The New York Leader.

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IRISH-AMERICAN SONG.

Would we desert you now,
Flag of the Free;
When we a solemn vow,
Flag of the Free,
You from all harm to save,
Made when we crossed the wave,
And you a welcome gave,
Flag of the Free?

Whose aid to cheer us came,
Flag of the Free,
When to proud England's shame,
Flag of the Free,
Famine swept o'er our land;
Death ravaged ev'ry band,
And loosed the tyrant's hand,
Flag of the Free?

Are we now cowards grown,
Flag of the Free?
Would we you now disown,
Flag of the Free?
You to whose folds we fled;
You in whose cause we've bled,
Bearing you at our head,
Flag of the Free!

Could we desert you now,
Flag of the Free,
And to black traitors bow,
Flag of the Free?
Never! through good and ill
Ireland her blood will spill,
Bearing you onward still,
Flag of the Free!

SCHUYLER CONWAY.

[Written for the Leader.]

"VACATION"

PAST AND PRESENT.—No. I.

BY QUERY.

Vacation! How full of meaning and promise was that expressive word in the "days of auld lang syne!" It came in music to the schoolboy's ear, and straightway he strapped up his books with a light and hopeful heart, turning his back in triumph upon the dismal scene of toil, submission and sulkiness, with no desire ever to see it again. Visions of "going to the country" filled his whole mind and soul. He "babbled of green fields," as he tied a cord around his small, antique, hair-covered trunk, lined with old newspapers; but sparkling outside with the gaud of brass nails, which the urchin polished up by aid of rotten-stone, or Bath-brick and turpentine, until the receptacle of his little wardrobe looked like an old coat with a set of fresh buttons. He was thinking all the while of the familiar road through the woods, the pleasant ramble with bare feet in the cool sand over which the interlaced branches of trees were bending; the stream in the forest, heard from afar as its trickling voice sang of coolness to the answering birds; the open glade, into which the willing footsteps passed ere reaching the broad bay; and that bay itself, the lips of which murmuringly made love to the shore—the broad, blue bay, so often covered with white sails, amid the refreshing waters of which the pink-skinned bathers plashed and plunged to the music of merry laugh, companion call, and hearty shout. Yes, indeed—Vacation! It came to us of old on the 31st of July in every year, and extended at least over all of August. We were right glad to leave the low ceilings and dim atmosphere of the school-rooms in Vandewater street, under the church where the eloquent Mitchell once allured and enchained crowded assemblages. We turned our backs exultingly on the master's throne of power, the greasy desks, the corduroy polished benches, the sanded floor, the murky hat room, the frowning black-board, the mysterious globes, and the suggestive "rulers," with the use of which to keep us in straight lines of life the "ratan" was often alternated in those days, when, whatever may have become of the child, most certainly the rod was not spared. As we poured out of our prison—for prison it was, and prison school is to the majority of boys—we cast a sidelong glance at the little shop across the way in which old "Aunty" dispensed round-hearts, jumbles and candy, to such of the crowd as were fortunate enough ever to have a penny. Then we hurried down to the corner of Frankfort street, where the ruddy visaged M—— kept his grocery—that Elysium, where the glass of cider purchased with two cents (the entire fortune of the "first class") was distributed in small sips among the dozen who came to enjoy the rare refreshment.

How the faces of that vagabond set come back to me—particularly of Charley—with whom I had so many and varied experiences in the tedious and oppressive journey from the spelling-book and English reader, over the difficult way interrupted by Cornelius Nepos, Collectanea Minora, Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, Homer, Algebra, Euclid, and—but why name all the obstacles to progress and pleasure which then obstructed our path? We were in the same class of writing, and what is most playfully called "elocution." Neither of us could learn to write, for a reason now very plain, but then quite incomprehensible, for we strove hard to set up short sticks on the copy-books, and inscribe there graceful "pot hooks and hangers," and array in orderly condition the virtuous precepts which are so abundantly recorded in the efforts at penmanship of primeval days. Yes, we strove hard, and yet our terrible work looking like characters stung by scorpions, or afflicted with *delirium tremens*, only excited the ire and exercised the rod of the distinguished professor who generally decorated the last page of that same copy-book with his magnificent autograph snugly reposing in the body of a huge swan delineated without once taking off the pen, and looking as unlike the real bird as a goose when served up amidst the steam of savory onion sauce, is unlike the neck protruding creature which once wabbled and hissed along the highway, or dabbled in the dirty pool. But what was the reason I spoke of for our failure in caligraphy? Why that most remarkable injunction ever repeated as we bent our heads over the lines, and even protruded our tongues in the struggle for success: "Keep your elbow to your side, sir." A charming position this for the flexible use of the muscles wherewith writing is to be accomplished. Poor fellows! we were fighting nature, insulting all the self-love anatomy can have, and didn't know anything about the folly of the experiment. Neither did the instructor. Nature beat us. So did he. She proved to be an irresistible ruler. He used a smaller one, but equally irresistible. And so we went on making paper hideous with ink until we obtained freedom of person, including "elbow room," and then found that art easy enough which the stupid routine of the pedagogue had made impossible.

We were to have a grand display of the school once in the body of that same church I mentioned. Charley was to be Alexander, and I the Thracian robber "of whose exploits" he had "heard so much." We were as stiff and stilted in that dialogue as some of the popular actors in a modern tragedy. Yet the teacher was unlike the public. He unreasonably insisted on some resemblance to actual life and speech. We put our feet forward alternately, and stuck out our hands, and took them suddenly back again, and grunted, and sing-songed, and shouted in a manner that would probably delight the lovers of melodrama, but the irascible orator before whom we performed gave us neither praise nor respite. Day after day, despite our severe efforts, we "got no better fast," while other boys, not more advanced in general studies, by the conventional psalmody in which they recited "My name is Norval," and "Collins' Ode to the Passions," and "Hohenlinden," were enabled to go home and gladden the hearts of loving parents with the assurance that their darlings were to be broods of Ciceros, and Demosthenes, Talmas or Keans.

The performances at the church were all given in due course, except that Alexander, though conqueror of the world, occupied so small a space in it that he could not be found, and the Thracian plunderer, true to his habits, had no doubt been induced to "cave in," especially for this occasion. However much, if dramatically inclined, they might have coveted sidereal distinction, they preferred the cider real at Mason's, and would not have exchanged the juice of apples to obtain the same skill in rhetoric which Appelles had in painting. Your lovers of French may suggest that I should be pummelled for these outrages on etymology, but let me say that having boasted of my capacity to make the worst puns, I leave those last efforts for the competition of diners out, funny men, and writers of burlesques. The dereliction of poor Charley and myself resulted in our being well flagellated the following day, but the "generous public" were spared an infliction similar to that which I suffered when I saw Macready in "Hamlet," or Vandenhoff as "Cato."

All this is a most unwarrantable digression, and so "Let us return to our subject."

Well, in our vacation we were accustomed to visit a quiet spot in the eastern part of Long Island, called Bridgehampton. To reach that El Dorado, we took passage on board a fleet sloop that "belonged" to Sag Harbor, the "Flash," perhaps, or the "Champion." On the day appointed for our departure, we "might be seen"—two of us—one at each end, bearing along a venerable trunk, which contained, beside our apparel, immense quantities of lines and hooks, bobs and sinkers, a brown paper parcel of flints, considerable powder, and abundance of shot. We transported, also, a shooting-iron, made no doubt in the eighteenth century, a single-barrelled, smooth-bored weapon, which our worthy "Governor" declared to be the greatest "piece" ever constructed, for reasons which I am ashamed to say I have entirely forgotten, although they were always stated, and that was not seldom, with fervor and force, equal to what we discover in the torrid speeches of the valiant gentlemen who about these times are furiously urging men into the torrent of blood and fire, carefully keeping their own precious persons far beyond its reach.

The starting of a sloop from Peck slip was an important event in those days, when eight hundred tons was large measurement for a first class merchant ship, before the wheels of the "Sirius" had vexed the waters of our bay—while yet the word "clipper" had no connection with naval architecture, except as applied to a species of Baltimore schooner—and when a prophecy of "Baltics," "Asias," or "Great Easterns," would have consigned the augur to a lunatic asylum. There was always one big cask to be waited for, which reached the wharf on the truck of a lurid and perspiring cartman, just at the moment when the steward, suddenly recollecting that there was no oil for the binnacle lamp, was running along South street to purchase the required fluid. He returned while the crew, consisting of a colored man and a cabin boy, were helping the cook in getting up the broad white mainsail, during which process the passengers were sent below, all but "us two boys," who, despite the supreme command of the captain, were all the time getting in everybody's way, stumbling over blocks, tripping among confused ropes, knocking our heads against the boom, or having our persons flapped by the folds of the lazily ascending canvas. The passengers were, perhaps: First. Some old maid, with a flaming calico dress, immense sugar-scoop hat, satchel ever containing a twenty-five cent pound cake, a reticule perfumed with a smelling bottle, a parasol of green or blue, decorated with a very long fringe, and a band-box covered with wall paper.

Second. An old and taciturn individual, with a faded brown coat and churn reversed beaver, who carried in his pocket a lunch of bread and cheese in very greasy brown paper—a sagacious person who, every summer, went to board in a farm-house, resolving, as I heard him say, to measure the compensation of his host by the price of grain, always paying "a bushel of wheat a week." He belonged to that large class of theorists whose whole life is made conformable to some maxim ever ready on his lips for the delight of all hearers. He would no more "give up" in an argument than the sea will its dead, and perhaps he wouldn't even when the ocean makes its final surrender. He hated all new-fangled notions, and was firmly convinced that the increasing evils of society were attributable to the disuse of horse-boats and the importation of French wines.

Third. A pale and patient young man, just arrived at maturity, whose story is that of hundreds reared along our extensive coast. He followed the plough on his father's farm, and went after the cattle, and fed the pigs, and caressed the long-bodied, short-legged, useless dog of the household until the voice of the sea won his heart, and he went "on a whaling voyage" to encounter the perils of the deep, to follow the stricken whale in its mad rush from death, at last to be sent home with the cureless cough and the glittering eye—home to the scenes of his birth, soon to reveal by an additional hillock in the little graveyard near by that his brief career terminated in a premature death. It generally happened that some one on board could play the fiddle, although the airs selected by the performer were usually of a solemn character, and when heard in the darkness and quiet of the summer evening, were suggestive only of melancholy, or the humming stillness of a country church on a hot day just before the preacher has commenced his sermon, and just after that long-legged fisherman with boots creaking as he advances like a boom in a calm, has deposited himself in a pew, and laid his chin on its rim, looking at the minister as if he were peering over the "cat-head" of his vessel in a keen look-out for squalls or sharks.

The goodly sloop that bore us being now free of the shore, the jib and mainsail, set taught and taunt, away we flew with favoring wind and tide past the receding docks which seemed to us to be moving as we flitted rapidly by. Here we go, and here's what the boatmen always called, and always will call, the "pint" of the hook, at the foot of Grand street, where the tide runs so like a "mill race"—the spot where years afterward our good old friend, Charley Griffin, kept his hospitable tavern—where my dear friend the "Doctor," and Harry, and "the Counsellor," and many others, including poor Jack Freeborn, and Bill S——, and Sammy T——, and myself embarked many and many a time "in the days when we went gipsying." The love and the blessings of memory, may they rest forever on those pleasant days!—the days of the Hurl Gate Pilot Boat "Hornet," and our friend Bill Skidmore, one of the pilots thereof, who was swallowed by the devouring sea "long, long ago"—the days of the "Wakona," and "Pearl," and "Sempronia"—of Riker's Island, "Peter the Patriarch," milk punch in "Shady Grotto"—song and story, and endless mirth. Your friend "Major" Brown, of the City Hall, who has been so long engaged converting aliens into citizens that one look of his black eye at a Schweitzenhainer brings out the stars and stripes on Meinherr's vest—the Major can tell you all about Charley Griffin and his beautiful row boats, one of which was so felicitously called the "Grass Plot" and another the "Hay Mow." The Major can tell you how one Saturday night he found on Charley's shelf a huge hat supposed to have been used for a sign, in which the Major extinguished his curly locks for the amusement of the boys during a whole night, while the proprietor of the chapeau was off for Riker's Island, he and his comrades having taken the "first of the flood" for that region about 9 P. M. of a dark night, Charley Griffin not seeing but *feeling* them off, his voice being heard in the gloom loud above the flash of oars bidding them God speed, and "to keep well over to the Hog's Back." This was meant, my unaquatic reader, as an injunction in passing through Hell Gate to take such a course as would insure our safe passage free of the "Pot"—the ancient terror of navigators in that diabolically designated region.

Here we go all the time!—past the Old Alms House, the buoy in the middle of the bay, the Canoe rocks off Blackwell's Island, the shot tower rearing its tall form at this day over thickly populated streets, then the white decoration of a rural landscape; past the prisons and hospitals, the lonely border spots on the "Narrows" where the aristocracy of old New York sought shade and sport in former times; past Hallett's Cove and Flood Rock, the Frying Pan, Hog's Back and Pot aforesaid; past Nigger Point and Ward's Island, and between the brace of lovely islands called The Brothers; away on the rapid tide, with increasing wind, until Riker's, and White Stone, and Throgg's Point are all behind us, Sand's Point on our starboard bow, and then out into the middle of the Sound, running eastward some good nine knots or more. The sun is hidden in the west, a glow of ruby tinges the scene of his repose, the last of daylight fades away, the long shadows of evening hide the shore, the night has come, the stars are out, the breeze freshening all the while, and silence, meet companion of the time, steals upon every tongue and folds its wings over every heart. The men forward in the coil of the cable talk over the self-same topics which have been discussed so often, a word or two coming off now and then upon the night wind, and seeming to increase rather than diminish the loneliness. We are assembled on the quarter deck. The captain at length breaks the hush, and a conversation begins in which the maiden is monosyllabic and shrill, the economical traveller dogmatic, the sick young man thoughtful, while my companion and I, in close contact by the windward rail, feel as if all passing around us were a dream, and whisper of our hopes that we may have a smooth sea and a flowing sheet until we get to "The Harbor." It is reached at last. Grim and green old hulls lie at the wharves or a little off shore, neglected veterans of the deep which, after many a year of service, are now condemned to ignoble and eternal repose, the worms digging cells in their timbers, the barnacles fattening on their flanks, the black fish polishing their noses against the keelson, and the rats organizing undisturbed communities among their timbers. Out in the stream are two whalers just ready for sea, marked contrasts to the perishing old relics just described.

Even now the crew are heaving the capstan, the anchor is slowly ascending from its sandy bed, the sails are dropped from the yards, the red shirted hands clamber nimbly over the shrouds, or cluster in the tops, and in a very short time she will be off with many an adventurous young heart in her, away out perhaps in the Arctic seas, to be gone until so many months have elapsed that when Ichabod returns he will find Maggie transformed from a "gal" of fifteen into a "young lady," "keeping company" with a six foot male, who regularly sees her to and from church, husking bees, and beach frolics. The shore is populous with whaling men of all sizes and complexions, among whom I no doubt saw, without at the time knowing his poetical power or fame, the author of those exquisite lines which once gladdened my ear in the harbor of Leghorn, when my friend and I, from sheer love of home, were making an American lunch of tomato salad, with cognac and *aquapura*. They were chaunted by the crew of a good brig from Boston:

"My true love is a sail-yer,
And his name is Billy Tail-yer
And he went to sea in a whale-yer
All for the love of mee-ee-ee.
"Oh, if I had her, &c., &c.

"My true love she is tall,
But she is Small withall,
And Pride must have a fall,
And that's what pleases me-ee-ee.
"Oh, if I had her, &c., &c."

The atmosphere of Sag Harbor then was, now is, and perhaps ever will be redolent of oil, whalebone, tar, turpentine, sea-breeze, canvas and old rope, flavored with a delicate infusion of fish. Two prominent tavern keepers entertained the place. Each was named Fordham. There was one enterprising citizen, whose name, if I recollect aright, was Nathan Tinker. He drove stage, kept a livery stable, had an extensive undertaker's establishment, read all the news, informed himself thoroughly of every public and private event, had the characteristic which belongs to every Yankee—that is, he was "a sincere inquirer after truth"—and is supposed to have been the very man who being asked, "Why is it that you Yankees always answer one question by asking another?" replied, "Do *we?*" I am afraid that the worthy man has long since been gathered to his fathers, and hope that some of his posterity, inheriting all his usefulness, may be near that same Sag Harbor, which has of late (they say) grown to be a populous and handsome town, graced with all modern embellishments, including real generals, rival editors, many "leading politicians," who, like our own, lead often in opposite directions, but always know the road that leads to preferment; including, also, belles, pianofortes and music books, containing authentic portraits of Brignoli, Gottschalk, and all Cel. Pipes' songs, from "The Moon on the Lake" to "Do they Think of Me at Home?" I'll bet a trifle, although the Colonel is so careful about keeping his profiles and portraits from the reach of the outer world, that there is one view of him in some corner of Sag Harbor, adding to the graces of a photographic album.

Well, we obtained a carriage from Mr. Tinker, with a driver whose only expressions consisted of an invitation to his horses to "g'lang," assisted by a compound of whistle and hiccup like this, "kyuck," and an occasional nasal ejaculation when questions were asked.

He walked us through the sand, and out of the town, and over the bridge which crossed the rapid and red-bottomed ford, and into the cool woods, and out of them where Lawyer Rose resided, at Bull's Head, obliquely opposite the quiet old town—good brother Rose, of large intellect and big heart, whom our friend Recorder Tallmadge knew and loved so well—the hospitable and jolly Rose, who made all his neighborhood a garden—Rose, with his merry soul and faithful hounds, ready for polemics, or the chase, law, logic, court, field, thicket, swamp, or salon. And now, farewell Bull's Head, as we enter the wide avenue leading to the beach, travelling a road flanked on each side with dwarf-trees, past the snug farm-houses by the wayside, the invigorating breath of ocean kissing a hearty welcome on our cheeks, and his sonorous voice informing the hollow shore of our arrival, until we forget him altogether on reaching the well-known corn crib, the wood pile, the apoplectic dog, the orchard, the cottage with its neat little garden circled in the embrace of a white picket fence, and best, brightest, and most delightful of all, the good folks themselves, their healthy faces lighting up the doorway, not a few youngsters clustering around their feet as they hurry to help us from the wagon, and lift out the old trunk, and carefully deposit the valuable shooting-iron in a secure corner, and then give us a cheerful summons into the house, the grateful tones of which are in my ear even as I write these lines.

"Youngsters!" eh. What do Mary and Helen think of that? Each of them has grown up to be a woman, and each has a husband—her own *exclusively*, for the men don't reside in town, and were educated in the country—husbands so big, no doubt, that if they were to catch an aspiring individual making fashionable love to their "property," the sentimental poacher would feel like Jack, in the story, when he first beheld the Giant Ogre.

My dear Mr. Editor, let me pause until I find time for No. 2 of "Vacation." Here I am like

"Galgano in the empty town."

Give my love to the "Army of Occupation" at Long Branch, for whom expect some special words in my next. Peter B—— will recognize portions of my little sketch. Ask him about Tom, and crossing from Sag Harbor to New London, and the rough sea, and its effect upon a most estimable Quaker lady for whom Tom prescribed with a miraculous consequence. Charles Lamb tells us of a fully developed muscular "Friend" who, amidst the stillness of a Quaker meeting, rose and announced in a *basso profundi* tone that he had been a "wag" in his youth. To think that Peter and I should have seen what perhaps never was beheld before, and has never been known since, a Quakeress—intoxicated. What of the incongruous can equal that? Would Wendell Phillips seem more out of place if he were President?

[Written for the Leader.]

Literary Feuilleton.

BY ADA CLARE.

"NEW GYMNASTICS."—*Dio. Lewis, M. D.*

Once upon a time it was considered to be almost immoral for a woman to be healthy. The worn woman, with thin lips and wrinkled skin, with one or two organic diseases, was the ideal of feminine virtue and the woman after the moralists own heart. For a married woman to be well, and what was still worse—happy, was a dark sign indeed. But for a number of years a great change has been going on in the public standard. Organic disease has ceased to be cherished by sentiment, the heroine of romance no more wears the hectic flush, and the perforated lung is no longer admired in the female bosom.

I believe that when women become generally healthy that brutal husbands will be much rarer than they are now; for what is more adapted to stimulate all the worst impulses of a bad man, than union to a miserable, pining, ill woman. None but the highest order of men can be intimately associated with a sick woman without despising her.

This book contains a simple, beautiful theory, for developing elasticity, suppleness, accuracy, courage, dash, presence of mind, and strength in so much as these qualities express it. To set every muscle and sinew free, as it were, and round the whole physical life off into perfect harmony are its objects, not the mere ridiculous lifting of weights and performance of the ring-man's tricks.

After carefully reading the book through, I have come to the conclusion that the spirometer is the thing for me. It is a system of scientific blowing, and as I have noticed that "blowing," in the exact meaning of that slang phrase, is the most successful thing in everyday life, I am going to devote myself to it in gymnastics.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

This periodical has the great merit of encouraging characteristic writers. It is not afraid of originality. That is a virtue which covers a multitude of faults.

This number contains a continuation of a story called "Mr. Axtell," which might for its incomprehensibility have been propounded by the Egyptian sphynx. It rambles along in a stream of meaningless words, and if there is an idea behind them, they devote themselves to concealing it with a faithfulness that is rare in these days. I have used the word rambling, but it is hardly suitable to the style—it rather jumps along like the grasshopper in a series of spasmodic hops, seeming to make an effort in these jerks which is entirely disproportioned to the importance of its course.

As a specimen of the depth and dignity of its sentiments, I extract the following: "I heard the moving sound of many feet, and then I knew that they were carrying her out, out of the house where she had lived, out of the house wherein she had died, carrying her forth for burial—forth to the grave her only son had made for her; and I, little, shivering, cowardly soul, had my face in my hands, and let my tears fall—not because I knew this proud lady dead—not because a fibre from my warm heart was being drawn out to be knotted into that fathom-deep grave, for it never would be out of my graves—but because this death and sorrow *were in the world*, and I must live my life out in a world *with them*."

It is equal to the grief of the miller's wife, who was found by the partner of her bosom's woes, weeping beside a running stream, and who, on being questioned, replied, through her sobs, that she wept to think if she had had a child, and it had gone down to this stream, had fallen in and been drowned, how dreadful it would have been.

The lady who writes "David Gaunt" has a great talent, but she is too fond of burying it, in verbalisms. Too many words always spoil a thought, and one would think that the world of imagination was wide enough for a brilliant mind like hers, without advancing on the ugly slaughs of politics.

Of late there has been a school of story-writers, who, dazzled by the success of Harriet Prescott, have all chosen the walks of eccentricity. But that lady, in all her eccentricity was always as clear as the noonday; underneath her exuberance of language there was always a thought struggling to make itself known through them, and for which there were no words vivid enough. She was different in style from others, because she was so much above them.

A "Complaint of Friends" is a most sprightly and amusing essay, and one of the best, if not the best article in this number.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—The September number of this popular magazine contains, among other valuable matter, an admirable article on Iron-clad Vessels, illustrated with several fine engravings; the conclusion of Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip;" the second number of "Romola," a powerful story by Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede;" four new chapters of Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm;" an interesting paper on "Carlyle's Frederic the Great," by Dr. A. H. Guernsey; a story by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, author of "The Morgesons;" a biographical notice of Professor Silliman, by Dr. James Wynne; the continuation of Miss Mulock's household story of "Mistress and Maid;" an original poem, entitled "Seadrift," by T. B. Aldrick, another by Mr. N. G. Shepherd, entitled "The Carte de Visite;" and a paper on "The Language and Poetry of Smoke," by Mr. Frank H. Norton.

We doubt whether so great a variety of valuable and entertaining matter as is furnished by *Harper*, from month to month, can be found in any other magazine in the world. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that, even in times like the present, its circulation is steadily on the increase; and that, notwithstanding the large amount expended on it for literary and artistic contributions, it continues to be the most profitable publication of its kind either in this country or in England.

One of the most graceful contributions to the present number is the poem by Mr. Shepherd, who has written several charming poems for THE LEADER. We copy it entire:

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

"'Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said;
"Our Colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle-ball—
A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they:
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face;
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace;
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in a porch, where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine vine,
Spilling itself like golden wine,
And flecking the door-way with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer heat;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized our colors, and then
He too fell dead on the self-same spot.

"A handsome boy was this last, his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name? have you never heard?
Where was he from, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it? tell!"
"Our regiment?—it was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes, and said,
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered; "not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came;
As God is above, I speak the truth!

"But when we buried our dead that night
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half sad, half wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

N. D. SHEPHERD.

THE LAST DITCH.—The *Continental Monthly* has discovered the kind of ditch in which the rebels propose to die. The authority given is one William Shakespeare; the passage is put into the mouth of the repentant traitor, *Enobarbus*, in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul best fits
My latter part of life.

[Written for the Leader.]

THE BATTLE.

Steeped in warm mists the drowsy landscape lay;
Up rose the blue hills far toward the right;
By tufted woodlands, flooded with rich light,
The gleaming river wound its sinuous way.

Crowning the uplands stood the shimmering corn,
Gold-tasselled in the crimson orient's glow;
And ripe grain swaying in the vale below,
Drunk with the sweet breath of the regal morn.

Beyond the stream, beneath the morning star,
White tents shone in the sun like snow-clad peaks;
And through the air, in hazy purple streaks,
The smoke of smouldering camp-fires floated far.

From heat to heat the day increased, till noon,
Breathing fierce fire, had climbed the sultry sky,
Casting his burning glances from on high,
Till drooping Nature seemed to shrink and swoon.

All silent lay the plain: the slum'brous trees
Hung heavily their leafy branches low;
The shining river ceased its languid flow,
Unruffled by the breath of any breeze.

No cattle lowed, nor bird nor insect sung;
All sounds suffused were in the heat and light;
Faint, glimmering, far, a quivering arc of white,
Self poised beneath the blue, the wild hawk hung.

Like a huge snake, dragging his sinewy length
Far over hill and dale, the stout foe came,
With banners glinting like red tongues of flame,
Bristling with steel through all his column's strength.

And like a shadow on the turnpike's way,
Breathless with hurrying haste, to quicker speed
The eager horseman urged his reeking steed,
All splashed with foam to where the white camp lay,

While far and wide, with shrilly, murderous sound,
The woods, beyond, from slumbering silence woke
To noise of musketry, and puff of smoke
Curled in blue rings behind a rise of ground.

And through the camp the windy bugle blew,
And all was noise and stir, and drums were beat;
To left and right, on fiery coursers fleet,
Along the lines the flitting couriers flew.

One swift hour passed—and blotting out the plain,
Grim, dark and heavy hung the battle's cloud,
And pealed the cannon's thunder long and loud,
Drowning the wounded soldier's groan of pain.

Only at distant intervals were seen
Through the dense veil that shrouded all below,
Swift-footed squadrons charging on the foe,
And moving columns with great gaps between.

Till further on the tide of battle rolled,
And fainter grew the tumult of the fray,
And the last lingering echoes died away,
When all the west was flushed with sunset gold.

And lo! a sudden tremor smote the trees
That crowned the slope, and into ribbands torn,
From off the scene the cloud of war was born,
Uplifted on the shoulders of the breeze.

And naked to the sight the darkling plain
Lay wrapped in death-like stillness far below,
With all its ripening harvests trampled low,
And littered with the corses of the slain.

Then the sad Night, a mourner from her birth,
In funeral garments from the hill-tops came,
And blowing out the sunset's rosy flame,
Flung her dark arms about the bleeding earth.

N. G. SHEPHERD.

RICHARD ANDRESEN:

MAN, AND LOVER.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

Courageous, expert, hardy, it seemed as if the change of Andresen's place from shore-service to sea-life, must have been effected by a deeper necessity than the master of the brig was aware of, when, to supply a vacancy suddenly occasioned by the sickness of one of his crew, his eyes lighted on the lad with whose face he was familiar, of whom he had taken frequent notice, in his dealings with the wharf and fishermen.

The lad was ten years old at the time of this election, and his dealings henceforth were to be with men. Thus, in a moment, the grave desire of a child, the expectation trusted to remote years for realization, was accomplished.

The lad, Richard, left his mother and sister at an hour's warning; and the gentle influence which comes to childhood from daily association with natures involved in common need, and trial, and affliction, seemed to be for him no more. Any one might have congratulated him on the change, and yet it was home he left behind him, when the brig sailed from the harbor. Mother and sister from whom he was separated.

He was but ten years old, the youngest of many children, all of whom, except these two, the first and the last born, were dead. There was the difference of fifteen years of hardship between Richard and Clementine Andresen.

Feeble in health, worn out by labors which were never dropped for any allay of the dreadful fever that consumed her youth, the girl, in reason, could but anticipate the grave. While Richard henceforth went roving up and down the seas, to grow in fitness for command as year by year went on, his mother and Clementine must pursue their noiseless labors, in their obscure path, till at last, whelmed in the destiny of death, they should surrender.

Too vast was this great world for the poor women.

Smile not, brave young poet, aspiring towards the "infinite"—wonder not, happy lovers, whose hearth-light is the glowing of a wall of fire that shuts away the world.

They could by no means comprehend so as to use their condition. In twenty years there came no romance out of the beggarly elements of their lives, wherewith to gild their poverty. They were too poor in love to make of such material the garb to glorify their natures, and put the world's contempt to shame. Around their squalid home no flower had bloomed—the dust of the street enveloped them. To them the sea was drear and blank, and the land inhospitable. For them there was no beauty in the weeds of the sea and shore. It is the trained eye that discovers the secret haunts of beauty. The starved sense is not nice. Not every one that looks will discover Clyte in the Sunflower.

For them the clouds dropped no fatness—no promise was in the winds. Impoverished were the elements that dealt with them. Unrelieved by any gleam of glory was the darkness of their lot, while Richard, half-clad and half-starved, ran along towards his tenth year.

I should, indeed, discern occasion to pause here at this point, in shuddering sympathy with any gentle heart, feeling for facts as well as for record responsible, but for this sudden election of the lad, this event that springs from the dull hopelessness of their condition; giving a certain splendor to its gloom, as sometimes at close of a day of unrelieved sadness and threatening, long lines of golden light will stretch around the horizon, and the dispersed, far-reaching rays, send into glorified relief the sombre sky, showing that there was light and depth, and grim variation, in what seemed blank monotony.

When Richard returned from his first voyage, and dashed in, from the comparative freedom of his condition, through the drear constraint of theirs, the possibility of their lots' enlivenment seemed to be put to proof.

Full of anxiety he came. Rich with his earnings, but uncertain in regard to hope; for he had been gone two years, and had heard, in that time, no word from home.

You will understand the emotion with which, lifting up the latch of the door he had closed behind him with uncontrollable grief when he went away, he found his mother and Clementine sitting where he left them. You know how eagerly his eyes searched the faces he loved. That his joy did not instantly find loud expression; that the old mud walls did not at once resound with his singing and laughter; that when he gave his earnings to his mother, triumph was not most obvious in the grace of the act.

But Richard's heart, next morning, was lighter than it had ever been before. On the whole, he had greatly thriven by his rough fare and labor. And he seemed to have supposed that those left behind him had done likewise. To find them housed in cold, and gloom, and cheerlessness, pale, toiling, anxious, he had hardly expected this; and the reality grieved him.

With the experiences of this return, Richard seemed to rise to "newness of life." He had been with men whose business was to combat with stubborn elements, or to use them. He was not dismayed by difficulty. He allowed himself no rest till he had found a more cheerful neighborhood for his mother's home—change, at least, was possible, and it should profit her.

All growing, blossoming, fragrant things had a new value to the lad since his wandering among the grim splendors of the great deep. He enticed poor Clementine out under the green trees; he sowed flower-seeds in boxes, and she promised to care for them. And he planted a hop-vine and a sweet brier against the wall of the new house, and said, that when far away, he should still see the growing branches, and the bloom, through all the darkness of distance, and the winds would bring him knowledge of their fragrance.

Of all that could have befallen these people, the best thing possible was this return of Richard. No manner of prosperity could have been so good for them as this growth and revelation of love; and, I might say, no form of prosperity would have been to them more novel. Possibly, had the boy grown up to manhood under his mother's roof, there had been no hint from him of flower-blooming, or house-ornamentation. Other influences than theirs had developed him, in directions unforeseen.

His heart and theirs, warmed and invigorated by the new aspect existence had assumed, all his sea-experiences stood out in the fresh, fine light. He sang his sailor songs, and whistled about the house, and his influence seemed powerful almost to raise the women from the deadness of their poverty.

He was expecting, poor fellow, with the audacity of youth, expecting more of them than they knew how to give. They could not perceive his needs.

He had known during his voyage moments of freedom from all care; such moments as never in their waking had blessed these toilsome women. He had endured hardships, but nothing like theirs of monotonous continuance. And, besides, his toil had been enlivened by ambitious desire to please—manly pride sustained him; the approbation due to daring had not been withheld. But in all their lives who had praised these women? Indeed, wherefore praise?

Not lightly, looking on his mother's gray hair and furrowed face, her attenuated figure bent with years of toil; not lightly, looking on pale Clementine's joyless state, could he say, "Well, mother, only wait a little while! You shall forget all this—do you see!" And gravely he would strive that she *might* see; explaining his duties and rewards, and pointing onward to the time when surely he should have a brig under command, and then no end to riches. Ay, let youth comfort age, and strength sustain infirmity!

But she listened, poor old creature, as the aged may to fairy tales, with a smile on her lips, indeed (for the tender sound of a loving voice), and a tide of tears, that was endless, though unseen; endless, unless God should wipe them away.

To please Richard—not because the effect of his words was resistless—to please him, the women did consent to hope. They actually smiled for the sake of such comfort as he was able to afford them; from out the great granary his hands could gather these few grains! oh, from the unending feasting these few crumbs!

They smiled with the lad, knowing well that years must pass before his prophecies would be realized, and neither of them said, "what he expects will happen when we are lying in our graves so low, so fast asleep, we could not hear the loudest shout of victory."

Yet, when Richard had sailed again, they went about in their obscure ways with footsteps a little lightened, and faces brightened somewhat. They talked of "Richard" in their Sunday rest and in their weekday toil. They were mindful of hop vine and sweet brier; they were careful of the flowers that flourished in the boxes.

Sometimes, for Richard's sake, they went down to the beach, and looked at the vessels that came into or sailed out of port. For his sake they took good care of themselves, and were thoughtful of each other; and Death, who is never far away from any one of us, veiled the features they would have grieved to see, though nothing but kindness had he in store for them. Veiled he drew near, and he would lull them to a sweeter sleep than life had ever sung them.

No miracle was wrought for them. Gray hair was not turned to brown, their pale faces did not bloom; yet for their eyes some brightness was reserved. Their voices became cheerful, their steps even elastic, because of Richard.

Thus, with light in their horizon, the day closed. With something of the great and awful sounds of the sea in their brain and heart, working melody, one after another, the oldest first, as was just and well, Richard's mother, and Clementine, fell asleep.

This happened while the lad was on his

fourth voyage. When he returned to the old house, whose walls of mud were lined and stuffed with moss, it was full of deathly horror to him. He found strangers there; from them he learned the dismal story.

He was ready for sea again—for cold, toil, storm, disease—for solitude and silence, when in place of the tender care he would have lavished on the living, he had honored the dead, by a stone over their graves.

Yet, as time went on, the youth was able to reckon other treasure as his own than the graves of his native village, his home recollections, and the earnings, to which each voyage he added.

In the neighborhood of his old home, in the vicinity of that place where once, though far away at sea in the midst of tempest, his eyes could discern the hearth-firelight, and the faces of those who held him dear, a younger figure and a fresher face arose to shine for him, as above this earth the stars shine.

He had returned from his first voyage after his mother's death and the death of Clementine without longing, without joy, when, by a seeming accident, though by an eternal decree, doubtless, the sailor and the daughter of the pilot came to look in each other's face with the confidence of love. Good report of the brave lad may have stirred the girl's ambition—his desolation may have moved her heart; or by some divine illumination they saw the signs they knew, and without counsel of friend or neighbor, or device of any, learned to love the voice they heard, and to know the tone by which it might be identified, in whatsoever harmony of life, as passing all other in sweetness and value.

In some such manner as this the pilot's daughter had lived, up to the time when Richard Andresen came to dwell among her thoughts. In familiarity with the varied aspects of the mariner's life, daring exploits, hardships and disaster, her eye was accustomed to the scenery, and her heart knew the signs of tempest and fair weather. With the children of the neighborhood she had frolicked on the sandy beach and watched the tide come in. Sea-shells were her treasures. She dreamed of mermaids and mermen—she had seen a water-spout. As well as any fishwoman she knew the value of the finny treasure brought home for market by the old fishermen. Often had she gone out with her father, the pilot, gray-haired Harry Austin, to conduct a vessel into port. She loved the bounding motion of the boat. She really knew no fear.

When Richard Andresen went away and left her behind him, there was a smile of triumph on his face; but for her, tears marked the separation.

Remote from her, his fancy saw fair Ellen in far other circumstances than those by which memory had surrounded his mother and sister while they were yet alive. No experience had she of such things as formed the base of all his recollections. Between them all was fair; before them all was bright.

Thus Richard went to sea once more, leaving behind him treasure. He returned to duties which had power to engross him, but with fidelity his vows would be kept.

And Life betrayed his hopes, as Death had done. When he returned, impatient, eager, secure in hope as though he held in his hand the destiny of others, or even his own destiny, the gray old pilot, Harry Austin, did not come on board to guide the vessel into port.

A new man was in his place, and when questioned by the master of the brig, this was his report: Old Harry had been dead two years, and he died suddenly—was killed by accident—the victim of a street brawl. He was going up the street—it was near the University—when he fell in with a lot of wild students, and was mixed up in their quarrel, and a pistol shot tore through his heart.

One and all the sailors heard this story, while the brig slowly moved toward Port Nelson. Richard Andresen heard it without a word of comment, while others lamented the jolly old fellow they should see no more, and swore it had spoiled their coming home to hear such news of him. He was thinking of Ellen, and remembered that her father had smiled on his suit. He knew what he must do.

Having performed what service was required of him on shipboard, he went ashore to find his Ellen.

Long he might look for her. Not on the dock, where she promised to be; not in the old home, or graveyard, nor in any place to which the sailor's eager heart might go in quest of Ellen would he find her. Void was the result of all his seeking. There was no trace left of Ellen on this earth, that he could find.

That he should quit a shore so treacherous, first in command of the brig, was hardly an occasion of rejoicing. If he went with bitter cursing, the heart of flesh turned to a heart of stone, shall you or I reproach him?

Except for filial pride's sake, Andresen would not have sailed from that familiar port the master of the brig. But he had prophesied to his mother; and was she not in Heaven?

He returned, therefore, to his duties, with the stern purpose of a courageous will, enlivened by no prospect in the distance—no light from remote shores—no inward light.

So back and forth, for half a dozen years. A man without youth in his heart; a man renowned for courage, skill, and trustfulness; a man deemed just and honorable. But scanty were the smiles that lit his face. He did not move his men to jollity. Under him they learned their business well; but none because of him grew light of heart or rich in expectation.

