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[Written expressly for the N. Y. Leader.]

PEOPLE WE MEET;

or,

UP AND DOWN THE PLAZA ON THE SHILLING SIDE.

NUMBER XLV.

Now elbow room for another sketch! Another type-man's portrait has to be taken. Let the reader, therefore, bring before his mind's eye the figure and face of a fine old, middle-aged, mellow gentleman—a ripe man every way; fairly developed beneath the waistcoat, broad-shouldered and ruddy; smiling as a basket of chips, or the infantile ideas of Santa Claus; with a forehead broad at the base, but bald and retreating,—being chiefly characterized by a certain animal benevolence; a few gray tufts of hair cling round the sides of his head; and he has large dark eye-brows which again have a peculiarity of rising or falling, in a manner to indicate either intense wisdom or the most self-hugging, sly humor and solemn drollery. Twinkling dark eyes are set at a fair distance, but not far apart, on each side of a rather long, slightly curved and drooping nose; the mouth is a study of physical enjoyment, educated taste and good living; the entire contour of the head and chin is oval and handsome, but slightly vacuous,—the whole of this picture being illuminated by a complexion, to the rubescant colors of which, uncounted vineyards have contributed their most exquisite hues and flavors. Such is our right noble and trusty Representative Old Line Whig, J. De Peyster Ogden, a type man of the Knickerbockers—a Gothamitish Bourbon, who tacitly affirms that he has "nothing to learn and nothing to forget." Descended from a distinguished family, De Peyster has done a moderate mercantile business for many years, never allowing his occupation to interfere with his pleasures—always scornfully despising gain when its pursuits would interfere with a good dinner. Politically attached to that fine old fossil school of original Henry Clay Whigs, who always take their life-balsam with regularity, and occasionally vote the Democratic ticket,—Mr. Ogden possesses powerful and sterling claims to popularity—a generous, frank and ardent nature; true benignity and grace of character; a fancy which, within certain limits, is rich and happy in the extreme; and a sweet, silvery voice wonderfully sympathetic with the motional vibrations of the speaker. Intimately associated with Fred Talmadge and others of that class in the days when Washington Hall was an institution, De Peyster has not yet awakened to the fact that the issues of Whiggery are dead—that the last great Whig of all is buried—and that he himself resembles an amusing political ghost, promenading amongst live men in the noonday glare—only too proud and happy when he can attract the least attention by rattling the dry bones of the Sage of Ashland in their respectable coffin. Socially our friend Ogden is a prince of good fellows—if any one can tell exactly what that means; the same sort of man as old Commodore Joe Hoxie, but with a more cultivated, urbane, and sincerely cordial nature. De Peyster, had he been born in Galway a hundred years ago, would have hunted foxes, kept open house, put his five or six bottles of claret under his belt each evening, and lived at peace with all men except the Sheriff, the process-server, the attorney, as a race, and his own female housekeeper in particular. But born in New York, and with the genial though sluggish blood of Holland in his veins, Mr. Ogden does the best he can, as becomes an old Knickerbocker, to take the world easy. He gives alms to the utmost extent of his ability; loves generous wine within the moderation of sobriety; has a twinkling smile for every pretty face that passes him; a benignant thought for every object making direct appeal to his sympathies; the world has come gently to him in all its aspects, and buttoned up in his old-fashioned blue dress coat with metal buttons—he is willing to take it as gently as it comes. A high-toned and courteous old cavalier, some few such men are wanted to give the dreamside and slumbrous aspect of this otherwise cruelly wide-awake and busy Nineteenth Century. It is refreshing to see the childlike simplicity and fervor with which men of this class exalt and glorify themselves on their "fidelity to Old Line Whig affiliations;" they advance no other claims to power or respect; they ask no other inscription for their tombstone! Old Line Whigs they were born, and Old Line Whigs they will die. Of the principles once embodied in those words, they had no conception, even while the defunct party-organization had existence; and therefore it would be unreasonable to suppose or hope that they could have learned anything more about Whig Principles since the death of their great expounder. But they are cheery and jolly old boys for the most part; not one of them but would scorn to refuse his life-balsam, when tendered in proper company and with social surroundings *en regle*. They are none of your "nasty particular people," full of moral quirks and quiddities; but almost to a man, right big-hearted and gallant venerables—such as their present *Præsidium et dulce Decus*, our good friend Mr. Chairman of the Knickerbockers, De Peyster Ogden!

Here comes an excellent type of New England—a man designed by nature to represent all the better peculiarities of our Down East friends. Tall, thin, angular; broad in the shoulders and narrow in the flanks; a man of middle age—longheaded; with a square and prominent forehead; a nose lengthy and hooked; large, deeply-set grey eyes; the mouth muscular, nervous and active, but deficient in lip-flesh; the chin square, decisive and finely chiselled; cheeks hollow and wasted, as if by a combination of late hours, ill health and protracted studies; brown haired, with locks of a dry and silky texture; sallow in complexion and with beardless cheeks; very earnest though extremely placid in manner; and having a certain impressive grace, despite the irregularity of his figure, in all the ever moderate motions and gestures of his body;—such is William M. Evarts, lawyer, Republican orator and scholar, chairman of the New England Society, and a public character of celebrity and usefulness in more positions and relations than we have room in this sketch to name. Our friend combines in himself the unusual qualities of great readiness, with great solidity—never doing anything badly, and with a little time for preparation, doing everything as few other men can do it. Possessing a voice in harmony with his figure—deep, musical, earnest and very sharp in its outlines,—Mr. Evarts as an orator has imagination, as distinguished from fancy, showing little ambition to win the myrtle wreath of a wit or humorist; but with a brain full of lofty and appropriate images, which are sent forth in solemn and yet vigorous procession, clothed in the due majesty of glowing and classic diction. As a funeral eulogist, speaking of those companions of the Bar who have been removed by death, Mr. Evarts has made the Courts ring with a sincerity of pathos and manly appreciation, very difficult to be infused in such formal proceedings. His intellectual force on such occasions appears warmed and vivified by the most subtle human sympathies, and there were few dry eyes in the Court during his orations on the lives and characters of Edward Sandford and Nathaniel Bowditch Blunt, his most intimate professional associates and fellow laborers. Capable of understanding the great duties of life and the lessons of experience, William M. makes industry give a good account of all his hours; and with an ambition to shine conspicuously in whatever he attempts, his studies are to-day to the full as close and unremitting, as when in youth he carried off all the honors of the University at which he was educated—there first establishing the reputation for thoroughness and brilliancy which has kept increasing with his years. Not a man of Specialities, but one of general grasp, the subject of our sketch belongs to that school of New England lawyers who would seem to have some prescriptive right to the fattest cases, with fees only to be measured in amount by what their consciences will let them ask. Evarts declines no branch of his profession—is ready and able to do good service in all; but his largest cases belong to the Insurance, Executor, Banking, Trust and Real Estate orders—the same kind of practice, in fact, wherein Curtis Noyes, Cleveland, Titus, Bonney, and a few others have won both fame and fortune. Nevertheless, Mr. Evarts is willing to go outside of these, whenever tempted by a sufficient motive; and in the general judgment on his legal abilities, it would be difficult to say whether he is the more eminent as a Nisi Prius pleader or at General Term. Unlike many of our prominent barristers, who think that celebrity should be a shield against all drudgery, Evarts is not only ornamental but useful—examining each case for himself, and painfully hunting up all the details with great fidelity, interest and minuteness of investigation. Socially our friend is of the New England and Emersonian type—the intellect largely predominating over the passions; so that while he has many affinities and excellent capacities for friendship, he has not that demonstrative, semi-Irish warmth which begets and fosters any particular closeness of intimacy. He is more a thinking machine than an animal; the blood throbbing more hotly in his head than it ever did in his heart. Had his physique been more robust—less a prey to the pangs of dyspepsia—his animal spirits might have been in excess of the intellectual steam-power, thus increasing the brilliancy, while diminishing the general usefulness and industry of his temperament. But, take him for all in all, Evarts occupies a position commanding respect, influence and power; he is not without political ambition, and should Wm. H. Seward ever be elected President, William M. would then most probably become one of the powers behind the throne—very likely taking a seat in the Cabinet as Attorney General. Still in the prime of life, and with both fortune and fame already conquered, the future opens up to the subject of our sketch a splendid possible career of advancement. He has that balance of mind which will know how to calmly accept political prosperity, should it ever be attained; and that self-sufficing philosophy, which can pursue the even tenor of its way, undisturbed by any longings for premature or uncongenial distinction.

[Written expressly for the New York Leader.]

THE OLD SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

FAST MEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

NUMBER XXIX.

BY TOM QUICK.

When I was quite a youngster, many a quarter my good old mother has given me to pay expenses for a night at the old Lafayette Theatre in Laurens street, near Canal. What a high old spout-shop that was, and what a heap of fun Tom Quick has had there in his younger days. I will never forget Big Scott, who played *Brian Boroihme*, and Anderson *Old Terrence*, dressed up in a suit of steel armor that glistened like a Chatham street looking glass. Even now I hear the encore ringing in my ears that would follow his singing—

> "Of all the boys that ere were known
> From the Liffey to the sea, sir;"

and when Anderson closed his pipes, what a round of applause the boys would give him. Then there was the old Chatham Theatre, which was formerly a church, and known as the Chatham Chapel, which stood where Crooks' eating house now is and hard by Dick French's old place. I tell you, Noggs, that it was a heavy style of athletic acting to see Big Scott play at the Chatham in *Long Tom Coffin*. They may talk about Lester Wallack jumping off that stoop in the "Romance of a Pure Young Man," but that is very light comedy compared to Big Scott when he would bring in the dandy English captain tied to the end of a long rope. How he would stick the harpoon into the stage, and take out his baccy box, just as natural as life. That was the time for your real hurry 'em up style of good acting, when they fenced "two up and two down" and "robber's cut" for half an hour at a time, and killed all hands but the women, who generally poisoned themselves to get square for being counted out of the game.

Good gracious! there was no patent rights for plays at that time, and, By-One-Horse-and-Colt, the modern play cobbler, would have had a poor show of spoons to sell any of his style of plays in the days of the old Chatham Chapel. The first I ever heard of this patent right in plays was when A. A. Adams, or Gus Adams, as we called him, brought out an Indian piece called "Miantonomo," in opposition to Ned Forrest's "Metamora" Gus had copied "Metamora" almost word for word in some places, and the incidents were precisely similar. Forrest had just given a Mr. Augustus F. Stone, of Philadelphia, five hundred dollars for the play of "Metamora," and had no idea of letting Adams steal his thunder, so he sued out an injunction, and "Meantonomo" was squelched out by threatened law. Poor Stone! he was as fine a fellow as ever I knew, and I was rather down-hearted for a time when I heard of his suicide by drowning. Forrest was very fond of Stone, and erected a monument to his memory, which has an inscription something like this: "Erected by Edwin Forrest, as a tribute of respect to the author of 'Metamora.'" But, dear me, I have quit going to the theatre this many a day, although when Ned played his long engagement at the Broadway, a few years since, Rynders would pass me in on the squeeze almost any time I stopped in the Gem. Most of the Old Sports liked Forrest, and do you know, Mr. LEADER, I was down at Tammany Hall when the politicians there nominated Ned for Congress. I wish he had run at that time, for he was all-fired popular; but he declined the honor, and since then has had many sore spots around the heart. What made Ned so popular among the boys was the celebrated Fourth of July Oration he delivered at the Tabernacle about this time, and which so riled up some of the daily papers that they have given his acting fits ever since.

I hardly think I would have said a word about theatricals—for there are so many at that business, from Judge Pierrepont Edwards and Neddy Wilkins to Wally Cone and Harry Morford, and perhaps I might offend some one as Thad Meighan says I did him—only that Andy Sheehan met me while coming through the Park the other day, and we began talking about theatrical people. Andy, after we talked awhile, said, "Tom, don't you want to go to the theatre to-night?" I was about refusing, for I knew it wasn't clean shirt night with me, and it would not do to break into the old woman's rules and put on my Sunday frill on a week day. Before I could refuse Andy shoved a couple of tickets into my hands, and telling me to take the old lady along, walked away to talk to Pete Duffy about the fine points in his new office of Inspector of Vessels. Peter understands that business to a hair, as I very often met him down at the market looking out for trade and his little fees. When I arrived home and told the Old Girl that I had two tickets for the theatre, may-be she didn't open on me for my extravagance in what she called throwing money away; but when I told her that Sheehan gave them to me, things changed a little, and I only had to ask her once before she agreed to go. I shaved and spruced up as gay as a pigeon, while the Old Girl ornamented herself in her Sunday-go-to-meeting gown, and we reached the New Bowery theatre half an hour before the play began. I found that it was a Mr. Boniface's benefit, and the *Programme* newspaper, which a chap gave me as we took our seats, informed us that "Hamlet" was to be the play. I couldn't help laughing when I read "Hamlet," because I have seen the best of the "sock and buskins," as Andy Nesbit called the "Tragedes," play that character at the Old Park Theatre. Let me see! there was Old Kean, Macready, Forrest, Charles Kean, Jim Anderson, Vandenhoff, and a few more I cannot remember at the present time. Well, we waited until the curtain, which was a painted one, and not made as in old times of green baize, went up, and I missed as the first thing the green cloth carpet that always did service at the Park when "Hamlet" was performed. I thought that Boniface did pretty well, as it seemed to please his audience; and the stage-manager, whoever he may be, deserves credit for the way the piece was put upon the stage. I thought the old woman would have jumped out of her skin when the crowd in the pit gave that old time Bowery yell which originated with Tom Hamblin's management of the lower theatre. Though the old girl was very nervous when the crowd lifted up their voices for a Camanche whoop, I thought she would grow crazy when they proposed to give "three cheers for Hanley." "Why, Tom," she whispered, "who is this Hanley?" I was as green as she was on the subject, and I felt confident that some great politician was in the house; but the cheers and tiger were given with a will for Hanley that I thought ought to bring that gentleman to his feet. Pretty soon, one of the actors who played John Dyott's and Bill Fleming's great character of Laertes, did something in the fencing way, and three more cheers were given for Hanley that knocked spots out of the first blast, and nearly raised the roof of the building. I looked all around for Hanley, and as I was anxious to know who that gentleman was, I inquired of a portly looking gentleman who acted as policeman, and who had the audience and a bundle of maccaroni in charge at the same time: "Who is this Hanley they are yelling about so lustily?" "Why you old buffer, don't you know Hanley?—that's him a playing Ophelia's brother!" was his reply, which eased Mrs. Quick and myself from all our apprehensions. I can't say the old girl was in favor of Hamlet; and when I wanted her to go up to Taffy Joe Eblings' old place, called the Columbian Garden, she said, "she had her supper before she came down, and didn't want any sweetmeats to keep her awake all night." I managed to peep into Uncle Pete Asten's, on the corner, and get a "gum drop" before we hailed the car and sailed up home. I am much obliged to Mr Sheehan for his kindness, and shall send him up a mess of sweet-breads the first day I kill small meat.

I had a great deal of fun with the old boys because I let out a wrinkle about the "Champion Order of Clever Fellows," and Mike Tuomey wanted to know if I wouldn't give an account of the gay ball that institution gave at Tammany Hall. To be sure I will, for it was the ball of the season, and I have no doubt many of the Clever Fellows have their badges as I have mine, well cared for in their bureaus at home. Why, I don't believe that Billy Wilson would take a cool hundred for his badge this day, and I know that one of Charley Cornell's Central Park lots wouldn't buy mine or Jim McGowan's either. That ball was a very blooming affair, and what was wanted in the arrangements was filled up when George Isaacs, Manny Hart's First Lieutenant, sent us, in the goodness of his heart, a present of two baskets of champagne to drink his health in. One basket was finished in the Lodge-room, while the other found its way up to a tidy boarding house in Pell street, where some of the crowd who were in the hack and horse line found a home. Barney Duffy, Sport, Billy Wilson and others, as it was near New Year time, resolved to receive calls, as they had strong capital in the basket of wine to begin business with. Champagne in those days was considered "punkins," as it was not so common in bar-rooms as at the present time. I knew many of the boys who did not like the taste of Heidsieck wine, and preferred a gin sling or a mug of ale as a steady drink. As I said, the boys intended to receive calls, and a Tappon muster was made among them, which resulted in the purchase of peppermint cordial, lemons, sugar and cake to the amount of nine dollars. It was a gay day up in that little boarding house in Pell street, and many a smiling youngster greeted the peppermint cordial and cake in his round of visits. Not a few of the lovely girls who presided as smiling Hebes over the gay and festive scene are now comely matrons, with a husband and children around them, all happy in each other.

I sometimes now walk through Pell, Doyer and Mulberry streets, and look for the old slaughter house of two of our Fulton Market butchers, and the large and airy hay-loft where many of the boys slept for hours regardless of counterpane or blanket, while their horses munched their hay and oats below. Then again John Devlin's stable in Mulberry street, who became quite a political authority in the Sixth Ward through our endorsement. Thus the old boys have jogged along, all taking different roads to arrive at the same stopping place; and as they have ascended the ladder of fortune, no man has been more gratified or felt happier at their success than Tom Quick. I love to see the Old Guard grow rich and fat from the good things of prosperity, if they will not endeavor to give the cold shoulder to their old chums and companions, who have divided with them many an ear of hot-corn, and gone halves in a sixpenny pie for many a mid-day meal.

I met Eddy Fowler and Billy Work a day or two since, and there was Eddy laughing at the Orator of the Pickwick Club, because Tom Quick had him over to Harry Reill's, drinking ale last week. I had to keep shady, and stood on the corner talking with Ketchy about the old Saw-dust house, until Eddy and Billy went by to take a drink. I begin to think some of the boys will want to put the gloves on with me if I keep telling about their old capers; but I only ask for time and notice to get into fix and I will hook on with the best of them. I wonder if Ketchy remembers when he left his pea-jacket in the cab after squeezing out the back window to save paying his fare. If Ketchy don't remember I do, and mean to tell that story one of these days.

[Written expressly for the New York Leader.]

SHERRY AND BITTERS;

or,

A FEW PERSONAL REFLECTIONS SOCIAL, ARTISTIC AND POLITICAL.

BY JOHANN CARLOS.

NUMBER VI.

SECRETARY COBB has invented a new species of mentometer, or machine for calculating the character of public opinion in different localities, which we commend to the attention of all Presidential aspirants. In October last, our friend Howell, having become satisfied that the entire journalism of the country was in a conspiracy to deny him that popularity which he felt conscious of deserving,—manfully resolved to send out an agent who should feel the pulse of public opinion throughout the Union, and report the condition thereof to his employer, with special reference to the Charleston Convention. In October last this agent was appointed, or rather was detached from public duty, Uncle Sam having to bear the cost of the economical Cobb's experiment;—and from that hour to the present, this dove of the Treasury-ark has been moving over the troubled face of our political waters, sending back by each day's post to our friend Howell bushel-baskets filled with olive leaves of the greenest and most promising description. The agent, be it remarked, is one who has read Gil Blas to profit; one who has never forgotten—is never likely to forget, the Bishop's reward to poor Gil for certain free criticism, which had been solicited, with regard to a certain sermon. The agent, therefore, has prophesied pleasant things to the easily tickled Howell, and with stacks of letters before him, bearing two or three thousand post-marks, but all in the handwriting of this amiable spy, the astute Cobb feels fully justified in proclaiming himself to-day the most popular and benignly appreciated man throughout the entire country! He finds that every leading politician in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New England and the Northwest is for him, "first and last"—on the initial ballot and through all its subsequent stages, to the happy and sure result of unanimous nomination. The only thing which has of late troubled the self-complacency of our good and far-sighted Cobb, was a remark casually dropped by one of the Treasury Auditors—"that just as the hotel-bills and expense-items of the Special-Agent Mr. Guthrie increased, so cumulous, lavish and ponderous became the adjectives used by him in describing Mr. Cobb's popularity." It must be needless to add that the Auditor was promptly dismissed, and that Guthrie is now traveling through the South with an unlimited check-book against Uncle Sam for mileage, incidentals, hotel-bills and per diem.

TRADITION INFORMS US that there was once such a thing known as "honor among thieves;" but this, doubtless, must have been prior to the establishment of the Central Park Commission. Certainly it would seem that the old adage never could have reached the ears of Andrew H. Green and his three companions, Gray, Butterworth and Strong; who no sooner had succeeded (with the aid of six out of their seven associates) in securing another two millions of the people's money, than they commenced plotting for the massacre of the Six Innocents who had just aided them in the capture of the swag! It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Robert M. Blatchford should have discovered the intended slaughter and taken steps towards preventing the same; for the people of New York so love Andrew H. Green, and have such confidence in him, that had the little scheme been successful,—no doubt a mass-meeting of those acquainted with Green—those who understand and appreciate Green—would ere long have taken personal charge both of Andrew and the Park together! For ourselves, the experiment of appointing men who reside in Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and the adjacent Counties, to supervise the expenditure of New York taxation, has worked so well under Green's management in this Park, and has given so much general satisfaction to Green, the Commissioners and their needy relatives;—that we are plumply in favor of making the commission a National Affair, and appointing one member from each State of the Union, with annual salaries of fifty thousand dollars each—so that there may not be the present excuse for "conveying," as the wise call it, in the allegation that no salaries are given, except to the careful Green—who arranged his own little *quiddam honorarium* to suit himself! Let us have such men as Peck, Matteson, Slidell, Galphin, Parker French and so forth;—let all this peculiar order of talent be employed on the Commission, without reference to locality or expense; and we shall then have a management about as honest and a little more economical than that which has control of this great public work at present. Let all the new Commissioners, moreover, become Real Estate Brokers on the day of their appointment, and commence speculating in Central Park lots within two hours after they shall have taken the oath of office.

RUMOR SAYS that a new daily newspaper is about to be started, the projectors basing their claim to public recognition on a promise (with adequate security,) that no *news* shall ever appear in the columns of their journal. This paper would be a capital organ for the Tammany Hall General Committee at present, as it might conceal the fact that said Committee is practically disbanded and out of business. It would also be popular with a certain Board of Commissioners, as it would of course suppress those daily execrations which rise from all ranks and classes of unpurchased men against the shameful mismanagement and nepotism which are converting a great public blessing into our greatest public curse. It would also be a soothing breakfast-paper for those federal officers, who—having opposed Douglas to the last extent of their bitter feebleness—are now discouraged and alarmed each morning, on beholding in the regular newspapers evidence that the Little Giant will be nominated just as surely as the Convention meets. It is but right to add, however, that the idea of this proposed paper is not new—Mr. Weary Drake Parsons having published a sheet on the same principle for the past twenty or five and twenty months.

THE HOTEL KEEPERS of Charleston, South Carolina, have nobly vindicated the good name of their section against all Yankee insinuations of improvidence; but they have still to learn a lesson from our down East friends in the matter of shrewdness and the profits of a silent tongue. Our New England bonifaces would never have said a word about increase of rates, until the very morning before the Convention was to assemble; and then, all Sporting Men, with Tom Quick at their head, might go their entire piles that the charges would be ten, twenty and fifty dollars a day for board and a sleeping place—the prices being graduated by the number of visitors, their necessities, and capacities for beeing fleeced. Catch the Yankees, forsooth, talking in advance of the mighty fine forchings in silvier and gold which they intended to extract from the National Delegates and other guests! Not a word would they have said until their prey had come beyond recovery within the boa-coil of their hotel bills. But badly as we are off in South Carolina, what *should* we have done had the Convention been summoned to meet in New Jersey! Let any one reflect on this terrible proposition for a moment, and we think it will reconcile him to the ten dollars per diem of the Charleston hog and hominy vendors.

[Written expressly for the New York Leader.]

ANECDOTES OF MIKE WALSH.

NUMBER II.

During the residence of Mike Walsh at Washington he usually occupied apartments at the Kirkwood House, and there was many droll scenes enacted within the walls of that building, which, if chronicled as they really happened, would occasion roars of laughter. It was in the summer of '58, just before Walsh went off on some expedition to Mexico—shortly after the return from which he met his sad death here in New York—Lynch, the Brooklyn tinner, whom Walsh had rigged out in uniform as Chief Engineer of the Navy, in advance of the appointment which he never got, was made the subject of many a merry jest and practical joke by the Hon. Mike.—Lynch had five hundred engravings made of his picture, taken in juxtaposition with that of General Cass, headed "The Statesman and the Mechanic," which he used to circulate as his business card in endeavoring to get clients as a lobbyman. Walsh swore that Lynch stole Cass' picture from a Broadway saloon, and then had his mug taken as sitting with the General. During the spring of '58 Walsh got off a good joke on some six or eight hundred people. It happened thus—Senator Douglas was still in town although the Senate had adjourned; and standing in a crowd in front of the Kirkwood, Walsh remarked that the weather looked threatening, but he hoped that it would prove good on account of the serenade that was to be given to Judge Douglas that night. The thing took at once, and he and the writer visited all the hotels, and in casual conversations broached the serenade, and the fact that the Marine Band had been engaged for the occasion. When ten o'clock P. M. came, there were not less than six or seven hundred people in front of Judge Douglas' new residence, and as the streets had been newly opened and were still unpaved the mud was ankle deep. There were also some thirty or forty hacks and a number of private carriages; and as the Judge and his beautiful and accomplished wife had heard of the intended ovation, they had prepared for the emergency by taking up the parlor carpets and setting out a collation for the sovereigns. But alas! no Marine Band appeared; and as eleven o'clock came and no music, the crowd began slowly to thin out, until at last it got whispered around that Mike Walsh had something to do with the getting up of the serenade, when amid curses and loud guffaws there was a general stampede of the crowd.

About this time Col. Jack Hays, then Surveyor General of California, having some trouble with the Department about his accounts, sent on one of his Deputies, a man named Lewis, of California, to settle his affairs and straighten things up at the Land office. Lewis put up at the Kirkwood. Walsh soon made his acquaintance, and was not long in discovering that he was proving a traitor to Col. Hays, and instead of helping him out of his difficulties, was trying to have him removed and himself appointed as his successor. This was enough for Walsh, and he determined to punish Lewis, who, by the bye, had no superabundance of brains. After he found that his man had formally applied for the post of Surveyor General, he got him and some two or three acquaintances up into his (Lewis') room, where of course they had champagne, cigars, &c., &c., and he then told Lewis he had just heard that a man named Bacon had lodged charges against him in the Department, to the effect that he was not a good Democrat, and in fact that Lewis was the author of a very effective address used by the friends of Fremont in California, headed "Friends of Freedom to the Rescue." To understand the joke properly, it seems that Walsh had an enmity towards a man named Bacon, then as now a clerk in Washington, who formerly flourished around Albany, and who had treated Walsh in a very shabby manner. He therefore pitted Bacon against Lewis, and having dubbed Lewis as a Colonel, he told him that there was but one course to pursue, either own up that the charge was true or else challenge Bacon, who was a fighting man. Col. Lewis at once repudiated the military title that had been bestowed upon him, and plead that he was a non-combatant. Having become pretty mellow, the party adjourned for the day, and the next morning a letter [illegible] handed Lewis, purporting to come from [illegible], although prepared by Walsh, intimating that he had made the charges against him at the Department, and would have the proof by the next steamer that he was not a Democrat, and further, if he wanted any satisfaction he was then ready to accord it. This was a final blow, as on that afternoon Lewis paid his bill and left the city, having first withdrawn his papers from the Department; and he has never been seen or heard of from that day to this by any of those who were coadjutors of Mike Walsh in exposing a man who was endeavoring to usurp the place of a distant friend who trusted in him.

Mike Walsh was a poet of some merit, and many of his compositions exhibit the traces of the same erratic genius that characterised his whole life. The subjoined epigram on an eminent writer of this city whose works are familiar to all classes, and who was not particularly endowed by nature with good looks or an obliging disposition—gives Walsh's opinion of his character:

> "His friends declare he is a mighty man;
> It may be so—I never read his works
> And can't decide—but this at least I can
> Say—that if so, his genius, thief-like, lurks
> So far within his that 'twas never seen
> To grace his looks, his acts, his words or mien."

In one of his letters from Washington, dated in 1842, while acting as correspondent for the *Aurora*, published in this city by Deacon Herrick, now editor of the *Sunday Atlas*, Mike gives a glowing account of a dinner-party at the White House with President Tyler. There was a distinguished company present on the occasion, and Mike thus describes the *post prandial* performance.

"After dinner was over, we drew up our chairs towards the fire—lit a sublime segar each, which were handed by a black boy on a silver waiter—smoked, chatted, and laughed until I actually thought I was among 'the boys,' and was only convinced of the contrary by casting my eyes at the high ceiling, the fine chandeliers and splendid mirrors. During the conversation, the President knowing what the real cause of the office seekers' opposition to me was, enquired what they pretended it was?

"'Do you mean what charge they made, sir?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' he replied.

"I took a quiet survey of the whole group—relaxed my countenance—looked as unreflecting as I could, and exclaimed as innocently as possible:

"'Low company, sir!'

"The scene that followed was rich."

[Translated for the New York Leader.]

AFTER THE MEETING.

A liberal rendering from the Spanish of Leon Castillos—1682.

BY JOHN HAY FURNESS.

I was sad to-day, that the weary hours
So loitered on ere they brought our meeting;
But the hope of your coming scattered flowers,
And a musical chime seemed the clock repeating.
I am sadder now: you have come, and gone:
The cup has been filled, and crowned, and tasted:
The mind has a wearier journey on
Till again to our meeting time has hasted.

Every meeting makes it harder to part;
Every space between grows longer and longer;
The chain of fire that girdles the heart
Grows ever tighter and ever stronger.
Oh, what shall we do when the dream is o'er?—
When the gaze is only backward turning?—
When the one to the other comes no more,
And the other has lost this hopeful yearning?

Shall we die? shall we madden? shall we smile
In bitter scorn at a tie so fated,
And try to forget how weary the while
Once seemed—when we trusted, loved, and waited?
Ah! Madre de Dios! grant us peace!
Give us patient hearts for the doom of the Giver,
Whether our lives in their meetings cease,
Or we blend in the heaven of love forever!

ST. MARY'S HALL, *March*, 1860.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

THE SIX BROTHERS;

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A STORY OF SHIPPING MERCHANTS.

BY WALTER BARRETT, CLERK.

> "Commerce is King."
> [LORD PALMERSTON.
>
> "Her children are Princes."
> [EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD PHELPS' LOVE DECLARATION—A VISIT—MORE MATCH-MAKING AND MORE MYSTERY.

All the quiet plans of Richard Phelps worked to a charm. His was a mind that could make combinations, and also carry out their details. With Douglas Phelps at Marseilles, the manager of the great business of Phelps, Brothers & Co., he kept up a most active public and private correspondence. In one of his letters he wrote that he had purposed having a union of the Six Brothers in New York, and wished him to make his arrangements to cross the Atlantic and bring over his French wife.

"As Curtiss is long since dead, you may ask, dear Douglas, where will be the Sixth Brother? *He* will be found, and all in good time."

To this letter Douglas replied that he would leave France with his wife, and pay the old home in Norwich a visit.

From Abraham, the Brother at home on the farm, he daily heard. He was erecting factories, mills, and almost villages with money and credit extended by Richard. The old father worked no more than was good for his health, and lived on, enjoying the sunshine upon his family. He did not forget his neighbor, Deacon Candee, of the tannery. These old heads often got together, and wondered why they had never discovered the miraculous ability of the boy Dick. Not a month passed but that the rich and prosperous Richard sent some token of regard to his now aged mother, and he wrote his parents as regularly as he had done when he first left home to go out into the great world to make the fortune he eventually found.

The readers of these chapters may reasonably enquire, if amid all these avocations, and a correspondence extending to almost every quarter of the globe, this true merchant found time to attend to the young lady, Miss Harriet Hungerwell. He did, and no lover ever lived who was so truly, so daily devoted. He watched over her as a brother would not have done. Her studies, her amusements, her public devotions all passed under his immediate supervision.

"Did she not suspect that the Monsieur Richard was other than he seemed?" asks some shrewd lady reader. No. She believed him to be a teacher of French; and to her moderate ideas he was of importance at even this rank.

Her mother had a circle of friends, and she was a queen amongst them; for without exactly knowing how it was all brought about, she felt that since Monsieur Richard had become her daughter's reputed lover all had prospered around them. The humble home was well furnished, cheerful and lacked for nothing. Hatty had grown elegantly beautiful, and possessed a refined mind that astonished her mother. Her son was doing well, and according to Mr. Richard's account, sent money regularly. Yet no change occurred in their mode of life. It was the same in fact.

One evening as Mr. Richard was about leaving he took Harriet's hand in his, and as she looked up into his face he placed his hand upon her hair, smoothed it down gently and quietly, and then kissed her forehead. Her mother was present. It occasioned no surprise, for of late when he parted with her at night, he drew her form towards him, and pressed a kiss upon her lips as he said, "Good night. God bless you, Hatty!"

This time, while holding her hand, and playing with her hair, he said:—

"Harriet, I wish you to make some new acquaintances. Will you consent to it?"

"Most certainly. Any one that you wish me to know will be welcome. Who is it?" she asked.

"It is a young lady, whose father was at one time a very eminent merchant. Her name is Kate Nagle. She lives in considerable style over in Washington Place. I will bring her to call on you. Then you will have to call on her in return," said Richard Phelps.

"Oh, Mr. Richard. How can you ask me to visit a great lady? Why, I should sink right down. What could she see to like in a little chit like me? Do not ask me to return her visit. I am sure she will not care about it," said poor humble Hatty.

"I have not told you all yet. This lady is young, quite handsome, and I believe she thinks a great deal of me. Good heaven, Harriet, darling, what is the matter? You are as pale as a ghost, and I thought you were going to faint. Why, how your little heart beats! Come with me to a seat."

He took her in his lap, and she leaned her beautiful head upon his manly breast.

"Let me see. I was telling you that I think the young lady whose name is Kate Nagle likes me. Why, Hatty, what is the matter, darling? I am afraid you are going to be ill. You start as though you were shot. She ought to like me, for I have an idea that she will marry. Dear Hatty, what is the matter? Shall I send for a doctor. Nestle your head down closer, and do be quiet until I tell you what you must know to-night. Yes, Miss Kate is to marry my brother Will——."

There was a head raised—a pair of great big soft eyes gazed at the speaker—a pair of arms around his neck—and two coral moist lips glued to his own for some moments, and then, the owner of all these charms, as if she had committed a deadly sin, commenced sobbing as if her heart would break.

Richard Phelps caressed and soothed her, and all this time the mother sat knitting at a table, and never said a word or made a movement. Queer, was it not?

"Did you not know that I had a brother in the city? Well, I have, and you shall see him. There is a little mystery about it, but it will all be explained by-and-by. Now this young lady who is to be my brother Will's wife, I wish to bring to see you to-morrow night. Now be a good girl, treat her kindly—I know you will—and you and she will be great friends; you must not tell her that you know she is to marry my brother, for that is not all settled yet. Keep it a secret. How sweet you are looking to-night, Harriet? A little while ago, I thought you were going to be sick. You feel better now, don't you?" asked the affectionate lover.

"Better, dear Mr. Richard? Why I never felt so happy in my life!—a load is off my mind. Oh, how joyfully I will see Miss Kate Nagle! But can she love me?"

"Love you? Yes."

"I hope so."

"Good night, darling; but you will go to the door with me? Good night, Mrs. Hungerwell."

The two reached the front door. He opened it, and passed into the area under the stone door steps. His arm was passed around Harriet's waist—one hand held hers. She trembled like an aspen leaf. He drew her closer to him, and his breath blew away the curls around her delicate ears as he whispered:

"Harriet, I love you. Do you love me?"

She trembled rather then spoke her reply—"With all my soul I love you;" and then their lips met in most passionate kisses; and when the half-scared and blushing girl would have withdrawn, he pressed her more closely to his bosom, and said:

"I have waited a long time for this, Harriet. Now you are my betrothed. Good night;" and he hurried away from the house that contained the little girl who had so entwined himself around his heart. He, the wit, the courted, the caressed, in love with a poor, unprotected dove, who was at his mercy. But, Richard Phelps was that rarity—a true man—one of God's noblemen; and that little, unprotected girl, loving with her first love, had a shield in his noble self-respect and honor, more powerful than wealth, rank and friends could have given her. How much better the world would be if thousands had the same correct view of life—of honor, and of the true secret of happiness!

The next day a small party were, seated around a breakfast table in a splendidly furnished but small room in the residence of Richard Phelps. Miss Nagle presided at the coffee urn; Richard Phelps was present, and so was "Brother Bill." Mr. Nagle had not come down stairs.

"Miss Kate, will you do me a favor to-night?" asked Richard Phelps.

"Most certainly—if in my power," was the reply.

"I do not wish to alarm the jealousy of my brother; but if you are disengaged to-night, I should be pleased to have you accompany me to the east side of the town, where we will take tea and spend the evening with a very pleasant old lady and her daughter," said Richard.

"The most beautiful creature that you have ever laid your eyes upon," added Will.

"What do you know about her?" enquired Richard.

"Don't scowl so, Richard. I have never pried into your secrets. But I have met you and an angel many times when you did not see me; and I presume you intend to escort Miss Kate to the party, eh?" asked Will Phelps.

"Perhaps so, but what says Miss Catharine?"

"That I will go with you, with the greatest pleasure in the world, having the most unbounded confidence that Mr. Phelps would not take me to any place unbefitting the daughter of my father," and she smiled. Richard bowed, and soon after the breakfast party adjourned to their respective avocations.

At half-past seven that evening, the residents of a portion of Attorney street were surprised at a stylish carriage and dashing horses, that were driven up to the door of Mrs. Hungerwell's humble residence. A lady and gentleman stepped out, and the carriage was driven off. Harriet and her mother received the new comers with the greatest kindness. Miss Kate had seen the world—Harriet had not. They became intimate at once, for though neither had been made aware of their real position, yet Mr. Phelps before he reached Attorney street had confided to Kate Nagle the entire history of his acquaintance, his purposes, and his devoted love for Harriet Hungerwell. He added, kindly but rapidly:

"I trust, dear Kate, some day to see you my brother's wife, and I have frankly confided to you the secret dearest to my heart. I wish, Harriet, to have just such a friend as yourself; I wish you to gain her confidence entirely; get her to visit with her mother at our house, and, as I am not yet quite prepared to make known to her the true state of affairs, you must get over it the best way you can. Represent your father as the main man at our residence, and William as Mr. Richards. I leave it all to you. Before long there will be a full and complete explanation. Treat her, however, as the one who will, God willing, be my wife ere the year closes."

Kate Nagle was not a girl to hear such sentiments unmoved, and she had determined, long ere the carriage reached Attorney street, that no sister could ever be so dear to her as she would make Harriet.

Never passed an evening party more pleasantly than in that humble home in Attorney street. *Monsieur* Richard told stories, anecdotes, and read books. Mother Hungerwell knitted or sewed, and smiled. Kate and Harriet visited together the limited domestic possessions of the Hungerwells, and such a story as Harriet had to tell about her wonderful brother John, who was away in South America, sent out there by the great firm of Phelps & Co!

Then songs were sung. Richard joined in occasionally with his deep-toned base, and was laughed at for his pains. Then there was a nice little supper prepared, thanks to the foresight of the worthy Mrs. Hungerwell, and no supper, simple as it was, was ever enjoyed better by the four happy persons who sat around the square pine table covered with its white clean table cloth.

At 11 o'clock the carriage came, according to orders given by Richard Phelps, and the two guests, after an arrangement had been made that Hatty and her mother should return the visit that night week, and that the carriage should be sent for them, bade good-night.

When Mr. Phelps and Miss Kate were in the carriage, he said:

"Bravo, Kate; not a blunder did you make—never once called me Mr. Phelps. You can school yourself to almost anything."

"Do you think so? It cost me no trouble—I merely *thought* before I spoke."

"A wonderful accomplishment, Kate, if we did but know it, is to *think* before one *speaks*."

"I am glad that you are pleased with me to-night, Mr. Phelps, and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me. I will merit it—it emboldens me to make a request of you; may I? and you will not get angry?"

"Certainly not, Kate. Angry with you?—why?"

"You have been very kind to my father—to me. I know that he could have done nothing to merit so much from you. Don't tell me it is so. I know all. You have saved him—made him happy—made him a man—made him comparatively rich." Sobs prevented the grateful girl from saying more, and Richard took her hand gently in his, and added, kindly:

"Take your own time, Kate—be composed—don't let your feelings get agitated."

At last she continued: "You have given him a home—me a home. I would repay such generous kindness with my life, Mr. Phelps."

"I believe you would, Kate, but fortunately your life is more useful to me, to-night."

"Say no more, Mr. Phelps. I cannot do anything, or be a party to anything that you might not like, or that might by possibility vex you. To-night you used a word that justifies me in saying more explicitly what ought to be said."

"What was it I said, Kate? Nothing, I hope, to vex or wound your feelings. I did not so intend it, I assure you."

"Oh, no, indeed, far from it. You said, 'I hope some day to see you my brother's wife.' Oh did you mean it?" asked Kate earnestly.

"Of course I meant it. What greater happiness could I wish than to see my brother happy?"

"Then I will tell you all. He has asked me to try and love him, and to be his wife."

"And pray, what did you say, my dear Kate?"

"I told him not until your consent was obtained, and that he must wait."

"That was very noble on your part, Kate, and my consent is obtained. In fact, I have been trying to bring it about. My brother William is not brilliant, but he is good. He requires to be known long to be loved. He will make you happy, and God knows I give him to you with more joy than I dare express. I will tell him so, may I?"

"Yes."

"One word more. We are near home. I shall have to give up my house to brother William, so you can call it yours, his and your father now, in presence of Harriet. I must buy another house up farther near 14th street, and you must aid me in furnishing it. When it is all ready, then I will have a wedding—a double wedding, but you know the Six Brothers that we have been, and there will be six brothers again when I marry Harriet, for her brother, who is a noble fellow, will be mine. Then my brother-in-law, George Low, the Captain, will be home from the East Indies. But here, we are at home."

Soon after the parties entered. William was in the parlor alone. Kate seemed to dread an explanation, and left the room. Before she returned to it, Richard had informed William that Kate had accepted him with his, Richard's, full consent, and soon after when Kate entered half blushing, Richard took her hand and placed it in William's.

"Take her, Bill, and make her happy. God bless you both. Good night, Kate," and as he said this, he pressed his lips to her marble forehead and left the room.

William drew his betrothed to his side on the sofa, and there we will leave them luxuriating in the happiness of a mutual and unopposed attachment.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOOD SHIP SIX BROTHERS AT BATAVIA—HER RETURN TO NEW YORK—A SUGAR-CARGO IN MARKET.

In a former chapter, it was mentioned that Hugh Stevens, the consignee of the ship "Six Brothers" when she came from the Mediterenean to New York, procured for her a charter to the East Indies. On his arrival out, Captain Low commenced taking up cargoes of rice from Batavia to Canton, or rather to Whampoa. Ships frequently make an excellent business by carrying rice cargoes from either Manilla or Batavia to the China ports. A ship with a rice cargo paid no Cumshaw duty, sometimes saving three thousand to five thousand dollars, according to the size of the ship.

Returning from Whampoa to Batavia, after the ship "Six Brothers" had made one of her voyages, Captain Low went ashore and reported himself to Forrestier & Co., his consignees.

"Ah, *mon Capitaine*, I am glad to see you. Large letters from the United States—plenty of good news—plenty of credit. How do you do?" said old Mr. Forrestier, with whom Captain Low was a great favorite. Captain Low replied:

"I am glad to hear it, Forrestier, for I am sick of going up to Canton. Dull as dish water, and no freights offering for the United States for my little ship."

That night Captain Low read his letters. They were from New York, and contained large amounts of credit on Baring Brothers & Co., of London, sent by Richard Phelps or rather Phelps & Co. That firm wrote that perhaps freights would be dull.

"In such a case," wrote Richard Phelps, "I wish you to load the Six Brothers with sugar, and come direct to New York with your cargo. Sugars will be high by the time you reach here. I enclose bills on Baring, Brothers & Co., London, for £30,000 sterling. Forrestier & Co. will negotiate them for you."

Mr. Forrestier had a beautiful country residence only a few miles from Batavia, and thither he repaired every afternoon after the business of the day was over in Batavia city. His wife was a shrewd, careful Englishwoman. She had been a passenger in a ship that was cast away near Batavia—a poor girl, a maid to an English captain's lady. Forrestier, who was as rough as he was rich, met and assisted her at the time of her distress. Struck with her solid beauty and good sense, he offered her his hand and they were married. She was a great speculator on her own account, and would buy and pick up all sorts of kick-shaws, birds, beasts; and by Captain Low she sent to the United States on speculation an ourang outang, the first that ever reached these shores alive. Captain Low remitted for it ten thousand dollars to her.

To return to Batavia—Mrs. Forrestier was equal to her husband in a business point of view; and when he died some years after the Six Brothers were at Batavia, she carried on the business of Forrestier & Co. for many years until she in turn died and was buried in that soil.

Forrestier was not long in purchasing a cargo of sugar. It was in hampers. This sugar, with a large quantity of sapan wood for donnage, was pretty nearly all the cargo. Besides the ourang outang, Mrs. Forrestier sent on board five hundred Java sparrows, reed birds, parrots and a dozen different kind of monkeys to be sold on her account.

The day before the ship Six Brothers sailed from Batavia the Captain dined with the Forrestiers, and spent the day riding about the country. In Batavia the lowest clerk keeps at least four horses, and a rich man has in his stalls half a hundred. At last hands were shaken, the Captain went on board, and the Six Brothers took her departure for New York.

We leave her on her voyage that occupied 110 days, and again take our readers to the counting house of Phelps & Co. in New street. Mr. Nagle is there; so are George Low and Philip Stanwood; the two Brothers Phelps about taking their departure for their home, when Richard Phelps called George Low up to him.

"George, you had better come to the office to-morrow although it is Sunday, or at least go down to the Battery in the morning. I expect your father will get in, as he has been telegraphed from the Highlands. If he comes tell him to put ship at the Pier 9, North river, and then bring him up to the house; or if you hear of his arrival and cannot find him, come up and let me know."

George promised compliance. The next morning he hurried down to the Battery. A ship was coming up past Castle William. At the first glance he knew it was the Six Brothers, and he hired a Whitehall boat to put him on board. It was done before she anchored. His father embraced his son, and as soon as he received the message to go to Pier 9, he countermanded the orders about the anchor, and said—

"Pilot, we will go right slap up to the dock at Pier 9, and not come to anchor."

"Aye, aye, sir," was all the pilot said.

An hour later the good old ship, looking very rusty, was made fast to the pier. Very few of the birds had died. The old ourang-outang was looking remarkably well. Hundreds crowded around the ship, but permission was given to no one to come on board.

What a delicious Oriental perfume hangs around a ship just returned from an East Indian voyage. It conveys you at once to "Araby the blessed." Captain Low was glad to see George. He made him go down to the cabin and answer several questions about home, the Brothers Phelps, and all the things a captain long absent wishes to learn. Finally he said—

"Well, George, your uncle Richard has given me one quarter interest in this cargo. What is the price of sugar?" The son opened his eyes and looked amazed.

"Sugar, I say. What is the price of East India sugar?"

George was dumbfounded, but he had to say something.

