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[For the Leader.]

Varia.

BY VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

"THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET." By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Claverings," etc. New York: Harper & Bros.

In this novel Mr. Trollope achieves a far higher success than in most of his other productions. He seems really to escape from the society of the conventional, inevitable, lay-figure stamp of lady and gentleman that have usually composed his *dramatis personæ*, and draws vigorously characters of real force and originality. Mr. Crawley, poor and proud, grandly endowed with the finest intellectual qualities, and fretted almost to insanity by the most petty and harrowing cares, the ignoble servitude of poverty—wearing his pride under an assumed garb of humility—bitter, maddened, yet always self-conscious, true and noble—stands out in bold relief among the really strong creations of good novelists. The complications in which the good minister is involved, also, are unusual, and exceedingly effective. Many of the scenes in which he appears are admirable. The trial before the magistrates is excellent; and, above all, the scenes in which he annihilates the Rev. Mr. Thumble, and crushes the weak bishop, and the weak bishop's irrepressible wife, are completely successful. The picture of the poor little perpetual curate, in his shabby coat, muddy boots, and great, bald, broad forehead, defying the haughty virago, who was goading her husband, the bishop, to despair, would distinguish any volume in which it should appear.

The scene is too long for citation, and so we will simply say that the bishop, at the command of his wife, had attempted to dispossess Mr. Crawley of his pulpit, illegally in consequence of an accusation made against him, but not yet proved. Mr. Crawley, of course, resists his authority. He is summoned to an interview, and defends his position. Mrs. Proudie, the wife of the bishop, is present; but, comprehending her character at a glance, Mr. Crawley completely ignores her incessant interruption until the very close of the interview:

"Peace, woman!" Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last. The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than in anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hogglestock—at any rate, till the trial came on.

"Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet, as though she really intended some personal encounter.

"Madam!" said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office. The distaff were more fitting to you. My lord, good morning." And before either of them could speak again he was out of the room, and through the hall, and beyond the gate, and standing beneath the towers of the cathedral. Yes, he had, he thought, in truth crushed the bishop. He had succeeded in crumpling the bishop up within the clutch of his fist.

Although Mr. Crawley is decidedly *the* character of the book, he is by no means alone in clearness and truthfulness of delineation. His wife and daughter are perfectly natural, and wholly loveable. Mrs. Crawley, with her gentle patience and tenderness—her subdued timidity, but noble, unfaltering trust—is as clearly individualized as her husband; and Mrs. Proudie also, the bishop's wife, in a different way, is completely successful—so successful, indeed, that we should have considered it a great defect in the book if the author had not had the kindness to cut her off suddenly before closing his volume. It would have been unpardonable to have left the good bishop in the clutches of so terrible a companion, without any prospect of relief. In Major Grantly we recognize a family likeness to a type of hero that Mr. Trollope particularly favors. For instance, Major Grantly is in love with Grace Crawley when an accusation of theft is brought against her father. The dean, his father, informs him that he will disinherit him if, under the circumstances, he continues his addresses to the young lady. What is the Major to do? He had been upon the point of offering himself. He loves Grace devotedly, and knows that his affection is returned. Shall he take advantage of his merely nominal freedom to withdraw, and so secure his inheritance, or shall he prove his devotion to his mistress by throwing himself at her feet in spite of her misfortunes? He meets a lady of whose judgment he has some opinion, and, in confiding his situation to her, asks her advice. She advises him to offer himself. He asks the advice of several of his other friends; and, finally, decides that he will offer himself. He does so, and gains both the lady and the inheritance as the reward of his disinterestedness.

Nothing could be more unheroic, surely, than the Major's vacillation in such an affair, in which honor and interest gave clear, decided and contradictory answers; nothing more weakly sentimental than his appeals to his friends for sympathy and advice. To do him justice, however, he had really a great stake to lose through his devotion; and, having made up his mind to win his lady-love at all hazards, he behaved gallantly. And, to do the author justice, we must remember that he assumes to be a literalist in art. He has usually failed in his purpose, we think (Thackeray is a successful literalist), but this none the less is his aim. He paints men and women, or purports to paint them, as they are; and, of course, is not to be tempted into ennobling his characters by the transforming touch of the ideal. We must allow every artist the benefit of his theory, and not blame him, without due acknowledgment, for touches which we may regard as blemishes, but which he regards as proving his fidelity to nature.

For the most part, Mr. Trollope's novels appeal neither to the imagination nor the heart. They neither delight the intellect nor arouse the deeper emotions. The best that can be said of them is that they are neat, accurate pictures of a theoretic social life, in which a commonplace plot, involving the interests of essentially ordinary, commonplace individuals, is developed with a fatal facility, leaving truth and nature as entirely out of the question as if no such stern monitors, overlooking the artist's labor, existed.

"The Last Chronicle of Barset" is a work of a far higher order. A subordinate plot, poorly combined with the main one, enables the author to reproduce his habitual treatment of events and character; but the main incidents of the story have an intense interest, and are finely developed. Nor is it less true that the principal characters are drawn with unusual force and originality. Mr. Crawley, himself, might almost take rank with the Vicar of Wakefield, and other typical personages who hold an established position in English literature.

"MAY DAY AND OTHER PIECES." By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The reputation of Ralph Waldo Emerson is so securely founded upon a rock, his name is so endeared to almost all Americans who read and think, that any book published by him, of course, a welcome respect. And so perceives, as a matter of that it would be, full of admiration and issue a book under such a name. And yet we cannot but feel that there is the inspiration of a poet. He has exalted his tone of thought, expressed choice, highly concentrated thoughts in choice language, impossible for him to which he has given a metrical form; but the so-called poems, in almost all cases, depends exclusively upon the thought, serving such a welcome. form is accidental, and generally inferior, wanting in music, in warmth of coloring, in passion, in all the qualities that constitute the essential existence of a poem. The peculiarity of Emerson's poetic expression is a sort of invisible transparency allowing the idea conveyed to discover itself almost as it exists, without the aid of words. We have innumerable instances of poems that are books without souls—these poems are souls without bodies. The essential poetic idea manifested is manifested in a form so devoid of sensuous life that it can scarcely be said to have a material existence. The words constituting that form are so sublimated, and so subordinated to the thought they convey, that they share its spirituality. They give it expression, it is true, but they do not bring it within the plane of material life.