You have the sombre vision: a stony-hearted will, unpromising as a bald rock that rises from the waves; no place for flower-growing; no bird brought hither seed from any inland garden; nor shrub, nor living plant smiled under the salt-water baptism. Now and then the waves cast sea-weed on the crags; they blackened in the sun that dried them. One skillful to discern might have suggested that fossil remains of ancient organisms might be found in the glistening granite. But Hugh Miller is not born once in a thousand years.

You have the visible sign: a man whom wary speculators would choose to trust with costliest cargo; whom timid men would sail with; whom young sailors might prize for a master, if advancement was their wish. A man of few words, they sternly to the purpose. His hair early turned to gray; his eyes seemed void of trust. A cold, self-centred man, as we find the explication.

How proud of such a son, the widow of Port Nelson, who lies under the little slate stone in a forgotten corner! How brave in such a brother, poor Clementine, who faded out of your gay world without apprehending aught of all your joy, ye who have the fair faces and the tender hearts of women!

It was now nearly ten years since he parted from Ellen Austin; and he never came in sight of the spires of Port Nelson—never waited for the coming of the pilot, but he recalled her fairest form, and the voice so tremulous with love, and the grief of separation, when she said, "I shall be here to meet you, Richard, when you come." And the stout, hard man, as some might deem him, would turn quickly in his path at the sight of a young face or the sound of a young voice. Yet these should never again beguile him, though he lived to second childhood!

One autumn, Andresen took out with him a passenger; the ship was bound for Spain, and thither this gentleman was going, in search of health. Not rarely on his Southern voyages was the Captain thus attended.

He did not see the person for whom passage was taken until the morning of the day which he had advertised for sailing. A friend secured his passage, and he came on board at the last moment.

Oswald Conway was this person's name. A man of some consequence, by the note taken of his departure. He was attended to the dock by many friends, and from the shore others hailed him. Andresen might have perceived, had he cared to do so, that a sense of obligation almost oppressive, rested on this company. With cheerfulness and courage they would bless this young man from their midst.

But the Captain had his own duties to attend to, and, moreover, any sign of feebleness or frailty was as distasteful to him as the vision of any special human joy, prosperity, or ambition, would have been. Evidently he would see as little of this personage as possible. Not to him would the pale face be indebted for any after bloom; or the languid form for any future vigor.

Conway seemed indifferent to this; he was apparently as careless of the master of the vessel as Andresen could be of him.

Yet, after their own fashion, these men were speculating, each in regard to the other, with a degree of interest that could not be effectless, light though they made of it.

The passenger was one day put to a test that was sufficient to prove every man on board the brig. A sudden gale beset the vessel, and threatened to destroy it. Conway's courage and spirit as now manifested won the Captain's admiration and approval, and he said, when all things were restored once more to order:

"You're not the man I took you for, sir."

At which the passenger bowed, seeming not especially elated by the gruff compliment.

Gradually, but with cheerless deliberation that spoke not well for the influences which had controlled their past lives, something like friendly courtesy was established between these persons. Andresen found that the invalid had a hardihood and courage that at least equalled his own; and his curiosity then quickened, till he began to question.

They were natives of the same country, perhaps of the same seaport. And possibly—but here the Captain desisted, and would speculate no further. The pilot of Port Nelson was surely dead and buried; and Ellen Austin also, so far as concerned him. Still, there were moments on the Captain's hands when he grew weary of himself, and he gave them to the passenger. The passenger might well congratulate himself when Andresen's advances took the form of service for the comfort of an invalid.

Slowly, but with certainty, they advanced toward the ground where they might safely pause, where one would speak, the other listen, to strange and grave experiences.

Conway's much thinking and his loneliness amidst these novel scenes of ocean life, had affected him unfavorably, and the change from reverie to speech seemed like an impulse toward self-preservation, by the ardor with which he yielded to it.

One day he addressed the Captain:

"My dear sir, you lead the freest life a man can live. Do you know how much I envy you?"

"Ay!" was the answer. "There's health in it, and satisfaction, too. These winds are friendly on the whole, though cruelly cold sometimes. Enough to cut *you* in two."

"I have seen worse gales on shore, though."

"Ay," said the Captain again. He asked no questions; yet, it was evident, did not perceive Conway's meaning.

"I thought you understood," said Oswald, not without embarrassment, yet with firm decision. "Has not your conduct towards me, ever since I came on board, been influenced by—by—have you not recently felt something like pity taking the place of prejudice?"

"I do not understand you," said Andresen, and there was nothing forbidding in his tone of voice; on the contrary, it seemed to invite speech.

"No matter, then," said Oswald; yet after a few minutes he continued:

"Do you know how you console me? Because you are so strong, I believe. It is an encouragement to be near you. You seem equal to any daring or endurance. I feel safe with you. It does not seem to me we meet like ordinary men—to be done with each other when the voyage is done. You will bear me witness, I can be cool enough in danger. A man must have looked hard fortune in the face to be able to endure any fate without flinching. I am that man. Are you really in the dark about your passenger? Sit down till I tell you."

Now, for some reason, Captain Andresen did not appear at all inclined to accept the invitation. But for the entreaty he heard in Conway's voice, he would have found urgent need of himself just then at the other end of the brig.

"Recollect," said he at length, "I do not mean to be uncivil; but I have not asked your confidence, except as master of this brig."

"That is well," said Conway. But it was not a question with him whether he should continue.

All that long summer day, save now and then when a duty called him, or diverted his attention, the Captain sat by the side of the passenger. Delicious was the breeze that carried them along. The sky and sea were glorious. They were borne on in a mystery. A more attentive listener this speaker could not have wished.

He had a tale to tell that in its prelude had a sound of romance to Andresen's ears. Of a childhood fair and joyful, dwelt on with few words, but they tuneful and sweet, and sufficient to convey to men of equal station and corresponding reminiscence all needed intimation.

The Captain, whose lot had been so different, could understand by force of his contrary experience, all this blessedness and beauty on which the young man dwelt. Evidently, Conway was afraid to make all he might make of his past—he could not endure its contrast with the present. Andresen could at least comprehend the signs. He saw the boy developing in the midst of elegant conditions, thoughtful, studious, and justified in his ambition. Nothing harsh or hard had entered into the circumstances of his lot. Protected, fostered into fairest growth, the young plant's business in this world was to please the eyes that loved it.

Andresen had read no romance; he was indebted to nothing beyond the very circumstances of this case for the powerful effect they had on his imagination, when Conway said, "I went from home to the university at an earlier age than is usual; my heart was the heart of a child, but my studies were those of a man."

Andresen's thoughts went back to the time when he also left his home, urged on while yet a child to the doing of a man's work, and he said:

"You were pushed into books—I into work; neither of us fit for what we had to do."

"But think of the difference between us!" exclaimed Conway. "You are thirty years of age, and are satisfied, I think, with the advancement you have made. As for me, I have not even myself to show, and that I should have, for the sake of others."

"Ay, for others—but for me, I am what I am, and I have what I have, for myself!" Was this boasting or defiance? Conway could not tell. Still, urged on by the impulse that made him open this conversation, he continued:

"I was a boy when I went to the University; barely sixteen. In three years I should graduate; and my choice of a profession was already made. I want you to observe—perhaps you may understand it—I cannot. In my second year at the University, a party of us were going from one of the buildings to another. We had been frolicking—drinking, too. Some of the fellows in advance disputed the walk with a party of sailors; fun turned to fury in the twinkling of an eye. And I killed a man—I killed a man. It was in the dark, and darkly done—yet an accident. I knew the poor fellow when the sailors drew the body under a street lamp. It was the old pilot, Harry Austin—you must have known him. He lived at the Port forty years. My youth saved my life—if you can suppose that I did not kill myself in killing that old man. I was not hung, to be sure. I have just passed through seven years' imprisonment, Captain Andresen."

The Captain said not one word in answer.

"You wonder that I tell this, when you would not of yourself find it out. The facts are too strong for me. I had rather die outright than get your friendship under false pretences. I was made for an honest man; not for a knave. I don't want favor. You understand. My mother died before this happened. Thanks to God for that! My father is alive yet; so is the lady I was to have married. For the sake of their faith in me, I wish to live; so I am going to Spain. I must have health and strength, with such a life to retrieve. On your next trip, I think, you will have the lady and my father for your passengers. We meet in Florence. Perhaps then we shall really all begin to live again; a pleasant thought for a man as proud as I was seven years ago. Well, sir, you understand me."

"Why did you tell me this?" asked the Captain, for Conway's explanation had escaped him, or was deemed insufficient. By an effort such as required all his self-control, he had held himself in quiet while Conway confessed; and the pity of the man firmly held all the impulses of judgment, or of vengeance.

"Why did you tell me this?" he asked; and his voice was not cruel, by so much as the lightest tone of cruelty, to the ear of the man who waited the Captain's comment.

"Because," he answered, "you were growing friendly. You speak plainly what you think." Drearily Andresen smiled at that. "And you are an honest man—not passionate and hot-headed, but just and generous. I like to believe so. I would not impose upon you; and as long as you were in ignorance, I was guilty of imposition. You are much acquainted with men—what do you think?—is it worth while for me to forget the past, and begin to live again? You look at me from your strong position of unbroken health and reputation."

"Yes," thought the Captain, "I see you, twice a murderer; you killed a man, you slew my hope." But he sprang from the bench, he stood up, he threw his arms behind him, clasped his hands, and there was no other evidence of the heart's spasm, and the moment's weakness.

"I think you will continue to live," said he. But now, as he looked at the frail wreck before him, life's certainty seemed lessened. Under any discipline of life, Oswald Conway must have worn out early; and what he had endured had ruined him.

"Yet, I think you will continue to live," said the Captain. "If there is a woman in the world so constant as the lady you speak of, you must live for her sake."

Anderson's voice was almost gentle in speaking these words. By this evidence of fidelity, his love was justified. In years of savage solitude, he had felt the need of justification. He had *not* been guilty of the blank folly of which he stood self-accused, when he trusted another—that other a woman—with his chance of joy in this world. He need not stand before himself ashamed.

Subsequently, by much meditation on Conway's fortunes, and the principles involved, Andresen came to a deeper knowledge of himself, his weakness, and his strength, and by the grace of a love that was immortal in its spirit, he achieved a conquest that was somewhere noted as remarkable.

If what he spoke concerning Conway's life was intended for prophecy, he was proved a poor prophet. Instead of strengthening daily, each day was cognizant of failure and loss. The Captain could not fail to see that it was by effort only, valiant and incessant, that he dragged himself along the decks, and that with sad impediments he spoke hopefully about the ending of the voyage.

In days of slow progress, when the winds were unfavorable, a great work was going on in Andresen; a work that would not leave him the man that sailed out from Port Nelson in command of the brig. The *hearts* of these men came together in a strange sympathy, compelled by a Divine Law in their action. They were walling in a shadow, but not an evil shadow. They were disquieting themselves, but not in vain. For so He brought them to the desired haven.

Cut off from land, and having but each other, and God's power, and His love, to deal with them, they sailed down the great deep, and eternity was around them, and along the eternal flood of the eternal years they sailed.

The chivalrous dignity, the gracious manly courage of Andresen in these days, must never be forgotten. From the burden of his secret knowledge, he laid no new sorrow on the soul of Conway. From the treasures of his strength, he brought a living hope for him. Never should he know that he had wrought more than death in the world. Ah! this man understood that when Christ exhorted to forgiveness of injuries, there were wrongs the hearts of men would burn to avenge!

Yet, when all was endeavored, and tender care had done its utmost to relieve him, the sick man could only say sighing, with a smile, more sad than weeping—"Each his own. No man but has his burden. God help us. You, Andresen, have the splendid power of a full-grown man who is master of himself. For me, soon I shall be dashed ashore, or sink among the depths. May it be into the depths of the unfailing pity of my God. This wretched failure cannot be everlasting in result. Forgive me for it, Captain. What right had I to fail?"

To such speaking Andresen would reply:

"I forgive you for it all. And now, forgive yourself. I pardon you that happy beginning in life, the luxury and delight, while some I know of starved and froze, or worked themselves to death. Your way was beset as well as mine. I could forgive you anything since you could keep a woman faithful to you. And because, sir, I also love you."

So they came to speak to one another. And God who bows His heavens and comes down, and dwells among the loving and forgiving, heard and came.

On the evening of the last day of the voyage, on the breast of Andresen, a lifeless head was lying. Into the midst of the harbor filled with gallant ships, whose flags reported all nations, the little brig from a bleak northern coast made its way, and dying eyes looked on the countless mastheads. A soft breeze fanned the face of Oswald Conway, and gently stirred his hair; it would pass on to forest trees and gardens, and there was life that could be revived; not here in the arms of the Captain whose stern heart was melted, whose brave eyes tearful, whose quivering lips prayerful, whose forgiveness divine.

All day, while many another duty had urgently pressed upon him, mightiest was this care—the strange state of his passenger. But he care was buoyed with hope.

It could not be, he said to himself, that the end would be immediate. If the lad must die, it could not be on this day! There were those who loved him, and they were coming soon. Oh no! he would surely go down from the ship, and the shore life would revive him. And for him the voices of love would speak again.

So among the anxieties and duties crowding on him in that last day of voyaging, the Captain argued with himself. But oftener than on other days, drawn by a sympathy he had no wish to resist, he was sitting by Conway's side, cheering him; and the friendship consummating, was for all eternity, though the time of separation should be near.

At nightfall, the brig being ready for the wharf, the overhauling, landing, and unlading, Captain Andresen could sit down, and fold his arms, and again congratulate himself on a completed voyage. But never yet had he such work to do, as was yet to be done, ere night closed in.

It was dark when they came to anchor. The Southern sky was glorious with its stars, the Southern gardens filled the air with fragrance, and the sound of foreign voices struck shipward from the shore. But there lay young Oswald Conway, not to be revived by any of this world's healing influences—breath of balm, or sooth of silence; voice of love, or *any* benediction.

He breathed his life away in the arms of Andresen. Few were the words that passed between them. What was to be said that silence could not best interpret? But when all was over, the Captain closed the young man's eyes; cut from the brown locks, one—took from the hand a ring; and made of himself a treasure-house for the faithful lady, whose dreams might perchance be of Florence, and life, and love, that night.

The landsmen came on board; and the Captain had work to do—duties in which many were concerned. He rose up to perform them. Oh, poor widow, sleeping under the gray slate stone, you might have gloried that night in your Richard! Faded and mouldering Clementine, there is great joy in Heaven, because of this your brother. He arose to life!

But, as with his mantle he covered the dead form of Oswald, and raised himself to life, a living form, from out a crowd of such, came forward. A hundred obligations might press on him at such a moment; but on her rested one that was weightier than all. He had deemed himself in a silence that would be broken never more by loving speech—but lo!

"Oh, Richard!" said the voice, "I have come from far to meet you. But I have come! See, Richard, it is I."

Even so. Next the brig lay the ship from whose mast a banner, star-spangled and striped, was floating. On shore, not one day, but many, Ellen Austin, who sailed with her, had waited for the little brig, that should sail down from the icy northern coast, and touch this port, and leave its cargo.

For Andresen, how should it not suffice that in such an hour she was here? That here the sepulchre opened? Yet he let her tell, as one must be justified, the story of sorrow, and pain, and fidelity. And he trusted to the utmost. Who, indeed, should it be but Ellen, his faithful heart, that, led away by her piety, and sustained by her hope, accompanied the feeble band that fled from poverty in the Old World to the New? Who, but Ellen, that strove with adversity among strangers ten long years—till her warfare was accomplished? Let them bury the dead—and sail on their new voyage. They buried him with tears. And, to Love, a thousand years are but as yesterday.

Dinner to Gen. Wilcox.—A most elegant dinner was given to Gen. Wilcox, on Thursday evening, at the Athenæum Club, Fifth avenue, by our fellow-citizen, Wm. T. Blodgett, Esq., in which he was joined by a few personal friends of the General. Among the distinguished guests were Major General Mitchell, Mayor Opdyke, Hon. Hiram Barney and David Dudley Field. Gen. Wilcox will return to the West in a few days, where, it is expected, important duties will be assigned him.

Currency Postage Stamps.—As there seems to be misapprehension as to the time when this currency will be ready for general use, it may be well to state that the National Bank Note Company commenced sending them to Washington a day or two since, but that the Sub-Treasuries and depositories will not probably be able to furnish the public before the 1st September.

Female Patriotism in Onondaga County.—Two hundred and nine ladies of the city of Syracuse and vicinity have signed a paper offering to supply the places of such of the clerks and salesmen of Onondaga County as will enlist for the war. The roll is constantly being added to. Many of the signatures are said to be beautiful specimens of writing.

Loyal Women.—Mr. Vosburg, of the firm of Pruyn & Vosburg, in Albany, N. Y., on Sunday procured substitutes for his three daughters, paying $200 each. The young ladies insisted upon being represented in the ranks.

SANS CŒUR.

A dove sat shining on a tree,
Above the nest which was her home,
Cooing her one note, while the sun
Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild cat sat in the grass below,
In the air a merlin rose:
But the dove was too high for the cat to climb,
And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A viper looked up with diamond eyes,
And longed to be round her throat.
She could not abide such airs, she said,
As always singing one note.

The hawk screamed, "She's too big for me;"
The cat said, "She's too high for cats;
So I, to fill my vulgar maw,
Must munch the mice, and crunch the rats."

There came a man across the wood—
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest.
"She was very good sport," said he.

A girl stood in the hall that night,
Shining over the ball-room floor;
And the rest were nearly dying with spite,
For the men stood gazing by wall and door.

The wild cat stood and twirled his moustache,
The hawk left the card-room table,
And both were longing to carry her off,
And only wished they were able.

And the viper came up, so smooth and lithe,
Hanging on her partner's arm—
Came to call her, "My dove, my dear!"
And to sneer at each girlish charm.

There came a man across the floor,
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And over and over again they danced,
While the music lilted merrily.

The hawk and the wild-cat sneered and sighed,
But the viper's remark came true,
"He never means to care for her,
And she ought to have known it too."

The girl lies in the churchyard, dead;
The dove hangs dead in the tree;
And he thought of both on his dying bed—
"Alas! that seemed good sport," said he.

[Written for the Leader.]

THE CYNIC.

BEING OCCASIONAL PAPERS ON LIFE AND LITERATURE.

MODERN CLASSICS.

I had gone up with the last cloud curl of my regalia into the aerial regions, and was just at the critical juncture of a bewildering flirtation with a ravishing nymph of the genus Æolus, when Zilia came tripping into my sanctum with the latest number of the *Ladies' Monthly*. Let me save you from a possible misapprehension into which you may fall, by promptly apprising you that Zilia is, by no means, a "constant reader" of, leastwise a "regular contributor" to, this representative type of our modern classics. An acquaintance of the genus *beau monde* had dropped down with it for Zilia's opinion of some new fangled trapping which had been transferred to one of its fashion plates, with an express view, no doubt, of eluding recognition by the author. At least, he never could have recognized it.

Its table of contents told a flattering tale of the editor's notions of modern ladies' tastes. The subscribers to the *Monthly* must have experienced an instant and inexpressible delight at the nice sense of discrimination manifested by this astute pilgrim from the classic folds of Parnassus.

The publication opened with a marvellous piece of brain-work by "an old contributor," evidently not on the best of terms with Lindley Murray or Dr. Paley. Then followed a couple of stories wretchedly told and disgustingly improbable. Then came the usual corruscations of poetic genius—those enchanting embellishments of modern magazine literature, on which the fastidious taste glides into ecstacy. Add a page of "*Original* wit and humor," which had tickled the fancy of at least three generations. Scatter a handful of *modern* recipes that were conceived of some Roman matron's ingenuity. Fling in, by way of addenda, half a dozen paragraphs of book notices, with no particular reference to anything except the editor. Then draw a line, and apply yourself diligently for a moment to addition, and you will have the sum total of that classic publication called the *Ladies' Monthly*.

Carlyle, in his "Petition on the Copyright Bill," says that for writing a book the penalty is death by starvation.

What a pity it is that figures are not facts, then might we reasonably expect a decent diminution of sixth-rate literature forthwith! For which gracious intervention of Providence I am confidently persuaded all right-minded persons would liberal homage pay.

A mere scribbler is a mischievous trifler, with no regard for anything beyond his own vanity. He belongs to the category of unpleasant facts called public nuisances, which the self-respect of any society will not permit it for a moment to tolerate. Mere scribblers have a marvellous faculty for evading the probable; that is why they are usually found in the ranks of story writers, and are successful there. It is not as difficult to narrate lies as to reason out the truth; this is why a scribbler seldom shows himself outside of some extravagant story-book. You will find him, to be sure, sometimes in a treatise, and not sufficiently occasional in dramatic writings, not to venture a word on countless columns of ricketty rhyme, which I would designate doggerel, if doggerel didn't imply *some sort of poetry*.

Magnanimity is very often a most unfortunate characteristic. This well-intended weakness of governments and individuals borders on the incalculable in its evil results. The magnanimity of short-sighted parents, which shudders at the faintest whisper of family discipline, puts annually into the market-place of society a fresh crop of damaged ideas. Again, how will you estimate the injury regularly inflicted on the body politic of civilization, by the injudicious patrons of what has no presentable claim to patronage? Further, has your common sense never been mortified by the magnanimity of your Government, when in its catachrestical attempts to be generous it only unveiled its stupidity? Here is an instance. It suddenly enters into its heart (not its skull, mark, that is not as easily penetrated) that it wants to be munificent, and, as it is desirous that its munificence shall be of the least costly and onerous nature, it applies itself with considerable gravity to the framing of a copyright law whereby dunces are permitted to perpetuate themselves for a painfully prolonged period, to their own ultimate disgust and the detriment of society. Will you be audacious enough to attempt a measurement of the useful labor thus shut out from the departments of agriculture, mechanics, and trade, by this blindfold effort of a legislative corps striving to be magnanimous?

Did you ever meet a scribbler that could construct a very dubious paragraph, whose importance didn't disgust him with the common-places of Byron, Addison, Macaulay, and such ordinary writers? But, then, genius, we are told, is always modest; and these miserable devils will tell you that their modesty is starving them. I wonder if Goldsmith had ever been jostled by this erudite crowd of the genus Ego, when he asserted that "though all the world might forsake an author, yet his vanity never would forsake him." Now there is a certain delicate pride which all honest work should engender in the breast of the faithful workman; but this conscious merit cannot properly descend to the level of ill-bred conceits or oppressive egotism.

There was a time when it required talent for book-making, and when it was respectable to be a writer. Not always have literary reputations been built of mere words. Not always has literature consisted of a grammatical (or ungrammatical, as the case may be), arrangement of disembowelled sentences, or the clatter of decrepit feet. In days agone when an author took up his pen he would usually drop, at least, half-a-dozen decent conceits into a duodecimo volume; and even when he said nothing, his silence would ravish you. When the grand swell of his passion was hushed, and the electric eloquence slumbered, he would yet charm you with the appropriateness of the succeeding calm, and his softest whisper would be a pregnant memory for ever. He would, at all events, have a style of his own that would be worth studying, and if he accidentally said nothing, he would say it in a way that was original.

Our own advanced civilization seems almost altogether to have abolished, among other customs of the ancients, a very agreeable way they had of always saying something when they spoke. Their writings would have an individuality about them that would mark their identity. They would have a phraseology that was neither borrowed or imitated. And, crowning quality of all, they had a nice regard for the claims of moderation. They knew when to speak, and what is better still, knew when they had spoken enough. The great misfortune of modern authors (and their readers) lies in this—that they don't know when speech is politic and silence becoming.

It is given to but few to write an unlimited quantity of matter respectably, and you will usually find that he has been the most successful writer who has written the least. The reputation of a great author will ordinarily rest on a single work, in which, more than likely, half a life time of his best thought will be compressed. The faculty for condensing, peculiar to genius, is very wonderful, and might not prove an entirely unprofitable study for the writers of modern classics, who appear to measure the prospects of success by the breadth of their exclamation points, and a mathematical calculation of their periods. Their highest ambition appears satisfied the instant they grasp the happy faculty of disfiguring a certain quantity of foolscap in a given time. It would be really interesting, if it were not dangerous, to wade through the second-rate novels of the last quarter of a century (provided always, you had a strong stomach, and nerves that were not troubled at trifles), just as a work of curiosity to determine the exact amount of words that could in an emergency be put together without expressing anything.

"Words, words, it is words, sir, that makes another man's mare go your road," says the sagacious Bunting in Bulwer's inimitable novel.

I suppose every man has his stock-in-trade. The stock-in-trade of the modern writer of classical literature consists principally of words, and his popularity will be in a ratio with the ingenuity with which he distributes them. A dictionary and a grammar, (the latter by no means indispensable) will pass you straight to modern Parnassus, and entitle you to all the privileges of Helicon, Pindus and Tempe. But if you have any passion for these sublime abodes, and are not altogether insensible to the tender regards of those "who there frequent, and therein dwell," be very careful to avoid saying anything that requires any thought to understand, or you run the risk of an interpretation that may damn you.

Let me venture a few suggestions to the aspiring novelist. If you are in search of readers, and "so much a column" in a popular publication, just keep as far as you conveniently can (perhaps the effort won't exhaust you much) from anything like chaste diction, or refined thought. If you value your dollar a column, and regard the feelings of your readers, you will not allow yourself to be hemmed in by the narrow range of things probable, and you will be profuse of your death-beds, and by no means niggard of your resurrections. You will keep the fountains of blood perpetually flowing, and the sails of love always full. You will deal lavishly in double-shotted adjectives, and the most recent improvement in fire arms. You won't be scrupulous on points of decency, nor sacrifice an opportunity to be tragical simply to satisfy the dictates of common sense. You won't omit an occasion to be funny at the cost of being foolish. You won't mar the euphony of a sentence by investing it with any kind of meaning. You won't degrade your heroes with any of the common-place attributes of humanity, and you will be sure to make your heroine either a demi-god or a demon. You will, in short, keep a very respectful distance from anything that is natural. You will not overlook tears in torrents, Niagara rapids of hearts'-blood, Alpine tempests of passion, tropical thunders of indignation, besides the other little et ceteras of eyes of heaven's orbs, the lips of seraphs, the forms of sylphs, and—get the rest from the *Ladies' Monthly*, or, if you can't stand that, the classical weeklies will answer quite as well. One other point. Be particular to substitute "thou art," for you are, and when your hero insists on swearing let it be "by my troth!" Without affecting undue merit, the Cynic flatters himself he has laid down a programme that will make the fortune of any writer, in good standing at his stationer's.

This is not the place for a treatise on the etiology of literature, nor shall I venture more than a few general remarks in this connection.

It is very certain, that much as mechanics, trade and agriculture may conduce to the physical life and financial progress of a State, they will contribute little to its intellectual advancement, or its moral culture. Their tendency *will be* to stimulate cupidity, and in this way the desire for material gain will come to preponderate over the demand for mental acquirements. Now the cupidity that will lead men to amass, will usually teach them to hoard. But, even if this last proposition should be proven illogical, yet it would still stand true that the constant press and strain of extensive business operations unfit the mind for intellectual culture, and, in a measure, vitiate the taste for the calm delights of the study. It is more than probable that your strictly business man will be about as familiar with authors, living and dead, as with the anatomy of an anaconda. Unfortunately, the man who does business in the nineteenth century does nothing else.

The cold splendors of utility chill the best part of our nature, and crowd men's souls (if they are fortunate enough to have anything of the kind) into their trowsers' pockets; and when a man's soul gets as low down as pockets of his unmentionables, there is telling how much lower it may go.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of degenerating influences of utility on taste, to be found in the case of modern dramati literature. Nothing is more certain tha that a century ago you could no more have chained an audience through one of your paste-board plays than you could have chained them to a comet's tail. But they seem to suit the moderns pretty well, for I seldom hear them complain.

I would not be construed into an exclusive regard for antiquity, or to a reverence for it, merely because it is ancient. Nor have I any particular sympathy with that kind of envy which takes delight in lauding the dead author for the purpose of detracting from the merits of its own cotemporaries. But this I must be heard in: If a modern inadvertently says a good thing once in his life, the probability is that he will say it so awkwardly, or so crudely, or run it out in such vile phraseology, that he will damn it in the saying.

There are two inconsiderable points on which our modern classics suffer a trifle by comparison with those of the ancients—these are *soul and sense*. Of course, these casual defects are not of sufficient significance for further elaboration.

If I had a dollar more than I owed, I would give it to any ingenious pauper who could invent me a plausible excuse for a sane man (putting aside his vanity) making a fool of himself in print. Certainly he who can write a good article, can have no excuse for writing a poor one; and he who writes a poor one can have no excuse for writing at all.

Time was when milk-and-water poets would not have been permitted the privilege of disgracing themselves with the spasmodic contortions of rheumatic rhyme. And time was, too (before men forgot how to blush), when regard for the decencies of civilized society and cultivated taste would have effectually restrained bloodthirsty novelists from defacing useful type with the mischievous deformities of a very profuse skull excrescence. So much for the marvellous strides of modern progress, mental and moral! Here and there, to be sure (like the scattered oases), you will find a poet with soul, and a novelist with brains. From the study of these you will rise with a broader thought and a better heart. Out of these full, fresh, mysterious depths, you may draw the richest draughts of delight and instruction. Will you tell me that true poetry and pure fiction have no noble mission in the world, no grand work to perform? Will you tell me that the world's great dreamers have been idlers, and their visions but the mirage that cheats the desert traveller? Ah, but has it not been a pleasant delusion, that has tinged the path with promise and cheered the boundless solitude? Ah, is that song of the poets an idle dream, which makes music by the peasant's hearth, and on whose inspiring words the armies of the nations are floated to victory? Ah, is that delicate, touching story of common life all meaningless, which plants a tender emotion in the heart, and carries it, for a little while, beyond the circuit of care and the sense of sorrow?

Life has need of many pauses, and he who oftenest halts will stumble least. It is well sometimes to set in solitude, and let the pure fountains of genius dash their spray on the soul. You will not find the world too romantic, and your life-path will not be any more rugged, because the poet has strewed it with flowers, and the novelist peopled it with beauty. Only be sure of this—that your poet is not an impostor, and your novelist a scribbler. On the whole, I am persuaded you cannot do better than follow this sound advice of Bulwer: "In science, read by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest."

The best of modern literature is little more than a dilution of the ancient, and lacks the spinal column that run, like the pillars of Herculaneum, through the classics of antiquity, and makes them "strong in their age."

We want more backbone to our literature as well as to our civilization; and if we get no more sterling literature, we shall, at least, rid ourselves of the worst part of the modern classics, as soon as we come to realize that only the footfalls of genius shall echo through the ages.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Considered in the abstract, the spectacle of two young people engaged to be married ought to be agreeable and interesting. Young people so situated are, generally speaking, happy. Indeed, we have been informed by persons who have gone through the process of falling in love, and being engaged and finally marrying, that it is one of a deeply gratifying character, looked back upon in after life as a bright spot round which many sweet and pleasant recollections cluster. We ought, therefore, to rejoice in beholding young people serenely passing through so important a phase of their existence. We ought to watch them with interest, greet them with looks of silent approbation, and inwardly pronounce a blessing upon their union. We fear, however—such is the perversity of human nature—that the spectacle is neither agreeable nor interesting to any except doting parents on either side. In fact, at the risk of being deemed unfeeling, we must confess that, as a rule, young people engaged to be married are rather a bore than otherwise.

We will assume the engagement to be one of a perfectly satisfactory nature. The gentleman is not notoriously profligate, nor conspicuously ill bred. He not only possesses a moderate income of his own, but has the advantage of a fixed profession or employment. Other advantages are his—a father of indulgent temperament with a perpetual balance at the banker's, an elder brother imprudently devoted to steeplechasing, a maiden aunt wealthy and in very indifferent health, an uncle, owner in fee of half a dozen houses, with a warm heart and weak intellect. The young lady, too, is not destitute of attractions. Her face is tolerable, her figure not ungainly; there is a *post obit* of a thousand pounds coming to her on "dear papa's decease"; and she will be entitled, as one of five sisters, to a fifth share of the family jewels "when dear mamma is taken from us." We will assume also, as a point not without some slight importance in matrimonial engagements, that the young couple are tenderly attached to one another, or—what for our purpose is much the same thing—imagine themselves to be so. Assume all this to be the case, and yet we adhere to our original position that the presence of the young couple in the social circle is rather a bore than otherwise.

Having a short period of leisure at your disposal, you run down from town to pass a few days with an old friend in the country. His eldest daughter is about to be married, and the fortunate man to whom she has given her hand is one of the guests whom you are invited to meet. To this arrangement

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Having a short period of leisure at your disposal, you run down from town to pass a few days with an old friend in the country. His eldest daughter is about to be married, and the fortunate man to whom she has given her hand is one of the guests whom you are invited to meet. To this arrangement you make no manner of objection. Narrow and churlish must be that heart which refuses to sympathize with two young people about to enter the married state under the happiest auspices. You quite look forward to the pleasure of offering your sincere congratulations to Araminta Brown, and to the privilege of being introduced to her intended—Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-second Lancers—a good-natured young fellow with moderate expectations, and a promising pair of moustaches. But your very first evening at Mr. Brown's comfortable mansion somewhat blunts your tender regard for Araminta, and entirely dissipates your interest in Spoonbill. First of all, though faint with hunger—a sensation to which you are not accustomed—you are kept waiting an unconscionably long time for dinner.

All the guests are assembled, and the second bell rang twenty minutes since. The butler is hovering about the front hall, and in his uneasy expression of countenance you can plainly read the information that the dinner is rapidly cooling. What is the cause of this mysterious delay? It is entirely on account of Spoonbill and Araminta. The young people have been enjoying a romantic drive in the pony carriage, and had no notion how time flew by. At length they make their appearance—Araminta blushing, Spoonbill absurdly smiling, as if there was anything to smile about—and dinner is announced. You take in a lady in every way suited to your taste, and likely to prove an agreeable companion. But, just as you are cautiously subsiding into your chair, amid encircling folds of crinoline on either side, the voice of Mrs. Brown, in a tone of soft but irresistible authority, is heard inviting you to be so kind as to sit on the other side of the table. Why? In the confusion of taking places, Araminta and Captain Spoonbill are unfortunately separated, and of course this will never do. Eighteen persons must be shifted to and fro, and made supremely uncomfortable, in order that the young couple may be posted side by side. At length you sink into a chair, and find a deaf old lady on your left, and a stout man—with whom you particularly wished not to be intimate—on your right.

During dinner you have to shout commonplace remarks into the ear of the lady on the left until you are hoarse, while over the wine your stout friend—with whom you did not wish to be intimate—unbosoms himself of a small octavo volume of family secrets, which he assures you he would on no account have communicated to anybody but yourself. However, dinner is a reviving operation, despite all drawbacks, and you wend your way to the drawing-room in a tolerably amiable frame of mind. Araminta chances to be alone on the sofa. Your heart warms toward the daughter of your old friend, and sitting down beside her, coffee-cup in hand, you begin to congratulate her affectionately on the vista of conjugal happiness expanding before her young mind. Very soon you perceive that Araminta is not listening to a word you are saying. Her innocent blue eyes are fixed with an expression of meek adoration on a distant corner of the apartment.

Why is this? Surely it is needless to inquire. Yonder stands Spoonbill, twirling his moustache with rather a foolish expression of countenance, conscious that the object of his affection is waiting for him to approach her, yet he hesitating to do so while the place by her side is occupied. Of course you spring from the sofa at the risk of upsetting your coffee on the Wilton carpet, and resign your place to the embarrassed Spoonbill. The next moment your stout friend—with whom you do not wish to be intimate—grasps you by the arm, resumes his recital of family secrets at the exact point where he left off at dinner-table, and does not release you until it is time to retire for the night.

So much for your first evening at your old friend's house. But the young couple have not done with you yet. Scarce a day passes without special annoyance to some one or other in the family circle entirely on their account. Brown seizes you one morning affectionately by the arm, and hurries you to his library to show you a shelf full of valuable books recently purchased. He opens his library door barely six inches, and suddenly pauses as if he had caught sight of a burglar. A low murmur is heard within. Brown closes the door with the tenderest solicitude, and beats an abrupt retreat. The young couple are engaged in earnest converse, and must not be disturbed. You wander into the shrubberies and plantations, pleased with the notion of roaming just where you please. On turning a corner in the prettiest part of the grounds, of course you come suddenly upon the young couple, and must turn on your heel without a moment's delay, walking in the flurry of the moment head foremost into a holly bush remarkable for severity of foliage. You take a fancy to fish in Brown's trout stream. An hour's walk under a hot sun brings you to a delightful pool in the river—sheltered, quiet and shady—where the fish are rising half a dozen at a time, apparently eager for a little sport. You have scarcely entered thoroughly into your work, and have tossed an undersized trout or two into your basket just to get your hand in, when your ear catches the low murmur of voices behind you. You shudder and look round.

Spoonbill and Araminta are approaching. There is no help for it. You have a character to maintain for ready tact and innate delicacy of feeling. You decamp without delay, and start for a distant part of the stream where the fish are sulky and unsociable, and the gnats and midges malignantly lively. Again, "the course of true love," as we very well know, does not always run smooth. One evening there is a manifest perturbation in the family circle of the Browns. The young couple are not visible. You catch sight, indeed, of the familiar figure of Spoonbill moodily pacing up and down the flower-terrace—varying the occupation by occasionally stopping to gaze at the moon. Araminta is in her bed-room. This you ascertain by an untasted cup of tea being brought back to the drawing-room by a sister in a state of incipient hysterics, who has vainly endeavored to effect an entrance into the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown simultaneously leave the room. Friends and relatives talk in whispers, and a mantle of unmitigated discomfort descends upon the company. After some delay, however, the anxious parents return with smiling countenances. The hysterical sister overcomes an inclination to laugh and sob by hastily swallowing Araminta's discarded tea. The familiar figure of Spoonbill no longer decorates the flower-terrace, but suddenly appears in the outer drawing-room accompanied by Araminta smiling sweetly through her tears. The young couple had had a little misunderstanding, or "tiff," we believe, is the correct expression—a quarrel about the color of somebody's eyes, or the age of somebody's grandmother, or whether Araminta looked best in muslin or watered silk, or whether Spoonbill's moustaches were as long as Harry Johnson's of the Carbineers, or whether it was Thursday the 21st or Friday the 22nd when the diamond brooch arrived from town—or, to tread upon more delicate ground, a disagreeable and point blank inquiry whether Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-second Lancers would solemnly asseverate that he never, in the whole course of his life, entertained the smallest affection for any young lady on the face of the globe save and except his present amiable intended?