"Why, father, I'm boarding; I don't buy any sugar!"

"Pshaw, what a fool I was to ask you. True, what do you know about sugar?"

"We can go to a grocery and find out, father," said George, coaxingly.

"Grocery be hanged! What does your confounded little five cent grocery know about cargoes of Batavia sugar? How far is it up to your uncle's?"

"I am to take you there in a carriage," said George.

"Be brisk about it, then. I'll send for a carriage." The captain did so. "Now, then," he added, "Steward, pick me out the finest cage of birds, parrots and monkeys, and then stand by to take them up town with me. We must take up the ourang, too."

It was nearly dinner time when the carriage drove up to the residence of Richard Phelps. He was at home.

"As I live!" he exclaimed, "my brother George!"

All rushed to the door.

"God bless you Dick and Bill; glad to see you both once more!" exclaimed the warm-hearted captain, who was embraced French fashion by the Brothers, and was soon seated inside of the parlor.

The beasts and birds followed under the safe protection of George and the steward of the ship. The ourang was made at home, and a happy joyous party soon gathered at that dinner. Mr. Nagle was introduced to the captain.

"Alive, my worthy. You're all right, at least. Got ahead of that scoundrel Stevens, eh? My brother had a hand in that, eh? I put you up to the bad work going on, didn't I, Dick?"

"Indeed you did, Brother George. Had it not been for the shrewd watchfulness of the captain, who once dined with Stevens, when your name was mentioned, I am afraid I should not have been put on the right track, Mr. Nagle," observed Richard Phelps.

"I am greatly obliged to the captain. Pray, let me introduce to you my daughter Kate, who will join with me in grateful thanks, captain, for bearing us in mind in our days of affliction."

"Really, she is a sweet girl; the sight of her is good for an old salt, who has not seen aught but Chinese or Malay women for a year. By the way, I have got a quantity of beautiful things, birds, &c., that I suppose must go to the present and perhaps future lady of the Mansion, eh?"

Kate blushed.

"No, sir," said Richard Phelps. "Fair play, I agree to Kate's having one-half, if Brother Bill has no objection; but I, Brother Cap, have a fair lady, who must come in for an equal share."

"Indeed, is it so? Well, I am glad of it. I see how the wind blows. I quit my hands of all the birds, &c., save the ourang. I must sell him, and George must sell the birds and monkeys that don't belong to me. I say Brother Richard, where is the other young lady, eh?"

"Oh! you shall see her all in good time. Do you know that sugars are up?"

"I did not. Will our voyage be a good one?"

"Indeed, it will. I will give you a check for $15,000 if you will sell me your quarter interest in the cargo of sugars. But I advise you not to sell."

"That is cheering news, and if I make a little pile, I will quit sea-going, and settle down on a farm. I have the samples all ready in the cabin," said Captain Low.

That afternoon and evening was a happy one to all parties. Richard Phelps selected a few cages of the Java sparrows, rice birds, a parrot, and sent them on to Attorney street to Harriet. He followed soon after, and took with him a basket full of presents and fruit, that had come from Java.

"Another Brother captain of a ship sends them to you, my Hatty," he observed, "and you must take care of them until he sees you. It will not be long first."

The next day the ship Six Brothers was entered at the Custom House. All hands were busy. The samples of the cargo were sent to old Moses', the sugar broker's office. Before night he had sold the hampers of sugar, as follows: No. 1, white, at 11 cents per pound; No. 2, white brown, at 10 cents, and the dark brown at 9 cents. There were but three kinds of sugar on board the ship. Unfortunately, the captain did not know how many hampers of each kind were on board. It had all to be sampled over again.

There were several thousand hampers. The principal purchasers were Young, Ritter & Co.—Ockershausen & Co., Alderman Charles Deforest, Eighth Ward, and W. H. and F. C Havemeyer.

What a time there was with that sugar cargo. In Batavia it was bought by weight, assorted at a certain price per *pecul*. In New York it was sold at three prices, for three distinct qualities of sugar. Young George Low and W. H. Havemeyer for days did nothing but sample, mark, and take down the weight of the sugar taken by the Havemeyers. They dined together, laughed together, and the close, shrewd sugar refiner did not let a sample figure escape him. He was as honest then as the day was long. He understood his business better than in after years he understood politics.

When all the sugar was delivered, notes at six months were given for it by the different purchasers. All paid save one concern, and that was Deforest. He gave the endorsement of Thomas McGregor, of the then undoubted firm of McGregor, Darling & Co., for $36,000. Their notes were never paid. The transaction was brought about by an agricultural professor, who at that time was victimizing in the sugar refining business.

That sugar cargo cleared $76,000 above all expenses. Captain Low got his share of $18-937. He was not charged with loss by Deforest. These notes were guaranteed by a third house.

Captain Low decided not to go to sea any more. He was given a room at Richard's house. Not long after he came to this decision, Richard sold the ship Six Brothers to a whaling house in New Bedford, and she went around to that port and was fitted out for a whaler. She made one very profitable cruise. Her second was less fortunate. She was never heard of after her departure from one of the Sandwich Islands.

Captain Low seemed quite happy after purchasing a valuable farm near where he was born, in Norwich. Richard advised him to buy only a small farm, and to invest the balance of his money in the cotton factory of Brother Abram. He did so, and for many years it paid him a large dividend and greatly compensated him for the trouble, bother and loss he sustained on his farm. He could plough the sea but not the land, and Low was a land mark to seamen *not* to try the land for a living.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the New York Leader.]

LITTLE ALLY.

BY J. WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas in the winter sad and drear
God gave to us a cherub boy:
We were so young—so very young—
We trembled o'er our darling toy.

One lonely night there came a call—
And then we knew our boy must go:
"Spare him, oh God!" we wildly cried
In that dark hour of bitter woe.

The Sabbath sun-light softly fell
Upon our dying little one:
Once opened wide his star-like eyes—
Then closed again—and he was gone!

Low in his tiny Jersey grave
Our little Ally sleeps to-night,
While the one-eyed stars gaze down
From Heaven's far-off azure height.

To greet them some have little ones,
When the long, busy day is o'er—
But our departed innocent
Will prattle on the hearth no more.

KINGSTON-ON-THE HUDSON, 1860.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

JOHN SMITH'S CONSUMPTION.

BY E. ALMY.

"My dear boy," wrote Doctor Bertram, of Somerville, to his nephew Walter, a young graduate of the Medical College, "do me the favor of running down and relieving me for a few weeks. I have business to transact which requires my absence, and cannot leave my patients without advice."

Young Walter Bertram, glad of the opportunity of practice, obeyed the solicitation of his uncle, arriving and taking charge of the office while the elder doctor departed.

After attending to the most urgent cases as directed, in looking over the sick list of a week or two past he discovered the name of "John Smith," and recorded him on his visiting card as one his uncle had forgotten to mention.

He found on enquiry that John Smith was the son of Widow Smith, who owned a small farm a short distance away from the village; and on a pleasant morning in early summer the well known horse and chaise of Dr. Bertram with the young Doctor stood beside the red gate leading to Widow Smith's red-brown house, to which he proceeded, giving warning of his approach at the open front door by a few professional raps, which brought Widow Smith to answer the summons. On seeing a handsome young man she turned red, and as her complexion of age and tan was somewhat brown, she looked not unlike the hue of her habitation; she wiped her hands on a dingy checked apron, smoothed down a few straggling gray hairs, and said, "Oh, la!" as if taken by surprise.

The young Doctor quietly relieved her embarrassment, by stating the cause of his appearance, whereupon Widow Smith grew red-hot in the face and resembled the red gate, redder than the house.

"La," she said again, "John had been ailin', but wouldn't the young man just step in out of the sun?"

The young man walked in, and seated himself in a chair, which the Widow Smith first dusted with her dingy apron and placed for him.

"There's my John out there churnin'," she said, pointing through the open doorway of the front room and kitchen to where John stood, under the shade of a tree, pumping at a huge churn, at the same time smoking a short black pipe.

The Doctor looked a little surprised that such a tall, brawny fellow as John Smith, who stook six feet high, and whose breadth of chest and shoulders seemed to be an immortal barrier to all pulmonary attack, could possibly have been set down as a patient; and the Widow Smith still reddened as she nervously pulled at her apron strings, struggling for calmness against some internal indignation, to explain the cause of her son's illness. Greater consternation however came upon her countenance, as the bird-like notes of a voice in light gay song fell upon her ear, and a face of bewitching beauty and mirth presented itself above the window sill.

The Doctor saw John's pipe suddenly fall from his mouth, as he started with a scared look toward the house, and his huge form retreated behind the barn.

"Good morning, dear Mrs. Smith," said the merry voice and saucy black eyes, now sparkling with fun and laughter, taking a survey of the room, the Doctor and Widow Smith. Flinging in a small bunch of flowers, she continued:

"Some heart's ease for your poor son John, who Dr. Bertram says is on his sick list."

"You good-for-nothing," cried Widow Smith, stamping on the flowers, "how dare you?"

"Good-bye, good-bye!—tra, la, la!" and the face disappeared, the song continuing, until the red gate swung to with a sharp click, and had not the astonished Doctor been too much interested in the case of John Smith, he might have heard the sound of carriage wheels and horse's feet departing at the same time.

"That's she—that's Nell Greene," said Mrs. Smith significantly, flinging the crushed flowers out of doors disdainfully.

"And who is Nell Greene?" asked the Doctor, hoping to get at the case of his patient.

"Nell Greene," repeated Mrs. Smith, with clenched hands, and hard set teeth, "everybody knows her, good-for-nothing sarcy hussy!" Mrs. Smith fanned herself with her apron, and continued excitedly: "I 'spose you'd hardly believe it, Doctor, but you're a young man, an' I tell you for your good—an' I wonder your Uncle, so sensible a man an' respectable as he is, can uphold such a—a good-for-nothing romp; an' our minister, too, as good as he is. Why Nell Greene's the pest of the nabors—cuts up all sorts of pranks, makes faces to old women, boxes the young ones' ears, makes fun of all the fellows—so Sally Peck sez—and chases the cows—so Marm White sez—they don't give a bit of milk, and I shouldn't wonder if she milked 'em herself. John ses Tom Sikes told him she sot a whole sty-full of pigs a squealin' t'other night, to get the pitch of sounds, she called it, for the quire—that's our singin'. Why, twan't but last week she flung a stone at Squire Dean's gray gander and broke his neck on the common, 'cause he hissed arter her. If I'd been the Squire I'd made her pay for't; but he, good easy man, let her coax him with some funny varses she made, and the boys told John the Squire didn't care nothin' 'bout it, 'cause Nell Green did it, an' the gander was always in mischief, and they was goin' to have company and jest as lief eat him as not."

Mrs. Smith paused for breath, and the interested Doctor asked:

"What injury Miss Green had done her?"

Mrs. Smith said:

"Gracious, Doctor! I guess if a person injures my son they injure me. I'll tell you, Doctor, so you can be on the look out, how she served my John, the honestest feller that ever was, an' I hope she'll never get as good a husband as my John would make. Thank fortune, he won't marry her now!—that's one comfort."

The Doctor nodded approbation and encouragement, and Mrs. Smith proceeded with more composure and less redness of face.

"Well, you see, Doctor, John was in a bad way all the spring. He looked sick and mopy-like, and didn't feel like workin' an' kept a sittin' an' lookin' awful solemn, and I thought maybe he was under conviction, as he went to meetin' pretty steady; so, I didn't say nothin', waitin' the Lord's time; but I kinder got out of patience seein' him not eatin' nothin', and gittin' as thin as a rail, and ses I:

"'John, what on earth is the matter? I can't keep in any longer. I don't know who ought to know and take care of you, unless your muther does.'

"'O, nothin' muther,' ses he, 'only I feel kind ov down-hearted.' And he kept sittin' an' didn't care nothin' 'bout smokin' as he always did; so, I made him some motherwort tea, hopin' that would kind ov strengthen him. He drank it to please me, but ses he, 'Twont do any good, muther. I've felt bad round my hart a good while, an' it's no use frettin 'bout it, mother; but I guess I've got the consumption. I always thought that I shouldn't live to grow up.'"

Good heavens! thought the Doctor, how large did he expect to grow?

"At that," continued Mrs. Smith, "I went right after Dr. Bertram, and he cum right down to see what's the matter. I knowd if anybody could git at John 'twould be Dr. Bertram, he has sich kind ways."

The young Doctor nodded thanks and acknowledgement of the compliment to his uncle.

"'Well,' ses Dr. Bertram, 'what's the matter, John? You're lookin' pretty well,' ses he, winkin' to me to kinder cheer him up.

"'I dun'no,' ses John. 'Doctor, I've bin kinder sinkin' sum time, an' kinder as though my heart was bustin, sumtimes.'

"Dr. Bertram felt his pulst and hart, an' ses he:

"'It does thump pretty hard, John; I guess you've been workin' too hard this spring. How long has your heart troubled you?'

"John looked kinder scared, and every minit red an' white, an' ses he, tremblin:

"'Ever since first of spring!'

"'Well,' ses the Doctor, 'what happened then to cause it?'

"'Why—why—why,' ses John, sithin an' stutterin,' not a bit like himself, 'I was down in the woods just back of Widder Greene's—you know that are lot of woodland of ourn—cuttin' wood, an I just sot down on a log to rest, whistlin' Yankee Doodle an' whittlin', when, bang! went a gun close to my ears. I jest tumbled right over in a heap, thinkin' I was shot. Then I hearn sumbody laffin jest as loud an' pretty as they could laff, an' sumbody put a hand on my shoulder, an' ses:

"'Hello! old boy; you ain't hurt much, are you? Cause, you see, I only shot at the squirrel over your head!'

"An then he laffed agin, an' whistled Yankee Doodle jist the prettiest you ever heerd, an' ses John:

"'I got up, findin' I wan't shot, an' who'd I see but Nell Greene, dressed in boys' clothes, with a gun in one hand an' a squirrel in the other,

"'I say, John,' ses she, 'that's a good shot for a boy like me, eh, John? Ain't your name John Smith?'

"'Yes,' ses John; 'but you did skeer me, though!'

"'I guess I did sum, John,' ses she; 'but you're worth a dead squirrel yet. But I say, John, how pale you are. I'm sorry I skeered you, but you see it was such fun I couldn't help it, an' I couldn't afford to lose this squirrel.'

"Then you know, like most any young feller, seein' a sarcy girl in boys' clothes," said Mrs. Smith indulgently, nodding to her attentive listener. "John ses he 'you do look so pretty, Nell, I've a mind to kiss you,' an' kinder took hold on her. At that, Nell pinted her gun right at his hart, an' told John to run for his life or she'd shoot him, jist as she did the squirrel. She never missed fire, an' her gun was double barrel.'

"Did you ever hear anything like it, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Smith, with distended eyes. (The Doctor nodded only.) "An' John run all the way home, knowin' she'd jist as lieve shoot him as not.'

"'An' your heart has troubled you ever since?' ses the Doctor.

"'Yes,' ses John, 'an' every time I see that gal it thumps jist the same, an' I feel a creepin' and shiverin' all over.'

"'John,' ses the Doctor, 'I guess you like Nellie a little, after all. Come, confess you are in love? You have an *affection* of the heart,' ses he.

"'I thought 'twas some awful disease about that region,' ses John; 'but I say, Doctor, ain't there no help for it?'

"'What do you think of Nellie?' ses the Doctor.

"'I dun know,' ses John, sithin' an' stutterin'; 'I—I—wish Doctor she'd have me! I'd marry her to-morrow if muther was willin'.'

"'O!' ses I, 'if that 'ill cure you, I don't mind; for I guess I can train the gal when she's in my house: an' when gals are married they get steadied down pretty soon. An' if she was kept to work, insted of runnin' the streets, she'd soon grow tame.'

"So John said 'he guessed he'd go down, if the Doctor thought that was it, an' pop the question,' and Doctor Bertram sed 'he might try an' see what Nellie sed.'

"'An' you think that's all the matter with him, Doctor?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses he, 'Miss Smith,' winkin' an' speakin' low, 'John's in love—nothin' more; he'll get over it, depend upon it.'

"'An' so the Doctor ses, 'Cheer up, my boy, an' try your luck, and if Nellie should say no, why don't despair, but remember there's a good many fishes in the sea yet.'

"'I'll go,' ses John, all in a fluster turnin' white an' red. An' so at night after milkin', he dressed in his Sunday clothes, an' went off whistlin' as if nothin' wasn't the matter, tellin' me 'not to set up for him, for may be,' ses he, 'I shan't be home till late.'

"I'm 'fraid, Doctor," said Mrs. Smith appealingly, "that you'll get tired of my long story, but I want you to see just what kind of a gal Nell Greene is, and the reason I have for treatin' her so."

The Doctor bowed graciously, looking at his watch, saying "he had time to listen, as this was the last call of the day."

"Well," continued Mrs. Smith, "in 'bout an hour, John cum back agin, lookin' as red as a beet, and madder'n I ever see him.

"'What's the matter?' ses I, but he didn't answer, only took his pipe an' began smokin' to quiet his narves, but he was so mad he bit his pipe in two, and flung it out of the winder. 'What's the matter, John?' ses I.

"'O, that tarnal critter!' ses he, walkin' about.

"'I should like to know,' ses I, 'what she dare to say to a respectable feller like you, as poor as she is.'

"'Say,' ses John, 'she laffed at me, an' that's more'n I can stan' from any gal.'

"'What for?' ses I, 'ain't you as good as Nell Greene? Warn't they as poor as they could be when they first cum here, after the captain died?'

"'Yes, mother,' ses he, 'but they're prouder than Lucifer, an' don't think nothin' of you 'an me.'

"'So,' ses I, 'John, I wouldn't care for that, when you're worth twice as much.'

"'But I *do* care, mother, an' that's the consarn of it, an' I tell you that gal will put us in a book yet.'

"'In a book?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses he; 'she's an hawther, an' writes books, an' if I had known it, I never'd gone nigh her.'"

"O, hem!" said the Doctor. "I did see"—but whatever he had seen, he checked himself—and remembered only he saw the courtship of John Smith in one of the leading magazines, and laughed over it immensely, and felt very much like it now, and wished Mrs. Smith would give the particulars, which she tried to do as near as she remembered John's words. She was conscientious, and believed she must relate a story just as she heard it. She continued:—

"After John got quiet like, he told me all about it an' how she sarved him.

"'I gin a thump at the front door,' ses John, 'an' the widder Greene opened it, an' seein' me,' ses he, 'she drawed up an' lookded scowlin'. 'Good evenin',' ses he, 'widder Greene. Is Nellie at home?' an' walked in.

"'Yes,' ses she hesitatin', 'my darter, Miss Nellie, is in her sanctotum,' or some sich place which John didn't understand, in French or Latin I 'spose. 'She's engaged,' ses widder Greene, 'who shall I tell her called?'

"'My name's John Smith,' ses he, 'an' I want to see Miss Nellie,' an' out cum Nell, an' ses she, 'Oh, mamma, this is Mr. Smith, how could you tell him I was engaged? I'm so glad to see you John, why I'm delighted, an' how kind of you after the little quarrel we had, an' I was goin' to shoot you, but I say John, you were so savage I was quite afraid of you, but you'll be a good boy now, won't you? and John, come into my study, an' mamma dear, you just be within hearing, so if John gets saucy you can bring my gun.'

"'An' how do you do?' ses John, walkin' into the prettiest little room he ever see, all filled with flowers, an' books, an' paper, an' school things.'

"'O, I'm beautiful, Mister John,' ses she coaxin'-like, drummin' her little white fingers on the table. 'An' how are you John? why, you look pale, what's the matter? An' John,' ses he, 'Doctor Bertram ses I've got an infection of the heart, an' that you might cure it if you'd try.'

"'An infection,' ses Nell, 'why, that's awful, John; an' what can I do for you?'

"'Why,' ses he, 'the Doctor ses if you'd marry me, 'twould stop it right away.'

"'O, the wicked man,' ses she, growing red in the face, 'but I say,' ses she, 'did the Doctor say that?'

"'Well,' says he, 'Doctor Bertram told me to try.'

"'O,' says she, 'I understand.' You told Doctor Bertram all about it, of course.'

"'Yes,' ses John, 'he sed I was in love.'

"'Poor, dear John,' ses she, laffin', 'are you quite sure?'

"'Yes,' ses he, encouraged, 'an' I don't care what any body ses about you Nell, I do like you, an' if you are poor, I don't care, I've got enough for both.'

"'O, John, ses she, 'how generous, an' so the dear people talk about me, an' you, good honest fellow, would marry me in spite of them if I am poor,' an' she laughed loud and long till the tears ran down her cheeks. 'O, O,' ses she, 'it is too good. Excuse me, John, but it's so funny.'

"'I don't see nothin' to laff at,' ses he.

"'An' so you love me,' says she, laffin' again, an' the widder Greene came in, an' ses she,

"'Nellie dear, I think you've had fun enough. You carry your jokes too far.'

"'O, mamma,' ses she, 'it's such a rich character, an' we are so poor, as John ses.'

"'An' ses John, gettin' mad, 'so you want to lie 'bout me an' my character, an' you've been pokin' fun at me.'

"'O, I'm an authoress, John,' ses Nell, 'an' publish all the funny things I see and hear, an' I will publish you, dear John, though I'm so sorry for you. But I say, John, why don't you go and see Sally Peck, she likes you very much, an' would suit your mother so much better, an' John, you know your mother don't like me, an' I can't milk an' make butter. Now, go home, Johnny like a good boy, an' tell mother to make you some mint-tea, an' then go and court Sallie Peck.'

"Now, Doctor; don't you call that awful treatment to a respectable young man?" asked Mrs. Smith, appealingly. "I tell you John didn't wait to hear any more sauce, but come off in a hurry."

"My horse!" exclaimed the Doctor, rising in haste; "I forgot the poor fellow entirely. And he seems to have forgotten me," he added, as he looked out and found his conveyance missing.

"Shouldn't wonder if Nell Greene rode off with it!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; it's just like her tricks. Here, John," she screamed, "have you seen anything of Dr. Bertram's hoss an' shaise?"

John Smith appeared round the corner of the house, and answered in confirmation of his mother's suspicion, that "he seed Nell Green ride off with it bout'n hour ago."

"I thought so," cried Mrs. Smith, exultingly; "good for nothing hussy. Well, John, you'd better harness the mare, and take the Doctor home."

"No, indeed, madam," answered the Doctor. "I thank you, but I prefer walking. Hope you are well to-day, Mr. Smith," he remarked to that disconsolate individual, as he opened the red gate for him.

"Well? yes, tolerable, thank ye; only when I see that gal it gives me the agey." And John Smith, with his stalwart frame, showed evident symptoms of chills and fever. His lips were blue and quivering, and a pallor about the nostrils told to the Doctor plainer than words that John Smith's internal agitation was beyond his control. The gate latch shook between his tremulous fingers; the young sympathising Doctor was about offering advice, when the object of disease and discussion suddenly emerged from a turn in the road, and the sweetest of "Tra la la's" caused John Smith to spring forward with a groan, and shake worse than ever.

Nellie Green stood before the young men not abashed, with downcast eyes,—for Nellie was not timid, but saucy and fun loving,—would run a mile at any moment for a good joke, and would as soon have perpetrated one on the Parson as the Doctor or John Smith. She stood now with graceful figure unconcealed by shawl or cape, dressed in simple calico fastened at the throat by a white collar, a straw flat shading her bright youthful face, a profusion of short brown curls on either cheek, whose roses of health and beauty nature had dyed with a most bewitching color, and her laughter-loving lips with a shade deeper than crimson, whose perpetual parting in song or mirth revealed small rows of even teeth of African whiteness; a fair womanly forehead, whose dark arched brows gave a deeper hue to the sparkling dark eyes beneath.

Nellie did not wait to be addressed, but began upon her trembling lover with eyes directed to the scrutiny of the young Doctor's face.

"O, Mister John, there is such good news from California! heaps and heaps of gold, with just the slightest turning over of the dirt! I say, John, why don't you go there? It's just the climate for you; and, John," with a little mock sigh and arch look, "I do think you need a change of scene. I am really alarmed at your pallor and agitation." Bowing to the Doctor—"Young Dr. Bertram, I believe. Don't you think my advice good?"

"I really do think so, Miss Greene. I believe," bowing back with emphasis in look and words, "considering his case and the cause, total abstinence and security from the possibility of any recurrence of an attack would effect a cure.

"I confess, Mr. Smith," turning to him, "if I were unfortunately in a similar position, I should immediately follow the prescription of the young lady."

"Hem! I like that," observed Nellie to herself. "Spicy."

"I'll do it! I'll do it! Good day, Doctor," and stalwart John departed through the red gate, a stronger man, nerved with a new prospect.

"I believe I am indebted to you, Miss Greene, for a walk home, as Mr. Smith says you abducted my horse and chaise," said the Doctor.

"How kind of John—poor John!" she said with a merry wicked laugh. "Do you think he will live, Doctor?"

"And what if he does not?" asked the interested Doctor, observing more closely the mischievous face before him.

"Why, in that case, I only see that there will be added to Widow Smith's farm six feet more of clay, and I shall be considered the *Nell* of his death," she said with an arch look at the rather horrified face of the Doctor; and adding—

"But you must have had a pleasant two hours chat with kind Mamma Smith. Dear lady, she is so descriptive, and is so fond of clever John who is so like poor Mr. Smith, the kindest of husbands, only he would have his own way. Nice husband John would make for a poor girl. Only, Doctor Bertram," she continued with emphasis and a slight flush of the crimson cheek, "my good friend, your uncle, Doctor Bertram, my guide and counsellor, does not advise millionaires, and a poor girl like myself is not adapted to the butter and cheese society of the delectable Smiths. However, sir, let me assure you I feel an interest in the welfare of your patient, and hope you will succeed in your practice on him and his amiable mother." And then, with a merry laugh, "But Doctor, 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast,' the Bible says, so don't keep Billy, Dr. Bertram's horse, the dear fellow of sublime patience, standing so long without shade while you listen to village gossip. I consider Dr. Bertram's horse of more value than the unhappy case of John Smith. I hope you will have a pleasant walk home. Tra la la, la, la la," was the song of Nellie as she lightly tripped away down the road from the astonished and momentarily paralysed young Doctor.

The whole world seemed changed to him since he had entered that red gate of the Smiths and come out again. He looked a moment after the retreating Nellie, that sauciest of girls; and then as her light graceful figure disappeared, appropriate words crowded in.

"Yet since I first could cast a shade,
Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass.

But light as any wind that blows
So featly did she stir,
The flowers she touched, dipt and rose,
And turned to look on her."

Slow and measured were the steps of the young Doctor back to the village, his head bent down with the weight of oppressive thought, trying to solve the first strange problem of life and feeling. This last call, and the scene following, had awakened sensations hitherto unknown within himself. The dawn of life had begun in the heart of the young man, and sadness even at that early hour crept in, fearing that another held in possession the crimson light of the perfect morning.

CHAPTER II.

A package to be delivered to Nellie Greene arrived at Doctor Bertram's office, with a note from him to the young Doctor, which read—

"My Dear Boy—Have the kindness to deliver the package yourself, as I wish it delivered into Nellie's hands, which will introduce you to agreeable society—my little madcap Nellie and her mother, of Rosewood cottage, the most charming mother and daughter of Somerville. I envy you, my boy. Rosewood cottage is very dear to me, but dearer its inmates. More anon. Yours, &c."

"So, so, it is true!" sighed his nephew with flushed face and trembling hands as he closed the note. "My uncle will marry again, and Miss Nellie Greene will be his bride—so says village gossip, and here is the proof;" and the young man sighed as he took his hat to visit Rosewood cottage.

Walking the great road with his hat crowded over his brow and eyes, seeming to read the contents of the square and rather heavy package addressed to Nellie Greene in his uncle's stylish hand writing—was Walter Bertram, the young looking graduate of the Medical College, of fine manly form and face, proud of his own acquirements, his moral principles and elastic health, a pleasant, happy, well spent youth to meditate upon in the past and present, and a whole rich full life of manly energy before him. What more need a young ardent nature?

Walter Bertram sighed as he neared Rosewood cottage, and saw the pleasant garden and vine crowned cot; sighed as he heard the song of Nellie on the balmy evening air; sighed as he saw his own hand tremble as it clasped the package, and he thought of John Smith. Are there elements in nature that cause the same tremor of every individual nerve? Was Rosewood cottage situated in the locality of chills and fever? And did every young man become similarly affected as he neared the fatal spot? These were queries the Doctor could not solve; certain it was he sighed as he wished mentally he had never seen Somerville, and that life looked as cheerful and brilliant as in his college days.

Nellie Greene welcomed him to Rosewood cottage, seated him with charming vivacity within her own little sacred room where John Smith's doom was so merrily and sadly settled. She ran to call Mamma, and Mamma came to welcome a relative of Dr. Bertram's; and Mamma was scarcely older in appearance than her daughter, only a little more subdued in her manner, but just as brilliant, just as charming, and almost as rosy in cheeks and lips; with the same white teeth, in counterpart the same bewitching eyes and arched brows, only the forehead a trifle higher and broader, with the abundant tresses rolled back in waves, the figure a trifle taller and fuller. Truly nature had done wonders towards making twins of mother and daughter. So thought the Doctor as he cordially clasped the extended hand of Mrs. Greene, explaining his motive in calling and delivering to Nellie the package, which she received with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, I thank you for the pleasure."

The Doctor bowed and conversed with the mother, watching Nellie's eager face and hands as she unfolded the package. A magazine, into which she just peeped and smiled knowingly; a souvenir, a letter which she did not open, but held tenderly and firmly; a sealed envelope to a heavy package containing a picture. An exclamation of joy, a kiss upon the surface, and:

"Oh, mamma, see how perfect! Dr. Bertram himself!" as she handed it to her for inspection.

"How perfect it is!" added mamma, with subdued enthusiasm, looking earnestly upon the handsome face of a man in the prime of life, whose every feature revealed kindness of heart, benevolence, goodness, and purity of nature.

"The Doctor wi.l: all his innate goodness expressed," said mamma, and passed the picture to his nephew, who smiled and sighed, deeply gratified, while Nellie leaned upon mamma's shoulder and watched his face narrowly, and sang "Tra, la, la," in her softest tones.

"Excellent," said the young man. "If my uncle is as good as he looks, few men can compare with him."

Nellie smiled approval, and received the picture back, and mamma sat down to converse with ease and grace. Nelly listened, occasionally throwing in a witticism, joining in a merry laugh or really saying sensible things, like other people, which the Doctor noticed she could say well and understandingly. He informed her that John Smith had taken her advice and sailed for California, a fact over which she rejoiced with real womanly interest, hoping he would come back to his mother rich and happy, cured of his folly, and marry Sally Peck, who, everybody said, liked him so much, and would make John such a sensible wife."

The young Doctor remained as long as his feelings of honor to his absent uncle would allow, and rose to go, with a weight sinking in his heart for which he could not account. A well man, in the dawn of youth, with the bright world all before him—the atmosphere of that vicinity must be depressing, he silently concluded—although so seemingly cheerful. He bade Mrs. Greene a cheerful "good evening," and Nellie ran down the pretty garden path adorned with pinks and sweet-williams, to open the little white gate for him to pass; the Doctor thought of passing out of Paradise.

"Why, where's your carriage?" asked Nellie.

The Doctor colored, and feeling the weakness of John Smith upon his nerves, he answered somewhat bitterly:

"The interest you, Miss Greene, professed in my uncle's horse at the gate of Mrs. Smith at our first interview, decided me since to spare the horse, be merciful to my uncle's beast, and exercise myself as a pedestrian."

"Oh, how kind of you, nephew of a good uncle!" laughed Nellie mischievously; "but you know, sir," she added archly, "it was because you were gossipping with Mrs. Smith, and Billy did look so persuasive at me, and seemed to say, 'Nellie, have pity on a poor horse whose master is absent, for you know at whose gate I stand, and am likely to stand stamping impatiently so very long.'"

"Pardon me, and good-night," said the Doctor, not knowing what to say, and yet wanting to say something antagonistic to hide his real emotion. "If I linger much longer, like John Smith, I shall get into a story for some popular magazine."

"A magazine of powder, and get blown up, eh Doctor? A dangerous vicinity for 'chills and fever.' Good-night! Tra, la la, la la," sang Nellie, as she ran up the garden-walk.

Sadly sank the young summer sun behind the western forest—so sadly to him, wont to be full of life and hope, that he wondered how a man could possibly feel so unlike his former self, and change so rapidly in a few days; and as he passed the house of Widow Smith he thought of her son on the distant ocean, turning his face from all he loved because he could not conquer the very nervousness to which he himself was fast becoming a victim. He resolved to leave Somerville as soon as his uncle returned—an opportunity afforded him in a few days.

Doctor Bertram returned to find his nephew feverish and low-spirited.

"Why, how is this, my dear boy?" he asked in alarm, as he shook him cordially by the hand, "hot and feverish—what has happened?"

The young man withdrew his hand hastily, with flushed cheeks, saying:

"Somerville air did not quite agree with him; he believed his return home would make it all right."

"Somerville air not agree with you?" repeated the elder Doctor in amazement. "Why, my dear boy, it is one of the healthiest places in the world; you have exposed yourself to some malignant fever; tell me, who is sick in that form?"

"I think, uncle, it is nothing but Somerville air," persisted the nephew. "I see one of your patients sailed for California last week, who it seems was similarly affected."

"Possible, my dear boy. Well, that is a rare phenomenon for Somerville. And who was this man, did you say? I have no recollection."

"John Smith—I found his name on your sick list."

"John Smith—John Smith," repeated Doctor Bertram, not recalling the case.

"A son of Widow Smith, not far from Rosewood Cottage and Nellie Greene's," said the nephew, with emphasis and some bitterness.

"Good heavens! John Smith! gone to California, my dear boy, for his health? The great lubber, 'twill do him good," he said, and smiled good-humoredly. "So Nellie's refusal struck to his stomach. Poor John thought to marry my little Nellie—poor, foolish boy, a sea voyage will do him good. Come, my dear boy, help me to arrange the old house for its new mistress. You've heard, of course, that I am to marry in a few weeks. Trust the good people of Somerville to circulate the news. And you have been to Rosewood Cottage and seen my charming bride, eh, my boy? But I don't like this fever hanging about you. Cheer up, my son, and presently we'll drive down to the cottage," continued he, cheerfully.

"Excuse me, uncle," persisted the young man, a little awkwardly; "I think I'll start for home in the morning, and will pack my trunk to-night."

"Walter, this is very unkind," said his uncle, much hurt. "I depended so much on you, my boy, at my wedding, counting upon your good nature, admirable conversational powers and cheerfulness. Tell me your trouble, my son; and if it is in my power, rest assured I will help you, for I see your fever is of the mind. Some college difficulty—some little affair of money," ventured the Doctor, at guess. "Tell me, Walter—let me relieve you."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you, my dear uncle. I have no college misdemeanor to blush for; I owe no man aught but good will; I fly from no one but my own thoughts."

"You object to my marriage, then?" asked the Doctor quickly.

"No, sir, but I cannot see you married;" and the young man turned away with evident emotion.

"Incomprehensible!" murmured the Doctor. "Explain it, my boy; don't bewilder me!"

With a sad attempt at smiling, the young man said:

"I find, sir, that young men who approach Rosewood Cottage are seized with chills and fever, as in the case of John Smith, and a change of climate is absolutely necessary in order to dispel it; that, like John Smith, I have been seized with this malady, and like him I leave Somerville. I cannot see you married to Nellie Greene, my dear uncle—that is all the mystery."

"My dear Walter!" cried the Doctor, springing up, "neither shall you, for it is her charming mother I have preferred. What a mistake! I marry that madcap Nellie!" and the good Doctor laughed heartily, and added, "but don't misinterpret my meaning. I love the little witch dearly, and, next the mother, think her the most incomparable and only comparable to her. So cheer up, my boy, for I know Nellie's heart is free; and on no one would she be so likely to bestow her favor as on the nephew of her old friend and father."

"I am a fool, uncle, and beg your pardon," exclaimed Walter with moistened eyes and extended hand.

"Granted, my dear boy. Love makes fools of us all at times, and even John Smith claims our respect and sympathy. Let us to Rosewood cottage immediately."

Walter Bertram found the heart of his lady love would be hard to win, and the course of his love would not run smooth. But he was hopeful and persevering. He accepted the offer of his uncle and made his home in Somerville, whose air began to feel more congenial as his extensive practice occupied his mind, and he shared the home of his uncle in the society of his charming wife and his mirthful Nellie, who never bade him despair, but coquettishly made him wait her pleasure, assuring him she would not marry a man whose constitution could be impaired by atmospherical influence, or whose heart showed imbecile symptoms of despair—that men were born to conquer all difficulties of earth, air, water and fire—all of which were component parts of woman.

So Walter Bertram waited, working diligently, building the perfect structure of manhood, fearing to appear consumptive in constitution, imperfect in emotion or impaired in intellect, while Nellie, approving, grew more sensible and womanly to meet and mate his manly virtues.

For a truly loyal and lovely woman has no higher ambition than to make herself a worthy and appreciative companion of a manly man. So Nellie perfected and mated her lover's manhood, and married him in the proper time—thanks to John Smith's consumption.

A Terrible Meeting.

One of the Western papers gives this account, which cannot be excelled in sadness by anything of our recollection:—

For some time past a house of ill-fame has annoyed the citizens of a village on the line of the Cleveland and Columbus Railroad, and it was determined that the house should be broken up. On Thursday night the Marshal of the village made a descent upon the house, took the inmates into custody, and Friday morning they were taken before a Magistrate for examination. There were three girls among the prisoners, and as the eye of the Magistrate fell on one of them he grew deathly pale and hastily adjourned the Court. Among those wretched and abandoned girls he recognized the once fair features of his own daughter!—Several years before, while attending a female seminary in the Eastern States, she had eloped with a worthless fellow, and her father had never heard of her or seen her, until that terrible morning. Deserted by her husband, she adopted a life of prostitution and found her way to the West. Her father, unknown to her, moved also to the West, and settled in the village above alluded to. There are strange eventful histories in life.

LEWIS C. LEVIN is among the obituary of the last week at Philadelphia. He was a few years ago a leading man in the Temperance movement, and afterwards held a corresponding position among the Americans of Philadelphia, who sent him to Congress from the 1st District. In his best days, Mr. Levin was probably one of the most effective orators of the time, and bade fair at one time to hold permanent position. For some time he had been broken down and failing, and died in comparative obscurity, partially owing to the declension of his two darling causes.

A DAUGHTER of Frederick Douglass, the negro orator and fugitive, died a few days ago, from debilitation and grief, caused by the impression that her father would never come back, or if he did would be seized and hanged by the slave-power.

THE YOUNG WIFE of Oliver Brown, who was killed at the side of his father at Harper's Ferry, died in child-birth at North Elba, a few days ago, her death said to be attributable to grief for her husband.

Ladies' Department.

DRESS, ART AND FASHION.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK LEADER

BY MRS. PULLAN,

Author of "The Lady's Manual of Fancy Needle-work," &c., &c.

A CLAIM TO A NEW "RIGHT OF WOMAN"—SOMETHING ABOUT BAD WEATHER, AND ITS APPROPRIATE TOILETTE—"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

We have been reproached very seriously with the crime of never advocating women's rights; of being indifferent to the disabilities, civil and political of our own sex, and of inculcating a consideration for the light purses and weary brains of our lords which no champion of woman would deem of any sort of consequence. We are not disposed to plead guilty to indifference to one sorrow or pang that can be felt by women—we cannot and do not desire to shut our eyes to the fact that their position is not what it ought to be, and believe, most truly, that a new, and better, and happier existence may yet be the lot of our sex. Meanwhile, just to show that we are in earnest, we are about to advocate with heart and soul one right of women to which, very unaccountably, their most sturdy champions have omitted to lay claim, although it is always in their own power to obtain it, and its possession includes or secures most others—this neglected, undervalued right is—the "right to a little common sense." We do not exaggerate in asserting that more than half the troubles of women, arise from a deficiency in this property, which is far more uncommon among us than with men. We listen to the gossip of the world around us, and pin our faith so strongly on the words—not thoughts, far less opinions of other women, who like Dickens' Marchioness, take limited views of society through key holes of doors—that we obtain at last standards of right and wrong as absurd as erroneous, and lose all power of discrimination. In the lack of all broad general principles of action, we are driven about by idle fears of Mrs. Grundy, and if we do not always make our own troubles, we suffer ourselves to be paralized when compelled to try to extricate ourselves from any circumstances of difficulty in which, in God's Providence, we may find ourselves. Conventionality is mistaken for well-bred conformity with the usages of society, and if our path in life happen to be somewhat difficult, we add to its perplexities by strewing it with thorns with a resolution that would partake of the heroic, could any good result from our industry.

Especially is this want of common sense shown by those who, having been brought up without the necessity for actual labor, find themselves at a later period of life compelled to depend'on it. This deficiency is one of the greatest and most painful stumbling-blocks to women in their path to independence. They never seem to accept the position and make the best of it, but always appear to indulge in whims and vagaries which impair their usefulness and give them pain, when the mere fact of honest and equitable toil should not afford anything but pleasure. Only lately, a circumstance came to our knowledge which was an illustration of their deplorable want of that universal right—the right to a little common sense. A person who during her husband's life had existed in comparative comfort, being left a widow, found herself obliged to exert herself for her own support. She had no children, and in her heart of hearts she thought this most fortunate, little knowing what brightness and beauty a child gives to the life of a woman, and how often it acts all unconsciously as an ambassador from another world; but luckily (as she said to herself) she had only herself to think of. What could she do? In no one thing, however trifling, did she *excel*; and consequently there was no occupation in which she would not find thousands of eager and equal competitors. She knew a little about house-keeping—not enough to render home extraordinarily attractive. She could sew tolerably—she could read and write, of course, so in her own opinion she was fit to be housekeeper, seamstress or teacher. She had a good many acquaintances, and while seeking for the first or last position, could earn many a dollar by going out to sew, for it is one of the very curious phases of life in New York, that whilst hundreds of people complain of being unable to get *work*, a still larger number, quite willing to pay, are unable to find *workers*. So she could get, with ease, her board and a dollar a day for ten hours sewing, and still keep a home. But, there were difficulties in the way: such as probably only a women so miserably educated could have found. She had no one to go home with her in the evening! and she had no dress fit for going out in rainy weather! As to the first "lion in the path," it might be formidable to a very young and extraordinarily beautiful girl; fond, moreover, of flirting, or anxious to attract attention. But will any one say that a women not young, not pretty, and not inexperienced, could really find any difficulty in walking home from her employer's at seven or eight in the evening? It is an assertion that no one will credit. The woman who walks as if she had business to attend to, and as though engaged in it, runs no risk of molestation in any city of either the Old or New World.

As to her dress, with which perhaps we have more immediate interest, we will just remark that no wardrobe is complete, or will be considered so by any sensible woman, if it does not contain one set of garments suitable for bad winter weather, and another equally fit for rainy days in summer. The material in both instances ought to be of wool, which does not look draggled when it is wet. For winter alpaca and merino are good; but the best and neatest stuff is a linsey-woolsey like that of which the Balmoral skirts are made, in various shades of iron grey. Water never seems to penetrate this fabric, and mud is easily brushed off, whilst any bonnet and mantle go well with it. These, however, ought also to be dark; and the dress, to be perfectly appropriate, should fasten closely at the wrists, so that no untidy, half-soiled unstarched muslin sleeves may make it look like an attempt at finery. Of course it should also be quite clear of the ground, even if it be the fashion to sweep the streets with the skirts. "Nice customs," says Shakespere, "curtsey to great kings." We may add that they curtsey also to sensible women. The woman who cannot make fashion harmonize with comfort must have a very poor opinion of her personal dignity.

A dress to be worn when the hands are likely to be employed in carrying an umbrella, and raising the skirts out of the mud, should be well supplied with pockets, to hold, not only handkerchief and purse, but any little parcel. And this reminds me of another of women's rights which we should be very eager in claiming—the right to guard others and protect ourselves in the matter of pocket picking, which forms one of the leading items of crime among females, while the depredations, nine times out of ten, are committed on females. It is all very well to speak of the wickedness of those who pursue this peculiar branch of industry for a living; but are we quite exempt from blame? Every day of our lives we ask of a higher power, "Lead us not into temptation!" Ought we to have no scruple about throwing temptation in the path of those whom we know to be weaker than ourselves? The pockets worn by ladies generally, in the right side of the skirts of their dresses, so easily accessible and so entirely indefensible, are just so many encouragements to crime. They are convenient, it is true; but as they are as much so to the thief as to the wearer, would it not be better to put in them only a handkerchief or any other trifle that will offer no temptation? Why may not a pocket be made in the seam of the waist, on the left side, (where a lady's watch-pocket usually is,)—but large enough to hold a porte-monnaie. The left arm, in whatever position, forms an effectual guard to it, while the right hand can readily withdraw it from its hiding-place, when necessary: though we think that any one prudent enough to take this precaution, will also have sufficient forethought to retain in her hand or loose in the ordinary pocket, the very small sum requisite for stage fares. From years of experience we may safely assure our readers that such a pocket as we now, for the second time, describe in the LEADER, is perfectly secure from the most expert street thief.

There are various light woolen fabrics, of the barege and balzraine class, which stand even a heavy shower; and look far neater and prettier on a gloomy summer's day than calicos, muslins and organdies. Bad weather dresses should be of one quiet tint, and made in simple close fitting style; and when we learn that open air exercise is essential to the health in all weathers, and cultivate an acquaintance with the fresh breezes and wholesome showers sent for our benefit, we shall prove that we have obtained one of the most important "rights" with which woman can be invested.

Touching dress itself there is, just now, a charming and almost endless variety of fabrics adapted for travelling; that is, which will not look *chiffonne*, and crumpled, or untidy, if exposed to sun or shower. Poplins and mohairs, in small elegant patterns, of a grey hue, more or less dark, are innumerable. Nothing prettier was ever devised, especially if the mantle be of the same. The better the quality, in these things, the greater the economy; but care must be taken that the quality is commensurate with the price, if the latter be high. This is a necessary observation; since so widely do prices differ that we found at another store in New York, for just one hundred dollars less, a dress exactly similar to that we have described, some time ago, for $250. A slight difference in one single item!

Now let no one say, henceforth, that we do not advocate Women's Rights. Few that they can really need but are included in the exercise of common sense and good feeling; and if there be others, we would remind our sisters of the admirable example set by that illustrious individual, Sam Weller, who "when he wanted anything, always axed for it in a werry 'spectful and 'bliging manner; and if he didn't get it then, he took it, for fear of being led to do something wrong through not having it." As a rule, the women who are fit to have rights, *take them*, and say nothing about it.

[Written expressly for the New York Leader.]

GREEN ROOM SKETCHES.

THEATRES AND THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

NUMBER XXXII.

MRS. BLAKE.

Some months ago, we gave our readers a sketch of one of New York's favorite actors, and one who is very well known and very well liked throughout the United States—Mr. W. R. Blake, the best living interpreter of "old men." We have been requested by more than one person to give our impression of Mrs. Blake's acting and some little facts of her career as an actress.