That there is a rare and high excellence in the quality of style to which we have referred is most true; but it is an excellence (using the term to convey the meaning that we intend) that defeats all the most essential requirements of poetry. The high qualities of Emerson's compositions are qualities that are absolutely irreconcilable to expression in the true poetic form. Occasionally he rises to lyrical sweetness and passion, especially in a few pieces in his first poetical volume; but these instances are exceptional, and, on the whole, in choosing to give his thoughts a metrical expression, we cannot help thinking that he has forced his genius to adopt a form totally alien to its natural inclination. And yet, after all, this is a matter that concerns the author more than the reader. Thought of a fine quality is so rare that it is always welcome in whatever manner born, and the world does not suffer it to be forgotten. Emerson's Olympic verses, whether poetry or not, are the choice utterances of a mind singularly sincere, true, individual and lofty, and as such they are wholly desirable.

"May-Day," Emerson's latest work, is interesting not only from the intrinsic value of its contents, but from the fact that it illustrates the intellectual development, or rather non-development, of an author who will always remain the chief representative of the first and purest literary expression that the early civilization of this country achieved. This, indeed, is its chief interest, for the poems that it contains, charming as many of them are, make no advance upon his former productions. It is a curious fact that in his latest volume we cannot find a single thought that was not suggested in his earliest works. No characteristic of Emerson's genius is, indeed, more striking than its incapacity of development and its entire deficiency in constructive ability. The pure and flute-like music of his early essays captivated the world; the ideas that they embodied were accepted by many as a new evangile; the author was elevated upon an intellectual throne that no American writer has ever occupied, and was surrounded by a school of disciples. And then his true work was over. Wise and interesting and suggestive as Emerson's later productions have been, they have never done more than re-embody his early inspiration in slightly varying forms. The whippoowill, uttering his lonely cry by the pool at night, is not more true, as the years roll by, to his own melancholy music, than this poet to the ideal to which he first gave utterance. The years have changed, society has been convulsed, the inspiration of a new future has electrified mankind, but he has remained unchanged.

The poems of this author have the simplicity and the sincerity of works of nature. They are like leaves of fern, or like the "chic-chicadedee" of the titmouse—the saucy note that he himself has celebrated. His genius cannot combine with external forms of life. It draws nothing from the external world, but simply instinctively expresses the ideal of his inner being; and in saying this we give the key to his strength and the key to his weakness. The truly great poet and the truly great philosopher are they who command both realms of nature—the realm of the ideal revealed in their own minds, and the realm of humanity and of nature external to themselves. From one to the other of these two worlds they pass freely at will, and from both they draw the materials whose proper combination is the true source of their power. Emerson is neither a great poet nor a great philosopher; but he is perhaps the purest example that has ever existed of the absolute fidelity of a highly gifted mind to the single source of inspiration that alone would seem to have been revealed to it.

"May Day" contains the poem from which the volume is named, one of the author's largest and most elaborate compositions; a celebration of our tardy American spring, whose rude *austere* fulfills so few of the promises that its name fondly suggests; "The Adirondacs," a sort of pastoral, describing with rare facility and grace an excursion of the poet and his friends to the northern lakes, and a collection of occasional and miscellaneous pieces, with most of which Emerson's readers have long been familiar. "May Day" and "The Adirondacs" contain many of the exquisite, illusory beauties of expression by which the poet's style is distinguished, and many of the shorter poems are highly polished gems of enduring thought.

"A SONG OF ITALY." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *North American Review* notices "A Song of Italy" by making the following extract from Dryden, which we take the liberty of copying. Dryden, in his dedication to his translation of the "Eneis," says:

"Sequis has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes—he might have said the same of writers if he had pleased. In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*, such things as our upper-gallery audience in a play-house, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit—prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots or Dutch boors, brought over in herds but not naturalized, who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and are therefore not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Y? these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense—as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment—they soon forsake them; and when the torrent from the mountain falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mancanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers—as we hold there is a middle state of souls—such as have a further insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted), but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to know the difference betwixt fustian or ostentatious sentences and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Ovid's epigrams; but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say that their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humors, and swelled with dropsy. How many of these flatulent writers have I known who have sunk in their reputation after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success in their first appearance, but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand."

AUGUST MONTHILIES.

Longfellow's translation of "Dante's Divina Commedia" is one of the chief topics of interest discussed in the periodicals that have appeared in the course of the last week. In the *Atlantic* especially, and in the *North American Review*, this able work receives careful and elaborate consideration. Of the two reviews we greatly prefer Dr. Norton's, in the *North American*. The *Atlantic* chaunts a hymn of praise over the great translation with an air too suggestive of predetermined and absolute eulogy. The *North American* warmly acknowledges the success of Mr. Longfellow's latest achievement, but awards its praise with more reserve and judgment. Unquestionably Mr. Longfellow has produced a work having all the merits that can be commanded by thorough scholarship, literary skill and integrity of purpose. He interprets his author with unerring fidelity, and reproduces him in language distinguished by its elevation and simplicity. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the American poet's desire to be strictly faithful to his original has not checked his freedom in so far as to prevent him from giving his translation that attractive musical form that alone could have rendered it a truly popular English work. The publication of this poem has been the signal for a discussion of intense interest, not only with regard to the relative value of this translation, compared with other versions of the same work, but with regard to the necessary limitations imposed upon the translator by the art that he pursues.