But, whatever the origin of the little unpleasantness, all is now made up and happily settled. The family circle takes courage and begins to talk. Lights are brought in—tea once more handed round—the younger girls sit down to the piano—and Brown, with a face beaming with benevolence, challenges you to chess or billiards as if nothing whatever had happened. This is all very well, but meantime you have spent an exceedingly unpleasant two hours; and, were it not that you are under a solemn compact to attend the wedding, you feel a strong inclination to go to town by the first train to-morrow

On the whole, you arrive at the conclusion, in common with the majority of the family circle, that, as the marriage is to be, the sooner it comes off the better. Parents, however gratified, and friends and relatives, however sympathetic, are apt to feel a trifle exhausted after three or four weeks' entire subserviency to the tastes, wishes and caprices of the happy pair. It is a relief to the household in general when the marriage knot is fairly tied, and the travelling carriage stops the way.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time—till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life—
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill—
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn—
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone—
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne!

FLORENCE PERCY.

—*Portland Transcript.*

JOHN WESLEY'S LOVE PASSAGE.

A curious pamphlet has lately been reprinted from an edition published by a Mr. Hook, in 1848, of a transcript of a MS. in the British Museum, under the title—"Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley." We are indebted to Mr. Russell Smith for the new edition, which is enriched and illustrated by a review of the work by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter. This review perfectly vindicates the authenticity of the MS., which is in the British Museum—"Add. MSS. 7,119"—and details its history. It consists of two parts—one a narrative in prose, which is a copy, and avowedly written by an amanuensis, and another a narrative in verse, in John Wesley's own handwriting. The two narratives relate to the same transaction. About the transaction itself there can be no dispute. There is not one of Wesley's biographers who does not speak, with more or less distinctness, of Wesley's intention to marry one Grace Murray, and of the fact that the marriage was prevented by Charles Wesley. No suspicions are entertained by Mr. Hunter of the genuineness of this document; nor, on its first publication, was any dispute raised on this point. The evidence on this head is complete and unassailable. Differing in this respect from Collet's forgery of certain love-letters purporting to be written by John Wesley in his youth, this "Narrative" is undoubtedly a genuine fragment of biography, of which the principal person concerned—the celebrated John Wesley himself—says: "Hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world." A lost chapter in any hagiology has its interest. When a dropped stitch is taken up in the personal biography of one who, for good or for evil, has influenced the religious life of millions, it is, as a mere contribution to the curiosities of literature, valuable; but in a psychological point of view the study of this strange and bewildering love-story, with all its labyrinth of romance and religion, the hero and heroine of which were John Wesley and his servantmaid, has another and superior value. No doubt the first aspect of the thing is its utter grotesqueness. *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori* might be a safe counsel to a libertine patrician, but the leading cases of Briseis and Tecmessa one would hardly expect to find ruling the most influential preacher and the greatest ecclesiastical innovator of the eighteenth century.

Yet this is the substance of the present narrative. In the year 1748, John Wesley being of the mature age of forty-five, a conference of the Methodist Society was held in London, in which "after a free and friendly debate," the remarkable conclusion was arrived at—probably with a view as well to certain sweet smarts raging in Wesley's own bosom as to a charitable desire that the world should not absolutely come to an end—"that a believer might marry without suffering loss in his soul." Two or three months afterwards we find John Wesley—or rather John Wesley finds himself—sick in bed at Newcastle, "attended continually by Grace Murray," a widow of thirty-three, who in a very odd way seems to have been his companion in travel, a fellow-laborer in attending to the societies, and at the same time his private servant. Wesley, after "observing her temper, sense, and behavior," "sliding into it I know not how," told her, "if ever I marry, I think you will be the person." Grace Murray snaps at the offer, and from that time, as the prose narrative has it, "I conversed with her as my own." In the poetical form Wesley puts it—

My soul a kindred spirit found;
By heaven entrusted to my care
The daughter of my faith and prayer.

* * * * *

From heaven the grateful ardor came,
Pure from the dross of low desire;
Well pleased I marked the guiltless frame [flame?]
Nor dared to damp the sacred fire;
Heaven's choicest gift on man bestowed,
Strengthening our hearts and hands in God.

* * * * *

From that glad hour, with growing love,
Heaven's latest, dearest gift I viewed;
While pleased each moment to improve,
We urged our way with strength renewed.

* * * * *

Oft, (though as yet the nuptial tie
Was not) clasping her hand in mine,
"What force," she said, "beneath the sky,
Can now our well-knit souls disjoin?"

But the course of such true and Arcadian love, even in the apostle of a revived gospel, did not run smooth. We must condense as we can this strange story.

Wesley's declaration of love occurs on August 4, 1748. The two turtles travel together through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and in September the lady is left in Cheshire with one John Bennet, an itinerant preacher. Already the fair and spiritual widow had gone through a courtship from one Brydon, also a Methodist preacher. As soon as Wesley was off the scene, Grace Murray and Bennet commence love-making, or perhaps renew an old and dormant flirtation; and the lady accepts Bennet at once, formally promises to become his wife, and writes a wonderful letter to Wesley, asking his consent and blessing, "believing it to be the will of God." A regular complication occurs. The gay and spiritual widow retains the two strings to her bow, and is alternately on and off with Wesley and Bennet; and, after much dissimulation on every side, upon Wesley urging the doctrine of precontract in his own favor, she is on with the old love though not quite off with the new. Bennet is dismissed, and in 1749, when Wesley goes on a missionary tour in Ireland, Grace Murray, now affianced to him in Dublin by a contract *de presenti*, accompanies him in the triple character of domestic servant, friend, and coapostle. For several months, in a position which, in anybody but an apostle, might have had its dangers, Wesley leads about a sister who is not a wife. The episode with Bennet was believed to be over, and in September this unmarried couple of fellow-travellers return to Bristol. Here the fair Grace "hears some idle tales concerning me [J. W.] and Molly Francis," and in a sudden fury of jealousy recalls Bennet by a secret and loving letter. Bennet, surprised and pleased, promises to meet her when she came to the North, where, still in company with Wesley, she soon arrives. Here the three met at Epworth, in Lancashire. "A curious scene now comes on." Wesley retaliates, accepts the widow's decision, and not only gives her up, but thinks it right that they, *i. e.*, Grace and Bennet, should marry without delay. The lady, however, is a match for this move. She takes to her bed, and sending for poor, perplexed J. W., assures him from this vantage ground "that she loves him a thousand times better than she ever loved Bennet; but she is afraid, if she does not marry Bennet, he will run mad," and therefore resolves to marry Bennet, while professing her unalterable love for Wesley. After a day or two of this curious game, Wesley brings the matter to an issue, and leaves the lovely Abigail with this final declaration on her part: "I am determined to live and die with you." The two turtles, again reconciled, and Bennet once more dismissed, set out to Berwick, visiting the Societies on very amicable, and of course apostolic, terms; "yet," says Wesley, "I could not consent to her repeated request to marry me immediately." In this game of cross-purposes, it seems that, as soon as either party is inclined for instant matrimony, Barkis is not willing. Whether it was that Wesley was resolved to pay the lady in her own coin, or whether he began seriously to foresee the consequences to his own position and usefulness of marrying a domestic servant, he again hung back. He must satisfy Bennet. He must procure his brother Charles Wesley's consent. He must send an account of the proposed marriage to all the Societies. In other words, he wanted to prevent the match with Bennet, and yet not to commit himself irrevocably. He wished to keep the woman bound by her promise, and himself free not to fulfill his own engagement. Something of the same sort of irresolution—if we are not to call it treachery or duplicity—has been assigned by one of Wesley's biographers, Dr. Whitehead, as the cause of the failure of an earlier *affaire de cœur* of the author of Methodism—his Georgian love suit with Miss Sophy Causton; but in this case the timid or vacillating lover found out to his cost, in the *furens quid fœmina possit*, what might come of trifling with the feelings of a high-spirited and vindictive woman. However, under these circumstances, Wesley and Grace Murray find themselves at Berwick, in September, 1749. From Berwick they travel together at Newcastle, where they "converse together till late at night," and "she gave me all assurances of the most intense affection." The natural consequences follow. The reunion of the lovers revives the old flame; mutual pledges are revived; the solemn promise to take each other is repeated with new formalities, and the old contract at Dublin is renewed in the presence of witnesses, under date September 21; and on that day, when Wesley goes to Whitehaven, "she stood looking after me till I was up the hill."

At this moment Charles Wesley comes on the stage, in consequence of a letter from John, informing him of the whole affair, and inclosing the copy of a letter of strong remonstrance which he had written to Bennet on the 7th of September, and in which he asserts his intention to marry the fair Grace. Charles is of course stupefied at the news. He flies down from Bristol to Leeds, finds "all the town in an uproar, and the Societies ready to fly in pieces." At length the brothers meet. Charles urges John against the degrading match, and insists on the precontract between Grace and Bennet. It does not exactly appear what the immediate result of the fraternal counsel was. Great was the casuistry displayed on the knotty point of the two contracts entered into by the lady. Charles Wesley sets out for Newcastle to see Grace Murray. John Wesley is alone and in a sea of perplexities. He fasts, he prays, he asks light and direction; his mind sways backwards and forwards; but he writes a letter to Grace, which letter does not appear. Whitefield next comes on the scene, but does not mend matters. Wesley felt that he was playing a double part. At length, on Monday, the 5th of October, Charles Wesley, who had not been idle in the meantime, returns to the town of Whitehaven, and announces that Bennet and Grace had been married on the previous Tuesday. We left Ariadne in Naxos, that is at Newcastle, looking after Bacchus—we mean John Wesley—riding up Hinely Hill. She had quite dismissed all thoughts of Bennet. Her heart was with her affianced lover at Whitehaven anxiously waiting his return. But John Wesley has dreams, and sad presages, and instead of presenting himself, sends, as we have seen, only the mysterious letter. And as soon as this letter from Whitehaven arrives, so does Charles Wesley, who takes the matter and the lady in hand—and a high hand, too. Sending for Bennet to Newcastle, the beginning of the end is not far distant. Charles Wesley lays the whole blame upon John, "as having used his whole art and authority to seduce another man's wife," *i. e.* John Bennet's affianced wife. The rest of it we prefer to tell in John Wesley's own words:

This was the scope of all his [Charles's] discourse with Grace Murray at Newcastle. The effect of what he and J. B. said (for they spoke just alike) was, that all in the house (unless one or two that were instant in prayer) were set on fire, filled with anger and confusion, and driven to their wit's end. S. Proctor would leave the house immediately; John Whitford would preach with Mr. W. no more! Mat. Errington dreamed the house itself was all in flames (and most certainly it was); another dreamer went a step further, and saw Mr. W. in hell fire; Jane Keath was peremptory, "John W. is a child of the devil," coming pretty near J. B. himself, whose repeated words were, "If John W. is not damned, there is no God."

When J. B. was so clearly convinced "the fault lay all in me," G. M. and he were brought together. She fell at his feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged he would forgive her. To satisfy her entirely as to any scruple which might remain with regard to me, one was brought in to assure her, "I had given her up, and would have nothing more to say to her; only I had ordered him to procure some place among the country Societies, where she might live privately." Upon this, one cried out, "Good God! what will the world say? He is tired of her, and so thrusts his Wh— into a corner. Sister M., will you consent to this?" She answered, "No; I will die first." So, seeing no other way, she frankly declared, "I *will* have J. B., if he will have *me*."

On Tuesday morning, October 3d, they were married. They all then rode on contentedly to Leeds, to give me the meeting there, as well that I might have the pleasure of seeing the bride, as that I might acknowledge my sin (those were my brother's expressions) before J. B. and them all.

But this I was not altogether ready to do; neither did I apprehend she desired my company any more, till on Friday, October 6th, I was informed, "Both J. B. and his wife desired to see me." I went; but oh, what an interview! it was not soon that words could find their way. We sat weeping at each other, till I asked her, "What did you say to my brother, to make him accost me thus?" She fell at my feet and said "she never had spoken nor could speak against me," uttering many other words to the same effect, in the midst of numberless sighs and tears. Before she rose, he fell on his knees, too, and asked my pardon for what he had spoken of me. Between them both I knew not what to say or do. I can forgive, but who can redress the wrong?

After dinner I talked with her alone. She averred, with the utmost emotion, being also dissolved in tears, "that she never laid the blame upon me, whom she knew to be entirely innocent; that she would rather die than speak against one to whom she had so deep obligations; that at the time I first spoke to her at Newcastle she loved me above all persons living; that after her engagement with J. B. her heart was divided till she went to Ireland; and then it was wholly with me, and from that time till J. B. met us at Epworth; that after his speaking she was divided again, till I talked with her upon the road, from which hour she loved me more and more, till we parted at Hinely Hill; that, when my brother took her thence she thought he was carrying her to me; that, when she knew more of his design, she told him, "I will do nothing till I have seen Mr. W.;" but that, when it was told her at Newcastle, among a thousand other things, "Mr. W. will have nothing to say to you," then she said, "Well, I will have Mr. B. if he will have me." If these things are so, hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world.

Mr. Hunter is very indignant with Wesley. Perhaps there was as much of the traitor as of the betrayed in the matter; but the case is by no means similar to Swift's treatment of poor Venessa. Grace and John were tolerably well matched, and each probably played a deep and double game. We can hardly, with Mr. Hunter, call "Wesley's treatment of her abominable;" nor are we prepared to indorse the terms "wretch" and "odious" which he applies to the modern apostle. There is more truth in the sober verdict which he elsewhere pronounces, that poor Bennet was a scapegoat, and that "Grace's conduct and Wesley's conduct are less easily justified or excused."

It would be difficult, in a love-chase of this sort, to say whether the event showed on which side the entire blame lay; and we may reasonably doubt whether in such matters the awards of Nemesis are always just. But Grace Bennet died in the eighty-ninth year of her age, in something like the odor of sanctity; and John Wesley, shortly after the jilting of, or by, Grace Murray, married a rich widow, Mrs. Vizelle, of whom Southey says, that "she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives." After all that we have said it is perhaps superfluous to say that the "Narrative" is well worth reading. The allusions in Methodist history to this wonderful piece of autobiography are few and scanty. Mr. Hunter accuses the editor of Charles Wesley's *Journal*, published in 1849, of disingenuousness in suppressing that portion of it which covers the period when he was dissuading John Wesley from the untoward match with Grace Murray. The fact itself, however—that Wesley did "make an offer of marriage" to the "lady," who "was prevailed upon by Charles Wesley to marry John Bennet"—even this authority admits; and Southey, vol. ii, p. 297, seems to have been aware of the case, though not of its circumstances. Mr. Watson, another biographer of John Wesley, passes over this curious incident with a very timid and anxious step, and only just hints at Charles Wesley's "hasty interposition to prevent his brother's marriage with Mrs. Grace Murray, a very pious and respectable woman, *who was not in an elevated rank of life.*" This writer, however, was ignorant, we may charitably suppose, of the facts of the case, when he adds that "probably neither Charles nor she was aware of the strength of his attachment." What John thought of his brother's interference is clear from an unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Watson, in which he bitterly says: "The sons of Zeruiah were too strong for me. The whole world fought against me; but, above all, *my own familiar friend.*" Miss Wesley was even more at sea, if, as Mr. Watson asserts, "she laid the fault on the *lady's* want of explicitness."

The moral of the whole matter seems to be this very simple one—that great preachers and apostles would be wise were they not to commit themselves to any theory, or to make promises on the subject of matrimony, and especially not write books on the sinfulness of marriage, lest their own case should turn up against them. What hampered poor John Wesley throughout the "transaction" which we have reviewed, was the unfortunate treatise which he had in his cold youth published in favor of clerical celibacy. Next, the narrative suggests that when middle-aged clergymen choose to establish a flirtation with their housekeepers or housemaids, it is better not to keep a diary of the daily progress, or reverses, of the suit. Somehow or other, one's diary often turns up against one. Religious reformers have had bad luck this way. This fragment of Welsey's Confessions, which are not quite equal to St. Augustine's, is nothing to Swedenborg's Diary, which was printed at Stockholm in 1859, and certain fragments of which have got into print in England. Diaries have a wonderful vivacity. They may lie buried, like Wesley's or Swedenborg's for a hundred years or more, and yet revive for the amusement or scandal of another generation. Last of all, if love-sick apostles will chronicle their love passages, let them leave the elegiac form of their sad and sweet experiences to Cupid's professional bards—the Tibulluses and Ovids, the Wallers or the Moores. Religious erotics are something worse than an offence against taste. If the verses with which Wesley bewails his hard lot were not an evidence of drivelling imbecility which must have been a brief insanity, we should have a worse charge to bring against the stanzas in which he bewails the tragic collapse of his love with Grace Murray:

Such was the friend, than life more dear,
Whom in one luckless, baleful hour,
(For ever mentioned with a tear)
The tempest's unresisted power
(Oh! the unutterable smart!)
Tore from my inly bleeding heart.
Unsearchable Thy judgments are,
Oh, Lord, &c., &c., &c., &c.

* * * * *

Oh! why didst Thou the blessing send?
Or why thus snatch away my friend?

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 16.]

THEODORE S. FAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The seeing of the living and moving Theodore Fay, breathing and bodily, once more, on the steps of the Astor, after parting from him on the same spot thirty years ago—never having met, since, on this side of the Atlantic—was a yesterday's experience, so resurrectionizing, for me, that I hope it will bear telling about (to the old readers of both of us, at least), as a look-off from the calamities of war. How interesting would have been this same perspective, could we have seen it in reverse—could we have foreseen, by the waving of a magician's wand, at the starting point, all that would happen, in thirty years, and bring us to be standing, with clasped hands on this granite stairway again! The Astor, then just built, is now an antiquity; and, measured by events, the accelerated world has, in his thirty years' span, performed two or three old-fashioned ages!

How well I remember the coming to New York in 1831—not long out of college, but bent on a trip to Europe, "before settling in life"—and offering my services to the then editors of the New York *Mirror*, George P. Morris and Theodore S. Fay. Fay had been for some time my admiring and encouraging reader, and he received me with open arms. Morris, more cautious, yielded to his persuasion, after a day's thinking of the matter, and I was then liberally commissioned to seek knowledge and adventure when and where it should please me, rendering a Parthian equivalent for my outlay, by the remitting, from wherever I should go, my "First Impressions" for the *Mirror*.

Four years afterwards, in 1835, Fay went to Europe in a diplomatic capacity, and has never returned again till now—an absence of twenty-seven years from his country—having officially represented us, in that time, in England, Prussia and Switzerland, and with a distinction of which the public is well aware. I had seen him in London and on various parts of the continent, but it was in 1845 that it was particularly welcome to me to meet him once more, finding him, as I did, in our legation at the Prussian capital. I had gone abroad, this last time, completely broken down in health, and on arriving at Berlin, with little expectation of recovery, the balm of his ever-faithful friendship was like a special Providence to my need. I stayed in Berlin, under his cherishing care, for two or three months, parting from him, at last, to return to America and resume my part of our literary life; while he went to Switzerland, as Chargé d'Affairs, to play his leading part in the drama of Neufchatel.

Notwithstanding all these varied associations with the name and character of my friend, my first impression of him had insensibly resumed its place in my memory; and, with the summons to call on him at the Astor, it was the pensive and genial partner of George Morris that I expected to find—the intimate of Halleck and Irving, the critic of the Park Theatre, the graphic chronicler of men and manners in Broadway—the kindly gentleman and scholar—as much at home in New York, and as much a part of it, as Addison at Hampton Court. It was with some surprise, therefore, that on eagerly inquiring for "Mr. Fay," I was met by the chilling discouragement—"There is an *English* gentleman here by that name!" That the head clerk of the Astor House should have thus taken our own Theodore Fay to be a stranger!

But the peculiar contralto laugh rang in my ear, the next moment (what is so characteristic and unchanging as a man's laugh, after all?)—and there, under the gray beard of the "distinguished foreigner," shone the refined and affectionate smile of my "Morris's partner"—the later and diplomatic character grown over the smooth-faced earlier one, but the earlier one as genial and recognizable as ever! And, in a few minutes, the seventeen years last past had vanished like a dream! We were strolling once more, together, over the palaces and gardens of dear old Berlin, sandy and sumptuous—(two invalids, for Fay, to look at, was the habitually pale-faced consumptive, rather than I)—and so the separately-woven webs, of love and death, blessings and trials, achievings and endurings, for that long lapse of years, were once more run together, as can alone be done by the reciprocating looks and words of friends re-united.

But the topic to which Fay continually reverted was "the war"—the fearful baptism in blood which our country is undergoing, and which is so more terrible, even, as seen from the calmer stand-point of Europe. His own errand to Washington had been the mere formal settling of his diplomatic accounts with the Government; but he had taken the opportunity to call on the President, and to express to him what he believed to be the united sentiment of Americans abroad. Mr. Lincoln had received him most cordially, and listened to him most willingly and attentively. Fay had urged both upon him and Mr. Seward (dining with the latter gentleman) the necessity of most urgent zeal in the prosecution of the war—most uncompromising severity and promptness in the character of the hostilities. That the remaining portion of the struggle should be summary and brief, he believed to be the only wisdom for the North. The impression he received of the President's natural superiority of mind, of good judgment and patriotism, was one of the highest admiration; and, in returning to Europe, he will take back a pleasantly confirmed belief in the final success of his Administration.

The leisure of the retired diplomat's last few years has been employed in the constructing of an ingenious school book, of maps, with a geography of question and answer, a work upon which, under his direction, some of the first artistic talent of Germany has been employed, and the want of which has been long felt in our system of education. Part of his errand to America has been to arrange for the publication of this. It promises to be a most valuable legacy to posterity—the result, as it is, of a deficiency that he himself learned to supply in the education of his children, in Switzerland.

Fay sails again for Europe in a few days—probably to visit us no more, in this life. His home altars are now permanently fixed in foreign lands. By his daughter's most happy marriage and his own (his recent second marriage), he is connected with two families, either one of which would be a roof-tree of loving shelter for his latter years; and, in his long and honorable residence abroad, his numberless new ties and interests have become indissolubly endearing. His clear, bright face, at present—of cheerfulness and happiness most philosophic and habitual—is in singular contrast to the prevailing unrest of American physiognomy; and he goes back, apparently, to a healthy and felicitous completion of his climacteric, and a tranquil vesper of decline into the Valley of Shadows. Honored as he is in his adopted land, and affectionately remembered and beloved in his own, he will be well prepared for the more "*rococo* value," so to speak, with which, in Germany and Switzerland, literary or diplomatic old age is cherishingly regarded.

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[Written for the Leader.]

THE
OLD SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

FAST MEN OF THE PAST & PRESENT.

BY TOM QUICK.

"Come, Tom," says Daisy, "if you ain't got much to do to-day, I would like to have that long promised trip to Hoboken." "It ain't hardly fit; it looks rainy," I replied, without looking up at the gal. "Besides, I promised Bob Brown I'd have a look around to see how the boys were getting on with their recruiting. They say Johnny Austin has got back from the wars, and has a horse he talks about giving to me; if it turns out more of a gift than the Panama hat he was to bring from California, we will have something to remember him by as long as we live."

Somehow or other Daisy will give way, without a murmur, when she thinks I am going to be the gainer; but nary time yet has she seen it, unless in the choice lot of remembrances we have in the way of photographs, rings, &c., of Old Sports. Eg. Farnham—as brave a fellow as ever broke bread in any thing he undertakes, from a slave trade to a battle-royal—shook my hand heartily as we knocked glasses in his treat over Delmonico's counter, with a couple of "John's"—the gallant barkeeper—best port wine cobblers. Farnham made a gross mistake in meddling with free speech over at Hoboken, and his scars protected him from feeling it. I met Gen. Sickles there, fingering his moustache with the same coolness he displayed on the battle-field of the Seven Pines, when he gave the order to give that terrible charge, with bayonets fixed, upon the Rebels.

It's just as I said about Sickles; no matter where you place him—in Tammany Hall, single-handed, with a gang of evil Sports in front of him, determined to get up a quarrel, to have the opportunity of knocking him down. To be sure, this was years ago; but I have heard George Issacks tell of it lately—and George tells it well, and as it was. How easy Dan took it, crowded into a corner, near the door, the drunken mob in contact applying all kind of bad names to him, pretending it was their growl and their fight. Dan knew better, for he could see the setters on in the background, who knew they could never carry out their designs if he entered the Committee Room. It was to intimidate and keep him from his seat that the hounds were set on his track. They failed, and when the ball opened he was there.

Just so with anything he sets his mind on. He works with a will until he masters it. It don't want any fixing afterwards. What a bad card Fernando played, when he made Dick Busteed Corporation Counsel instead of Dan! They could have played their hands together, each knowing what honors the other held. Fernando couldn't see it, so he lost his game by McCarty's proposition for Sickles to give Wood all the tricks. Look at him in the New York Senate: his seat contested, and the other man waiting to take it as soon as he closed his speech. Dan had made up his mind it should not be did. The Senate had named the hour to shut up shop for the season. Sickles had the say, and he kept on saying until the Governor's hammer fell and told all hands to go home, the hour of adjournment having arrived.

Again in Congress his seat is contested—all hands against him, a big cloud hanging over his head, heavy weights around his feet, odds of a whole cheese to a Boston cracker that he is sent home. The Whole Committee are ready to report that he is in the wrong place, and only wait to hear his last words. He rises in his seat, not a friend near him, except Cox, of Ohio. He opens the case, advances new arguments, and shows so plainly how wrong would be the act of his displacement, that even the pages on the floor wonder how such a verdict can be given on such evidence. A pause. One of the leaders of the House who has been an attentive listener to Dan's logic, rises from his seat and talks with the Chairman of the Committee on Elections. Another of the same committee sees things in a different light, and still another. Dan stops, takes his seat. A postponement for a day. The final report being, no cause of action, and Sickles serves out the term he was elected to. The Speaker honors him. He acts as Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House. Disputed points on parliamentary rules arise. He decides. The ablest in the House attack his position. He remains firm. His decision is appealed from. The House by its vote sustains him, and men from all parties as he leaves the Chair, meet him and compliment him.

War comes—he is ready to play his part in that; raises a regiment; then a brigade—the "Excelsior." Asks a generalship; the honest President grants the boon. Politicians fight against it; they know the man so well, that if he gains one step on the pinacle of fame, he will soon reach the top, and that as he rises, they fall. Newspapers attack, that afterwards praise; the *Leader* defends; he minds nothing, eats his dinner, twirls his moustache with the same coolness when the storm was the fiercest, as he does now when all is sunshine, and thousands honor him.

The Sports must pardon the old man for his talk, but all he says is gathered from the wayside in my walks through life. It is all true, and I love friendship in man and woman so much that if I thought half the love an Abolitionist bestows upon the negro and his cause was honest, I would be tempted to turn in and help along.

Macelhone, a *Globe* reporter, was in town, and I heard him say in support of a declaration he made, that Brigadier General Sickles was one among the bravest on the field of battle; that the Excelsior regiments were at a halt—the enemy in thousands in front of them. Sickles on horseback, sat calmly looking over the field, as if determining what should be done. Slowly he dismounted, giving the bridle rein to his servant, and turned to his men who, panting with anxiety, awaited the order of their officers. Not a word yet from their General; bullets came against them thick and fast, a shell breaks within sight of the foremost ranks; now another, the next still closer—all see that his mind is made up. He calls the orderly of the company on the right, receives his gun, and in return gives his sword; orders his servant and horse to the rear, examines the rifle, and as he turns to his men again, his face as calm as a summer's morning, but his clear, blue eye lit up with a fire that gives courage to all, he says:

"Boys, there is but one way to win," and as his rich, mellow voice gave the order to fix bayonets and charge, such a yell rang out from his bold, heroic "Excelsiors," that the woods echoed it. On they rush at double-quick, Dan on foot, rifle in hand, at the head of them. The Rebels gave way from that wall of steel, and well they might, or the stacks of their dead that fell pierced through and through would have been a tier or two higher than they were. It is said this charge turned the tide of battle. If so, so much the better. Yet it makes neither private or officer of his brigade any greater hero. Their medals are won, their General claims nothing; the cheers of Dan's men is greater homage to him than ever king received, for it tells plainly that he has their love and respect.

Again, boys, let me say that although this ain't got much to do with our "loved ones" trip to Hoboken, and the Sports will perhaps say so; but now that I have had my say of Sickles, by the LEADER's permission I will set sail on the other tack, and tell you all about it.

At the ferry, and over in the "John Fitch" steamer, for the first time in a dozen of years we stand on Jersey shore, and the first man we recognize is one of the Ludlow Brothers, who, as a model shad fisherman or crack oarsman in a four-oared race, when we both were young, stood king-pins in all kinds of weather. Hackensack and Jersey law then had terrors for Yorkers far beyond what the Tombs, old Hays and Justice Bloodgood ever had.

Rynders used to sing a good song concerning Jersey law, and he always sang it with an *encore*, especially if he had Bill Ford for a chorus. "What a change!" exclaims Daisy. "Where is all the green grass, big trees and shady walks?" All gone to give way to brick houses and paved streets; and I passed the spot where Nelse Brewer with his partner, Wally Mason, kept their neat little rancho, nearly opposite Lewey Schwartz's Otto Cottage. How queer the boys would talk about that same Gothic cottage, and think it so strange that a rich old man would build such a pretty house and then give it to a married woman! Nelse always said it was because he was so devoted to music. And then some one would ask, "Why don't he build one then for Mike Roberts? he was devoted to music, too." And so he was, for I have known him to leave a steer half dressed to go and follow Lothian's or Wallace's brass band through the streets. "But," says Nelse, "it's the singing; Mike can't sing." There's Bill Louzada, he can sing; it was always hip and thigh between him and Frank O'Donnell which could sing "Red Robin" the best. Walter Gaffet said Dave Pye could give them both chalks on "Mary of the Wild Moor." Gracious, I have seen Tom Larue and Pete Cropsey both cry when Pye would do his best on that song.

All the Sports, of a summer afternoon, when market was over and the day's work was done, who met at Walter Heyer's, at Clinton Market—thirty-four's boys, and the Red Rover crew—never missed a meal if the sun shone out. Nelse and Wally's place was also a rendezvous for the Park Row, Broadway and Bowery Sports. It was their halting place on their way to Dyer's, at Elysian Fields—or, perhaps, to be more correct I should say McCarty's, as Dyer was in his bloom long before Nelse and Wally opened shop.

To let myself back a peg or two. I can say I have seen gay and festive scenes with Chickering's Sports, when Dyer was landlord of "The Fields." He hurt Swift a heap when he opened. What crowds of a Sunday did congregate there?—and every one that went had a quarter to spend; that made things lively. That model hotel clerk who presides at the Astor with so much good nature that it gives every guest pleasure to pay their bill into his hands, was the barkeeper at "The Fields." Why, it would do you good to see him make and hand out milk punches, lemonades, &c. Indeed he could, and what was better—considering the crowd he had to deal with, each one on the make—he got his pay for all.

How we Sports would pump ourselves in those days! Pumps and white stockings were not bad to take. To be sure, soap locks and one of Alvord's or Bond's straight brimmers now-a-days ain't considered much—but then, we were considerable with both; and all the girls who came over a beau-catching liked a shiny hat. I remember very well a big chased gold ring I wore—in fact, all the Old Sports had theirs. Did they not, Joe Carlisle? maybe you have got yours yet. I lost mine on a sure thing long ago. We all wore great big breastpins, too, that had our sweethearts faces painted in them. They looked just like pictures in frames. A deaf and dumb man painted mine. I gave him as much as three dollars. You had better believe we Sports of those days prided ourselves on looking nice.

And what was better, real nice, good-behaved girls, in flocks, would come over to Hoboken then, and they did not feel insulted or put on airs if we did say it was a fine day, or "How are you, Mary Ann?" As many of us young fellows as there were gals in company would follow on, but never pretend to speak to them until we got to the Cave, although they knew what we was doing just as well as we did ourselves. At the Cave, water was a penny a glass—it was always colder than ice.

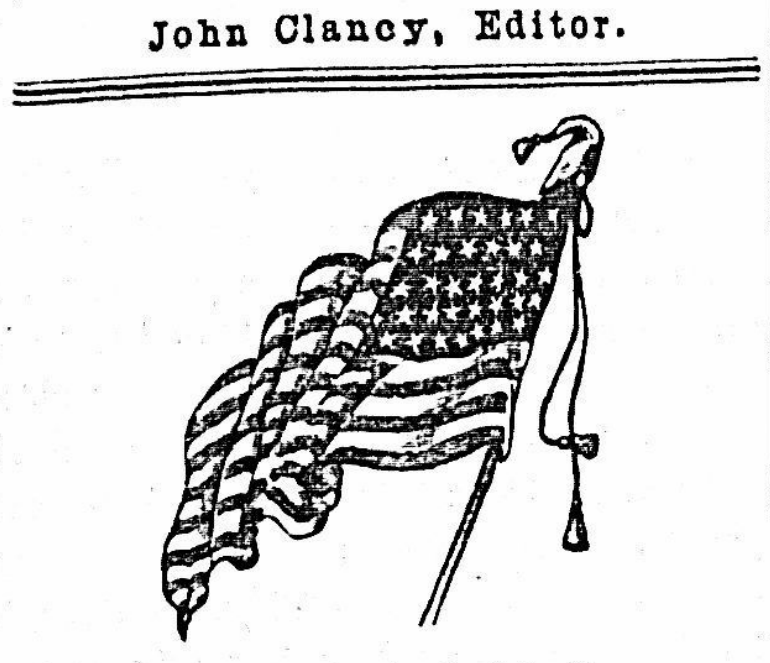
One of the girls in the party would always be more forward than the rest. She had been to the Sybil's Cave before, and always wanted a drink; one of us would sail up quickly and dip her a glassful sure, while the rest coaxed the timid fawns, Jane Matilda and Maria, to have a glass as well. It would not be long before their shyness would melt away, and they'd gulp a cupful with ease. Why, I have had a gal turn up her nose, call me a saucy, impudent fellow for speaking to one I did not know, and act real offish and haughty; but I never got angry or gave it up so. I knew the dears so well, I would talk my prettiest, agree with her that it was rude on my part, but I could not resist the desire of speaking to her, ask her to pardon me, and I never failed to see her in a short time whisper and talk to her mentor, which I always interpreted as saying—he ain't such a bad fellow after all. A walk to the fields, a swing in the scups, or a ride on the wooden horses, on which I was allowed to lift her on and off, made us such good friends that she would take sponge-cake freely, allow me to pay her ferriage back, tell me her name, and the hour she would pass a certain corner going to the Allen street church on Sunday evening.

Those were lovely times, indeed—good hearts and clean hands were trumps—men met as men, boys as boys. Revolvers, bowie-knives and slung-shots had not been invented, a watch-house had its terrors, while the city went to sleep at half-past ten; and it did not require the untiring industry of an Acton, a Bowen, or a Kennedy, to keep a great city from riot and robbery.

New York Leader.

OFFICE No. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.

John Clancy, Editor.



"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us."

"TABLET OF FAME."

In next Saturday's LEADER will appear, under the above title, a complete list, up to November 30, 1861, of all the heroes, living and dead, of the Great Rebellion, whose names have been honorably mentioned in official or other reports. This interesting document, which has been prepared with great care, is taken from "Townsend's Encyclopædia of the Great Rebellion," based upon this "Great Rebellion Record," a manuscript work of twenty-two volumes royal quarto, now on exhibition at Ball, Black & Co.'s, No. 565 Broadway.

News agents desiring extra copies of THE LEADER containing the "Tablet of Fame," should order them before Thursday next.

CORCORAN.

Yesterday, we venture to say, was the proudest day in the life of Michael Corcoran. No man ever received a more earnest, glowing, enthusiastic reception than this brave and chivalrous man upon his entrance to this city of his hearth and home.

We have had many pageants from time to time which in theatrical display may have equalled this demonstration, but clearly none which can parallel it for personal devotion, intensity of feeling and heartfelt earnestness—the city fairly thrills yet with the electrical excitement. Many a manly form quivered with emotion, and many an eye was dim with the tear of sympathy as this brave man and suffering martyr rode past, almost overcome by the grandeur of the occasion.

Whatever may have been his reception in other parts of the country, whether by the President, the Cabinet, the first men of the Nation—and everywhere it has been most generous and enthusiastic—we venture to say that he felt most deeply of all, this spontaneous and fervent tribute of the people of his own city. It compensated for everything—the battle-field—sickness—imprisonment—suffering—all were forgotten in the pride and pleasure of that hour, as he made his triumphal way through the myriad crowds which lined the great thoroughfare of our imperial city.

Before this war began, Michael Corcoran was known to but few men; by those he was esteemed as an intelligent, resolute, upright and earnest man. He was an adopted citizen and a Democrat. He had zealously opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln, and owed no allegiance either to the individual or his principles. He did owe allegiance to the country of his adoption, and the Constitution which guaranteed our liberty as a free people and our existence as a nation. When the war began for the life of the nation he marched at the head of the gallant "69th"—whose deeds are immortal history—to the seat of government. His efficient services in fortifying Washington at that critical period, the admirable discipline which he maintained, the spirit with which he inspired his men, and the self-sacrificing bravery with which he arose from the bed of sickness and at the head of the columns led his soldiers into action, are as household words to the loyal people of the nation.

His capture and the incidents of his imprisonment are equally well known. Subjected to tyranny and brutal treatment, against which the moral sense of every civilized community revolts, in loathsome dungeons, with unwholesome and insufficient food, broken down in health and strength, his bearing was at all times that of the stern soldier and Christian man. With calm fortitude and undaunted firmness he waited the long coming hour of his deliverance. He never lowered his crest or quailed in heart or nerve, before the Rebel tyrants, but furnished throughout all the incidents of this most trying ordeal a grand example of the lofty spirit of a true man and patriot.

Since his deliverance his bearing has been equally irreproachable and the subject of general admiration. His speeches have been unassuming, sensible and patriotic, and have taken our people by surprise. They were not prepared for such unexceptionable efforts in the difficult and to him unpracticed department of public speaking. But it would seem that Michael Corcoran can speak, as well as he can fight and suffer in the cause of his adopted country. He has well said that he enlisted to fight for the *Union*, and nothing else, and he shall continue fighting in that cause alone. This speaks volumes.

In his lonely cell far away from the field of political strife, he has witnessed, and thoughtfully pondered over, the wretched fanaticism of our dominant politicians, who would turn this war aside from its holy mission, to vindicate party platforms—that rabid Abolitionism might glory in personal triumphs over the overthrow of the fundamental principles of our Government, and upon our ruin as a Constitutional Republic. This thoughtful declaration of Corcoran should be the keynote of all patriotic men—this is a war not for the ascendancy of Republicanism or Abolitionism, but for the Union.

But more than any other class of our citizens, yesterday was a proud and welcome day to Irishmen. Michael Corcoran and "the "69th" represented the courage and chivalry of the Irish race, and the loyalty and patriotic devotion of the Irish citizen. How gloriously these qualities have been represented, needs no pen at this day to illustrate. They have achieved moral as well as physical victories. All distinctions of religion or birth which in times of party excitement were attempted to be raised between native and adopted citizens, catholics and protestants, are swept away in the commingled and sacred blood of a common battlefield—all nationalities fighting together with equal earnestness and with equal heroism.

We participate in the joyous triumph with which our Irish citizens welcomed Corcoran. We have not yet had the pleasure of taking him by the hand, but among all the warm friends whom he will meet, he will find none who will give him a more earnest grasp of welcome or a more sincere and heartfelt greeting than ourselves.