Actors and actresses who have been among us for years, who have made us both laugh and cry—who have called up within our minds and hearts remembrances perchance of the past, and sensations of present or bygone happiness—who have made us acquainted with the living impersonation of characters that we had met with in books, and had studied and learned to love—such actresses and such actors will always hold a little warm nook in the heart of the great public, and their names carry an interest with them which is easily explained.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake have been before the public for thirty years or more, and have always occupied prominent and responsible positions.

Mrs. Blake is an American lady, and was born in 1798, in Charleston, South Carolina. She is descended from a French family, and her maiden name was Caroline Placide. She has two brothers on the stage, who are well known to the American public—Henry and Thomas Placide. Miss Placide made her first appearance on the stage as a child, in her native South, and afterwards for a number of years sustained the juvenile and light-comedy characters of the drama with marked ability.

She was early married to a Mr. Waring, but continued on the stage, and won considerable celebrity as an excellent light comedy and burlesque actress. She was a favorite in such parts as *Morgiana*, in "The Forty Thieves," and the sprightly young heroine in the piece called "Catching an Heiress." We have seen an old engraving somewhere, representing Mrs. Blake as *Morgiana*, a part to which her no mean powers as a vocalist added considerable attraction.

Some time after Mr. Waring's death, she married Mr. W. R. Blake. She had a daughter by her first marriage, who soon acquired a reputation on the stage as Miss Anne Waring, (now Mrs. Wallack, Jr.,) and has a son, a young man, by her second union—a Mr. Lewis Blake—who adopted the profession of a physician.

As Mrs. Waring, Mrs. Blake was well known and well liked throughout the States, in her favorite comedy and burlesque parts, and did not resign these roles until, by advancing age, she became more suited to represent staid and elderly matrons. She has confined herself to this line of characters for some years, and is a reliable and clever actress, though she cannot rank quite so high as an artistic delineator of aged ladies as Mrs. Vernon. She is a remarkable good dresser, and always gives an intelligent and lady-like interpretation to the women of old English comedy, a task which is by no means an easy one.

In other characters of the quiet, quaint line she is excellent. We remember her in the "Heir at Law," "Speed the Plough," and many parts of this kind. For a woman of her age Mrs. Blake is remarkably active, and when on the stage shows no signs of weakness or failing strength. We said that she had been before the public for thirty years, but we meant in conjunction with her husband, Mr. Blake. She has been upon the stage from childhood, and must be thoroughly acquainted with the early history of the drama in America, as well as a witness of the triumphs of the great actors of a past generation.

There is something, to us, very touching in an old woman who has passed her life on the stage. The pleasing wonder, the eager interest which an acquaintance with theatrical performances always inspires in the mind of a child brought up behind the scenes, give place to the sanguine hopes, the bright dreams of fame with which all young girls who tread the stage are agitated. Then come the ambitions, the struggles, the rivalries, the annoyances of maturer years.

But all is well while a woman can still look young and beautiful on the stage. While she can adorn her fair form in all the brightness and witchery of robes which will add splendor to her loveliness, and which are certain to please the eyes of the expectant crowd who have assembled to be charmed by *her*—who wait for her, listen to her, and to whom she is the engrossing charm of the theatre—she lives in their favor, and their applause is the chief aim and great delight of her life. She is flattered, sought after, spoiled. This is all very pleasant, though it seems as if it must be very fatiguing—and compensates many actresses for the trials and mortifications which are inseparable from theatrical life. But, alas for them when this changes! When time passes rapidly and steals from them their lithe roundness of form, (or adds more to it.) When they can no more essay the roles of the charming Angelinas, or Carolines, with the faintest hope of looking like these young ladies—alas, for them! this time must come.

We are constrained to say that one of the most difficult things in the world for a woman to do, is to remember when she ceases to be young—and for an actress it is most difficult of all. Managers say that ladies who are most amiable in all other things, cannot be approached on the subject of changing from juvenile parts to matronly ones, without serious storms and passionate and angry remonstrances.

We do not say that this is the case with *all* actresses, but it is generally so. We cannot blame them for it; youth and its successes are very dear to us all, and we are told that when the struggle is once over and amiable actresses *do* resign themselves to be old women, they enter upon a new career of ambition, and in many respects as charming as before.

A CONDUCTOR on one of the Cincinnati railroads was a few days since fined $25, in one of the courts of that city, for forcing a male passenger, who had taken his seat in the cars, to give up his place to a female one. Very good—but what was done with the woman who forced the *conductor*?

[Written for the New York Leader.]

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

AND

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN

IN THE

OLD WORLD.

NUMBER IV.

BY J. H. SIDDONS.

"*What is it?*" The adoption of this title by the managers of Barnum's Museum is well calculated to excite the curiosity of Americans, while its ambiguity shields the proprietor from the responsibility of saying *what it is*; but to the ear of an Englishman it is suggestive of an impudent fraud, and is, so far, an unfortunate appellation for one of the monkey tribe. Some years age we had a "*What is it?*" in London. All the world went agape to see it. Naturalists were puzzled. Cuvier would have been at a loss. Ethnologists were shocked at the affinity of man to beast. Speculation was rife in all circles, informed and ignorant, and the College of Surgeons looked forward with interest to the day when the corpse should supply an illustration for a new lecture on comparative anatomy. But the joke could not be kept up until that eventful day. The bubble burst, and Hervio Nano, the Gnome Fly—Harvey being his real name—stood confest the simial bogus. The public laughed at the facility with which they had been tricked, but the followers of Buffon were terribly indignant. Hervio Nano did not give them the opportunity, however, of venting their personal rage upon him. He died one day, and the *What is it?* became *What was it?* I mention the circumstance for the enlightenment of New Yorkers who may leave the Museum with the impression upon their minds that they have seen a veritable beast.

So Lord John Russell has brought in his Reform Bill, and proposes therein to extend the elective franchise to £10 occupiers in counties, and £6 in boroughs. A few boroughs are to have the number of their representatives reduced from two to one, and some populous places are to enjoy an increase of the numerical strength of their members. Thus the very man who acquired the *sowbriquet* of "finality" John, from his belief in the perfection of the Reform Bill of 1832, has been the first of his own party to propose an extension of the franchise. The ultra Liberals are not satisfied. No wonder—they go for that deplorable humbug, universal suffrage—a privilege difficult of pure enjoyment in an educated state, and quite preposterous among a people one-fourth of whom "do not know B from a bull's foot." Already the elective system in England is a source of enormous corruption. There is not a borough in the United Kingdom which may not be bought. I have been concerned in two or three elections for friends of mine, and although I never employed, in person, any other art than the "gift of the gab," it was quite within my knowledge that the agents paid away *fivers* and *tenners* in the shape of bank notes in many directions. I remember at the last election, while the contest was raging on the polling day, a woman came up to me and exclaimed: "Oh! Mr. S. there's our landlord has put an execution into the house for £12, and the agent of Colonel ——(the Conservative candidate, I was for the Liberal)—has offered to pay the amount, but my husband wouldn't vote for the opposition on any account, so perhaps you'll give us the money." I believe our agent rescued the *honest man* from his trouble, and secured a plumper. Generally speaking, however—in order to avoid being unseated by petition, members will prefer giving guarantees, through some responsible man in the borough, that they will do wonders *after they are elected*; and it is no easy matter for them to satisfy the cupidity of their "free and independent" electors when all is done. I am sure it did not cost one of my friends, who represented a constituency of some six or seven hundred, less than four thousand pounds per annum, to supply the cravings of his voters. Every week's post—nay, the post often twice and thrice a week—brought letters from the attorney, stating that Bill Stumps was an invalid, couldn't work, and needed help; that the Baptist chapel was dilapidated; that a bridge wanted repairing; that the subscription for the races languished; that a patriotic fund was raising to help three 'spectable citizens whose windows had been smashed at the elections, and so on. But what did the honorable member gain by his attentions to these manifold appeals? Why, nothing. At the very next election, my Lord Tomnoddy went down at the instance of the Tory Carlton Club, and by doing the whole thing boldly, paying £50 apiece for votes at the last moment, ousted the Liberal member by a majority of 35! True, the Palmerston cry was no longer potent. *We* got in by hoisting Palmerston colors, just after the China business in 1857; in 1859 the recollection of the Conspiracy Bill was yet rife.

A wonderful man is Lord Palmerston, a thorough impersonation of the English gentleman and the most experienced of British politicians. He has been in office, under all manner of governments, for fifty years on and off, and yet, in spite of gouty feet, is as fresh and vigorous as a youth of twenty-five. His easy, genial manner, his winning smile, his pleasant voice, *bonhommie*, as the French would say, make friends of all who approach him, and they do not cease to swear by him and attend Lady Palmerston's soirees, until, in the vehemence of political controversy, the dapper Premier fires off a sarcasm or *bitterly* playful witticism at the expense of his admirers,—then, often, the intensity of hatred succeeds to the blindness of love. I have often thought, when observing the wonderful change which has come over some men who have began as Palmerstonian and changed to Disraelian, of the lines of Moore:

> "When I loved you I can't but allow
> I had many an exquisite minute,
> But the scorn which I feel for you now
> Has even *more luxury* in it."

Lord P. is a great constitutionalist—that is, he talks of the constitution, and refuses to do things which are "unconstitutional." A very particular friend of mine, a man of great wealth and a baronet, wished to be made a peer. He proposed to lay out £30,000 on any great public object that would be most agreeable to the Queen. Lord Palmerston was sounded on the subject through his favorite whipper in, Mr. W. G. Hayter. Pam was indignant. Impossible! The proposal was insulting and unconstitutional. Yet Lord Ward is made Earl Dudley because he uses his interest to secure the return to parliament of certain friends of the Pam party. I once called on Lord P., to ask him to give the poor office of Military Knight of Windsor to a veteran lieutenant who had served William the Fourth when Duke of Clarence. It is unnecessary to state what claims I had on Lord P.'s consideration—I thought the claims of the officer would have sufficed. "Quite out of the question, my dear sir," replied Lord P. laughing. "We don't remember services of that kind rendered to bygone sovereigns. If he had done anything to serve any *present* King I might have attended to it." And with a merry laugh, he shook me by the hand and left me without an excuse for prolonging the visit.

To return to elections. To show of how little moment a man's political faith is, when he seeks the sweet voices of the multitude, I may mention that, some ten years ago, a gentleman asked me to go down to Bolton in Lancashire, and propose him to the electors, as soon as the last member, who had recently died, should have been interred

"What are your politics?" "Oh you know." (I did *not* know.) "I am a Liberal Conservative." This seemed rather a contradiction of terms, and I said as much. "Well," replied my principal, "I am what Sir Robert Peel is." "I understand you now," and I started for Bolton, soon mustered a committee, and began to prepare placards, which in monster type, were to proclaim the virtues of this Peelite, who *sub rosa*, intended to stand 300 barrels of beer, subscribe to all the charities, and kiss all the dirty little children in the town. But the printer's ink was hardly dry when I received a telegraphic communication from London. "Go in for Radicalism—Bowring is the other member, and we must pull together." No sooner said than done. The appeal of the Liberal Conservative who "paltered" with the electors "in a double sense" was burnt, and a spirit-stirring address in the unmistakable language of the entire hog immediately monopolised the walls and boardings of the borough. I made a few speeches at select meetings held at the Lamb and Boot Jack, and departed for London. At the Preston platform where we stopped to change carriage, I met my friend en route to Bolton. "Siddons, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I have altered my mind. Sir W. Fielden says I must go for pure Conservatism, and so I have come down to prevent you declaring me Radical! I must go——" "Go to the devil!" I rejoined, and left him in dudgeon. Happily he was defeated. His adversary was more prodigal of his beer, more profuse of his attentions to the little progeny of the Boltonians, two grand qualifications for a member of the Legislature representing a borough of limited constituency, and he therefore got in without trouble. The whole thing illustrated the purity of election in Great Britain. Will Lord John Russell's new bill amend it? Not one atom. Neither will the ballot for which Henry Berkeley annually craves.

I perceive by the English papers that General Skyrsnechi, who commanded the Poles in the struggle of 1830, died lately, and the Prussian government refused permission to the people at Posen to make any public demonstration on the occasion of the funeral. After 30 years the despotism of the North fears to excite a Polish population! I knew and honored Skyrsnecki. Traveling in Austria in 1831, I stopped at Linz. Skyrsnecki occupied a room in the same hotel. He had fled after the battles of Grokow and Ostralenka, and experienced many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes, for his own people were not true to him. The Emperor of Austria gave him an asylum, and he assumed the name of Stanisheffski. He was a tall, elegant man, with a fine expression of countenance. Dignity and gentleness were blended in that noble face. If I had met him in the street, not knowing his rank or character, I should insensibly have taken off my hat to him. He was one of those rare men who inspire involuntary respect. Many an evening did I pass in his delightful society. He took the greatest interest in the politics of England, and when I described to him our wonderful position in India he would ejaculate, folding his arms and striding about the room, "John Bull, John Bull, you are an extraordinary fellow!" Subsequently, at Berlin, I met old Count Mostrowska, who had been the Prime Minister of Warsaw before the Revolution, and speaking of Skyrsnecki, the Count said, "He was the best of men, and an admirable soldier, wanting only one quality to render him perfection—namely, *success*." Skyrsnecki became in 1836 the Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian army, and introduced the admirable system of instruction which will make *les Braves Belges* very different soldiers in any future campaign to what they were in 1815.

The New York papers state that the ice companies have secured a fine ice crop for the ensuing summer. To no community will the intelligence be more agreeable than the British and the Anglo-Indian. Cotton is not the only article provided by all-bountiful Nature as a cement between the two nations. The ice of this country, though of a soluble quality, has bound us to you by an indissoluble tie. I shall never forget the arrival of the first cargo of ice from Boston at Calcutta. I think it was sent out by a Mr. Tudor, and the name of Rogers occurs to me as that of the Captain or super cargo. The arrival of Columbus in the western world did not excite more astonishment among the natives than did the appearance of the American ice among all classes of the heterogeneous community of Calcutta. The people were frantic. I smiled incredulously when my servant Bapoo, with his black eyes starting out of his coffee colored face, rushed into my parlor and clasping both hands, ejaculated: "Khodaoun, 'merican ship come, bring plenty burruf (water snow)—'spose master like to have, I go bring." But I soon found that Bapoo had told the truth. He was accordingly dispatched to exchange rupees for blocks of ice—indeed, if Mr. Tudor had brought out fields and bergs, they would have been purchased. Some of the inhabitants took care to send closed baskets and flannel waistcoats to receive the ice, but many of the domestics ventured to think that in so warm a country such articles would only accelerate the melting of the commodity which ought to have all the advantage of air. They accordingly left the ice exposed to the rays of the sun, and were very much astonished that it did not benefit by the exposure. In the fulness of our gratitude, we, the inhabitants of Calcutta, readily responded to the suggestion of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General, that we should subscribe to present Mr. Rogers with a gold cup. Thenceforth, the ice became a regular article of importation, a grand necessary of life, and at each Presidency town ice houses are erected wherein to treasure the American product. In the hospitals as well as in private houses, ice is now perpetually used, and not merely allays the sufferings of the fever stricken, but acts as a tonic and often as a remedial agent in cases of cholera morbus. Ought there ever to be a difference or even a jealousy between nations so indispensible to each other as Great Britain and America?

Editorial and News Items.

THE MORMONS seem to be on the verge of a serious feud, if they have not already entered upon it. Brigham Young has for some time been known to be on bad terms with many leading men at Salt Lake City, and the report is that a considerable number of them have waited upon Joseph Smith, Jr., son of the Prophet, now resident at Nauvoo, and requested him to assume the succession. As young Smith has before claimed to be endowed with his father's prophetic spirit, it seems probable that he will accept, and that a division between the hitherto united body will thus be very soon inaugurated. "When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues," and what the United States government cannot do in the suppression of Mormonism may result from domestic dissension.

THE ICE-CROP of the season on the Hudson is said to equal that of any other year. At Rhinebeck, Rockland Lake, Highland Lake, Catskill, Esopus, King's Creek, &c., the deposits are very large. The Knickerbocker Ice Company alone are said to have at command for the season one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, insuring a plentiful retail supply for the season at rates much reduced from those of the last two years. Manufacturers of sherry-cobblers and mint juleps, and our private ice-man, will please make a note.

MRS. MORGAN, widow of the "good enough Morgan" of anti-masonic celebrity, died at Memphis, Tennessee, a few days ago. She married a man named Harris after the disappearance of Morgan, and had been for years honorably engaged in benevolent offices connected with the Orphan Asylum near Memphis. It is conjectured that she became "Mrs Harris," in order to throw as much mystery about her own existence as about that of her doubtful husband.

A CHILD only eight years of age, named John P. Famous, was tried at Norristown, Pa., last week, for the murder by shooting of Mary Elizabeth Eagan, 12 years of age, in October last. Very properly, before the trial was closed the District Attorney abandoned the case, and the child will be taken care of without the aid of the gallows or the State Prison.

A NEW SECT has sprung up in Europe, finding most of their adherents in France. They are called "Transmigrationists," and hold that all animals are immortal, and that the change into animal form after death is the only purgatory. Extremes meet: those people will deny *all* immortality, and become full-blown Atheists at no distant day.

A GREAT FIFING FEAT is recorded of Major Robinson, the great solo fifer of Baltimore, who played the other day for the parade of the Montgomery Guards and Washington Guards—one hour and thirty minutes without aid and without rest. Robinson must be "long winded" enough for a sensation story writer.

A BOY AT LITHOPOLIS (Stone City) Ohio, named Weize, and eleven years old, a few days ago shot off the head of his brother, aged six years, by the accidental discharge of a gun in his hands. The surviving brother and her mother are reported as likely to die from the grief of the terrible accident.

TWO COUNTRY DAILIES, the Troy *Express* and the Watervleit *Democrat*, have just given up the ghost. A weekly is to take the place of the one at Watervliet.

FACTS AND FANCIES

OF

THE DAY.

SENATOR TOOMBS, a man of high talent and inflexible integrity, has been sketched, in one of our exchanges as a tall, swarthy, burly, rather corpulent figure, crowned with a shock of dark brown hair, jagged as a stack struck by lightning—pendant as a drift of seaweed flung up to be sundered on some rock by the last billow of a tempest. The whole head is massive and lion-like; the forehead broad and low; the eyes dark, large and lustreless, except when excited by passion—the lower lids having a nervous bagginess (to coin a word), as if filled with unshed tears; the nose not large, but standing out in bold relief; the mouth passionate, powerful and voluptuous; already a development of what he will be in old age, a pelican-sack of double chin; the complexion sallow and unchangeable; the throat massive and muscular; not a bad face to look at, and a very suggestive one to study. The man has duration of life in his organization, and will probably be a public character of eminence—having ripened but slowly—for the next twenty-five or thirty years. His voice is a deep, rich double base, of the rumbling, roaring, muttering kind; and his diction would naturally be sluggish, level and hoarse at first—men of this nature requiring to lash themselves into excitement by the sound of their own sentences, before the seals-of-Solomon can be uplifted from the deep and moody abysses of passion, out of which their full storm of rhetoric has to be invoked. When excited and under full weigh, however, Senator Tombs speaks with such rapidity, volume and fierceness that he must be a very agile stenographer, indeed, who can follow his perpetual dash and onset of charging sentences.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE WOOD, an aged and eminent lawyer, has left a blank in the bar of this city not easily to be filled up. Born at Burlington, N. J., Mr. Wood studied law at New Brunswick under Mr. R. Stockton, and about thirty years ago removed to New York, where for the past quarter of a century he has been acknowledged as one of our most reliable constitutional lawyers, enjoying a large practice and winning admiration by his learning, power of logic and wonderful clearness of statement in dealing with the most intricate questions of Equity and Evidence. Never aiming at rhetorical display, he was sound, solid, argumentative, calm and convincing—never assailing the opposite side with violence, but carrying all before him by a mild subtlety and persuasion of appeal which always appeared perfectly candid, though every word was studied and weighed in his client's interest. Mr. Wood rarely took any active part in politics, but was of the conservative Charles O'Conor school; and presided about ten years sine at the famous Union saving meeting held in Castle Garden. Preferring the quiet of professional life to any public honors, he had the good sense to refuse—first, the nomination for Governor of New Jersey; and secondly a seat on the United States Bench, that object of ambition to so many thousands in the legal ranks. Mr. Wood died this day week at his residence in Fifth Avenue, having passed his allotted "three score and ten years," and exhaling his last breath calmly in the arms of his faithful wife. The end of the upright man is peace.

THE STRIKE-FEVER has reached New York, and the Cabinet makers, chiefly French and German, have won some little success in their movement,—thirty-five large employers in this business having given an increase of wages ranging from ten to twenty-five *per cent*, in order to make up to the men for the increased cost of the necessaries of life, since the period at which the present rates of payment were adopted. Some other employers in the same business have added one dollar a week to the wages of their hands; and from these indications of an early surrender on the part of the employers, it may be presumed that the strikers had just reason for complaint. Out of the 1,600 journeymen house-painters in this city, about 800 belong to a self-protection Club, and these latter are moving to have $2 a day adopted as the uniform rate of compensation for their services. At present they are receiving from 12 to 14 shillings daily, but they contend that their business is peculiarly unhealthy; and that $2 a day will not more than support themselves and families under the high rents and high prices now in vogue. Mr. Thomas Sunderland is President of the Painter's Strike movement, and in his speech declared that he had lived and worked in the Southern States; and that, in his judgment, "the slaves of the South were better fed, better clothed and better cared for than many thousands of white mechanics in this city." Messrs. Keady and Fitzpatrick are secretaries under Sunderland, and the movement promises to be prosecuted with activity and zeal.

"THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC VOLUNTEERS," presided over by John Farrell, Esq., have recently published an address, announcing the arrival of "a crisis in political affairs, that demands the serious attention of every national man in the community," and after establishing a platform of principles, desire all good citizens "to unite in re-establishing peace and harmony in the nation." The leading principles in the platform set forth in the address of the "National Democratic Volunteers," are so broad and capacious that any Union saver can extend himself full length on any of its planks, and find room to turn over on an adjoining "national" resting place without any trouble. The address is a good one, and will doubtless answer the purpose for which it was designed, but we have grown so weary of "National Politicians" since the fizzle of the Fifth Avenue Verzenay Brigade, that we have little hope even in the "Volunteers," led on by their enthusiastic President. If more attention was paid to the proper organization of the city Democracy, and less to "National" politics, the party would be in a much better condition than it really is at the present time. We do not know but the "National Democratic Volunteers" are right in presenting their views to the public; at all events, they have a good example in the recent assumption by a Senatorial caucus at Washington, of making a platform for the Charleston Convention.

SENATOR JEFFERSON DAVIS, whose name eternally figures in the papers as the head of some new conspiracy for "killing off Douglas," has been accurately described in the columns of the *Times* as a nervously-built man, of middle height—thin, quivering, full of excitable emotions; with a forehead of immense capacity and breadth; sparkling and very deep set gray eyes, one of which has been almost destroyed by the anguish of tic doloreux; a hooked nose, slender, and with nostrils almost transparent; a mouth vigorously sinewed, and channeled at its sides; a delicate, thin lower-face, betraying the pangs of physical ailment in every tracing; cheeks hollow and wasted as if by dyspepsia; and no resources visible to sustain the man at his present height of labor and power, except the unconquerable spirit of rule, and an intellect which shines out in pervading lustre through every lineament and gesture. A prematurely gray-haired, prematurely wrinkled man—a chivalrous, high nature, turned to bitterness by agonies of the body, and the disappointment of cherished hopes; a courteous, cultivated gentlemen, whose wit is a rapier, drawing blood wherever it touches; whose fancies are never so rich as when they place some more prosperous rival in a ridiculous or humiliating position. He is a soldier of undoubted gallantry, and a scholar of high attainments.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK, if we are to believe the statistics of Life Insurance Companies, is not by any means the healthiest city in the world, the average of human life here being but fifteen years. One-half of all the children born on Manhattan Island never live to see their fifth birthday, the annual total of infantile deaths amounting to fifteen thousand. The per centage of mortality amongst children under five years old is more than treble what it was forty-seven years ago, as shown by the following figures: "Out of an equal number of inhabitants there died in 1810—688; in 1820—1,045; in 1838—1,135; in 1840—1,256; in 1850—1,527; in 1855—1,925; in 1859—2,094—three times the number of deaths that occurred in the same population half a century ago." Such are the penalties of civilization and dirty streets, tight lacing, late hours, red hot stoves, Wild's candy and general dissipation.

IN A LECTURE on Sanitary Science delivered at the Cooper Institute last Monday evening, it was shown that the average age of those engaged in agricultural pursuits extends to 64 years; of persons engaged in shoemaking, to 43 years; tailors reach an average of 42 1-2 years, and editors but 41. There is consolation, however, in thinking that we are not the sickliest creatures in the world. Druggists, jewelers and teachers slip off the hooks at an average of 39 years old; machinists die out at 38; while journeymen printers, most unhappy of all, go off at an average of thirty years and six months. Verily journalism has to suffer some in its weary labor; and printers should have twice the wages of farmers, since they have but half the same length of time in which to make provision for their families

A GHOST SIXTEEN FEET HIGH is said to haunt Lyon's Ranch, near Sonora, California. Such a gigantic spectre wants roomy quarters, and chooses to appear in the barn. The spirit is supposed to be that of one of the Blakely Brothers, murdered there some time ago, though we have no account of how the spectre (or the story) has managed to grow to so unreasonable a size.

DR. HAYES is going ahead with his new Arctic Expedition, and there is every probability that it will be a fixed fact at an early day.

Primrose Walk.

A DEPARTMENT OF

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

— Certain enthusiastic people have been writing, at no remote period, letters abroad from this country, in which it has been made to appear very much of an earthly paradise which should tempt a general emigration of all classes and conditions, from all parts of the world. This *coleur de rose* correspondence is well hit off by "J. W. S.," who furnishes us the following

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM UTOPIA.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1860.

MY DEAR FELLOW GUDGEONS: Having promised to write you all the facts in relation to America, I hasten to redeem my pledge.

I think that this is the greatest country on the face of the earth. Compared with it all others are mere mud-puddles.

New York—where I am at present—is a vast city, exceeding in splendor any city of ancient or modern times. Its streets are paved with solid gold and lined with crystal palaces; while at intervals gigantic trees raise their green glories heavenward—for, although it is now the dead of winter, vegetation is in full bloom, and the clear air is darkened with millions of singing birds. Speaking of birds reminds me of a large, dark fowl which is found here, called the crow. A friend of mine yesterday shot one, and served it up for my especial benefit at dinner—his family generously refusing to be helped to the least portion: so, for etiquette's sake, I was forced to eat the crow—which, I must confess, tasted deliciously. To-morrow he has promised to have for me a dressed skunk with lobelia sauce.

America is the Poor Man's Paradise. Any person coming here, on his arrival is immediately taken in charge by a select Committee, appointed for the purpose, and placed in a good situation—so no one is ever out of employment, and all may acquire a fortune in a short time: in support of which statement, I append the following:

Wages of a good mason, $25 per day.
Wages of a footman, $25 per day.
Wages of a servant girl, $25 per day.

PROVISIONS.

Beef-steak—free.
Poultry—free.
Potatoes—free.
Etc., etc.—free.

Here a laboring man is considered just as good as the millionaire, and the servant girl enjoys the same privileges as her mistress. It is truly the land of equal rights. Stealing, drunkenness, lying and murder are unknown, while men holding office are noted for their rigid honesty and serve with a singleness of eye to the public good.

I have often expressed my astonishment at the abundance of money here. Dropping from plethoric pockets in showers, beggars some days harvest fabulous sums: and an old rag-picker gathered in one year some $10,000 from a single sewer. Vessels arrive daily from California, bringing unheard quantities of gold; and in getting it ashore so much is spilled that the laborers wade knee deep through the dust (which is given to any one who will cart it away.)

I have met with the greatest kindness here, and I think seriously of making New York my permanent abode. Now, in conclusion, my dear countrymen, having given you a plain and truthful statement, let me advise you all to pack up your duds and dhudeens and come to this blessed country.

Your anxious countryman, O. MICH.

— We are not among those who believe that all office-seekers or office-holders are scoundrels, or that any man need necessarily demean and prostitute himself for the possession of an office; but certain it is that however pure and honorable any man may be who seeks the public suffrage, he can neither attain nor hold office without having his character blackened by detraction, first or last. In this light, the following hard hit from the *Boston News* may apply:

THE CHARCOAL-WAGON OF POLITICS.

During the recent winter we observed a number of urchins surrounding an empty charcoal sled, the driver of which kindly allowed as many as could climb over the tailboard to "jump in, and all have a ride." The youngsters, in their ambitious movements, cared not how their clothes or their faces were soiled or blackened; their only aim was to have a sleigh-ride without paying for it. The circumstance immediately struck us as parallel to the ambition of larger children—those of mature age, in trying to climb the bulkhead which separates the outside barbarians from the luxuries of public office. How many men do we see who lick the dust beneath the feet of the mob, hoping it will enable them to get a ride in some public charcoal cart, regardless of how their characters as men of integrity, or their consciences as Christians, may be befouled by the act. And again, how many little men fall on their knees in the mud before the big drivers of the many public wagons, hoping to get a chance to ride? The coincidence we feel to be correct, and it will ever remain on our mind as the budding of the young idea, precociously trying to shoot. We see men of every class of life debasing themselves below the dignity of manhood, doing every mean and petty act they imagine requisite to ensure a ride in some public charcoal wagon, the inside of which is as filthy as the Augean stable of the fableist; and you ask why is this? Cannot they rather walk on a clean path, and not have themselves besmeared with public filth? Yes, they can; but only one thing prevents them taking the nobler course—the excuse of the beggar in the story—laziness. They do not admire work; it is easier to ride in the wagon, though much of the dust must adhere to their garments. If men would but possess manhood how different they would be. But we suppose while there is an empty charcoal wagon, there will always be plenty of urchins trying to get a ride.

— There is some consolation in this, to all except that class of people who wish to sail under false colors,—an assurance that there is a continual assize going on, at which we take rank and value as nearly at what we are worth as is possible to humanity. Some of us may be the more, some of us the less comfortable, for this

PASSING AT THE REAL VALUE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgement of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgement days, and into every assemblage that a man enters in every action he attemps he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretentions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."

— It is not often that a dismissal has been better executed than in this instance, recorded of Houston, and which may be called

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY "OVER THE LEFT."

Gov. Houston is something of a wag as well as a statesman. An officer of the State's Prison, who had held his place for six years, was about to be removed, when he came to Austin, during the session of the Legislature, with a flattering list of testimonials as to his character, and the excellent manner in which he had fulfilled all his functions. These were all satisfactory enough; but the principle of rotation in office overrode all other considerations; the place was wanted for a political friend, and his removal determined upon. But to break the fall as gently as possible, the Governor adopted a facetious tone and style in a final interview:—"You say," said Gen. H., addressing the gentleman on whom the axe was about to fall, "you say that your conduct has invariably been good?" "Yes, sir." "And you have been in the penitentiary six years?" "I have." "Well, you have been there quite long enough—*I pardon you out!*"

— A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* thus boils down and condenses the late resolutions of the Iowa Democratic Convention into

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF DOUGLAS.

1. The American Eagle is a very fine fowl.
2. We unanimously vote Old Ossawatomie to the devil.
3. For the Black Republican party—the same hasty dish of soup.
4. The Little Giant is a brick.
5. Stephen A. Douglas is a trump.
6. Douglas is a right bower.
7. He'll do to tie to generally.
8. We don't care a red cent what shall be done at Charleston—we go in lemons.

— This is a gem of brevity, poetical feeling and beauty, by "Albert Laighton:"

THE WRECK.

> The ocean sang to my heart last night,
> When I folded my hands in rest,
> A tune as sweet as the mother sings,
> To the child upon her breast.
> But to-day it wails like a funeral dirge,
> As they tell in the quiet town
> How the English ship with land in sight,
> With a hundred souls went down.

— It is stated as a remarkable coincidence that the wills of Fontaine Beckham, Esq., and Old John Brown, were produced for record at the same Court, Jefferson County, Va., and are in the same book, Brown's following Beckham's. Mr. Beckham was killed by Brown's party. His will frees slaves, whom Brown was endeavoring to drive off. Brown's will simply disposes of some personal property.

— The Duke of Wellington used to give a curious account of the behavior of George IV., while being shown over the field of Waterloo. "His Majesty took it very coolly," he used to say; "he never asked me a single question, nor said one word, till I showed him where Lord Anglesey's leg was buried, and then he burst into tears."

— Willis devotes a column and a half of the *Home Journal* to a pleasant sermon, the moral of which is, "Should not our fair countrywomen take it into consideration whether they do not begin to be agreeable a little too early and leave off a great deal too soon?"

— The town of Bremen, Me., is a remarkable place—it has neither *minister, doctor, lawyer, village nor post office!* And yet, says a correspondent of the Rockland *Gazette*, its people are moral, intelligent, healthy, and by no means litigious.

— A Celtic friend of ours was twitted because she had married "a wee bit of a mon." "Be aisy now," she said one day, "Jamie is little, I know, but then he's so active. And activity is everything in a husband!"

— A merchant who lived at Baton Rouge, La., and who was once worth $150,000, was arrested for vagrancy last week, having in five years gambled away his entire fortune.

— "Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."
"No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be *good for nothing*."

— Poor paymasters should learn wisdom from the mosquito, who settles his bill the moment he finds you.

— Bonner, of the *Ledger*, as is well known publishes a chapter or two of each of his leading stories in a thousand or more newspapers (the compensation paid averaging about *three cents a line*)—leaving the catastrophe to be discovered from the "moral family paper." He did so with "Wolfgang," of course, leaving unlimited thousands in agonies of anxiety, from which, however, they were adroitly extricated by the *Eue Claire Free Press*, which gave the following

FINISHING UP OF "WOLFGANG" FROM "WHERE IT LEFT OFF."

"Our readers may feel curious to know whatever became of Captain Lester, who was left in a cave, bound with irons, while the rising water was threatening destruction to himself and the pesky rats. It will be remembered that he had just discovered Carrie Thornton through a fissure in the rock, a circumstance which gave him great courage. He bribed one old rat to gnaw off his irons; and, killing the remainder, he tied their tails together, took himself to pieces, and Carry drew him up through the crack, piece by piece, by the rat tail rope. Captain Lester having, with great presence of mind, marked each piece, had no difficulty in putting himself together again. Just at this moment Wolfgang came in, and Captain Lester stuffed a feather bed down his throat, causing instantaneous strangulation. Captain and Carrie were married, and are now keeping the "Wolfgang House" on the rock of Gibraltar at the mouth of Baffin's Bay. They are said to be in easy circumstances. The Captain never thinks of *rats* without shuddering."

— "What's that a pictur on?" said a countryman in our hearing the other day in a print store, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings.
"That, sir," said the dealer, "is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still."
"Du tell! Wall, which is Josh and which is his son?"

— A young gent of the Trojan city regaled the ears of his "bright particular" with a somewhat protracted serenade, at the close of which the chamber window opened and a small white package descended therefrom. The enamored youth instantly secured the precious missive and retired to a place of safety, and with a trembling hand proceeded to unfold—a night cap and a spoon!

— The Davenport (Iowa) *Democrat* says: "The wife of one of our citizens gave birth, yesterday morning, to twins weighing *eighteen* pounds each, while the mother herself only weighs eighty pounds. The children are both girls. One of them has *five fingers* on each hand, and the other has five fingers on one hand."

New Publications.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA, and its Islands—the Madeira, Canary, Biafra and Cape Verd Islands, &c. By Rev. C. W. Thomas, M. A., member of the Georgia Conference; Chaplain to the African Squadron in 1855, 1856, and 1857. With Illustrations from original Drawings. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Rev. C. W. Thomas, of the Georgia Conference, is very much better fitted for the sort of life here depicted, and the descriptions here given, than most of the gentlemen of "the cloth;" for while the book is not disfigured by a single word that even prudish propriety would wish to blot, it has a gaiety and freshness which those who write as Christian man (and here is one of the secrets of the slow progress of true religion in the world) so seldom impart either to their professional or their secular compositions. Mr. Thomas was on the U. S. corvette Jamestown during the years mentioned, and visited most of the towns on the African coast between the Pillars of Hercules and the boundaries of Southern Guinea; and we hazard nothing in saying that the man who could write in this manner of what he saw and *felt*, must have been an entertaining companion under any circumstances. We have it from one of the subordinate officers in that squadron, who was in the author's company during much of the time embraced in this book, that he *was* among the most genial of companions, while among the most faithful of Christians and most commonsense of religionists,—and so much might be gathered from the volume. Making comparisons between the attractiveness of an officer's uniform and a chaplain's spectacles among the pretty *Jewesses* of Tangier, or going under a broiling sun to visit the prettiest woman there,—painting a black and naked Adonis at the mouth of the Gambia river—or writhing in seasickness on that terrible sea between the Cape de Verds and the Guinea coast,—he is alike genial, self-possessed, and full of an exquisite propriety, bringing out the characteristics of his profession often enough to remind us that he has not forgotten the errand upon which he is sent, but seldom enough to relieve us from any suspicion that the undertone is to be made the predominating one. His notes on Cape Coast Castle and the hurried end of "L. E. L.," are very sadly interesting, and it is painful to see that he does not by any means clear away the suspicions of suicide which surround her exit, though he does full justice, apparently, to the character of Governor Maclean. Seldom do we find a more touching incident, or one more touchingly related, than that of the Georgia woman at Bathurst, on the Gambia, her affectionate recognition of the son of her old master, and her prayer to be taken back to her old American home. The "Member of the Georgia Conference" would not be likely to skip such a proof of attachment to the Southern States: why should he? That our author sees both sides of the great national question, is evident in his very sensible sneer at our pretence of opposing the slave trade, while we make an American flag the defence of any slaver or piratical vessel that chooses to wear it; and his forcible suggestion of a change in our policy as to the "right of search," at least on the African coast. A very pleasant and readable book altogether is this, with a great deal of pleasantly imparted information as to the West Coast, the Islands, &c., not to be elsewhere often met with in so attractive a form.

BLACK DIAMONDS—Gathered in the Darkey Homes of the South. By Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia. New York: Pudney & Russel. 1860. (Second Edition).

This book of less than two hundred pages, but with nerve, vigor and attractiveness enough for a thicker volume—may demand from us, on the issue of a second edition, something of a more extended notice than that given on its first appearance. The contents of the volume, it would seem, were originally addressed by Mr. Pollard, in letters from the South, to Mr. D. M. Clarkson, of Newburgh, N. Y., and as an expression of extreme Southern but by no means fire-eating or disunionist views, intended for Northern circulation—they are of peculiar interest. Mr. Pollard is a genial and pleasant writer, with a quick appreciation of the picturesque in humble life and a warm memory for the surroundings of childhood; and he has given us here closer glimpses at the *reality* of negro situation and relation than we are at all likely to find in the writings either of sensation novelists or of those political writers who have the disadvantage of political ends to be answered or of brief residence among the institutions they attempt to describe. Mr. Pollard writes from a Southern point of view—of course—but with good feeling and evident understanding of his subject, and we know the negro better when we have done with him. It is sadly to be regretted that so pleasant a volume in other respects should have been marred by an open advocacy of the reopening of the Slave trade, as a means of "raising the South to position." This must discredit the whole book at the North, generally, perhaps not with good reason, but inevitably. Spite of this blemish we have taken much pleasure in this second and closer reading, and consider "Black Diamonds," on the whole, likely to enlarge information and do unmistakeable good.

KIT KELVIN'S KERNALS. With Illustrations, New York: Rollo, Publisher. 1860.

An odd but by no means unpleasant jumble of magazine and magazine-ish articles, a considerable portion of which have before seen the light through the medium of the *Knickerbocker*, to the genial and gentlemanly editor of which publication the book is dedicated with the freedom of an old friend. There is nothing in the collection to indicate remarkable popularity for this book; and yet there is in it much to please, and, a little later, when summer tourists begin to travel rapidly, and long stories become a bore, this medley of story and essay will be found highly available. The opening story, "Gregory Ashton," has about as much of horror, misery and suffering as can well be gathered in the same space, albeit there is enough of originality in it to fright the nightmare which would otherwise be inevitable. The "Autobiography of Bill Money Dollars" is second in importance of the sketches in the volume, and a very fair specimen of the Jane Taylor-ish in composition. "Wind and Wave" has some creditable travel-sketching. In style of getting up, the book is very handsome, except the ultra-abominable frontispiece, which is decidedly the worst thing of the season. We are glad to see Rollo again active in the publishing world, as none excel him in general neatness and taste.

THE MEDLEY: A Monthly Magazine. April, 1860. New York: W. E. Chapin, Vanity Fair Office.

We mentioned last week that this publication was forthcoming, and suggested that it should have been a weekly instead of a monthly or a semi-monthly. However, here we have the first number, and though it contains but 32 pages it has really much of vigor, "vim" and merit, and promises well for the future. We remember nothing of more modest looks and pretensions and yet of better augury. "Olla Podrida to the Reader" with which the number opens, is very genial and pleasant—full of droll but quiet humor, So of the "Conversation with a "Teapot," which is among the best of that class of fancies. "Man Overboard," "Two Strings to a Beau" and the "The Fatal Light" are pleasant papers. Barring a single error in rhyme (for which the proof reader may be responsible) the poem "Hit Him Again" is admirable, and we shall copy it. We have no room to say more in addition than that we have high hopes of the little unpretending "Medley," and that we warmly welcome it.

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THE SCOUT OF THE MOHAWK.
THE SCOUT OF THE MOHAWK.
A SUPERB INDIAN TALE.
FULL OF INTENSE INTEREST,
NOW BEING PUBLISHED
IN THE NEW YORK SUN.
ORDER IT SENT TO YOUR HOUSE.
SIX CENTS PER WEEK.

Field Fortifications.

The Department of Engineers, to which a great many of our ambitious young men are earnestly attached, is still but a myth in existence. The numerous corps who are posted in advance of our several Regiments, the Staff Department, who parade on their good looks, are alike deficient of any idea, either practical or theoretical, of Field Fortifications.

Professor Siddons, a graduate of the British army, and instructor of "Engineering, Field Fortifications and Geography," proposes to give a free lecture at the Division Armory, on this important subject. To those who have any desire to see the subject properly handled and illustrated, we say don't fail to attend it. Tickets can be procured at this office *gratis*.

Coloneicy of the Fifty-ninth Regiment.

The election held in this Regiment at which Captain Page was chosen for Colonel, and which was appealed by him, from a decision of General Swan to the Governor, has been set aside, on the ground that there being but four companies in the district did not entitle those companies to a Colonel.

This we look upon as important, settling as it does the one fact that less than six companies do not constitute a regiment. We think, in view of Capt. Page being the choice of a majority when such election was held, the Commander-in-Chief might appoint him Colonel until the necessary companies were located.

THE BIRD CHAMPION.—Yesterday the Boston boat brought to this city a huge live eagle, measuring eight feet from tip to tip, and as wild and savage as when it its eyrie. A Boston paper alludes to this eagle as follows: "He was found by a Boston boy on a common near the city, standing beside the body of a horse, on which he had fed and gorged himself to such an extent, that he was lethargic and helpless. Evidently he had been previously suffering from a long fast. Subsequently the king of birds was presented to the Hon. John Taylor, who got his powerful brother 'Billy' to incarcerate his feathered majesty in a huge oak cage, for transportation to Gotham." Mr. Joseph Taylor yesterday presented the bird to John Ireland, of the Star House, No. 62 Lispenard street, where it can be seen. Mr. I. will match this eagle "agin" any canine fighter in the city. We would pity the dog that came in contact with its talons, which, when extended, cover six inches square.

A MARINE MYSTERY AND HORROR has been the excitement of the latter portion of the week; the sloop E. A. Johnson, of Long Island, having been found adrift in the Lower Bay on Tuesday, with blood on almost every part of her, making it sure that a terrible murder had been committed and that the perpetrator had escaped in a boat. The boat belonging to the sloop has since been found on the Staten Island shore, and it has been discovered that a man landed near the Lower Landing and made his way apparently towards the steamboat. He has doubtless escaped. The sloop had started some days before for a trip to Virginia after oysters, and is said to have had an unknown man on board as one of her crew. As the captain had probably $1,500 or $2,000 with him for the purchase of his cargo, there is little doubt that the foul crime was committed to secure the money.

MR. SIDDONS ON MILITARY SCIENCE.—Military science in this city bids fair to receive a new and very necessary impetus, in the formation of a class for instruction in Fortification, Engineering, Geography, and the higher branches of instruction—about to be essayed by Mr. J. H. Siddons, whose many years of experience in England and India, and of acquaintance with the developements of military science in all the countries of Europe, peculiarly fit him for imparting such instruction. That no nobler body of men exists than our militia, all admit: to perfect themselves, both for theoretical experiment and possible active service, there seems but the one thing necessary—that which Mr. Siddons, in his card in another column, proposes to supply.

EQUINOCTIAL GALES.—We have a suspicion that the recent heavy gales and general kicking up of dust, are all to be attributed to the excitement produced by the announcement that Knox is ready with his spring styles of hats, caps, &c. When Knox sets to work in earnest, he always makes the fur fly and raises the dust? For further particulars, inquire at the great Broadway Hat Emporium, corner of Broadway and Fulton street.

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.—The carpet dealers in the Bowery, near No. 99, have suffered considerably in their business since the injunction served upon them to prevent their leading the public astray by hanging out cards with "99" on them in large figures. Of course the business of HIRAM ANDERSON, who alone has the right to use the number 99, has been proportionably increased.

EDWARD BASSFORD, corner of Astor Place and Fourth avenue, and Third Avenue and Astor Place, sells all kinds of house-furnishing articles—everything imaginable of use in the kitchen—cheaper and of better quality than can be found elsewhere in the city.

HON. ZADOCK PRATT, of Prattsville, N. York, now nearly seventy years of age, has lately made the overland journey from San Francisco to St. Louis, in 19 days, not resting more than half an hour at any one time—an instance of endurance on his part unequaled at his age.

New York Leader.

JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1860.

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&c., &c. &c.

GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

MARION.—With the greatest pleasure, madame. Our age is there or thereabouts—perhaps more, perhaps less—any number of years to suit you, madame. We respectfully refer you to the opinion of our tonsorial artist of the International Hotel. We never decide any questions of so personal a character, as it would be extremely imprudent in a bachelor.

FRANK.—The drop curtain of the Winter Garden is a representation of Aristophanes, the great Athenian satiric dramatist—cotemporary with Socrates—reading one of his comedies at sunset, by the sea-shore, near the city of Athens. The painting is by Russell Smith, and is one of the finest works of the class in this country.

CROCUS.—We do not wish to arrange for any such matter ourselves, nor do we feel free to make any statement of prices to be paid by others. Prices paid for contributions in any case are entirely optional.

P. V. V. D.—Catherine Hayes has never appeared, to our knowledge, under any other name than her own, except as she may have been flippantly called "Kate Hayes," or "The Swan of Erin."

NED.—Frank Queen, Editor of the *Clipper*, has appeared on the Plaza in a blue and golden costume. We thank you for your kindly interest in our success, and work pretty hard to deserve it.

J. S.—Be sure that we are not tired of you, and that we shall use your contributions as fast as possible. Always glad to hear from you except when you grow impatient.