Upon these topics the *Galaxy* reserves its judgment. The August number of this magazine does not give the advent of Longfellow's "Divina Commedia"—certainly a literary event of unusual interest and importance—the slightest recognition; an omission at which we cannot help feeling surprised, particularly since the *Galaxy* has assumed so high a position among periodicals. If our best magazines do not seek to guide public opinion in literary matters—do not even impress their own judgment upon the public—what will they do? Is it their sole effort to amuse? The *Galaxy's* two serials have each of them considerable merit. The August number of "Waiting for the Verdict" is decidedly the most interesting that has appeared. The miscellaneous contributions are scarcely so attractive as usual. *Harper's Monthly* has one or two amusing stories and several articles of historical interest. Mr. Holmes is excelling himself in the "Guardian Angel."

[For the Leader.]

LEONORA.

BY KINSHEN.

O beware of the fair Leonora!
Heaven defend every friend or adorer!
Once my neck at her beck, like a minion,
Did I bow but to know her opinion.
Ah! the guile of her smile and her laughter!
Ah! what lies in her sighs that came after!
She had sneers for my tears so degrading—
Ridicule for the fool her upbraiding!
I fell down at her frown and her gesture;
While she leaned o'er me—fiend in saint's vesture!
And she hissed, "I have kissed thy two brothers
Both to-day as thee—nay, twenty others!
"Every one swore his own truth the truest;
And each word so absurd thou renewest!"
"Truth and Love! God above! what a pity
Such things dwell in this hell called a city!"
"Love and Truth! Love in sooth!—Lust and Passion!
Truth—ah ho! How they ply their vocation!"
"This Love feeds on the needs of weak woman;
This Truth hides what sin hides. Is it human
"To endure when the cure is within us?
Sir, I loath every oath that would win us!
I despise your disguise; man, I hate you!
Ah, me! once wretched dunce as a statue
"Was I wrought by the thought of a liar,
To be sold for the gold of Desire!
"Gold he gave for a slave as he thought her;
And who nursed me, then cursed her frail daughter!
"But I swear, by her care and her sorrow—
Tho' we meet at God's feet on the morrow—
"I could rest in the breast of her sainted,
As a child—undefiled and untainted!
"Sir, I scorn men well born or men lowly!
And my hate is the fate of man's folly!
"I endure but to lure like a siren!
Heart and soul to cajole and environ!
"Time will lay (so they say) the unquiet,
Forlorn ghost of Love crossed—go and try it!"
O beware of the fair Leonora!
Heaven defend every friend or adorer!

Ruined by Economy.

I have never been thoroughly satisfied that my first marriage was not an imprudent one. I attach no blame to myself, for that, being known by no more distinguished an appellation than Robert Stubbs, I should have selected for my partner in the dance of life a lady sinking under the weight of such a name as Jemima-Rosalvina-Marianne Fitzroy-Mandeville. There was no very obvious error in this. A person of very fine sensibility might, indeed, take exception to the Fitzroy, as implying that a screw had been loose somewhere; but I never considered that either Miss Fitzroy-Mandeville or myself need concern ourselves about what had happened—if ever it had happened—most probably so long ago as the reign of Charles the Second. The moment the ring was placed on her finger the Fitzroy-Mandeville was obliterated, and she became, for ever and ever, a positive Stubbs. She had, indeed, intended to announce herself as Mrs. Fitzroy-Stubbs, or Mrs. Mandeville-Stubbs (I forget which), but to this I peremptorily objected; there was in the combination a something which struck me as verging on the ridiculous, and all I could permit was that she might wave the precedence to which, as the wife of an elder branch of the family, she was justly entitled, and, instead of the dignified simplicity of "Mrs. Stubbs" (by which the right of such precedence would have been asserted), cause to be engraved on her visiting cards, "Mrs. Robert Stubbs." It was, therefore, not respecting the conjunction of names that I have ever entertained any qualms. Nor was it that my wife bore in her veins a dash of aristocratic blood, however derived; nor that she was young; nor that she was beautiful; nor that she was accomplished; nor that she was amiable; nor, &c., &c., &c. No; it was none of these. My error lay in this: that, possessing an unincumbered five hundred a year of my own, upon which I might, as a single man, have lived very pleasantly in London, or, with an unpretending wife, very happily in some Welsh village, I should have married a woman who increased my income by a clear thousand per annum. Jemima was a person of expensive habits; and my attempts to control or to check her propensity to throw money out at windows were invariably met by a hint (which, thanks to a philosopher of the present day, has now become an axiom) that "every one has a right to do what they please with their own." It was in vain I argued that every guinea of what had once been her thousand a year was now mine, and that not a shilling of all my own independent property was hers; that, even were she the lawful purse-bearer, she would still have no right by her extravagances to involve us both in ruin; that it was for the husband to regulate and manage the finances, save in matters of minor household concerns; my arguments and remonstrances were always met by the same ready question: "And pray, Mr. Stubbs, how much a year had you before you married me?" I had at the period so adroitly referred to more than enough to enable me to contemplate the approach of Christmas without alarm; and, certainly, such was not the case when my income was trebled. The Ruination-shop in Waterloo place was not at that time in existence; nevertheless, I cannot think with anything like pleasure of what might have been the result of my dear Jemima's proceedings had I not had the misfortune to lose her in the third year after our marriage. Our only child, Jemima-Robertina—for so we named her, as an affectionate compliment to each other—died not long afterwards.

My fortune was considerably impaired; but by contriving for a few years to live upon half my actual income, and by the help of what was of still greater use in restoring it, a couple of pretty legacies, I was at length master of eighteen hundred pounds a year. Again I resolved to marry.