REPUBLICAN POLITICS.

"Thurlow Weed sails for Europe in a few days." This significant and pregnant item of intelligence has recently made its appearance in the press, and has been the subject of wide spread interest and gossip. The departure of the great chief and leader of the conservative Republicans of this State, on the eve of the meeting of the State Convention, when the grand struggle between the section he represents and the radical element of his party is about to be fought out in bloody battle, is a striking fact.

It indicates either that the necessity for his presence abroad is far greater than the public have been led to expect from the newspaper reports of the condition of our foreign affairs or the the contest in the Republican ranks is to be virtually surrendered. It is not derogating from the dignity of any leading man in the ranks of the conservative Republicans, to say, that Mr. Weed is the sole leader-in-chief of those forces, and that no man in the State can take his place. There certainly never was a time in the history of that party when his able services were more urgently required, and probably at no future time can the consequences of his absence be repaired.

The growth of the Chase section of the Republican party in this State has certainly been very rapid. The seeds of Republican discord and divison had been sown long before Mr. Lincoln's election. But the opposition to Seward and Weed, which was virulently manifested at Chicago by Greeley, Opdyke, Field & Company, was consolidated, organized and made a power, when Mr. Chase became Secretary of the Treasury. Chase at once assumed the leadership of the new party in opposition to Seward, and he has proved himself to be a most effective and unscrupulous chief. He is a bold, determined, energetic man, one not likely to turn aside from or conciliate opposition, but disposed to march forward upon and over difficulties with haughty and defiant tread, and conceives that he is on the high road to the Presidency. Barney was appointed Collector as part of the Chase programme. We were told at first, that he was to be the representative of the entire party, neither recognizing nor supporting factions. Then, when the war broke forth, and the Democratic party turned out en masse, to save the country, there was to be no party proscription. As Democrats were in the field offering up their lives for the government, it was proclaimed that the administration would thenceforth in the distribution of the favors of the government thus preserved, know no political distinctions. But all these fine promises were soon forgotten, and party proscription was never more bitterly and unsparingly carried out than under the present Collector.

The Republican party unity was soon forgotten too, and it cannot be denied that the Custom House to-day, in the manifestation of political power, is wholly in the interest of Mr. Chase.

Mr. Opdyke's election to the office of Mayor was another angry and most damaging blow to the interests of the Seward and Weed section. This would never have occurred if Mr. Weed had been here—but advantage was taken of his absence in the service of the country abroad, and the representative enemy of his section of the party was placed in the commanding position of Mayor of the empire city. In a few days the collectors and assessors under the tax law for the entire State will be appointed. These appointments properly belong to the Treasury department and it is confidently asserted by the friends of Mr. Chase, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will secure them all, with unimportant exceptions, to his personal and political friends. This will form a new and most formidable element of organization in the Radical interest.

The call for the meeting of the Republican Convention has been issued for several weeks, and work enough has been done to foreshadow the result. The Chase and Greeley men defiantly declare that they will carry the Convention, set aside the aspirations of Morgan for re-election, and with resistless power obtain control of the Executive and Legislative departments of the State Government. The quarrel is a very bitter one—there is no middle ground for compromise—the struggle will be life or death to the contending sections. If the radicals are successful in the State Convention, the next movement will be thorough organization for Members of Congress and Assembly, and finally the possession of the office of Comptroller, in the place of Mr. Hawes. With a Governor representing the "infernals," the State of New York will be thoroughly abolitionized, and the entire patronage of the State flowing from Albany will be at once clutched by that section. The Police department, the several special commissions and all the political interests which have grown up in the State since the advent of Edwin D. Morgan to power, will be laid hold of with relentless hand.

We know that since the life of the nation has been at stake, Mr. Weed has been actuated by lofty patriotism, and has laid aside almost altogether the role of the politician. From the first hour of the war, he has been a volunteer devoted to the service of his country. Although far advanced in years, the stirring necessities of the hour have apparently given him renewed life and vigour, and everywhere on the field of action that his peculiar abilities could be best employed, he may be said to have been the wheel horse of the Government. At home and abroad he has been equally devoted and self-sacrificing. When it became necessary to send our ablest men to the Courts of Europe, to frustrate the machinations of the horde of wily and persevering Rebel missionaries who were storming the controlling cabinets of the old country, Mr. Weed, by the common consent of the nation, was among the first chosen. We all know how successful he has been in that great field—his calm sagacity, his shrewd knowledge of men, his masterly command of the question at issue, exercised a powerful and controlling influence with the leading minds of England, and the good effects of his mission are felt to this day.

But the urgency should be very great to take him away from this State at this crisis of its political destiny. This country cannot survive under Abolition rule; and if the surrender of the Republican organization here to Chase, Wadsworth, Campbell, Greeley, Field and the rest of the Jacobin leaders, is virtually to give up this great State to their "infernal" rule, then we say that it is the duty of Mr. Weed to remain here and do his utmost to prevent so great a calamity. If the time has arrived when he is to be stricken down, let it be at the head of the column which he has so often led to victory; and if he is to be overtaken by political death, we hope and trust that he will die fighting, with the old harness on his back.

It may be that it has been decided to let the "infernal" Republicans "run the machine" on this occasion, in the hope that the Democratic Convention will nominate a ticket and present a platform which will command the support of the conservative men of the State, and that the Radicals will thus be overwhelmed in open fight and exterminated as a political power.

The nomination of Wadsworth, of the Negro Brigade and General Marplot of the War, for Governor, with Noyes, or some other black Republican, for Lieutenant, will certainly present the issue very distinctly. For our part we would like exceedingly that the united Democracy should have no more difficult undertaking than the defeat of such a ticket.

In the meantime we cannot refrain from inquiring why is Thurlow Weed going to Europe in a few days?

THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT.

In these strange times everything turns up differently from what was anticipated; every prediction of our wise men has been falsified by events, and the only current opinion that has been justified by the whirligig of time has been the very general idea that we are a great people. A great people we certainly are. Mr. Seward said in his nacular manner just before the bombardment of Fort Sumter that the first hostile gun fired either by the North or the South would irrevocably shatter the Union into pieces, and long after the affair of Sumter when a good many hostile guns had been fired on both sides, he stated officially that the war would be at an end and the Union would be restored in ninety days.

The prophets down South foretold with great confidence, and many prophets of the North echoed their declarations, that closing the ports of the Cotton States would plunge the people of the free States, and particularly those of the sea-board, into irretrievable ruin; that there would be starvation and rebellion among the manufacturing people of New England, and as for New York it would become another Tyre in decay, ships would lie rotting at our wharves, and grass would grow in Broadway, while desolation and ruin would be spread over the face of the country generally.

We need not say how all these dismal forebodings have been disproved by the actual state of affairs. As for the grass in Broadway, we never for a moment believed in that absurd prediction, for we knew that closing the ports of the Gulf States would send an immense amount of commerce to this port which had before found its way down the Mississippi; but it must have been a very sanguine mind indeed that could have volunteered the prediction that the present summer, the second of the rebellion, would prove one of the most prosperous to watering places, and to the lines of steamboats and railroads which depend upon pleasure travelling, that has ever been known.

But such is the fact, strange and unaccountable is it may appear. Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, Niagara, and the White Mountains have never been so crowded by gay pleasure-seekers as they are now. In the midst of the most tremendous civil war that any modern people have been compelled to bear, with all the chief ports of the South blockaded, and a million of our citizens fighting in the field, there are still enough prosperous and happy people left to crowd every avenue of travel to resorts of Summer recreation, and to fill all the great hotels in our principal cities. Even in an out-of-the-way place like the Cattskill Mountain House the visitors have been so numerous during the past week that the guests had to lie on the floor, and only half of them could get a blanket to cover them. All the steam packets go crowded with passengers for Europe, and there appears on all sides the same evidence of abounding prosperity which distinguished the flush times in the palmy days of California gold digging.

War, after all, is not so ruinous to a nation as it has been imagined; it gives vigor and energy to the national character, and greatly stimulates commerce by calling into use a great number of articles of home manufacture for which there is no demand in times of peace.

It cannot be denied that the necessities of the nation have enriched a vast number of people and given employment to multitudes who would else have been idle. The thousand millions a year expended in the prosecution of the war have not been altogether thrown away and wasted. A good many men have been ruined, beyond a question; but then as an offset to them a good many have been made rich, of which there need be no other proofs adduced than the crowds of visitors at our watering places and the gay aspect of our principal hotels and thoroughfares.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

The ill-advised caution of the War Department in suppressing all news of the movements of our armies until long after they take place, occasions a vast deal of harm to the public, and throws the community into periodical spasms of alarm which are anything but favorable to the national cause. On Wednesday all our daily newspapers were in receipt of intelligence from the seat of war to the effect that General Pope was falling back with his army towards the Rappahannock, and that Stonewall Jackson was advancing upon him in full force. The object of Pope was to form a junction with Burnside at Fredericksburgh, and so prevent his being flanked by the Rebels. There was imminent danger of a battle, but there was nothing which rendered it improper to be known immediately to the people. The Rebels, of course, knew all about it before it could have been known in Washington.

But Secretary Stanton, for some inscrutable reason, ordered that the intelligence should not be given to the public, and it was withheld until Thursday morning. The suppression of the news, though, did infinitely more harm than its publication could have done, for it was rumored about town that Pope had been completely cut up, and that the rebels were marching in great force upon the Capital. Wall street was in a ferment at once; there was a scare among the bears and a stampede among the bulls; many a weak operator for a rise was slaughtered, and very large sums of money were lost, all because Secretary Stanton chooses to treat the people, whose servant he is, in so capricious and unreasonable a manner.

Nothing more has since been vouchsafed to us from the War Department, and for all we know there may have been a tremendous encounter between the two armies; but it is hardly probable that there has been any fighting yet. The great aim of that wide awake and sagacious leader, Stonewall Jackson, evidently has been to strike a decisive blow at the army of Virginia before it could unite with Burnside and McClellan. But we rather think that Pope has been too quick for him and defeated his intentions. It is satisfactory to know that McClellan's army is in a safe position, and that unless some disaster shall have befallen our troops, they must by this time be massed in such force as to render an attack by Jackson not an event to be feared. But, let what may happen, it is to be hoped that Secretary Stanton will not withhold the news from the people. If it be bad, the sooner we know it and put ourselves in a condition to repair our damages the better, while if it be good it will be cruel to keep us from the enjoyment of our successes.

CITY POLITICS.

In all the history of party warfare in our city, there was never known so bitter and personal a quarrel as has grown up in the old wigwam between the rival contestants for the nomination of Comptroller, Boole on the one hand, Connelly on the other. The aldermatic combination in the Common Council of which Boole is the representative, controls directly or indirectly the votes and organizations of about nine of the chief wards of the city. The control of the organizations in these wards is not a mere form or shadow, but a substantial power, extending into each election district of the several wards in question, and embracing the rank and file as well as leaders of the party in those districts. A fierce and bitter controversy between leaders, soon finds its way to the followers, and the result is, that the entire force on each side act as one man, in resenting the wrong and insult to which their chiefs are subjected.

Hence the universal irritation everywhere at recent action of the Street department. It appears to be a settled fact that Connolly cannot obtain the Mozart Hall nomination, and it is more than doubtful to our mind whether he commands one third of the General Committee to his support. We learn that there is a very general conviction even in the camps of his friends, that the old War Horse, Elijah F. Purdy is the strongest man to be supported by that side of the contesting forces.

Connolly having alienated his old friends, and by the odious policy which he has dictated in the removal of the aldermanic appointees in the Street Department, it would appear impossible for the party to unite upon him; on the contrary, it would seem, that his name would but rally discord, divisions and disorder, leading but to inevitable defeat. Elijah F. Purdy is an old Knickerbocker who has served his party and the people of this city for nearly half a century. He has worked his way through life by his native vigor; he is a hard worker, a hard thinker, and a most vigilant public servant. The means he possesses he has earned in the pursuits of private life and not by holding office. He has done more service in the cause of the Democratic party than any other man in it. He is universally known to all classes of our citizens, of every origin, whether American, Irish, German, or whatever other nationality, and he is popular with all.

He has often been elected by the people of this city to public office, but never sought an elective office of pecuniary profit. He has been the soldier of the people serving through many trying wars, without pay. He is know to all to be capable and honest. He never presented himself as the candidate of any mongral organization, but has always stood on the platform of Tammany-hall—pure and simple. He has never failed of an election by the popular vote and always secured a much larger majority than any other candidate on the same ticket. With these qualities in Mr. Purdy as a candidate before the people; and in view of the bitter hostility in every section of the party which has grown up against Connolly, it is not remarkable that the section of the party which Connolly represents, are rallying their forces around the old chief, and have concluded to leave Richard B. to serve out his senatorial term, undisturbed by distracting questions of city finance.

It is too much to expect one man to be in two places so far distant as Albany and New York, at the same time. If elect Comptroller he would be required to be in this city on the first day of January, and here to remain in the discharge of the exacting duties of chief financial officer of the city; and this he could not well do, being already bound by his Constitutional oath of office faithfully to discharge the duties of Senator, to be at the Capitol on that day, and there to remain in the performance of the high duties of a Senator. The position of Senator has been filled by some of the greatest men of the State, and is not bating anything from the mental and physical qualifications of Mr. Connolly to say that the duties of that office tax his mettle to the utmost. Mr. Purdy will be in the City of New York on the first day of January, as wide awake, courteous, vigilant and active as ever, perfectly prepared to receive the calls of his Democratic friends and to enter immediately on the duties of the office of Comptroller. This is another strong reason for making Mr. Purdy the candidate, which did not occur to us before. It is evidently out of the question to talk any more of Connolly for Comptroller. He can't take the office. He is required to be in Albany when the official term of Comptroller commences, there to remain closely occupied for the most important period of the year.

It was supposed when Connolly was first talked of for Comptroller, that the term of Mr. Hawes extended to the first of May, but at the last Turtle love feast, where Elijah F. Purdy did not preside, the Hon. Thomas Dunlap produced the statute, and established conclusively that the term commenced on the first of January next. Senator Connolly will doubtless take an early opportunity to formally withdraw as a candidate and transfer the command of his forces to his friend Major General Purdy. This is what Richard B. hinted at in the remarks called "a speech," uttered in the presence of his friends John Pettigrew, Oliver Charlick and others, at the Fashion Course, on the 12th instant, when he said: "Let us forget our own bickerings—lay aside the selfishness of which has actuated too many of our own leaders. Let us lay upon the altar of patriotism every desire and aspiration which conflicts with a more perfect union, or with the success of the conservative liberal and truly patriotic element of our country." The reporter states that these sentiments were received with "immence applause and three cheers for Connolly."

The applause was due to the fact that these remarks were understood to have direct reference to the office of Comptroller. All these clam-bakes and turtle dove love-feasts are but incidents in the struggle for the great prize—clams, turtle, and finances naturally go together. Connolly had been the subject of "bickerings" in reference to this office; he had even been charged with "selfishness" in seeking this office while holding another, and after being the recipient of the richest prizes in the way of office-holding of any man in the whole city, State or country. He was, therefore, in view of the discovery made by the shrewd and practical Dunlap that it was physically, as well as morally and legally, impossible that he could hold the office of Comptroller, about to lay his "aspirations" on the altar of patriotism in order that there might be "a perfect union," &c.

"We are passing away,
Like a long summer day."

It is well known that Mozart Hall may be induced to endorse Boole's nomination but will not Connolly's. Boole is working indefatigably night and day, and the recent demonstration of the street department, has only stimulated him to increased activity, if that were possible. He keeps perfectly fresh, with his eyes wide open for all the chances which develope themselves from day to day, and promises a *coup d'etat* before the cool weather fairly sets in, which will make the Comptroller contest a sure and very easy thing. Let us be ready for whatever offers in these trying and changing times.

In the meantime, with all the increasing struggles and malignant hatred and bitterness springing up between the Boole, Connolly, Genet and Wood forces, John R. Briggs occupies a commanding position of power and influence. He may be said to hold the balance of power securely in his hands. His grasp on the scales is with a very firm hand and the "balance" is evenly held between the warring sections. While all the other factions and divisions are fighting against each other, none of them make war on Briggs, and he makes war upon none. His position is certainly the most pleasant, and possibly the most profitable. He has votes which probably neither side can succeed without; he does not mean to surrender them, and when the fight gets hot he is the man upon whom all the contestants can unite, forgetting "the bickerings" to which Senator Connolly so felicitously alluded, effecting that "perfect union" for which he so ardently prayed at the mock turtle soiree, and to receive which he is to erect a special altar in the holy region of unselfish patriotism—in the land of perpetual clams,—populous with fat and luscious turtle.

It seems to be a fixed fact that Michael Corcoran will not become a candidate for civic honors, at least while this war continues undecided. No inducements of civic place or power can tempt him from the field of active duty against the enemy of his country. When he entered upon this war he meant to fight, and he means now to fight to the end. The sufferings and privations which he has endured at the barbarous hands of the rebels, but stir his heart and nerve his arm in the good fight to still more gallant deeds in the cause of National existence and Republican liberty. If Michael Corcoran will not consent to be a candidate for this office, Michael Connolly would certainly be the next choice of our adopted citizens of Irish origin as well being in every way acceptable to the masses of the party. This entire contest for Comptroller is a mighty uncertain business, a political lottery, in which the least clamorous is as likely to draw the prize as the most noisy, "selfish," and "bickering" of the ticket holders.

The position of Smith Ely is not clearly defined. We do not understand him to be a "candidate" for the office in the common acceptation of that term. He does not mean to enter upon any struggle for the nomination, invite any caucus, organize any clam bake, or be responsible for the wine and "fixins" of any Mock Turtle dove, love feasts. He is well known. He has a good record, makes strong runs before the people and is perfectly cool and uncommitted upon this great question of the day. He has all the experience and qualifications to command popular support and to fill the office ably. He is in regular business, has a substantial store in the swamp and can be found whenever he is wanted, whether to serve the party as their candidate for Comptroller or in any other position of honor and profit. He does not feel called upon to say what he will do on the question of running for the office until the exigency arrives. When it is presented, he will give a very concise and satisfactory answer to any committee duly authorized to represent the *entire* Democratic party. Without having any direct communication with Supervisor Ely, this we learn from satisfactory sources however, to be substantially his position on this important question.

It is to be hoped that the democratic party will be thoroughly united upon this nomination, for there never was a time when the prospect was brighter. The republican party is irretrievably divided. Mr. Haws will doubtless secure control of the republican machine, and be nominated, also, by some outside "Union" conventions. But he will not be supported by the "radical" portion of the rank and file of the party. He is strong in himself and in a close contest it would be difficult for the Custom House, Mayor's office and all the Chase, Barney and Opdyke forces to defeat him. They do not intend that he shall have another five years lease of this enormous patronage. They believe in ruling or ruining, and would infinitely prefer to see this office in democratic hands than in the control of any representative of Seward and Weed. Charles H. Marshall is understood to be ready to organize another special and particular "Union" organization, to defeat Haws by uniting upon any candidate likely to achieve success.

In the meantime the great democratic Sphinx continues to ask—"who is the best man to nominate for Comptroller?"

OUR SMALL PAPER CURRENCY.

John Bull's mouth-piece, the *Times*, having exhausted itself in thundering and blundering over every possible American topic, has at last turned its attention to our postage stamp currency and tries to be funny over it. The only people who have any right to have a word to say upon the subject are ourselves, and we are perfectly content with it. The postage stamps are, in fact, extremely convenient, and altogether preferable to copper, silver, or nickle, to carry in the pocket. The *Times*, however, regards our stamps as an eighth plague of Egypt, and says that the good behavior tickets of charity school children "are nearly as valuable as United States currency." Of course the *Times* knew it was telling a bouncer in saying so; but then it was rather a smart thing to represent the good behavior tickets of cockney charity scholars as nearly as good as United States currency. It served to belittle us in the eyes of the world, and perhaps would knock down the price of our securities on the Stock Exchange some two or three per cent.

"In our museums," says the *Times*, "are many curiosities of coinage, Kimmerage or coal money, cowries, the salt money of the desert as old as Herodotus; but all these must yield to the many-colored coinage of the United States, meaning the postage stamps; and so the great "thunderer" runs on with its vapid humor, and winds up with the caution to Englishmen;—"If you have a sovereign in your pocket good reader take it out, look at it and be proud of your country. Across the Atlantic it is represented by 500 representations of Benjamin Franklin in blue. That's the sort of change you are to expect for the first piece of gold your necessities compel you to part with at New York."

And this is the kind of imbecile drivel which passes for powerful writing in what Englishmen call "the leading journal."

Would any one imagine, after reading this diatribe about our postage currency, that it is precisely the same kind of currency which has been in use many years in England, the only difference being that instead of a sovereign being represented by 500 representations of Benjamin Franklin in blue, it is done by the same number of representations of Queen Victoria in red. Postage stamps are, in fact, used to a much greater extent as currency in Great Britain than they have been here. But we have already outgrown our postage stamps, as a substitute for small coin, and the new paper currency which is now ready for delivery to the public will take the place of it, and very convenient we shall find it. In paying one's way through the world, for rides in omnibuses, for drinks and dinners at hotels, for our little daily charities, and all the occasions when small sums are required, what will it matter to us whether the currency we employ be copper, nickel, silver or paper? Paper will be the more convenient, clean and safe, and when we lose it, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that our loss is the gain of the Government.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

British and American writers in discussing the subject of foreign intervention in our domestic affairs always wind up with the solemn warning that any act of the kind would infallibly lead to a war with Great Britain, and even the *Saturday Review*, the most able and the most malignantly disposed towards us of all the British journals, deprecates a recognition of the Rebel States by Great Britain, for the avowed reason that "it would furnish a sort of excuse for the blatant spite against England that occupies the lungs and pen of all Federal politicians." This blatant spite, the *Saturday Review* knows full well means fight, and a fight with the United States is not a thing which any prudent Briton will willingly provoke. Every Englishman knows what a war with this country means, that it would be the greatest disaster which could befal the British nation, and would give the haughty rulers of that nation a staggering blow from which they might never receive.

Even though we should never gain a single victory by land or by sea, in the event of such a contest, the damage to England would be none the less, for it would be the means of cutting her off from her most profitable market, and utterly destroying the resources from which a large part of her people derive their daily bread. England, therefore, we may be sure, will not willingly counsel any overt act calculated to lead to an interruption of friendly commercial relations with this country. Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell have both recently given assurances to this effect to the discontented subjects of Her Majesty, assurances which might have been mercenary, to quiet their fears, but which were wholly uncalled for on this side of the Atlantic where no apprehensions have been entertained on the subject, except by a few nervous speculators in Wall street.

But there are two kinds of war: the war of actual physical collission and the war of sentiment and opinion; and this latter kind of war is that which is carried on with the greatest hate, the fiercest energy, and the most enduring consequences. This war has been declared between the two countries, and it will be continued until blood shall once more seal a new bond of peace between the contending parties.

The evidences of the hostile feelings existing toward each other are continually cropping out in various ways on both sides of the Ocean, but every one knows infinitely more of the true state of feeling from his personal experiences and observations than from anything which transpires to the public. New England has been for the last fifty years only a slightly modified old England. Boston prides itself on its English ways, and was delighted to be told by British visitors how much they found themselves at home there; and even in New York there is a very wide spread Anglomania.

Mr. Thackeray said, on the occasion of the first dinner party he attended, "how very English this all is." But he would hardly make such a remark if he visited Boston now. The Anglo-mania of our good friends in the Hub of the Universe has been changed to an Anglo-phobia, and nothing is more common than to hear the exclamation "I hate England with a perfect hatred," among the solid men and scholars of the Old Commonwealth. The feeling, which is the father also of the desire, that we must go to war with John Bull, as soon as the rebellion shall have been brought to a close, and punish him for his insolence, is almost universal at the North; and, judging from certain extracts from the journals in Dixie which have lately been published, we should say that a similar feeling pervades the rebel States.

The course of Great Britain has been such as to exasperate alike both the rebel South and loyal North, and Englishmen have flattered themselves that this is an evidence that their course has been the true one since it has satisfied neither side. But John Bull will discover the fallacy of his inference by and by.

Travellers who have recently returned from England say that it is impossible to convey a correct account of the state of feeling which exist towards this country. It pervades all classes, and a bitterly revengeful sentiment is nourished against us, as being the cause of all the distresses which they now suffer. The journals of England afford us a pretty fair indication of how intense their feeling must be, which finds vent in the ponderous leaders of the *Times*, the flippant essays of the *Saturday Review*, and the exceedingly stupid, but very malignant squibs of *Punch*. The only consolation for us is that the feeling is fully reciprocated on this side, and that we are only waiting for the convenient season to arrive when we shall show the depth and earnestness of our sentiment, by something more forcible than mere words, words, words.

MR. W. H. HURLBERT, an erratic genius formerly connected with the *N. Y. Times*, and who, while on a visit to Richmond soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, was arrested and imprisoned as a spy, recently made his escape by-way of Hanover Court-House, and is now supposed to be somewhere in the Shenandoah Valley. Mr. Hurlbert is one of the most brilliant writers in the country, but owing to some moral or mental twist, which perhaps could be explained by the author of "Cerebral Dynamics," in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he never could stick to the same opinions on any subject more than twenty-four hours, and consequently has always been in some kind of a muddle. He has distinguished himself at different times as an abolitionist, as a "muscular Christian," as a psalmist, as a Unionist, as a Secessionist, and we don't know what not; and at one time became quite celebrated as the author of the famous article in the *Times* on the "Elbows of the Mincio." At the time he went South he was a strong Secessionist, and instead of being immured in prison ought to have been made one of the editors of the *Richmond Whig*.

The paper might have been equally violent under his auspices, but it would also have had some literary ability which in a Southern journal would be quite a novelty. Mr. Hurlbert was for some time the dramatic critic of the *Albion*, and although he rarely troubled himself to see the play or the players he had to criticise, his articles were always able, and owing to the charm of their style, very much sought for.

We are curious to see him again if only to hear what he has to say of his secession friends, of whom he doubtless got tired long ago, although, if report be true, they treated him, after the first few weeks, with considerable distinction. But Hurlbert is a man who would get tired of Paradise in six months.

A BRITISH GRUMBLER.

Mr. Young, of the *Albion*, in an article entitled "A Blind Leader," complains of this sheet for mentioning him by name, and also for criticising his course as an Englishman in abusing the country which gives him shelter and support. We are afraid that Mr. Young is very difficult to please. It is very natural that he should object to have his name mentioned just now in connection with the *Albion*, but if such is the case he should withdraw the imprint of "W. Young, Editor and Proprietor," which appears so prominently in each issue. To complain that he is publicly spoken of as the editor when he takes such pains to advertise the fact himself, is simply ridiculous.

His other complaint is hardly worth notice.

That an Englishman should come over here and take every opportunity he can find to publicly abuse our people and our institutions while deriving support and protection from them, is certainly a fact that calls for the most stringent criticism. This is precisely Mr. Young's case; and yet the moment he is criticised at all, he complains of our sensitiveness as a people, and insists that because he pays taxes he can say and do what he pleases without violating the laws of hospitality. We beg to differ from him. He might as well say that because he paid his carriage fare to a friend's house, he was justified by that fact in abusing the friend's family and creating disorder in his household.

The matter is a very simple one. If Mr. Young dislikes this nation, and so far from sympathizing with our present difficulties is disposed to do all he can to increase them, and to make the friends of law and order the subject of his perpetual sneers, the best thing he can do—the only thing he can honorably do—is to get his passports at once and (if there are no obstacles in the way) return to England. His sophistry about freedom of thought and speech could be seen through by a child. The freedom that warrants a man in violating the laws of hospitality is undeserving of the name.

COL. CORCORAN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The *Tribune* of yesterday, in a highly appreciative notice of Col. Corcoran, makes the following allusion to an incident which at the time made the Colonel not a few personal enemies, although subsequent events abundantly proved the wisdom of his course:

"On the 25th of August, 1859, he was elected Colonel of the Sixty-ninth. Since that time his name has been closely allied with that of his regiment. Indeed, they are synonymous.

"At the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales, Col. Corcoran, remembering how England had persecuted and oppressed his countrymen and trampled upon the altars of devotion in his native land, declined to parade to do honor to the son of a sovereign under whose reign some of his companions in the Irish Rebellion of '48 had been banished. In this he was true to the history of those heroes of Limerick with whom tradition associates his lineage, true to the feelings of the corps he commanded, and true to his own theories and principles.

"The conduct of England towards this nation since the outbreak of the rebellion, shows anything but a fair requital for the hospitality extended so joyously by her people to her prospective king, and it is now a matter of pride and emulation among the friends of Corcoran, that he did not sacrifice his sentiments to please the populace. His court-martial and his eloquent defence by Richard O'Gorman will not soon be forgotten by a reading and thinking people. Notwithstanding the wet blanket of a court-martial, when the Southern opposition to the Government culminated in rebellion, the unselfish and patriotic nature of Colonel Corcoran prompted him to write and publish a letter imploring the famous Sixty-ninth to stand by the flag of the Union. The letter seemed to have the power of magic. The court-martial was instantly quashed—the Irish rushed into the ranks like kings to a coronation, and the Sixty-ninth left this city for the seat of war accompanied by an enthusiastic multitude of admirers."

THE *Albion*, whose hatred of everything American is exceeded only by its hatred of everything Catholic, after speaking of Archbishop Hughes as "The Right Reverend Firebrand," says, with unparalleled impudence, "As a minister, as a Christian, and even as a statesman, we have no hesitation in saying that this political priest has disgraced himself in the eyes of all decent men."

One of the causes of the *Albion's* attack upon the Archbishop is that while in Ireland he hinted at the lawfulness and expediency of still another Irish rebellion. If the worthy Prelate had been a traitor instead of a patriot, and had hinted at the lawfulness and expediency of the present American rebellion, the *Albion* would have had no fault to find, since its sympathies naturally run in that direction; but whenever anything is said in favor of a really oppressed people rebelling against actual tyranny, its back is up in a moment, and its indignation knows no bounds.

AMONG the passengers by the "City of Baltimore," which sails to-day for Liverpool, we notice the name of Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, who is about to spend several months in Spain, with a view to perfect his new Guide Book to Europe and the East, recently published by the Harpers. The sale of this work has already been very large, and it is the intention of the publishers to issue a new edition every year, revised from the personal observation of the author.

WE learn that Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who gave ten thousand dollars to Parson Brownlow for his book, has concluded arrangements with General Corcoran for the purchase of his Diary, kept while in the various prisons of the South.

BILLIARDS, BILLIARDS.—The beautiful billiard saloons of Mr. C. O'Connor, at Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, have been recently remodelled, painted and embellished, and they are unquestionably the handsomest rooms of the kind in the world. They contain twenty-two of Phelan's Marble and Slate-bed Tables, with all the latest improvements; and the cues and balls are of a very superior description. The admirable ventilation of the rooms renders them cool and pleasant even in the hottest weather; and the proprietor is always on hand to see that the guests are properly attended to; in fact, there is no pleasanter lounge in the city, or where the comfort of the visitors is more carefully studied.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co. have just published "Sabbath Music for Choir or Social Circle," a series of nine compositions, by J. R. Thomas; a collection of "Gems from Favorite Operas," arranged for the Pianoforte, by Abbott W. Berg; and "Isn't it a Wonder or Caddy Cadunk," words by Henry Wood, Esq; Music by Gustavus Geary.

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NIBLO'S GARDEN.

I incline to think, Colonel, that the happiest man in New York, just now—General Corcoran and present company excepted—is Mr. Wheatley, the new boss at Niblo's.

He has been in office four weeks next Monday, and the house has been so full every night that when he has wanted to see the performance himself, the ticket sellers have had to put him off with a private box.

I was threatened that way one night myself, and that, too, when I had left my gloves at home and my white neck-tie was in the wash.

I made a lucky escape, however, like the "Great American Stragedian," and changed my base of operations to one of the pews in the back gallery, where I could neither see nor be seen, and felt as good as if I was in meeting.

Past Manager Grau sat near me, but looked nice enough to have been put in a bandbox.

I wonder he didn't occupy the splendid little boudoir provided for himself and other distinguished persons by Past Manager Niblo.

By the way, I once applied for that same boudoir, Colonel, for myself and a country cousin (Miss Prudence Jenkins, spinster, from Tuckernuck, now in the army as a regulation nurse), and you should have seen the look of indignation, not to say of terror, with which the application was received.

Prudence hid her head in her bonnet—it was plenty big enough—and I then led her to a seat near the bass-viol (her favorite instrument) where I left her, to go and remonstrate with the box-keeper, and take a drink with Edgardus, getting back just in time to see the curtain drop, and reach Power's Hotel before ten o'clock.

In this way we missed the trapeze-business, but Prudenec had heard the bass-viol and seen Tom Placide—and that was enough for one evening.

But to return to Wheatley.

He is so delighted at having made something like a thousand dollars a-week (in addition to what he made, at the same house, as a member of the Great Concatenation or Congress) that he is preparing to astonish us, after the Ravel Troupe have gone, with one of those splendid show-pieces for which he was so celebrated in Philadelphia.

I don't know that I am betraying any secret in saying that the piece is to be "Faust and Marguerite."

If I am, I make amends by saying that Mr. Hayes and Mr. Elwyn are hard at work on the scenery (with a *carte blanche* as to expense); that Mr. J. B. Roberts and Mr. Wheatley are to play the leading characters; and that it promises to be one of the best (if not the very best) scenic spectacles that we have had in the city for years.

You may not know it, Colonel, but in New York Wheatley is on his "native heath."

He is anxious, therefore, to show the rest of the native heath-ens that a cit may spend half his lifetime in the country, and still be a man and a brother.

If he fails in this, he will have to return to Peanut street, take back his old Clark, and begin anew.

But it doesn't look, now, as though the word fail was in his book.

He is sure to do a big business for two or three weeks more with the Ravel company; "Faust and Marguerite" can hardly fail to be a success; and then he has made arrangements with Ullman (of what kind hath not yet been announced) to give the theatre up to Ristori on the 13th of October, and, in six or seven weeks afterwards, to Titiens and a first class opera troupe.

This disposes of the house rather brilliantly for a long way a-head, and if anything should happen in these rather shaky times to prevent Ristori or Titiens from coming over—or to make it best for Ullman to join with Maretzek or Grau and bring out Titiens at the Academy (which is more than probable), Wheatley will doubtless be ready with new attractions to take their place.

Meanwhile, sufficient for the night is the fun thereof, and there is fun enough every night with the Ravel Pantomimes, and the wonderful performances of "Young America" (whose real name—John Haslem—was announced to the public, for the first time, in my Feuilleton of last week), to fill any house in town for a year.

The pantomimes given during the week have been "Jocko" (in which Marzetti is so great as the Brazilian Ape), "Serious Mishaps," "The Magic Trumpet," and "The Green Monster."

Young Haslem plays a harlequin part in the two last, but I cannot help saying, at the risk of sorely grieving our good friend Gabriel, that his charming little pupil and *protege* is too young yet for such parts, and, moreover, that he contributes enough to the evening amusement by his trapeze feat to make him exempt from being drafted into any other service.

Doubtless the harlequin business is very good practice for the lad; but the public are not interested in practice, and it is hardly fair that they should see him in anything in which he is not perfect.

I say this with the more emphasis, just now, because I hear that Johnny is about to attempt Gabriel's splendid part in "Vol-au-Vent," which nobody but Gabriel himself is equal to, although I cannot but admire the great maestro for supposing, rather from his affection than his judgment, that his pet (who is as dear to him as if he were his child) can do almost anything.

THE CREMORNE GARDEN.

I have a grudge against Nixon this week, Colonel, for his not having brought out his new pantomime, "The Golden Egg," on Monday, as he made me promise he would do; but, as I shall not be caught in this way again (for this is the second time), I forgive him, and all the more readily, because when the piece was brought out (on Thursday) it turned out to be very funny, and more than repaid me for three evenings of disappointment.

Besides, it is always safe to go to the Cremorne, pantomime or no pantomime, since there is sure to be any quantity of good music and dancing, besides a capital chance for promenading, refreshing, flirting, etc., and at the end a tolerably good circus performance and a very good show of gymnastics and other entertainments too humorous to mention.

Anybody who sees either Cubas, Theleur, Denier, Tournaire, or any one of the acrobats, is sure to get his two shillings' worth; and I appeal to Billy Moore if it isn't worth as much more to see with what order the whole thing is conducted.

All I'm afraid of is that Moore will be drafted, in which case, if Gen. Halleck should resign, he would be trying to get command of the army, with a view to opening a theatre next season at Richmond and renewing some of his old experiences at Niblo's.

As for Nixon, if he should have an "unlucky number," he would send a draft-horse as a substitute, if he had to get Joe Pentland to drive him, and Madame Tournaire to put him through his paces.

As for taking Richmond, he has taken it so often that he has almost forgotten how. All the people remember about it is that he made some pretty big cavalry charges and they had to foot the bills.

Nixon, like Pope, never goes through a country without getting enough subsistence out of it both for himself and troupes.

He has done as much as this out of a Forrest.

If anybody else ever did, I would like to see him.

WALLACK'S.

The Veteran still remains at Long Branch, and has not yet fixed on the day for his opening.

The rumor that Mr. Blake has left him and made an engagement at Laura Keene's is confirmed. The loss is a heavy one, but with the aid of Mark Smith, he will probably be able stand it.

In other respects his company will be about the same as it was last season.

The house looks very desolate just now, but it is important to say that the Mosses seen about its gates indicate anything but dilapidation.

In a few weeks, at farthest, its walls will once more be festooned with pretty faces, and what is now a wilderness will be seen to bud and blossom as the rose.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

This charming theatre has been re-decorated throughout, and will open its gilded portals next week for the reception of Miss Bateman, who will come to us supported by her powerful aides, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Mr. Edwin Adams, who have been engaged by Mr. Bateman to play with her for the next three years.

The stock company is also good, and, from what I can learn, no pains will be spared to make the rentrée of our Young Queen of Tragedy one of the great events of the season.

Miss Bateman's signal triumphs last Spring at the same house, and her almost unparalleled success, subsequently, at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, are still fresh in the public mind, so that it is almost safe to predict that the mere announcement of her name will draw such a house next Monday as the Winter Garden has not seen since, amid a perfect blaze of glory, its unwilling curtain dropped on her farewell benefit.

The piece chosen for the opening night is "The Hunchback."

THE NEW BOWERY.

If Mr. Lingard had any doubts about his popularity, they were all dispelled last Saturday when he had one of those benefits which a manager preserves a record of, as a part of his family history.