F. F.—"Alvine, come back to me," and "Turn your Thoughts," are respectfully declined.

GOVERNEUR.—Will oblige us by calling at this office any day after 4 P.M.

W. P. F.—"An Irishman's Story" will not do.

THE CENTRAL PARK SWINDLE.

A long and very interesting letter from our special correspondent at Albany with reference to the Central Park Commissioners, has been delayed on the road, owing probably to some mail remissness, so that it has only reached us just as we go to press. Being several columns in length, it is wholly impossible to make room for it in the present issue; but we shall give it due prominence in our next, and meantime may safely assure our readers that we have never seen a more startling document, or one more directly calculated to arouse public action against the men who could be guilty of such acts as are stated and proved in the letter, which we shall publish next week.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The Spanish Government has on many occasions arrogated to itself the task of reading lessons to the United States on the subject of international comity. There are on file in the archives of our State Department at Washington many bushels of high-sounding protests against the various fillibuster projects which private citizens of the United States have, from time to time, had the hardihood to start. The greater part of these bear the signature of Spanish Statesmen, or Captains General; and they can now be used to meet a practical and direct issue,—which is much more than could be said of them at the time of their original reception by our Government.

While the Spanish authorities complained bitterly of expeditions illegally set on foot by individuals in various parts of the United States—expeditions not recognized by our Government, but on the contrary pursued and arrested wherever possible,—we find the Captain General of Cuba deliberately permitting two fillibuster steamers, the "Marquez" and "Miramon," to be fitted out under the very guns of the "Moro"—their cargoes of arms and ammunition passing under review of the Cuban authorities, and all their preparations being publicly made for the invasion of a country with which the Spanish Government is at peace.

Now it was under precisely similar circumstances—when the Walker fillibusters proposed to invade Nicaragua, with the avowed object of helping the Liberal party in that country to throw off the yoke of the serviles, and when ships were surreptitiously chartered for this object and fitted out in direct evasion and defiance of the United States authorities—that we received homilies of interminable length from Spain on the outrage of tolerating such practices; and the protocol-makers dwelt in glowing periods on the duty of our Government to arrest expeditions, for the most part, of which nothing was ever known until intelligence of their having safely reached Central America came back to us in vessels from that coast!

Let some of these rhetorical protests be now rummaged up; and when Spain complains of the action taken by the commanders of the "Indianola" and "Saratoga" in arresting as pirates the "Marquez" and "Miramon,"—we shall need no better reply to such complaints than fair copies of the high-flown Spanish documents on this subject when the boot was supposed to fit upon the other leg. The expeditions from this country, of which Spain complained, were surreptitious, secret and carried on in defiance of the General Government. The expedition under Marin, which our vessels have happily captured, was fitted out with the full sanction of the Cuban authorities; and it is further asserted that the money used in completing it—about $300,000—was furnished directly by the Spanish Government, in compliance with a secret article of the Almonte treaty.

All credit is due to the officers and men of the "Saratoga," "Indianola" and "Wave," for their activity and success in this enterprise. It is to be hoped that no sudden ague-fit at Washington may make them sufferers—as was the case with Commodore Paulding—for obeying the instructions of their Government and the fundamental principles of international law. They have done their whole duty, and it has been well done. Our Executive must stand prepared to take the responsibility of their action, and to repel with proper vigor any attempts by any foreign power whatsoever to interfere in Mexico or any other part of the North American continent not at present subject to foreign control.

As to the merits of the Mexican imbroglio itself, our opinion has before this been frankly and explicitly stated. We see in that country two governments claiming to exercise authority—one headed by Miramon, occupying the national capitol and acknowledged by the wealthiest provinces; the other led by Juarez, representing perhaps a larger popular element, but now under siege in Vera Cruz. The Miramon party has been called the "Church Party;" while the friends of Juarez arrogate to themselves the special title of "Liberals." Between these two, in our judgment, and without interference either from Spain or the United States, the question of domestic supremacy should be settled. It is the avowed and most wise resolution of our government to avoid entangling alliances; and while we have so many things claiming attention at home, it can hardly be either good public policy or wise economy to undertake the spoon-feeding and nurture of that nascent Juarez nationality which Mr. Minister McLane seems to hold in such high regard and promise.

Our Government, as we view the matter, will discharge its full duty in securing that no foreign interference shall be admitted. The British Government, it is said, has proposed an armistice, a general amnesty, and compulsory religious toleration—Lord John Russell threatening, should these propositions be refused, to extort *vi et armis* from both factions in Mexico full indemnity for the amounts due to British subjects on former loans. These terms would seem to suit Miramon, who is understood to have accepted the first propositions, adding thereto a stipulation that England, France, Spain, Prussia, and the United States shall become a board of mediators for the establishment of peace. In other words, he directly invites the interference of four European Governments in the affairs of a country which must some day or other, in the natural order and progress of events, become part of the United States!

It must be needless to say that Miramon has injured himself and lost many friends in this country by an offer so flagrantly inadmissible. We can submit to anything rather than give France, England, Spain and Prussia any color of right for future meddling in the affairs of Central America. Better for us to assist the Juarez party at once, should this proposition be persisted in with any chance of accomplishment. But while matters remain as they are at present, the difficulty being confined to two native Mexican parties, the settled conviction of the American mind both is and must continue in favor of allowing the Mexicans themselves to settle their own form of Government and choose their own Chief Magistrate. If their choice be Miramon, well and good. If their choice be Juarez, the same. But in either case, let the rights of American residents in Mexico be vindicated; and let us have, not only indemnity for past injuries to our citizens and their property, but also reasonable security that for the future such injuries shall never be repeated. The Mexican pear is nearly ripe; it will fall at our feet in good time, if we can only keep patiently "never minding" until the fruit has attained due mellowness.

THE WOOD-REPUBLICAN COALITION.

The Republicans of our State Legislature have thrown off the mask, and Fernando Wood seems also to have discarded disguise as of no further use. The secret coalition between Mozart Hall and the machine Republicans, which resulted last December in the defeat of the regular Democratic nominee for Mayor, is now proclaimed on the housetops of Albany, and threatens to bear further bitter fruit for the city of New York and all her dearest interests.

An amended Charter is now under consideration, whereby Wood, as Mayor, bargains away all the most valuable power and patronage of the City Government to the Comptroller, in exchange for liberty from the Legislature to appoint his brother Henry Wood Street Commissioner, and probably his brother-in-law, Schermerhorn, City Inspector. Such is the latest championing of our "municipal champion;" and it is thus Mr. Wood betrays the rights of his constituency, for the sake of repairing the shattered fortunes of a member of his family.

The charter as amended in its present shape is more obnoxious than any other specimen of special legislation yet given to us—the powers which it concentrates in the hands of the Comptroller being absolute and most extensive. As the result, many hundred Democratic employees will be dismissed to make room for Republicans; and an amount of patronage will be placed at the disposal of the Comptroller, such as was never dreamed of by the people when Mr. Haws was elected to office.

The Street Department will be dismantled, should this Wood-Republican Charter pass—certain of its bureaux being transferred to the Finance Department, and the balance handed over to the Mayor as his reward for this betrayal of civic trust. The same course will be pursued with regard to the City Inspector; and the Mayor will be specially empowered (as "the poor man's friend," no doubt,) to have the streets cleaned by machinery instead of by the employment of the many hundred humble but honest laborers who now earn a subsistance at this calling.

Wood has had an active Lobby at Albany during the past fortnight, engaged in completing the preliminaries and conditions of this bargain. He has attempted but the thinnest sort of concealment in the matter; and there are many who believe that this is his first step towards going over bodily to the Republican side. It is thought and said by some who stand close to him, that he will use the rejection of his bogus Delegation at Charleston next month, as the pretext for publicly avowing himself in favor of Wm. H. Seward, and renouncing the Democratic faith as a heresy which he "has played for all it was worth."

Startling as this proposition may appear to those who do not know the man, such a course has been already indicated in the columns of his own special organ—an extract from which we made some weeks ago, threatening that the Mozart sore-heads would bolt the Charleston nomination, in case the bogus Delegation got up by Wood should be rejected. For ourselves, this end of Wood's political career has long been foreseen, and we shall rejoice when the odium of his friendship is publicly placed where it belongs—on his natural allies the Republicans. To this consummation present events at Albany are rapidly tending, and we shall be glad when the farce of "Wood a Democrat" is ended.

☞ We are pleased to learn that our friend Hon. Thomas A. Gardner, Senator from Kings County, is winning the favorable opinion of all those having business at Albany, by the moral rectitude which governs all his actions. Senator Gardner is active and energetic in advocating the interests of the constituency which he represents, while carefully examining every other subject presented in the Senate for his official judgment. For a young man Senator Gardner has made his mark in the political history of Kings County, and we trust that his services will be recognized and rewarded by continued endorsements from the Democracy of the city of Brooklyn.

☞ Our friends at Washington and Albany will accept our salutations for documents and speeches. During the past week we have been overwhelmed with kindness in this respect, and desire to recognize their favors in a collective reciprocity of thanks.

☞ In the present unsightly condition of the granite shaft at Madison Square, erected to commemorate the services of Gen. Worth, we suggest to the Common Council to changing its name from the Worth to the Worthless Monument.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES REVIEWED.

The conviction that Judge Douglas is the only candidate with whom the Democratic Party can hope for success in the ensuing Presidential contest, is gaining ground every day and gradually forcing the friends of other candidates to withdraw their special favorites from the field. Without Douglas defeat; with Douglas victory; these are the alternatives before us, and whoever hesitates to accept the latter must be regarded as an enemy to the Democratic Party.

From all points of the compass—in all ranks and circles—we meet men who have been estranged from the Democratic Party for years, but who are now eager to see the Little Giant nominated, stating that they will "return to their first political love" on this graceful invitation. It is not to be concealed that we shall need this neutral vote in the coming struggle—the non-party vote being the balance of power, and certain to be cast against us unless we have Judge Douglas as our champion.

The interest of the South in this election is one of paramount importance. It assumes to them the shape of a contest in which all their most vital interests are at stake. They have to choose practically between Seward and Douglas—the former being sure of election should any but the latter be our nominee. This is a candid statement of the issue, and the leading men of the South have to stand or fall by their own action.

Senator Hunter, whose name has been lately much used in connection with the Presidency, is an amiable and high-toned gentleman, whose record is as free from blot as it is void of brilliancy. If this were a contest in which negative virtues could avail—the virtues of never having been caught in any dishonest act, or in the advocacy of any very unpopular measure—Senator Hunter would be as good as the next man equally blameless. But of those higher and warmer qualities which elicit personal devotion, respect, confidence and active enthusiasm, this gentleman is as destitute as one of the decaying pine-stumps in the Dismal Swamp.

Ex-Secretary Guthrie has positive qualities of a high order. He is an honest man—actively honest; a foe to public rapine. He is truthful and conservative, blunt, vigorous, and with an ardent nature concealed under a rough exterior. But he is, to all intents and purposes, a Whig of the old school in relation to the Protection of American Industry; he is specially obnoxious in this State, owing to his personal interference in the Hard and Soft controversy, beheading Judge Bronson who was then Collector of the Port; he would be coldly supported by the free-trade Democrats of the West, while deserted by many free-traders of the South, in favor of the Native American nominee. His positive qualities have chiefly ensured for him positive unpopularity; and though his own State will be honestly and earnestly for him, it will almost certainly be found to stand in a minority of one.

John C. Breckinridge is out of the question for many reasons. In the first place, the delegation from his own State will not support him. Secondly, his early affiliations with the Americans will rise up in judgment against him. Thirdly, his Frankfort speech has identified him so closely with the Administration, that James Buchanan in person—wretched, abandoned and hopeless as he is—would stand more chance before the people. Fourthly, the sinister and disingenuous course pursued by John C. Breckinridge towards Judge Douglas, has raised an issue in the North West which would probably leave the Democratic Party without enough votes to swear by in those States, should the Vice-President be made our candidate for a still higher place. Fifthly, as Leslie Coombs remarked to him, "there is no man in the Democratic Party who has done so little for it, and received so much as John C. Breckinridge." We could multiply the reasons against this gentleman by the dozen, but enough have been already stated.

General Joseph Lane is a sort of Presidential myth—his sole claim even to mention in the connection resting on the fact that he bore some reputation for personal courage in the Mexican war. On this it is enough to say that the war named has exhausted its productive powers—General Taylor and General Pierce being the two satisfactory outcrops of the political manuring to be found in such blood as was shed on Mexican battle-fields. Apart from this, no one can be serious in talking of "Old Joe Lane"—poor old Joe—as a fit champion in a contest against such a man as Seward.

Franklin Pierce is not without a few friends, but the recent result in New Hampshire has put the tombstone over their hopes. It would be interesting to know whether the joint majorities against Pierce in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut could, by any stress of activity and zeal on the Democratic side, be kept within a limit of four hundred thousand votes? If only beaten by an aggregate of this amount in the four States named, this—with such a candidate as Franklin Pierce—would be a Democratic triumph. We know that Pierce has good qualities, both of head and heart; but the misfortune is that public opinion has branded him as the most disastrous officer ever placed in the Presidential chair.

We have heard with astonishment some Democrats mention the name of General Sam Houston, and we confess that he has strong points to recommend him as the American nominee. He has a romantic history; has done the State much service; is a type-man, almost the only survivor, of the Leather-Stocking tribe of frontiersmen; has an unstained personal character, and is not without many active friends in all sections of the country. But as a member of the Native American party, we can think of no claim which he can urge to the Democratic nomination. In our judgment, John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, or Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, might be spoken of as proper Democratic candidates with just as much political consistency.

Daniel S. Dickinson of this State has a few friends who profess to feel confident that the Sage of Binghamton has strength and may be nominated. We say "profess to feel"—in compliment to the understandings of the parties so speaking; for to believe them in earnest, would be tantamount to an accusation of idiocy. Mr. Dickinson, who is a nice white-haired old gentleman, full of Scripture and subtlety, has standing on record against him certain phrases which would suffice—each one of them—to damn ten candidates before every Northern constituency. These slumber now in the same oblivion with their author; but let this ancient Daniel come to judgment at the ballot-box, and he will find them blazoned in scarlet letters, a yard long each, on every dead-wall, curb stone and gable end North of Mason and Dixon's line. Besides, Dickinson has no personal strength anywhere—no manly respect anywhere; and he would be beaten in this State by a majority of one hundred and fifty thousand votes at the least—two hundred thousand should Seward be the Republican nominee.

And now—this article having reached a fair length—we shall close our review for the present, with an earnest request to our friends in the South to take these statements under consideration, as the warnings of a sincere and deeply interested friend. We have given the best proofs of our devotion to the Democratic Party, and are willing to take our part in the contest, no matter for what candidate fighting. But we entreat them not to saddle our efforts in advance with a foreknowledge of defeat: we beg them, for their own sakes, to be careful lest they defeat their own dearest rights in efforts to defeat Judge Douglas. With this last named candidate, though not of a sanguine turn in politics, we know that victory is certain; we know that the popular heart throbs for him with generous admiration and genuine respect. He can carry the Democratic banner to a conquest unexampled in completeness; while, with any of the others named in this article, the great point for Northern Democrats to attain, would be a reduction of the Republican majorities to a point in each district and State not absolutely disgraceful to the supporters of the Charleston nominee.

TAMMANY HALL GENERAL COMMITTEE.

We learn from Washington, by private advices, that the excellent and patriotic resolutions adopted at the meeting of the Tammany Hall General Committee, held on last Wednesday evening, in reference to "The Contested Seats," have attracted a great deal of complimentary notice in the national capitol, and are generally regarded as a masterpiece of political statement and logic. Democratic Senators and Congressmen confess almost unanimously that the record made in these resolutions and the documents appended thereto, is one utterly destructive to the hopes of the bogus delegation claiming to represent the Wood-Republican bolters. Great praise is given to Hon. Elijah F. Purdy for his promptness in calling the Committee together, under the peculiar circumstances; and Wm. D. Kennedy has gained another laurel by his active exertions at such a juncture to place Tammany Hall in a true light before the National Democracy. Moreover, the part taken in the matter by Postmaster Fowler is fully appreciated; and, in fact—so says our correspondent—there is "a general hallelujah all round," produced by finding so much activity and true patriotic zeal, still warming, as of old, the walls of the saintly wigwam. For ourselves, we are in ecstacies at the result of the meeting of the General Committee last Wednesday evening; but regret to find that our Washingtonian friends should not also have received information of the vigorous "campaign organization" which was perfected, after the passage of the resolutions, before the Committee adjourned; and also of the steps which were then taken—last Wednesday evening—to raise funds by the personal exertions of the Committees for the purpose of assisting our good friends in Connecticut who are fighting the first heavy skirmish of the great Presidential free-fight which is set down in the bills of the political P. R. for the first Monday of next November.

THE NEW POLICE BILL.

One of the best political "sells" we have heard of lately, was practiced in Albany this week upon the Republican Committee, who went up to endorse the Charter amendments. After the Committee had discharged its mission, a paper was handed around for signatures to endorse the Police Bill before the Senate, which the Committee generally signed upon a representation that the Bill had no other object than a reconstruction of the Commission for the benefit of Republicans in New York. It is now discovered that the Bill, while it adds the towns of Newtown, Flushing and Jamaica to the Metropolitan Police district, throws the whole expense of maintaining the system upon the cities of New York and Brooklyn. But the appointments in the force, from the Commissioner down to doorman, may be made from any part of the district. The new Commissioners are also to be empowered by Section 13 of the Bill, to appoint fifty patrolmen from the State at large, as "detectives."

All remonstrance against this iniquitous programme, which is apparently intended to enable the powers at Albany to reward their country friends and supporters with places in the Metropolitan Police, as they have already done with the Harbor Masters and Port Wardens,—is met with a cool assurance that the measure is "all right," that the Republican Committee men have approved of it, and that it must go through.

The Committee has a right to consider itself "sold." But the members should have borne in mind that the Albany gentry never "consult" the city men without an intention of plucking them in some shape. The idea of appointing "detectives" from the country is rich.

☞ "THE SCOUT OF THE MOHAWK" is the title of the last sensation in the *New York Sun*, from the pen of L. Augustus Jones, a young writer who makes his speciality among scenes of startling interest and adventure. In the work before us he has blended fine characterization with thrilling incident—a union from which come the gems of story, but one altogether too rare. It is not strange that the *Sun* has already found its account in the acquisition of this writer, and in the story of the "Scout."

☞ The *Home Journal*, we are pleased to see, is commencing the publication of a capital translation, by our esteemed lady contributor Mrs. Marian M. Pullan, of one of Octave Feuillet's finest stories—"Marriage by Will." The story is Venetian, and of the first interest. We have the double assurance of personal examination of part of the MS., and of the editor of the *Home Journal*—that the translation is one of the best yet made from any French author.

☞ The veto by Governor Morgan of the Tax Levy will seriously embarrass the operations of the City Government for a short time. The City Inspector and Street Department have work to be performed that cannot be awarded, under the Charter, until the appropriations are made. We trust the Legislature will take speedy action on the subject.

☞ The *Tribune* makes grave charges of incompetency and unbecoming conduct personally, against the Governors of the Almshouse, that should be investigated to give the public an opportunity of judging how far the *Tribune* is correct in its statements.

☞ The Republicans are organizing in this city for the Presidential campaign, by the formation of Clubs and opening of Reading Rooms. The Democracy seem to have forgotten that a Presidential election takes place in November next.

☞ Our usual screed from "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" is unavoidably crowded out.

DOINGS AND GOSSIP AROUND THE CITY HALL.

The Board of Supervisors, at their last session, voted to commence operations shortly on the new Court House in the Park, notwithstanding the veto of Mayor Wood. The Record Commissioners and the Supervisors, it appears, cannot agree, and Supervisor Purdy's resolution to complete the work under the direction of the latter body failed of passage. Very little business was transacted by the county legislators at their meeting this week.

At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen on Monday evening, a resolution was offered early in the session by Alderman Cornell, that when the Board adjourn it adjourn to meet on Monday evening, the 26th. An amendment to adjourn to Thursday evening, made by Alderman Owens, failed, and the resolution of adjournment to Monday prevailed. Necessary absence of a portion of the Board at Albany was alleged by some as the cause of the interregnum, while others held that certain papers were on the table upon which the Board were not prepared to act—among others, another nomination by his Honor the Mayor for the Presidency of the Croton Acqueduct Board, the name of the nominee not transpiring. This opinion was strengthened by various motions made by Alderman Seagrist to suspend the order of business for the sake of taking up communications from his Honor the Mayor, all of which were at once tabled, as well as certain appeals made by the same gentleman—the Alderman from the Thirteenth having the honor of being tabled something like a dozen of times during the evening. Among his motions tabled, was one to discharge the special committee on the nomination of Dr. R. B. Bradford for Health Commissioner, this result leaving the Doctor still under the care of Boole, who has promised, however, to call the committee together and "make an early report."

A petition was presented on the same evening in the Aldermen, praying that some measures might be taken to change the disgraceful condition of the Worth Monument at Madison Square, or that, failing any such effort, the Monument might at once be demolished and the remains of the illustrious deceased removed to some locality where they would not be perpetually covered with handbills and surrounded by nuisances. A resolution was passed, in connection, calling upon the Street Commissioner for information why the railing around the Monument had not been completed, and why the grounds have been left in their present disgraceful condition. It is to be hoped that this movement will be productive of some result, and that we shall no longer have the pain of witnessing so disgraceful a spectacle as this, which instead of doing honor to a departed hero, in its present condition really pillories him. A resolution was offered on the same evening, but referred to the Committee on Law Department—authorizing Hon. Henry E. Davies to re-compile the State Laws relative to the city of New York, of which his former compilation was destroyed by the burning of the City Hall—and appropriating $3,000 as compensation.

Among the resolutions presented in the Board of Councilmen on Monday evening, was one by Councilman Perley, in favor of removing the fountain from Tompkins Square and laying out the Square as a parade ground for the military. This was referred to the Committee on Lands and Places. A very large amount of routine business, in the confirmation of contracts for street paving, &c., was transacted by both Board on the Monday evening session. At the Thursday evening session of the Board of Councilmen (the Aldermen not meeting) very little of public interest occurred. A communication was received from the Counsel to the Corporation, with reference to the supplying of Croton Water to the State Prison at Sing Sing; the Croton Aqueduct Department having some time ago called the attention of the Common Council to their unwillingness to supply the Prison except upon certain conditions. The paper from the Counsel was accompanied by a memorial and remonstrance to the State Legislature on the subject.

The Board of Aldermen have not yet acted upon the ordinance organising the Emigrant Squad for the Mayor's office. The necessity for this squad of retainers to form a Praetorian Guard for Wood, is at the best doubtful, and the Board should examine the subject closely before the ordinance is acted upon. The Emigrant Squad attached to the Mayor's office during Wood's former term as Mayor, was said to be formed of the most corrupt and mercenary material. From the rumors floating around the City Hall, the Emigrant Squad is considered "a big thing," and one gentleman well posted on the subject informs us that by proper management it can be made to produce one hundred thousand dollars during the term of the present Mayor.

The Emigrant Squad will have exclusive police control over passengers arriving at this port, and the uniform of authority will lead the ignorant to be guided entirely by their information. It is a very easy matter for policemen to make arrangements with steamboat and railroad lines for a share in the transportation of passengers, (as before,) and if the Emigrant Squad is organized, Wood will make immense efforts to control the whole immigration at this port. Already the friends of the Mayor are quarrelling over the appointments to be given out in this new dodge of manufacturing places to reward political favorites.

The Mayor has nominated to the Board of Aldermen Thomas Addis Emmet, for President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, but the communication has not been formally presented to the Board for action. In the Street Department no further changes have taken place since our list of last week. Azaeal Freeman, Clerk of the Bureau of Roads, has resigned, and it is rumored that Joseph Brennan will fill the vacancy. Alexander Ward, Superintendent of Side walks, has filed affidavits impugning the veracity of the party-making charges of venality against him.

Peter Duffy, of the Fifteenth Ward, formerly Inspector of Vessels, is an applicant for the position now held by Ward, and we believe is endorsed by all the Democratic members of the Board of Aldermen. The Street Commissioner has commenced work upon the roads that are in a very bad condition, and the riding community will rejoice at his action. A claim of $5,620 has been made against the city for violation of Bogardus' patent in erecting the iron front of Tompkins Market. The party putting in the claim furnished the plans and specifications, and was paid $200 therefor. The Counsel to the Corporation is to report on the matter.

We regret to see a disposition exhibited at Albany to interfere with the present admirable management of the Street Department. Since Street Commissioner Smith, and his Deputy, Captain Lovell, have assumed control, the Street Department hds been in every respect the best managed executive auxiliary of the City Government.

OUR ALBANY LETTER.

Albany, March 23rd, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—The most intense excitement and indignation has prevailed here for the week past among all classes of politicians, in relation to the amendments proposed to your City Charter. The New York delegation, with the exception of one or two, perhaps, are very bitter in their opposition to this Bill. A strong delegation of Republicans from your city has been up here the whole week urging passage of measures. It was asserted upon the floor of the House by Mr. Cooper of your city, that this bill was only opposed by Tammany Democrats; so much the more honor belongs to them, as it establishes the fact that they are truly Democrats at heart, opposed to all centralization of power.

In conversation with some of the leading Republican members of the House, they assure me that the arguments in favor of the Bill have made no impression on them, and that they think it a dangerous policy to be always tampering with your City Charter.

On Monday evening the House in Committee of the Whole had under discussion the bill to abolish capital punishment in the State of New York. Speeches were made on the subject, but no action taken.

The Senate bill tolling all freights passing over the several railroads in our State was amended by inserting the second section of the Assembly bill, and also striking out the 2 1-2 cents per mile clause for passenger passing over the Central road.

The Republicans held a joint caucus in the Assembly chamber on Tuesday night in reference to this matter, which was far from being harmonious, and after remaining in session till past midnight, adjourned over to Wednesday evening. Upon that evening, the same factious spirit was manifested, which sorely puzzled the leaders, who considered they had things their own way. Many bolted directly from the caucus, and declared they should not consider themselves bound in any way to respect its action. So you will see there is a serious division in the ranks of the Republican Party of the State of New York. The subjects discussed in the Caucus were the Railroad Toll Bill and Personal Liberty Bill.

Governor Morgan has vetoed the Sunday Amusement bill. The Senate endeavored to pass it over his veto, but failed to do so by a large vote. Governor Morgan has done great honor to himself in his action with respect to this obnoxious measure. He also, on Wednesday, signed the Woman's Rights bill. This measure was engineered through by Mr. Slingerland, of the House, and they tell me in consequence of it he has become very popular with the ladies.

The Grinding Committee has accomplished a great amount of labor since its inauguration, and may be considered a "big thing;" a legislative Hercules. It has ground out about thirty bills, though purely of a minor character as yet. Among those is the Hay bill I spoke of last week. It is to be hoped if your charter gets in the hopper, it may be reduced so fine that neither Oakey Hall nor the deluded Democrats from your city will be able to recognise it,

The Senate on Wednesday next will have before it for consideration as a special order the Metropolitan Police bill. A great fight is expected on this question. Commissioners Stranahan and Bowen are up here attending to this matter.

McQuade (rep.), of Oneida, on Wednesday moved to make the New York railroad bills a special order for the next day. Jaques and Conkling opposed the motion, but it was carried. Upon its coming up on Wednesday, the same gentlemen moved that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from further consideration of these bills, and they be re-committed back to the committee which reported them, with power to report complete. This motion was also carried, and so the bills are again in the hands of the Committee on the Incorporation of Cities and Villages, and they will be reported back to the House at an early day. On Wednesday Mr. Masterson endeavored to have the bill amending your charter, providing for pay of your Aldermen, referred to the Committee of the Whole, but the motion being objected to by Mr. Smith, of your city, Pete's good intentions towards your Councilmen were frustrated.

Albany at present is completely filled by politicians and wire pullers from your city, all eager to have an early consideration of their pet schemes. E. Delafield Smith has the Washington Heights commission in his pocket, and he is followed "where'er he goeth" by the hungriest lobby I ever saw. Mat Green, Merve Brewer, John A. Kennedy, Hon. George Opdyke, John Flender, Johnny Shaw and Dan Connover and others have rooms at Congress Hall, and hold daily sessions upon the state of the Charter in conjunction with the Republican Old and Young Men's General Committee from your City, who are here to a man. Hon. Jake Smith is here, in company with Joseph W. Brown, of the Assessors' office. Jake thinks the Ticket Swindling bill a humbug. Aldermen Boole and Cornell are at the Stanwix, as is also Doctor Rollins, of your city.

Alderman Dayton of Brooklyn is up here, looking after the cheap ferry bill, which has been reported adversely to by the Committee on Commerce and Navigation. The Alderman desires to have the vote upon accepting of the report of the Committee re-considered. For the information of the Alderman, I would say his chance is a small one.

The Senate on Thursday night ordered the Washington Heights bill to a third reading. Many attempts were made by Senators Murphy and Spinola to increase the Commission by inserting the names of James Gordon Bennet Jr. and Frederick Hudson in the bill, but the majority was against them, and they were compelled to take back seats. This bill is certainly a "big thing," as it proposes to establish a Commission to open avenues and streets in the extreme upper part of your city, commonly known as Carmansville.

The West Washington Market Bill has been reported by the "Sacred Nine." Mr. Conkling desired to have this bill stricken out from the report of the Committee, but the house refused to consent; and it was accordingly sent to a Select Committee of five to report complete.

We have been visited by a severe snow storm, which has given to our city the dreary aspect of winter. All hopes of an early spring seem now as far removed as they were in the middle of January; and those who were ambitious of an early display of linen clothes and patent leather pumps, are taking the "back track," and consoling themselves in bearskin coats, fur caps, woollen comforters, and gutta percha overshoes.

From the appearance of things here, I am inclined to believe a strong effort will be made to rush the Charter Amendments through the House. Cooper and Tucker of your city are very active in such movements. It was their intention to take action on the measure on Thursday, thereby cutting off the majority of the committee from bringing in their report, but an adjournment was carried. The minority report was presented on Friday morning by Mr. A. Smith, of your city. It is couched in strong and imperative language, and cannot fail to make a deep impression on the minds of the members of the House.

SIR OLIVER.

P. S. The Governor this morning sent in his veto to the House of the Tax Levy, in consequence of an appropriation being in the bill for the Commissioners of Record. The attempt to pass the bill over the Governor's veto failed, but the friends of the Commissioners are confident of carrying it through. I cannot see any objection to its passage, as the contracts existing under the State act have been decided valid by the courts, and the county is liable for the payment of work already performed. There is a disposition to pass the bill notwithstanding the Governor's objection.

Military Matters.

[FOR ADDITIONAL MILITARY SEE SEVENTH PAGE.]

The Seventh Regiment.

Mr. J. H. Siddons, who was formerly in the British Artillery, and who has devoted the best part of his life to military studies and instructions, makes the following observations on our National Guard:

"I have had the advantage of seeing both wings of the Seventh Regiment at drill, and if the opinion of an English stranger is not an impertinence, I will take leave to say that no troops in the world can equal this corps for precision and regularity of movement. I speak advisedly, for my experience comprises all the armies of Europe and Asia. The French and Belgians are perhaps more lithesome, but in the *solidarite*, which the French Marshals in the Crimea admired so much as a striking feature of the English, the American militia is unrivalled. The equipment of the Engineer Company is perfect, and corresponds with the improved system now adopted, or adopting, throughout Europe. Not so, however, the equipment of the infantry companies. The broad, pipe-clayed cross belts, and the knapsack straps or fixings are *rococo*—the former are cumbersome and give much trouble, the latter are very inconvenient and subject the wearer to pain and annoyance. A single belt supporting the bayonet scabbard, and a waist belt bearing the pouch, have in European armies superseded the cross belts, and the knapsack ligatures are to be abolished in favor of metallic springs which come over the shoulders leaving the arms and the chest quite free and clear.

"The polished barrels of the muskets of the Seventh, struck me as being behind the age. They not only involve more care than the browned barrels, but are dazzling to the marksman when taking aim on a very sunny day. There may, however, be reasons for their retention with which I am unacquainted. As for the proud and manly carriage of the 7th, nothing more can be said than that it is precisely what we would expect to see in a corps of patriotic volunteers, almost all of whom are educated men. We have just begun to learn in England that intelligence is one of the most valuable qualities in a soldier. The ignoramus is a mere mercenary machine, who sullenly does his duty for a shilling a day. His nerves are unstrung by drink and other low habits, and bad cigars and tobacco pipes have affected his sight. At the target practice in the last autumn, the volunteer gentlemen beat the soldiers of the line out of the field, for the simple reason that their eyes were clear and their hands steady, and their intelligence enabled them to judge distances better than could the ordinary soldiers."

Military Law.

The contemplated changes in the law are in the hands of the Military Committee. The modifications proposed are an increase of the commutation tax to one dollar throughout the State, in lieu of seventy-five cents, for the First Division, and fifty cents for the remainder of the State. This will be adopted. The Senate bill, limiting the term of office to ten years, is also in the hands of the Committee, and will be reported on favorably. This is a politic move—one that will meet with favor from all who do not wish to hold a life lease. A bill to repeal the commutation tax has passed the Senate, and was referred to the Judiciary Committee in the House. On Wednesday, Mr. Stilson, in the House, moved to instruct the Committee on Militia and Public Defence to report favorably on the bill to repeal the commutation tax at an early day. The bill to furnish the Seventh Regiment with camp equipage was reported favorably in the House.

Legislation for the militia is quite limited. Their wants are few. The law and regulations now in existence are sufficient to govern any organization, yet a modification in the way of a compiled code, would assist the militia much. To show the importance of this, needs only to refer to the laws of this State, created by power delegatedly by act of Congress, and then read the act of Congress.

The 15th paragraph of section eight, article one, directs that Congress has power to provide for organising, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline provided by Congress.

What is most desired in whatever changes may be proposed, is to retain in the code of laws and tactics the instructions of the constitution. The power to prescribe the method of appointing officers belongs to the State; they may appoint all the officers if necessity should require it; but the execution of duty, the offices, and the details, are to be carried out as Congress directs. Congress directs that the militia, *ie* the uninformed in the State, shall elect their own officers. Is this done? No. The uniformed militia have that power delegated to them, without any authority from the constitution. Is this legal? No! and all the authority ceded by the State cannot override the constitution.

Is the constitution obeyed, when offices are created, tactics introduced, and State proceedings with reference to Courts Martial executed, having no regard for that sacred instrument? No! nor will it be respected until some change is made consonant with the rights guarantied to the people by that instrument. We want a codification of military law, founded on the Constitution and the Articles of War. We must be governed, as an organized body, by the same law that should govern all the States alike.

We want a simple form that will guide the most illiterate; and when misfortune overtakes a citizen in his capacity as an officer, when he is arraigned before a court of his own choice, that something beyond "personal feeling" may sustain his honor and grant him a fair impartial trial. Volumes have been written and adjudicated for the good of the science. Fortunes have been spent in inculcating its principles, and years of time have been devoted in building up and propagating its usefulness. Yet, in the present sense, neither law nor regulation has placed the militia on that basis for which it was originally intended. We presume the session is too far advanced to propose any material change, nevertheless it is sadly required. At this moment, nine tenths of those who fill its ranks are unconversant with the law which governs them. This is saying a great deal, yet it is true. A law simplified, and in accordance with the constitution, is all that is required and demanded. Until this is done, the Militia will be more for show than utility.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE

ANOTHER EPISTLE FROM THE "BOY FROM HOME."

ENGLISH BUFFERS ON AMERICA.

ENGLISH DETECTIVES HERE.

DRESS LODGERS OF LONDON.

TURF MATTERS.

ILL FEELING AND A PROSPECTIVE ROW.

London, *March 8th*, 1860.

Aleck Keene, who stepped into the shoes of Jem Burn, when that champion of sporting crib keepers was called away to give an account of his stewardship, and became landlord of the "Three Tuns," Moore street, has ever evinced a love and interest in the success of the prize ring, and he I really believe has an interest in every pugilistic contest that comes off within a century of miles of London among the members of the inner circle of the association. I was at his house one evening, where I went in company with Harry Broome, to have a quiet talk with Lynch about his match with Shaw, to endeavor to make the sum a heavier one than twenty-five pounds a side, which the match was originally made for. There is no trouble for Lynch to post a heavier stake, for his friends are numerous and have full confidence in his winning. Keene, as soon as the invited were assembled, was informed by the man in waiting that the snuggery was ready, cloth laid, and rump steaks broiled. Lynch, Jerry Noon and Bob Street placed their legs beneath his round table. As soon as Broome said grace, by repeating without a cue the old toast, of "Our noble selves," knife and fork exercise commenced. Aleck would have kept his seat at the right hand of your humble correspondent, had his attention not been called to the fact that a few outside roughs were getting noisy in the bar-room arguing upon the fight between Sayers and Heenan. One of them had on foot performed the pilgrimage to Salisbury to catch a glimpse at Heenan, which he had succeeded in doing, just as the Boy was spring over a five bar gate—which he did, to use the rough's own words, "like a steeple chaser." As soon as things had quieted down to that degree which sherry alone can get rid of, Broome opened his mouth-piece, and let his music run against those who were endeavoring to traduce the manly art of self-defence.

Among other assertions made by the retired buffer was that every nation had their own way of resenting an insult—Mr. Parley Vous, by the sword; Maccaroni, the dagger; gallant Patrick, his black thorn; and the American, with a five shooter; while honest true hearted John Bull uses only weapons which nature gave him—his brawny hands—honest in war, in love, or within the ropes of the time honored ring.

I drew a long breath, and whewed a little and cried —"Hold up, Mr. Henry, if you please! No American uses the revolver unless it be against heavy odds or a murdering ruffian or robber; and we are handy and ready with a pair of clenched fists as the best bow-bell born Englishman."

This brought the smile to his lips, saying, "I did not dream of touching your gunpowder, and would be the last to take a feather from the cap of my young brothers across the Atlantic. I have proofs before my eyes each day in the week that there is more in you than blowing or hoarding up the Almighty dollar. I find you ready and willing to meet us in almost every sport which we have ever considered as peculiarly our own."

"Yes," says Keene, "you are improving fast; and, as you say, I have no doubt but we shall have an international game of almost everything."

I had a few evenings before said that Tartar Cock, of Baltimore, had as fine a breed of birds, which when spurred, trimmed and fitted for the pit, there would be no chance for an Englishman to pound one, and I said, "Mr. Broome, it is certainly gratifying to me that you will allow the fact that we have interests in other sports besides those of trotting horses and fast yachts, and will credit us with getting horse flesh in pretty good condition, although we train outside and in all seasons, for in a very short time we have come near winning not a few of your choice cups and big purses, and intend to be pretty near when the flag drops for the winner of the Derby; and I warrant you that no carrier pigeon that circles over the track on Derby day will bear a message saying 'Umpire no where.'"

This was putting it a little strong, and I saw in a moment that I had got the English up of Broome.

"That may all be as you say; but I will speak what I think, for it's honest," said he; "and that is you are going it pretty strong when you talk of whipping Roberts at billiards, and have a man called Ward at home who can lead Chambers in a two-oared outrigger. I know that you are in earnest, for you in the kindest manner offer to pay all expenses even, or lose for either going over. In a chat with Fred Faulkner the other evening, he said that you have your rat matches two or three times a week, with a dog shake-up thrown in. This may be as he says—but the Yankee showed up considerable when he talked about one Harry Jennings, who kept a sporting crib, having on hand any quantity of wild bears, solely to bait dogs on, and having bull terriers of all weight ready to match with the best in England, for any sum. This I doubt, but can't say what you may do."

Thus he went on rattling away against the "blowing." Let me say here that this word, so common with us at home, has got imported over here in some way, and I hardly start a point of what we really have or can do at home, but I am met with "Oh, stop, you're blowing," "Don't blow so," or "You're a blower." It came over, I am sure, between decks on an English steamer, whose stewards and waiters bring all our smart things over. One of these I met here who knows Isaacs, Brown and Wiley. He says there is not a voyage made to Jersey City but they fool the Surveyor's pets. I told him I guessed he had been injured in the lace, or diamond, or watch-work line. "Oh, no, so help him gracious! for he had always *'ad an 'am or an 'are to give away*." From the conversation that took place on this evening I felt satisfied that the sporting men of England, high and low, never believed until recently that we had any idea of or took any interest in other sports but those of trotting and sailing. On these two points they have been made to acknowledge our superiority by Moccasin Jackson with Tom Thumb, and Commodore Stevens in the **America**.

Should Ten Broeck win the Derby with Umpire, every American in England would stand a good chance of being Lynched, provided they understood how to perform the operation. What would transpire if Heenan keeps the ball rolling in our favor, by Jack McDonald clasping the belt around his loins, with any of Tom Quick's friends who are expected to be present at the fight, who, in the fullness of their hearts at the victory, should commence to *blow*, or use some of those home sayings, it is not very easy to prophesy. I have made up my mind to give it to not a few who, since my arrival, give it to me for the presumption of Yankees.

On the Strand of a fine evening—by a fine evening, I mean when it is only slightly foggy or a drizzling rain—to see the crowds of men and women promenading up and down, wending their way to the many places of amusement; not a few grown up girls selling sheep trotters, mutton and eel pies, in very clean baskets, and very clean aprons. But let me speak of the eyesore that to me should at once be healed, and which should draw the attention of the head of the London police. I will explain the workings of the evil I speak of, that I learned from John Whickes, the best police officer in all England. Many an American who has visited London, and spent a few hours at night in the Strand, will as I proceed be able to account for the many Jew women who walk that thoroughfare in close proximity with a younger class of females called *Dress Lodgers*. These Jew women and their husbands, if married, or male partners, if not, are generally in the old clothes and glassware line, and travel the byways of London, buying or trading in cast off dresses for glassware, the poorest of which in return they sell to the lower order of servant girls—the best they keep for a higher market, that is, to loan them out to the fair ones who have been driven from their country homes after their ruin, to escape from the taunts and jeers of their companions who knew them in better days. If they have money sufficient to reach London, they are fortunate, for many of them when they first arrive have not a penny either for lodging or food.

On the look out for victims, like vultures over the field where the dead are most numerous, these Jew birds of prey are to be found in numbers on the arrival of each train, watching for the lovely and deserted—their quick eye soon discerns one in trouble, and all smiles, with offers of kindness they approach—and who so ready to accept friendship as those who are friendless? who so willing to receive shelter as those who are homeless? With a cunning that practice has made them masters of in their shameful art, and that tact which the procuress must possess, the victim is induced to tell the whole of her sad story. She confesses her shame, and hopes for some honest employment. This, at first, is sometimes laughed at, although they are allowed if determined to make the attempt, for they are sure to return, desperate and almost heart-broken. 'Tis now the she devil plies her poison, pictures to the lost one the prices paid as the wages of sin, the ease, pleasure, and gay life that would attend; surely one so beautiful and young has life before her, and she allows her to don herself in the cast-off feathers of some high born lady. Before the glass she is led, and there, for the first time, feels that silk and laces look as well upon herself as on those who were born to them. The procuress watches the effect, and if a smile is upon her face as she first beholds herself in the mirror, the bond—of Eve after guilt and crime—is sealed for ever.

Now for the street. In the evening she must visit the Strand as a new comer, in her gay, borrowed plumage. Her lips soon learn not only the slang of others, unfortunate like herself, but with an appetite she drinks the liquor which the gin palaces that crowd the street afford. In all her walks the Jew mistress follows, and never loses sight of her. The reason of this is, she has an interest in the body she has tutored to walk the paths of lust and wickedness. It is a pecuniary one, for each silken rag that hangs upon that frail one's back, belongs to her, and not the wearer. The price of hire is the wages she may earn, and she is content; for it gives her food, shelter, rum and an early grave.

I was in company the other day with Thornton and Funnell, the latter the principal police officer attached to the Bank of England, who, while on a visit lately, placed in my hands a genuine Bank of England note of the value of one million pounds (only think of that!—a little piece of thin paper worth five million of dollars, half what William B. Astor is supposed to be worth.) While in the American coffee house, near the Bank, where we had gone to have a mug of half-and-half with a bit of cheese, he informed me of his visit to New York in 1851, where he for the first time made the acquaintance of Robert J. Brown, one of Matsell's special aids, who had just before his arrival arrested and placed in the Trenton State Prison a desperate English burglar, known as Hackett, alias Shields. On arresting him, Brown was injured badly, and came near being killed.

Funnell knew Hackett in London, where he was rated as one of the most dangerous fellows, and had nearly killed an English officer; and he was anxious to visit Trenton to see Shields. Of course his wish was gratified, and Captain Leonard, Brown and himself visited the prison. On going in the cell where Hacket was confined, Funnell recognized him at once, saying:

"How are you, Hackett?"

The prisoner looking at him, asked:

"What do you call me?"

"Oh, I know you, Hackett."

The reply of the burglar, accompanied with a blow which took the London detective in the mouth, was: "You lie ——." In an instant, Funnell left the cell like a frightened deer, with no desire to prolong the interview. Brown and Leonard informed him afterwards that they punched his head and put him in irons.

I am often in company with the same officers, who appear to take great pleasure in showing me many kind attentions, and hardly a night passes, when we are in company, but they ask about Brown, Boyer, Leonard, and the old Chief. I visited the head quarters of the famous Baron Nicholson, whose "Judge and Jury Entertainments" have given him a world-wide notoriety. Such a jolly evening I never passed. The first case called was one of a poor maid, who had been deceived by a Parochial Beadle, whose own wife had induced the deluded one to come into court and demand damages for her wrongs. There sat the Judge in gown and wig high upon the woolsack, while the Counsellers upon both sides, versed well in the logic of the law, showed talents of a high order. The examination of the wife and deluded maid, showing the temptations and arts employed by the oily seducer, was rich indeed. But when the cross-examination was gone into, and the gentle, timid country lass by degrees recovering from her bashfulness and reserve, with aroused indignation, pitches into Judge and Jury—it would cause a smile from a stoic. The wit displayed, the great eloquence of all engaged, must be seen to be appreciated. Got up in our city with the same talent, care and experience in fitting up the arrangements, they would prove a hit indeed.

Harry Broome is hard at work in getting up the International Pugilistic Demonstration for the equal benefit of the Champion of the Old and New World, and he will himself appear and put on the gloves with either doughty Champion. It may be that it will be delayed until the arrival of Morrissey, who writes that if well enough he will sail from home on or about the fifteenth of March. Sayers, whom I had quite a chat with at our last meeting, expects to derive great benefit from Morrissey's coming, who he says will remain with him during his getting ready, and may go in the ring with him. I really hope Morrissey will not do any such thing, for it will not look well, although he is a heavy better against Heenan's winning, and therefore has a perfect right to do all that lies in his power to win his bets. As Jack McDonald is doing his best for Heenan, therefore it would only be a stand off.

A fine chance will open next month for any of our great racing men to improve their stables, as the executors of the late Lord Londesborough will bring the whole of his breeding establishment to the hammer at Grimstone—the well known stallion, West Australian, sire of Summerside, winner of the Oaks in 1859; Stockwell and Warlock; over twenty mares of the best blood with their foals, and a dozen yearlings.