Profiting by experience, I avoided the rock which had so nearly wrecked me. Name, blood, fortune—I would none of them. I chose for my wife Mary Brown, the orphan daughter of a country curate. I need not say she was poor—I have noticed her parentage. She was well educated, though she had never drawn up a plan for reforming the Government of Great Britain, nor what (judging by its frequency among well-educated? or highly-talented? young ladies) must be a work of still greater facility, she had never even conceived the idea of improving and ameliorating the condition of society all over the world; she was sufficiently accomplished, though she had not passed months in learning to sing "Di tanti palpiti" almost as well as a third-rate chorus singer at the opera; and she was very pretty, or—which, perhaps, was still better—I thought so.

All this was sufficient to justify my choice. Yet one more good quality she possessed, and that it was that tended, more perhaps than any of the others, to confirm me in my resolution of making her my wife. I received from Mrs. Judith Brown, her paternal aunt, an assurance that Mary was a very Phœnix for Economy.

I had had experience of how one may be ruined by an extravagant wife; I was now to learn in what manner a good fortune may be puddled away by Economies.

We inhabited a very commodious house, though a small one, in Mortimer street, Cavendish Square. The situation was peculiarly desirable, inasmuch as we were in the immediate neighborhood of our best friends and most intimate acquaintances. We were at no very great distance from the Opera, and other places of amusement, of most of which we were passionately fond.

Mary's first notable discovery was that, merely by going to live a couple of miles out of town, we should accomplish a positive saving, in house rent alone, of thirty pounds a year! Well; the experiment must be tried; but as I had just before had the house fresh painted and repaired, and newly furnished from top to bottom, I consented to the change with no very good heart. The place she selected was Evergreen Lodge, Vauxhall, a house more than double the size of the one we occupied, and of which the back parlor was nearly as large as our front drawing-room! yet these advantages were obtained not by any additional cost, but, on the contrary, to our benefit to the extent of the sum already specified. On our journeys backwards and forwards between the two houses, I carried in my pocket a little instrument which was a source of great uneasiness and alarm to me (it was a three-foot rule): for by dint of applying it to the walls and floors, I discovered that scarcely a piece of furniture in the old house would suit the new one. "Leave the matter to me," said my wife, "and I'll manage it with all possible economy;" and I must do her the justice to say that whatever could be done, under the circumstances, I was. At the end of a month I received her report. Without following up its numerous details, some idea of her economies may be derived from the principal items:

Imprimis: The window curtains, of course, were useless; in the first place, because they would not fit the new windows, and, in the second, because the materials adapted to a town-house would be quite preposterous in the country. She had, however, managed this point admirably. Hawkins, our upholsterer, would take them off our hands at one third of the price he had, not long before, charged for them, which sum would be almost enough to purchase materials of an inferior quality—yet good enough for the country. As to the making-up of them, she would superintend that point; and by having a couple of workwomen in the house, for five or six weeks, at thirty shillings each per week, we should save a full half of what Hawkins would charge. Palpable economy.

2dly. The carpets. Here our gains were manifest. Our large drawing-room carpet would cut down excellently well for the front parlor; and the strips remaining after the operation would serve as bed-carpets for the servants' rooms, and not cost us a single shilling! But since we could not expect the advantages all ways, there would be a trifling set-off on the carpets for the other rooms. However, here again we were fortunate in our upholsterer; for Hawkins had been so civil as to say that, rather than we should be inconvenienced, he would take all our old carpets off our hands, allowing us the fullest value for them, and furnish us with new ones at the very lowest price! Here was a disinterested upholsterer for you! Compared with him, Aladdin's friend, who gave new lamps in exchange for old ones, was no better than an usurer.

3dly. The pier and chimney-glasses. These must in every case be new; but what then? we could lose nothing in this item, good looking-glasses being always worth their cost. As for our own, Hawkins, the fairest dealing creature in the world, had assured her that he would allow us as much for them—as any other tradesman in town would offer.

4thly. Wardrobes, tables, chairs, and articles of miscellaneous furniture. Of these many were found available; and with respect to those which were not, Hawkins, who was a sort of Providence to us, kindly stepped in and took them, in exchange, at a fair valuation—a valuation which, as it was his own, we should have been Hottentots, or worse, to have disputed. To have expected that in a transit from Mortimer street to Vauxhall every article of furniture would escape injury would have proved me a blockhead; and as, in fact, much injury had occurred, I could not, in conscience, object to so reasonable a charge as £25 2s. for repairs. A saving of thirty pounds per annum, in the single item of house rent, is not to be achieved without a little sacrifice.

"And pray, Mary, what have you done about my favorite drawing-room chairs and settees?—the blue damask and gold, I mean—you know the chairs alone cost £5 15s. each; and I hope—"

"Why, my love, they would have been quite out of character in the country, as Hawkins, who made them, himself admitted; they were much too handsome: so he has spared us a set in exchange—much neater, and more simple and appropriate. And, what do you think, dear? we are only to give him ten guineas on the bargain?"

"And how have you negotiated the exchange of your square pianoforte for a cabinet?"

"Not at all. That was an attempt at imposition I would not submit to. Really if we did not proceed with some regard to economy, we might be ruined in a day. They offered to make the exchange for thirty guineas; that is to say, charging sixty guineas for their own, and allowing us thirty for ours—which cost forty only five months ago—thereby fixing upon us a loss of ten! That would have been absurd. Now I'll tell you how I have contrived. I have bargained to take theirs outright at fifty-five—a saving, you see, of five guineas—here I have done it on paper; and as it would be positively throwing one's money into the sea to sell for thirty guineas an instrument for which we have so lately paid forty, I have made it a present to Cousin Charlotte. Oh, by the by, love, I have saved two shillings in the transport: to have sent it down to Cornwall by the carrier would have cost two pounds; now I have bargained for £1 18s. by the steamer. It is but two shillings, I admit; but you remember the proverb, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds'—you know the rest."