On being called before the curtain he made a speech in regard to his recent difficulty with Mr. Fox:

He said that the latter had grossly misrepresented him, and that was the only thing he had against him, and he (Mr. L.) felt it incumbent on him to defend his character. Mr. Fox was an excellent actor and a worthy man, and he had nothing to say against him. They had been four happy years in business together, and never had a cross word during that time. On the night previous to Mr. Fox leaving, he (Lingard) gave him a gratuitous benefit, and was enabled next morning to give him a check for $600. He then said: "George, whenever you want an engagement come to me, I'll make you a star here, and you can make $5,000 a year easily, by only performing eight weeks." He liked and loved Mr. Fox, and when they separated, it was with the understanding that he (Mr. Fox) should not oppose him. "You are the actor, not me; remain on this side among your friends." Fox refused, saying that his talent was not appreciated. He went to Broadway, but it did not pay, and he then found that his friends were in the Bowery. Instead of coming manfully forward, and asking permission to play, he opened the old Bowery Theatre in opposition to him, and put up "Manager Fox," without any initial. Yet every one knew that G. L. Fox was the actual manager. If he was not cognizant that he was doing wrong, why did he not come out boldly with his name? He (Mr. L) then had a just right to insist on the contract being fulfilled. He never said a word to Fox's discredit, and he did not want to injure him, but he must protect himself.

Fox had the whole United States to play in if he chose; his contract only excluded him from the Old Bowery Theatre, and it was absurd to think that a great actor, like Fox, could not make a living all over the United States. He was sorry to make this explanation, but Mr. Fox had publicly said that he had never seen any books. If Mr. Fox had said so, he (Mr. Lingard) must say, and he was sorry to say it, that he told a great untruth. No business was ever transacted without consulting Mr. Fox, who was always the popular man, he (Mr. Lingard) only sitting in the box office to transact business. If he must come to the real cause of the dissolution of partnership, he must tell the audience that it was inattention to business, not by him, but through a party with whom Mr. Fox was connected. Through that party $25,000 had been lost to the firm of Fox & Lingard, and thus they separated, for the gratification of one individual, who was totally unworthy to be named in any decent place of public amusement. All he now asked was that Mr. Fox would stand by his contract. He sent to him (Mr. L) and asked him to settle, to which he agreed. Fox offered him $1,000 to release him from the contract. He replied he would, with one proviso, namely, that he would acknowledge that what he (Fox) had said concerning him (Lingard) was untrue. Fox agreed to do so, and a paper was drawn up for him to sign, but he said he could not afford to pay the money and asked for delay. That could not be, for he (Fox) was then doing wrong, in breaking his contract, and had never refuted what he said. But he (Lingard) was ever ready to enter into any negotiation with Fox as an honest man. After paying a high compliment to Messrs. G. L. and C. K. Fox, the manager closed by assuring his audience that he would use all endeavors to make the New Bowery Theatre the best in the city.

The attraction of this week has been Falconer's drama of "The Peep o' Day," in which Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway have played in their usual vigorous style, and to full houses.

Lingard's star is decidedly in the ascendant.

THE OPERA ETC.

What is to be done this Fall in the way of opera nobody seems to know. No one has leased the Academy yet, and if the directors don't look out the musical headquarters of the season will be at Niblo's. It is possible, however, that we shall have opera at both places, with either Grau or Maretzek at the former, and Ullman at the latter. It is not *impossible*, again, that the three may fuse, though this is hardly probable.

Maretzek has engaged a capital company for Havana, (including Signoras Medora and Charton-Démeure, M'lle. Pradier, and Signors Mazzolini, Minetti, and Bellini,) but whether he gives us a taste of their quality before going to Cuba depends upon his backer, the millionaire Marti, who will be governed by the last news from Richmond.

Ullman is sure only of Titiens, whom he means to bring out at Niblo's; but in order to do this he must make up a company which he can hardly do without the assistance of Maretzek or Grau.

My own opinion is that Grau will get the best of them all, and in less than a week be the "master of the situation." He is now in negotiation with Carlotta Patti (whose forthcoming appearance in opera I had the pleasure of announcing some weeks since), and has his eye also on Miss Richings, Madame Lorini (*nee* Whiting), Brignoli, Susini, Young Amodio, etc.

Grau's one idea is to get up a company that will pay, and with Miss Patti for his prima donna, and a tolerable "support," the question of pay will be settled from the start.

Brignoli has received a good offer from Strakosch (Maurice) to go to London, but is not likely to accept it. He can do better here, and have leisure to compose champagne waltzes.

Herr Formes thinks of coming over here, but since he has "changed his bass," he will not be likely to do any better here than in London.

Adelina Patti will remain abroad another year, at least. She is to commence an engagement at the Italian Opera in Paris, on the 10th of November, in company with Frezzolini. One of the Paris critics speaks of the two prima donnas as "the rising and setting sun."

At the close of her Paris engagement, Miss Patti will go to Vienna, and then back to London, where she is more popular than ever.

MISCELLANEA.

— Bryants Minstrels have returned to town after their brilliant tour, and will commence their Fall season on Monday next at their old place (Mechanic's Hall), which has been greatly enlarged and beautified during the vacation, and is now one of the prettiest and most commodious Concert Halls in town. The company will open stronger than ever, and the attractions provided for the season are such as will be sure to maintain the Bryants' long and well deserved popularity.

— Wood's Minstrels continue to draw crowded houses every night, and their performances are not surpassed by anything of the kind in the city.

— Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at the New Bowery on the 15th of September, after which she is going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, etc.

— Miss Nina Foster is at Lake Mahopac, where she gave a reading last Monday evening, which was the most successful entertainment of the kind ever given there.

— In Boston the Fox-Ravel troupe have left the Museum, after a month's engagement, and gone to the Howard, their place at the former being filled this week by Harrington the ventriloquist. The regular dramatic season at the Museum commences next Monday. The stage management of the Howard is now in the hands of Mr. John B. Wright.

— In Philadelphia, Mrs. John Drew opens the Arch Street Theatre, on the 30th instant, with Mr. Frank Drew, Mr. Albert Bradley, Mr. Barton Hill, Mrs. Jane Laws, etc. The first "star" will be Miss Bateman, who will join her in about six weeks. She has also made engagements with Miss Richings, Miss Jane Coombs and Miss Maggie Mitchell. At the Walnut street, Mrs. Garretson is completing her arrangements, but has not yet decided when to open. Mr. Wheatley has engaged the Academy of Music for the Ravel Troupe, who are to go there in October. Mr. R Randall, formerly with Laura Keene when she brought out the "Seven Sisters," and subsequently with Mr. Wheatley when he produced the "Tempest," in Philadelphia, has leased the Continental, Philadelphia, for three months from the 15th of September, where he intends to produce a series of tableaux and plays, introducing a variety of new and brilliant scenic effects.

— Mr. Howard Paul writes from London to the *Clipper:*

Speaking of Yankee land reminds me that Mrs. Lotty Hough is in London, and I hear is in treaty with Mr. Webster to open at the Adelphi. I saw her when in America last year, and thought her far and away the best representative of Yankee girls I had seen. That excellent actor, Mr. George Jamison, is now in London unemployed. It seems he was engaged by Mr. Boucicault for the run of the "Octoroon," and, as you are aware, the Webster row brought the famous yellow-skinned drama to an untimely end—therefore it is that Mr. Jamison is not on the boards just now. So clever an actor and popular a man should not be long out of harness.

— Manager Fleming's Complimentary Benefit will come off at the Academy of Music sometime during the early part of next month.

LETTER FROM MR. WALCOT.

To the Editor of the Leader:

SIR—As your theatrical contributor "Figaro" is good enough to say that my not being engaged is evidence that "*there must be a hitch somewhere,*" pray permit me sufficient space to exonerate all (but myself) who might be supposed to be guilty of said "hitch," which is simply a piece of willfulness, correctly attributed to me, of not being content to engage as an "utility man," as it is technically termed, but which in the vernacular means, signing an engagement to play *any* and *every description* and *quality* of part, that the management may see fit to dictate.

You will not, of course, fail to observe at a glance, the absurdity, and naturally attendant consequences of my persisting in the obsolete supposition that twenty years recognition as an actor capable of a definite *line* and *grade* of characters, entitles me to a position somewhat superior to that of the humblest member of the profession; and you will, no doubt, as readily perceive the justice manifested in a demand to relinquish a rank, enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century.

Let me in further justice add however that, even with this modest condition, I have not received any acceptance of my proffered services; I have only been *officially* informed that, were I eligible, said condition and a "considerably altered scale of salary" would be the sine qua non of engagement.

For myself, I will merely say: "This, *only*, is the "*hitch*" craft *I* have used. I am sir, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. WALCOT,

COTTAGE FARM, STAATSBURGH, N. Y., }
18th *August*, 1862. }

— Mr. M. W. Fiske, who made such a hit at the Winter Garden as *Cousin Joe*, to Mrs. Sedley Brown's *Margery* is engaged by Mr. Bates of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, which is to open on Monday next. Mrs. Brown is still in the city, but has not yet accepted any engagement.

— Mr. and Mrs. Stoepel have arrived in town after their tour to the White Mountains, Lake George, the Catskills, etc., and are stopping at the St. Denis. Mr. Stoepel is re-engaged as conductor at Wallack's. Mrs. Stoepel (Matilda Heron) has been too ill, since the loss of her child, to think of theatrical matters, and will not probably appear on the boards again for some time.

— Miss Laura Keene is hard at work on a play with which she proposes to open her next season.

— JOHN S. CLARKE arrived in town from England about a week ago, and proceeded immediately to Baltimore on account of the death of his mother. It is probable that he will play a short engagement at the Winter Garden before the season closes.

— Miss Maggie Mitchell is studying up a new part in a domestic play something in the style of "Fanchon," said to have been adapted for her from the French by Mr. Fiske of the *Herald*.

Figaro.

HOUSEKEEPERS and those in want of domestic articles, such as kitchen utensils, plated ware, wood and willow ware, cannot do better than give MR. ED D. BASSFORD, of Cooper Institute, a call and examine his stock

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VISITS TO THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

NUMBER V.

"THE QUARTER DAY."

MR. EDITOR—In a former communication to the LEADER, I felt it my duty to call public attention to the probability that the working man in the Brooklyn Navy Yard would be deprived of a quarter day's wages for attending at the war meeting, not long since held at Union Square in this city, although such attendance was at the instance of the Navy Yard authorities. Well, "pay day" arrived and passed, and my bodings on the subject have, I regret, been verified; the one fourth of one day's wages has been subtracted and withheld from every working man in that yard, laborer and mechanic, to the very little credit of the parties concerned.

It will be recollected that I respectfully suggested at the time, that the masters of the several Departments should affix their names to a paper explanatory of this difficulty, and lay said paper before the Admiral, and let him deal with such paper as he should think proper, or as the rules of *red tape* in such cases would dictate and permit.

I understand that a delegation of those masters waited on the Admiral, and held a sort of mawkish palaver with him, tenderly touching the sore on the surface, but that was the last of it. Again, at 3 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday last, the yard bell rang for the suspension of labor for the day, and the whole force was ordered to Fort Green, to swell the ranks of another Union war meeting, and to hear the remarks of the speakers there on the subject of the war and enlistment.

That movement was perfectly patriotic and proper, so far as the augmenting of the meeting may be conducive to the arousing of the spirit of nationality in our young men; but it is not so clear that it is patriotic, liberal, or even honest, on the part of the Government of a great nation, that the wages of the hard-worked laborer or mechanic should be thus unfairly clipped, thereby keeping a portion of his humble bread from the mouths of those dependent on the fruits of his daily toil.

I once more caution in advance those whose business it is, to see such matters rectified, and do so without dally or delays, so that the quarter-day at Union square and the quarter-day at Fort Green may be added together, and paid over to the workmen on next "pay day." I have no doubt, nay, I am satisfied that Admiral Paulding is desirous of having this question arranged; let him, then, take hold of it as becomes a veteran sailor and an honest man, and the workmen will be dealt fairly with, or if not, we shall all know where the blame rests, and can then deal with the proper parties intelligently.

It is no slight matter to deprive from seven to eight thousand men of one half day's wages without just cause; and so long as THE NEW YORK LEADER ungrudgingly appropriates its columns, without restraint or stint, to the promulgation of a just remonstrance in behalf of the honest working man, from a sincere friend, however unpretending and humble, trust me, my advocacy of his claims and their vindication shall not be found wanting.

Verily, we are a great nation, but if what we read is correct, so were the Carthaginians. We are great and extensive traders, but so were the Carthaginians. We are told that their greed for gain was such that neither promise nor written contract could bind them from taking the meanest advantage of those with whom they traded, when they could do so with impunity. I have never heard it related in any *forecastle* yarn, however, that those great commercial people broke faith with their employees, or mulcted them of their wages, under any petty pretext or plea.

One of the characteristics of true greatness is the non-exercise often of the authority with which the person is invested, but this modesty or retirement should not be indulged in when a matter requiring prompt decision presents itself. Admiral Paulding, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is a fair representative of the character which I present above. Unfortunately, however, his respect for routine has so habituated him to defer to those above him in authority, that, I fear me, he fancies they are so great, so powerful, so replete with more than human wisdom, that to move one jot beyond the clumsy circumlocution of *red-tapeism* would be to become lost irrevocably in the immensity of an official labyrinth. Let me, then, transcribe for the encouragement of the Admiral the substance of the translation of a Persian tale.

"A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost into such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: Alas, what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! My existence of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God! It so happened that an oyster which lay in the neighborhood of this drop chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this, its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, when, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem."

THE SLOOP-OF-WAR "SANTEE."

The United States sloop-of-war "Santee" is expected at some Northern port—perhaps to this—very soon. I feel a lively interest in her, she having a former shipmate of mine aboard, one in whose company I often *paid off* a mast. The "Santee" comes from the blockading station off Galveston. Report saith that her crew, mustering three hundred hands, are nearly all sick with scurvy. She has been on the blockade more than a year, and her crew was never once during that time ashore. It is complained that she had neither fresh provisions of any kind nor one particle of vegetables during that period. It is furthermore complained that there are seldom if ever any preserved meats or vegetables, or any preventive of scurvy, put aboard our national ships in Southern waters; but that our supply ships are converted into sailing storehouses for the benefit of sutler sharks, and other vampyres of that genus, who drive a damning trade in their poisonous liquids, and garbage which, if not equally deleterious, is at least comparatively valueless. Some cormorant of the Morgan ilk fobs a per centage in cases of this class also, and humanity and nationality are of course alike disregarded.

Just think of it: Three hundred able-bodied seamen put effectually *hors du combat* for want of proper attention! What criminal neglect!—and at a time, too, when the nation needs their services so pressingly.

Alas, when shall the shoulders of our once unburdened nation get rid of *her* old man of the sea?

THE WAR FUND.

There is a healthy rivalry in the various departments in the yard, in the encouragement of volunteers for the war. The employees in several of the shops have already resolved to subscribe one day's pay each month towards the support of the families of any of those who may enlist from their respective departments. In the foundry department they resolved to "subscribe one day's pay per month, if required, to defray the expenses of the families of those who may go the war voluntarily or in any other way."

THE SECOND SENATORIAL REGIMENT.

I believe all the men in the yard from the Second Senatorial District are subscribing liberally to the raising of the Second Senatorial Regiment, commanded by Col. Conk, and of which Lieut P. H. O'Beirne is the popular, capable and efficient Quartermaster. Mr. O'Beirne was clerk in the New York Post Office until his services were dispensed with by Mr "Wide-Wake-man," when instead of stopping to invoke the interest of politicians in whose creed he had no faith, he embraced his country's cause, and by his popularity and knowledge of military as well as mercantile matters is doing valuable service in adding to the ranks of his regiment.

THE BOSSES.

I was prepared to pay my respects to a few *bosses* of the dandy and dancing master order of foremen in the yard this week, but other matters interfered, and so they have another week's respite. But the boys will see themselves in black and white in due course, and such of them as deserve it at the hands of the public, in whose service they are, shall be exhibited in decent costume, while such as do not shall have justice meted out to them also.

THE MASTER PLUMBER.

I do not feel like closing this communication without paying a well deserved tribute to George W. Allison, master plumber in the yard. Now, any decent man and good citizen, whether inside or outside the yard, whether in the employment of the Government or not, who knows George W. Allison, knows a man of strict integrity and of honorable and honest fame. Yet, like many persons who have the misfortune of falling in with characterless, dishonest men, Mr. Allison was unfortunate in having to deal with dangerous, unscrupulous individuals in his department, who, because Mr. Allison was discharging his duty faithfully to the Government, insisting that those persons should do likewise, became his sworn enemies. Accordingly those reprobates envying him for his reputation, and hating him for his loyalty and adherence both to his Government and his calling, conspired to injure him, and trumped up a pack of falsehoods, and with a face of brass unblushingly made affidavit as to the truth of their foul falsifications, and forwarded them to Washington. I respectfully submit that the authorities in Washington should never encourage such conduct by lending an ear to the misrepresentations of disappointed or malicious wretches, who take such a course to gratify some evil propensity.

The persons to be consulted and advised with in cases of this kind by the head of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, are the Admiral and Captain resident in the Yard, from whom the complaint comes to him, or whatever other Government officer may be in charge for the time being. Such officers are generally well acquainted with the characters and capacities of the different foremen or masters, and having no object in view but the discharge of their public duties will take part in no private squabbles; hence the Government will be always sure to get from them an unprejudiced, unbiassed report. One of the worthies who sought to injure the reputation and prospects of Mr. Allison was arrested and imprisoned, at Flatbush, about a week ago, for an indecent assault on a female. One of his co-conspirators against Mr. Allison procured his release, for the present, on bail. They shall not escape the vigilance of TARPOT.

Fire Department.

Owing to the absence of our Fire Editor, who as one of the escorting committee of General Corcoran, has been at Washington during the week, we are compelled to omit our usual Fire matter, but promise to more than make up for the omission in our next issue.

In the meantime we *will* say that the turn-out of the Fire Department on Friday was a grand affair, and reflected credit on the managers.

Captain Downey and Lieut. Underhill will not be here until next week.

Hilton Head Fire Department.

The necessity of a department being severely felt at the head-quarters of Hilton Head, Gen. Hunter has detailed Orderly John A. Smith, who arrived in New York by the last steamer, to procure the necessary equipments for a department. Mr. Smith was formerly attached to this paper, was foreman of Engine Company 51, and recently attached to the Forty-seventh Regiment. He is to be the Chief Engineer of the Department, and is empowered to purchase three first class engines, two hose carriages, one truck, and 5,000 feet of hemp hose, with all the necessary equipments. The Department is to be created from detailed troops, who are to be permanently established at the post. Mr. Smith proceeds immediately with his instructions, and promises to have a thorough New York organization in a Southern city in a very short space of time. His peculiar tact and energy fits him for the position, and we have no doubt of his success.

The Draft.

It has been partially decided, that if the Fire Departments of New York and Brooklyn will furnish their quota of volunteers, equal to a draft, some arrangement can be made by which they will be relieved from the effects of such draft. This can be done if the firemen will only go to work.

Military.

Reception of Brigadier General Corcoran.

The long-talked of event, that of the reception of Brig. Gen. Corcoran, took place in our city yesterday, attended by a large concourse of people. The multitude assembled within the precincts of the Park, covering every available space and darkening the windows and house-tops. Anxiety appeared to prevail in the minds of many up to the hour of five P. M., when the booming of cannon and the sound of the drum announced the glad tidings to the populace. The procession was a lengthy one, occupying nearly an hour in passing.

The order of procession was arranged as follows, and was conducted with a great deal of credit by General Ewen and his Aids:

The First New York National Guard, Cavalry, Colonel Walter W. Price, commanding.

The Third Regiment, National Guard, Huzzars, Col. Postley.

A detachment of the Fourth Artillery.

The Eleventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, Colonel Allen.

Phenix Guard and officers of the Phenix Brigade.

Brigadier General Corcoran.

His Honor the Mayor, with the Committee of the Common Council, consisting of Alderman Farley and Councilman Lent, in a barouche drawn by four horses, with the Lancers as a body guard.

Officers in carriages, with the Gray Troop as an escort.

Distinguished citizens in carriages.

Fire Department of Brooklyn.

Fire Department of New York, headed by Chief Engineer Decker, accompanied by the Chief Engineer of Brooklyn.

The arrival of the General did not take place until three P. M., at Jersey City, owing to the numerous delays *en route*. He was received on board of the steamer "Pavonia" by Councilman Orton, in a few brief remarks, which he kindly replied to.

At 3 P. M. the news arrived that the General would be at the Battery in a few minutes, when commotion existed everywhere. The whole shore, from the pier of the Camden and Amboy line to the Barge office, was lined with thousands of spectators anxiously awaiting his arrival, cheer after cheer from the multitude, vibrating and re-echoing through the entire mass.

On the boat he was overwhelmed with congratulations from his friends from New York. Father Mooney was extatic in giving his. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I was afraid we should never see you again."

The boat left the wharf amid loud cheers, and ran over towards the battery, and then down the bay a short distance, before landing at Castle Garden. Its progress caused a continued shriek of steam whistles, as vessel after vessel was passed.

At Castle Garden, as at Jersey City, order was impossible to be maintained, for want of a sufficient police force.

The General was introduced to Mayor Opdyke by Alderman Farley. The Mayor addressed the General as follows:

General Corcoran: It is my agreeable duty to bid you, on behalf of the City of New York, a cordial welcome to your home, and to assure you that in this welcome our entire population warmly and heartily join. Your heroism in battle, your fidelity and your manly fortitude in captivity, have secured for you the affectionate regard of every loyal citizen of the Republic.

Nearly sixteen months have elapsed since you left us at the head of your gallant regiment to meet the enemies of your country. In the shock of battle that ensued, your dauntless bravery impelled you to the thickest of the fight, where you fell into the hands of the enemy, a prisoner of war. For thirteen weary months they have held you in captivity, subjecting you to insults and imprisonment, and turning a deaf ear to our earnest appeals for your exchange. They have regarded you as a representative man, and as such have inflicted on you a species of torture, in the malicious hope of forcing you and your fellow-citizens of Irish birth to abandon your instinctive loyalty to the old flag. The hope was as vain as the malice was impotent. You have borne your sufferings with heroic endurance—not even a murmur has escaped your lips; and every additional wrong they have inflicted has but intensified every Irishman's hatred of treason, as well as his determination to punish the perfidy and cruelty of your captors. Thousands of them are already in front of the enemy, and thousands more are but waiting for you to lead them, that they may, in your presence and under your leadership, avenge the insults and wrongs that you have suffered.

We need no better proof of the atrocious character of this rebellion than the spectacle you have witnessed, of true-hearted Irish Americans being thrown into loathsome prisons and subjected to inhuman treatment for no offence but refusing to become, like their persecutors, guilty of both perjury and treason.

General, we thank you for the promptitude and gallantry with which you have again tendered your services to the Government; and we congratulate you on the appreciative response of the President. In promoting you he has but recognized your merits and met the universal expectation and desire. But if our anticipations shall be realized; if your friends rush to your standard with the enthusiasm we have reason to expect, they will soon swell your command to proportions that will require from the President a still higher commission.

Sir, I will not detain you longer. Your friends are impatient of every thing that restrains them from grasping you warmly by the hand. In the name of the Corporation, and of every citizen, I again bid you a hearty, warm welcome to the city of your adoption.

The General, in response, very earnestly thanked the Mayor and the people of the city for the honors tendered him. He regarded them more as representing the loyalty of the people in this country, who were of the same nativity as himself, than as evidences of personal admiration, for he did not think he deserved so much consideration.

The procession passed through Broadway, Park row, the Park, through the east gate into Broadway, up Broadway to Grand street, through Grand street to the Bowery, up the Bowery and Fourth avenue to Union square, thence down Broadway to St. Nicholas Hotel.

All along the route the General was vociferously cheered, and he graciously bowed acknowledgment to the kind greetings of the people. The enthusiasm in the crowd was intense, exceeding anything of the kind ever beheld.

Eighth N. Y. National Guard.

This regiment is still quartered at Yorktown, under the command of Colonel Yarian. The regiment is doing guard duty at several stations, and is progressing very favorably. Since the exchange of prisoners, Fort Wool, at the Rip Raps, under the command of Captain Johnston of Company A, has been relieved, and the command has reported to the Colonel at Yorktown, but was subsequently detailed to duty at Point Lookout, in connection with Captain Wood. The regiment had a field-day on the 16th, in connection with General Van Allen's Brigade, and showed a wonderful proficiency in drill and action. Captains Johnston, Carr, Wood, Dimond, Cohen, Wall, and the Lieutenant commandant, are all in excellent health and working like beavers. The regiment will return to town on the 1st, showing a marked proficiency in both drill and general appearance.

The Draft.

The enrollment, pursuant to United States orders, is progressing very favorably under the direction of Judge Advocate General Anthon. The cities of New York and Brooklyn have been apportioned into election districts, and a large number of enrolling officers have been appointed to canvass therein respectively. Each of these officers has been duly installed into office, by virtue of a commission, under the oath of allegiance, and is invested with power to obtain all necessary information as to the age, residence and liability of each person enrolled. Every precaution has been used to guard against fraud or negligence, and the result of the enrollment promises to be very successful. The Commission to examine applicants for exemption will be appointed as soon as the enrollment is finished, which will probably be done in about ten days. This accomplished, everything will be ready for the draft.

But few persons are aware of the immense labor to be undergone in making a perfect enrollment, nor can citizens generally appreciate the amount of anxiety on the part of those engaged therein. General Anthon has undertaken an arduous and responsible position, and will, without question, do justice to all parties concerned. That some may feel aggrieved there can be no doubt; yet, as military enrollment has generally been unpopular in time of peace, it cannot be less so in time of war. To perfect the enrollment, it is necessary to have the active and willing co-operation of all; this done, the burden of a draft will be equitable and just.

Forty-seventh New York Volunteers.

Col. Henry Moore, of this regiment, has returned home from his regiment, having been released from confinement. It will be recollected that the Colonel refused to obey the order from General Hunter with reference to contrabands, which was the cause of his being placed in confinement at Fort Pulaski. After being confined there for a time he was released, when he resumed command of his regiment, and subsequently asked for a furlough of twenty days. This was refused, and he subsequently sent in his resignation, which was accepted instanter. The cause of this treatment is yet to be discovered, as will probably be shown on the return of the Colonel from Washington. The Colonel has been indefatigable in his labors to place this regiment in good state of discipline, and deserves better treatment.

Capt. Allen, of Company I, of this regiment, is to be the recipient of a sword, sash, belt and gauntlets, the gift of the members of his command. Capt. Allen was formerly attached to Company F, of the Eighth New York Militia, and by his courteous manner always merited the esteem of his comrades. The gift, in this instance, is a mark of respect from those who know him in the camp, and is a just tribute to worth and honor.

Eleventh Regiment.

This command, which will be remembered as one of the first to respond to the call of the Government, is stationed with its head-quarters at Port Charleston, consisting of four companies under the command of Col. Maidhoff, with one company (K) and two pieces of artillery at Port Summit Point, under the command of Captain Seebuch, and three companies, with a detachment of the First Maryland, at Port Wadesville, under the command of Major Henry Lux. The entire command, though detailed by detachments, is quartered in the midst of Secesh, yet, by the gentlemanly ability of Col. Maidhoff and his officers, every thing is tranquil. The Eleventh has been posted as distant as any militia regiment from our city, and has also proved to be as efficient. By a course of stern and courteous action they have allayed that bitter hatred existing in the Valley, and proved to those who are hostile to the Government that New York citizens can be warriors without being fiends. The regiment returns to their homes about the first, when it will be the pride of New York to welcome back her citizen troops. The first campaign of the Eleventh, under Col. Maidhoff, has been as successful as his most ardent admirers could wish. His men and officers have always been ready for duty, and they return with the proud satisfaction that they are no more holiday soldiers.

Flags and Swords.

Nothing is so important to an officer as a sword. Whether mounted or on foot the sword is the officer's weapon. To rely on this as the last hope of preservation from a foe, he should know that the sword he uses is of the right material and make. A blade improperly set, or with the steel badly tempered is worse than nothing; just so it is with flags. The soldier's motto is the regimental colors. Too much reverence cannot be paid to them, nor can they be over-estimated. Consequently when colors are to be furnished they should be of the right kind and make, not a mock specimen of design or shape. Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of Broadway, are without doubt the pioneers in colors and military equipments. They have furnished nearly all the colors manufactured for regiments since the outbreak, and have also manufactured nearly all the swords presented. The colors of the Eighth Regiment, which were the handsomest ever made in New York, were furnished by this house. The swords presented to Fremont and Burnside were splendid specimens of artistic skill, while those presented to Major Buck, Capt. Allen, and a host of other officers, have proved their quality by service in the field. We speak thus of this house, knowing, as we do, their ability to furnish a good and reliable article.

Second National Guards.

We have received the following copy of a regimental order which is singular within itself, and is surrounded by circumstances as singular:

HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND REGIMENT, }
NATIONAL GUARD, N. Y. S. TROOPS, }
NEW YORK, *August 16th*, 1862. }

The commissioned officers of this regiment are hereby ordered to assemble in fatigue dress at the Regimental Armory corner of Hall Place and Seventh street, on Thursday evening, August 20th, (and every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock for drill until further orders.)

The Commandant hereby recommends that the several commandants of companies open their company rolls and procure immediately a sufficient number of volunteers to fill their companies to the legal standard according to the paragraph 26th, Militia Law of 1862. It is also recommended that company drills commence forthwith. The Commandant is of the opinion that all who are members of the regiment up to this time are free from draft, except drafted with the regiment should it be drafted as a regiment of the uniformed Militia. It is therefore recommended that all the original and bona fide legal members be got together and placed in their several companies for duty.

By order of
Col. G. W B. TOMPKINS.
A. V. REA, *Adjutant*.

There is much to write of in the interior management of this regiment, and the duties thereof, which will afford us material for a future article.

Seventy-first Regiment.

This regiment of late has been very active, having been detailed on several occasions for special duty. Scouting parties have been out from the command, under the charge of Captain Cole and other officers, doing much valuable service. The regiment is in excellent condition, have been mustered into the service, and are prepared with a few exceptions to renew their enlistment. Quartermaster Rosevelt has been in town of late, looking after supplies, and if our experience proves anything we fully indorse his qualification for the position which he holds. Col. Martin is indefatigable in his duties, laboring arduously to perfect his command, and the entire regiment sustain him in his endeavors. The second campaign of this regiment, though not ending as the first, has been one of pleasure as well as duty. They will return to their homes, a fair specimen of the citizen soldier, ready at all time to respond to a call whether for the field, the camp or the parade.

Colonel Lambier.

Lieutenant William Lambier, late Quartermaster of the Seventh, we are pleased to notice, has been appointed to the staff of one of the general officers of the army of the Potomac, with the rank of Colonel. The peculiar tact and energy of Colonel Lambier, warrants us in indorsing his qualifications for the position to which he is assigned. He was long identified with the Light Guard and Seventh Regiment infantry, and has had experience enough to make a good officer.

Empire Brigade.

This organization is progressing very favorably, having added largely to its ranks the past week. Four regiments of four hundred men each are in quarters, with daily accessions. General Spinola has been constant in his labors to complete his brigade with every prospect of success.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

BILLS FOR STATIONERY.

Resolved, That the bills of the following-named for printing and stationery furnished the County, be audited and allowed, viz.:

A. Isaac	$15 63
George F. Nesbitt & Co.	11 50
E. Faber	41 52
Root, Anthony & Co.	167 91
M. W. Siebert	192 50
Brower Brothers	80 59
Baker & Godwin	175 51

And the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Printing, Stationery and Blank Books."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, July 28, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 7, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS AUDITED AND ALLOWED.

Resolved, That the annexed bills received from the Commissioners of Harlem Bridge be audited and allowed, as follows, viz.:

Pay Roll of Laborers	$400 20
E. W. Smith, for services as Engineer	291 67
T. E. Sickles, for services as Assistant Engineer	133 33
E. Rogers, for services as Assistant Engineer	133 33
James Hough, for services as Superintendent	125 00
C. V. Hough, for services as Receiving and Property Clerk	100 00
F. Budden, for services as Draftsman	83 33
James T. Hough, for Office Expenses	22 33
F. H. Lockwood, for rent of Engineer's Office	100 00
Geo. H. Purser, for rent of Commissioner's Office	75 00
Roach & Edwards, for iron work, furnished on contract	8,083 74
A. P. Wilson & Co., for cement, lime, &c.	114 42
Joseph M. Ward, for india-rubber goods	27 00
Storms & Crawford, for paints, oils, &c.	30 62
James Kelly, for cartage	74 00
James Stephens, for coal	90 00
G. B. Morrell, for sand	47 30

And the Comptroller directed to draw his warrants for the amounts, and charge the same to the appropriation for the "Construction of Harlem Bridge."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 4, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 7, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Intimations have been made to one or more members of this Board, that there are persons in the employ of the County Government, and receive compensation from the County Treasury, who are unwilling or refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the country, in its endeavor to sustain and defend the Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws; therefore

Resolved, That all persons receiving compensation from the County Treasury, who refuse to take the oath of allegiance be discharged.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolution be transmitted to each department of the County Government, and also such other persons as disburse the County moneys.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 14. 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

SALARY.

Resolved, That the salary of William H. Florence, Keeper of the Macomb's Dam or Central Bridge, be and is hereby fixed at seven hundred dollars per annum, to be paid from the first day of September last, and the Comptroller directed to pay the same, monthly, from appropriation for "County Contingencies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, August 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of Proudfoot & Quirk, amounting to twenty-eight dollars and fifteen cents, for painting Judge's room; of Lewis Carpenter, thirty-two dollars and sixty-two cents, repairs to rooms; and of James R. McGregor, six dollars and fifty cents, for repairs to locks, &c., in rooms of the Superior Court, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Repairs to County Buildings."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, August 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the bill of Lewis Carpenter, amounting to nine dollars and eighty seven cents, for repairs to District Attorney's Office, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Repairs to County Buildings."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the bill of Cornelius Allison, amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars and fifty cents, for board of detained witnesses during July, 1862, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Support of Detained Witnesses."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the bill of Keyser & Co., for coal scuttles, &c., furnished Tax Commissioners' Office, be audited and allowed at nine dollars and fifty-five cents, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Lighting, Cleaning and Supplies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, August 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of Adams & Spencer, amounting to two hundred and twenty-three dollars and six cents, for oil cloth, matting, &c., furnished City Judge's Office and Court of General Sessions, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Lighting, Cleaning and Supplies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 14. 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of John McGowan, amounting to ninety-five dollars and fifty cents, and G. Joseph Ruch, ninety-five dollars and fifty cents, for serving subpœnas for the Court of Special Sessions during July, 1862; and John H. Brennan, one hundred and fifty-two dollars and eighty-seven cents; Jackson Corss, one hundred and sixty dollars and sixty-three cents; and James W. Olson, one hundred and forty-one dollars and seventy-five cents, for serving subpœnas for the Court of General Sessions, up to August 1, 1862, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Officers' and Witnesses' Fees."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors. Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 14, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the annexed bills received from the Commissioners of Harlem Bridge be audited and allowed, as follows:

Jacob Voorhies, for broken stone	$658 00
Hugh McCabe	248 64
John Roach, for iron work furnished on account of contract	8,902 00
Roach & Edwards, for iron work furnished on account of contract	226 24
William Miner, for services as Commissioner	237 00
Joseph Southworth, " "	237 00
James Davis, " "	237 00
William H. Robertson, " "	237 00
A. H. Lockwood, " "	237 00

And the Comptroller directed to draw his warrants for the amounts, and charge the same to the appropriation for the "Construction of Harlem Bridge."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 15, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the bill of Augustus Oliver, amounting to sixty dollars and eighty-eight cents for postage for Marine Court, up to June 30, 1862, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "County Contingencies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 15, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the bill of Benjamin Ray, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five dollars and eighty-five cents, for conveying prisoners from the Auburn and Sing Sing State Prisons to New York City, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Officers' and Witnesses' Fees."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Aug. 12, 1862.
Approved by the Mayor, Aug. 16, 1862.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No CXLVIII.] CONTENTS. [SEPT., 1862.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Launch of the Monitor—Portrait of Ericsson—The Atlantic Forge—Forging a Bloom—Forging the Plate—Drilling Plates—Bending the Turret Plates—Setting up the Turret—Bending the Plates—Trucking Plates—Line-of-Battle Ship cut down—Screwing up the Bolts—The Ram.
IN THE BUFFALO COUNTRY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Lieutenant in Costume—The Prairie Ocean—The First Buffalo—Storm on the Plains—Fording the Arkansas—Kit Carson—A Prairie Scene—Painted Trees—Dead Buffaloes—Prairie Dog Village—A Shot at the Comanches—A Pleasant Night—Fate of Bill Williams.
A PARTIE CARREE.
THE CARTE DE VISITE.
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.
MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By Miss Mulock.
THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SMOKE.
ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.
ORLEY FARM. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated by J. E. Millais.
Chapter LXV. Felix Graham returns to Noningsby.
Chapter LXVI. Showing how Miss Furnival treated her Lovers.
Chapter LXVII. Mr. Moulder backs his Opinion.
Chapter LXVIII. The First Day of the Trial.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Drawing-Room at Noningsby—And how are they all at dear Noningsby?
CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. Thackeray. (Concluded.)
Chapter XLI. In which we reach the last Stage but one of this Journey.
Chapter XLII. The Realms of Bliss.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Last Stage but One—The Good Fairy.
ROMOLA. By the Author of "Adam Bede."
Chapter VI. Dawning Hopes.
Chapter VII. A Learned Squabble.
Chapter VIII. A Face in the Crowd.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Street in Florence—A Recognition.
SEADRIFT.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Love and Politics—House Cleaning—How Mrs Millefleurs Cleaned House—A Misunderstanding.
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carriage or Dinner Toilet. Autumn Pardessus.

The conclusion of Mr. THACKERAY's "Adventures of Philip" appears in this Number of the Magazine. The serial tales, "Romola" by Miss EVANS, "Mistress and Maid," by Miss MULOCK, and "Orley Farm," by Mr. TROLLOPE, will, by special arrangement with the Authors, be issued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, simultaneously with their publication in England.

The papers upon our "Rebellions" having been concluded, there will be commenced in the next Number a series written by the same Author upon our "Confederacies and Leagues," beginning with "The New England Confederacy of 1643."

The Article in this Number upon "Iron-clad Vessels" will be followed by others, describing the various processes employed in the production of the materials and munitions of war.

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The Demand Notes of the United States will be received for Subscriptions. Our distant friends are requested to remit them in preference to Bank Notes.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

[From Harper's Monthly for September.]

SEADRIFT.

See where she stands, on the wet sea-sands,
Looking across the water:
Wild is the night, but wilder still
The face of the fisher's daughter!

What does she there, in the lightning's glare,
What does she there, I wonder?
What dread demon drags her forth
In the night and wind and thunder?

Is it the ghost that haunts this coast?—
The cruel waves mount higher,
And the beacon pierces the stormy dark
With its javelin of fire!

Beyond the light of the beacon bright
A merchantman is tacking;
The hoarse wind whistling through the shrouds,
And the brittle topmasts cracking.

The sea it moans over dead men's bones,
The sea it foams in anger;
The curlews swoop through the resonant air
With a warning cry of danger.

The star-fish clings to the sea-weed's rings
In a vague, dumb sense of peril;
And the spray, with its phantom-fingers, grasps
At the mullein dry and sterile.

