to wit:

Sixty-first street, from Third to Fifth avenue;

Christopher street, from Hudson to West street;

Thirty-ninth street, from Lexington to Third avenue;

Sixtieth street, from Lexington to Fifth avenue;

Fifty-ninth street, from Eleventh avenue to Hudson River; and

Avenue B, from Houston to Fourteenth street—

be and they are hereby severally and respectively amended, by inserting therein the words following, to wit:

"And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues, crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement;" and that the said several ordinances, as thus amended, be and they are hereby respectively adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Thomas Farrell, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, for the sum of $700, as a donation, to be applied by the said pastor in payment of taxes (principal and interest), on the property of said Church for the extension of Church street; the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Application of the New York Bridge Company for a subscription to its capital stock by the City of New York. In connection therewith an ordinance subscribing to the capital stock of the New York Bridge Company authorizing the borrowing of money and issuing of bonds in payment of such subscription, and making appropriation therefor.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the salary of the Assistant Librarian be and it is hereby increased to the sum of $1500 per annum, to date from the passage of this resolution.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That First avenue, between Thirty-sixth street and Sixty-first streets be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, between Second avenue and East River, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 23, 1868, said resolution and ordinance amended by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of George W. Godby, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Church of the Holy Apostles, for the sum of one hundred and seventy-nine dollars and seventy-three cents, with interest, as a donation to enable said church to pay assessment against it for the flagging and reflagging of Twenty-ninth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, and charge the same to its appropriate account.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertise for bids, and contract for paving Forty-sixth street, from Third avenue to East River (excepting where now paved with Belgian or wooden pavement, and also excepting the space between railroad tracks), with wooden pavement, known as the improved pavement (McGonegal patent), in accordance with the specifications for said pavement now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Common Council, and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense does not exceed five dollars per square yard; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Thomas Farrell, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, for the sum of $700, as a donation, to be applied by the said pastor in payment of taxes (principal and interest), on the property of said Church for the extension of Church street; the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That First avenue, between Thirty-sixth street and Sixty-first streets be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, between Second avenue and East River, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 23, 1868, said resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted November 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Forty-first street, from Eighth to Tenth avenue, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, and that all the crosswalks parallel with the line of said pavement, at the intersecting streets, and transversely therewith at the commencement and termination thereof, and also at all intersections now paved with the Belgian or stone-block pavement, be laid or relaid, and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense does not exceed five dollars per square yard, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That a sewer be built with the necessary receiving basins and culverts, in Mangin street, between Grand and Broome streets, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertise for bids, and contract for paving Forty-sixth street, from Third avenue to East River (excepting where now paved with Belgian or wooden pavement, and also excepting the space between railroad tracks), with wooden pavement, known as the improved pavement (McGonegal patent), in accordance with the specifications for said pavement now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Common Council, and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense does not exceed five dollars per square yard; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Tenth avenue, from Seventieth to Eighty-first street, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Fifty-sixth street, from Third to Sixth avenue, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Councilmen, Nov. 23, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted Nov. 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the Counsel to the Corporation be and he is hereby authorized to cause to be opened according to law, Sixty-ninth street, from Broadway to the North River, to be opened according to law.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That two gas-lamps be placed in front of the Free Reading Room Nos. 325 and 327 Rivington street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

Resolution of the Board of Councilmen as follows:

Resolved, That Nineteenth street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues, be paved with Belgian pavement, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 29, 1868, resolution and ordinance amended by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Report of Committee on Belgian Pavement in favor of concurring with the Board of Aldermen in adopting resolution as follows:

Resolved, That Fifty-sixth street, from Third to Sixth avenue, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Councilmen, Nov. 23, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted Nov. 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, between Second avenue and East River, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 23, 1868, said resolution and ordinance amended by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brickes, Thompson, Scannel, Murphy, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—28.

Resolved, That Seventy-fourth street, between First and Third avenues, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

PHRENOLOGY OF THE SINGER (FAIR SEX).—At fifteen—She sings prettily and listens to advice. People ray: "How gentle and modest she is!"

At sixteen—She begins to give herself airs. She knows she is handsome; she is amiable.

At seventeen—Admirers appear. People wish her many happy returns on her birthday; she still blushes at compliments.

At eighteen—She is a coquette. She calls upon her critics. She suffers from colds, and already complains that managers make her sing too much.

At nineteen—She misses rehearsals.

At twenty—She travels for a month.

At twenty-one—She is constantly talking about her guardian; she plots against other members of the company; she causes herself to be applauded, and causes them to be hissed.

At twenty-two—She is at par.

At twenty-three—She becomes tender and melancholy.

At twenty-four—She talks about an ambassador who intends marrying her.

At twenty-five—She gives dinner parties, but eats only a few crumbs herself, for she is beginning to get stout.

At twenty-six—She complains that managers do not make her sing enough.

At twenty-seven—She has an action.

At twenty-eight—She confesses quietly that the applause is falling off.

At twenty-nine—She jokes about being twenty-one next birthday.

At thirty—She calls in the fashionable beautifier.

At thirty-one—She falls desperately in love with a mere boy.

At thirty-two—She is as amiable as possible with the manager, whom she formerly despised so much.

At thirty-three—The papers grow cool.

At thirty-four—They are silent.

At thirty-five—She goes into the provinces.

At forty-five—You come across her in the chorus of some obscure theatre.

THE most delicate method of giving a lady key to your feelings is to send her a lock of your hair.

MARKING should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the smaller her horns become.

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