Well, Christmas came, and along with it came our friend Hawkins's bill for alterations, and exchanges, and substitutions, and additions. As everything had been contrived with an eye to economy, it amounted to no more than £916 14s. 10d. I own I did not like even that; but as we were living at a reduced rent it would have been barbarous to complain.

Our new house contained more rooms than we had any occasion for, and three of them (of no contemptible dimensions) remained literally empty. An empty room in one's dwelling-house always begets in my mind a notion of discomfort—nay, something more oppressive still, an idea of desolation. I hinted a complaint of this—for Mary was so good a creature I could never prevail upon myself to utter a complaint in form, which I knew would distress her—and was pleased to find that my dear, economical wife (I do not intend a pun) had already contemplated a remedy for the evil.

"I'll tell you," said she, "how I intend to manage this: as we have no earthly use for these rooms, it would be a sin to throw one's money away upon them; so I shall watch for opportunities at sales, and whenever I meet with a bargain we can buy, we

Rare, indeed, was her good fortune! for never did she attend a sale but a bargain rewarded her prudence and industry; so that in less than two months the three empty rooms were furnished to suffocation. It is quite true that we had no need of a single one of her purchases; but since she had bought each individual article for less than its prime cost, and thereby constituted me the fortunate possessor of three rooms full of incontestible bargains, I could not, with any show of reason, complain at the expenditure of only £582 14s. 6d. in the process.

The designation of "empty rooms" remained by those three useless apartments long after my wife had, by the exercise of her economies, crowded them to excess; and considerably to my cost did they maintain their distinction. If ever I ventured to remonstrate against the purchase of some cheap inutility, on the ground of our having no place wherein to bestow it, my wife's answer was always ready: "Oh, we can find a corner for it in one of the empty rooms." And here I will relate an instance of her amiable *naivete*—her disregard of the figurative, or habit of taking words in their literal sense. "And where do you intend to put it?" said I, on one occasion when I was threatened with the introduction of some useless and cumbersome bargain; "where do you intend to put it, my love?—the least crowded of those rooms is already so full that you can't swing a cat in it!" "My dear," replied she, "I don't want to swing a cat in it."

On looking to the memorandums relative to our loss on the first year's saving in house rent, I find that (adding to the outlays already noticed the expense of carriage hire in house hunting; charges for removal; the loss of three-quarters' rent on our former house, which I held on lease, and which remained for that period unoccupied; and numerous trifles, incidental and accidental) the gross sum expended in the purchase of thirty pounds' worth of saving was.....£2,017 15s. 9d.
From which deduct the said saving..... 30. 0. 0.

There remains as Lost by Economy.....£1,987 15. 9

I think it was Caleb Whiteford who, being reproached by a lady for his inhumanity in having gone to Paris expressly to see a man's head cut off, replied: "Madam, I have made all the reparation in my power; I went the next day to see it sewed on again." Finding, after an experience of two years, that Vauxhall was too far from London for convenience, and too near it for economy, my wife "made all the reparation in her power" by prevailing upon me to return to our old quarters in Mortimer street. I must do her the justice to say that she remembered the "tremendous expense of moving useless furniture" (I use her own words), "and the accidents to which good furniture is liable;" to avoid all which the three roomsful of bargains were sold on the spot (and, alas! they were even greater bargains this time than the last!) and the rest of the property was disposed of "at a very fair price—considering." Again I quote my excellent wife.

These are instances of economy on a grand scale. But, unhappily, she is economical, on a similar principle, in all her proceedings. To avoid the expense of wear-and-tear of harness, or of injury to the coachman's livery on a rainy day, she will hire a hackney-coach to carry her to a cheap shop in the city, where she can purchase as much tape and bobbin for eight shillings as would cost nine in Oxford street—"and a shilling saved, my love!" Not many mornings ago I found her cutting up a gown she had worn but once, to make a frock for little Anna. Her reason for this was convincing: "It would be madness to lay out money for stuff for a child's frock when it might be saved by using anything one might happen to have in the house." And when I asked her why she had sent a white India shawl (which I had given her but a few days before) to be dyed black, her reply was, that "it might soon want cleaning, and that these were no times to throw even five shillings away." The next morning Tom came to me with, "Please, Pa, will your send Ma ten shillings for the dyer?" I bought a pony for the use of the two children. My wife, upon a strict examination of the livery-stable keeper, discovered that the keep of one pony was twelve shillings per week, but that he could contract to keep two at a guinea. Here was so obvious a source of economy that I should have been a churl to refuse to allow each of the children its own pony to ride. I have no objection to decent economies in the larder or the cellar; Heaven forbid waste! but I have not yet (spite of all my wife's arguments) been able to appreciate, as fully as it may deserve, the economy of bestowing upon a stale mutton chop a bottle of expensive sauce, in order to render it eatable; nor can I understand that I am a gainer by her giving to the cook, for some culinary purpose, a bottle of my fine old sherry worth seven shillings, in preference to "fooling away one's money for what one has in the house;" that is to say, in preference to purchasing at the nearest wine vaults for half a crown a commodity which would answer the purpose every way as well.

Upon annually making up my accounts, I invariably find that my expenses increase (consequently, that my property diminishes) in exact proportion with my dear Mary's economies; so that unless she should commit some notable extravagance, or, at the least, submit to exercise a prudential degree of carelessness in the management of our affairs, I must expect soon to be—Ruined by Economy.

Dog Bob, of the Guards.