Your friend George Wilkes arrived in town very early one morning, and was greeted at the office of *Bell's Life* most cordially. He persists in thinking that the fight between Heenan and Sayers is considered at home as an international one, and that the money staked on behalf of Heenan was given by a gentleman who would have done the same thing for Jones. I have no doubt that in *Bell's Life* for next week we shall have a card from Heenan, in reply to what Dowling asserts as being authentic from Wilkes. I hope that Mr. Wilkes and Heenan will have an interview before its issue, so that all pros and cons will be amicably settled; but I fear the worst, as both gentlemen have some fire in their blood, and that our enemies will have more food for their anti-Yankee love. I have since my last letter put up a few more pounds, I think judiciously, upon Heenan having the first blood and knock down to his credit. They were those which Leverich, your fire fiend, gave me to invest on the fight as I thought best, and if he wins, to go it on some Derby horse.

Why I have done this, I may as well endeavor to explain. When Ten Broeck's trainer commenced to give his horses out-door exercise, so different from what the most celebrated English trainers had been doing for the past century, all the turfites snickered and laughed at the folly, and allowed the fellow was "making a muck of it." When some of those horses won, that had been trained in such a "foolish manner," the wiseacres commenced to bite their thumbs, pause, and consider whether the Yankee was so very foolish after all, and arrived at the conclusion that it was just such a mode and manner which made them so lasting, and now all the cracks copy the Yankee style. Then I begin to think that we are going to surprise them in the fistic tournament which is to come off; and if Heenan can and will fight two or three rounds like the great one he had with Morrissey, he will whip Sayers easily. The English buffer will likely be so astonished at the opposition, that he will imagine he is fighting a mountain and not a man. The English style of fighting (and I take "Fistiana" for my author) is not to fight fast from the go, but to hit, get away and return, and short rounds. I am going, in conclusion, to use an if,—and say, if Sayers will stand manfully up to the scratch, and not dance a jig or hornpipe during the first three rounds, Heenan will draw his claret, and send him to grass, sure.

All the sporting houses are doing a flourishing business, and all display the colors of the two gladiators. Of course Sayers' in all cases tops that of Heenan; and you may see as you run that our cousins here are getting crosser than ever. They garnish their proposals to bet on their favorite's winning with taunts and expressions, showing that a bad feeling for fair play is on the rise, and I blame no one for this but Sayers and a couple of his nearest chums. As a proof of this, let me tell you about his exhibition, which I attended with my "ears and eyes open." The gathering came off at St. George's Hall, Southwalk. I went early, and booked myself for a five shilling place (that is one dollar and a quarter, our coin)—but wish I had saved half my money by getting standing room in the open hall, for the privileged place was a two-by-three gallery—and of all halls this was the dirtiest, gloomiest and most uncomfortable room I ever was in. Why, it could only find its equal when the old Brewery was in its prime. It looks like a deserted tannery. They had a raised shelf at one end of the room, upon which the men mounted in pairs, as they were called by Jack Hamilton—who, by the bye, I have had several chats with, and who says Sayers will win easy.

A strong rope and stakes kept the boxers from falling upon the roughs below. Around this ricketty concern hung several of the beneficiary's colors, for sale at a guinea apiece, while an aged broken nosed man, who, from the fact that his horn had caved in, had seen some service, held a number of yards to replenish those sold. Beneath them and trailing upon the floor was one of Heenan's; and I pitied the figure of the poor bird which was printed thereon for being forced in such company. As the cheerless hall filled up, you could hear expressions like "What is that on the Yankee's colors?" "Is it a crow?" "No, it's an 'awk." "Well, whatever it be, it will be well cooked before Tom's done with it," &c., &c. The dreary, bad lighted rookery was soon crowded with the "Sporting men of England," "The fancy," "The bone and muscle of England," "The lovers of the manly art of self defence." Such a hang dog, course, rough, big shouldered, scapegrace looking set as the majority of the patrons of pugilism, I never saw. I have been to prize fights, rat matches, dog fights, and bear baits in our own city, and seen pretty rough crowds; I have been upon the Battery, and seen those gangs of bullies who wait the coming of the emigrants to cheat and betray them; but I must say that in appearance they were angels to those I saw this night. It was slang talk when you could hear a word, and Jack McDonald, who was present, got many a rough word in his ear. Nat Langham, Lynch, Phil Benjamin, I noticed below. Among the numerous set-tos, that of Lynch and Harrington pleased me most. Tom, the great Tom Sayers, did not show until quite late, attended by a couple of friends; but such a yell as went up when he did show, could only be equalled by a Chatham pit when Kirby used to die. His friends had a couple of silver mugs and the belt. The band struck up "Rule Britannia," and Tom walked the scaffold, nodding and shaking his hand to those of his acquaintances present whom he recognized, and in return would get the salutation of—"Do you feel that you have the big fellow?" and "Tom you have have had big ones before!" "Don't kill him, Tom!" "He's got a wife, Tom!" "Be easy with him, Tom," and hundreds of others just as nice.

When all was still again, Jack Hamilton told how Tom got the cups, one of which was given him after he defeated Aaron Jones. At the mention of Jones' name, quite a howl went up, and "traitor," &c., was not sparingly used. But I can't give you a more correct account of Tom Sayers' own language on the occasion than that which is given in his own organ and the traducer of Americans—the *Sporting Life:*

"Tom, holding the belt in his hands, said, "Gentlemen, I hold the Champion's Belt, the one I fought for, and the one I won, and the one I intend to fight for again." (Cheers.) "And," said Tom, turning suddenly round on his heel, like Espinosa at the Princess's, "may the best man win, and that man be Tom Sayers." (Great cheering.) "I'll bet 500 to 400 I win." (A voice: "Here, I'll bet 60 to 40.") Sayers: "You beat me; I suppose you come from St. Martin's-lane." (Exit Tom.) Tom was again called for, and came forward and said, "Gentlemen, I'm very much obliged for your kindness this evening, and return you my thanks, and to those who have sparred for me I'm also much obliged. It is said that I want to go and see Heenan; true, I did say so some time ago that I wanted to know whether I was going to fight a man or a mountain, but it will be enough for me to see him on the 16th of April (cheers), when I hope he won't break his word, as he did when he came to Owen Swift's one Saturday evening and made an appointment to see me, and after keeping me there till it was time for the house to close, never came, and disappointed me and my friends. But never mind that. May we both be well on the day, and may the best man win." (Cheers.)

Now, it is upon these facts that I venture an opinion, that unless such men as the editors of *Bell's Life*, the *Field* and other sporting journals, aided by Jim Ward, Johnny and Harry Broome, Nat Langham, Keene, Peter Crawley, Benjamin, Mooney, with their friends, not only come forward and frown down by manly editorials and arguments the prejudice occasioned, either by the fear that the American will wear the belt or to have a wrangle anyhow—and attend in person the fight with a determination that fair play shall rule and the best man win without a grumble—there will be a serious time for somebody. If there is no danger to be apprehended, why is the treatment of Ward with Sullivan or Thompson with Morrissey very fully stated and thrown out as a specimen of what kind of fair play an Englishman gets in America? I will be able to say more about the matter, either one way or the other, in my next letter.

The Boy from Home.

Woman's Rights.—We notice that the bill for the protection of the rights and property of married women is admirably calculated to promote celibacy; for few men will be willing to take the chances of married life where the odds are so many against them. But we believe the husband yet has the right to buy his clothes where he pleases; and so long as this right remains intact, our friends Treadwell & Co., of 120 Fulton street, will never lack for custom. They furnish pantaloons, vests, fire coats, dress coats, frock coats, &c., made to order, or ready made, at exceedingly low prices, considering the quality of material used, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.

Theatrical and Musical.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

Winter Garden.—"Evangeline."—Mrs. H. L. Bateman's dramatization from Longfellow's "Evangeline" was produced here on Monday evening last, with a success assured if not enthusiastic. Longfellow is dramatic in word and action, but he furnishes by no means easily managed subjects, and we regard Mrs. Bateman as having well performed a difficult task. If we have any fault to find with her design, it is in her not having thrown the whole of *Evangeline's* dream, now forming the fifth "picture," into tableaux at the close of the fourth; as there is some difficulty for the spectator to shift himself back to the scene of the fourth in the sixth and last. The language is admirably managed, preserving the author wherever possible, yet not retaining so much of his rythm as to create the impression of a drama in verse. The character of *Baptiste*, slight in the poem, is worked up with judgment into a serio-comic role of considerable prominence, giving a relief to the main story very politic and well suited to the advantages of the company. The prominent characteristics of other leading persons in the poem are well retained, and however far the work may be from a faultless one, we see few points in which it could have been materially improved. The play seems to us likely to make a good general stock piece, though it will not always have the advantages of scenic arrangement here given. In most respects the painting and stage-arrangement are faultless. As exceptions to this, where very much is attempted, we may note that the sunset scenery and the sun itself are suggestive of a very cold wintry moonlight, that such winking of stars never has been known, even in the sauciest hours of Venus or Arcturus—and that never, since the world began, has such a mottled reflection as that on the water of the Atchafalaya been discovered by the natural eye. It was bad judgment, too, to attempt the representation of the burning town in the distance. This effect *cannot* be well produced upon the stage, though all is done here which is very well possible. The light of the conflagration thrown in from the wing, L., would have been much safer, and more satisfactory. So much of fault, which gives us ground to repeat that in other respects the scenery and carpentry reflect the highest credit. Miss Bateman, for whose return, as a woman, to the stage which she adorned as a child, the piece has been written and arranged, embodies *Evangeline*, in most respects, very sweetly. She sings fairly, and though evidently lacking stage-practice, has much ease and self-possession. She is well formed, and has a very sweet, subdued face and manner, much better fitted for serious roles than those of lighter character. Though so young, it is noticeable that she plays the later and more experienced portions of her role best, with the exception of her meeting with *Gabriel*, which is very stagey. Her finest point is the attempt to sing to her mad father, which is singularly touching and effective. She has one great charm, which so many older actresses yet lack—very good repose and command of feature in by-play. This young lady needs hard study and practice, but has genius enough to make the effort certainly remunerative. Jefferson's *Baptiste* is excellent—full of pathetic drollery—his great forte. Mason's *Bellefontaine* has not a fault. In the mad scene, he is painfully natural. Jordan plays *Gabriel* very much as usual, which to us is not by any means brilliantly or satisfactorily. Pearson does *Basil* artistically, as he does everything. He is an artist. Mrs. Vining is effective as *Madame Latour;* and the rest of the characters are fair to middling—forming on the whole a satisfactory cast. We should mention that Mollenhauer's music for this piece is very appropriate, and that Wm. H. Fry's overture is really one of the pleasantest pieces of descriptive instrumentation to which we have lately listened.

Laura Keene's.—"Vanity Fair" has more vivacity than strength, more pungency than propriety, and we doubted, at its first representation, whether it had the elements of success, spite of the pains which had been taken upon its carpentry. Though the run of two weeks might be considered a very great success by any dramatist who had not the full resources of a theatre at his disposal, it cannot be considered brilliant for one who *has*—especially the "author of many successful pieces." Be that as it may, "Vanity Fair" closes with the week, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings "Jeanie Deans" is to be repeated, "by request"—of the management, it is presumed. "Colleen Bawn," from the original Erse, with *cota-more*, *brogue*, *dhudeen* and *shillelegh* accompaniments,—is to be produced early in the week. We learn, by the way, that the question we mooted last week, as to the copyright title of "Vanity Fair," may be brought to issue at no distant day, in a dramatization by Tom Taylor from Thackeray, from the knowledge of which work in progress it is averred that the title of the present play was "appropriated."

Wallack's.—Neither atrocious burlesques at other houses, nor yet the perils of the gymnastic portion of the performance, seem to have any effect upon the fortunes of the "Poor Young Man" at this theatre. If the story that the copyright has already yielded Messrs. Lester Wallack and Edwards nearly $2,000, be true, it proves the truth of an old proposition, that wealth must have poverty for its foundation,—for the "Poor Young Man" will make two or three rich ones, not to mention the flattering plethora in the pocket of Mr. lessee Wallack, and the fund of idle time which the continual playing of one piece throws into the hands of the Company. It is not now probable that the piece which has achieved this really wonderful success, will be withdrawn before the close of the season. We may, indeed, hear the song of the reapers even into the summer.

Bowery.—The engagement of Mrs. Adah Isaacs Menken Heenan (we forget the other names), has produced here all the effect we predicted. She has proved a "card," and the boxes of the old Bowery have been handsomely filled during the week. As to Mrs. Heenan (as she persists in being) whom we have not before seen on the stage—we had a single opportunity of witnessing her performance, in "Satan in Paris." She cannot play at all—"not to put too fine a point upon it;"—that is to say, she has no knowledge of the stage, and her whole charm is in a somewhat coarse and robust animal beauty and a proclivity for dressing as simply, not to say thinly, as possible, and wearing her really handsome hair dishevelled over the forehead *a la* Madame Anna Thillon, Lizzie Weston Davenport, Lucille Western, etc., etc. Matilda—no bad judge of these matters—remarked in our hearing, in the box, that "whether she was Mrs. Heenan or not, there must have been something like transmigration of souls, for she looked the pugilist boiled down to a woman, and she (Matilda) expected every moment to see her double those small white-gloved fists and strike from the shoulder"—a feat which we understand she really performed in the "French Spy" on another evening. Mrs. Heenan was seriously indisposed on Thursday evening, causing that unpleasant thing, a "refund." With this evening Mrs. Heenan concludes her engagement; and on Monday evening Mr. E. Eddy, unquestionably the most popular tragedian who treads those boards, will make his first appearance. He will be welcomed with cheers enough to deafen him.

New Bowery.—Mrs. Farren and Miss Fanny Fitz-Farren commenced an engagement here on Monday evening, and have been greeted by audiences fair in numbers and of the highest respectability. We have before commented on the abilities of these actresses (mother and daughter.) Miss Fanny has undeniable talent, not yet by any means fully developed, and a style of round-faced, brown-haired, almost childish beauty, which would alone make her a favorite before any audience. "Love's Venom," which has been their leading piece during most of the week, is a very effective though a little tedious historical drama of the short reign of Edward VI., having its foundation in the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, in managing which, any amount of liberties are taken with the facts of history. Miss Fitz-Farren plays *Lady Jane Grey*, and plays it very sweetly, with a little lack of force, perhaps, which is quite supplied by Mrs. Farren as the *Princess Mary* (afterwards Queen.) Boniface has a very pretty romantic role as *Guilford Dudley*, and plays it with much more than his usual quiet. *Northumberland*, by Mr. Hanley, *Arundel*, by Nunan, and *Suffolk*, by Taylor, are well done—the rest so so, or in that neighborhood. "Love's Venom" is very effectively and handsomely put upon the stage. Fox, Miss Fanny Herring, Mrs. Jones, &c., have appeared very pleasingly in the "Middy Ashore," "Denouncer" and other pieces of the class.

Niblo's Garden.—The continued and very flattering success of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams at this establishment is to have a new impetus on Monday evening next, in the production of a drama written for them abroad, and re-written and adapted for them here by H. Grattan Plunkett—called "Willie Riley; or, Not Guilty." The story of the play, of which the title gives a very good idea, is said to be a very thrilling one, and still more care and expense are to be bestowed upon the production than have been seen in any other produced for the Williamses since their return to America. They will be strongly supported by Messrs. N. B. Clarke, A. W. Fenno, Sefton, Canoll, Miss Marshall, Ida Vernon, and a very strong cast in all particulars.

Barnum's American Museum.—This title of "Barnum's Museum" which has been for the past two years continued to the establishment under Mr. Greenwood's management, we have now the pleasure of restoring as *bonafide*. With this evening the Museum closes for the week, and on Saturday afternoon next, March 30th, it will re-open, renovated, redecorated, and with the company largely augmented, under the management of Mr. Barnum, who passes again into the proprietorship and full management, still assisted, we are glad to see, by Mr. Greenwood: without whom the Museum would scarcely have continued in its present prosperous position. Mr. Barnum numbers among his new company Corson W. Clarke and Emily Mestayer, old favorites at the Museum: Geo. W. Jamiesen and other new force, with the retention of Delmon Grace, Hadaway, Mrs. Prior, and all the old force of the highest availability. Mr. E. F. Taylor, of course, remains in the stage management. Bourcicault's "Jeanie Deans" is to be the opening production, and the facts connected with the "Octoroon" have proved that—out of his own hands—his pieces are more effectively played here than elsewhere. We congratulate Mr. Barnum on his resumption of management, and amusement-seekers generally on the re-opening, adding that all the old attractive features of the house will be retained, and that the "What is it," will *not* leave the scene of his black and mysterious triumphs.

Evangeline and Miss Bateman.—The subjoined criticism from the pen of a gentleman well posted on the drama, will be read with interest, covering as it does a fair and impartial analysis of the merits of the debutante, and the new play of Mrs. Bateman:

To the Editor of the New York Leader.

The Bohemian manager of the Winter Garden, who certainly spares no pains nor expense to give us new sensations, and who succeeds occasionally in accomplishing his purpose, came out strong in the papers of Monday.

An entirely fresh flower was to bloom in the Winter Garden. A spring violet, cultivated with the greatest care, and warranted genuine. The new botanical curiosity was Miss Kate Bateman, chiefest in the bouquet of artists that expressed the perfume of Longfellow's "Evangeline," transplanted, not without some injury to its roots, by Mrs. Bateman.

The notable event was announced in that peculiarly modest style for which all the managers are celebrated now a days. Miss Bateman was formerly "the renowned child artist, whose fame in Europe and America was unequalled, and whose re-entree in the first dawn of womanhood may justly be stated as the most interesting event that has characterized the annals of the drama for many years. A great portion of the language has been engrafted in the play, and the rendition of the caracter of *Evangeline* by Miss Bateman will present one of the most charming, natural, chaste and exquisite creations that has ever graced the American stage." Thus, you see, the matter was all settled beforehand. The play was to be a good play; Miss Bateman was to be "charming," "exquisite," and everything else, and all that remained for the public to do was to bow down and worship her. I think I have previously had occasion to express my disgust and contempt for this asinine public, which will insist upon having what it likes, or else staying away from the theatre, in spite of the managers, and the play-writers, and the critics.

The public in this case is worse than ever. It did not even go in great numbers for the first night of "Evangeline." What if the *affiche* was a little strong? Has the public a right to judge for itself? Who dares to set up so monstrous a proposition? Read the *Tribune*, and the *Evening Post*, and the *Express*, if you wish to see the idiots who button up their pockets against "Evangeline," properly exposed.

For my own part, I should think "Evangeline" a clever play, if I had not read the poem, and I believe that Miss Bateman will be a good actress. She has a good appearance, without being strikingly handsome, and speaks naturally and intelligently; that is pretty nearly all that can be said in her favor. She acts too much at the audience, and does not pay attention when the other personages of the drama address her; she has an ungraceful walk and an awkward carriage, dresses badly, and is over confident.

It is unfortunate too about *Evangeline*, that she is the central figure in the drama, without being dramatically strong enough to support such a position. The only relief she receives comes from *Gabriel* (played exceedingly well by Jordan) and *Benedict* (carefully and impressively acted by Mason, who is a thoroughly good artist I should judge.)

Compared with these artists, Miss Bateman is only a self-assured amateur. The other portions of the play are quite dull. The people wished to laugh, and Jefferson tried to make them do so, but with only partial success. Mrs. Vining, whom I had never seen on the stage before, helped J. J. a great deal, but it was up-hill work all round.

The main beauty in the Longfellow poem, the naive, simple, trusting, almost angelic character of the heroine, is quite extinguished in the Bateman version. In the first act Miss Bateman gives a bad imitation of a French soubrette.

In the scene where the old man dies she was much better, and approximated the character; several points here were artistically made, and very nicely finished. The Almshouse scene with *Gabriel* was cleverly done, and that should have been the end of the play. In order to make a nice *denouement* for sentimental young ladies, of the thin bread-and-butter school Mrs. Bateman resorts to the old dodge of a dream, and the supposed dead are restored to life. This sort of thing is always dangerous, and generally kills a play even when the audience is kept in the dark as to the plot, but in such a case as the present, where we are to be presented with a stage picture of an exquisite poem, perfect in all its parts, commencing with a tableau of rustic happiness, continuing with the rude inroads of the invader; the desolation, famine, fire and ruin; the families divided, hearts sundered, and lovers separated; then the long and weary search, the fruitless inquiry, the never-tiring vigil, and at last, the grand finale which, to be really artistic, could be nothing but death—the result of a cheap theatrical dodge could not be otherwise than fatal. I think it is bad enough to appropriate a man's ideas without spoiling them.

I regret that "Evangeline," to speak liberally, can only be accounted a *succes d'estime*. I am sorry, because we have not many good actresses, and they are nearly all beyond the age when people can play white-muslin heroines, without making you think of the homely comparison, "a ewe, dressed lamb fashion."

I believe, however, that Miss Bateman is not to be finally judged by this "rendition" as the philological philanthropists of the *Post* call her performance of *Evangeline*. Real artistic triumphs are only won out of the fire. The road to fame does not rest upon puffs; nor are the big letters in the posters guides to it. One can't go to the top after the lazy style of the traveller, who refused to scale any mountain unless it had a carriage road to its summit. There's a good deal of ground and lofty tumbling, shin barking, scratching and general knocking about to be done before you can clutch the apple, with the fair outside and the ashes within.

Everybody was united in admiring the *mise en scene* of "Evangeline." The cottage interior, first act, and the Alms House exterior are capitally done. The piece has been superbly mounted, and the stage direction evidently most careful attended to. For people who like their sentiment drawn very mild, and take their tea weak with a good deal of sugar, "Evangeline" will answer. But, as the *Times* cruelly says, it must rely on the provinces for its chief success. Those poor provinces! How my heart bleeds for them.

Triplet.

Concert at the Apollo—A True Benevolence.—A complimentary concert is to be given at the Apollo Rooms on Thursday evening, the 5th of April, in aid of a blind daughter of Mr. Robert B. Sanderson, late Fire Warden, whose death has been so much deplored. The Columbian Glee Club will take part, assisted by Mrs. Maggie Haight and other popular singers, and it is to be hoped that through the aid of the Fire Department and the friends of benevolence generally, the occasion will be made a joyful one for the blind and the fatherless.

Grand Military Concert.—A musical treat of no mean importance will be given at the Cooper Institute on Saturday evening, 31st March,—no less than a Grand Concert by the well-known Seventy-first Regiment Band, assisted by very powerful vocal talent. We confess to a weakness for "the brass," and where it is blended with the softer airs and graces of music, we know of no pleasanter mode of spending an evening than under its influence.

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Miss Jean M. Davenport has been playing a dramatization of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," by herself, at the Philadelphia Walnut st., whereupon Mr. Appropriative Bourcicault notifies the lady, through his lawyer, Mr. Constant Gillou, that "he has copyrighted the piece," of which the "scenery and incidents are his," and that if she persists in playing it he shall "injunct her." The lady very properly replies that if the play is his, he must have written the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and that she expects to do her own things. Bourcicault has capped his own climax of impudence in this assumption, and though neither he nor any of his attempted victims believes that a suit upon such ground would be otherwise treated than hooted out of court, yet it might be well for some lady whom he insults in this style to stop the whole system by administering a little of the *lex flagellatinus*.

Messrs. McLachlan & Co., the capable and enterprizing proprietors of the *Programme* distributed at our places of amusement, have made arrangements to issue, commencing with the close of the present month, a *Weekly Programme*, devoted to the Drama, Music, Literature and Art. There is abundant room for such a publication, and in their hands it cannot fail to be valuable and popular. We cordially wish it success.

Shewell, of the Philadelphia Walnut Street, wont sacrifice that mustache, and the papers complain of the fact. Oh, Shewell! after the self denying examples of Sothern, Lester Wallack and George Jordan, all whose hirsute appendages have first or last gone down before the demands of Thalia, why will you persist in playing a Quaker of Penn's time or a West Country farmer of England, in a mustache?

The Ullman and Strakosh opera season has been so successful in Baltimore as to induce a supplementary week, which has just closed, and the troupe have gone to Washington. Brignoli was sick during the beginning of the Baltimore engagement, but recovered and joined the troupe at the close, in time for the admiration of the fair Washingtonians.

Dan Rice, of the Great Show, now at Philadelphia, announces in a letter to the *Philadelphia Press* that the "Zoyara" lately in New York and now in Boston is a humbug, and that the original and *only* original is at the "Great Show." Dan's letter is a model of impudence and a card in the way of advertising.

Madame Lorini (Virginia Whiting) has been winning golden opinions in *Lucrezia Borgia* and other tragic lyrical roles, at Edinburgh. It is said that she has offers from La Scala at Milan and the San Carlos at Naples, one at least of which she will accept. Who says that America has no *prima donna?*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have been playing before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle by command—so Mrs. Lizzie West Weston Crisp Davenport Arrangement Mathews has the honor of being the first American actress who has ever appeared by command before British royalty.

Jullien, the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, has made an attempt at suicide at Paris, from aberration said to be caused by his embarrassments. He has been placed under restraint, and his grand sacred performances at Paris are of course suspended.

H. A. Perry, the cometary, made two appearances at the Lyceum, San Francisco, and suddenly found he wouldn't do. Causes variously alleged—as "hoarseness"—"too much hoarhound-tea, with a stick," &c. Perry "found the enemy, and they werent his'n."

Mr. A. H. Davenport and Mrs. John Wood have gone to New Orleans, to join the force at the Varieties theatre there. "Ivanhoe," it is rumored, is to be among the early productions there, with the irresistible *Palmer* and *Rebecca* of these artists.

Nixon & Co., for the balance of their equestrian season at the Boston Academy of Music, have lowered the prices of Family Circle and Third Tier to twenty-five cents, a movement in which they find their account.

The Ravels go to the National, Cincinnati, at once, owing to the burning of the Mobile theatre, which of course breaks their engagement with Duffield.

Miss Heron and Mr. James W. Wallack, Jr., have been playing a very successful engagement at the National, Cincinnati, whence they go to St. Louis.

Shakspere's "Winter's Tale," with new music by Flotow, the composer of "Martha" and "Stradella," has been in rehearsal at the Berlin Theatre Royal.

It is again asserted that Max Maretzek is to commence an operatic season at the Winter Garden, at the close of Lent.

The French Company from this city are to commence an engagement at the Philadelphia Walnut st., on the 10th of April.

Miss Heron made a splendid hit at the Holliday street, Baltimore, in her engagement, but her "Lesbia" did not go well there.

Charles Walcot, Jr., son of Charles M. Walcot, of Wallack's, is to make his debut at the National, Cincinnati, in a few days.

The Florences have been playing "Lalla Rookh" very successfully at the Howard, Boston.

Barry Sullivan concluded his engagement at Wood's theatre, St. Louis, on Saturday evening last.

"Bluebeard" as a spectacle is to be brought out at the Boston Museum on Monday evening next.

Lucille and Helen Western are going from Albany to Richmond.

The "Octoroon" didn't go in Cincinnati.

Fire Department Matters.

[FOR FIRE GOSSOP SEE FOURTH PAGE.]

Statement of Fires for the Week Ending

Thursday, March 15th, 1860—Inclusive.

Fire Marshal's Office,
Halls of Justice, *March 16, 1860.*

Date.	*Time.*	*District.*	*Locality.*	*Description of Property.*
March, 1860.				
9,	7.45 p.m.	2d,	32d st & Br'dway.	Dwelling†
9,	11.20 p.m.	6th,	189 Madison st.	Chimney†
10,	11.13 a.m.	2d,	133 w 49th st.	Dwelling*†
11,	7.28 p.m.	2d,	104 w 26th st.	Stable§
12,	5.17 a.m.	7th,	Merchants' Ex'ge	False alarm
12,	3.33 p.m.	8th,	63 Hudson street.	Grocery store†
13,	3.39 p.m.	8th,	26 & 28 Frankfort.	Printing office
13,	4 p.m.	7th,	37 John st.	Bitters cellar†
13,	10.50 p.m.	6th,	169 Division st.	Grocery
13,	9.15 p.m.	Harlem	3d av & 125th st.	Coach manf'y†
14,	2.43 a.m.	2d,	420½ Eighth av.	Jewelry store
14,	12.55 p.m.	6th,	54 & 56 Attorney st	Wooden ware
For the Week Ending March 22d, 1860.				
16,	1.25 a.m.	6th,	49 Bayard st.	Building
16,	11.45 a.m.	1st,	192 East 33d st.	Tenem't ho'se†
16,	1.30 p.m.	1st,	33d st bell tower.	False alarm
17,	7.28 p.m.	2d,	39th st & 10th av.	False alarm
17,	9.30 p.m.	7th,	52 Roosevelt st.	Pawnbroker's
17,	11.12 p.m.	2d,	24 Vesey st.	Dry Goods
19,	2 a.m.	6th,	266 Stanton st.	Dwelling†
19,	2.45 a.m.	4th,	134 Houston st.	Dwelling†
19,	1.25 p.m.	6th,	Grand & Tompkins	Saw mill
20,	7.38 p.m.	2d,	33d st bell tower.	False alarm
20,	7.30 p.m.	8th,	233 Greenwich st.	Crockery store‡
20,	11.20 p.m.	5th,	268 East 13th st.	Stable
21,	8.31 a.m.	4th,	53 Greene st.	Tenement hse
22,	5.55 a.m.	3d,	71 Ninth ave.	Building
22,	8.42 p.m.	4th,	799 Broadway.	St. Denis hotel
22,	9.10 p.m.	7th,	64 Cherry st.	Stable.

† Still alarms.

* A boy named Edward S. Innes was arrested on the charge of wilfully firing the premises.

§ Seven horses were burned to death.

‡ Come Morrissett and Didace Morrissett, proprietors of the store, were arrested on suspicion of wilfully firing the store.

A. E. Baker, Fire Marshal.

FIRE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK.

Harry Howard Hose Company No. 55.

On September 17th, 1853, Hose Company No. 55, under the name of "Harry Howard Hose," were organized as one of the Companies of the New York Fire Department. Its progenitors were A. J. Anderson, F. A. Rockwell, Wm. A. Pentz, A. S. Ransom, A. H. Boyd, W. A. Ransom and J. R. Willis—a few gentlemen who becoming dissatisfied with the Company to which they belonged—Engine Company No. 23—took it in their heads to start on their own hook: and hence the formation of the Hose Company. It may be as well to state that this party, though properly considered a split from No. 23, left with the best feelings—that is, both parties were satisfied—those leaving to get rid their former associates, and those left to get rid of them. Before leaving, however, they played a trick upon the members of the Company, which at the time created considerable amusement in fire circles where the story was known, and quite a bitter feeling was engendered from the too successful operation of the practical joke.

It seems that a few days before leaving No. 23 these gents—at least it is charged to them—spent an entire afternoon at the engine house, locking the doors against all comers, and with a a plentiful supply of white paint changed the color of the engine from a dark red to a snowy white. It was their intention to leave her in the house in all her purity, but early in the evening, shortly after their labors were completed, an alarm of fire occurred in the Fourth District, and the party of painters rolled the engine down Broadway. Not a man except the party in charge would touch the rope. The officers and members of the Company, who were looking for No. 23, let her pass them without any other attention than a look of wonder, and exclamations of "What is it?" The consequence was that No. 23 got passed by every Company that came out behind them.

For this joke the remaining members of No. 23 vowed vengeance, and it was shown in the bitter opposition they made in the Council Committees to the organization of the new Company. It was thought by many that the application for a new Company would have proved a failure but for the name adopted. Harry Howard had at that time considerable influence in the Common Council, and with his assistance they overcame the opposition and were organized.

The first location of No. 55 was in a portion of a feed store near the corner of Amos and Fourth streets. From this place they performed duty in the Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth districts, under the following officers: A. T. Anderson, Foreman; J. A. Rockwell, Assistant; and Wm. A. Purdy, Secretary. The following were the members: Robert H. Boyd, John R. Willis, J. C. Gore, Chris. Wilmingates, Alex. McClure, George Simpson, David L. Carpenter, Wm. C. Bogart, Nathaniel F. Boyd, W. A. Ransom, E. P. Dickie, A. P. Ransom, G. S. W. Crane, L. B. Lawrence, George W. Kent, David Tullman, Henry Noyes, Jacob Tullman and C. W. Anderson. The first down town fire the Company attended was Rogers' clothing store on the corner of Nassau street and Fulton, where they worked for several hours, the caps of the new Company being conspicuous among the many firemen who labored all day among the ruins to find the remains of the firemen killed by the falling building. Shortly after this another temporary location was built—these extensive apartments consisted of a shed about ten feet high, just large enough for the apparatus. The next change was for the better. In 1855 the Corporation purchased the lot No. 155 Christopher street, and built the magnificent house now occupied by the Company. It is three stories in height, twenty-five feet in front and sixty deep, with a beautiful brown stone front. The Corporation contracted for a brick front, but the members raised enough of money by subscription among themselves to furnish the stone. The finishing of the house was not completed until the fall of 1857, when a grand entertainment was given by the members to their friends. The second story of their house is divided into two parlors, richly furnished with rosewood and brocatelle, a splendid piano, fine carpets, a chandelier unequalled in any house, and hangings on the walls in the way of damask curtains and fine pictures that are unsurpassed. Two large portraits of the former Chief Howard, and the present Chief Decker, occupy prominent places on the walls. The sleeping apartments are in the third story and are comfortably arranged, the whole of the large room being occupied for that purpose. They are always well kept, and are governed by stringent regulations. In the basement story there is a well fitted up kitchen that savors strongly of "coffee and chowder," the fumes of which have often, on Saturday, filled the house. The expense of furnishing the house was defrayed entirely by the members, and amounted to $2,000.

In point of fire duty No. 55 has held a good position, their principal opponents in racing being 40 Hose and 14 Truck. Latterly, they have had but little outside help, depending entirely on their own members. During the winter of 1856—7, they ran in the lower districts. Their carriage, which is painted white, with silver plated work, was built in 1856 by Sickles, and rebuilt the following year by William Williams. The first officer of the Company served until January, 1855, when Mr. Anderson resigned, and the Assistant Foreman, Mr. Rockwell, was promoted, his place being filled by Henry R. Noyes. In May, 1856, Mr. Noyes was chosen Foreman, and Samuel Slingerland Assistant, serving until May, 1858, when a change took place in both offices, Joseph Taylor being elected Foreman, and Andrew Fell Assistant. In July, another change of officers was had, Mr. Slingerland being made Foreman on Mr. Taylor's resignation. In May, 1859, the present officers of the Company were elected; they consist of, Andrew Bell, Foreman; Alfred Vredenburgh, Assistant; Minthorn Van Keuren, Secretary; J. S. S. Dubois, Treasurer, and Chas. Ellis and C. VanAntwerp, Representatives.

There are but few incidents connected with this Company which would interest the general fire reader, that are, or ought to be publicly known, the Company being proved of that remarkable quality of keeping their own little bickerings confined to their own quarters. Of course they have had the same struggle with the over ambitious in their own circle and strife with other Companies. On the occasion of the parade in October, 1856, they received and entertained Engine Company No. 4 of Boston, many of the members of the Hose Company attending to Philadelphia on their excursion. When Engine Co. No. 34 received the Perseverance Hose of Philadelphia, the Hose Company illuminated the whole street in which they lay, on both sides, from Hudson to Bleecker, every house was shining. With the exception of a difficulty with Hook and Ladder No. 14, after a long race they have avoided any serious difficulty, and fortunately have avoided figuring before the Fire Commissioners. Harry Howard, while Chief Engineer, was a steadfast friend of the Company, never letting an opportunity pass where he could do them a good turn; yet, as even in the closest friendships, discords will arise, so for a brief season was the truce between the Company and the Chief nearly broken, and Hose No. 55 come near being known by another name. The Company are now in a good condition, having a roll of twenty-three members. The best house in the city; a good apparatus; under good officers;—if their future is not of the best the fault lies with themselves or the members who gradually take their places. We believe that the Company have no regular help from other Companies, if we except Hose Co. No. 33, who do them a good turn once in a while.

Fire Matters at Albany.

There are two prominent bills before the Legislature relative to the Fire Department—the Building Law, and the bill placing the appointment of fire bell ringers in the hands of the Chief and Assistant Engineers. The Building Law was proposed by the builders of this city, who invited a committee from the Board of Representatives to confer with them, in order that such provisions might be placed in the bill as to protect the interests of the firemen of this city.

It was agreed in the joint committee that the inspectors of buildings should be exempt firemen, also that out of nine persons chosen to appoint the inspectors, six of them should be officers of the Fire Department. To this the firemen have raised objections, and the probable result will be that the Fire Department will be entirely ignored. The probability is that the bill will become a law, as it has been carefully worded, and meets the requirements of every class of our citizens, except a portion of the firemen who want the whole appointing power.

The bill relative to fire bell ringers has before been before the Legislature. It was proposed that the Commissioners of Police make the appointments from the exempt firemen, but a change in favor of the Board of Engineers is manifest. The wholesale removal of old men who have been maimed or worn out in discharge of their duty as firemen from the only positions where they could obtain a livelihood, to reward political friends, has created a great feeling in the Department, even among those who were warm friends of the present Mayor, and the earnest advocacy of a change in the appointing power is the result.

Mr. Masterson is endeavoring to have the annual appropriation of three thousand dollars for the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Fire Department inserted in the list of charitable donations, with every chance of success. Quite a number of New York firemen have spent the week in Albany; nearly all have different jobs on hand. The principal object of interest to the firemen is the insertion of an additional appropriation in the tax levy to meet the expenses of this year. Some additional sum must be granted or the apartment will be forced to lie idle. The tax levy has been reported complete in House, and to have an amendment made it must be recommitted for the sum inserted. When a plain statement of the state of the finances is made no opposition is expected. It was rumored that some of the parties in favor of the new Building Law have wanted the present Board of Fire Wardens broken up as a useless institution. As the report goes, a great deal of evidence as to their incapacity to fill the position and of the representatives to fill their places is to be brought forward. It would indeed cause some quaking if the matter were to be brought up in that light.

We are in favor of some of the present Board of Wardens, knowing them to be fully capable of performing their duties, and that the only prevention to the success of their labors is the want of a sufficient law. The action of the Representatives has had no weight in Albany, as it is charged that the members voted on the subject from personal friendship to the present Wardens, and not from any good reason to oppose the bill. We would advise those who have been strenuous in opposing a Building Law other than the one now existing, to go to Albany, where they can very soon learn the result of their opposition.

Meeting of Board of Representatives.

The Board of Representatives of the Fire Department met, on Monday evening, on a call signed by some twenty members, to take action in regard to the bill now before the Legislature relative to unsafe buildings. The committee appointed by the Board, stated that they were only able to report progress, as they had been empowered to frame a bill and send it to the Legislature. The members of the Board passed a report, and the consequence was, an entire alteration in the law respecting the appointing power of the building inspectors, and discharging the committee from any further consideration of the subject. The amendment asked for by the Representatives is that the power of appointing be given to them instead of the trustees, they evidently having but little faith in any body but themselves.

This seeking patronage by the Fire Department can not but work to its disadvantage. We for years a member of the Board, and those whom we believe are honest in their desire to preserve the department, have endeavored to keep the Board of Representatives free from any patronage that brings trouble among its members; but the acts of the majority on Monday night plainly show that the desire for place and power, to give it to their friends, overrules all the better feeling, and the end must be disorganization.

It was, also, attempted to secure the appointment of the fire bell-ringer to that Board, but either from shame of what had already been done, or the knowledge that success brought trouble, it failed.

These eleven appointments will make twenty-six paid offices now in their charge. The bell-ringers would have made at least thirty more, and then no doubt a simple suggestion to the Common Council that the Street Inspectors should be placed in the Fire Department list of appointments, and the work would have been complete. Certainly, the firemen run the streets. Why then should they not have charge of keeping them clean? They can ask for it with as much consistency as for the power of instructing the citizens how they shall erect buildings; and why not do it? Seriously, the Representatives are a great body, and for a year at least they have shown it. That they will continue is manifest, unless, as we fear, they grow too great for the space allotted them in this world, and the result will be their inflation and elevation in a balloon—larger than the one we were supposed to occupy—and an explosion that will carry with them all that is connected with the present Fire Department.

Assistant Engineer Election.

Firemen's Hall, on Monday evening, was the scene of much confusion and disorder, caused by the persons in waiting to hear the returns of the Assistant Engineer election, held on that evening. The room had been newly fitted up for the Board of Fire Commissioners, and from the actions of the parties present on that occasion, but few more such meetings will suffice to make it unfit for occupation by any body. Jumping over benches, crushing, pushing, yelling out for the returns like a party of lunatics—is not exactly in keeping with good order, and something we hope, never again to witness. The inspectors had hard work to keep even the space behind the desks free from intrusion.

The returns commenced coming in shortly after eight o'clock and continued until twelve, when the opening commenced. There was but little interest taken in the Department in the election, and a comparatively small number of votes were polled. Votes were announced for all kinds of people, from Stephen H. Branch to others of less notoriety. These things, though simple in themselves, detract from the dignity of the Department elections—if such a thing were possible—and ought to be discountenanced. The following is the vote cast:

Thomas Roe, of Engine 16	1697
Chas. L. Kent, of Hook & Ladder 11	994
Thomas Wilding, of Hook & Ladder 4	248
Abram J. Brewer, of Hose 19	185
Blank and scattering	141

The vote of Hose Company 61 was refused by the Inspectors, but it was afterwards received, it being shown that the mistake was in a return from the Common Council and not that of the Company.

Fire Wardens.

On the second Tuesday in April there are to be elected by the Board of Representatives five Fire Wardens to fill the vacancies caused by the expiration of the terms of service of Michael Eichell, John Downey, James M. McGregor and John S. Clayton, and the decease of Robert B. Sanderson. There are several candidates in the field besides those whose terms expire. The desire to become Wardens increases each year, and as the names come to us, we should not be surprised to find at least thirty applicants for the five places. Next week we shall give the names of those we think most deserving of the place.

The Fire Commissioners and Board of Aldermen

It appears that some of the Aldermen took occasion to pen their batteries on the Fire Commissioners at the time the decision in the case of John Kerrigan was reversed by the Board. The Fire Commissioners evidently do not intend to let the matter pass without a thrust back, hence the following statement of the facts of the case from the President, Henry Wilson:

To the Firemen of New York:—The Commissioners of the Fire Department having had their attention called to certain allegations made in the Board of Aldermen, on the 19th inst., calling in question their acts in the case of John Kerrigan, think they ought not under the circumstances to let them pass unnoticed.

The Common Council have for reasons of their own seen fit to reverse the decision of the Commissioners expelling Mr. Kerrigan from the Fire Department.

If the Commissioners are to be sustained in the conscientious and faithful discharge of the arduous and unpleasent duties imposed upon them, and if their action in this case was just and proper, the act of reversal on the part of the Common Coudcil was uncalled for and deleterious to the good order and efficiency of the Fire Department.

It appears from the interlocutfiry of Alderman Darragh, and the reply of Alderman Henry, that no actual investigation on the part of the Board of Aldermen, or of its Committee having charge of the matter had been had; but only outside explanations by interested parties, which ought not to have been received, or had any effect.

The record, finding and evidence of and before the Commissioners was not submitted to either Board of the Common Council, yet the Aldermen and every member of the Fire Department know that the proceedings of the Commissioners are open to the inspection of the public between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M. daily, and that copies of such proceedings are furnished to all parties interested, on request, free of all expense; and besides, as everybody knows, the Board of Aldermen have rightful power to call for persons and papers.

They did not choose to exercise the power which they possess as a body to ascertain the facts of the case, which charges appear in the official report of the proceedings of the Board af Aldermen on the 19th inst., and are reported in the New York *Daily Transcript* on the 20th inst. and the Commissioners indignantly deny said motives, pronouncing it to be without a shadow of fact, and so garbled and mutilated as to conceal the truth and deceive the public.

The proceedings and records of the Board are open to the public on Monday and Tuesday evenings—the usual nights for trials and complaints before the Commissioners. The public, and the Board of Aldermen in particular, are invited to attend, and to witness the manner in which trials before us are conducted. The charge of favoritism is now publicly made for the first time, and we are at a loss to understand why it is, unless that we do not show and have not shown favor to those who were foolish enough to suppose that they could obtain or were entitled to it. Whenever any restorations have been made, they were for good cause, and almost invariably at the request of the complainant, and, in some cases, by the members of the previous Board of Fire Commissioners, by whom they were punished; none have been restored who were guilty of any heinous offence, and only where they could show subsequent good conduct.

There are some further allegations made by certain Aldermen on the passage of the resolution reinstating Kerrigan to the Department, which, though wholly uncalled for and disconnected with the question before them made at a time, and as a justification for their action certainly merits a reply. It is charged that the Commissioners discharge their duties badly, that no confidence can be placed in their recommendations, that they reinstated men who had been expelled for the worst criminality, and that they were showing great favoritism. Alderman Brady pretended to read from the minutes of the Board, to show that while they expelled one from the Department for merely shoving another from the hydrant, men guilty of brutal assaults were let off, and that in the instance of the Foreman of 11 engine, he was suspended for six months and reinstated in three days afterwards, and that he could cite such cases for an hour; that they had refused to punish a man who used a pistol when the firemen were out burying a member, and other such charges, and that he understood outside that the motive in the case of Kerrigan was simply a political dodge to keep him from being made a Forman at the next election. The facts are as follows:

Hose Company No. 15 had been to a fire in Spruce street. After their return to their house in Elizabeth street, and as soon as the roll had been called, while the members were about leaving the house to return to their homes, Kerrigan followed a member of the Company named Britt, outside of the door of the carriage house, and committed a most brutal assault upon him for an alleged difference which had occurred at the fire. Britt was in uniform, but Kerrigan was not. The assault was proved to be utterly without provocation, and was so severe that Britt was laid up for about ten days. The complaint to the Commissioners was made by Britt; and members of the Company requested the Commissioners to excuse them from giving testimony in the case, as they felt afraid to testify against Kerrigan. Britt alone was examined to support the charge, and Kerrigan was permitted to make his own statement to the Board. He admitted the facts, and only justified himself on the ground that the assault occurred after the roll was called. He was found guilty of the charge.

Kerrigan applied to the Common Council, and had the case referred back to the Commissioners for reconsideration. The Commissioners complied with the application, and reopened the case; granting him a new trial on the ground of alleged newly discovered evidence. On the second trial he was permitted to introduce witnesses in his behalf, but they condemned him, and confirmed the testimony of Britt; and he was a second time found guilty, and accordingly expelled from the Department.

The above facts may be proven from the record of the proceedings before the Commissioners.

The only excuse or palliation for the action of the Board of Aldermen is, that the assault occurred after roll call, and outside of the house; but the facts show that it did actually occur near the house, and while the members were present or passing to their homes.

"The fireman who used a pistol at a funeral, and who shot another fireman at the time," and whom it is said we refused to expel, *was* expelled by the Commissioners, but was subsequently reinstated by an effort of Alderman Brady. This act of the Common Council was against the wishes of the Department, and contrary to the decision of the Commissioners, as the official record of the Alderman on the 12th of December last will show. Their acts can also be seen, in reference to the above case, in the official record of the Board of Aldermen on the 5th of August, the 22nd of September, and 21st of November, 1859.