Oh, who is she that stands by the sea,
In the lightning's glare, undaunted?—
Seems this now like the coast of hell
By one white spirit haunted!

The night drags by; and the breakers die
Along the ragged ledges;
The robin stirs in its drenchéd nest,
The hawthorn on the hedges.

In shimmering lines, through the sullen pines,
The stealthy morn advances;
And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
Before those bristling lances!

Still she stands on the wet sea-sands;
The morning breaks above her,
And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks—
What if it were her lover?

T. B. Aldrich.

[Written for the Leader.]

GOING TO BARNUM'S, AND A FEW OF THE RESULTS.

BY "THE DUKE."

It is a little over twelve years since we visited the Museum of the noted P. T. B., for the first time in our life. It had just been re-opened, after a brief interval devoted to enlargement, fresh decorating, and the addition of "numerous wonders." A very extensive and talented company (so said the play-bill) had been expressly engaged for the occasion, a new "moral" drama would be acted, and an address would be spoken. It was even hinted that Mr. Barnum himself would appear before the lamps, and treat the audience to a neat little speech.

All these were realized, to the accompaniment of a mighty flourish of trumpets, and, as it may be well supposed, the Museum was, for some weeks, crowded as it had never been crowded before. Among the many who took a peep at its several attractions, we were one. We confess the fact; but while we do so, let us admonish the reader, who may be apprehensive of the intention, on our part, of going into a tedious detail respecting what we then saw, that we have not the most remote idea of doing anything of the sort—only to glance at a few features which impressed us at the time.

We had not been long in Mr. Barnum's great show ere we became aware that, like the more famous Madam Tussaud, whose place, in Upper Baker street, London, has been known to the world for the past quarter of a century, he (Barnum) had taken pains to mingle the dreadful with the pleasant; in other words, that he had his horrors for the public gaze, the same as the venerable Madam T.; with the difference, however, that while *she* had concentrated them in a chamber, *he* had disbursed them through the length and breadth of his many saloons. We believe we must have been in a very morbid condition of mind then, just the same as several of our fellow sight-seekers were; for we remember that we lingered with a sort of unwholesome fascination over a host of things that represented murder, violence, wretchedness, ugliness, and deformity. There was the knife which, according to the small ticket attached to it, had been used in the killing of Helen Jewett. In the next case was displayed, in the most conspicuous place, part of the rope by which a pirate had been strangled. Then came an unborn monstrosity—a calf with two heads, or a sheep with six legs—followed by a few instruments of torture, a mummy case, the hair of a reported witch, the grinning face of a devilish-looking monkey, the scattered bones of a man who had been killed and eaten by a lion, and so on.

It cannot be wondered at that an exhibition of objects like these, appealing as it did to a morbid mind, predisposed the same towards other objects of a similar stamp—to a drama, for instance, then in the course of representation at Barnum's, which, spite its promise of the "moral," yet contained much of the horrible within it.

It was a prize drama—that is, it had been written to order by a certain unfortunate being for a small sum of money, and then grandiloquently announced as the selected, and, therefore, the best composition out of more than a hundred beside. It was intended for a homily on drunkenness, and its *dramatis personæ* included the following persons: a rascally attorney in a black suit and top boots; an amiable housewife in gingham; a maniac girl, who went about dishevelled, leaning on a staff made from the branch of a tree, and ever and anon exclaiming with a sublime sneer, that the "lawyer was a fine man, and lived at yon brick house;" a smart young fellow, dressed in a body coat with bright buttons, and who in a village dance came the double shuffle to perfection; his intended, all beauty, virtue, and white muslin; a rustic but disappointed swain, who loved his Mary, but could not get her; a few loafers, and many unsophisticated rustics.

This piece was a horror to us, in many respects; first, on account of the aim of the author, and those who set him on, to show the wickedness of drinking anything stronger than coffee or tea; then, in the gross immorality of the plot, and finally in the mountebank style of acting. It was utterly impossible for anybody to abstain from a feeling of contempt towards the performers in general, and probably this sentiment would have been extended, in a mitigated form, to the representative of the poor maniac, had she not been in obvious ill health, and compelled (it might be concluded) to do as she did.

That was not our last visit to Mr. Barnum's; for, to tell the truth, we have often slipped into his Museum, and there received proof of what the gentleman's ideas are, as regards acting and other matters with which amusement-seeking persons are interested. Some long interval elapsed, however, before the feeling of disgust, inspired on the occasion of our first appearance at the Museum, was changed into something better—right down mirth. We cannot recall the name of the pieces then enacted, but we have a perfectly vivid recollection of their characters, the people who personated them, and the acting in general. We have the first scene of the first piece before us at this moment, showing a Parisian saloon and banquet table, from which three gay, young noblemen had just risen. Those noblemen. Heaven save the mark! how were they shown to us? Young! There was not one of them who would ever see forty again; and then their dress, their manner, their speech; baize and spangle, which a wandering ray of sunlight (it was in an afternoon in summer, and the attendants had not closed every cranny) shone on, and caused to look poor and wretched, indeed; their impudent grimaces, self-sufficient grins, and knowing shakes of the head; and loud and brassy tones. What a leash of noblemen for the most elegant capital in the world! what men to realize the *Ophelican* figure, all about the "glass of fashion and the mould of form!"

We remember there were ladies in the piece—little if any below the royal dignity. One (the elder) was represented by a young Miss with flaxen hair and a strong lisp; the other Miss (the interesting being of course) by a stout matron who looked as though she would have had her say if Robin Hood himself had addressed her. Then came, that ever lasting addition to our dramas, whether they be tragic or comic, smooth or intensified, my lady's waiting maid and *confidante*. She who appeared as this stereotyped ideal was short and pursy, and had a voice alarmingly suggestive of apoplexy; yet, she gave two or three songs, and more than sufficient dialogue, including a favorite scene with the funny man of the piece—a gentleman apparently over sixty, who, like the waiting maid (between whom and himself, by the way, there existed a sneaking kindness), did not disdain a ditty. *Hers* was about love and the moon, *his* related to his boyish experiences in the noble pastime of fly-catching.

The action of this drama showed us a deal of trouble and complication of incidents, and in one act the life of one of the three noblemen introduced to the audience in the first scene was actually threatened: not only his life, but his honor! But all came well in the end. The nobleman, so near making an exit through the door of being, was blessed with the hand of the princess; the other lady became the bride of the aforesaid noble's friend; and the *confidante* agreed to be Mrs. Merryman with all her heart, after the *trio* of aristocrats had told her they would make up a snug little something for a marriage portion. There was a musical *finale* to this delectable concoction—the funny fellow and his intended having the most of it to themselves, and respectively intimating to the audience that, "trouble o'er, joy's in store," and that, "tired of catching flies," he (Merryman) would "look in Agnes' eyes."

Between seven and eight years ago, Mr. Barnum had his first Baby Show, when, in that fine Roman style of diction which is so peculiarly his own, he made a public proffer of liberal rewards for single infants, twins, and triplets. It was warm weather when this exhibition, so novel in its character, came off; that circumstance, with the number of children and attendants present, caused the atmosphere to be excessively hot, and hotter yet did it become, when a thousand or two gaping visitors were added. Poor little creatures! what a sorry sight did they afford to the decent spectator! every one, it so seemed, fed up to the eyes, that it might carry off a prize; half-naked, wilted, and if not crying outright, restless and uneasy. But this is not all. Their mothers—ay, there, Mr. Barnum, did you achieve the culmination—their mothers, with their dresses more or less disarranged, their flushed faces, and their conversation with the mere idlers of the scene!

This Baby Show excitement had not died away many weeks, when the irrepressible Phineas took to his Museum what he announced in big letters on big bills, as the "Fattest Girl in the World." She was a bouncer, to be sure—very young, and very weak. It was easy to see *that*; and so dressed that all which was most ample about her should be the most amply displayed. Her gown was low in the neck, and a pair of gold bracelets had been so tightly clasped round her wrist, as to make the fat (pardon the expression in us, and if you must blame somebody, let it be Mr. Barnum) swell over the edges to a perceptible degree. This female was seated on a sofa, purposely made small, to bring out her ample proportions, as all the rest of the furniture in the room had been. She, like the mothers of the babies on show, was the object of scrutiny and conversation, and often seemed to be fairly going off to sleep through the persecutions of the good, moral patronizers of Mr. Barnum, who had scruples against entering a place called a theatre, however elevating the performances there might be, though not a tithe part of a scruple against visiting another place, without the slightest regard to the perpetrations there, so long as the convenient words "saloon" or "lecture-room" could be coined for the nonce.

The reader need not be informed that a second Baby Show recently came off at the Museum, under the auspices of Mr. Barnum. Equally unnecessary is it to lay any great stress upon another show—that of the canine race, of which Mr. B.'s very moral institution was the scene a few weeks ago. These things must live in the recollection of all, and no doubt they will receive the judgment they deserve.

We have indicated in our caption that some results accrued from a visit to the Museum. They did, and we know the parties in whom those results were worked out. One —a happy, volatile creature—took his fill of the horrors it seems to be the great delight of Mr. Barnum to exhibit; and so shocked was he, that on his return home he was seized with a brain fever which held him in its merciless clutch for five weeks. Another who had been attracted to the show in the hope of finding it of an elevated character, after a surfeit upon Mr. B.'s monstrosities, felt sleepy, and being in the apartment in which the state carriage of the late Queen Dowager Adelaide of England was then on exhibition, fairly got into it, where he had terrible dreams, until some of the attendants woke him up and told him to go home. It is probable, however, that he would have tarried much longer than he did on the seat of defunct royalty, had not anxious inquiries concerning him been set on foot. It appeared that he had come to the Museum at quite an early hour, and had informed his family where he was going—also that he would be at home to dinner, at two o'clock in the afternoon. That hour passed, so did three and four. When it came to the latter, it was feared that something evil might have befallen the gentleman. Accordingly, a messenger was sent to the Museum; circumstances were stated to the officers there, and a search was commenced immediately. Had such a person (here ensued a description of the missing one) been seen? No, no, no, until the parties in search came to the room containing Queen Adelaide's carriage. Then, happily, light began to dawn on the benighted. "Yes,"—the word brought gladness,—"there was such a person here about three hours since; he had a wild look about him, yet, notwithstanding, seemed to be very curious about this piece of gilded stuff," indicating the carriage.

No sooner said than a search commenced, when who should be pulled from out the coach but the missing man himself! He still looked queer, and muttered many strange things to himself, and it took considerable trouble to make him know he was out of danger. The cause of his trouble is soon told. He had been viewing too many of Mr. Barnum's specimens of the hideous, and taking shelter in Queen Adelaide's carriage from a host of *diablerie* which seemed to be pursuing him, he had dreamed bad dreams.

That was his first visit to the place presided over by the immaculate P. T. B. We need scarcely add, it was his last.

AILSA CRAIG.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

A Mr. McTear had come aboard the steamer at Greenock, for Dublin. He was a Greenock merchant. We were talking with him on the deck when we spied a conical rock, as it seemed, rising out of the water some distance ahead. It appeared through the thin mists like a hay-stack, and about as large. We spoke of it to Mr. McTear, and he told us it was Ailsa Craig. We remembered mention of it by Scott in the Lord of the Isles, where he calls it *rock* instead of *craig*—in the mouth of Robert Bruce—

> "Lord of the Isles! my trust in thee
> Is firm as Ailsa *rock*."

We had supposed it was in the Forth, on the other side of Scotland. As we were looking at it, Mr. McTear asked us to guess the distance to it. Strangers, he said, were apt greatly to mistake the distance. We looked at the rock along the intervening water. We could get no aid from the shores, which were at great distance—quite out of sight on one hand. We supposed, of course, we should underrate the distance. So we stretched it liberally, as we thought, and guessed two miles, though it did not look like that distance. "You have made the common mistake," said Mr. McTear; "it is over twenty." We could hardly credit it; but he told us we should see it was so, for we would be over two hours getting to it, and we were going at ten knots. And over two hours it was; and such was the deceptive character of the way, that when we thought we were coming right upon it, and wanting our friend who was asleep below to have a sight at it, we went down and told him to hurry up and see "Ailsa Rock;" it proved, to the amazement of us both, that we were then nearly ten miles from it. And the little prominence that looked so like a hay-stack, or a hay-cock, when we descried it first, grew, as we neared it, a mighty mountain, nine hundred and eighty feet high, rising abruptly out of the sea, and two miles about the base. It was a naked rock. A little level space projected on one side, with a small house on it. We could not conjecture the use of a habitation there.

The captain of the steamer said it was the governor's house. We asked him what a governor could do there. "Take care of the birds," he replied; "and he pays the Marquis of Ailsa, the proprietor, who takes his title from the Craig, £50 rent for his privilege of taking them." "What sort of birds?" we asked him. "Sea-fowl of all sorts," he said. "They inhabit the Craig, and ye'll may be see numbers of them. They are quite numerous. The Marquis has threatened prosecution, if people fire upon the Craig from the vessels. They have been in the habit of firing to alarm the birds, to see them fly. He had been himself governor of the Craig," he said, "some years before, and had great sport and some danger in killing the birds." His way of killing them was with a club; and he told us how many thousand—we dare not say how many—he had killed in a single day, of a famous kind of goose. He had let himself down to a quarter of the cliffs where they haunted, to get the young and eggs; and the old ones attacked him, and he fought them with his club till he was covered with blood, theirs and his own. He had a good mind, he said, to give them one gun—just to let us see them fly, as we were strangers. As he had been the Marquis's governor, he said, he would venture that he would overlook it in him. He ordered his boy to bring the musket. The boy returned, and said it was left behind at Glasgow. "Load up the swivel, then," said the captain; "it will be all the better. It will make quite a flight, ye'll find. Load her up pretty well."

The steamer meanwhile kept nearing the giant Craig, which was a bare rock from summit to the sea, and all of a dull-chalky whiteness, occasioned, as the captain said, by the excrement of the birds. We saw caves in the sides of the mountain, and down by the water; the retreats, our informant told us, in former times, of the smugglers, who used to frequent the Craig, and carry on an extensive trade from these places of concealment. We had got so near as to see the white birds flitting across the black entrances of the caverns like bees about the hive. With the spy-glass we could see them distinctly, and in very considerable numbers, and at length approached so that we could see them on the ledges all over the sides of the mountain. We had passed the skirt of the Craig, and were within half a mile, or less, of base. With the glass we could now see the entire mountain side peopled with the sea-fowl, and could hear their whimpering, household cry, as they moved about, or nestled in *domestic* snugness on the ten thousand ledges. The air, too, about the precipices seemed to be alive with them. Still we had not the slightest conception of their frightful multitude. We got about against the centre of the mountain, when the swivel was fired. The shot went point blank against it, and struck the stupendous precipice as from top to bottom with a reverberation like the discharge of a hundred cannon. And what a sight followed! They rose up from that mountain—the countless myriads and millions of sea-birds—in a universal, overwhelming cloud that covered the whole heavens, and their cry was like the cry of an alarmed nation.

Up they went—millions upon millions—ascending like the smoke of a furnace—countless as the sands on the sea-shore—awful, dreadful for multitude, as if the whole mountain were dissolving into life and light, and, with an unearthly kind of lament, took up their line of march in every direction off to sea. The sight startled the people on board the steamer, who had often witnessed it before, and for some minutes there ensued a general silence. For our own part, we were quite amazed and overawed at the spectacle. We had seen nothing like it ever before. We had seen White Mountain Notches and Niagara Falls, in our own land, and the vastness of the wide and deep ocean, which was then separating us from it. We had seen something of art's magnificence in the Old World, "its cloud-capp'd towers, its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples," but we had never witnessed sublimity to be compared to that rising of sea-birds from Ailsa Craig. They were of countless varieties, in kind and size, from the largest goose to the smallest marsh-bird—and of every conceivable variety of dismal note. Off they moved, in wild and alarmed rout, like a people going into exile—filling the air, far and wide, with their reproachful lament at the wanton cruelty that had broken them up and driven them into captivity. We really felt remorse at it, and the thought might have occurred to us, how easy it would have been for them, if they had known that little smoking speck that was laboring along the sea surface beneath them, had been the cause of their banishment, to have settled down upon it and ingulfed it out of sight forever.

We felt astonished that we had never before heard of this wonderful haunt of sea-fowl, and that no one had ever *written a book upon it*. It struck us as really one of "the wonders of the world." And not us alone; others, not at all given to the marvellous, declared that it surpassed everything they had ever before witnessed. We supposed the mountain must have been quite deserted, from the myriads that had flown away; but lifting the glass to it, as we were leaving its border, we were appalled to find it still alive with the myriads left behind. They kept leaving and leaving, until our steamer had got far on beyond the Craig, and till we could no longer discern their departure with the telescope; and it was miles off into the dusky Irish Sea before we saw the ebbing of their mighty movement, and that they were beginning to return. We felt relieved to see them going back. It had scarcely occurred to us in our surprise, that they were not leaving their native cliffs forever. Slowly and sadly they seemed to return, while the eye sought in vain to ken the outskirts of their mighty caravan. And Ailsa Craig had sunk far into our rear, and quite sensibly diminished in the distance, before the rearmost of the feathered host had disappeared from our sight.

The excitement occasioned us considerable depression of spirits, from which we were not entirely relieved until night came down upon the St. George's Channel, and the protracted northern twilight could no longer disclose objects to our wearied vision.

QUOTATIONS.

We have seen it gravely argued whether a clergyman may lawfully preach a sermon without introducing it with a text. For our own part, we generally wish the text away. It is one of several ingenious devices for turning a man into a finger-post. If the preacher would get up and say what he has to say without more ado, we should listen to him; and if we did not believe what he said, we should at least believe that he believed it, which is the first step towards believing it ourselves. But, instead of this, he must go out of the church into the vestry, he must change his raiment, go up stairs, say his private and public prayer, and repeat his text twice with chapter and verse. By the time he has done all this, the effect of the elaborate form is to wipe away all notion of his being a living man without human thoughts and feelings, and to leave only a perfunctory ceremony, dark at least, if not dumb. We arrange ourselves comfortably in our pew or our stall, and the preacher's oratory has its natural effect. It would be thought passing strange if a barrister addressing a jury, if a member of Parliament addressing Mr. Speaker, if a candidate addressing the multitude around the hustings, were each and all of them to begin with a text. Yet there is really no more reason why we should have a text from the pulpit rather than from the bar, the hustings, or the Treasury-bench. The text is an old institution, but when it was new, it was applied not only to sermons in church, but to all set speeches of every kind. The history of a text is something like the history of a Bishop's wig. We have known venerable people lament over the levelling and innovating tendencies of an age which allowed a Bishop's head to appear with no covering save that which it received from nature.

They knew not that the Bishop's head was simply the last resting-place of a foolish fashion, which had gradually forsaken heads of every other class. Once, all gentlemen wore wigs. Clergymen wore them later than other gentlemen; doctors in divinity later than other clergymen; bishops later than other doctors in divinity. So it was with the text. Of old, every orator began his discourse with a text of some kind. It might be from Scripture, it might be from Aristotle or from some poet. Secular orators gradually dropped the practice; the advocate or the senator ventured to address his hearers without fortifying himself with an apposite or inapposite bit of authority to start from. But the clergy stuck to their texts, just as they stuck to their wigs. Indeed they stuck to the text far more zealously than to the wig. The text is far older than the wig; yet the wig has vanished and the text still flourishes. Still, perhaps, it may have the same fate. A day may come when to start with a text may be looked on as a special mark of episcopal sobriety, which a sprightly young curate would no more think of imitating than he would think of veiling his natural locks beneath the periwig of the prelate.

The text at the beginning of a discourse is simply the habit of quotation assuming its extreme form. It is the form which it naturally took in an age when, in all matters capable of argument, authority had fairly taken the place of reason. The orator set out with one quotation, and as he went along, he strengthened himself with other quotations. In those days, authorities, illustrations, examples, formed the main staple of every discourse. This sort of thing survived—by this time, perhaps, it no longer survives—in the comparison, the example, and the authority which are essential parts of the schoolboy's theme. In all other compositions, though we quote, illustrate, and compare, we no longer do it in the same formal way. Quotations and illustrations have still a great deal more weight than they ought to have—that is, they are constantly mistaken for arguments—but they are not trotted out in the same solemn way as they were in times past. The divine and the lawyer of course still quote technical authorities for technical purposes. But they confine themselves to what really are technical authorities. They may misapply or pervert those authorities, they may misstate them or argue unsoundly from them, but they do not drag in things as authorities which are absolutely unconnected with the matter. A modern Bishop, engaged in a dispute with his Chapter, would not seriously quote the analogy of the sun, moon, and stars as a grave portion of his argument. Quotations, illustrations, and the like have, in all ordinary compositions, sunk to the rank of mere flowers of style, which, though they are often taken for arguments, are so taken only by a kind of misadventure, and are not formally put forth as such.

The use and abuse of quotations are governed by pretty nearly the same rules as the use and abuse of allusions. Indeed, a quotation may be looked on as a longer allusion, and an allusion as a shorter quotation. But the habit of quotation affects style yet more directly than the habit of allusion. In an allusion, whether fresh or hackneyed, appropriate or inappropriate, there need not be any direct borrowing of another man's words. But such borrowing is the very essence of quotation. In an illusion, you call in some fact or idea which is supposed to be familiar, but the mode of expression may be wholly your own. In a quotation, the idea may or may not be your own, but the mode of expression is necessarily borrowed. Of course if this is done often and at random, it may easily produce a very incoherent and piebald style. And yet more so, if the quotations happen to be in a foreign language. The random use of quotations in foreign languages may easily lead to the vilest of all styles—that in which it is hard to say that the writing is in any particular language, each idea being apparently expressed in the first language which comes to hand. Even more care, then, is needed in the use of quotations than in the use of allusions.

Just as in the case of allusions, a well-chosen, fresh and really apposite quotation is always effective. It adds so much of strength and point to a paragraph that the real fear is that it may be counted at more than it is worth—that is, that it may be mistaken for an argument. When we speak of quotations just now, we do not mean what we may call business quotations. We do not mean referring to an historian to prove a fact, or to a statesman or a philosopher to show that our opinions are supported by the authority of great names. This is really the same sort of technical reference to authority as when a divine or lawyer quotes his technical authority for technical purposes. In this sort of quotation we quote the words of the authority in the meaning which the authority meant them to bear. It is almost essential in what we may call the literary, as distinguished from the technical, sort of quotation, that the words quoted should be applied in some sense which their author did not mean them to bear. To make a good quotation is, in fact, a high exercise of wit. It is discerning and applying a resemblance which might not strike every one at first sight. This resemblance may be of every kind, from a refined and delicate analogy of ideas to the merest likeness of sounds—that is, the quotation may be an exercise of any sort of wit from the mere pun upwards. Its cleverness may be of a kind exciting any sort of approval, from a hearty laugh to silent admiration.

But in any case the power of quotation is an exercise of wit, not of wisdom; what we admire in it is cleverness, and nothing else. If the quotation be not clever—that is, if it be not fresh and appropriate—it is good for nothing. But it cannot be anything more than merely clever. It implies the keenness and readiness which enable a man to discern and apply a likeness on the spur of the moment. But it implies nothing more. The man who can make a really apposite quotation off-hand has done a clever thing, and has added a striking ornament to what he is speaking or writing. As it shows him to be a clever man, it may fairly win for him that special degree of attention which is due to any clever man; but, if he is trying to prove anything, the most apposite quotation of the purely literary kind does not advance his argument one inch. The fear is, that many people may fancy that it does, and that a man may be thought to be talking deeply while in truth he is only talking cleverly.

A quotation, then, just like an allusion, is almost always a good thing the first time it is made. It is the direct result of the reading, the memory, and the quickness of a really clever man. But the quotation, just like the allusion, is spoiled by repetition. When it is repeated, it is no longer original; it has no longer the point and freshness which it had when it was first made; it is applied without the propriety of time, place and circumstance which it had at first; and it gets more and more inapposite every time it is uttered, till at last it becomes a badge, not of cleverness, but of stupidity. We know how allusions become mere formulas, which people repeat because they think they are smart, often without even knowing the story to which allusion is made. So, in the like sort, quotations become mere formulas, which people repeat in just the same way, very often without knowing where the quotation really comes from, very often without taking the trouble to repeat the words of the quotation accurately.

Quotations are made without regard to the context, without regard to the speaker; sometimes the very words and meaning are altered and perverted. Over and over again have we seen the words "All men have their price," put into the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole. Now, very possibly Sir Robert Walpole was corrupt enough to wish that all men had their price, but he had seen quite enough of the world to know that there are many men whom no price can purchase. What Sir Robert Walpole did say was, "All *those* men have their price"—that is, a particular set of men, who, at a particular time, were making noisy pretensions to patriotism. This special proposition was very likely as notoriously true, as the general one into which it is commonly perverted is notoriously untrue. Lord Plunket again is commonly made out to have said that "history is an old almanac." What he really did say was, that certain people against whom he was speaking talked as if history were an old almanac.

Of all the quotations from Shakespeare none is more common that the one about "the poor beetle which we tread upon." It is always made as inculcating tenderness towards animals. Whether Shakespeare, in an age of bear-baiting, had any special love for beetles, we leave Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Fullom to find out. But nothing is more certain than that the passage has nothing whatever to do with tenderness towards animals. Only take in the line before, and the meaning is obvious. What Shakespeare really says is that the mere pain of death is a light matter compared with the expectation of death. The crushed beetle feels—so says Shakespeare, but naturalists, we believe, say otherwise—as much pain as a dying giant; but the beetle's pain is the mere momentary physical pain of death, a light matter to the giant's previous horrors of expectation.

These strange misapplications are by no means confined to the purely literary quotation. They are just as common in business quotations, and those on the very gravest subjects. We have often heard bits of Watts's Hymns, we suspect bits of Shakespeare, too, quoted as if they were texts from Scripture. We have heard passages which are in the New Testament, but which the Gospel narrative puts into the mouths of Scribes and Pharisees, quoted as the infallible sayings of Apostles and Evangelists. In truth, though the discipline would be somewhat hard, it would be not more hard than useful, if no one ever made a quotation which he was not ready to verify at the moment.

Good writers seldom quote; because they never quote except when they can really quote appositely, and really fresh and apposite quotations do not occur at every moment even to the cleverest man. Their quotations, therefore, are few, but such as they make are always to the purpose. Good writers, again, if they do not absolutely banish their quotations to a foot-note, make them stand out visibly as quotations in the middle of the page. They never allow their page to become a confused jumble of original and borrowed matter. Again, if they quote in a foreign language, they quote the actual and appropriate words of some definite author.

They never allow their text to become an incoherent babble of various tongues, with sentences one-third English, one-third French, one-third Latin. Lord Macaulay, in this, as in everything else, sets the highest example of purity and accuracy. He very rarely quotes at all—in the *History*, we believe, never in the text. He never introduces Latin or French words, whether as mere tags or as bits of fashionable affectation. A page of Macaulay is something physically different to look at from a page of a bad writer. There are no small capitals, no italics, no inverted commas, except of course when the narrative happens to record a dialogue. A foreign word, a fragment of a foreign sentence, is a thing utterly unknown. Compare such a page of a pure English with a page of one of our modern smart writers. Here is a bit in inverted commas, a tag from Shakspeare or a tag from Horace; here is a word or two of Latin; here is a word or two of French. These last are generally mere excuses of idleness.

It is partly because the writer thinks that Latin and French scraps show off his scholarship, but it is still more because it is often easier to use them in this way than to translate them into pure English. The writings of the great Special Correspondent exhibit the lowest depth which language can reach in this way. It is hard to find two sentences together which are wholly Mr. Russell's own making. Here is a bit of a Latin poet, there is a bit of an English one; here an easy bit of French, there an easy bit of Spanish. After this kind of rubbish, the mere physical look of a page of Macaulay is a hardly less relief to the eye than its contents are a consolation to the understanding.

DULNESS AS A SENSATION.

There are few things which show a more candid mind than a frank confession of dulness. It is an admission of occasional vacuity, of self-insufficiency, which very few can bring themselves to make, and which, when made, is not always received with the humanity and tenderness such ingenuousness deserves. People who never feel weary of their own company have a contempt for those who do, and often a very ill-founded contempt; for, in the first place, the difference may be one only of circumstances—same people are much more exposed to dulness than others—and, in the next, satisfaction with our own company is wise or foolish according to the grounds on which it is founded. To be ever dull is, no doubt, a mark of human infirmity. For this exquisite mechanism of mind, thought, intelligence, ever to collapse, to lose spring and vigor, to suffer cold obstruction, should be a check to our pride of reason. But it is only felt to be so when our solicitude is thus visited. To profess oneself dull in society where others are amused is a piece of pretension, a sort of boast, as implying a tacit superiority. But, in fact, this too argues deficiency and absence of power, often as great as the other. True vigor of mind and body is never dull, and can turn all painless conditions of being to an element of delight. If people are prone to feel dull, the scene of their dulness is more an affair of temperament, or at most of training, than of intellect.

We need not explain that the dulness we speak of is not in any inherent quality of the mind, but a matter of feeling. It, indeed, implies a certain quickness of apprehension always to know when we are dull. There are existences so void of interesting, elevating, or inspiring circumstances, that only a dull head and a dull heart could reconcile themselves to them; but the leaders of such lives make them what they are, would not change them if they could, are content with them, and value themselves on that content. Supposed immunity from dulness, then, may proceed from all sorts of causes, creditable or the reverse. It may arise from activity of mind, fulness of thought, an uninterrupted stream of occupation—which is always the assumed cause—or from slowness, apathy, and a dead, sterile imagination. Thus, a man may never be dull, because he contains everything within himself, or because his heavy intelligence is on an exact level with his monotonous existence.

Certain it is that there are many who avow themselves perfectly satisfied with their own company, whose company gives others very little satisfaction—who, if they are not dull, for anything we can see, ought to be. It is an extremely happy thing in such cases that there is just this balance; for the fact is, it is only very lively or engaging people who can own themselves dull with impunity—who can find sympathy, or even toleration, for their infirmity; and this for the obvious reason that in their case alone society is the gainer by it. Persons who are dull in both senses of the word at once are just the heaviest load social life can be burdened with. But charming people are the more charming because they are not independent of their fellow-creatures—cannot pretend to the pride of seclusion—and are thus driven as well as led by their nature, to show their best, conscious of some hidden far-off bugbear which haunts the long hours of uncongenial solitude, brightening the social scene by the contrast of its gloom.

No doubt much may be done by practice and self-discipline to overcome this weakness, and every one, if he is wise, will struggle against it. But there is, all the same, an inherent difference between man and man which no effort can do away, and the man who wants companionship will always stand in a different relation to the world from the man who is independent of it. What we argue is that it may be incompleteness, not inferiority; for, wherever the affections predominate, men will be dull when they cannot exercise them, and wherever the mind and intellect are worked by fits and starts, as some people are obliged to work them—effort alternating with the indolence of reaction—these intervals will be subject to conscious dulness.

We use the word dulness because our language has no other, but it is a vast deal easier to feel dull than to know what dulness is so far as to define it. Our classical writers all treat dulness as a quality. Men are dull, and are loathed by the wits accordingly. We do not for a moment assume any of our readers to *be* dull—it is as much as we dare suppose, in this active-minded age, that any of them even *feel* dull under the ignominious condition of not being absolutely all in all, each to himself. Johnson recognizes the word in our sense, but he is obliged to depart from his rule and furnish his own example: "Dull," "not exhilarating; not delightful; as, *to make dictionaries is dull work*." But this does not get at the bottom of the thing. Dull work, dull leisure, dull company, dull solitude—what is the common element in them all? Theologians tell us that our nature shrinks from absolute disembodiment—that the spiritual part of us recoils from the idea of bare exposure of its essence, of being turned into space shivering, houseless, homeless. If we analyze dulness, there is something of this recoil about it.

It is not otherwise easy to understand the horror with which men look forward to a threatened period of simple dulness. The protests, lamentations, self-pity expended on a brief season of dulness, are called morbid, wrong, ridiculous by the people who say they are never dull. The feeling expressed is so utterly incommensurate with the occasion—taking into account the absence of positive pain, and the brief duration of whatever suffering there is—that the whole thing is to them affected, unreal, preposterous. It is as if, like fretful children, these clamorers wanted something to cry for; and certainly if it only meant not being diverted or exhilarated, dulness would be a weak subject of dread.

But it is more. There is a foretaste, a threatening, of something worse—a touch of undefined spiritual terrors in all dulness. A day of simple vacuity, of not being amused, has no analogy with the dulness our active imagination realizes. Everybody is now and then neither doing anything, nor wanting to do anything—unamused, and not wanting to be amused. Everybody is vacant sometimes, and does not dislike the sensation; but what has all this to do with dulness? A man is dull, it may be, to other people, but not dull to himself. Wordsworth prefers this state far before what he calls personal talk, i.e., gossip, the relaxation of half the world.

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

This is a picture of comfort—this is being at home with our household gods about us. Here the lazy, unoccupied spirit misses nothing. When people feel dull, there is a sense of deprivation and exposure. We are without something that answers to the mind for what clothing and shelter are to the body. We are weak, open to aggression; we have lost something; our completeness, our organization is affected. Time ceases to flow in this state, and prolongs itself into an uncertain sort of eternity which we are incapable of measuring. Immersed in dulness, even the future is too far off to excite hope; for dulness has in its very nature a touch of perpetuity. If we find ourselves, for example, in for four hours' perfectly dull talk, from which there is no escape, what good does it do to say, It is only four hours—what are four hours compared to a lifetime? and so on. We are not in a state to estimate the difference. Life itself *will* end, and we accept this truth more readily than that these four hours will, which nothing seems to shorten.

Solitary dulness is, no doubt, a more awful and more mysterious infliction than social dulness can ever be, but the majority of mankind are not exposed to this extreme pressure on mind and nerve—they are not thrown for long periods utterly upon themselves. It comes to most of us in the form of uncongenial company and occupation. Whatever the mind suffers from a suspension of its voluntary processes too long, we are dull, as in protracted or mistimed instruction or amusement. We are dull in scenes which make demands on our interest and intelligence that we cannot meet. We are dull when our mind, or one side of our mind, is defenceless, has lost its usual and necessary support, has been taken by surprise by habit—a word in itself conveying all our meaning—or the intervention of fresh ideas from without, for the want of which a painful void is felt. We are dull, whether we miss the familiar scenes, faces, voices, views of things in which we are wont to lean, or are shut out from the current of external life and thought, in which the mind derives its sustenance.

Habit, in a sense, is the great resource against dulness. If we live long enough, we are never dull in doing what we are accustomed to do, and hence arises the little sympathy that age often shows to youth in this matter. Youth has acquired no confirmed habits. It is not desirable that a boy should be content always to spend one day like another—to find his book all-sufficient, or his work or play all-sufficient. His mind, if healthy, has a clamorous appetite for change. His resource is variety of occupation, acquirement, and amusement—it is never more restless than in himself. He is not doing the best for himself if he is not occasionally some trouble to his friends in finding him fitting change and diversion—something like the kicking, struggling, vivacious baby in arms, which will not allow itself to be forgotten.

But parents who are proud of this infantine restlessness are often little lenient to the sufferings of dulness at an older stage proceeding from precisely the same cause. Unquestionably it is very convenient to others, and in a degree a sign of strength in the boy himself, to be sufficient for his own amusement, to have contracted habits of some sort early; but those who play the most active part in the world—practical men, men of action—have needed variety in their youth, and have been dull without it, conspicuously and energetically dull, not "listless yet restless," like the worn poet in the same case, but powerful to fill the abhorred void by some congenial occupation.

But habit—the panacea, the refuge, the protector—is so entirely dependent on circumstance that there is no dulness so pitiable or so incurable as that which proceeds from the breaking-up of an accustomed course of life—the dulness which proceeds from change, whether self-chosen or inevitable. Poor Charles Lamb, always ingenious, how frank he is in the confession of his own delusions on this point! he who fretted over the compulsory monotonous life of thirty-five years of work, defied the chains of habit, and proclaimed that "positively the best thing a man can do is nothing, and next to that, perhaps, good works," and he had his wish of idleness granted to him.

If any man, he certainly had a right to trust to his resources, with his wit, his fulness of thought, aptitude for study, and felicity of expression. But these only helped him to feel, and aided him in portraying, the sufferings of his desolate, unhoused spirit. He had worked in the heart of London amid "familiar faces," and changed it for the country with only strangers about him. How finely he insults the rural green, the varying seasons, the summer sun himself, in the dulness of his new life! [illegible] indifference—spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom; let the sullen nothing pass." "In dreams I am in Fleet street, but I wake and cry to sleep again."

"What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. Oh! never let the lying poets be believed who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village." "I dread the prospect of summer with his all day-long days. No need of his assistance to make country places dull. With fire and candlelight I can dream myself in Holborn." Such dulness is but home-sickness, the languishing of a sensitive nature for its native air and the shelter of old associations.

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The Board of Officers appointed to audit such Claims will meet at No. 51 Walker street, New York, on the 15th day of June inst., and at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the 15th day of July next. A Calendar of Claims will be made, and cases will be disposed of in their order on said Calendar. Claims of persons residing in Albany, and west and north thereof, will be considered at the meetings of the Board at Albany. Claims of persons residing elsewhere will be considered at the meetings to be held at New York.

C. A. ARTHUR, Inspector-General.
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Albany, June 3 1862.

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For Canal Railroad—12:15 P. M. to Northampton.

For Housatonic Railroad—to Pittsfield, 8:00 A. M.; 3:00 P. M. to New Milford.

For Naugatuck Railroad—8:00 A. M., 3:00 P. M.

For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad—7:00, 9:30 A. M., 4:30 P. M.

Commodious Sleeping Cars attached to 8:00 P. M. Train.

JAMES H. HOYT, Sup't.

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT, and Fall River, by the splendid and superior steamers METROPOLIS, EMPIRE STATE, STATE OF MAINE and BAY STATE, of great strength and speed, particularly adapted to the navigation of Long Island Sound, running in connection with the Fall River and Old Colony Railroad—a distance of 53 miles to Boston, only.

Leave Pier No. 3, N. R., near the Battery.

The steamer METROPOLIS, Capt. Browne, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.

The steamer EMPIRE STATE, Capt. Brayton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, P. M., touching at Newport each way.

These steamers are fitted with commodious state-rooms and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and on arrival at Fall River, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston, early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6½ o'clock, A. M., and reach Boston about 8¾ o'clock, A. M.

A baggage master is attached to each steamer, who receives and tickets the baggage, and accompanies the same to its destination.

A steamer runs in connection with this line, between Fall River and Providence, daily, except Sundays.

Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great dispatch by an express freight train, &c., &c.

For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 3, North River. For state-rooms and berths apply on board, or if desired to secure them in advance, apply to

WILLIAM BORDEN, Agent,
Nos. 70 and 71 West street.

THE REGULAR MAIL LINE FOR BOSTON, via GROTON, NEW LONDON, STONINGTON, PROVIDENCE NEWPORT, TAUNTON and NEW BEDFORD—Inland Route, the shortest and most direct, carrying the Eastern Mail.