Everybody has heard of Bob, the fireman's dog, who joined the brigade of his own accord, who barked before the engines to clear the way, who had a nose for a fire like another dog for a rabbit, and who, among other exploits, on one occasion, showed his full comprehension of his duties as a fireman, by dashing into a burning house, and, at the risk of his own life, bringing out a child, and coming out with all that smoke and fire behind him, singed and blackened, but carrying in his mouth his rescued cat. He also saved the life of a child, by his persistency in scratching and whining at the door of a room in a burning house, which was supposed to be empty; but Bob knew better, and never gave up till he got the door opened, and the child, who was found lying insensible on the floor, was carried away to safety. Bob wore to the day of his death a broad brass collar with an inscription in his own honor. He appeared on the platform at one or two public meetings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and when his time came, and that fatal engine crushed him to death, he died mourned by the men of his own *corps*, as a dear old friend and true hero.

The hero of my story bore the same illustrious name, and, alas! had the same disastrous fate. He, too, like most great geniuses, dogs or men, chose his profession with a strong intuitive instinct; and, apparently, without any particular reason. Who can tell why one great man takes to painting, another to making poetry, and another to making spinning-jennies? Or why an inland boy, who never heard the dash of a wave on the shore, or heard a sea-bird's scream, or saw anything more like a ship than a coal-barge on a canal, yet becomes so haunted by the sea, that he invariably ends by running away, and gets himself afloat and into all the delights of a tarry jacket as soon as may be? It must be the same with dogs, or why did Bob, the fire-dog, take to fires, or my hero, Bob, the soldier, to soldiering? Bob enlisted as seriously and really as any recruit who takes the shilling, pins ends of ribbons in his cap, and calls himself there and then a warrior. Bob rose from the ranks. He was a butcher's dog, and so, though no doubt he had plenty to do, he had plenty to eat, and is sure to have had rather a prosperous life of it. He drove cattle and sheep, but he ate them, too, and the cow-heels he had bitten at in the way of discipline, he probably got, finally, as his own perquisite; unless, indeed, his master was that very Windsor butcher who, tradition says, was "tripe and cow-heel purveyor to her Majesty." Then, I suppose, the cow-heels went to Court. But whether he got them or not, scraps and tit-bits of the poor beasts he helped to drive came in his way as well as his master's; and you know how fat those dreadful "blue butchers" always do look! It was certainly not for want of a dinner, like so many other poor recruits, that Bob took the shilling. He joined at Windsor. At that time (the spring of 1853), the first battalion of that splendid regiment, the Scots' Fusilier Guards, were quartered in the Castle.

How Bob found them out at first, I don't know; perhaps he went to the barracks with beef. But when once he had seen the red-coats and heard the music, it was all over with Bob; he never condescended to bite at cow-heels again. His head was as completely turned as any young belle's in a garrison town. Bob now saw what he was meant for; he was a dog who had found his future. He took every opportunity of returning to the barrack-yard to see more of military life; and he was constantly being fetched home from the barracks by the butcher. I don't know

how long this sort of thing went on; but the end of it was that Bob tired out the butcher. He got tired of fetching his henchman home, and Bob never went home again. From that time his career became a military one, and the history of his life is that of his regiment.

His new comrades adopted him at once; and in about a month afterwards, when upon a sunny June day the whole battalion marched to Cobham Camp, Bob had the proud satisfaction of marching out at their head, as the dog of the regiment. It certainly was a rise in life for an ambitious dog like Bob; promotion enough to turn any dog's head. He who only a month before had to get an honest living by biting at the heels of unruly cows, or worrying at the throats of misguided but ill-foreboding pigs, who would not, like the ducks in the ballad, "come and be killed"—he, that very Bob, marched now to the roll of the drum and the sound of military music with all the grand scarlet coats and bear-skinned caps behind him, as he stepped on with the band, the dog of that very crack regiment, her Majesty's Royal Scots' Fusilier Guards!

Can you not fancy how Bob's always rather *retroussé* nose curled higher?—how his rather stumpy tail stuck out on end as he passed by those our acquaintance who would have been out with all the rest of the world, in Windsor streets, to see the show that day? Bob could not and would not then have spoken to the best friend of them all. For one thing, he would have felt it a breach of duty to leave the ranks in line of march; but more than that, he must have felt at that moment that he was leaving his old butchering ways and doings far behind him. And yet, though he might be a little proud, Bob deserved his destiny, for he had known his own mind, and stuck to it like a fine dog as he was; and more than half the battle is to know what you want to do, and can do, and then do it with all your might.

Bob stuck to his duty like a man. He fell in with the strict regulations of the service at once, and was famous for his soldier-like punctuality. The chronicle of his life (probably drawn up by one of his officers) tells how "he was always first on parade;" and then goes on to say, "that when the duties of the day were over, no old soldier could be more expert at foraging." What that means exactly I cannot say. It seems very much as if Bob had had to get his rations how he could, as "foraging" always gives one the idea of hungry soldiers in an enemy's country, rushing into houses and coming out with stolen loaves of bread and sides of bacon. It cannot surely mean that Bob carried out his military *furore* in raids of this sort; perhaps it only means that he had to make out a living by looking up contributions in the soldiers' and officers' huts and tents—perhaps he even showed his black nose at mess. His foraging is sure to have been easy work, for soldiers as well as sailors are very kind to anything they make a pet of; and I dare say Bob might have had fifty dinners a day if he could have eaten them.

Our readers will like to know what our hero was like, as at present they only know him by a turned-up nose and stumpy tail, and they were only his weakest points. He was a black dog, with tan points, and a dash of white on the chest. Why a dog who has any tan about him invariably has [illegible] the author of "Our Dogs" truly says, "among the deepest mysteries of tan." They give a wonderful amount of expression to the eyes beneath them, and Bob had them very conspicuously. He had a handsome head, and he was a strong, powerful dog, smooth-skinned, with a coat like black satin. Such breadth of chest and strength of limb are seldom seen. He was rather a middle-sized dog as to size, and as to breed, what his friends called him I cannot imagine. He was bigger than any terrier, though he may have had terrier ancestors on one side; but there was probably a bull-dog *mesalliance* on the other. There must evidently have been a flaw somewhere in the pedigree, but still, every one would have said he was a handsome dog; and looks it still, though only a stuffed dog now, and all hay inside. But this is sadly forestalling his history.