This circumstance was not necessary to confer upon the Commissioners' jurisdiction. By the laws and ordinances, they are empowered to inquire into any conduct of members affecting the character of the Department, or calculated to bring it into disrepute, and have so acted in such cases from their first organization.

Alderman Brady characterizes the act of Kerrigan as a simple "Civil assault." This is only equalled by another Alderman's explanation, so called, that it was only "a small engine fight."

It is apparent to every member of the Department, and to every good citizen, that if the decisions of the Commissioners are to be thus overruled and trifled with by the Common Council upon any suggestion powerful enough to influence them—that the Fire Commissioners are to all intents at an end, and only secondary to the Board, and the sooner the connection is broken the better.

The "outside understanding" that Alderman Brady professes, to find bruited abroad, "that in the case of Kerrigan we were actuated by a political motive," is wholly untrue, our acts being solely for the good and welfare of the department. The department we refered to, to show that the motives of the Commissioners have not been questioned by those most interested and who would be first to know if such were the case. Conscious of good motives in ourselves and of an honest and anxious desire to discharge our duties faithfully for the best interests of the Department, we are not yet aware of even a breath of suspicion existing as to any action of this Board. To show that we have the confidence of the Fire Department, we shall bring the charges made against us before the Board of Representatives of the New York Fire Department, to whom alone we are officially responsible, and to whom we are indebted for the position which we now hold.

In future we do not intend to enter into any controversy in regard to our official actions, knowing that we are right in thought, and confident of the sustenance of the firemen. In this instance we only feel justified in coming before the public for the credit of the Department, from the fact that the charges made were most unparalleled, and might be believed were they not met at the threshold and refuted.

By order of the Board of Fire Commissioners.

Henry Wilson, President.

MILITARY MATTERS.

Fifty-Ninth Regiment.

The election to the Colonelcy of this Regiment has been appealed from, and the appeal was heard on the 10th ult., by General Swan, on the following points:

1st. That the notices of the said election were not served in compliance with section 13, title 2, of the Act of 1854.

2d. That no return was made of the service of the notices, as required by section 14, title 2, of said act.

3d. That the Presiding Officer at said election had no evidence of the service of said notices on all the electors, as required by section 7, title 2, of said act.

4th. That the election was not held within the bounds of the Regimental District.

The decision by the Brigadier General was that the 1st, 2d and 3d points were sustained; that the 4th is not well taken.

This decision has been appealed from, by Colonel Page, to the Commander-in-Chief.

There is something in this appeal that speaks loudly of ignorance or design. The Presiding Officer at the election was Brigadier General Lansing B. Swan. The appellants, Major John E. Bean, Captain W. B. Warford, Captain J. B. Grant, and Lieutenant Carl Stephan. All of the above officers were present at said election; yet the General permits an appeal, in violation of the statute, which expressly provides that the presence of a person at an election shall be deemed a waiver to his right to appeal. The General goes further, by deciding in favor of the 3d point. We regret the fact of General Swan stultifying himself; yet it is apparent that he has done so. As President, he had no authority in proceeding with an election wherein he had not the proper evidence of service; he has decided that the Presiding Officer (himself) had not the proper evidence of service. We have to ask him why did he proceed so soon to decide, as the officer holding an appeal, that his former acts were illegal? We hold him morally culpable in this matter, and, as an officer, ignorant of his duties. The whole thing is a feint, and one we hope the Commander-in-Chief will examine into.

Seventy-first Regiment.

The Lieutenant Colonelcy of this command is yet unsettled, The election held last evening resulted in a tie vote—fourteen votes each being polled for Tompkins and Kinnan, and one vote for ex-Lieut. Colonel Martin. It is paobable that no further election will be held for the present.

Art and Artists.

Memorial of Barry, the Great English Artist

James Barry was born in Cork, in 1741; his father was master of a coasting-vessel, and being a plain, rough sailor, did not think of any other profession for his son than his own. But young Barry early evinced a predilection for art and literature, with that ardor that distinguished him through life, devoting all the time he could steal from sleep and other occupations to his study. At the age of twenty-two he went to Dublin, and attracted the attention of Edmund Burke. Under the patronage of that noble-minded and distinguished man he went to London, and was afterwards sent by him to Rome to perfect his education. There he remained five years, and returned to England in 1770. The remainder of his life was spent in London, where he died on the 26th February, 1806. The circumstances of his death were like those of his life, marked by peculiarity and dearth of Christian sympathy and social affection. Being taken ill with a cold fit of pleuritic fever at the restaurant where he usually dined, he was conveyed home in a coach; but the key-hole of the house having been filled up by some mischievous boys, it was found impossible to enter. A friend procured him a bed at the house of a neighbor; here he desired to be left alone, and locked himself in for forty hours without medical assistance. He lingered on for twenty days and finally expired. Such was the demise of Barry, the great English Allegorical Painter.

Incidents in his life may not be uninstructive to some of our own countrymen, who, conscious of the "god within them," stoop not to cultivate those humble graces to which society is indebted for the amelioration of much discomfort, and which even heaven-born genius may not scorn with impunity.

With ability of a high order—an enthusiastic devotion to art—untiring industry—dogged perseverance, when even hope had seemed to have left him—great moral courage and disinterestedness for his profession—he lived and died a poor man. Many who knew him did not like him, and few who attached themselves to him remained his personal friends. In fine, he seemed possessed with a species of reckless monomania to throw away all the blessings and comforts of friendship, as if it were ignoble for a son of genius to acknowledge appreciation or benefit accruing therefrom, or to haply lay himself under any obligation to a fellow mortal. This, while we are each placed in the world to do good, and to contribute each his mite in the grand economy of the universe—is not only false logic but mistaken religion.

An anecdote illustrative of these traits of character may not be amiss here, coming to us as it does from Jarvis the Younger, who had it from the lips of the eccentric J. R. Smith, well known among our elder artists, and who was personally acquainted with Barry in England, and but too well posted upon his unfortunate peculiarities. We refer our readers to the department of "Jarvisiana," in last week's issue.

While at Rome he involved himself in disputes with his fellow students, and Burke wrote him a letter of advice; but his eloquence was entirely wasted on the incorrigible and irate Barry. In England he was deprived of his professorship of painting, and expelled the Royal Academy, as a consequence of his disputes with the members. Whether he was right or wrong in the charges which he brought against them is quite beside the question of the policy of the *manner* in which they were brought. A little Chesterfieldian *politesse* might have saved him. It is always unkind, frequently unwise and impertinent, even in the most gifted, to needlessly offend the prejudices and conventional usages of society; and though *le beau monde* may frequently forgive gross faults it seldom overlooks *gaucherie* and impertinence, for men in general see but the outward forms of each other, and the admiration of manifold talents which is yielded warmly when gratuitously given, is often alloyed with a grudge and a sneer when it is made payable on demand. Had Barry lived he would have found that the world was not altogether a mass of ingratitude. The Earl of Buchan set on foot a subscription for him which amounted to about one thousand pounds, in order to purchase him an annuity, but his death prevented the completion of the project. But while we are led from a love of truth to decide upon the infirmities of genius, and the unhappy faults of his character, let us turn to those nobler traits wherein the whole-souled artist and the man of genius asserted his prerogative to immortality. He published in 1775 an "Inquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England;" and shortly afterwards began the work of painting an epic poem, with the intention of proving, by his own hand, that both design and execution could arise and be combined in the "fog-covered island," as well as under the clearer sky of Italy. It was during his gratuitous ornamentation of the Hall of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce—a series of allegorical pictures illustrative of the progress of man from a savage to a civilized state; or, to use his own words: "That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence"—that the Earl of Buchan extended to the artist his patronage. Of the six paintings by Barry, adorning the rooms of the Society, in St. John, Adelphi, two, adapted for each side, are forty-two feet long; the others, in pairs, at each end, are each fifteen feet long. The subjects are "Orpheus Civilizing the Inhabitants of Thrace;" a "Grecian Harvest-Home;" the "Victors at Olympia;" an "Allegorical Representation of the Thames," typifying England and commerce; the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, distributing its Annual Prizes," and the "Elysium, or the State of final Retribution." The latter and the "Victors of Olympia," are the greatest pictures of the series. Of these grand paintings, it is impossible to give our readers much idea. "Elysium" is perhaps the grandest composition ever spread out on canvas; and the nearest approach in mental characterization to Dante's "Heaven." Here are together assembled the learned, the great, the good of all ages. Indeed, Barry's entire works may be considered as so many grand poems, and in reflecting on and examining them, we are lost in wonder at the magnificent mental calibre of the great designer.

American Art.

It was very well to buy the works of deceased painters, if we wished to place them in a public gallery, and our motive was unselfish; but, when possible, let us purchase them while their authors are still alive.—*Ruskin.*

A very graceful sentiment this, from the pen of the eminent critic—yet we cannot even in precocious America ignore all precedents in art—all data, by which we may judge of the scope of human effort. In the first place, the implements of art are imperfect. Marble does not embody color, neither does color embody form, save through the mystic types of chiaro-scuro and perspective. But though we cannot realize all the sublime conceptions of the mind, it is ignoble to fold our hands in idleness when so much within the scope of human possibility remains to be done. We revert to the past, and see how art has patiently plodded on through ages, ceaselessly endeavoring to embody our immortality, and we regard the present with complacency, looking forward to the future with the proud assurance of triumph. Such is the subtile intoxication of art. Some have been so bold as to say, "Pity the money lavished upon the Bryan Gallery had not been appropriated to the purchase of works by living artists!" Living when? At the hour of the purchase of their works? Parbleu! a *chef d'œuvre* is the talisman of immortality.

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies."

We cannot spare the Bryan Gallery: it is the Centurion that knocks at the door of Philip of Macedon, to acquaint him that he is yet mortal. It shows us what centuries have had to struggle through to accomplish! No expose of the mushroom growth of an hour—but the accumulated work of ages—the lesson is timely; for inflated by a little success, we might imagine ourselves the only gods in the universe! American Art owes much to its precedents—but more to itself. Now is your time—genuine art philanthropist—to seek out the studio of the modest artist, who has not sufficient confidence in his own merit or faith in the appreciation of others, to lay his gift upon the votive shrine. Art, in her heaven-born mission, endeavors to refine and ennoble us, and no petty interests should be suffered to mar the great work. We are happy at last to view a wholesome share of American Art. We no longer wrap our heroes in Roman togas—people our woods with Grecian Dryads and Fawns, and stud the banks of our lordly Hudson with the feudal castles of the Rhine.

All this palpable affectation has had to be done away with, because of the growing good sense of the populace, which has at last concluded not to be ashamed of its own national identity. National subjects and the individualization of national character are loudly called for—and we are happy to find some works of art artistically conceived and finely handled. The painting by Schwartz of the "Pilgrim Fathers holding their first day of Public Worship in America, Sunday, January 21, 1621," on free exhibition at Goupil's corner of Ninth street and Broadway, is an admirable embodiment of national poesy. Leutze's "Washington at Princeton," on exhibition at the Studio Building, Tenth street, is an admirable composition. We are happy to see at the Dusseldorf Gallery photographs of a statuette of "Virginia Dare"—the first white child born in America. This sweet and chaste work will be rendered in marble, life size, by Miss Louisa Lander.

On Dits.

PRINTING ON MOVEABLE TYPES.—"The Art preservative of all Arts," like the objects of Nature that are familiar to us from infancy, is constantly presenting us its manifold beauties and its useful results, without attracting scarcely a moment's consideration of the genius, art, talent, industry and skill that have been employed since the days of Faust, in bringing it to its present state of perfection. In our time a printing office is a vast laboratory of art; and, in view of the multitude of beautiful cards, circulars, handbills, et cetera, daily issuing from the job printing offices of our city, it is no stretch of imagination to call the printer an artist. If any of our art friends think so, or are at all desirous to become familiar with a few of the mysteries of a printing office, they are invited to call on our neighbor, Mr. Frank McElroy, over the LEADER office, and carefully examine the collection of material and fine specimens of typography he will be happy to show them. They will discover that there are many things in art not dreamed of in the philosophy of artists generally; and it will not only give them a better idea, but a more exalted opinion, of the merits of scores of humble workers who are daily toiling on—

"To fortune and to fame unknown."

Among the more recent acquisitions to the collection of printing material shown us, was a font of crochet type, by means of which a pattern can be put in form as readily as the page of a book or a piece of music. Heretofore, crochet patterns have had to go through the tedious process of being engraved, and could not be rendered perfect without a great deal of care and expense; now, by the use of small moveable pieces of metal, a pattern is neatly, quickly, accurately and cheaply put in form, and by means of one of the many patents of fast printing presses, copies can be furnished at the rate of a thousand or more an hour.

A. VAN BEEST.—If ever a man deserved to be utterly and irretrievably shipwrecked, like his own picturesque and dripping tars, clinging to a floating mast or drifting chattel, it is Van Beest, for leaving us now in the very zenith of his fame. Fitful as the various phases of the elements he depicted, are his unrivalled sketches of the marine genre. He one day astonishes us with an elaborate painting, whose merits we think consist wholly in the adaptation of tint and color; the next day he dashes off a *sepia* sketch so brimming with truth to nature that we are ready to vow color has naught to do with his wonderful power. The public appreciates him—why does he leave us?

E. SAINTIN, 575 Broadway. The reception room of this prince of pastel artists is literally lined with gems of his beautiful art. Some admirable drawings of the Gassiers, and portraits of the artist's distinguished friends, attract our attention. Saintin has just finished an exquisite pastel which will make its mark upon the Academy walls.

WM. MORGAN.—A fine portrait upon the easel evinces more boldness and firmness of touch than we have hitherto seen. Mr. Morgan has much yet to learn, but from his well known perseverance, we expect much from him.

D. M. CARTER, 594 Broadway, is succeeding finely in delineating the spiritual and poetical. With careful and conscientious study, we predict for him the most marked success.

J. ANTONIO HECKKING.—We see in this artist's studio some admirably finished landscapes.

THE EXHIBITION OF ROSSITER'S Great Scriptural Paintings will certainly close on the 31st.

Sporting Season.

[DEFERRED FROM LAST WEEK.]

National Association of Base Ball Players.

The annual meeting of this organization was held on Wednesday evening last, at the Cooper Institute. The room was crowded with those interested in the game, and the number of delegates was large. Fifty-three Clubs, numbering 106 votes, were represented. The first business in order was the admission of new Clubs.

The following Clubs were admitted:—Potomac, of Washington, D. C.; Excelsior, Baltimore; Detroit, of Detroit; Champion, of Albany; Victory, of Troy; Quinnipiack, of New Haven; Bowdoin, of Boston; Newark, of Newark, N. J.; Union, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Poughkeepsie, of Poughkeepsie; Hudson River, of Newburgh; Eureka, of Newark, N. J.; Social, of New York; Vigilant, of Brooklyn; Enterprise, of Brooklyn; Jefferson, of New York; Morphy, of Brooklyn; Washington, of Mineola; Independent, of South Brooklyn; Marion, of Brooklyn; Champion, of New York; Brooklyn, of Brooklyn; making a total of twenty-two Clubs admitted. Bunker Hill, of Brooklyn, and the Forest, Henry Eckford, Alpine, and Malta Clubs of New York, were not admitted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, with the following result: President, Dr. J. B. Jones, Excelsior, Brooklyn; First Vice President, Thomas S. Dakin, Putnam Club, Brooklyn; Second Vice President, Henry Spriver, Excelsior Club, Baltimore; Recording Secretary, J. Ross Postley, Manhattan Club; Corresponding Secretary, T. F. Jackson, Putnam Club, Brooklyn; Treasurer, E. H. Brown, Metropolitan Club.

Dr. Adams, of the Knickerbocker Club, then read the report of the Committee on Rules and Regulations, recommending a change of the time of holding the annual meeting from March to December, and also the adoption of the "fly game," that is, putting the striker out by catching the ball without its having touched the ground, and not allowing it to be caught upon the first bound. After considerable discussion, the recommendation to adopt the fly game was voted down by 37 ayes to 55 nays.

The Committee on Rules also reported in favor of regulating the weight of the ball, by making the minimum weight 5 1-2 ounces, instead of 5 3-4, as at present.

The Treasurer reported that $333 57 was received for dues during the past year, of which $209 93 remained on hand.

At 12 o'clock the Association adjourned to meet next December.

Ottignon's Annual Exhibition.

The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the pupils of Ottignon's Gymnasium came off Monday and Wednesday evenings, 12th and 14th of March. A large audience of gentlemen and ladies were in attendance upon each occasion. Mr. John H. Bird made an appropriate opening address. Messrs. Grower and Ferguson, on the perch, and Messrs. Bird and Purtell, on the trapeze, won deserved applause. In exercising with the dumb-bells the gymnasts were very proficient; Mr. H. E. Buermeyer proving himself worthy of especial mention. In the exercise of the Indian clubs Messrs. Van Vlick and Smith excelled. The Messrs. Brady and Smith's performances upon the peg pole were most creditable. Mr. Muller and pupils' fencing performances were highly appreciated by the audience.

The entire programme on both evenings was carried through in a handsome manner, and the exhibition of strength and agility, as shown in the various performances, reflected great credit upon all concerned.

Mr. Charles F. Ottignon can very justly feel proud of this, his Tenth Annual Exhibition. Although the public know from experience that his exhibitions are of a superior character, we feel certain that every spectator will pronounce this affair a most attractive and gratifying one, and worthy of being chronicled among its goodly array of predecessors.

Marion Base Ball Club.

At the last regular meeting of the Marion Base Ball Club, held on Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, the following named persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Charles J. Ellis, (re-elected.) Vice President, Henry P. Willis. Treasurer, Charles P. Cohen, (re-elected,) Secretary, Henry F. Williams.

This Club having received a challenge from the Sumpter Base Ball Club, of Norfolk, Va., it was at the above mentioned meeting accepted, and the 2d May named for the meeting.

On the 18th April, the Marions play the home-and-home game with the Union Base Ball Club, of New Haven, Conn., which was postponed from last season.

Putnam Base Ball Club.

The sixth annual meeting of the Putnam Base Ball Club was held at Theal's, in South Eighth street, (Eastern District) Brooklyn, on Monday night. The following officers were elected: President, Charles H. Pierce; Vice-President, M. P. Masten; Secretary, Henry G. Barstow; Treasurer, Daniel Goodwin; Directors, Andrew E. Burr, Thos. S. Dakin and M. Chichester. There are at present about fifty members belonging to the Club.

Metropolitan Base Ball Club.

At the annual meeting of this club, held March 6, 1860, the following officers were elected for the present year: President, E. H. Brown; Vice-President, John P. Lacour; Secretary, John C Wilson; Treasurer, John Reed; Directors—James B. Wilson, Joseph L. Steele, and Jonathan Green; Delegates to the National Convention, E. H. Brown and John Reed; Gamekeeper, Daniel O. Farrell.

New Yacht, "Mary"

Mr. C. J. Thoms, of West street, has nearly ready for launching this beautifully modeled schooner-yacht, of some 18 tons, for a gentleman of Jersey City. She has every appearance of a splendid and swift craft, and will no doubt reflect credit upon her builder and give the utmost satisfaction to her owner. We shall allude to this yacht again, and also give an account of the Club and race boats which Mr. Thoms is building; among them, one for the Wolverine boys of Detroit, Michigan.

[Written for the New York Leader.]

SAINT AND SINNER.

A PAGE FROM A DREARY BOOK.

BY KATE BOYER TYSON.

I.

"A covering from the driving rain—
Rest for the weary feet—
Some bread to stop the hunger pain—
A shelter from the street!
Two days I have not tasted food;
Two nights slept neath the sky:
I've heard them say that God is good,
And yet I starve and die!
An Outcast I must writhe and roam,
Steeped to the lips in shame,—
None caring where I find a home,
None caring whence I came.
I am not old—oh, would to God
I *were*, three score and ten,
That I might lose life's heavy load
And be a child again!

"Kind stranger, for thy soul's sweet sake
Give to me food and rest!"

II.

—Did not that kind man's heart near break
Beneath his purple vest?
His palace had a marble front,
His drawing-rooms were bright,
His child more fair than she was wont,
Upon that wintry night—
All wrapped in woofs from Persian lands
Edged with that wondrous lace
Whose meshes told of trembling hands
And many a tear-stained face.

III.

He was a man of noble worth,
For on each Sabbath day
He left all thoughts of baser earth
To read, and sing, and pray.
His pew was soft with blue brocade
In many a wavy fold;
A cushion for him when he prayed,
And heavy fringed with gold.
Oh, 'twas a temple full of grace,—
The trappings very fair,
And many a sleeper bent his face
Through many a drowsy prayer.
What says he of the slippered feet?
Doth gold shower from his hands?
The Outcast's voice is very sweet—
It rings of other lands.

IV.

What says the conscientious saint?
"Away, thou thing of shame!
Thy very breath's a poison taint!
Thy presence is a bane!
Off! off! that fearful course forsake!
There's terror in thy path!
Repent—lest judgments overtake,
Sent down in God's just wrath!"
And redder grows his holy nose,
More fierce his nasal twang;
His zealous fire more ardent glows—
Hotter his pious slang.

V.

Down—down from off that marble stoop,
Out in the dreary street,
Like frightened fowl from hawk's fell swoop
Forth went the weary feet.—
Forth to the bleak and driving rain—
Forth to the bitter cold—
Forth to the biting hunger-pain,
And agonies untold.
On, through the street—on, through the snow:
Fast fall the blinding tears:
Oh God! that one so old in woe
Should be so young in years!

VI.

Soft strains of music fill the air;
The lights are flashing bright,
And careless hearts who revel there
Dread not the wintry night.
Lithe forms are moving to and fro
As circles on the dance,
And rosy lips more rosy glow,
And eyes more brightly glance.
Oh, gilded worms who queen it there—
Who ne'er one sorrow knew—
The lost one in the wintry air
Was fairer once than you!

VII.

An equipage with prancing steeds
Guided by skilful hands,
Draws up beside the brilliant hall,
Just where the Outcast stands.
The pawing hoofs are striking fire,
As fierce they spurn the pave,
Heeding the check with fretful ire—
(Who made the horse a *slave?*)
The bits are seized, and menial hands
Caress their necks of pride,
While still the lost one near the door
Close pressed, as if to hide.
A fair, sweet face is peeping through
The polished carriage-pane,
And like a snow-flake in her view
A small gloved hand has lain.
The shining pearls upon her arms
And round her graceful neck
Present not half the flashing charms
Of fairy limbs they deck.
The Outcast's lips grew very white—
Her heart was beating loud
As down the steps that vision bright
Swept onward through the crowd.

VIII.

Once the worn hand was wildly raised
To grasp the garments' train;
Once the proud beauty stood amazed,
Then swept her on again.
She dropped a kerchief from her hand—
"Oh, Heaven pity me!
There is her name! oh native land!
Oh, sister Rosalie!"
She laid the kerchief reverently
To eyes, to lips and breast;
Anon her temples' wild, wild pulse
In its snowy folds were pressed.
And she called it love-names o'er and o'er,
And murmured of the dead,
And wept as ne'er she wept before—
God bless the tears she shed!

IX.

"My beauteous sister Rosalie!
Mayhap a pure young bride!—
Oh, ne'er a guilty blush for me
Shall stain that cheek of pride!
Down—down—the river rolls the same,
Its arms are open wide,
Its waters cool the blush of shame—
There's shelter in its tide.
Down—down within its watery depths
The broken-hearted lie
Down—down—the world refuses me,
So give me room to die!"
She laid the kerchief on her heart,
And prayed one little prayer,
And then once more the parted waves
Embraced above her there.

X.

They found and brought her back to shore:
Some wondered—others wept:
Some hinted crimes, a long, long score—
Calmly the sleeper slept.
Wise men, with one the wise in chief
A learned verdict found
That to the best of their belief
The person had been drowned.
They gave her pauper's grave and grace,
And one, in sympathy,
Drew the thin kerchief o'er her face,
With its mark of "Rosalie."

IX.

Next Sabba' day the pious Dives
Ardent responses made,
Leaning his Pharisaic back
Against the blue brocade;—
And said his prayers, and sung his psalms,
And blessed him o'er again,
And hoped that *Charity* on all
Might fall like blessed rain.
The pious perspiration streamed
From off his holy face,
And those unlike himself he deemed
Should find the burning place.

Friend of the Friendless! Pitying One—
Who seest the sparrow's fall—
Forgive, and through thy blessed Son,
Have mercy on us all!

—Slander would not seem to be a very profitable amusement in Nashville, Tenn., judging by the following most humiliating recantation and confession made there a few days ago by one Dr. Rutland, who had libelled certain gentlemen formerly instrumental in prosecuting him for murder:

> "I now state that all the assertions made by me in that card as derogatory to the character of the gentlemen therein named are unqualifiedly false, base, calumnious—lies without shadow or foundation in truth, but such as could only be concocted in the brain of a wretch as degraded, infamous and contemptible as myself."

A SEA-MONSTER of novel shape and style has lately made its appearance at the Bermudas. It seems to be a sort of cross between the sea-serpent and the celebrated dragon of St. George, having the head of a dog, a red top knot, and being nearly twenty feet long. The nondescript swam ashore (having legs) but was inhumanly set upon and killed. Certain antiquarians of the Islands believed it to be a legitimate descendant of Caliban, yet under the wrathful power of Prospero.

A MOVEMENT IN MEXICO seems among the probabilities of the next few weeks, under the auspices of the "K. G. C.," whose Commander-in-chief, Gen. Bickley, has lately been in Alabama, Louisiana, and other Southern States. There is every probability that this quiet but powerful order may at no distant day solve for us that knotty little problem of "what shall be done with Mexico?" by annexing it,—with or without the aid of Governor Sam Houston, of Texas.

AN ANTI-SON OF MALTA paper is projected at Zanesville, (it should probably be spelled Zanysville,) Ohio, something on the plan on which the Anti-Masonic journals were once founded. The pretence is that the order has grown so dangerous as to need suppression, while the fact is that some political influence is expected to be made out of the movement.

A WHISKERED BABY was born in Standisfield, Mass, a few days ago. It was a fine lively child, with what is described as "a well defined pair of soft, silky whiskers stretching from ear to ear,"—lived, and was growing when last heard from, as well as the beard.

MAJOR PHILIP KEARNEY, of this city, who went to Paris some three years since, under peculiar circumstances of elopement with a daughter of one of our first families—has received from the Emperor of the French the cross of the Legion of Honor for services rendered the French cause during the Italian campaign.

Fire Gossip

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

Our Philadelphia correspondent, "States," is brief and sententious this week. The Philadelphians seem active in the way of fire machinery. Come on, "States":

PHILADELPHIA, *March 21st*, 1860.

DEAR LEADER—While the periodical spasm in relation to a Paid Department is working to die out again in its own good time," says the *Sunday Dispatch*, the builders of hose carriages, &c., are busy getting up new apparatus for volunteer companies.

The Good Intent and America Engines and the Marion Hose Companies have all new spiders underway.

The Rescue Hook and Ladder Company talk of building a new house and truck.

A steamer for the Washington Fire Company, of Madison, Ill., was shipped a short time ago.

A new steamer was shipped last week to Memphis, Tenn., for the Mechanic Fire Company, of that city. She is one of Dumpfel's patent boilers, built by John Agnew, and called the J. D. Danbury, in honor of a celebrated fireman of Memphis.

The Kingsessing Engine Company, of Paschalville (Twenty-fourth Ward), are about making application for admission into the Department. A committee has been appointed to procure a suitable apparatus. They have inspected the suction engines of the West Philadelphia Engine and Vigilant Hose Companies, but as yet have not made any purchase.

The Humane Engine Company have a bill for their relief before the Legislature, the object of which is to allow them to sell and remove from their present location, which their act of incorporation prohibit, them from doing. May they succeed and move quickly, is the prayer of the whole neighborhood, as well as of

Yours truly, STATES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRENCH'S CONICAL
WASHING MACHINE.
THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN THIS MACHINE
ACKNOWLEDGE IT TO BE
THE MOST SIMPLE, DURABLE, CONVENIENT,
AND
ECONOMICAL ARTICLE
EVER INVENTED FOR THE PURPOSE!
Some of its merits are these:
IT IS SO SIMPLE AND EASY IN OPERATION,
THAT ANY BODY CAN USE IT WITH EITHER
ONE OR BOTH HANDS.

The Cone or Centre-piece, by which the Washing is done, brings the Clothes in contact with a washing surface of more than

1,500 SQUARE INCHES,

or, MORE THAN TEN FEET SQUARE, and yet the Machine only occupies a space TWO FEET SQUARE, and

CAN BE USED IN ANY PART OF THE HOUSE, being so admirably constructed that

IT MAKES NO SLOPS!

It can also be put in ranges of stationary washtubs, and connected with the supply and waste-pipes, without being exposed to view.

By all the ordinary methods of cleansing fine fabrics, such as laces, &c., the greatest care is required; while, with this Machine, the most delicate materials can be washed, without the possibility of being damaged—a most conclusive recommendation to all those Housekeepers who know the difficulty of getting clothes washed without tearing.

The WASHING OF AN ORDINARY FAMILY can be DONE IN THIRTY MINUTES, without the necessity of soaking. Again: with this Machine, a DOZEN SHIRTS, COLLARS, and POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, may be washed in the incredibly short space of time—SIX MINUTES!!—much cleaner than if washed by hand. The Machine, while in motion,

FOLDS AND UNFOLDS THE CLOTHES!

exposing, alternately, one side and the other to the action of the water, while the hot suds are forced through them at every turn of the Machine. It possesses other advantages too numerous to detail, but which place it beyond comparison with any other invention for the purpose.

Its CONICAL SHAPE is not the least important of its merits, as, by placing the most soiled articles at the bottom, or small part of the Tub, they are subjected to the greater action of the water; while those at the top, less soiled, in a large space, undergo less friction. On account of its Conical form, also, THE MACHINE IS ITS OWN REGULATOR, the clothes being thrown up by the action within, when the pressure is so great as to prevent the free circulation of the water among them. The quantity of water will be regulated by the quantity of clothes, but MUST ALWAYS BE SUFFICENT TO COVER THEM. ☞ In putting in the clothes, be careful to spread them well.

The Proprietor claims for these Machines that they are

A COMPLETE SUBSTITUTE
FOR THE
WASHING BOARD.

and all who have used or seen them admit the claim to be well founded, as all must do in the future. One of them is now doing all the washing for FRENCH'S HOTEL, where it can be seen in operation at any time, turning out MANY HUNDRED SHEETS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TABLE-CLOTHS, NAPKINS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c., daily, and at the Depot, No. 421 BROADWAY.

In all cases where general satisfaction is not given, the money will be refunded.

I ask of the public a careful examination of this machine before purchasing any other, and guarantee to all purchasers that it will perform all, AND MORE, than I claim for it, in LESSENING THE LABORS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

These machines, so effective and invaluable I use, are so simple in construction, that

THE PRICE IS
ONLY $10 EACH.
FOR SALE AT THE DEPOT,
No. 421 BROADWAY,
ONE DOOR ABOVE CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK.
PHILIP FRENCH.

ZARTALISMA B. CORDIAL, IS A Tonic, exhilirating and Invigorating Liqueur, adapted expressly for the use of the Female Sex:

It is in a concentrated form, being composed of the gums and essences of rare and subtile vegetable extracts. It revives the exhausted, reinvigorates the debilitated and corrects the baneful influences arising from the extreme devotion of the fair sex to the injurious usages of fashionable life, and long persistency in sedentary habits.

The nurse or mother, weakened by the duties of maternity, will find this tonic and restorative beverage a "friend in need;" it can be given to the girl of tender age with as much impunity as it can be taken by females of riper years; and will supplant the use of cosmetics and other deleterious artificial appliances of the toilet, inasmuch as it gives the natural bloom of health to the complexion, and restores to the eye its lustre. Price One Dollar per bottle, or six bottles for Five Dollars.

Full directions and particulars will be found on the pamphlet accompanying each preparation. The pamphlet contains further valuable advice for females of all ages, and will be mailed, free of charge, to any part of the United States on receipt of the address.

Sold by the proprietor, DR. H. A. BARROW, 194 Bleecker street, (4 doors from Macdougal), New York, where he can be confidentially consulted from 11 to 3, and 4 to 8 daily.

Sold also by F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 Franklin street, N. Y., and at Mrs HAYES' Medical Depot, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of several writs of Execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale on MONDAY, the 16th day of April, 1860, 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 A. FERGUSON which he had on the 28th day of December, 1858, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property to wit: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Twentieth Ward of the City of New York, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning on the southerly side of Thirty-fourth street, at a point distant five hundred and ninety-nine feet five and one quarter inches easterly from the Eighth avenue, running thence southerly parallel with Eighth avenue up to and through the centre line of a party wall and beyond the same ninety-eight feet nine inches to the centre line of the block, thence easterly along said centre line sixteen feet five and three quarter inches; thence northerly parallel with the Eighth avenue to and through the centre line of and the party wall and beyond the same to the southerly side of line of Thirty-fourth street aforesaid; and thence westerly along said southerly side of Thirty-fourth street, sixteen feet five and three-quarter inches to the point or place of beginning. Also, all those four certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the Sixteenth Ward of the City of New York, and known and distinguished on a map of 36 lots, made by B. Spencer, City Surveyor, filed in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York as number sixty one, (61) sixty-two, (62) sixty three, (63) and sixty-four (64), which said four lots are bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Twenty-ninth street, distant three hundred and ninety-nine feet and eight inches eastwardly from the easterly line of Eighth avenue, and running thence eastwardly along said northerly side of Twenty-ninth street ninety-two feet and eight inches, thence northwardly, on a line parallel with Eighth avenue, ninety-eight feet and five inches; thence westwardly, and parallel with Twenty-ninth street, ninety three feet and eight inches, and thence southerly and parallel with said avenue ninety-eight feet and nine inches to the place of beginning.

Dated New York, Feb. 29th, 1860.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at Public Vendue on THURSDAY, the 3d day of May, 1860, all the right, title and interest of WILLIAM CONNOLLY, which he had on the twenty-fifth day of May, 1855, or at any time afterwards of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All those two certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated, lying and being in the late Eighteenth (now Twenty-first) Ward of the City of New York, known on a certain map now on file in the Register's office of said city, entitled map of property in the Twelfth Ward of the city of New York, belonging to Isaac Varian, New York, May, 1833, surveyed by W. B. Doughty, City Surveyor, by the number 171 (one hundred and seventy-one) and 172 (one hundred and seventy-two) and taken together are bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Twenty-ninth street, 225 feet easterly from the Sixth avenue, running thence northerly parallel with the Sixth avenue along lot number 173 (one hundred and seventy-three) on said map 98 feet and 9 inches to the centre line of the block, thence easterly along said centre line 15 feet and 3 inches, thence southerly along the rear of lot number 189 (one hundred and eighty nine) on said map, and parallel with the Bloomingdale Road 25 feet, thence easterly and at right angles to the Bloomingdale Road, along the southerly line of lot number 189 on said map 26 feet and 7 inches, thence southerly and parallel with the Sixth avenue, along the rear of lots numbers 170, 169, 168, and 167 on said map, 85 feet to Twenty-ninth street aforesaid, and thence westerly along Twenty-ninth street 50 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated New-York, March 16th, 1860.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.
J. GRENVILLE KANE, Attorney for Plaintiff. m17 7t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of EDWARD GRIFFITH, late of the city of New York, Porter, a native of Ireland, 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 April. Dated New York, March 16th, 1860.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL, Public Administrator.
m17 4t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, No. 271 Broadway.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of WILLIAM JANSEN or JOHNSON, late of the city of New York, Barkeeper, a native of Prussia, 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 April next.
Dated New York, March 16th, 1860.
STEPHEN P. RUSSEL, Public 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 MARIA H. SANFORD, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of James T. Sanford, No. 93 West street, in the city of New York, on or before the 20th day of September next.
Dated New York, the 15th day of March, 1860.
m17 6m HARRIET SANFORD, 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 CHARLES LYALL, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence No. 395 Hudson street, in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of October next. Dated, New York, the 15th day of March, 1860
m17 6m MARY LYALL, 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 J. HENRY SPERRY, late of the City of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his store, No. 487 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the Twentieth day of September next. Dated New York, the 15th day of March, 1860.
m17 6m TIMOTHY S. SPERRY, 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 DE FOREST, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the Subscriber, at his Office, No. 260 East Seventeenth street, in the city of New York, on or before the 18th day of September next.
Dated New York, the 16th day of March, 1860.
m17 6m C. V. DE FOREST, 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 HENRY W. COLYER, late of the City of New York, Livery Stable keeper, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the house of Abram Beekman, No. 52 First street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next.
Dated New York, the 7th day of March, 1860.
MARY COLYER, Administratrix.
m10 6m ABRAM BEEKMAN, 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 JAMES FAGEN, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of T. James Glover, No. 6 Wall street in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next. Dated, New York, the eighth day of March, 1860.
PHILIP J. BRADY, Executor.
m10 6m ELIZABETH KOEN, 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 BENJAMIN M. TREDWELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at his office, No. 34 Liberty street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23d day of May next. Dated, New York, the 16th day of November, 1859. JAMES H. TITUS, Administrator.
n13 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 L. AMBLER, late of the city of New York deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, One Hundred and Twenty-second street, between Second and Third avenues, in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next.
Dated New York, the 8th day of March, 1860.
m10 6m ABEL J. STILSON, 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 FAULKNER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the office of George Johnson & Co., No. 44 Walker street, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of September next.
Dated New York, the 7th day of March, 1860.
EDWARD H. FAULKNER, FRANCIS G. GREEN } Executors.
m10 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 WM. DENNISON, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Henry D. Van Orden, No. 187 Greenwich street, in the city of New York, on or before the fifth day of July next. Dated, New York, the 23d day of December, 1859.
d31 6m HELEN DENISON, 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 CHARLES DAVIS, late of the city of New York, Iron Founder, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 114 West Sixteenth street, in the city of New York, on or before the third day of July next. Dated, New York, the 30th day of December, 1859.
SARAH P. DAVIS, 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 NANCY DURINGER, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at his residence, No. 670 Eighth avenue, in the city of New York, on or before the first day of August next. Dated New York, twenty-fourth day of January, 1860.
m3 6m AUGUSTUS H. LUBBERS, 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 EDWIN SMITH, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at his office, No. 36 Peck Slip, in the city of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of September next. Dated, New York, the fifth day of March 1860. ISAAC H. SMITH,
m10 6 mo 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 P. MAILLIE, late of the city of New York, Wine Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Jas. S. Sandford, No. 51 Liberty street, in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next. Dated, New York, the 2d day of March, 1860.
m10 6m MARIE MAILLIE, 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 LAMBERT H. TREDWELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office No. 34 Liberty street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23rd day of May next. Dated New York, the 16th day of November, 1859.
n19 6m JAMES H. TITUS, Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of execution to me directed and delivered I will expose to sale on Thursday, the 29th day of March, 1860, at 12 o'clock, M., at the vestibule of the City Hall, all the right, title and interest of JOHN B. MEE, which he had on the 23d day of January, 1860, or at any time afterwards, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Thirty-fourth street, distant seventy-eight (78) feet easterly from the easterly line of Tenth avenue, thence running southerly and parallel with Tenth avenue eighty-eight (88) feet, thence easterly and parallel with Thirty-fourth street twenty-two (22) feet, thence northerly and parallel with Tenth avenue eighty-eight (88) feet to southerly line of Thirty-fourth street, thence westerly along said southerly line of Thirty-fourth street twenty-two (22) feet, to the place of beginning.
Dated, New York, February 13th, 1860.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
T. DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. fy18 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against RENSSELAER HAVENS, late of the City of New York, President of the Howard Insurance Company, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Henry P. Fessenden, No. 70 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of June next.—Dated New York, the 22d day of December, 1859.
CHARLOTTE M. HAVENS,
Administratrix, &c., of Rensselaer Havens, deceased.
d24 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 SHEIRS, late of North Orange, New Jersey, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscribers at the office of Charles Judson, No. 133 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of June next. Dated New York, the 19th day of December, 1859.
NICHOLAS SHIERS, Executor.
ANN REBECCA SHIERS, 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 STEPHEN SCHAPPERT, late of the city of New York, mahogany dealer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 171 Essex street, in the city of New York, on or before the third day of July next.
Dated New York, the 30th day of December, 1859.
BARBARA KRAMER, Form'ly BARBARA SCHAPPERT. } 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 RENSSELAER HAVENS, late of the City of New York, President of the Howard Insurance Company, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Henry P. Fessenden, No. 70 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of July next. Dated New York, the 22d day of December, 1859.
CHARLOTTE M. HAVENS,
Administratrix, &c., of Rensselaer Havens,
d24 6m 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 BENJAMIN F. MAGUIRE, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the residence of the subscriber, Eugenia A. Maguire, No. 2 Union Square, in the city of New York, on or before the sixteenth day of July next.
Dated New York the 9th day of January, 1860.
EUGENIA A. MAGUIRE, Administratrix.
j12 6m. GEORGE D. BULEN, 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 THERESA FRIEDMAN, late of the city of New York, widow, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Coe & Wallis, No. 52 John street, in the city of New York, on or before the 29th day of June next.
Dated New York, the 27th day of December, 1859.
d31 6m HENRY SCHUBART, 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 JOSEPH FRIEDMAN, late of city of New York, Merchant, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the Subscriber, at the office of Coe & Wallis, No. 52 John street, in the city of New York, on or before the 29th day of June next. Dated New York, the 27th day of December, 1859.
d31 6m HENRY SCHUBERT, 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 JAMES D. BALEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of George Ireland, Jr., No. 26 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of July next.
Dated, New York, the sixth day of January, 1860.
GEO. IRELAND, GEO. IRELAND, Jr., } Administrators.
jan7 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 SCOTT, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, No. 151 South street, in the city of New York, on or before the 10th day of July next.
Dated New York, the 4th day of January, 1860.
jan 7 6m PETER HOEFT, 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 CATHARINE JUDAH, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at the Office of J. L. Riker, Esq., No. 150 Nassau street, in the city of New York, on or before the 27th day of May next. Dated New York, the 25th day of November, 1859.
n26 6m EDWARD JUDAH, 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 NATHANIEL BLOODGOOD, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of W. J. Hoppin, Esq., No. 61 Pine street, in the city of New York, on or before the sixteenth day of July next. Dated, New York, the 9th day of January, 1860.
j14 6m E. A. BLOODGOOD, 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 JOHN T. BOYD, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the Subscriber, the administrator of the estate of the said deceased, at the office of Shea & Richardson, No. 112 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-first day of July, 1860.
j14 6m. GEO. SHEA, Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, IN pursuance of an order of the Surrogate of the county of New York, and according to law, to all persons having claims against ANN H. BLAUVELT, late of the city of New York, widow, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, the administrators of the goods, chattels, and credits of the said deceased, at the office of Knox & Mason, Number 111 (one hundred and eleven) Broadway, in the city of New York, the subscribers place of transacting business, on or before the seventeenth day of April next. Dated the 8th day of October, 1859.
JOHN M. MASON, ISAAC L. BLAUVELT, } Administrators.
o8 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 Y. FRENCH, late of the City of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 553 Grand street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next.
Dated, New York, the 6th day of March, 1860.
m10 6m JANE E. FRENCH, 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 A. GERALD HULL, late of the city of New York, physician, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of John P. Crosby, Esq., No. 1 Hanover street, in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of September next. Dated, New York, the ninth day of March, 1860.
m10 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 JOHN E. DONNELLY, late of the City of New York, Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber at his store, No. 76 Catharine street, in the city of New York, on or before the twenty-third day of July next. Dated New York, the 18th day of January, 1860. PATRICK DONNELLY,
jy21 6m 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 B. MARTIN, late of the City of New York deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their place of transacting business, No. 283 Greenwich street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of February next.
Dated New York, the 16th day of September, 1860.
ALBERT A. MARTIN, HOWARD R. MARTIN, } Executors, &c.
f25 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 BERGEN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Rufus S. Bergen, No. 123 Avenue D, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January next.
Dated New York, the 30th day of July, 1859.
RUFUS S. BERGEN, JOEL S. OATMAN, } Executors.
jy30 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 LAWRENCE V. HUSTED, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the Subscriber, at his office, No. 232 Fulton street, in the City of New York, on or before the 18th day of July next. Dated New York, the 18th day of January, 1860.
j21 6m JOHN HUSTACE, 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 ASA F. SMITH, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office No. 55 West Broadway, in the city of New York, on or before the twenty-third day of July next. Dated New York, the 16th day of January, 1860.
Jan 21 6m JAMES McCUNE SMITH, 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 T. PATTERSON, late of Kingston, Jamaica, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscriber, at the office of J. Colt, No. 11 Wall street, in the city of New York, on or before the 22d day of April next. Dated New York, 14th day of October, 1859.
ROBERT C. GOODHUE, Administrator, with Will annexed.
o22—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 Rosenthal, late of the City of New York, Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Fincke and Lapaugh, Counsellers at law, No. 35 Wall street, in the city of New York, on or before the 23d day of April next. Dated, New York, the 21st day of October 1859.
o22 6m JOSEPH ROSENTHAL, Administrator.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, No. 32 Chambers street, New York, January 10, 1860.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Assessment Rolls of Real and Personal Estate of the City of New York for the year 1860 are now open for public inspection, and will continue open until the 30th day of April next, inclusive. All tax-payers are earnestly requested to call and examine the same, in order that any errors in the assessments may be corrected. Also, all persons entitled by law to reduction of their assessments, by reason of being clergymen or for military services; and also literary or charitable institutions, by law exempt from taxation, are requested to make application for such a reduction or exemption, previous to the closing of the rolls on said 30th day of April.

The following section of the Act of April 14, 1859, is published for the information of tax-payers:

SECTION 10. During the time the books shall be open for public inspection, as heretofore provided, application may be made by any person considering himself aggrieved by the assessed valuation of his real or personal estate, to have the same corrected. If such application be made in relation to the assessed valuation of real estate, it must be made in writing, stating the ground of objections thereto, and thereupon the Commissioners shall examine into the complaint, and if, in their judgment, the assessment is erroneous, they shall cause the same to be corrected. If such application be made in relation to the assessed valuation of the personal estate, the applicant shall be examined under oath by the said Commissioners, who shall be authorized to administer such oath or any of them, and if in his or their judgment, the assessment is erroneous, they shall cause the same to be corrected, and fix the amount of such assessment as they may believe to be just, and declare their decision thereon within thirty days after such application shall have been made to them. No reduction shall be made by the Board of Supervisors of any assessment on real or personal estate imposed under this act, unless it shall appear, under oath or affirmation, that the party aggrieved was unable to attend within the period prescribed for the correction of taxes, by reason of sickness or absence from the city. Laws of 1859, Chapter 302, Section 9.

A. J. WILLIAMSON,
J. W. ALLEN,
J. W. BROWN,
f11 12t Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

CROTON AQUEDUCT DEPARTMENT—TO IRON FOUNDERS.—Sealed proposals, endorsed "Proposals for "Cast Iron Water Pipes," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, M., on TUESDAY, the 20th day of March, 1860, for furnishing

2,395 tons of 4 feet pipes, 12 feet 4 inches long.
35 tons of special castings, for 4 feet pipe.
6,167 feet of 12 inches pipe, 12 feet 4 inches long.
3,700 feet of 6 inches pipe, 12 feet 4 inches long.
10,800 feet of 6 inches pipe, 9 feet long.