Steamers PLYMOUTH ROCK, Capt. J. C. Geer, and COMMONWEALTH, Capt. J. W. Williams, in connection with the Stonington and Providence, and Boston and Providence Railroads, leaving New York daily (Sunday excepted), from Pier No. 18, North River, at 5 P. M., and Groton at 8:30 P. M., or on the arrival of the mail train, which leaves Boston at 5:30 P. M.

The PLYMOUTH ROCK, from New York, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. From Groton, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The COMMONWEALTH, from New York, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. From Groton, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Passengers proceed from Groton per railroad to Providence and Boston, in the express mail train, reaching said places in advance of those by any other route, and in ample time for all the early morning lines connecting North and East. Passengers who prefer it, remain on board the steamer, enjoy a night's rest undisturbed, breakfast if desired, and leave Groton in the 7:15 A. M. train, connecting at Providence with the 10:40 A. M. train for Boston.

Fare from Providence to Newport fifty cents.

A baggage-master accompanies the steamer and train through each way.

For passage, berths, state-rooms or freight, apply on board the steamer or at the Freight Office, Pier No. 18 North River, or at the office of the Company, No. 115 West street, corner of Cortlandt street.

W. M. EDWARDS, Agent.
NEW YORK, February 28, 1861.

NEW YORK, HARLEM AND ALBANY RAILROAD.
For Albany, Troy, North and West.
Summer Arrangements commencing MONDAY, MAY 5, 1862.

For Albany, 10:30 A. M., express train, from Twenty-sixth street Depot, stopping at Williamsbridge, White Plains, Bedford, Croton Falls, and all stations north to Chatham.

For Dover Plains, 4 P. M., from Twenty-sixth street depot, stopping at White Plains and stations north to Dover.

For Croton Falls, 8:15 A. M., mail train, from Twenty-sixth street Depot, stopping at all stations.

For White Plains, 8:15 A. M., 9:30, 4:10, and 5:00 P. M., from Twenty-sixth street Depot, stopping at all stations.

For White Plains, 6:15 P. M., from White street Depot, stopping at all stations.

For Williamsbridge, 8:15 and 11:15 A. M., 2:30, 4:10, 5:00, 6:45 and 8:30 P. M., from Twenty-sixth street Depot, stopping at all stations.

RETURNING WILL LEAVE

Albany, 9:10 A. M., Express train, stopping at all stations from Chatham to Croton Falls, and at Bedford, White Plains and Williamsbridge.

Dover Plains, 5.50 A. M., stopping at all stations north of and at Fordham.

Croton Falls, 5:00 P. M., Mail train, stopping at all stations except Yorkville.

White Plains, 5:10, 7:00, 9:25 A. M., and 4:15 P. M., stopping at all stations.

Williamsbridge, 5:30 A. M., and 1:00 P. M., stopping at all stations.

JOHN BURCHILL, Assistant Superintendent.

ERIE RAILWAY.— Passenger Trains leave, via Pavonia Ferry, from foot of Chambers street, as follows, viz

6:00 A.M., MAIL, for Dunkirk, and intermediate Stations. This Train remains over night at Elmira, and proceeds the next morning.

7:00 A.M., EXPRESS, for Buffalo, and principal intermediate Stations.

9:00 A.M., MILK, DAILY, for Otisville, and intermediate Stations.

12:15 A.M., ACCOMMODATION, DAILY, for Port Jervis, and principal Stations.

4:00 P.M., WAY, for Middletown, Newburgh, and intermediate Stations.

5:00 P.M., NIGHT EXPRESS, DAILY, for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal Stations. The Train of Saturday runs through to Buffalo, but does not run to Dunkirk.

7:00 P.M., EMIGRANT, for Dunkirk, and principal Stations.

CHA'S MINOT, Gen'l Sup't.

DAILY FOR BOSTON, THE White Mountains, and intermediate places, via New London, Norwich and Worcester, from Pier 39, N. R., foot of Vestry street, at 5 P. M.

FARE AS LOW AS BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Cabin Fare to Boston	$3.
Deck Fare to Boston	$2.

The new and staunch steamers
CITY OF BOSTON,
WILLIAM WILCOX, Commander,
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY;
CITY OF NEW-YORK,
THOMAS G. JEWETT, Commander,
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY.

These new Steamers were built expressly for this route, with all modern improvements. The Lower Cabins being divided into Water-tight Compartments, and are not surpassed by any Steamers on the American Waters for speed, safety and comfort. They have a large number of Staterooms, which can be engaged in advance by applying at the office on Pier 39, N. R., foot of Vestry street where any information in regard to the Line can be obtained.

E. S. MARTIN, Agent,
Office, foot of Vestry st.

EXCURSIONS TO THE COAL FIELDS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Tickets for these Excursions are now for sale at the office of the

CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY,
Foot of Courtlandt street, New York.

For description of the routes and further information apply at office foot of Courtlandt street, or of

H. P. BALDWIN, General Ticket Agent,
69 Wall street.

NEW JERSEY STEAMBOAT CO.
PEOPLE'S LINE.

Steamboats leave for Albany daily, at 6 o'clock P. M. (Sundays excepted), from wharf foot of Courtlandt street, and in connection with the New York Central Railroad for Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, and all Western and Northern Cities.

The steamers ISAAC NEWTON, Capt. W. H. Peck, and NEW WORLD, Capt. A. P. St. John, composing this line, are in all respects fitted and equipped with an especial view to safety and comfort.

Through tickets can be had at the office on the wharf, and baggage checked to all stations on the New York Central Railroad, and the principal cities West.

Freight received as usual, and forwarded with dispatch at reduced rates.

For particulars, apply at the Company's office, on the wharf, foot of Courtlandt street.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.— FOR ALBANY AND TROY, CONNECTING WITH TRAINS NORTH AND WEST.

Trains leave:

	FROM CHAMBERS STREET.	FROM 30TH STREET.
Express,	7 and 11 A. M., and 3:15 and 5 P. M.	7:25, 11:25 A. M., and 3:40 and 5:25 P. M.
Troy and Albany, (with sleeping car,)	10:15 P. M.	10:40 P. M. (Sundays included.)
Poughkeepsie train,	10 A. M. and 6:30 P.M.	1:25 A. M. and 6:55 P. M.
Peekskill train,	9:30 A. M. and 4:25 P. M.	9:55 A. M. and 4:50 P. M.
Sing Sing train,	3:30 P.M.	3:55 P. M.

A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

SHORT LINE TO HARRISBURG and GREAT MIDDLE ROUTE TO THE WEST, via CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY.

Leave New York from foot of Courtlandt street, 6 o'clock A. M. (Express for Harrisburg), and at 8 P. M. (Western Express).

The 6 A. M. runs direct to Harrisburg without change of cars.

The 8 P. M. runs direct to Pittsburg, without change, and connects at Pittsburg with trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c.

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

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

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

STATIONERY, ETC.

WM. D. ROE & CO., STATIONERS, and PRINTERS, And Blank book Manufacturer, 53 Wall Street, corner of Hanover, New York. Dealers in all articles of Stationery required for Banks, Insurance Companies or Merchants, consisting of De La Rue & Co.'s Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, plain or cloth-lined, of every quality and size; Gold Pens and Holders; Steel and Quill Pens, Inkstands of every variety; Mahogany and Leather Portable desks; Notarial, Seal and Copying Presses and Stands; Writing, Stamping, Marking and Copying Inks; Portfolios; Pocket-books; Portemonnaies, Backgammon Boards, Chess, Cards, &c. Account Books of superior paper, made and ruled to any pattern. Printing of all descriptions, in colors or plain.

LITHOGRAPHIC, STEEL and COPPER PLATE printing of Checks, Bill Heads, Bills of Exchange Notes, Certificates of Stocks, Coupons, &c.

WILLIAM D. ROE,
PETER MONEGHAN.

GET YOUR PRINTING
DONE BY
FRANK McELROY,
113 Nassau Street,

CARRIAGES.

MOTT & CO.,
CARRIAGE WAREROOMS,
NO. 654 BROADWAY,
JOSEPH MOTT, JOHN J. MOTT,
NEW YORK.

HOTELS & SALOONS.

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

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

BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST AND TEA:			
Beef Steak	7c	Wheat Cakes	6c
Pork Steak	7c	Buckwheat Cakes	6c
Veal Cutlets	7c	Fried Eggs....each	3c
Mutton Chops	7c	Boiled Eggs....each	3c
Lamb Chops	7c	Poached Eggs	12c
Ham and Eggs	19c	Broiled Mackerel	13c
Fried Ham	13c	Milk Toast	9c
Fried Sausages	7c	Dry Toast	6c
Fried Fish	7c	Fried Potatoes	3c
Fried Clams	7c	Coffee or Tea	3c
Fried Eels	7c	Cocoa....per bowl	6c
Porterhouse Steak	25c	Coffee and Cakes	6c
Tenderloin Steak	15c	Extra Bread	3c
Sirloin Steak	13c	Brown Bread	3c
Broiled Chicken	25c	Bread and Milk	9c
Fish Balls	7c	Rice and Milk	9c
DINNER.			
Roast Beef	7c	Beef Soup	6c
Roast Lamb	7c	Roast Turkey	15c
Roast Veal	7c	Roast Goose	15c
Roast Pork	7c	Roast Duck	15c
Corned Beef	7c	Roast Chicken	15c
Corned Pork	7c	Chicken Pie	13c
Pork and Beans	7c	Chicken Fricassee	13c
Meat Pie	7c	Lamb Chops	13c
Pot Pie	7c	Pork Steaks	13c
Clam Pie	7c	Fried Eggs	—
Boiled Fish	7c	Beef Steak and Onions	—
DISHES COOKED TO ORDER.			
Sirloin Steak	13c	Raw Oysters	13c
Tenderloin Steak	15c	Stewed Oysters	13c
Porterhouse Steak	25c	Fried Oysters	18c
Broiled Chicken	25c	Pickled Oysters	13c
Veal Cutlets	13c		
DESSERT.			
Plum Pudding	6c	Plum Pie	6c
Suet Pudding	6c	Peach Pie	6c
Bread Pudding	6c	Mince Pie	6c
Rice Pudding	6c	Custard Pie	6c
Indian Pudding	6c	Apple Pie	6c
Apple Dumplings	6c	Cranberry Pie	6c
Farina Pudding	6c	Lemon Pie	6c
Tapioca Pudding	6c	Pumpkin Pie	6c

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

THE CHEAPEST AND ONE OF the Best Dining Saloons in New York.
BAKER'S DINING SALOONS,
125 and 127 GRAND ST.,
One Door East of Bowery.

125 for Ladies and Gentlemen, and 127 for Gentlemen. Anything from a Doughnut to a Game Supper. Anything can be ordered to the tables in these Saloons from one cent to two dollars, and more for the money than at any other house. After trying these Saloons once, those who are not satisfied need not come again; those who are may come, and we shall treat them as well the second time as the first.

BAKER'S CELEBRATED CORN BREAD,
Acknowledged to be the best in New York,
FOR SALE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
At these Establishments.
J. H. BAKER.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 699 BROADWAY, corner of Fourth street.
COLONEL POMROY AND STAFF.
MORE IMPROVEMENTS.

The largest and most expensively got up establishment in New York for rest and refreshment.

NO SCANDAL INTENDED.—It has been said and believed by many that the old Irving Hotel alone possessed the secret of procuring good liquors. Since then Goodness has been gapped! Where—oh, where? and echo answereth not. That golden Cogniac, with its lip-like nuttiness—that Jamaican and Kentuckian aroma—the usquibah and Hollands in all their native rudeness—so long sought, sighed for, and thirsted for, by Broadway pilgrims. All these can be had now and here, in abundance.

LEGGETT'S HOTEL
AND
DINING SALOON,
(on the European plan,)
Nos. 2 and 44 CHATHAM STREET,
Near Chambers, N. Y.

DUNLOP'S CELEBRATED ALES,
Bottled by WM. MARR, Sole Agent,
69 LIBERTY STREET, N.Y.

East India Pale, in cases of three dozen pints, for family use	$4 00
XX do do	3 50

Highly recommended by the most eminent physicians for invalids. Wholesale and for Exportation.

BOURBON.— I am constantly in receipt of the choicest qualities of

OLD BOURBON WHISKEYS,

which I offer to the trade in any quantities to suit.

Particular attention given to family orders.

G. E. MENDUM, Broadway, cor. Cedar street.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANTOINE VIGNES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 187 Greenwich street, in the City of New York, on or before the thirteenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the thirty first day of May, 1862.
my31 6m LOUIS H. PIGNOLET, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN O. WOODRUFF, late of the City of New York, deceased to present the same with vouchers thereof to Marcus P. Woodruff, Executor, and Emily B. Woodruff, Executrix, at the office of Marcus P. Woodruff, No 40 Broad street, in the City of New York, on or before the 24th day of November next.

Dated New York, the 19th day of May, 1862.
my24 6m MARCUS P. WOODRUFF, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARY COOK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of John C Hewitt, Pier 16, N. R., foot of Courtlandt street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 12th day of June, 1862.
JOHN C. HEWITT, GEORGE I. COOK, } Administrators, with the will annexed.
je14 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 LUKE BARKER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office in the office of J. F Mitchell, Esq., No. 62 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 7th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 7th day of June, 1862.
ELKANAH COBB, Executor, &c.,
je14 6m Of LUKE BARKER, deceased.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SUSAN M. PARISH, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, Trinity Buildings, No 111 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 6th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 2d day of July, 1862.
jy5 6m HENRY DELAFIELD, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GEORGE CONKLIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 474 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of January next.

Dated New York, the 16th day of July, 1862.
jy19 6m STEPHEN CONOVER, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against DANIEL SPICHTE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 150 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of June, 1862.
je14 6m OLIVER R. KINGSBURY, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against FRANCIS BURRITT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office, No. 89 Warren street, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 21st day of July, 1862.
jy26 6m JOHN P. COFFIN, Executor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW YORK LEADER
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
11 FRANKFORT STREET.
JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

THE LEADER

Is a first-class Journal, devoted to Politics, Literature and General Instruction, and belongs to the progressive school of newspapers.

THE LEADER, as its name indicates, is destined to become the Weekly Journal of the City, and to accomplish that purpose, the most eminent writers of the age have been engaged to contribute to its columns. The most interesting and instructive tales will always be found in THE LEADER, while its Editorial and Miscellaneous Matter will embrace every subject of information necessary to a great public journal. The Political Department of the NEW YORK LEADER will be contributed to by gentlemen of ability, who have been for years intimately connected with the politics and statesmen of the nation.

THE LEADER is served by Newsmen throughout this and adjacent cities, and can be found at the News Agencies throughout the whole country.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For a single copy, six months	$1 00
" " " one year	2 00
Four copies for one year	7 00
Six " " "	10 00
Eight " " "	12 00
Fourteen " "	20 00

with a free copy to the getter-up of the club.

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE LEADER has unusual advantages in its advertising columns, it being sought after by all classes in relation to the official proceedings of the Common Council, which are published in a manner peculiar to this paper alone.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at ten cents per line, first insertion. Five cents per line each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES—Twelve cents a line, and six cents each subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS NOTICES—Fifteen cents a line each insertion.

EDITORIAL NOTICES—Twenty-five cents a line each insertion.

No advertisements of an immoral or unchaste character will be inserted under any circumstances, or at any price.

THE LEADER

Can be purchased every Saturday morning at the following News Depots. Persons desirous of having THE LEADER served regularly at their residence, need only leave their address at the nearest News Depot, or at 11 Frankfort street, to insure a prompt delivery.

Courtlandt, corner West street.
Vesey, corner Broadway.
New Jersey Railroad, Jersey City.
Barclay, corner West street.
Astor House.
Baxter, corner Chatham.
Pearl, corner Chatham.
Grand, corner Centre street.
Hudson, corner Duane street.
Franklin, corner West Broadway.
Leonard, corner West Broadway.
Wall, corner William.
Liberty, corner Nassau street.
Canal, corner Broadway.
Barclay, corner Greenwich.
Mott, corner Chatham.
James, corner Chatham.
Canal, corner Varick.
Cedar, corner Broadway.
New Canal, corner Bowery.
No. 121½ Fulton street.
Nassau, corner Beekman.
No. 18 Broadway.
Fulton Market, corner Beekman.
Catharine Market.
No. 1 Fulton Market.
No. 61½ Catharine street.
No. 69 Nassau street.
Warren, corner College Place.
Chambers, corner College Place.
Williamsburgh Ferry, foot of Roosevelt street.
Hoboken Ferry, foot of Barclay street.
Hamilton Avenue Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Staten Island Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Hudson Railroad Company.
South Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Fulton Ferry News Depot.
827 Broadway.
Metropolitan Hotel.
879 Broadway.
942 Broadway.
Union Square Post Office
Houston, corner Broadway.
St. Nicholas Hotel
Broadway near Bleecker street.
1230 Broadway.
1017 Broadway.
636 Broadway.
612 Broadway.
Twenty-third street, corner First avenue.
285 First avenue.
493 Second avenue.
147 Third avenue.
Third avenue, between Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth streets.
948 Third avenue.
835 Third avenue.
Twenty-seventh street, corner Third avenue.
Third avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets.
Third avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets.
No. 15 Third avenue.
463 Third avenue.
257 Third avenue.
201 Third avenue.
185 Third avenue.
96 Third avenue.
Tompkins Market, Third avenue.
40 Fourth avenue.
346 Fourth avenue.
406 Fourth avenue.
448 Fourth avenue.
450 Fourth avenue.
New Haven Railroad Depot.
Harlem Railroad Depot.
866 Bowery.
243 Bowery.
311 Bowery.
168 Bowery.
Corner Houston and Bowery.
Rivington, near Bowery.
55 East Broadway.
143 East Broadway.
118 Lewis street.
Corner Lewis and Grand street.
548 Grand street.
264 Grand street.
165 Avenue A.
95 Avenue C.
18 Avenue D.
Avenue D, corner Second street.
114 Division street.
62 Division street.
165½ Division street.
218 Houston street.
Essex, near Houston street.
524 Grand street.
359 Broome street.
8 Ridge street.
26½ Carmine street.
38 Carmine street.
52 Carmine street.
12 Thompson street.
8 Christopher street.
390 West street.
111 Hudson street.
368 Hudson street.
452 Hudson street.
458 Hudson street.
180 Varick street.
565 Hudson street.
Hudson between Morton and Barrow streets.
152 Prince street.
Greenwich avenue, near Hammond street.
Spring corner Greenwich street.
Perry corner Hudson street.
Hudson corner Spring street.
407 Hudson street.
84½ Bleecker street.
Jefferson Market.
169 Madison street.
Fifth Avenue Hotel.
602 Sixth avenue.
264 Sixth avenue.
79 Sixth avenue.
557 Sixth avenue.
Sixth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets.
Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue.
Twenty fifth street, corner Sixth avenue.
Forty-third street, corner Sixth avenue,
Ninth street, corner Sixth avenue.
Fifteenth street, corner Sixth avenue.
177 Seventh avenue.
25 Eighth avenue.
77½ Eighth avenue.
258 Eighth avenue.
679 Eighth avenue.
544 Eighth avenue.
525 Eighth avenue
Fourteenth street, corner Eighth avenue.
Troy street, corner Eighth avenue.
591 Ninth avenue.
102 Ninth avenue.
Seventeenth street, corner Ninth avenue.
240 Tenth avenue.

BROOKLYN.

D. Bennet, Atlantic street.
Green, corner Myrtle and Fulton avenues.
433 Hudson street.
51 Fulton street.
308 Fulton street.
33 Hudson avenue.

WILLIAMSBURGH

Ferry House, South Seventh street.
Butman's depot, foot of South Seventh street.
131½ Grand street.
125 Seventh street, near Grand.
124 South Sixth street.
22 Ferry street, Greenpoint.
134 Fifth street.

TO POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters throughout the country are authorized to act as agents, and money remitted by them will be at our risk.

No Travelling Agents connected with this paper.

All letters relating to the Business or Editorial departments of the paper must be addressed to

JOHN CLANCY
EDITOR NEW YORK LEADER,
11 Frankfort St., N.Y.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN WURTS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, No. 29 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 12th day of March, 1862.
m15 6m ISAAC N. SEYMOUR, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL STILES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Elliott F. Shepard, Counsellor at Law, No. 16 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of November next.

Dated New York, the 22d day of April, 1862.
CHARLOTTE S. STILES, Administratrix.
a25 6m WILLIAM L. STILES, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN G. BENTZ, late of Hackensack, in the State of New Jersey, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their office, No. 91 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the third day of November next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of April, 1862.
MITCHELLS & HINSDALE,
ap26 6m Attorneys for the Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CLINTON G. BIRD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 237 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of November next.

Dated New York, the 24th day of April, 1862.
ap26 6m JOHN H. BIRD, Executor.

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 W. BLEECKER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 63 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of November next.—Dated New York, the 22d day of April, 1862.

ap26 6m ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JACOB AIMS, late of the City of New York, deceased to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Augustus Schell, No. 40 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighth day of October next.

Dated New York, the second day of April, 1862.
AUGUSTUS SCHELL, WILLIAM F. AIMS, ARNEST F. AIMS, JOHN C. CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN H. WATERHOUSE, } Executors, &c.
p5 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 JOSEPH D. THURSTON, late of the City of Philadelphia, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the store of A. B. Sands & Co., No. 141 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of second month 1862.
WILLIAM R. THURSTON, ROBERT HAYDOCK, } Executors.
m1 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of Roswell C. Brainard, Esq., Surrogate of the County of Kings, Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against JOHN T. CONWAY, late of the City of Brooklyn, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, the executors, at the office of O'Gorman & Wilson, No. 122 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of September next.—Dated March 3d, 1862.

JOHN McMENOMY, JAMES STUART, } Executors.
m8 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 JOHN ROSE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the Subscriber, at the office of A. W. Bradford, Counsellor at Law, No. 6 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of September next.

Dated New York, the 5th day of March, 1862.
m8 6m CHAUNCEY ROSE, Executor, &c.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JEANNE DU LUX, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of A. W. Bradford, Counsellor-at-Law, No. 6 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next.—Dated New York, the fifth day of March, 1862.

JOHN P. FERRIS, CYRUS CURTISS } Administrators, &c., of Jeanne Du Lux.
m8 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 CORNELIUS W. McLAUGHLIN, late of the City of New York, Physician, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, No. 205 First Avenue, N. W. cor. of 18th street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of November next.

Dated, New York, the 9th day of May, 1862.
m10 6m JOHN A. McLAUGHLIN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CALEB KIRBY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of C. F. Wetmore, Counsellor at Law, No. 481 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of November next.

Dated, New York, the 8th day of May, 1862.
SUSAN KIRBY, Administratrix, and
GEORGE W. BAXTER, administrator of CALEB KIRBY, deceased.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROBERT C. REID, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Wm. F. Case, No. 8 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighth day of November next.

Dated New York, the 1st day of May, 1862.
my3 6m ABNER OSBORN Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GEORGE A. REDMAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 84 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-sixth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 20th day of March, 1862.
m22 6m GEORGE W. MORTON, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against RICHARD MORRELL, late of Manhasett, New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of John M. Eager, No. 183 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 6th day of September next.

Dated New York, the 26th day of February, 1862.
EMILY L. TERHUNE (formerly EMILY L. MORRELL),
DAVID McDOWELL,
m1 6m Administrators of said Richard Morrell.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOSEPH CROWELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of Martin L. Crowell, one of the subscribers (Irving Fire Insurance office), No. 9 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next.

Dated New York, the third day of March, 1862.
URSULA CROWELL, Administratrix.
m8 6m MARTIN L. CROWELL, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SARAH B. HULL, late of the City of New York, widow, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of John P. Crosley, No. 1 Hanover street, in the City of New York, on or before the 14th day of November next.

Dated. New York, the 12th day of May, 1862.
my17 6m CHARLES F. LIVERMORE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against FRANCIS ECHARTE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, the executrix and executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at the office of Peyrotte & Crucy, No. 83 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 21st day of May, 1862.
F. ECHARTE, Widow, Executrix,
JULES CRUCY, Executor.
STORRS & SEDGWICK, Proctors for Executors,
my31 6m 34 Wall street, N. Y.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HUGH CONNOR, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Comstock & Hartwick, No. 60 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of October next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of March, 1862.
m29 6m ADELIA CONNOR, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ALEXANDER GORDON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his place of business, No. 20 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of November next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of May, 1862.
my17 6m WILLIAM BLOOMFIELD.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ARCHIBALD D. MOORE, late of the City of Philadelphia, Penn., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the office of M. J. Gilhooly, No. 78 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighth day of January next.—Dated New York, the 26th day of June, 1862.

M. J. GILHOOLY, JAMES G. STONEALL, MARK K. HAMILTON, } Executors.
jy5 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 SARAH FORSTER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 26 Seventh street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of December next.—Dated New York, the 3d day of June, 1862.

je7 6m ISAAC FORSTER, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELISHA BURROWS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Philip Millspaugh, No 7 Beekman street, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of January next.—Dated New York, the 3d day of July, 1862.

jy5 6m HANNAH ROOME, Administratrix, &c.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN H. COSTER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Kissam & Jones, Attorneys at Law, No. 59 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the nineteenth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of March, 1862.
m22 6m S. ADELINE COSTER, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HARMON HANFIELD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of John H. Morrell, No. 129 Roosevelt street, in the City of New York, on or before the fourth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of February, 1862.
ZENOBIA HANDFIELD, Executrix.
m1 6m JOHN H. MORRELL, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against RODERICK B. NEWMAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 303 Hudson street, in the City of New York, on or before the 18th day of September next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of March, 1862.
m15 6m MARY B. NEWMAN, Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOSEPH GOODWIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at his residence, on the Seventh avenue, between 139th and 140th streets, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of October next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of March, 1862.
ARCHIBALD WATT,
SARAH STARR,
ap5 6m Administrators, with the Will annexed.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARGARET JONES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the residence of Richard Jenkins, No 296 Delancey street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighteenth day of October next.—Dated New York, the 3d day of April, 1862.

RICHARD JENKINS, JOHN ELLIS, } Executors.
ap5 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 JOHN R. HOWELL, late of No. 15 James slip, in the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the office of William S. Ely, No. 32 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of October next.

Dated New York, the 12th day of April, 1862.
WILLIAM S. ELY, CHESTER HOWELL, } Administrators.
ap12 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 ABRAHAM C. WOGLOM, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 71 Third street, in the City of New York on or before the 19th day of September next.

Dated New York, the 19th day of March, 1862.
REBECCA WOGLOM, Executrix.
WM. H. WOGLOM, ABM. W. WOGLOM, } Executors.
m29 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 the Estate of JOHN MILLS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of her attorneys, Mitchells & Hinsdale, Esqs., No. 75 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-ninth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 11th day of March, 1862.
m15 6m SARAH ANN MILLS, Administratrix.

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 R DICKSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 54 Walker street, in the City of New York, on or before the 19th day of October next.

Dated New York, the 14th day of April, 1862.
ap19 6m R. M. SHAW, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against STEPHEN V. ALBRO, late of the City, of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the store of William H. Albro, No. 328 Bowery, in the City of New York, on or before the sixteenth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 8th day of March, 1862.
WM. H. ALBRO, A. P. ALBRO, } Executors.
m15 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 ABRAHAM B. SANDS, late of the City of New York, Druggist, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the store of A. B. Sands & Co., No. 141 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of September next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of February, 1862.
SARAH A. SANDS, Executrix.
ALEXANDER V. BLAKE, WILLIAM R. THURSTON, STEPHEN H. THAYER, } Executors.
m1 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 FRANCIS RAMSAY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of J. F. Chamberlain, No. 594 Eighth avenue, in the City of New York, on or before the thirteenth day of October next.

Dated New York, the 3rd day of April, 1862.
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN, JAMES YOUNG, } Executors.
ap5 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 MOSES L. LION, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 140 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the third day of November next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of April, 1862.
my3 6m ALEX. KURSHEEDT, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM ROBINSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at the office of William L. Skidmore, No. 134 Fourth Avenue, corner of Thirteenth street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighth day of November next.

Dated New York, the sixth day of May, 1862.
MARY ROBINSON, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL ROGERS, late of the County of Down, Ireland, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, No. 87 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 12th day of August next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of February, 1862.
EDWARD C. DELAVAN,
f15 6m Administrator, with the will annexed.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against DAVID KISSNER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Nathaniel Jarvis, Junior, No. 13 City Hall, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of January next.

Dated New York, the 14th day of June, 1862.
JOHN KELLY, DAVID HASTINGS, } Executors.
je28 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 WILLIAM D. KENNEDY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of E. Ketchum, No. 83 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 26th day of November next.

Dated New York, the 23d day of May, 1862.
RACHEL A. KENNEDY,
my24 6m Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claim against or upon the estate of EDWARD VINCENT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers and the evidence thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of A. J. Hamilton, No 53 Exchange Place, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of December next. Dated New York, the 28th day of May, 1862.

FREDERICK VINCENT, A. J. HAMILTON, } Administrators.
my31 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 SYLVESTER PIER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of S. K. & F. B. Wightman, Esqrs., No. 195 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the eleventh day of December next.

Dated New York, the 4th day of June, 1862.
je7 6m BENJAMIN S. PIER, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against THOMAS FANNING late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Thomas Fanning, Jr., No. 225 Bowery, in the City of New York, on or before the 6th day of January next.—Dated New York, the 2d day of July, 1862.

MARY FANNING, Executrix.
JOHN H. FANNING, THOMAS FANNING, Jr. } Executors.
jy5 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 MICHAEL GIBNEY, late of the City of New York, Silversmith, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of A. B. Millard, Esq., No. 116 Nassau street, in the City of New York on or before the first day of January next.

Dated New York, the 24th day of June, 1862.
je28 6m FRANCES S. GIBNEY, Executrix, &c.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against RICHARD SANDS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Flanagan & Cummings, No. 31 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 22d day of December next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of June, 1862.
AVERY SMITH, ANTHONY S. HOPE. } Executors.
j21 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 THOMAS A. TALMAGE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at his place of business, No 20 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of November next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of May, 1862.
my17 6m WILLIAM BLOOMFIELD.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.—Mr. JACKSON begs to inform the patrons of the above popular establishment that it has undergone a complete and thorough renovation, and that the entire reconstruction of the gas apparatus, painting and decorations, new stage appointments and scenery, combine to render it the most beautiful, as it is confessedly the most comfortable, Dramatic Temple in the metropolis. The opening of the regular all winter season, on Monday, August 25th, will be inaugurated by the engagement of

MISS BATEMAN,

Whose wonderful impersonations have elicited the highest approval from the ablest critics, and who has, by the power of her dramatic genius even now, when, but in the first dawn of womanhood won, by the universal voice of the public, the proud position of

THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTISTE OF THE CENTURY.

She will be sustained by that sterling artist, Mr. J. W. WALLACK, the popular favorite Mr. EDWIN ADAMS, and a powerful company, who will contribute to render her engagement the most brilliant on record.

Monday evening, 25th inst.

THE HUNCHBACK.

JULIA	MISS BATEMAN
Master Walter	Mr. J. W. Wallack
Sir T. Clifford	Mr. Edwin Adams

Doors open at 7¼, commence at 7¾.

NIXON'S CREMORNE GARDEN.

OPEN EVERY EVENING, and on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE NEW COMIC PANTOMIME, ENTITLED
THE GOLDEN EGG,
Invented by and produced under the immediate direction of
C. LEHMANN,
With New Scenery, Properties and Original Music, composed expressly for the Piece, by THOS. BAKER.

The piece will be placed on the stage upon a scale of magnificence that shall eclipse anything of the kind ever before attempted in the
PANTOMIME LINE.
SENORITA CUBAS
in her very exciting Dance, entitled
EL OLE. EL OLE.
THOMAS BAKER and ORCHESTRA,
In a select programme, including the Comic Polka, The Bears.
Costa Theleur, Lehmann, Ronzani, Wietoff and a host of others appear in the Pantomime.
NEW ACTS in the EQUESTRIAN SCHOOL, by LOUISE TOURNAIRE, YOUNG MADIGAN, and all the artists engaged.
Admission to the three entertainments....25 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—SUMMER SEASON.

Lessee and Manager..........Wm. Wheatley.
FOURTH WEEK OF THE CELEBRATED
GABRIEL RAVEL AND TROUPE,
and YOUNG AMERICA
The Theatre Crowded Nightly to Overflowing.
SATURDAY EVENING, August 23d, 1862.
Will be presented, for the fourth time, the Grand Fairy Spectacular Pantomime, entitled
THE GREEN MONSTER.
GABRIEL RAVEL....as the....WHITE KNIGHT
YOUNG AMERICA....as............HARLEQUIN
To conclude with the
THREE FLYING TRAPEZE a la LEOTARD,
by Young America.
The entertainments will commence with the farce, entitled
'TWAS I,
By the Dramatic Company.
Admission, 50 cents; Secured Parquet Stalls, 75 cts.; Family Circle, 25 cents. Commence at 8.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 BROADWAY, 514

Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD, Sole Proprietor and Manager.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
OVERFLOWING HOUSES. MORE NOVELTIES.
MONDAY, August 25th, and every evening during the week,
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION, Eph. Horn, Charley Fox, Frank Brower, Cool White, R. Abecco, C. Henry, H. Percy, J. W. Glenn, E. H. Florence, H. Schurcardi, P. B. Isaacs, J. Garatagni, B. Isaacs, E. Haslam, J. Leis, M. Lewis, Tom Briggs, Jr., &c., &c., in their
DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. No connection with any other troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

HOME AGAIN.
MECHANICS' HALL,
472 BROADWAY, above Grand street.
GRAND RE-OPENING,
MONDAY EVENING, August 25th, 1862.
THE COMPANY:

DAN BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	
SHER C. CAMPBELL,	ROLLIN HOWARD,	
NELSON SEYMOUR,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	
W. L. Hobbs,	Geo. S. Fowler,	J. H. Savori,
G. A. Conners,	G. W. Charles,	J. W. Hilton
D. D. Emmett,	James Morrison,	F. Gettings,
T. J. Peel,	Frank Leslie,	Little Mac.

For full particulars of programme see bills of the day.
Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.—THE NEW GYMNASTICS for MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN. By Dio Lewis, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex St. Gymnasium, Boston.
WITH THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.
1 vol. 12mo. Price $1 00.

☞ All persons who value health and strength should read this work. Its teachings, faithfully followed, will restore and preserve health.

The book is the most complete manual of gymnastic exercises ever published. It contains several hundred different exercises with Dumb Bells, Indian Clubs, Wands, Rings, Bean Bags, &c., all fully described and illustrated by pictorial representations. It describes The Pangymnastikon, a cheap article of gymnastic apparatus on which all gymnastic exercises may be performed.

☞ All these exercises may be performed in the home circle. They are all adapted to music. They are suited alike to strong men, to ladies, and to children. Their performance furnishes an inexhaustible source of entertainment.

Send One Dollar to the publishers, and they will send you "The New Gymnastics," postpaid.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
135 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

GOOD NEWS TO SMOKERS.—WHITTAM & LAWRENCE, No. 395 Pearl street, New York, are now manufacturing the "AMERICAN BIRD'S-EYE SMOKING TOBACCO," which is equal if not superior to the English. This Tobacco has less arcotine in it than any other Tobacco. A person smoking it will find it has a sweet flavor, and is very pleasant to smoke. All persons smoking a Pipe, should give the "AMERICAN BIRD'S-EYE TOBACCO" a trial—we guarantee you will enjoy a good smoke—it leaves no deleterious effects, and does not act upon the nerves like other Smoking Tobacco. Sold everywhere.

SEA SURF BATHING
LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY,
NATIONAL HOTEL,
D. P. PETERS, Proprietor.
This Hotel is located 150 feet from the Ocean, and is open for permanent and transient guests.
Can accommodate 500, being situated near the terminus of the Railroad, which leaves New York at 6 A. M., and 4 P. M., daily.

TO SMOKERS.—MULTUM IN PARVO.
PATENT TELESCOPIC SMOKING TUBE AND COMPRESSED CHARGES.
On receipt of one dollar we will send one of our patent Tubes and fifty charges. These charges are made of pure Havana tobacco, and are equal to the best imported cigars. The tubes represent a cigar perfectly, and will last for years.
To agents a liberal discount will be made. Call or send for a circular. Inclose stamps.
WM. A. LUDDEN & CO., No. 12 Barclay street.

GREAT BARGAINS IN PIANOS AND MELODEONS,
At my new and extensive Piano Rooms.
Good second hand Pianos cheap. Pianos and Melodeons to let, and rent applied on purchase. Pianos tuned.
Best of Pianos at fair prices.
T. S. BERRY,
No. 593 BROADWAY,
Between Prince and Houston streets.

EUREKA! EUREKA!!—A FINE, Dark, Glossy Head of Hair, no matter how gray previously, may be obtained without dyeing, by using G. RAUCHFUSS' EUREKA HAIR INVIGORATOR. Price, $1 a bottle; $9 a dozen. The public is invited to see certificates, at the manufacturer's depot,
No. 52 CHATHAM STREET.

TO PRINTERS.—FOR SALE, cheap for cash, a set of four chases, for 8 pages, size of LEADER. Also, a lot of second-hand cases, suitable for job-type. Also, a lot of second hand brass dashes and rules, this measure. Apply to JOHN B. ADAMS, Foreman Leader Composition Room.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.—George Naylor Vickers, Edward Vickers, William L. King, Edmund L. Benzon, Barthold Schlesinger, Edward B. Huntington, Henry Lodge, Thomas E. Vickers and Frederick Lehmann, against John Rubery.—Summons for money demand on contract.

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 City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, Nos. 8 and 10 Pine street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of seven hundred and eighty-five dollars, with interest from the eleventh day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, May 26th, 1862.
JOHN G. VOSE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, on the 31 day of July, 1862.
jy5 6t JOHN G. VOSE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against BRIDGET LARKIN, late of the City of New York, widow of Francis Larkin, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber at the office of James Morrogh, No. 5 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of September next.
Dated New York, the fifteenth day of February, 1862.
THOMAS GILROY, Administrator &c., of Bridget Larkin, deceased.
JAMES MORROGH, Proctor for Administrator. f12 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 JOHN KETTLEMAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of William Wright, No. 63 Beaver street, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of August next.
Dated New York, the 17th day of February, 1862.
WILLIAM WRIGHT, } Executors.
f22 6m JAMES M. BOOTH, }

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW YORK LEADER
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
NO. 11 FRANKFORT STREET,
JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

THE LEADER

Is a first class Journal, devoted to Politics, Literature and General Instruction, and belongs to the progressive school of newspapers.

THE LEADER, as it name indicates, is destined to become the weekly Journal of the City, and to accomplish that purpose, the most eminent writers of the age have been engaged to contribute to its columns. The most interesting and instructive tales will always be found in THE LEADER, while its Editorial and Miscellaneous Matter will embrace every subject of information necessary to a great public journal. The Political Department of the NEW YORK LEADER will be contributed to by gentlemen of ability, who have been for years intimately connected with the politics and statesmen of the nation.