It was the year after Bob joined that the Crimean war broke out, and his regiment was under orders for the East. The last day of England came, and the gallant officers and men of the Scots' Fusiliers marched out of camp with their band playing the old home airs. But most of them never came home again! In two short years, or less than that, more than half of those grand-looking men were in their graves, the Crimean grass and wild flowers above them. But none thought of that then, as they marched out with sound of drums and all the clang and clash of military music, and who but Bob himself at their head! They were to embark in her Majesty's ship "Simoon," and whether Bob was forgotten or not in the confusion, I don't know—he seems to have had to shift for himself; but he got himself on board somehow. And here, as his chronicler says, his career was very nearly put an end to. "What dog is that?" said the first lieutenant; and no one in particular claiming him, the word was passed, "throw him overboard," and the sailors would have had him over the side in no time if some of the soldiers had not heard the order and came to the rescue. Then it was explained that, though Bob belonged to nobody, he belonged to everybody; and so he was allowed his passage to the Crimea with the rest of the troops.

How he bore his voyage this, his history, does not tell. I have no doubt he had *mal-de-mer*, and wished he was a butcher's dog again, if his *esprit de corps* would have allowed him. His memorialist goes on to say that he served at Malta, Scutari and Varna. From the last place the regiment re-embarked for the Crimea. Whenever they were going to sea Bob's comrades seem to have been particularly careless, to say the least of it, about him, for here we find him in difficulties again. He had to look after his own embarkation, apparently, and get himself on board how he could; and the result was what might have been expected: as he could not hail the right transport, he got on board the wrong one. But now it was shown to all the world what a person of consideration Bob had become in his regiment, for, after he had been reported missing, and it was discovered where he was, an escort of officers went off in a boat to fetch him back!

By this time he had evidently become indispensable. Gallantly wagged that somewhat stumpy tail, no doubt, as Bob, looking over the bulwarks of the "wrong ship," saw the blonde moustachios of the right men, his own beloved officers, who were waiting for him to come over the side to row him to his "Own" again.

Then came the landing on that fatal Crimean shore. Bob was the first to land. Soon, all England rang with the news of the battle of the Alma, and English hearts beat high with hope and fear at the sight of those grim lists of dead and wounded which filled the morning papers. At the Alma, the Scots' Fusilier Guards were in the thick of the *melee*; they were for hours forcing their way up a steep hill, driving the Russians back before them, and in the very teeth of a tremendous battery.

Down they went by hundreds, and the Welsh Fusiliers by their sides fought as gallantly, and got mowed down as fearfully. Together, they drove the Russians from their guns, and then the great battle of the Alma soon became a victory. The French had been winning their way up that deadly hill also, and the Russian army was thoroughly beaten. But that fatal hill behind them was strewed with dead and dying. An officer of the Scots' Fusiliers was cut down, fearfully wounded, when some Russian Lancers coming up struck their lances through him, and another Russian thrust his sharp bayonet through, as he thought, the officer's head; but he had not made allowance for the tall bear-skin, so the bayonet only pinned it to the ground, and that wound, which must have been fatal, the officer escaped, and he survived all the rest, and came back once more to England!

This was Bob's first battle. I wonder what he thought of it—whether he did not think it worse butchery than what he had been accustomed to at Windsor. The descriptions of that Alma battle-field, after the day was over, creeped in horror all that was ever told of those grim and ghastly scenes.

Poor Bob, I suppose, got lost in the battle; he lost sight of the colors, somehow; it is not possible that he ran away—one must not believe it. But at all events, when the day was over he did not answer to the roll-call, and he was reported in the list of missing. Many a Guardsman, looking among the heaps of dead for his comrades, I dare say looked, too, for the shining black coat of the dog of the regiment, thinking his friend might have been knocked over in the *melee*. But Bob was not there; for, after making a flank march through an enemy's country on his own account, he rejoined the battalion at Balaclava. How he found his way across miles and miles of an entirely unknown country is wonderful. Then, at all events, his soldier-like foraging must have become useful. He was at the battle of Balaclava, and looked on, I suppose, at the charge of "the gallant six hundred," when the "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, volleyed and thundered," and the troopers rode back a few handfuls of men. "Some one had blundered!" The soldier-dog appears again at the famous battle of Inkermann, when, in the dawn of the lowering November morning, the gray Russians crept up under cover of the gray fog, and, on their hands and knees among the bushes, had got by hundreds close up to the sleeping soldiers, until a trumpet sounded the alarm, and the men sprang to their feet to find themselves in a fight for life and death. The day came, the fog cleared off, and hours went by, and they were fighting still, mowing the Russians down before them, as fresh gray battalions still swarmed up the hills to fight and die. At last that day too was won. I have heard that when those poor Russian soldiers were searched before they were buried, besides the invariable little picture of their patron saint, which every man wore round his neck, it was quite a common thing to find a kitten buttoned up in his coat. Poor fellows! those fair-haired Russians, though they fight so obstinately, are strangely gentle at heart; and I fancy the kittens to them were like a bit of home in the midst of war. Still, there is something mysterious about it. What became of the kittens that grew up, as they could not have gone into battle with old cats in their coats? It would have been against "regulations," and there would have been no hiding the cats, though they hid the kittens. It was not exactly kind to the kittens, either, to take them into battle; but they could not help it, unless they left them to die. I have heard of several of these "warrior kittens" that were taken from the bodies of their poor dead masters, and were brought to England by English officers. It seems to have been after that fiercest of fights, the battle of Inkermann, that Bob got his medal. He was in the battle, and tried to serve his country by chasing spent cannon-balls and shell. Well for Bob it was that he did not catch them—a shell, at all events—or his career of glory would have ended in his being blown to smithereens for his country.