The pipe to be coated with coal-tar varnish.

Specifications for the same, and blank forms for proposals, and information in relation to the contract can be obtained on application to the Engineer's office of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

THOS. B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
Croton Aqueduct Board.
Office Croton Aqueduct Board, New York, March 1st, 1860.

OFFICE CROTON AQUEDUCT DEPARTMENT, March 14th, 1860.

THE TIME OF RECEIVING PROPOSALS under the above advertisement is extended until TUESDAY, March 27, at the same hour, when they will be opened. Proposals will be received for the whole, or any portion of any one of the above items, if not less than 500 tons.

THOS. B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
m17 1t Croton Aqueduct Board.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that resolutions have been presented to the Board of Councilmen, and referred to the Committee on Sewers, to wit: For the construction of the following sewers, viz:

In Forty-eighth street, from Third Avenue to East River.

Also in Eleventh avenue, from forty feet north of Forty-first street, to Forty-second street.

Also in Fifty ninth street, from Broadway to Hudson River.

And also in Fifty-second street, from sewer in Third avenue to 245 feet west of Third avenue.

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 Thursday, March 22nd, 1860.

THOS. B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
Croton Aqueduct Board.
Croton Aqueduct Department, M'ch 10th, 1860. m17 1t

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE of several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale on FRIDAY, the 20th day of April, 1860, 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 CALEB GODFREY, which he had on the 29th day of November, 1857, or at any time afterwards, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain lot of land lying and being in the Fourteenth ward of the city of New York, known as No. 56 Prince street, bounded as follows: commencing at a point on the southerly side of Prince street, fifty feet and six inches easterly, from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly side of Prince street with the easterly side of Marion street, running thence southerly and parallel with Marion street ninety-seven feet, thence easterly and parallel with Prince street twenty-five feet thence northerly to a point on Prince street, distant easterly from said corner of Marion and Prince streets seventy-six feet three inches, thence westerly along said southerly line of Prince street, twenty-five feet nine inches to the place of beginning.

Dated New York, March 1st, 1860.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. m3 6t

BY VIRTUE OF SEVERAL WRITS of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at 12 o'clock, noon, on Saturday, the 21st day of April, 1860, at the vestibule of the City Hall, all the right, title and interest which JOHN TOWNSHEND had on the 29th day of May, 1855, or at any time after, of in and to:

All that lot of land with the buildings thereon erected, situated on the south side of Fortieth street, in the city of New York, the westerly side of said lot being distant easterly from the easterly line of the Ninth avenue 266 feet and 8 inches, said lot being 16 feet and 8 inches wide, fronting on Fortieth street and extending in depth to the centre line of the block between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets. Also, all that certain lot of land with the buildings erected thereon, situated on the southerly side of Fortieth street, in the city of New York, the westerly line of said lot being distant easterly from the easterly line of the Ninth avenue 283 feet 4 inches, said lot being 16 feet 8 inches wide, fronting on Fortieth street and extending in depth to the centre line of the block between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets.

New York, March 8th, 1860.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
H. CROMBIE, Deputy Sheriff. m10 7t

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 LYNCH, late of the City of New York, deceased; to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 292 Sixth avenue, in the City of New York, on or before the 22d day of March next. Dated New York, the 9th day of September, 1859.
s10 law 6m LAURA LYNCH, 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 STEPHEN MOORHOUSE, late of the city of New York, Grocer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 2 Grand street, in the city of New York, on or before the 20th day of February next. Dated New York, the 11th day of August, 1859.
au20 6m MARY ANN MOORHOUSE, 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 WALTER HUNT, late of the city of New York, inventor, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of Jordan & Clarke, No. 335 Broadway, in the city of New York, on or before the sixth day of July next.—Dated New-York, the 31st day of January, 1860.
POLLY HUNT, Administratrix.
f1 6m GEO. W. HUNT, 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 JAMES HEGGERTY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of James W. White, No. 51 Liberty street, in the City of New York, on or before the nineteenth day of June next. Dated, New York, the second day of December, 1859.
d 10.6m ANNIE HEGGERTY, 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 ANTHONY J. ALLAIRE, late of the city of New York, Coppersmith, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the Oriental Bank, No. 311 East Broadway, in the city of New York, on or before the tenth day of June next. Dated, New York, the 5th day of December, 1859.
JOSEPH M PRICE, JAMES ROWE, } Executors.
d10 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 CALVIN E. MATHER, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Louis N. Glover, No. 111 Broadway, in the city of New York, on or before the 18th day of June next. Dated New York, the sixteenth day of December, 1859.
CAROLINE E. WETMORE Executrix.
(formerly Caroline E. Bixby.)
d24 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 H. BURROWES, late of the city of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscribers, at the office of Judge Wm. Mitchell, No 62 Wall street, in the city of New York, on or before the 15th day of August next.
Dated New York, the ninth day of February, 1860.
EDWARD E. MITCHELL, WILLIAM McMURRAY, GEORGE G. BYRON. } 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 ABIGAIL LOWERRE, late of the City of New York, widow of James Lowerre, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of William Lowerre, No. 79 Warren street, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of March next. Dated New York, the 21st day of September, 1859.
WM. LOWERRE, RANDOLPH LOWERRE, SEAMAN LOWERRE. } Executors.
o1 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 LEWIS LAY, late of the city of New York, and of the city of Paris, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Edward Fort, at No. 15 South William street, in the city of New York, on or before the seventeenth day of March next, (1860).
Dated New York, the 7th day of September, 1859.
JAMES BENKARD,
EDWARD FORT,
Executors of the Will of Lewis Lay.

ESTATE OF WALDRON B. POST, Jr., deceased. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against WALDRON B. POST, Jr., late of the City of New York, gentleman, deceased, that they are required to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of said deceased, at the office of BROWN BROTHERS & COMPANY, No. 59 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 26th day of March, 1860.
Dated the 23d day of September, 1859.
s24 6m JAS. M. BROWN, Administrator.

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

Out of the crowd rushing thickly
  Came the face I so loved of old,
Making my faint pulse beat quickly,
  'Twas so clear cut, thin, and cold.

Yet down in my dim heart's pages
  Is garnered that passing smile,
'Mong the dirt and the dust of ages,
  That I gathered this weary while.

It brightens the darkest midnight,
  As it glows into coming day;
It ripples there as the sunlight,
  And scatters the gloom away.

Like a dazzling autumn streaming
  In the purple and crimson skies,
Was the olden smile that gleaming
  Threw a sunbeam out from the eyes.

I am old and weary no longer,
  And no more I am sad with pain;
For the nerves of my life grow stronger
  As I look on that face again.

Oh! pearls there are for the seeking,
  Deep buried in creamy white sands,
And brave the heart that is keeping
  All its love for the golden lands.

—*Phila. Press.*

Military Matters.

Second Regiment.

The dilapidated state of this Regiment, brought about by the indifference and inefficiency of many of its officers, is about culminating. At a meeting of the officers on Friday evening last, a resolution was carried to build up the Regiment. This we perceive by our column, is signed by the Commandants of Companies A, D, E, F, G and H. As we have heard from time to time of these spasmodic attempts at energy, in order to make a show, we feel the more disposed to take these same commandants by the hand, and ask them in what way they design proceeding, in order to sustain the Second, and recuperate its failing strength. Is it by holding meetings and making protestations of good feeling? Is it by publishing proceedings and promises, without the least show of energy to fulfil them? No. It must be by a mutual concession and actual labor. Paper manifestos are good in their way, but practical illustrations in the way of knowledge and ability are the only safeguards that can be thrown around a company organization, distinct, or as a part of a regimental organization.

Now let us take hold of the manifesto as published, and practically illustrate its workings, and the result which will follow. Company A is a new organization but once on parade, and will number thirty men. Their Captain is a young, yet energetic commandant. He graduated from Company H, and has been more or less connected with the recent difficulties. As an officer, we have no doubt he will strive to sustain the Second, but how far this can be applied to his command, is yet to be demonstrated. They commenced their career through an ebulition of excitement, created by a withdrawal from Company H; have not as yet had that excitement allayed, and cannot show a front founded on actual recruiting for the love of science. When the present troubles in the Regiment are settled—when the atmosphere which it exists in becomes calm, we will then place this command on a basis. Nevertheless, Company A promises to work and build up the Second.

Company D is represented by Captain Kennedy, formerly of the Tenth. Captain Kennedy is zealous in the science, but unfortunately, has no material to back him. Thus far, he has not appeared on parade, and Company D other than its Captain, is apparently a myth. What the Captain will do as an officer, is yet to be seen.

Company F is commanded by Captain James Brady, and numbers thirty good members. We have no doubt whatever of the Captain's ability to sustain his share, and believe he has a Company willing and able to sustain him. This command, we are free to say, is the only one from which any sustenance can be expected.

Company G is commanded by Captain Jaehrling, recently transferred from the Tenth, and numbers somewhere from five to twenty-five members. While the signature of this officer is appended to the resolve, we are perfectly satisfied as to his wish for a transfer.

Company E, Captain Kelly, is the command of Captain Dorans, transferred from the Ninth. The Captain has promised, and we have no doubt will do all that he has said promptly. But we see but little to back him up. His Company never has been properly managed, and the introduction of system by him will be fatal, ere the sustenance the regiment requires is rendered.

Company H is composed of seven members, with Engineer Goodwin in command. This Company are to elect Major Irwin, Captain; and if the material as a whole is no better than that which we have seen as a part, the State will not be able to demand a great deal of service.

Company B does not sign any agreement, believing that acts are better than words. They are working as efficiently as any corps can, and will continue so to do until a transfer is granted them.

We introduce the above analysis to show that resolves do but little to bring men to a state of discipline, or increase the front. Discipline, knowledge and system combined, can only do it. This, we regret to say, does not exist enough in this regiment to produce anything for the present, and promises but little in the future. The troubles in the regiment are social and military, and combined, preclude any chance of future harmony.

Coloneley of the First Regiment.

We present an analytical review of the recent decision in the above case from an order issued by Brigadier General Spicer. Our examination will be an *ante mortem* one, and we hope will meet the expectations of an anxious public. The case on its merits involves the rights of two persons to a military office, the one Walter W. Price, the other Spencer H. Smith. It appears that Spencer H. Smith was the incumbent of the office of Lieutenant Colonel of said Regiment, and that an election was ordered to fill the office of Colonel. At this election Smith and Price were candidates. The votes were in favor of Smith by a majority. An appeal was taken to the proper officer, General Spicer, who sustained the election, and from thence to the Commander-in-Chief, who confirmed the decision. This exhausted the military power. A *quo warranto* was obtained by Price, with the consent of the Attorney General, from the Supreme Court; and by a decision at special term of said Court, Judge James delivered the decision that the office of Colonel of the First Regiment had been vacant since the seventeenth day of March, 1859, the time when Smith was elected, by reason of his ineligibility, he being a non-resident. This order was issued and served on the contestant Smith, who immediately obeyed it. Subsequently General Spicer issued an order for an election, at which election Smith and Price were candidates, and which resulted in Price being the choice. At or about the time of the election, a motion was made by Smith's counsel to correct an error in entering up judgment, with reference to costs, the costs having been entered against Smith, while the decision covered both Smith and Price. A decision was rendered by Judge Leonard, taxing the costs on Smith. At this stage of the proceedings Smith's counsel interposed a plea for an appeal, on the ground that the first judgment did not become final until the last order. In this condition General Spicer found matters when the election was ordered.

After the election an appeal was taken, on the grounds that there was no vacancy—that two officers commissioned by the Governor were not legally commissioned; and that Price was not a resident of the regimental district.

The decision covers the first point, but fails to reach the second and third.

The General handles the subject as a merchant would lace. It is a delicate one, and requires a nice discrimination, in order to avoid the possibility of the court's mandate. He says that he was informed that an order was issued by the Supreme Court, declaring said office vacant. We have to ask, who informed him?—was it not authentic beyond doubt? He further says, that he ordered the election on that ground, but was subsequently advised that he had no authority to hold said election—the commission of Smith as Colonel having been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, and had not been revoked by any military authority. We have to ask this modern author of Chitty upon laws, why he shelters himself behind his superior officer in one case, and entertains an appeal on the grounds that that superior had no right to issue a commission, where no appeal was or could be taken? Why does he stultify himself, in acknowledging that he had not knowledge enough to know his own duty? We will answer him. His opinion and actions are not his own, when taken as a mass. His office grants him certain rights—to use them, not abuse them—and the plea of ignorance is brought in as a cover for official neglect.

He further says, that the commission of Smith, in his judgment, could not properly be deemed to have been revoked by any representations, oral or written, of any judgment of any court. Where does this learned judge obtain his special pleading, to set up his opinion as a military chieftain against a court which has power to reduce him to his original element? Where is this obtained from? Can he plead superior power to the Supreme Court? We think not. His plume and button may grant him certain rights as a General, and he may exercise them; but if absurd, we will inform him that a written judgment of the Supreme Court has no regard for either.

We are induced to ask this officer one other question, and that of a military nature. What is his decision on the second point, the only one cognizant by him? This was entertained, and two sittings occupied in hearing it. Had the Commander-in-Chief any authority to issue the commission to the officers named in the appeal? The appeal we look upon as trash, unworthy to be issued from a general officer. It was generated in spleen, heard and decided in the same feeling.

City Horse Guards.

An election was held on Monday evening last, at the City Armory, for Captain. Lieut. Col. Diven presided. Fourteen votes were cast for Lieut. Green, and six for Lieut. Hoogland. The affair was conducted very quietly. We regret to find that a guard was placed at the door to prevent persons from entering. We beg to suggest to the Lieut. Col. that he had better post himself with regard to elections, ere he attempts to exclude the public. We would also advise him to declare the result of an election in order to determine who is elected.

Company D—Ninth Regiment.

This new organization, commanded by Capt. J. W. Davis, is progressing finely. They number thirty-five members, and bid fair to rival the City Guard proper. They have taken the quarters now occupied by the Second National Guard, corner Thirteenth street and University Place, and will remove there on the 1st of May. To those Companies who desire fine roomy quarters for drill, this will be a good opportunity to rent.

Seventy-Ninth Regiment.

Company A, Captain Manson, with twenty five members, were present on Wednesday evening, being exercised by the First Sergeant. We hope the commissioned officers of this promising Regiment will not forget that it is too early in the organization to allow sergeants to command the drill. The material of this of this corps is very good, but example is everything. We found Colonel McLeay present, as he always is at the drills of the companies of his Regiment, ever ready to encourage them. We shall take the opportunity of visiting the drills of some of the remaining corps of this Regiment.

Fifth Regiment Band.

On last Monday evening, a large gathering of the military and citizens took place at the City Armory, to witness the appearance and execution of duties by the above band. There were present twenty pieces in band and sixteen in field music. The band performed some fine airs, in a very artistic manner; and the field musicians were also perfect in all the beats of the camp and field of battle, and manœuvred in a manner highly creditable. The Drum Major directed the movements, superintended by Adjutant Maidhoff. As a whole the affair was excellent, and entitles the Regiment to great consideration.

Company B, Second Regiment.

We extended a visit to this company's quarters on Wednesday evening, and found 20 members present. Capt. Reid and Lieut. Campbell were present. The drill was very creditable, being a little of Scott and Hardee. Toward the close of the evening, ex-Capt. Brodie exercised the command in the school of the company very creditably. The material of B. is good and we are free to say the officers are always at drill or parade.

Seventy-first Regiment.

The drill of this Regiment, held at the Arsenal rooms, Seventh avenue, on Tuesday evening, was largely attended. The visitors present were very numerous. The drill was very good. At the close of the drill Capt. Miller, of Company H, was presented with a splendid medal, the gift of his Company. Lieut. Payed presented it in a neat speech, and the Captain responded very feelingly.

Colors of the late Twelfth Regiment.

By a concurrent vote of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen, their Committees on Arts and Sciences have been directed to confer with Colonel Cocks with reference to the colors of the late Twelfth Regiment. They are to be received and placed in the Common Council chamber of the city. This we look upon as appropriate.

Court Martials.

The court in the case of Captain McCormack, Colonel Hincken President, assemble at the city armory on Monday, the 26th, for organization. That of Lieutenant Burne, of the Second Regiment, at the same time and place. That of Captain Ward, Col. Pinckney President, on the 28th, at the same place.

Third Brigade—Gen. Hall.

We are pleased to notice the appointment of our friend Dr. Dalrymple, late of the Twelfth Regiment, to the position of Aide to Gen. Hall. The enthusiasm and spirit of Capt. Dalrymple will make him a valuable assistant to the General.

Election in the Twelfth Regiment.

The vacancy of Major in this Regiment is to be filled An order was issued for the 23d inst. Captain Wm. M. Ward is the candidate.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Intelligence Worth Knowing.—When age has brought on physical debility in either sex, or when youthful indiscretion produces impotency, BRONTE'S MAGICAL INVIGORATORS, in the form of pills, will in fifteen minutes after being taken, make the recipient as vigorous as if nature had never been retarded or debilitated. It is a fact that a large portion of the community is afflicted with disease of the procreative system, which are allowed from delicacy to wear away the constitution, when a radical cure is at the door. It is this last that makes it philanthropy to make known Bronte's Magical Invigorator as a sure and immediate cure, causing a complete restoration of the animal functions, doing entirely away with the disappointment arising from incapacity to perform the requirements of nature. Bronte's Invigorators act with magic on the debilitated system, and while the barren rejoice, the fireside is surrounded with a smiling offspring. To the married or single in every physical exigency this unrivalled medicine is earnestly recommended as a complete restorative of the nervous system when manhood has been impaired.

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

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

Sold at 274 Greenwich street, 61 Bowery, corner of Canal; 374 Grand street, corner of Norfolk; 205 Bleecker street; 193 Third avenue; 179 Sixth avenue 10 Eighth avenue, and corner of Canal and Varick streets; and in Brooklyn at Mrs. Hayes', 175 Fulton street.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR,
16 Bond street, New York.

☞ London Club Sauce.—This Sauce, celebrated throughout Europe, and warmly recommended by the celebrated French cuisinier, Soyer, possesses an unrivaled richness and delicacy of taste, imparting a relish unsurpassed by all other sauces to ready-made dishes. Its flavor is most agreeable; and no one accustomed to its use would care to sit at a table loaded with the richest viands without it. It is superior to the Worcestershire Sauce, and is sold at one-half the price.

It is an excellent promoter of digestion, and is recommended by the medical faculty to those afflicted with dyspepsia, etc.

The "London Club Sauce," prepared from the original recipe, is sold by A. J. PARKER, No. 15 Beckman street, sole agent for the United States.

None genuine that is without the fac simile of "PARKER BROS., LONDON," pasted over the neck and cork of every bottle.

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

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

Price 25 cents, sent free of postage. Sold also by

F. C. WELLS & CO.,
No. 115 Franklin street, N. Y.

And at APOTHECARIES' HALL, corner of Pine apple and Fulton sts., Brooklyn.

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

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

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

☞ Scrofula and Erysipelas, caused by impurities of the blood, and the dangerous use of mercury, is assuredly cured by "TRIESEMAR;" a trial alone is necessary to test the fact. Full details in the book "Human Frailty, or Physiological Researches." Sold by Dr. BARROW, 194 Bleecker street, New York. Price 25 cents. Sent free everywhere.

BATHS!—BATHS!!—BATHS!!!—If you want a good bath, go to G. RAUCHFUSS, No. 52 Chatham street.

If you want a good shave, go to G. RAUCHFUSS, No. 52 Chatham street.

If you want your hair cut fashionable, go to G. RAUCHFUSS, No. 52 Chatham street.

If you want your hair curled as it ought to be curled, go to G. RAUCHFUSS, No. 52 Chatham street.

G. RAUCHFUSS, No. 52 Chatham street, is the place to go to if you want a natural as well as durable Wig.

G. RAUCHFUSS,
BATHING
AND
HAIR DRESSING
ESTABLISHMENT

is one of the Largest and most Fashionable in the country.

Give him a call, and judge for yourself.

REMOVAL.—BILLIARD TABLES—PHELAN'S Improved Billiard Tables and Combination Cushions. Protected by letters patent, dated

February 19, 1856. December 8, 1857.
October 28, 1855. January 12, 1858.

The recent improvement in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to the scientific Billiard Player as combining speed with truth, never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Salesrooms 786 and 788 Broadway, N. Y. Manufactory Nos. 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, between Broome and Spring streets.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers.

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.

JOHN D. MACGREGOR,
ATTORNEY
AND
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Late Assistant Corporation Attorney, has removed to No. 5 TRYON ROW.

P. WEIRICH & BROTHER,
LADDER MAKERS,
Cor. First avenue and Fourth street,
New York.

All kinds of Ladders and Fire Ladders kept on hand, from 10 to 60 feet.

Also, Masons supplied with Scaffold Poles and Mason Horses, Indian Gutters, &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 GEORGE DICKINSON, late of Old Saybrook, Conn., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Charles T. Goodwin, No. 221 Front street, in the City of New York, on or before the 18th day of May next. Dated New York, the 10th day of November, 1859.

EDWARD INGRAHAM, } Executors.
JOHN S. DICKINSON, }
n19

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. WASHBURN, late of the city of New York, Builder, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Edward Washburn, No. 97 Chambers street, in the city of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of July next. Dated New York, 10th day of January, 1860.

SARAH M. WASHBURN, Administratrix.
EDWARD WASHBURN, } Administrators
J. R. WASHBURN. }

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. RICHMOND, late of the City of New York, Attorney at Law, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of E. F. Treadwell, No. 195 Broadway, in the city of New York, on or before the eleventh day of June next. Dated, New York, the 9th day of December 1859. THOMAS M. PETERS, Executor.
d10*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 MORRIS EARLE, late of the City of New York, Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the Subscribers, at the office of Earle & Co., No. 97 Front street, in the city of New York, on or before the first day of August next

Dated New York, the 25th day of January, 1860.

WILLIAM P. EARLE, } Executors.
CHARLES B. DODD, }
j28 6m MARY E. EARLE, 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 FREDERICK SHULTZ, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the residence of the undersigned Administratrix, No. 543 Washington street, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of August next. Dated New York, the 21st day of January, 1860.

GERD BUSCH, Administrator.
jy28 6m ADELAIDE SHULTZ, 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 DAVID JACKSON or JACOBSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Dr. A. E. Jacobson, 124 Fifth street, Brooklyn, E. D., on or before the 1st day of June next.

Dated, New York, the 30th day of November, 1859.

ADOLPHUS E. JACOBSON, } Administrators.
d3 6m SCHUYLER C. PHILLIPS, }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GERARD STUYVESANT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the Subscribers, at their office, No. 16 Wall street, in the city of New York, on or before the 1st day of June, A. D. 1860. Dated New York, the 19th day of November, 1859.

B. R. WINTHROP, } Executors.
6m WM. P. LEE, }

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 KELLOGG, late of the city of New York, Provision Dealer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscribers, at the office of Daniel L. Rugg, No. 204 and 206 West Fourth street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of May next. Dated, New York, the 8th day of November, 1859.

DANIEL L. RUGG, Administrator.
n12 6m SARAH KELLOGG, 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 H WESTCOTT, late of the City of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Therasson & Bryan, No. 8 and 10 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of May next. Dated New York the 9th day of November, 1859.

ELIZABETH B. W. WESTCOTT,
n12 6m 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 MURPHY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of James W. White, No. 51 Liberty street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of May next. Dated New York, the 8th day of November, 1859.

n12 6m JAMES KEANE, 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 FOLEY, late of the City of New York, Watchmaker, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of James Morrogh, Counsellor-at-law, at his office, No. 5 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of June next. Dated New York the 14th day of December, 1859.

d17 6m MARY FOLEY, 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 JAMES TUTON, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of John O. Robinson, Esq., No. 65 Wall street, in the city of New York, on or before the 18th day of June next. Dated New York, the 14th day of December, 1859.

JOHN SHEALS, }
FRANCIS DONNELLY, } Executor.
d17 6m DAVID McCANDLESS. }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAM'L F. MOTT, late of the city of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, L. M. Hoffman, jr., at his office No. 27 Pearl street, in the city of New York, on or before the 15th day of June next.

Dated New York, the twelfth day of December, 1859.

CLINTON GRAHAM, } Executors.
d17 6m L. M. HOFFMAN, 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 WILLIAM HENRY SHELDEN, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their office, No. 201 Fulton street, in the city of New York, on or before the 5th day of September next.

Dated New York, the 2nd day of March, 1860.

R. C LAWSON, } Executors.
m3 6m C. MAPLES, }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOSIAH FIELD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Field, Morris, & Co., No. 200 Fulton street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of May next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of October, 1859.

RICHARD FIELD, Executor.
SARAH H. FIELD, 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 CHAS. E. HELD, late of the City of New York, Hotel-keeper, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, at the office of Robinson & Bailey, No. 3 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of August next.

Dated, New York, the fifteenth day of February, 1860.

f186m M. ANNA J. HELD, 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 HERMANN SONDHEIM, late of the city of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Martin & Smiths, No. 31 Nassau street, in the city of New York, on or before the 3rd day of June next.

Dated New York, the 1st day of December, 1859.

d3 6m DAVID SONDHEIM, 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 SUSANNAH S. LUBKEN, late of the city of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence No. 596 Houston street, in the city of New York, on or before the first day of August next. Dated, New York, the 26th day of January, 1860.

jan.27 6m. MELCHIOR DUCKER, Executor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDMUND JONES & CO.,
STATIONERS,
and PRINTERS,
and BLANK BOOK
MANUFACTURERS,
26 JOHN STREET,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in all articles of
STATIONERY
required for Banks, Insurance Companies or Merchants, consisting of
DE LA RUE & CO.'S,
AND
KENT MILLS

writing 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; Portefolios; 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, Bills of Exchange, Notes, Certificates of Stocks, Coupons, &c.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.—
COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS,
CERTIFICATES, DIPLOMAS, ETC.,
ENGROSSED IN SPLENDID STYLE,
EMBLEMATIC, ETC.,
BY THE UNDERSIGNED,
BENJAMIN F. BRADY,
No. 196 West Twenty-Seventh Street, N. Y.

ENGINE BUILDERS, ETC.

GRENOBLE FIRE HOSE—SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

Manufactured of the finest Hemp without Seam.

These Hose are both especially adapted for the use of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, Mills and Manufactories, Steamboats and Railroads, Hotel and Garden uses, and also for all Hydraulic purposes.

Their advantages over other Hose are their lightness and cheapness, costing about one half the price of leather hose, with the same durability.

THE GRENOBLE HOSE
Is unsurpassed in strength and efficiency for the use of
STEAM FIRE ENGINES,

As certified to by Chief Engineer Harry Howard, R. C. Brown, Esq., of Manhattan No. 8, Zophar Mills, Esq., of the Exempt, J. G. Storms, &c., &c. Also, numerous testimonials from the Washington and Brooklyn Navy Yard Engineers, New York, Jersey City and other Engineers of Fire Departments, Agents of Mills and Manufactories, Manufacturers of Fire Engines and Force Pumps, &c., &c. Can be examined at the office of, and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, in sizes from 1 to 7 inch in diameter, by

CHS. LENZMANN,
Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,
54 Cedar street, N. Y.

None Genuine but those marked with Trumpet and Grenoble Hose.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES,
SILSBY MYNDERSE & CO.,
Manufacturers of the celebrated
ROTARY STEAM FIRE ENGINE,

with which they challenge the world, as to portability, time of getting at work, low pressure of steam used, quantity of water discharged, and distance forced. There are now 5 of these machines in use in the City of Chicago, and 2 in the City of Boston, Mass. Are now making to order machines for four different cities. Third class engine weighs about 7,000 pounds, and forces a 1⅛ inch stream 200 feet, or two 1-inch streams 180 feet, or one 1¼-inch stream 240 feet, with a steam pressure of from 40 to 60 pounds. Generates a working pressure of steam in from four to six minutes from cold water.

ALSO, HOLLY'S PATENT ROTARY ENGINES, AND ROTARY PUMPS.
In great variety, acknowledged to be
THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE PUMP IN THE MARKET.

This Pump has no valves or packing, and is the most simple, durable, and effective Force Pump in use, as numerous certificates in our possession will prove.

Descriptive Catalogues sent to all applicants.

SILSBY, MYNDERSE & CO.,
Island Works, Seneca Falls, New York.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.
The undersigned invite the attention of
ENGINE and HOSE COMPANIES,
And all others interested in Fire apparatus, to our
LIGHT STEAM FIRE ENGINES,

Designed especially as a substitute for the Hand Engine, and capable of being hauled and managed by any ordinary Company. They are furnished with our Patent Annular Boiler, and Cary's Rotary Pump, giving them much greater power in proportion to their weight than any yet brought before the public. Our lightest Engine,

WEIGHING ONLY 3200 POUNDS!
Is guaranteed to throw at steady work
AN INCH STREAM 180 FEET,

And will throw a 1⅛ inch stream a good working distance. Larger sizes, weighing 5000 and 7000 pounds, and performance increased in proportion. We offer also our celebrated Self-Propelling Engines, dispensing with horses, tender, &c., and of unequalled power in throwing water. For full information apply to us at the Novelty Iron Works, New York.

LEE & LARNED,
Steam Fire Engine Builders.

ABRAHAM VAN NESS & CO.,
BUILDERS OF
FIRE ENGINES,
HOSE CARRIAGES,
HOOK & LADDER TRUCKS.

And all other implements for extinguishing fires.

NO. 151 ESSEX STREET.
New York.

All repairs done at the shortest notice.

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J. L. HAWKINS.

WILSON'S FIRE CAP EMPORIUM
AND MANUFACTORY,
135 BOWERY.

Fire caps of every style and pattern, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all the articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned at his old established and well known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and frontispieces furnished them, and all orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.

WILLIAM WILSON, Agent,
No. 135 Bowery.

FIRE CAPS! FIRE CAPS!! The subscribers desire to announce to the Fire Departments of New York and other cities, that they have established a

FIRE CAP MANUFACTORY
AT
NO. 142 GRAND ST.,
(North side, near Broadway.)

Where every description of work in their line will be promptly furnished, and finished in the best style. Both the subscribers have had much experience in the manufacture of such goods, and fully understand their business.

BELTS FOR BASE BALL CLUBS, &c.
ANDERSON & JONES.
May 20th, 1859.

MANUFACTURE OF MILITARY AND FIREMEN'S CAPS, MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.—H. T. G., from his long experience in the above business, flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their orders.

Fire Buckets, Leader Jackets, Deck Covers, and all articles used by Engine and Hose Companies, furnished at the shortest notice. Pattern Caps sent to Companies at a distance when required. Banners and Flags provided for Fire and Military Companies, and designs Furnished. All orders attended to with the utmost dispatch.

HENRY T. GRATACAP,
143 Grand street, N. Y.

FIRE ENGINES.
JOSEPH PINE,
formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
No. 52 Marion street,

Is prepared to execute orders, from city or country, for every variety and style of fire apparatus, with promptness and dispatch, and with the well-known fidelity to order and contract for which the old firm was always known. New York, May 14th, 1858.

FIRE ENGINES.—
C. E. HARTSHORN,
Formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
119 and 121 Walker Street,

is prepared to execute orders from City or Country, for every variety and style of Fire Apparatus, with promptness and dispatch.

New and Second Hand Apparatus on hand.

NEW YORK, August, 1858.

JOHN H. SICKLES,
BUILDER OF
FIRE ENGINES, HOSE CARRIAGES, AND HOOK AND LADDER TRUCKS,
NO. 8 LAFAYETTE PLACE,
(Between Great Jones and Fourth street), New York.

New and second hand Fire Engines constantly on hand, and for Sale upon accommodating terms.

WILLIAM JEFFERS & CO.,
PAWTUCKET,
RHODE ISLAND,
Build
FIRE ENGINES
From $650 to $2,500.
WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

EMPIRE STOVE AND KITCHEN FURNISHING STORE.

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Kitchen, Parlor, Store and other Stoves. Also a large assortment of House-furnishing articles, consisting of tin, sheet iron, wood, willow and Brittania ware, cutlery, &c. Manufactures and keeps always on hand all kind of Fire Signals, Lanterns, Trumpets, &c.

EDWARD MARRENER,
225 3d ave. bet. 19th and 20th streets.

ALEXANDER M. C. SMITH
No. 232 West Street, New York,
Between North Moore and Beach,
MANUFACTURER OF
SUPERIOR COPPER-RIVETTED OAK TANNED LEATHER HOSE AND BELTING.

Leaders and Suction Hose for Fire Engines made to order and warranted.

Always on hand Bras Pipes, Butts, &c.

PERRY'S JAPANESE
BOOT AND SHOE POLISH
A complete and thorough
SUBSTITUTE FOR BLACKING.
NO RUBBING IS REQUIRED,
AS A
BEAUTIFUL GLOSS
appears immediately upon its application.
IT DRIES IN THREE MINUTES.

Boots can be oiled before applying the polish, and it is especially

VALUABLE TO FIREMEN,

As it makes the boots waterproof, and water does not affect its lustre.

IT PRESERVES THE LEATHER,

And boots and shoes on which it is used will

WEAR AT LEAST ONE THIRD LONGER.

Sold everywhere.

JAPANESE POLISH CO.,
447 Broome st.,
(One door West of Broadway.)

COAL! COAL!
JAMES DONNELLY,
COAL DEALER,
28th street and 2d avenue,
New York.

Peach Orchard, Lackawana, Lehigh and Broad Mountain Coals for Family use, carefully screened and full weight guaranteed in all cases. Lump and broken Coal for Manufactories and Public Buildings. Liverpool and Cannell Coal constantly discharging in prime order.

A. LANGE, MANUFACTURER
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GILT MOULDINGS,
ORNAMENTED
PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES,
206 William street,
Corner of Frankfort, N. Y.

Re-gilding done at the shortest notice.

☞ All plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water.

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BY MILLER & M'EVILY,
OFFICE, No. 28 PINE STREET.

The subscribers, in addition to their Real Estate sales, are prepared to attend to the sales of Household Furniture, Stocks, Bonds, Ships, Steamboats, and all kinds of personal property.

MONEY obtained on Bond and Mortgage.

Houses rented, &c.

A. J. GARVEY, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERER,
53 Third Avenue, above Tenth Street,

Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings, Enrichments suitable for the finish of Fire Companies Meeting Rooms.

PLATES OF DESIGNS furnished. Orders carefully packed.

RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS.

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

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

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

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

These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and on arrival at Fall River, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6½ o'clock, A. M., and reach Boston about 8½ o'clock, A. M.

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

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

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

For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 3, North River, where state-rooms and berths may be secured. Hereafter no rooms will be regarded as secured to any applicant until the same shall have been paid for. For further information apply to

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

NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAIL ROAD.
FARE $2 TO ALBANY.

On and after WEDNESDAY, January 18th, 1860, trains will leave Twenty-sixth street station, New York, as follows:

For Williamsbridge—8:30 and 11:00 A. M. 2:30 and 8:30 P. M.

For White Plains—12:30 and 5:00 P. M.

" " —6:15 P. M., from White street depot.

For Croton Falls—4:00 P. M., from Twenty-sixth street depot.

For Millerton—3:00 P. M.

For Albany—9:00 A. M., mail, and 3:30 P. M., express, connecting with the N. Y. Central Railroad.

RETURNING WILL LEAVE

Williamsbridge—6:40 and 9:30 A. M., 1:00 and 3:40 P. M.

White Plains—5:00 and 7:20 A. M. and 4:50 P. M.

Croton Falls—7:00 A. M.

Millerton—7:00 A. M.

Albany—11:00 A. M. mail, and 4:10 P. M. express train.

The 9 A. M., mail, and 3:30 P. M. express trains connect at Chatham Four Corners for all stations on Western Railroad. Baggage checked for the mail and express trains corner of White and Centre streets from 8 to 8:15 A. M., and from 1 to 2:30 P. M.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—From DEC. 22, 1859, Trains will leave Chambers street station as follows:

Express Trains, 7 and 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

For Sing Sing, 3:15 and 6:40 P. M.

For Poughkeepsie, 7:30 A. M., and 12:20 and 3:20 P. M.

For Peekskill, 5:15 P. M.

A Montreal and Buffalo Passenger Train (with sleeping cars) leaves Thirty-first street daily at 9:30 P.M.

The Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, and Sing Sing Trains stop at most of the Way Stations. Passengers taken at Chambers, Canal, Christopher and 31st streets.

Trains for New York leave Troy at 6:15, and 10:10 A. M., and 4 and 9 P. M.; and Albany about 15 minutes later. On Sundays, at 6 P. M.

A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

HOTELS & DINING SALOONS.

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

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

BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST AND TEA.			
Beef Steak	7c	Wheat Cakes	6c
Pork Steak	7c	Buckwheat Cakes	6c
Veal Cutlets	7c	Fried Eggs.......each	3c
Mutton Chops	7c	Boiled Eggs.......each	3c
Lamb Chops	7c	Poached Eggs	12c
Ham and Eggs	13c	Broiled Mackerel	10c
Fried Ham	13c	Milk Toast	6c
Fried Sausages	7c	Dry Toast	3c
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	6c
Fish Balls	7c	Rice and Milk	6c
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	13c
Broiled Chicken	25c	Pickled Oysters	13c
Veal Cutlet	15c		
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.

FLORENCE HOTEL,
400 BROADWAY, COR. OF WALKER ST.
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was decided on the 25th May, 1859, in the U. S. Court; Wm. J. Sharp, the defendant, Billiard Table manufacturer, having clearly shown that the exclusive right claimed had no real existence, and is therefore null and void.

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4	3 00	9 00	12 00	15	17 00	22	27	32	39	46	53
5	3 50	11 00	14 00	17	20 00	26	32	38	46	54	60
6	4 00	13 00	16 50	20	23 00	30	37	44	53	62	68
7	4 50	15 00	19 00	23	26 00	34	42	50	60	69	76
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THE SECRET OF BEAUTY—a little book of 32 pages, sent free.

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No. 1 is invaluable for relaxation, spermatorrhœa and physical exhaustion, and is a tonic.

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ANNUAL BANQUET
OF THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

The usual dinner of the Friendly Sons in honor of the Patron Saint of Hibernia was given at the Metropolitan Hotel on Saturday evening last. There was a large collection present, and the dinner was of a most excellent character. Judge Charles P. Daly, President of the Friendly Sons, occupied the chair, flanked by the Vice Presidents and other officers of the Society. Among the guests present we noticed Judges Clerke, Brady and Alker, Wm. M. Evarts, James De Peyster Ogden, Daniel Devlin, James T. Brady, E. W. Stoughton, Edgar S. Van Winkle, Charles F. Dana, John J. Bradley, John Murphy, Sheriff Blakely, of Westchester, Colonel John Fox, Richard Busteed, W. L. Cole, Malcolm Campbell, John Brougham and others. The President in announcing the opening of the regular toasts and sentiments, made a very appropriate speech to the occasion, which was loudly applauded. Mr. Simpson, who possesses one of the finest and purest natural tenor voices we ever heard, sang in excellent style the "Minstrel Boy," and was followed by Mr. Stephen C. Massett, who sang with much grace and feeling, "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall." Mr. James T. Brady, in responding to the First sentiment, spoke as follows, for the report of which we are indebted to our neighbor of the *Irish American:*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is certainly very unexpected to me that I should be the first one called upon to speak on this particular occasion to those in whose veins stirs the warm Irish blood. It certainly, Mr. President, is not set down in the programme: it certainly is not part of the arrangement, and that I rise at all is the result of that special capacity of the Irish, in whom, even if the heart be dead in a man, there is the power to produce a resurrection of it whenever they please. (Loud applause.) I said, Mr. President, on one occasion, at a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,—and I beg leave to repeat that saying now—(a repetition in which I may indulge with perfect safety, because no one here, even if he were there present, would remember it,) (laughter) that I feel a great pleasure in being permitted once a year to admit that I am Irish. (Cheers.) If I said it at the Bar, to which my duty belongs—if I said it in the arena of politics where I claim to have a voice, I might, in either instance, be mistaken for a demagogue; but, as, in common with you, I despise that character, I have not hardihood enough to subject myself, even for an instant, to that bad censure. (Cheers.) I walked up Broadway to day in company with the gentleman who has just delighted us with singing that painful melody of Ireland, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls,"—(and I hope that the American gentlemen, some of whom I have the honor to claim on this occasion as my guests, will lay this matter to heart)—and I assure you that, even amongst the Irish girls, I saw an amount of beauty which made even my withered bachelor heart stir. (Laughter and cheers.)

I have given no practical evidence of my love for woman, I admit. (Applause.) I stand alone and desolate, in a condition unworthy of the race from which I sprung; but I do claim that, when I look at the countenances of the poor humble girls that throng these streets, I have a right to feel boastful in my heart, not only of their beauty but of their virtue. I saw some Irishmen coming through the street who had picked up in some remote district a little green recollection of the land from which they came. (Hear, hear.) Three thousand miles away from the little island where their ancestors and themselves had birth, they were proud to exhibit that little speck of verdure in this great ocean of what may be called foreign life. (Applause.) It reminded me of what on the strength of tradition, if not of history, is related by the honest if not reliable Keating, that three score years after the deluge, (or after the Creation, I am uncertain which, for Ireland would never allow herself to be behind any country in point of age—some gentleman visitor was so uncertain whether he would be credited in his own country as to the fact of her existence, that he removed a sod of the green earth and bore it back as a proof that his mission had had success. In that barbarous period of history that was all very well; but now, in the providence of God, it is so ordered that no matter how dry or how trying may be the occupations of the Irishman, no matter how far down he may be compelled to delve in working the mine, in digging the trench, or in constructing the railroad—still, while life remains, his heart beats warm and free, and in erecting those splendid monuments of physical industry which stretch throughout the land, God has permitted that that one little sprig in the Irishman's hatband should show his genius, his poetry, and his love for old Ireland! (Loud cheers.)

I wanted to be an Irishman. I tried very hard, but I could not. Why, you men know. You know that if you were at all a political engine or agency, and I should claim any advantage of you on that score, it would be said that Brady had at last become a demagogue. I can afford to be sincere, now. (Laughter and applause.) A few summers ago, I happened, in company with a friend, to stop in the course of our ramble to look at some Irishmen who were engaged (of course) in an occupation in which many men would hesitate to engage. They were boring holes in the eternal rocks, and producing revolutions which, so far as God has revealed, burst into fragments things which should never be scattered. Said my friend to me: "Brady, I would like to hear you talk to these men." "Certainly," said I, "and their conversation will illustrate for you their national wit and sense of humor." We went up. There were two immense boulders, and on each side of them was seated an Irishman; both small in stature, and one not more than twenty years of age. Said I, "that is very hard work you are doing f" "Well, of course," answered one of them, "or we would not be doing it." Said I, "you mean by that that you are an Irishman." "Well," says he, "I am glad you have found that out. I observed to him that I was an Irishman myself. He looked at me very suspiciously, and gave one of those peculiar winks for which the old country has been always remarkable. "What part of the country are you from?" he inquired. "Said I, "from the North of Ireland." "Well," he retorted, "that is very curious. There's a great many very noble men from the North of Ireland, but I notice that the most of them stay there." (Laughter.)

It is perfectly idle to attempt any encounter of genius or wit with these people. (Applause). An Irishman in New England lost his child, and as they were closing its eyes the mother said: "Pat, you will never see those eyes again." "Oh," said Pat, "go out again and look at God's Heavens, and you will see two new stars there." (Cheers). I am proud to belong to such a race, and particularly because I do not belong to the New York Historical Society. It is perfectly certain that when the Milesians came to Ireland they had but one device on their banner, down to the time that they were ruled over by that great man Ollambh Folladh. They had but the serpent—the rod of Moses—but this, I am sorry to say, detracted from the reputation in which St. Patrick was held for having banished the snakes and toads. It is written and it is undoubtedly true that there was a young gentleman named Niall—young, I mean, in his day and generation—who was cotemporary with Pharoah, King of Egypt. Pharoah knew that he had been neglected by his family, and he sent for him. Niall being a handsome man, Pharoah invited him to marry one of his daughters, which, being an Irishman, he immediately did, especially as the lady herself was good-looking. In due course of time an heir was produced to this comely couple, but he met with misfortune. He was bitten by a serpent, and Moses—no modern Moses, but the ancient, veritable and original Moses—profferred his services to cure the bite of that serpent, and, in doing so, pronounced by way of prophecy that at no time would ever serpent dare to show his face on Milesian soil. Well, there are but two countries, one Candia or Crete, and the other Ireland, of which this singular fact can be said. No serpent is found on either. The old banner of Ireland displayed its significance by exhibiting nothing but the serpent and the wand which removed the reptile, although some vagabond ascribes that to St. Patrick when he says:—

> "He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
> And banished them for ever."

I have said this, because no Irishman would like to deny the antiquity of his ancestry, or the respectability of his progenitors. It has even been claimed by him that all his ancestors who were not kings were saints. I have taken a great deal of pains to ascertain the history of my childhood, and I find that, whilst yielding unmeasured credit to the old land, I must attribute no small share of sanctity and right to the institutions of the land in which we live. I am very glad to find a gentleman at this table who, I am perfectly assured, expressed the sentiment of all present when he said that there was one remarkable feature in the Irishman's character, and that is that whatever his position, whatever his condition, he always prays to God that the United States of America may continue together for ever and ever. (Great cheering.) Unless I have read history without any instruction, unless I have deceived myself about the truths which that practical philosophy teaches, there is presented in this pleasant soil upon which I stand, this pleasant soil in which my two parents repose waiting for the judgment, and which ought to elevate them as it will those dear ones you have lost, that your affection tells you they deserve—there is one thing about this land which ought to make an American blush, whatever be the division of country he inhabits, whenever he tolerates for one moment the idea that there shall ever be one star taken out of its flag, or one constellation out of its glory.

Shall I tell you, gentlemen, what it is? It is that while the North and South are struggling and quarrelling upon a question relating to another race, while the heart of the American people is still sore because of the dissensions in their own territory, yet hitherto that great big bosom of the land in which we dwell is broad enough to enable us to lay our heads upon it and repose undisturbed. The idea of this country perishing! This country! Who cannot prize the dear, darling, beloved heart of woman. I would say that America is the woman's heart of the world; and looks at the faults of men, wherever faults are to be found, with a forgiving eye, filters them through the genius of her nature, and dispels them by the nobility of her spirit. (Applause.)

I have but one remark to make in closing: and that is to say that the American people ought to be ashamed who tell us, who rejoice in their hospitality, who rejoice in their honor—us, who would lay down a million of lives to save these States and the institutions they embody—that she, standing alone in the history of the world, dignified, sustained and elevated by the spirit of Freedom, is a country on which any people should be content to turn their backs rather than die in preserving it. (Cheers.) I know not what your politics are. I care not. I know not what your religious faith is. I care not. I know that like myself you have the blood of Old Ireland in your veins; yet I ask you for your own sake, for the sake of your children, for the sake of our race, to stand up here and testify what we are able to do for the Great American Cause.