THE LEADER is served by Newsmen throughout this and adjacent cities, and can be found at the News Agencies throughout the whole country.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For a single copy, six months	$1 00
" " " one year	2 00
Four copies for one year	7 00
Six " " "	10 00
Eight " " "	12 00
Fourteen " " "	20 00

with a free copy to the getter-up of the club.

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE LEADER has unusual advantages in its advertising columns, it being sought after by all classes in relation to the official proceedings of the Common Council, which are published in a manner peculiar to this paper alone.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at ten cents per line, first insertion. Five cents per line each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES—Twelve cents a line, and six cents each subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS NOTICES—Fifteen cents a line each insertion.

EDITORIAL NOTICES—Twenty-five cents a line each insertion.

No advertisements of an immoral or unchaste character will be inserted under any circumstances, or at any price.

THE LEADER

Can be purchased every Saturday morning at the following News Depots. Persons desirous of having THE LEADER served regularly at their residence, need only leave their address at the nearest News Depot, or at 11 Frankfort street, to insure a prompt delivery.

Courtlandt, corner West street.
Vesey, corner Broadway.
New Jersey Railroad, Jersey City.
Barclay, corner West street.
Astor House.
Baxter, corner Chatham.
Pearl, corner Chatham.
Grand, corner Centre street.
Hudson, corner Duane street.
Franklin, corner West Broadway
Leonard, corner West Broadway
Wall, corner William.
Liberty, corner Nassau street.
Canal, corner Broadway.
Barclay, corner Greenwich.
Mott, corner Chatham.
James, corner Chatham.
Canal, corner Varick.
Cedar, corner Broadway.
New Canal, corner Bowery.
No. 122½ Fulton street.
Nassau, corner Beekman.
No. 18 Broadway.
Fulton Market, corner Beekman.
Catharine Market.
No. 1 Fulton Market.
No. 61½ Catharine street.
No. 89 Nassau street.
Warren, corner College Place.
Chambers, corner College Place.
Williamsburgh Ferry, foot of Roosevelt street.
Hoboken Ferry, foot of Barclay street.
Hamilton Avenue Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Staten Island Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Hudson Railroad Company.
South Ferry, foot of Whitehall street.
Fulton Ferry News Depot.
827 Broadway.
Metropolitan Hotel.
879 Broadway.
942 Broadway.
Union Square Post Office.
Houston, corner Broadway.
St. Nicholas Hotel.
Broadway, near Bleecker street.
1330 Broadway.
1017 Broadway.
636 Broadway.
612 Broadway.
Twenty-third street, corner First avenue.
285 First avenue.
493 Second avenue.
147 Third avenue.
Third avenue, between Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth streets.
948 Third avenue.
335 Third avenue.
Twenty-seventh street, corner Third avenue.
Third avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets.
Third avenue, between Forty first and Forty-second streets.
463 Third avenue.
257 Third avenue.
201 Third avenue.
185 Third avenue.
96 Third avenue.
Tompkins Market, Third avenue.
40 Fourth avenue.
346 Fourth avenue.
400 Fourth avenue.
448 Fourth avenue.
450 Fourth avenue.
New Haven Railroad Depot.
Harlem Railroad Depot.
366 Bowery.
243 Bowery.
311 Bowery.
168 Bowery.
Corner Houston and Bowery.
Rivington, near Bowery.
55 East Broadway.
143 East Broadway.
113 Lewis street.
Corner Lewis and Grand street.
548 Grand street.
564 Grand street.
165 Avenue A.
95 Avenue C.
18 Avenue D.
Avenue D, corner Second street.
114 Division street.
63 Division street.
165½ Division street.
218 Houston street
Essex, near Houston street.
584 Grand street.
359 Broome street.
3 Ridge street.
26½ Carmine street.
38 Carmine street.
52 Carmine street.
12 Thompson street.
8 Christopher street.
390 West street.
368 Hudson street.
442 Hudson street.
452 Hudson street.
180 Varick street.
565 Hudson street.
Hudson between Morton and Barrow streets.
152 Prince street.
Greenwich avenue, near Hammond street.
Spring, corner Greenwich street.
Perry, corner Hudson street.
Hudson corner Spring street.
407 Hudson street.
84½ Bleecker street.
Jefferson Market.
169 Madison street.
Fifth Avenue Hotel.
602 Sixth avenue.
264 Sixth avenue.
79 Sixth avenue.
557 Sixth avenue.
Sixth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty sixth streets.
Twenty third street, corner Sixth avenue.
Twenty fifth street, corner Sixth avenue.
Forty third street, corner Sixth avenue.
Ninth street, corner Sixth avenue.
Fifteenth street, corner Sixth avenue.
177 Seventh avenue.
25 Eighth avenue.
77½ Eighth avenue.
258 Eighth avenue.
679 Eighth avenue.
544 Eighth avenue.
525 Eighth avenue.
Fourteenth street, corner Eighth avenue.
Troy street, corner Eighth avenue.
591 Ninth avenue.
102 Ninth avenue.
Seventeenth street, corner Ninth avenue.
240 Tenth avenue.

BROOKLYN.

D. Bennet, Atlantic street.
Green, corner Myrtle and Fulton avenues.
433 Hudson street.
51 Fulton street.
308 Fulton street.
33 Hudson avenue.

WILLIAMSBURGH.

Ferry House, South Seventh street.
Butman's Depot, foot of South Seventh street.
131½ Grand street.
125 Seventh street, near Grand.
124 South Sixth street.
23 Ferry street, Greenpoint.
134 Fifth street.

TO POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters throughout the country are authorized to act as agents; and money remitted by them will be at our risk.

No Travelling Agents connected with this paper.

All letters relating to the Business or Editorial department of the paper must be addressed to

JOHN CLANCY,
EDITOR NEW YORK LEADER,
11 Frankfort St., N. Y.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!—
$150,000
WORTH OF FURNITURE
SELLING OFF
SELLING OFF
AT A
WONDERFUL SACRIFICE.
WONDERFUL SACRIFICE.
In order to sell off at once, WE will SACRIFICE one of the
MOST FASHIONABLE, BEST MADE,
NEWEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THIS CITY, OF
ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY,
WALNUT,
PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE,
In Brocatelle, Delaine and Plush, and in Enamelled Chamber Furniture, in sets,
ALL OF WHICH
WAS MANUFACTURED DURING THE SUMMER,
at a greatly
REDUCED COST.

We especially invite your attention to our stock of Furniture in our three stores, for we are determined to sell it at twenty per cent. less than the usual prices,
FOR CASH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
BY
DEGRAFF & TAYLOR,
No. 87 BOWERY, No. 141 BOWERY, and
No. 163 CHATHAM STREET.

CABINET FURNITURE,
AT
MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
$100,000 WORTH OF FURNITURE.

In consequence of the falling off in our wholesale business, we offer our own manufactured goods to the public at the lowest prices.

Consisting of
PARLOR, LIBRARY,
AND
BEDROOM SUITES,
made of selected material, and in the latest styles. All Goods warranted.
PLEASE
Examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.
WEIL & BRAUNSDORF,
135 and 137 Rivington street,
Between Essex and Norfolk.
N. B.—Grand, Essex, and Houston street stages pass close by

PIANOS, ETC.

PIANOS.—CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
WAREROOMS,
694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These pianos have always taken the first premiums over all competitors, wherever and whenever they have been exhibited; and for public playing they have been selected by all the most eminent artists who have visited this country.

For full particulars, with description, price list, list of medals and testimonials, address
CHICKERING & SONS, New York.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW COURT HOUSE, August 22, 1862.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For sewer in First avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets.
Receiving basins and culverts in Worth street, between Hudson street and Broadway.
Sewer in Leroy street, between Bleecker street and Bedford street.
Sewer in Cherry street, between Jackson and No. 494 Cherry street.
Building receiving basin and culvert at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway.

The limits embraced by such Assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on both sides of First avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets; both sides of Worth street, between Hudson street and Broadway; both sides of West Broadway and Church street, between Worth and Thomas streets; and south side of Thomas street, between West Broadway and Church street; both sides of Leroy street, between Bleecker and Bedford streets; both sides of Cherry street, from Jackson street to a point four hundred feet eight inches or thereabouts west, and on the west side of Broadway, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHAS. McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
au23 2t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, August 22, 1862.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For building receiving basins and culverts at the northeast corner of Fifty-seventh street and Second avenue.
Basin and culvert northwest corner of Fifty seventh street and Third avenue.
Sewer in Cherry street, from James slip to Roosevelt street, and flagging and reflagging in Thirty seventh street, between Madison and Lexington avenues.
Also, in Fourth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-eighth streets.

The limits embraced by such Assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on the west side of Second avenue, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, and north side of Fifty seventh street, from Second avenue to a point about two hundred and eighty feet west therefrom; both sides of Third avenue between Fifty seventh and Fifty-eighth streets; both sides of Cherry street, between Roosevelt street and James slip; southerly side of Chambers street, between Batavia street and James slip; west side of Fourth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-eighth streets; east side of Fourth avenue, between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth streets, and both sides of Thirty-seventh street, from Fourth avenue to a point about two hundred and five feet west.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement new Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHAS. McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
au23 2t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, August 9, 1862.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors, for examination by all persons interested, viz:

For filling vacant lots on block bounded by Fortieth and Forty first streets and Eleventh and Twelfth avenues; and
For a sewer in Broadway, between Twenty-first and Twenty second streets.

The limits embraced by such Assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on north side of Fortieth street, between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues; on west side of Eleventh avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-first streets; on both sides of Broadway, between Twenty first and Twenty-second streets.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
CHAS. McNEILL,
JACOB F. OAKLEY,
WM. A. DOOLEY,
au16 2t Board of Assessors.

OFFICE OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK, Aug 19, 1862.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given, that the following matters have been presented to the Board of Councilmen, and referred to the appropriate Committees, to wit:

Petition for sewer in Forty-seventh street, from the easterly side of Eleventh avenue to the North River;
Resolution for sewer in Essex street, between Delancey and Rivington streets; and
Resolution for the paving with trap-blocks of Thirty-seventh street, from Fifth to Madison avenues, the property owners to pay one half of the cost thereof.

All persons interested in the above or either of them, and having objections thereto, are requested to present the same in writing to the Contract Clerk, at this office, on or before SATURDAY, August 30, 1862.
THOMAS STEPHENS,
THOMAS B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
au23 2t Croton Aqueduct Board.

OFFICE OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT BOARD, August 18, 1862.

TO CONTRACTORS.—SEALED Proposals, indorsed "Proposal for Sewer in Vestry street," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, M. of SATURDAY, August 30, 1862.

For the construction of a sewer in Vestry street from Hudson to Greenwich street.

Blank forms for the bids, and all other necessary information, can be obtained on application to the Contract Clerk, at this office.
THOMAS STEPHENS,
THOMAS B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
au23 2t Croton Aqueduct Board.

THE COMMITTEE ON SEWERS OF the Board of Aldermen will meet every WEDNESDAY at 2 o'clock P.M., in Room No. 8, City Hall. Parties interested in any matter before the Committee will have an opportunity of being heard.
T. FARLEY,
IRA A. ALLEN,
G. A. JEREMIAH,
j25 tf Committee on Sewers.

THE COMMITTEE ON FIRE DEPARTMENT of the Board of Aldermen will meet every Saturday, at 2 o'clock, in the City Library Room, City Hall.
WM. WALSH,
ALEX. FREAR,
IRA A. ALLEN,
j25 tf Committee on Fire Department.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF NEW YORK.—OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, August 12, 1862.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election, to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Edwin D. Morgan;
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Robert Campbell;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of William I. Skinner;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of David P. Forrest;
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Charles Hughes;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Wards of the City and County of New York, and Governor's Island.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Wards of the City and County of New York.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards of the City of New York.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh and Seventeenth Wards of the City and County of New York.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Eighteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first wards of the City and County of New York.

Also, a Representative in the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States for the Ninth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Nineteenth and Twenty-second Wards of the City and County of New York, and Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY:

Seventeen Members of Assembly;
Two Supervisors, in place of William M. Tweed and Sheridan Shook;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Surrogate, in the place of Edward C. West, deceased.
Yours, respectfully,
HORATIO BALLARD, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.:

I hereby certify the above to be a true copy of the original notice received by me this day from the Secretary of State.
JAMES LYNCH,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.
August 14, 1862.

[Extract from Chapter 480, Laws of 1860.]

§14. "The Sheriff or Clerk of the County of New York who shall receive a notice of an election shall, without delay, deliver a copy of such notice to the Board of Supervisors of said County, and each Supervisor of said County; he shall also cause a copy of said notice to be published once in each week, until the election therein specified, in such newspapers in said County, not exceeding fifteen in number, having the largest circulation in the City and County."

Pursuant to the above extract, proprietors of newspapers are notified not to insert this advertisement unless duly authorized.
JAMES LYNCH,
au23 1tt Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at Public Vendue on SATURDAY, the 4th of October, 1862, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of JAMES B. DANFORTH, which he had on the 31st day of July, 1854, or at any time thereafter, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit:

All the south half part of that certain pier in the City of New York, between Spring and Charlton streets, North River, known as Pier Number Forty-four, being in front of the lot conveyed by Peter Palmer to Jonathan Wilt, March, 1835, and recorded in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York in Liber 331 of Conveyances, on pages 288, 289, and 290, May, 1835; the premises herein conveyed being described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point where the northerly line or side of Jonathan Wilt's lot will strike the same on the westerly side of West street; running thence westerly in a straight line with the said northerly line of said Jonathan Wilt's lot to the westerly end of said pier, about five hundred and ninety-nine feet six inches; thence southerly about twenty-one feet three inches; thence easterly about five hundred and ninety-nine feet and six inches, to the westerly line of West street, on a direct line with the southerly line of said lot of Jonathan Wilt; thence northerly to the place of beginning. Also, at the same time and place, all the estate, right, title and interest of the said parties of the first part, of, and in, to all the north half part of that certain pier in the City of New York, between Spring and Charlton streets, North River, known as Pier Number Forty-four, being in front of the premises now owned by the said party of the second part, and described more particularly as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point where the southerly line or side of the said J. B. Danforth's lot will strike the same on the westerly side of West street; running thence westerly in a straight line with the said southerly side of said J. B. Danforth's lots, to the westerly end of said pier, being about five hundred and ninety-nine feet and six inches; thence northerly about eighteen feet and nine inches; thence easterly about five hundred and ninety-nine feet and six inches, to the westerly line of West street, in a direct line and parallel with the northerly line of said J. B. Danforth's lot; thence southerly to the place of beginning.
JAMES LYNCH, Sheriff.
B. REILLY, Deputy Sheriff. au23 6t

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Richard M. Blatchford and Robert S. Hone, Trustees, &c., of Katharine Hone, against Frederick Gaus or Gans and ——— his wife, Thomas Bennett and ——— his wife, Oscar C. Ferris and Ada S. his wife, Patrick Callaghan and Gertrude B. his wife, Gerardus A. C. Van Beuren, G. O. Robertson, Calvin Woodward and George M. Woodward, Alexander Ruh, Warren Carpenter, Henry Ide and Josiah T. Brown, Lewis O. Wilson, George W. Gasherie and Samuel M. Waller, Frederick M. Peyser, Frederick Baare, William G. Tuller, William S. Hutchins, Stephen Lassel, William D. Hart and Henry M. McCorkle, Albert Journeay, Jr., Benjamin Lynes and William W. Young, William Brunner and John Jacob Brunner, Francis W. Lasak and Edgar F. Lasak, William M. Bliss, John R. Briggs, Charles S. Douglass, William A. Wheelock and Thomas Darlington, Edwin C. Fronk, Albert G. Allen, William O. Ford, Moritz Marcus and Isaac Durlach, Charles B. Hart, Benjamin Walsh, Charles E. Brown, Samuel F. Whiting, John R. Wilson, James T. Gilbert, Charles Browne, The Bank of Yonkers, Milton L. West, James H. Covell, John A. Van Saun, assignee of George W. Gasherie, John E. Byrne, assignee of William D. Hart, and Samuel B. Potter, assignee of Charles E. Brown.—Foreclosure of Mortgage.—Summons for relief. (Com. not ser.)

To G. O. Robertson and Charles Browne, Defendants in the above action: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of New York, at 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. 29 Nassau street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated New York, June 6, 1862.
BLATCHFORD, SEWARD & GRISWOLD,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys, 29 Nassau street, N. Y.
The complaint in the said action was filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, at the City Hall in the City of New York, on the 9th day of June, 1862.
BLATCHFORD, SEWARD & GRISWOLD,
au23 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Anna Maria Hawkins and Eliza Adelaide Hawkins, against Calvin O. Billings, Henry E. Davies, Timothy G. Churchill, William F. Havemeyer, Ludlow A. Battershall, William Ward, Edward W. Leggett, Francis W. Leggett, Jacob C. Skillman, Frances Standish and John H. Standish, Defendants.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not served.)

To the Defendants above-named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall of the City of New York, on the 16th day of August, 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint, on the subscribers, at their office, No. 5 Wall street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated August 16th, 1862.
JUDAH & DICKINSON,
au23 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, IN pursuance of Section 35, Article 1, Title 6, Chapter 6, Part 2d, of the Revised Statutes, to the Creditors of JOSEPH P. CURTIS, late of the City of New York, Physician; JAMES Y. BROWNE, Sr., late of the City of New York, Paper Hanger; THOMAS HEALY, late of the City of New York, Peddler; WILLIAM W. YARDLEY, late of the City of New York, Merchant; WALTER SPINNEY, or SPINNING, late of the City of New York, Liquor Dealer; and WILLIAM LAWRENCE, late of the City of New York, Gentleman, deceased, to present their claims, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 271 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 7th day of February, 1863.
Dated New York, August, 1862.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL,
au9 8w Public Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of Roswell C. Brainard, Esq., Surrogate of the County of Kings, Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against WILLIAM A. MAXWELL, late of the City of Brooklyn, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, the Administrators, at the office of A. B. Tappen, 106 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the second day of March next.—Dated August 19th, 1862.
PHEBE E. MAXWELL, }
DANIEL SICKELS, } Administrators
REUBEN S. VAN TASSELL. } au23 6m

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF the Supreme Court, we, the undersigned, Assignees of the late Firm of L. SHULMAN & BROTHER, of the City of New York, hereby give notice that we shall sell at Public Auction, by S. HERMAN & CO., Auctioneers, at No. 13 Bowery, in said city, on the 30th day of August, 1862, at Ten o'Clock in the Forenoon, all the personal estate, property and assets, now in our hands as such Assignees, consisting of notes, open accounts, &c.
New York, August 22d, 1862.
JOSEPH FRANK,
au23 1t A. BERK.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JULIUS D. N. MEYER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 149 East Twenty-fifth street, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of February next.
Dated New York, the 18th day of August, 1862.
au23 6m ABIGAIL A. MEYER, Administratrix.

SEALED PROPOSALS,—PROPOSALS will be received by the School Officers of the First Ward, at the office of the Clerk of the Board of Education, corner of Grand and Elm streets, until WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of September, 1862, at 12 o'clock noon, for the furniture required for Ward School-house No. 29, situated at Nos. 97 and 99 Greenwich street First Ward. The plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Superintendent of School Buildings, No. 94 Crosby street.

Proposals must be indorsed "Proposals for Furniture." Two responsible and approved sureties will be required from the successful bidder, and no proposals will be considered in which no sureties are named.

The School Officers of the Ward reserve the right to reject any or all of the proposals offered, if deemed for the public interest to do so.
Dated August 20, 1862.
LEWIS NOLTE,
JOHN S. SCULLY,
JOHN CASEY,
au23 2t Committee on School Furniture.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale on Wednesday, the 9th day of April, 1862, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall, of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of JOHN FORREST, which he had on the 7th day of October, 1861, or at any time afterwards, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit:

All those four lots in the Eleventh Ward of the City of New York, on the southerly side of Ninth street, between Avenue B and Avenue C, known on a map attached to a deed executed by Noah Scoville and D. P. Hall, November 26, 1825, to C. H. Hall; recorded in the Register's Office of the City of New York in Liber 190, page 337, as Numbers 78, 79, 80, 81, and together bounded as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly side of Ninth street, distant one hundred and thirty-three feet westerly from Avenue C; and running thence westerly along Ninth street one hundred feet; thence southerly and parallel with Avenue C ninety six feet; thence easterly to a point eighty-five feet seven inches distant southerly from Ninth street; thence northerly, parallel with Avenue C, eighty feet seven inches, to the place of beginning.

Also, all that certain lot of land on the southerly side of Thirteenth street, in the said city, known on a map of 240 lots at burnt mill point in the Eleventh Ward of said city, and filed as map number 365, as lot number nine; beginning at a point on the southerly side of Thirteenth street, distant two hundred and ninety-three feet easterly from Avenue B; and running thence southerly and parallel to Avenue B one hundred and three feet three inches; thence easterly and parallel to Thirteenth street twenty-five feet; thence northerly and parallel with Avenue B one hundred and three feet three inches to the southerly side of Thirteenth street; thence westerly along the southerly side of Thirteenth street twenty-five feet, to the place of beginning.

Also, all those two lots on the southerly side of Sixteenth street, in said city; known on map 459 on file in the Register's Office of said city, as lots Nos. seventy-one and seventy-two. Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Sixteenth street, distant one hundred and forty-five feet six inches easterly from Avenue A; and running thence easterly fifty feet on Sixteenth street; thence southerly and parallel with Avenue A one hundred and three feet three inches; thence westerly and parallel with Sixteenth street fifty feet; thence northerly and parallel with Avenue A one hundred and three feet three inches, to the place of beginning.

Also, all that certain lot of land situate on the westerly side of Second avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, in the City of New York, being distant forty feet five inches northerly from the northwesterly corner of Fiftieth street and Second avenue, being twenty feet in width front and rear, and seventy feet in depth on each side.
Dated New York, February 22, 1862.
JOHN KELLY, late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. f22 7t
The above sale is postponed until 12 o'clock, Wednesday, the 21st day of May, 1862.
Dated New York, April 9th, 1862. JOHN KELLY, Late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.
The above sale is postponed until 12 o'clock, Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1862.
Dated New York, May 21st, 1862. JOHN KELLY, Late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.
The above sale is further postponed until 12 o'clock Monday, the 14th day of July, 1862.
Dated New York July 3d, 1862. JOHN KELLY, Late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.
The above sale is further postponed until 12 o'clock Saturday, the 16th day of August, 1862.
Dated New York, July 14th, 1862. JOHN KELLY, Late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.
The above sale is further postponed until Monday, the 15th day of September, 1862, at the same time and place as above.
Dated New York, Aug. 16th, 1862. JOHN KELLY, late Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. au23 4t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of August, 1862, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of JOHN FORREST, which he had on the 19th day of December, 1861, or at any time afterward, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain lot of ground, situate in the Twenty-first Ward of the City of New York, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Thirty-first street, distant one hundred and ninety feet east from the southeasterly corner of Thirty-first street and Second avenue, and running thence southerly parallel with Second avenue ninety-eight feet nine inches to the centre line of the block; thence easterly along said centre line parallel with Thirty first street twenty-two feet six inches; thence northerly parallel with Second avenue ninety-eight feet nine inches to Thirty-first street, and thence westerly along Thirty-first street twenty-two feet six inches to the place of beginning.
Dated New York, June 25, 1862.
JAMES LYNCH, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. je28 6t
The above sale is postponed until Monday, the 15th day of September, 1862, at the same time and place as above.
Dated New York, Aug. 6th, 1862.
JAMES LYNCH, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. au9 6t

STATE OF NEW YORK.—SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—George W. Baxter, sole surviving Administrator of the Estate of Caleb Kirby, deceased, Plaintiff, against Mark Cornell, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on Contract.—(Com. not served.)

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, in the State of New York, at the City Hall, in the said city, on the 8th day of August, 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 481 Broadway, in the said 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 Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand and fifty dollars and twelve cents with interest on $221 35, from October 10th, 1858, and on $470 52, from September 2d, 1859, and on $358 25, from November 5th, 1859, and on $1,000 with interest from the 2d day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, June 11th, 1862.
C. F. WETMORE, Plaintiff's Attorney.
au9 8t No. 481 Broadway.

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF ERIE.—Charles Abernethy, Plaintiff, against Eliza White, John C. Lord, Eliza Trumbull, wife of Newton St. John, Newton St. John, C. T. Sawin, John B. White, and Walter O. White, Defendants.—Amended Summons. For Relief. (Com. not ser.)

To the Defendants above-named: You and each of 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 County of Erie, at Buffalo, in said county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 29 William street, 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, March 1st, 1862.
CHARLES F. SANFORD, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The amended complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of Erie, at Buffalo, in said county, on the 5th day of March, 1862.—Dated August 2, 1862.
CHARLES F. SANFORD,
au9 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—The Union Dime Savings Institution, against Lewis Reidenbach, John Reidenbach, Joseph Oatwell, Jr., Thomas E. Davis, James E. Shaw, Henry B. Kent, Nelson Smith and Hugh Killin.—Summons for relief. (Com. not ser.)

To the above-named 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, at the City Hall, in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 18 Wall street, 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 July 18th, 1862.
HULL & CONABLE, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
18 Wall street, N. Y. City.
The Plaintiff's complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 21st day of July, 1862.
au16 6t HULL & CONABLE, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Joseph Bradley, A. Louisa Bradley, and Joseph Henry Bradley, Plaintiffs, against Charles Winchester, George C. Winchester, and James W. George, Defendants.—Summons—for Relief. (Com. not Ser.)

To the above-named Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, on the 6th day of August, 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 110 Broadway, in said 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 apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated New York, July 21st, 1862.
LOCKWOOD & OVERFIELD, 110 Broadway,
au9 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—George J. Miller and Laurence M. Luther against Archie B. Gwathney and Charles Gwathney.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)

To the above-named Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, Number 16 Nassau street, in said 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 will take judgment against you for the sum of sixty three dollars and ninety cents, with interest from the first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the costs of this action.
Dated August 26th, 1861.
GEO. W. STEVENS, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
au2 6t 16 Nassau street.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Gabriel W. Coit, William H. Pegg and Henry Coe, as executors of the last will and testament of Roger Pegg, deceased, vs. Kate Quin and John Quin her husband, Benjamin S. Hill and Francis G. Green.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not served.)

To the above Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 17th day of May, 1862, at the City Hall in said City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 11 Wall street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.—Dated May 17th, 1862.
HOFFMAN & PIRSSON,
au23 6w Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, No. 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of EDWARD C. LEE, late of the City of New York, Mariner, a native of Portland, Maine, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 23d day of September next.
Dated New York, August 22d, 1862.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL, Public Administrator.
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Proctor. au23 4t

LEGAL NOTICES.

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, the 30th day of August, 1862, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of SARAH E. SIMPSON, which she had on the 3d day of February, 1862, or at any time afterward, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit: All those certain five lots, pieces or parcels of land, and all buildings thereon erected, situate, lying and being in the Twelfth Ward of the City of New York, which taken together, are bounded and described as follows: beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the easterly side of First avenue, with the southerly side of One hundred and thirteenth street, running thence southerly and along the said easterly side of the First avenue, one hundred and twenty-five feet, ten inches; thence easterly and on a line drawn parallel to One hundred and thirteenth street, ninety-five feet; thence northerly and on a line parallel to First avenue, one hundred and twenty-five feet, ten inches, to the aforesaid southerly side of One hundred and thirteenth street; thence westerly and along said southerly side of One hundred and thirteenth street, ninety-five feet to the southeasterly intersection of First avenue and One hundred and thirteenth street, the point or place of beginning. The said lots being distinguished by the numbers 222, 223, 224, 225 and 268 on a Map of property of David Austen, being Map 547, New York, Register's Office. Together with all the right, title and interest of the said Sarah E. Simpson, of, in, and to one half of One hundred and thirteenth street, lying on the north side and adjacent to the above described premises.
Dated New York, July 25th, 1862.
JAMES LYNCH, Sheriff.
JOHN McKEON, Deputy Sheriff. jy26 6t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution, to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at public vendue on SATURDAY, the 30th day of August, 1862, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of THOMAS CULLEN, which he had on the 30th day of May, 1862, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Nineteenth (late Twelfth) Ward of the City of New York, being formerly part of the farm of John Hopper, deceased, and known and distinguished on a map or chart made by Edwin Smith, City Surveyor, on the 26th day of November, 1833 (and which said map is filed in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, in tin case No. 181) by number 56, bounded southerly in front by Fifty-first street, northerly in the rear by lot number 81, easterly by lot number 55, and westerly by lot number 57, as laid down on said map, beginning at a point on the northerly side of Fifty first street at a point three hundred feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of Eleventh avenue and Fifty-first street, and running thence easterly along the northerly side of Fifty-first street twenty-five feet; thence northerly along the side of lot number 55, on a line parallel with Eleventh avenue to the centre of the block between Fifty-first and Fifty second streets; thence westerly on a line parallel with Fifty-first street twenty-five feet; thence southerly along the line of lot number 57 and parallel with the Eleventh avenue to Fifty-first street to the place of beginning.
JAMES LYNCH, Sheriff.
B. REILLY, Deputy Sheriff. jy26 6t

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—William H. Fry, against William McEvily, Henry S. Leavitt, George W. Snow, Charles Abernethy, John V. Plume, Marion A. Plume, Edward Garrard, Dora Garrard and Benjamin Cropp, Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah C. Huguenin, deceased, and the heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Sarah C. Huguenin, deceased, and who are herein called John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Huguenin, whatever their true names may be, or how many soever there are, and any other parties having an interest in the mortgaged premises in this action, who are unknown to the Plaintiff, and who are called unknown parties.

To the above-named Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 1-2 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 June 2d, 1862.
jy26 6w LEWIS HURST, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—William B. Astor and John Jacob Astor, Junior, Acting Executors of the last will and testament of John Jacob Astor, deceased, against David May, Trustee of Ann Oldner, the said Ann Oldner, John G. Oldner, and Edmund F. Rogers.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not served.)

To the Defendants 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 City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 45 Exchange place, 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 Plaintiffs herein will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated June 24, 1862.
HENRY DAY, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
No. 45 Exchange place, N. Y.
Take notice that the complaint referred to in the above summons was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 25th day of June, 1862.
jy5 10w HENRY DAY, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Waldron B. Post, Plaintiff, against Milton G. Smith and Sarah Augusta Smith his wife, Wesley Smith and Sarah Smith his wife, John Morris, John S. Giles, Cornelius J. Bergen, The Lafayette Fire Insurance Company of Brooklyn, John B. Smith, Michael Lolton, Michael Dotton or Michael Dolton, Defendants.—Summons for Relief. (Com. not ser.)

To the Defendants above-named and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, on the 10th day of July, 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 18 (eighteen) Exchange place, 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, 10th July, 1862.
JAMES D. SCHUNEMAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
To Michael Lolton, Michael Dotton or Michael Dolton. au2 6t

SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF NEW YORK, STATE OF NEW YORK.—John F. Cunningham against Jane McCrea, wife of James A. McCrea, the said James A. McCrea, James Picken, Peter C. Ackerman, James Gillespie, James Dean, Jr., Alexander Gillespie, John Dean, Franklin W. Bruce, John C. Cook, Richard W. Horn, John Clark, William Phelan, and Abraham Mills.

To the Defendants named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, State of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 61 Wall street, 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, June 24th, 1862.
R. H. BOWNE, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed June 24th, 1862, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York. jy19 6w

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK, STATE OF NEW YORK.—Richard H. Bowne and Robert B. Collins, Administrators with the will annexed of the goods, &c., of Robert Bowne, deceased, against Thomas Edmonds, Robert J. Bell and Margaret his wife, and Lispenard Stewart.

To the Defendants named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, State of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 61 Wall street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated New York, January 10th, 1862.
R. H. BOWNE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed, January 25th, 1862, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York. jy19 6w

SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF NEW YORK, STATE OF NEW YORK.—Richard H. Bowne and Robert B. Collins, administrators with the will annexed of the goods, &c., of Robert Bowne, deceased, against Thomas Edmonds, Robert J. Bell and Margaret his wife, and Lispenard Stewart.

To the Defendants named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, State of New York on the 25th day of January, 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 61 Wall street, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated New York, January 25th, 1862.
jy12 6w R. H. BOWNE, Plaintiffs' Att'y.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Third Article of the First Title of the Fifth Chapter of the Second Part of the Revised Statutes. FRANCIS VINCENT, of the City of New York, Insolvent. Notice first published June 28th, 1862. Creditors to appear before Hon. John T. Hoffman, Recorder of the City and County of New York, at his chambers, No. 63 Wall street, in the City of New York, on the eighth day of September, 1862, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts.—N. Y., June 23d, 1862.
ORSON A. HOUSE, Attorney for Insolvent,
j28 10t No. 19 Beekman street, N. Y.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EDWARD P. RUDD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 342 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 29th day of January next.
Dated New York, the 19th day of July, 1862.
jy26 6m ALEX. D. NAPIER, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against RICHARD S. KISSAM, late of the City of New York, Physician, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Peter A. H. Jackson, No. 192 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of February next.
Dated New York, the 23d day of July, 1862.
jy26 6m JULIA M. KISSAM, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROSINA MORAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 279 Eighth avenue, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of February next.
Dated New York, the 28th day of July, 1862.
au2 6m ANN ROSS, Executrix.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—William H. Aspinwall, John L. Aspinwall and Charles H. Russell, Executors of the last will and testament of Samuel S. Howland, deceased, against Thomas T. Ferris and Helen P. his wife, Catharine Ann Ferris, William Harty and ——— his wife, and Frederick Gans, otherwise called Frederic Gaus, and ——— his wife.—Summons—For Relief. Suit No. 1.

To the Defendants and each of them: 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. 110 Broadway, 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 apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated May 15th, 1862.
VARNUM & TURNEY, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.
The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City of New York, at the City Hall in the City, County and State of New York, on the fifteenth day of May, 1862.
VARNUM & TURNEY,
j7 8t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—William H. Aspinwall, John L. Aspinwall and Charles H. Russell, Executors of the last will and testament of Samuel S. Howland, deceased, against Thomas T. Ferris and Helen P. his wife Sarah Henriques, William Harty and ——— his wife, and Frederick Gans, otherwise called Frederick Gaus, and ——— his wife.—Summons—For relief.

To the Defendants and each of them: 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. 110 Broadway, 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 apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated 15th May, 1862.
VARNUM & TURNEY, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.
The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City of New York, at the City Hall, in the City, County and State of New York, on the fifteenth day of May, 1862.
VARNUM & TURNEY,
je7 8t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charles Bellows against Frederic Vine.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.)

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, Number 16 Nassau street, in said 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 Plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen dollars and thirty-six cents, with interest on eight hundred and thirteen dollars and fifty-three cents, from the 28th day of May, 1861, and on eleven hundred and four dollars and eighty-three cents from the 24th day of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, besides the costs of this action.—Dated June 20th, 1862. GEO. W. STEVENS, Plaintiff's Attorney,
au2 6w 16 Nassau street.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—James Lenox agt. Mary James, Clarence Morfit and Annie E. Morfit his wife, Rufus H. King and Amelia King his wife, Joseph Hudson and Ellen C. T. Hudson his wife, Henry Laverty and Rachel Laverty his wife, Polly Laverty and Esther Ann Catlett, individually, Esther Ann Catlett as Executrix of the last will and testament of Henry Laverty, deceased, John S. Griswold and Eliza Griswold (formerly Eliza Laverty) his wife.—Summons—For relief. (Com. not ser.)

To the Defendants, and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, on this 18th day of August, A. D. 1862, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 49 William street, in said 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 Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated New York, August 18th, 1862.
JAMES S. HUGGINS,
au23 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE.—No. 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of THOMAS GREER, Seaman, a native of Scotland, deceased, and who is alleged to have died Intestate, that the effects of the said Intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 6th day of September next.
Dated New York, August 7th, 1862.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL,
Public Administrator.
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Proctor. au9 4t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, No. 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of PETER JOHNSON, late of New York, a native of Finland, seaman, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 16th day of September next.—Dated New York, Aug. 14th, 1862.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL,
Public Administrator.
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Proctor. au16 4w

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against NORMAN PECK, late of Berlin, Hartford County, Conn., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Norman Peck, No. 174 Front street, in the City of New York, or or before the 27th day of November next.
Dated New York, the 17th day of May, 1862.
NORMAN PECK, }
BLAKESLEE BARNES, } Executors.
my24 6m NORMAN PORTER, JR., }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARCUS CONE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Alexander Kursheedt, Esq., No. 140 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 3d day of November next.—Dated New York, the 24th day of April, 1862.
EUGENE S. BALLIN, }
ISRAEL D. WALTER, } Executors.
my3 6m HENRY CONE. }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN T. MORGAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of James K. Hill, Counsellor at Law, No 44 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of January next.—Dated New York, the 27th day of June, 1862.
SARAH A. NOBLE.
Formerly SARAH A. MORGAN,
je28 6m Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against NICHOLAS C. EVERETT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Tomlinson & Brigham, No. 111 Broadway, Trinity Building, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of January next.—Dated New York, the 26th day of June, 1862.
ELIZA A. E. EVERETT, Administratrix.
jy19 6m JACOB VAN WINKLE, Administrator.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Applicant,
CHESTER DRIGGS, Insolvent.
Notice first published July 12th, 1862. Creditors to appear before the Hon Henry Hilton, one of the Judges of the New York Court of Common Pleas, at the chambers of said Court at the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 23d day of September, 1862, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. jy12 10w

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELIZA ANSELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 429 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of January next.
Dated New York, the 8th day of July, 1862.
ARTHUR W. FRANCIS,
jy12 6m Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN HOLTON, late of the City of New York, Dry Goods Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of James Wallace, No. 214 Franklin street, in the City of New York, on or before the 17th day of November next.
Dated New York, the 12th day of May, 1862.
JAMES WALLACE, }
CATHARINE A. C. HOLTON, } Administ'rs.
my17 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 RANSOM FAYERWEATHER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Orville Brooks, No. 228 West Twenty-seventh street, in the City of New York, on or before the Twenty-second day of December next.
Dated New York, the 18th day of June, 1862.
ORVILLE BROOKS, }
je21 6m WILLIAM MACKEY, } Executors.

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 CAMPBELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the book store No. 126 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 5th day of January next.
Dated New York, the 26th day of June, 1862.
JAMES O'KANE, Administrator.
j28 6m ANNE CAMPBELL, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN TOMBS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Lewis S Thomas, No. 81 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighth day of January next.
Dated New York, the twentieth day of June, 1862.
j28 6m CAMILLA TOMBS, Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against THOMAS BUTLER, late of the City of Hoboken, N. J., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 75 Bloomfield street, in the City of Hoboken, on or before the fifteenth day of February next.
Dated New York the 7th day of August, 1862.
au9 6m ALICE BUTLER, Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARTHA McGROARTY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 296 Third street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of December next.
Dated New York, the 12th day of June, 1862.
je14 6m ANDREW R. JACKMAN, Executor.