Mr. John T. Doyle responded in eloquent language to the toast of the "City of New York," and interspersed his speech with many laughable suggestions of the progress of the city, attributing its rapid growth to the success of the Society of the "Friendly Sons." William M. Evarts, De Peyster Ogden, Mr. Lowrie and Mr. Stewart responded respectively on behalf of the sister societies.

When the toast of "the Press" was announced, loud calls were made for Mr. Chas. A. Dana, of the *Tribune*, and when the President stated that Mr. Dana had retired, there were calls for Mr. Cole, of the *Irish American*, and John Clancy, of the LEADER. Mr. Clancy responded briefly to the sentiment, regretting that some representative of the daily press was not present to do justice to the subject.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, in responding to the toast of "The Poets, Orators and Dramatists of Ireland," made the subjoined eloquent speech:

I had hopes, Sir, that my position in this Society would have secured me from any call to night. But lately relieved as I have been from the responsibilities which you, Sir, so gracefully bear, worn and exhausted by the cares which the office of the President of this Society has for nearly two years entailed upon me, I need, and I think I may fairly claim at the hands of this Society, repose and quiet to repair my shattered faculties. (Laughter and cheers.) I know quite well, Sir, that the gentlemen who merely see such grand results as we have here to night do not calculate on the magnitude of effort and the force of genius which are required to produce so noble a consummation. (Great applause.) The gentleman who was under me in office as Secretary, has, I am grieved to say, has, I am obliged to say, been compelled to leave this country to seek in a European clime a restoration of his shattered health. (Laughter.) On the present occasion, he said, he had not his former pleasant duty to perform—that of welcoming the representatives of their sister societies to their festive board. That duty he left in the able hands of Judge Daly, who, he was sure, would receive them on the footing of the most favored nations. (Applause.) It was too late for him to tell Brother Jonathan, he was sure, the warmth with which he, as a representative of the Friendly Sons, had always been welcomed to their festival occasions; or to say to St. George's or to St. Andrew's Societies, how warmly he had ever been received by them. What but a *warm* reception could a man receive in the land of *Burns?* (Great applause) He had supped with St. Nicholas and had met in that venerable gentleman's company many more who called themselves plain O's and Mac's. (Applause.) But, Sir, these pleasures seem to me as dreams. Let me speak of the questions which interest us in the present.

The poets, orators, and dramatists of Ireland—what a long roll of honored names you call upon me to unfold! The Poets! To-night we have heard in more eloquent terms than mine, or any more attempt at oratory, the best expression of the poetry of Ireland; for surely if ever any nation was blessed with poetry, as best poetry can be expressed in music, Ireland is that nation. (Cheers.) Our language is lost, our history is obscure, but in our music, our language and our history find still a true expression. In our music, ever varying, sometimes gay with light joy, then suddenly subsiding into a tone of the deepest melancholy, we read the sad story of a nation endeavoring to stand up against suffering with a light heart, and if it has to endure, never to despair.

While I talk of Irish music, I can surely not pass by the name so honored among Irishmen—a name which I trust has won honor in every nation—I mean the name of Thomas Moore. The orators of Ireland! Sir, dare I speak, unprepared as I am—dare I attempt to desecrate, as I fear by any allusion I might do, the names of Grattan, of Curran, of Plunket, of Bushe, and the thousand other men who have won a reputation wherever the English language is read or spoken—names known to many professional men that I see to night, and names that will be known as long as the English language is studied as a science? [Applause.] I forgot one name—the greatest of all There was a time when the infant efforts of these colonies, now a great nation, for liberty, were called treason, and discussed in the British Senate. Then there were a few men, Englishmen and others, who gave to the principles of American independence their stern, uncompromising assistance; and in the front rank of these men, I am proud to say, stood an Irishman—Edmund Burke.

There was a time, too, when the British people called before it a great culprit, when the whole world listened to the great case of mankind against Warren Hastings, and then, before the eyes of a gazing world, the representative of the Commons of England, the accuser of a mighty criminal, the defender of injured millions, one man stood forth, an Irishman—Edmund Burke; and as the rafters of Irish oak that support the great roof of Westminster Hall, rang with the thunder of that grand denunciation, as stern men bowed their heads in wonder, as tears fell from fair eyes, and all the court assembled swayed to and fro, wrapt and thrilled by the magic of the grand appeal, humanity acknowledged and history recorded that if Warren Hastings offended against the laws of humanity, he quivered that day under the lash of as great an accuser.

Dr. Carmichael sang very sweetly the musical ballad of "Go, Go, Deceiver, Go," and later in the evening, in connection with Mr. Massett, sang a well executed duett. Richard Busted responded to the toast of "Woman," and in the course of his remarks paid a merited tribute to the subject, from the birth of Eve to the present reign of crinolines. John Brougham responded very happily to the sentiment of the "Drama," and sang in fine style his famous production, "Ireland is my Darlin'." Mr. Williams also sang a well known popular Irish air. Judge O'Connor read some verses written and sung at the dinner of the "Friendly Sons," in 1814, and gave in humorous style an impromptu parody appropriate to the occasion. Several speeches followed by Alderman John J. Bradley, who responded to the "Sons of Irishmen," in a very eloquent and forcible manner, and by other gentlemen present. The festivities were of the most genial character, and the guests of the "Friendly Sons" separated at midnight in the best possible spirits, after thoroughly "drowning the shamrock" and drinking a "Patrick's Pot," to the "day and all who honor it."

NEW JERSEY having lately secured a Chancellor, is in tribulation for a Chief Justice, Hon. Henry W. Green, the new Chancellor, having vacated the Chief Justiceship to take the new position. The Senate will not confirm any of the Governor's nominations—among whom has been Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen—and the probability was, last evening, that the Legislature would adjourn *sine die* without securing an appointment. Funny State, with so much law, yet that cannot afford a Chancellor and a Chief Justice at the same time!

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

REPAIRS TO HARLEM BRIDGE.

Resolved, That the sum of three hundred dollars be appropriated to the repair of the bridge over Harlem River at the termination of Third avenue, to be expended under the direction of the Committee on Annual Taxes.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL OF JOHN T. DOYLE.

Resolved, That the bill of John T. Doyle, amounting to seventy-five dollars, for "Old Bailey Criminal Trials in eighty volumes," furnished the District Attorney's office, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Printing, Stationery, and Blank Books."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS OF JOHN A. GRAY AND FABER.

Resolved, That the bills of John A. Gray, amounting to twenty dollars and seventy-five cents, and E. Faber, twelve dollars and seventy six cents, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them from the appropriation for "Printing, Stationery, and Blank Books."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG Clerk.

BILL OF JAMES E. POOLE.

Resolved, That the bill of James E. Poole, amounting to forty-one dollars and twelve cents, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Care and Maintenance of Coles' or Harlem Bridge."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL OF JOHN MCGOWAN.

Resolved, That the bill of John McGowan, amounting to fifty-five dollars; George J. Ruch, fifty-five dollars, for serving subpœnas for Court of Special Sessions during the month of February, 1860, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them from the appropriation for "Officers and Witnesses' Fees"

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL OF W. L. S. HARRISON.

Resolved, That the bill of W. L. S. Harrison, for Printing Supreme Court Special Term Calendar for March, 1860, be audited and allowed at thirty-two dollars, and the Comptroller directed to pay the same from the appropriation for "Printing, Stationery and Blank Books."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL OF N. MCLEOD.

Resolved, That the bill of Norman McLeod, for supplies furnished the County Jail during February, 1860, be audited and allowed at three hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifteen cents, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Lighting, Cleaning and Supplies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL OF GEO. F. NESBITT & CO.

Resolved, That the bill of Geo. F. Nesbitt & Co., for articles furnished the office of Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments, be audited and allowed at two hundred and two dollars and twenty-five cents, and the Comptroller directed to pay it from appropriation for "Printing, Stationery and Blank Books."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 16, 1860.
J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

MANURE FOR BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Resolved, That the City Inspector be, and he is, hereby directed to furnish the Governors of the Alms House 1,000 loads of street manure, for the use of Blackwell's Island.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PETITION OF CO. H, 12TH REGIMENT.

Petition of Company H, Twelfth Regiment, for drill room in Jefferson Market. Granted:

By the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
By the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

HOUSE FOR ENGINE COMPANY 20.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be, and he is, hereby directed to advertise for proposals to build a new house for Engine Company No. 20, similar to the house occupied by Engine Company No. 6, except the same is to have a brick front, and send the contract back to the Common Council for confirmation, said house to be built in lot No. 100 Cedar street.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Feb. 6, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PETITION TO EXHIBIT A STEEL BELL.

Petition of Messrs. Naylor & Co., to exhibit a steel bell in the Park at their own expense. Granted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

INCUMBRANCES ON PIER NO. 36, E. R.

Resolved, That the incumbrances on pier No. 36, North River, be removed forthwith under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RECEIVING BASINS.

Communication from the Board of Assessors with assessment list for Receiving Basins on the south-east corner of Duane street and City Hall Place, and southwest corner of Duane and Chatham street.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 28, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SEWER IN MADISON AVENUE, &C.

Resolved, That the assessment for building a sewer in Madison avenue, from Thirty-eighth to Thirty-ninth street, be confirmed, and Jonathan Trotter, Collector of Assessments, be appointed collector thereof.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 28, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SEWER IN GREENWICH STREET, &C.

Resolved, That the assessment for sewer in Greenwich street, between Barrow and Christopher street, be confirmed, and Jonathan Trotter, Collector of Assessments, be appointed collector thereof.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

LOCATION FOR HOOK AND LADDER CO. 16.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to assign a location to Hook and Ladder Co. No. 16, of such property as is owned by the city.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 20, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

DRILL ROOM OF SIXTH REGIMENT.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to make such alterations and additions to the drill room of the Sixth Regiment, at Centre Market, as may be required to fit the same for the convenience of said Regiment, at an expense not to exceed two hundred dollars.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 2, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

HOUSE FOR HOOK & LADDER CO. 16.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to advertise for proposals for the erection of a house for Hook and Ladder Company No. 16, said house not to be less than seventy-five feet in depth, and return the award to the Common Council for confirmation.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 20, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 14, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

THE DAILY TRANSCRIPT MADE A CORPORATION PAPER.

Resolved, That the New York *Daily Transcript* be, and it is hereby designated as one of the Corporation Papers, and authorized to publish all Corporation matters required to be published, on the same terms as the other papers employed by the Corporation.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 15, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

MONEY FOR H. H. HOWARD.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of H. H. Howard, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, for the sum of $150, and charge the same to its appropriate account.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Feb. 6, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

CONTRACT WITH J. D. MOORE.

Resolved, That the award of contract to Jeremiah D. Moore, for regulating, grading, setting curb and gutter stones, and flagging four feet wide in Fifty-ninth street, from Eighth to Tenth avenues, where not already done, be, and the same is hereby confirmed, he being the lowest bidder, and that the sum of $3,169 67 be, and is hereby appropriated therefor, to be taken from the appropriation for street Regulating, Grading, &c.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 28, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

TO REGULATE SEVENTY-FIRST STREET.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be authorized to regulate Seventy-first street from the Third to the Fifth avenue, or so much thereof as may be necessary, and for which prices are not now included in the present contract without contract.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PUMP AT NO. 388 BOWERY.

Resolved, That the pump opposite No. 388 Bowery be removed, and the well covered over, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board. Referred to Croton Aqueduct Board, with power.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 5, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BAY WINDOWS ON N. E. COR. 42D ST. AND 1ST AVE.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Montague Ward to erect two bay windows on the northeast corner of Forty second street and First avenue, the said bay windows to be erected on Forty-second street, and under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

WELL IN 82D ST.

Resolved, That the well in Eighty-second street, between the Third and Fourth avenues, be filled up, under the direction of the Croton Board. Referred to Croton Board, with power.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 5, 1860
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BAY WINDOW, NO 164 FIFTH AVENUE.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby granted to J. Lowery to erect a bay window in front of his house, No. 164 Fifth avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

TO CANCEL ASSESSMENT ON LOT 258 SEVENTH WARD.

Resolved, That upon the payment of $250, the Comptroller annul the assessment and interest levied against the property known and designated as Ward number 258, Assessment Map No. 485, Seventh Ward, for the opening of New Canal street, be cancelled.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen Jan. 26, 1859.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BAY WINDOW, 1ST AVENUE, NEXT N. E. COR. 42D ST.

Resolved, That permission be, and the same is, hereby given to Barclay Parsons, to erect a bay window on the east side of 1st avenue, next to the north east corner of 42d street, and under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PETITION OF EDWARD GALLAGHER.

Resolved, That the petition of Edward Gallagher, for correction of erroneous tax, be referred to the Comptroller, with power to adjust the same.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 15, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BAY WINDOW, 371 FIFTH AVENUE.

Resolved, That permission be, and the same is, hereby given to A. W. Griswold, to construct a bay window in front of his house No. 371 Fifth avenue, the same to continue during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 17, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

TO PAVE BLEECKER STREET.

Resolved, That Bleecker street, from Broadway to the Eighth avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, at the expense of the city, and the award of contract submitted to the Common Council for confirmation.

Approved by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 19, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SIDEWALKS IN 27TH STREET.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the North side of Twenty-seventh street, between the First and Second avenues, be flagged a space four feet wide, where not already flagged, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 13, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 19, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

WATERING TROUGH AT 32D ST. AND 10TH AVENUE.

Resolved, That permission be, and the same is hereby given, to James Harsen to construct a watering trough on the north-west corner of 32d street and 10th avenue, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen March 15, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 19, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SIDEWALKS ON 24TH STREET.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the south side of 24th street, between the 9th and 10th avenues, be flagged where not now flagged, and the flagging already laid be repaired where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Feb. 13, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 19, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

CARRIAGE FOR HOSE COMPANY 24.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be, and he is hereby authorised and directed to advertise for proposals for a new carriage for Hose Company No. 24, to be in every respect similar to the one now in use by Hose Company No. 19, and return the award of contract to the Common Council for confirmation.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 2, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 12, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RAISING ROOF OF HOUSE OF HOSE CO. 36.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be directed to have the roof raised, and the house of Hose Company No. 36, thoroughly repaired and repainted at an expense not to exceed five hundred dollars.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 15 1860
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 19, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILLS FOR FITTING UP ELECTION POLLS.

Resolved, That the bills of William Cook & Co., and Bernard McCabe, for fitting up election polls, be and the same are hereby referred to the Comptroller, with full power to settle and adjust the same.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 15, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 19, 1860
Approved by the Mayor March 22d, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PAVING THIRD AVENUE.

Resolved, That the Third Avenue, from the Bowery to Forty-fourth street, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, the Third Avenue Railroad to pay such portion of the expense thereof as provided for in the agreement with the Corporation, and the city the remainder. The amount of contract to be communicated to the Common Council for Confirmation, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Feb. 23, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen March 19, 1860
Approved by the Mayor March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

OPENING SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET.

Resolved, That Seventy-seventh street be opened from the Fifth avenue to the East river, and that the Counsel to the Corporation take the necessary legal measures therefor.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 13, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 19, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SIDEWALKS ON THIRTY-FOURTH STREET.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the north side of Thirty-fourth street, between the Second and Third avenues on the south side be flagged a space of four feet wide, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 13, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 19, 1860
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

ALTERING HOUSE OF ENGINE COMPANY 44.

Resolved, That the house of Engine Company No. 44 be altered and repaired at a cost not to exceed $500, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and said work be done without contract.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, March 12, 1860.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, March 19, 1860.
Approved by the Mayor, March 22, 1860.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

WORKS OF ART.

ROYALTY AND ART.—THE MONARCH (CHARLES V.),
Treated the painter not merely with kindness, but with deference; and it is said that on one occasion, while the latter was engaged in giving the last touches to the
VENUS!
the pencil falling from his hand, Charles picked it up and presented it to the astonished artist, saying, it becomes
CÆSAR
to serve
TITIAN.

☞ See Dayton and Co.'s circular relative to their superb oil-colored Engraving of TITIAN'S VENUS. They sent an artist to Dresden for the express purpose of securing a correct copy of the
IMMORTAL PICTURE;
and Dayton's Engraving of it is the only CORRECT COPY in the world.

This glorious work of Art, so writes a critic in the Express, is splendid without gaudiness, warm without pruriency, and beautiful with the very soul of art. It will make a new era in the history of oil-colored engravings in our country.
(From the N. Y. Dispatch.)

DAYTON'S TITIAN'S VENUS.—A wonderful specimen of colored engraving. The beau ideal of female beauty, conceived and executed by the greatest artist the world has ever seen.
(From the N. Y. Leader.)

The great engraving of Titian's "Venus" is out at last. It was worth waiting for. Engraver and colorist have between them produced a work of art that has the Titian tone as well as the faultless outline of the bewitching original.

Reader—enclose $2 and 15 cents in stamps, and you will receive by return mail a gem of art, with an elegant gift.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO AGENTS AND THE TRADE.

By enclosing $2 15 cents, you will receive with the engraving and gift a letter of agency—stating our terms, with descriptive circulars. Address,
DAYTON & CO.,
American and European Engraving Warehouse,
145 Nassau street, and 37 Park Row, N. Y.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF RARE AND SPLENDID PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS, AND MANY BY THE BEST MODERN ARTISTS, NOW ON EXHIBITION AND FOR SALE AT No. 63 NEW BOWERY.
Near James street, New York.
Artists, Connoisseurs, and all Persons desirous of availing themselves of an opportunity so seldom offered for gratifying the taste, or obtaining a Picture worthy of a place in any Gallery or Collection of Paintings in this, or the old country, are invited to call and examine them. They will be sold on their merits, at low prices.
THOMAS JOYCE, Commission Merchant,
63 New Bowery, near James street, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL ART INSTITUTION.
691 BROADWAY corner FOURTH STREET.
Many new Paintings have lately been added to this fine gallery, which is now the
RICHEST COLLECTION OF WORKS
Of fine arts ever established in the United States.

ROSSITER'S
Three large Scriptural Pictures,
JEREMIAH, NOAH, MIRIAM,
Now on Exhibition, corner of Broadway and 9th st.
WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE SATURDAY, March 31
Admission 25 cents. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

THE BANNER PAINTER OF THE AGE
JOSEPH H. JOHNSON
212 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK.
Every description of ornamental painting executed in the finest style of art. Original Designs for Banners, Medallions, Coats of Arms, and the highest branches of Art designed.

A BOOK FOR EVERY AMERICAN BOY.
BIOGRAPHY OF SELF-TAUGHT MEN.
This is one of the most valuable and interesting Books of this sort ever issued.
The Introductory Essay is particularly valuable at this time, in view of the threatened dissolution of our beloved Union. No parent will ever regret placing this Book in the hands of his son.
By Prof. B. B. EDWARDS.
1 large vol. 86 cents.
Just published by
J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

R. W. PENNOYER, STRYKER'S BAY HOTEL,
BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, NINETY-SIXTH ST.
Breakfast, Dinner, Supper, and Target Parties supplied at the shortest notice. m3 3m

FIRE NOTICES.

☞ **Anderson Monument.—In conformity** with instructions from the Committee organized for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our late respected Chief Engineer, CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON, I respectfully present to the contributors and his friends, and his brother firemen, the following report:

The monument designed by Mr. Corregio, and executed in a manner reflecting credit on the skill and workmanship of the architect, Mr. Thomas P. Goodwin, has been erected in the most substantial manner on a pleasant spot in Greenwood, provided by the family of Mr. Anderson, by them enclosed with a suitable granite and iron fence. The cost of the monument, including design, erection and incidental charges, is $1,443 83; which has been discharged by collections made by members of the Committee, as follows: By Zophar Mills, $311 50; Owen W. Brennan, $125; H. B. Venn (including $21 from California,) $236; J. R. Platt, $107; R. McGinnis, $160; D. D. Conover, $25; J. G. Watkins, $28 50; D. S. Weeks, $41; L. Delmonico, $51; P. W. Engs, (including $30 from Ex-Fireman's Association) $50; James L. Miller, $313, from Savings Bank for interest, $7 50; making a total of $1,458 50, and showing a balance of $14 67 remaining to defray advertising, the residue, if any, to be applied towards advances made by individual members of the Committee, who have settled and discharged all demands. A list of individual donors has been preserved, but is not published, as some of them object to it, and the cost would be large. In conclusion, the Committee respectfully invite those who have joined in this memorial to the worth of our departed brother, to take occasion to visit the chaste and elegant work of art which tells of his resting place, and find their reward in the reflections which such scenes inspire. By order of
Signed, P. W. ENGS, Treasurer.
NEW YORK, 22d March, 1860. m24 1t

☞ **Firemen's Badges. The New York** Badge Company are manufacturing a variety of new and beautiful styles for the coming season. This is the only factory in the United States devoted exclusively to Badges, and the result is that a better article is manufactured there than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money. Prices from 25 cents each upwards. Badges mailed to any address on receipt of money or stamps to the value. Address
NEW YORK BADGE COMPANY,
173 Grand st., New York.

☞ **For Fire Warden.—The Friends of** the undersigned respectfully present his name as a candidate.
For Fire Warden:
WILLIAM BRANDON,
Of Mutual Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

☞ **For Fire Warden,**
THOMAS R. FROST,
Of East River Engine 17.

☞ **For Assistant Engineer,**
CALEB SEARS,
Foreman of Engine Company No. 22.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ **Base Ball Badges. The New York** Badge Company are manufacturing a variety of new and beautiful styles for the coming season. This is the only factory in the United States devoted exclusively to Badges, and the result is that a better article is manufactured there than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money. Prices from 25 cents each upwards. Badges mailed to any address on receipt of money or stamps to the value. Address
NEW YORK BADGE COMPANY
173 Grand st., New York.

☞ **Post Office Notice.—The Mails for** EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. Steamer VANDERBILT, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 24th day of March, at 10½ o'clock. A.M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

☞ **Wigs! Wigs!! Wigs!!!** BATCHELOR'S WIGS AND TOUPEES surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.
Fitting to a charm—no turning up behind—no shrinking off the head; indeed, this is the only Establishment where these things are properly understood and made
16 Bond street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—
Lessee and Manager.........................J. M. NIXON
Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
FOURTH WEEK.
FIRST NIGHT OF THE NEW IRISH DRAMA.
INCREASED ATTRACTIONS.
Monday Evening, March 26th, will be produced for the first time an entirely original drama, in 3 acts, written by the author of the "Painter of Brienne," for Mr. Barney Williams, revised and adapted for representation by H. G. Plunkett, author of the "Fairy Circle," "Four Phantoms," "Rebel Chief," &c., &c., entitled
WILLIE RILEY: OR, NOT GUILTY.
A Tale of Munster.
The drama will be produced with new and magnificent
LOCAL SCENERY, by GASPARD MEADER.
From original photographs taken on the spot.
Scene I.
CORK RIVER AND BLACKROCK CASTLE,
BY SUNSET.
Scene II.
INTERIOR OF McCARTNEY'S FARM-HOUSE.
Scene III.
CARLISLE BRIDGE and SACKVILLE ST DUBLIN.
Scene IV.
APARTMENT IN MOUNTJOY'S HOUSE, DUBLIN.
Scene V.
COUNTRY BY MOONLIGHT.
Scene VI.
THE COVE OF CORK, QUEENSTOWN.
Besides the above will be given two other pieces, in which Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will appear also. Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby st.) 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $5.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Proprietor.........Miss Laura Keene
LAST NIGHT OF
the New Comedy in three Acts, by
MR. DION BOURCICAULT.
entitled
VANITY FAIR;
or,
"VAIN OF THEIR VICES."
The performances will conclude with the Farce of the
OBSTINATE FAMILY.
On Monday and Tuesday next, by particular request,
JEANIE DEANS,
Or, THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN.
In active preparation, and will be immediately produced, an entirely new drama, illustrative of Irish hearts and Irish homes, called the
COLLEEN BAWN;
Or,
THE BRIDE OF GARRYOWEN.
By DION BOURCICAULT.
Dress Circle Seats can be secured ONE WEEK in advance, without extra charge.

THROUGH INCLEMENT WEATHER.
TERRIFIC DUST.
TREMENDOUS SNOW STORMS
THE
POOR YOUNG MAN
KEEPS
ON HIS TRIUMPHANT CAREER
AT
WALLACK'S.

BOWERY THEATRE.
J. H. Allen.............Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
T. W. Meighan.....................Acting Manager.
Doors open at 6¾ o'Clock. Curtain will rise at 7¼.
Boxes, 25 cents. Pit 12½ cents. Orchestra seats, 50 cts.
On SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24,
Last night, positively, of
MRS. J. C. HEENAN,
(Ada Isaacs Menken)
When will be given the comedy of
THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.
Widow Cheerly.........................Mrs. Heenan.
After which
JACK SHEPPARD.
Jack...Mrs. Heenan.
To conclude with
A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS.
On MONDAY EVENING, the tragedian
MR. F. EDDY.
The greatest favorite that ever trod the boards of the Bowery Theatre, will commence an engagement in a
BRILLIANT CHARACTER.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.—
Sole Prop'rs. Messrs. G. L. Fox & J. W. Lingard.
Last night of the talented actress,
MRS. FARREN,
And her accomplished daughter,
MISS FANNY FITZ FARREN.
Who will appear together in Rowe's Tragedy of
JANE SHORE.
The romantic melo drama of
THE BROKEN SWORD.
And Mr. G. L. Fox's comic Pantomime of
THE FRISKY COBBLER.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—
P. T. Barnum..........Proprietor and Manager.
John Greenwood, Jr..............Assistant Manager.
P. T. BARNUM having re-assumed the leading control and proprietorship of this establishment, announces that it will
CLOSE UNTIL SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
MARCH 31st, 1860,
In order to effect its complete
RENOVATION, RE-DECORATION AND AUGMENTATION,
As well as perfect the rehearsals of Mr. Dion Bourcicault's latest production, the Scotch moral drama of
JEANIE DEANS;
Or,
THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN.
Which will be presented here with New Scenery, Original Music, New Properties, and a number of Splendid Tableaux, under the immediate direction of its author.
On the occasion of the
RE-OPENING, SATURDAY NEXT, at 1 P. M.,
those popular favorites of the Museum visitors
MR. C. W. CLARKE,
and
MISS EMILY MESTAYER,
Will make their re appearance, in addition to the present talented company, including Mr. E. F. TAYLOR, (Stage manager) DELMON GRACE, T. HADAWAY, Messrs. BRIDGMAN, G. W. JAMESON, FENDON, SHIRLEY FRANCE, CUNNINGHAM, G. A. BEAN, ANDERSON, ELLIS, HUGHES, CHAPMAN, ADAMS, PIERCE, &c., &c., &c. &c. Mrs. J. J PRIOR Miss C. ALFORD, Miss LOUISA ELDRIDGE, Mrs. H. HOWARD, Mrs. J. DUNN, Miss SALLIE PARTINGTON, Miss H. WALBY, Mlle. JULIETTE, Misses McCORMICK, STEVENS, JOHNSON, PEERIE, TURNBULL, WHEATLEY, WALCOT, &c., &c.
Machinist, C. BURNS: Scenic Artist, W. WALLACK; Properties by T. KIERNAN and J. WILSON; Costumer, Mr. Walker.
Among the living curiosities to be seen will be that most amusing and extraordinary nondescript, called the
WHAT IS IT?
Commonly said to be the CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN MANKIND AND THE MONKEY; the savage Black Sea Lion, weighing 800 pounds; the colossal Grizzly Bear, Sampson, weighing 2,000 pounds, the Learned Seal, the Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, and 850,000 curiosities. Admittance to the whole, 25 cents; children, under 10, 13 cents;
Arrangements have been entered into for the exhibition of GREAT NOVELTIES, which will follow each other in rapid succession. To effect this the proprietor has incurred IMMENSE OUTLAYS in Europe as well as in this country, and there will be therefore in future
POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.
Seats can be secured in the Parquette and Balcony one week in advance, without extra charge.
Admission to the whole Museum, Curiosities and Performances, 25 cents. Children under 10 years, 13 cents.

GRAND CONCERT!!
AT THE
COOPER INSTITUTE,
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1860.
DODWORTH'S
SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT BAND.
Assisted by the following distinguished artists:
MR. A. B. MILLS, Pianist.
MR. L. SCHRIEBER, Cornet-a-Piston.
MR. MILLARD, Tenor.
MR. SAVIL MEIGS, Baritone.
Tickets...$1 00
Admitting a Lady and Gentleman.
Extra tickets...50 cents.
For sale at the principal Music Stores, and at the DOOR on the night of the Concert.
Doors open at 7 P. M. Concert to commence at 8 P. M.

MILITARY NOTICES.

ARMORY SECOND REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., New York. March, 16th, 1860.—At a special meeting of the Board of Officers, held at the Regimental Armory, on Friday evening, on motion of Captain James Brady.

It was resolved, That the Officers of this Regiment will use all their individual efforts in connection with their respective commands, to place the Second Regiment on a sound and efficient basis.

Signed, JAMES BRADY, Capt. Company F.
H JAEHRLING. " " G.
JOHN KENNEDY, " " D.
CHAS GOODWIN, " " H.
CHRIS. GRAHAM, " " A.
P. D. KELLY. " " E.
Capt. T. M. REID, Secretary.

Resolved, That the afore aid resolution be published in the NEW YORK LEADER, Sunday Mercury, Sunday Atlas and New York Herald.
Capt. T. M. REID, Secretary.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!
MILITARY EDUCATION.
MR. J. H. SIDDONS,
having been successfully engaged for some years in preparing officers for the British and East Indian armies, begs to offer his services to the officers and gentlemen of the
NEW YORK STATE MILITIA,
who may wish to acquire a familiarity with Fortification, Field Resources, Military History, Geography and Topography, the French and Italian languages, or any one of those branches of science.
MR. SIDDONS would be glad to form a class in New York. Address
J. H. SIDDONS,
Care of C. B. Norton, Appleton's Buildings, Broadway

WANTED.—AN ARMORY CAPAble of containing 60 muskets. Must be in good condition. Address, giving price and where it can be seen, ARMORER, this office.

MISCELLANEUS.

THE PLACE. 16 DUTCH STREET.
We beg to inform our Friends and Patrons that we have re-opened our Establishment, No. 16 Dutch street, recently damaged by fire, and are now prepared to serve up to our customers for meals everything in season.
A large supply of the best of Ales, Liquors, Wines, Cigars &c., constantly on hand.
Free Lunch from 11 A M. to 12 M.
MORRISSEY & GALLAGHER.
JNO. J. MORRISSEY,
JAMES GALLAGHER.

GET YOUR PRINTING DONE BY
FRANK M'ELROY,
113 NASSAU STREET,
OVER THE N. Y. LEADER.

ARMOUR'S,
17 OPPOSITE COOPER INSTITUTE. 17
The undersigned would call the attention of families to his large assortment of
WINES, BRANDIES, ALES, &c., &c.,
BOTTLED EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE. Also, a great variety of PICKLES, SAUCES, PRESERVES, &c.
ARMOUR'S, No. 17 Third Avenue,
near St. Mark's Place, N. Y.
N. B. Sample room adjoining the Store.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

6,000 SOLD IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION.
THIS DAY PUBLISHED:
THE MOST BRILLIANT NOVEL OF THE AGE.
GET IT AND READ IT.
FANNY.
FANNY.
FANNY.
FANNY.
FANNY.
FANNY.
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FANNY.
FANNY.
FROM THE FRENCH.
FROM THE FRENCH.
FROM THE FRENCH.
BY ERNEST FEYDEAU.
BY ERNEST FEYDEAU.
BY ERNEST FEYDEAU.
PREFACE BY
PREFACE BY
PREFACE BY
JULES JANIN.
JULES JANIN.
JULES JANIN.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
IT THREW PARIS INTO ECSTACY.
IT HAS PRODUCED HERE AN EQUAL SENSATION.
IT LIVES BECAUSE IT DEMONSTRATES LIFE.
IT CHARMS BECAUSE IT REVEALS LOVE.
IT IS NATURE PROBED AND ILLUSTRATED.
IT IS WOMAN'S LESSON.
IT IS MAN'S SERMON.
IT IS WOMAN'S HEART.
IT IS A REVELATION OF THE LOFTIEST GENIUS.
IT IS A POEM.
IT IS A WONDER.
IT IS MAN'S INFATUATION.
IT THRILLS BY ITS VERACITY.
IT MADDENS BY ITS POWERS.
IT BEWILDERS BY ITS SURPRISES.
IT INSTRUCTS BY ITS WISDOM.
IT IS ACKNOWLEDGED THE GREATEST,
THE LOFTIEST, THE MOST EXCITING,
THE MOST HEART-DEVOTED BOOK
THAT EVER ISSUED FROM PRESS,
OR PEN, OR BRAIN.
READ IT, AND THANK US
FOR PLACING IT IN YOUR HANDS.

"Monsieur Feydeau has produced a Parisian sensation; Monsieur Faydeau has created a continental sensation; and among brave men and fair women he has caused a fluttering, a delicious emotion, second only to a delirium.

"Brilliantly has Jules Janin put forth the preface, and with an art that will frighten Dumas, senior, and quicken the pulses in the heart ambitious of his glittering son.

"There is something grandly fresh and sweetly palpitating in this wondrous book, and Long has used his best taste in putting the glowing thought of the fascinating Frenchman in the most appropriate form. How keenly the mind of Monsieur Feydeau seeks the salient points of woman's nature to reveal to all the world the beautiful miracle. We predict for this work a reputation and an extended circulation that will equal that of any other book published within a century. How sweetly sounds the one word "Fanny!" and when you come to read of her, the memory of her beauty will linger around your heart until your dying day. Fanny will be your love; she, the glorious and the divine, all woman, and yet with a blending of celestial quality, will preside over all your thoughts, imparting a tender method to your manner, and laying deeply in your hearts a gallant and chivalrous devotion to woman and to love."—Porter's Spirit.

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Copies sent, on receipt of price, postpaid.
Send for LONG'S MAMMOTH CATALOGUE.
E. D. LONG & CO., Publishers,
No. 26 Ann street, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED,
HELLIER & CO.'S
NEW YORK POCKET BUSINESS
DIRECTORY,
and
DIARY COMBINED,
for
1860.
(Compiled to the 15th December, 1859.)
PRICE, $1.
This Work is published for the special benefit of Merchants, Manufacturers and Business men throughout the United States and Canadas.
It is bound in Morocco Tuck, covers same form as a Pocket Diary, and can be as conveniently carried in the pocket.
It contains:
Names, Location and Business of the Wholesale, and Manufacturing, and Business Men of New York
Diary on a New Principle, Cash Account, &c., &c.
Calendars for 1860 and '61; Interest Tables; Wages Calculator; Rates of Postage, &c.
For sale by the principal stationers in the United States and Canadas, and
By the Publishers,
HELLIER & CO.,
No. 335 Broadway, N. Y.
N. B.—Copy sent to any address, free of postage, on receipt of $1.

THE ART JOURNAL, FOR 1860.—
(LONDON.)
THE JANUARY NUMBER OF THIS POPULAR WORK COMMENCES A NEW VOLUME, and contains in addition to its usual attractions, a
"NEW SERIES OF PAPERS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE COURSE OF THE HUDSON, FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA."
By BENSON J. LOSSING,
profusely illustrated with original engravings on wood, from actual sketches, taken in the Autumn of the past year. The
"COMPANION GUIDE BY RAILWAY IN SOUTH WALES."
By MR. AND MRS. S. C HALL,
illustrated, by J D. Harding, Birkett Foster, &c, &c.
THE TURNER GALLERY.
Ere long the subscribers to the Art Journal will obtain engravings from pictures by this great Master. The Art Journal is a work especially suited for connoisseurs, artists, and all lovers of the Fine Arts. Each number contains three Large Steel Engravings, and numerous illustrations on wood. Subscription $9 per year, or 75cts. per month.
VIRTUE & CO.
26 John Street, New York.
Subscriptions $9 00 a year, or $8 00 a year in advance

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 HENRY A. PATTERSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the store of Jones, Bullard & Barnes, Nos 59 and 61 Reade street, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of September next.
Dated, New York, the 20th day of March, 1860.
ENOCH P. BULLARD, Administrator.
m24 6m 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 GEORGE A. TROUTMANN, late of the city of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of J. Ross Postley, No. 24 North William street, in the city of New York, on or before the first day of October next.
Dated New York, the 20th day of March, 1860.
JACOB J. ROSENSTEIN, Executor.
m24 6m MARIA H. STEFFEN, 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 ABEL S. PETERS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Suydam, Lambert & Co., No. 107 West street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-third day of September next.
Dated New York, the 23rd day of March, 1860.
A. H. CORNING. Executors.
m24 6m JOHN H. SUYDAM.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the county of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against BENJAMIN F. CONKLIN, late of the city of New York, stevedore, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the store of David R. Allen, No. 76 South street, in the city of New York, on or before the 25th day of September next.
Dated New York, the 22d day of March, 1860.
CORNELIA CONKLIN, Administratrix.
m24 6m DAVID R. ALLEN, 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 ELIZABETH P. TERHUNE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Cyrus Knapp, No. 256 Washington street, in the city of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of September next. Dated New York, the 22nd day of March, 1860.
MARY K. TERHUNE, Administratrix.
m24 6m CYRUS KNAPP, Administrator.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.
NEVER DEBILITATES.

LIVER INVIGORATOR

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

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

The dose must be adapted to the temperament of the individual taking it, and used in such quantities as to act gently on the Bowels.

Let the dictates of your judgment guide you in the use of the LIVER INVIGORATOR, and it will cure Liver Complaints, Bilious Attacks, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhœa, Summer Complaints, Dysentery, Dropsy, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Cholic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Flatulence, Jaundice, Female Weaknesses, and may be used successfully as an Ordinary Family Medicine. It will cure SICK HEADACHE, (as thousands can testify,) in Twenty Minutes, if two or three Teaspoonfuls are taken at commencement of attack.

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

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

Price One Dollar per Bottle.
ALSO,
SANFORD'S
FAMILY CATHARTIC PILLS,
COMPOUNDED FROM
Pure Vegetable Extracts, and put up in GLASS CASES, Air Tight, and will keep in any climate.

CATHARTIC PILLS.

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

The constantly increasing demand from those who have long used the PILLS, and the satisfaction which all express in regard to their use, has induced me to place them within the reach of all.

The Profession well know that different Cathartics act on different portions of the bowels.

The FAMILY CATHARTIC PILL has, with due reference to this well established fact, been compounded from a variety of the purest Vegetable Extracts, which act alike on every part of the alimentary canal, and are good and safe in all cases where a Cathartic is needed, such as Derangements of the Stomach, Sleepiness, Pains in the Back and Loins, Costiveness, Pain and Soreness over the whole body, from sudden cold, which frequently, if neglected, end in a long course of Fever, Loss of Appetite, a Creeping Sensation of Cold over the body, Restlessness, Headache, or Weight in the Head, all Inflamatory Diseases, Worms in Children or Adults, Rheumatism, a great Purifier of the Blood, and many diseases to which flesh is heir, too numerous to mention in this advertisement. Dose, 1 to 3.

Price, Three Dimes.

The Liver Invigorator and Family Cathartic Pills are retailed by Druggists generally, and sold wholesale by the Trade in all the large towns.
S. T. W. SANFORD, M. D.,
Manufacturer and Proprietor,
335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

STREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 39 PARK ROW.—Public notice is hereby given that resolutions have been presented in the Board of Aldermen:

To extend Worth street, from Baxter street to Chatham square.

To flag the sidewalks in front of Nos. 559 and 561, Sixth avenue; on the westerly side of Sixth avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets; around Abingdon square, fronting on Hudson street and Abingdon place; and in Fifty-fourth street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

To flag the sidewalks and set the curb and gutter stones in Third avenue, from Ninety-third to 110th sts.; in Fifty third street, from Eighth to Tenth avenues; in Sixth avenue, from 112th to 125th streets, and in Reade street, between Broadway and Washington street.

To flag four feet wide of the sidewalk and set the curb and gutter stones in Second avenue, from 114th street to Harlem River, and in Fifty-ninth street, from Third to Fourth avenues.

To flag eight feet wide on the south west corner of Irving place and Fifteenth street

To regulate, grade, set curb and gutter stones, and flag four feet wide of the sidewalks in Sixty-second street, from Eighth to Ninth avenues

To open all the streets and parts of streets not now opened between Fifty-seventh and Ninety-sixth streets, the Hudson and East rivers.

To widen Grand street on the southerly side 25 feet, from Broadway to Varick street.

To fill up the low and sunken lots between Third and Fourth avenues, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets.

Also, that a petition has been presented in the same Board:

To regulate, and set the curb and gutter stones on Reade street, between Broadway and City Hall Place, and Elm street, between Reade and Duane streets.

Also, that resolutions have been presented in the Board of Councilmen:

To regulate, grade, set curb and gutter and flag four feet wide in Fifty fourth street, from Second to Third avenues, and in Fourth avenue, from Fifty eighth to Seventy-first streets.

To flag sidewalks on the south side of Twenty-fourth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue.

To change the grade of Fiftieth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues.

To regulate and grade Fifty-fifth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

To grade and set curb and gutter stones in Fifty-ninth, from Broadway to Hudson river.

To build bulkheads on the outer line of the Harlem river, from Second to Fourth avenues.

All persons interested in the above, or having objections thereto, are requested to present them in writing, at the Street Commissioners office, on or before the 28th day of March, 1860.

Dated Street Department, New York, March 16, 1860.
m24 1t G. W. SMITH, Street Commissioner.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the following matters have been presented to the Common Council, and referred to the appropriate Committees, viz:

Resolutions for paving with trap block pavement, one-half at the expense of the city, and one-half at the expense of the property owners.

Fourth avenue, from Seventeenth to Thirty-second street.

Twenty-third street, from Third to Ninth avenues.

Fifty-ninth street, from Broadway to Hudson River.

Maiden Lane, from Broadway to South street.

And Liberty street, from Broadway to West street.

Also, a petition for paving, with similar pavement, the expense to be divided in the same manner, Forty-third street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues.

Also, resolutions for paving with similar pavement: Sixtieth street, between Broadway and Ninth avenues.

Fiftieth street, between Third and Lexington avenues.

And Washington street, from Liberty street to Battery Place.

And for paving, with cobble-stone pavement, Twenty-eighth street, from Eleventh avenue to Hudson River.

And Forty-fifth street, from Eleventh to Twelfth avenues.

Also, a petition for a sewer in Bethune street, from the river to within eighty feet of Greenwich street.

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 Tuesday, April 3, 1860.

THOS. B. TAPPEN,
A. W. CRAVEN,
Croton Aqueduct Board.
Office Croton Aqueduct Department, March 22d, 1860. m22 2t

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK, March 23, 1860.—NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed proposals, directed to "Daniel E. Delavan, City Inspector," with the name of the bidder indorsed thereon, and the words "Proposals for cleaning the streets and avenues, &c., of the City of New York, for the term of five years," will be received at the City Inspector's Office, No. 1 Centre street, until THURSDAY, the 5th day of April, 1860, at 12 o'clock noon, at which time the same will be publicly opened, for cleaning the streets, avenues, lanes and alleys, and all gutters, wharves, piers, heads of slips, public lands and places, and the public markets and the limits thereof, to be thoroughly swept and cleaned, and to remove immediately therefrom all dirt, manure, ashes, garbage and rubbish for the term of five years, in compliance with the specifications of article 1 of chapter 23 of the Revised Ordinances of the Corporation of said city, adopted by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty thereof June 20, 1859.

The right to reject any and all proposals or bids received, if deemed to the interest of the Corporation, is hereby reserved.

Blank proposals, estimates and specifications, including form of contract, can be obtained on application at the City Inspector's Office, No. 1 Centre street.
DANIEL E. DELAVAN,
m24 2t City Inspector.

STREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 39 PARK ROW, (Times Buildings.)—To Contractors.—Proposals enclosed in a sealed envelope, endorsed with the title of the work, and with the name of the bidder written thereon, will be received at this office until 12½ o'clock, P. M., of FRIDAY, March 30th, 1860:—

For repairing the bulkhead between piers 45 and 46 North River.

For building a house at No. 7 North Moore street, for the use of Engine Company No. 16.

For repairs and alterations to house No. 92 Houston street, for the use of Hose Company No. 44.

For repairs and alterations to the Eleventh Precinct Station House

For building a Station House on lots in Fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, for the use of the Twenty second Precinct Police.

Proposals must be directed to the Street Commissioner, who reserves the right to reject all the estimates, if deemed for the interest of the Corporation. Bidders are required to write out the amount of their bids, in addition to inserting the same in figures. Blank forms of proposals, together with the specifications and the agreements, can be obtained at this office.

Dated Street Department, New York, March 19, 1860.
m19 1t G. W. SMITH, Street Commissioner.

STREET DEPARTMENT, NO. 39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK—(TIMES BUILDINGS).—TO CONTRACTORS.—Proposals enclosed in a sealed envelope, endorsed with the title of the work, and with the name of the bidder written thereon, will be received at this office, until 12½ o'clock, P. M., on FRIDAY, March 30, 1860—

For regulating, grading, setting the curb and gutter stones, and flagging a space four feet wide through the sidewalks in Fifty-sixth street, between Broadway and the Eighth avenue, where not already done; for setting and re-setting the curb and gutter stones, and flagging a space four feet wide through the sidewalks in Fifty second street, between the Eighth and Ninth avenues, and also between the Tenth and Twelfth avenues, where necessary.

Proposals must be directed to the Street Commissioner, who reserves the right to reject all the estimates offered, if he deems it for the interests of the Corporation. Bidders are required to write out the amount of the bids, in addition to inserting the same in figures. Blank forms of proposals, together with the specifications and the agreements, can be obtained at this office.

Dated, Street Department, New York, March 19, 1860.
m24 1t G. W. SMITH, Street Commissioner.

$500 REWARD.—MAYOR'S Office. New York, March 22, 1860. In pursuance of a resolution of the Common Council, approved by me this day, I, FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor of the City of New York, do hereby offer a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension and conviction, or for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction, of the person or persons who have recently made several attempts to set fire to buildings on One Hundreth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, in the City of New York. Said reward to be paid on the certificate of the District Attorney, or the Judge before whom the conviction was had, that the claimants are entitled to said reward; but all claims not presented to the Mayor within twenty days after such conviction will be disregarded.
FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

MADAME RALLINGS,
318 CANAL STREET,
Invites the attention of the ladies of New York to her elegant stock of
FRENCH MILLINERY, BONNETS, FLOWERS, &c.
Also a beautiful assortment of Bonnets of her own manufacture, which for richness of material and elegance of design cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.
Since the enlargement of her establishment, Madame Rallings has devoted particular attention to the importation and manufacture of Pattern Bonnets for the Trade. To these, Madame Rallings respectfully calls the attention of Southern and Western Merchants visiting the city.
French Pattern Bonnets received monthly.

FOR SALE—TWO CLUB 1 BOATS, now the property of the Waverley Club: one 36 feet, 6 oars, in complete order, ready for use; one 30 feet, 4 oars. They will be disposed of at a reasonable price. Apply to
JAMES W. TODD, 601 Broadway.

THE
New York Leader.
A LOCAL CITY PAPER,
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
ON SATURDAY MORNING,
AT 113 NASSAU STREET:
JOHN CLANCY, EDITOR.

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