It was for so distinguishing himself, and for his general good conduct, that "Bob was awarded a medal," which, I suppose, as he had not got a button-hole to hang it from, he must have hung round his neck, like a lady's locket. Through the days and nights of that dreadful time which followed, when his gallant friends who had looked so magnificent in old days in England had got from bad to worse, until they were as shabby as tramps, poor fellows, to look at—and were, I am afraid, nearly as hungry, too, sometimes, because again "some one had blundered"—Bob served with them in the trenches. In adversity of any kind an old friend is the best company, and I dare say to many a poor fellow through those dark nights in the wet, cold trenches, it seemed cheery and home-like to have Bob's head to pat now and then, as he passed up and down on his dreary beat, with every chance of being knocked over at each turn by a shell or cannon-ball. But at last the horrible war was over; Sebastopol had fallen, and every one was coming home, except those who would never come home again. I wonder if Bob missed kind hands which had patted and fed him, or whether he had so many to do those little attentions for him that he had no time to love or regret any one excessively; but I think he must have had many misgivings over those who came back no more.

Bob himself came back to England, after all his battles, a veteran, without a scratch about him, and his good-conduct medal as a trophy. He ought to have had his clasps for Varna, Scutari, and all the rest of the famous places, but it does not appear that he got them. Then came the proudest day of his life, as well as of hundreds of others. Two years before, the Guards had marched out of London to that dreadful war; and now, thinned by bad food, and cold, and disease, and wounds, those who were left of them were coming back once more. In the bright sunshine of the summer day, the gallant regiments marched through the crowds of their countrymen who had come out to meet them. Their Queen was there to see them, too, as they passed before her palace windows, and all, from her Majesty to the poorest creature in the crowd, with all their hearts, welcomed home the gallant Guardsmen. I wonder if her Majesty the Queen, or the crowd, observed our hero—the head and front of that triumphal entry—for there he was. Bob was marching at the head of his regiment into London, after sharing the fortunes of his corps through such eventful times, with his good-service medal round his neck. Like the last days of most famous soldiers, Bob's subsequent career is no way remarkable. He appears to have done duty in London and at Portsmouth, and once more to have gone back to Windsor, where, if he was at all like other old warriors, he no doubt fought his battles over again, and if so, he may have left traditions among his old compatriots, the Windsor curs, of his Crimean campaign. When quartered in the Tower of London, which is close to the river, he used to go backwards and forwards to the "West end" by the steamboats, and, as he was well known to the boat proprietors, no objection was made. What Bob wanted in the West end I don't know, unless he went to call upon his officers occasionally. He would have been heartily welcome, I am sure, though he would have looked but a bluff old soldier in a West-end drawing-room, and would certainly have turned up his nose at the Skyes he met there. Poor Bob's eventful life was nearly over. How often one hears of a sailor who has been knocking about all his life at sea, getting drowned at last in some muddy little river at home, or an old soldier who has been pounded at by cannon-balls in a score of battles, who shoots himself with his own gun, out ferreting, at last; or a fox-hunter, who breaks his neck in a morning's ride, after years of cross-country work! Poor Bob's fate was very similar.

After "eating glory," as a Frenchman would say, after playing with spent balls on a furious battle-field, and all his perils by land and sea, Bob was killed like any cur by being run over in the streets. The regiment was in London; it was one morning early in February, 1860, when he was marching at its head, as usual, that it happened, and "poor Bob," as his historian says, "was killed, to the great regret of the whole regiment."

The Fusiliers showed their love for their friend by putting him among the trophies in the United Service Museum, at Whitehall. He sits in a glass case, wearing a collar of white leather round his throat, such as soldiers' belts are made of, studded with the buttons of his regiment—a gift, most likely, of some of the men to their favorite. His history is written on a board below him.

He looks wonderfully life-like. He who has immortalized him (stuffed him, I suppose one ought to say, only it sounds unpleasant in a hero's history) has caught admirably and given the look which one almost thinks Bob must have caught from his soldier friends. As he sits there, with his strong fore-legs planted firmly down each side that broad chest, and looks out straight before him, he has the most intrepid, soldier-like bearing possible, and looks as if he was doing outpost duty for all England. And, as if he had not had enough of battles in his life-time, he has always to sit looking out over the field of Waterloo, the model of which, like a great map, is just before him. On one side is the skeleton of Napoleon's horse, "Marengo," and a polished hoof of his conqueror's horse, "Copenhagen;" and many another relic of battle-fields are all around him.

Down below, in the lower rooms, are models of all the ghastly contrivances for killing everybody the world ever saw, from the tomahawk to the latest sixty-pounder Armstrong. Old soldiers are patrolling as attendants. So Bob has war everywhere about him still, and though he has not found a soldier's grave, he has perhaps done as well, enshrined as he is, by the loving regret of his soldier-friends, among such warlike associations, and among, too, the sad and touching relics of the battle-fields of their country. So we thought as we read his history, took a hasty sketch of him, and then "left him alone in his glory."

SUIT THE WORK TO THE INDIVIDUAL.—The man to whom the labor of his calling or profession is not a labor of love will never acquire fame, and very rarely fortune, in it. Nothing can be more unwise than to force a youth into an occupation to which he manifests an especial dislike. Yet it is often done. Boys, remarkable for their ingenuity and aptitude for mechanical handiwork, are sometimes compelled by paternal folly to enter professions for which Nature has not merely failed to qualify them, but for which she has absolutely disqualified them. The reverse of this occasionally occurs, though, perhaps, rarely. It makes a man of common sense sigh to see how often, in this way, square pins are thrust into round holes and round pins dropped into square openings. It is the duty of parents to discover, if possible, the direction in which the industrial inclinations of their children point, and to humor them. The adage that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined" is not always correct as applied to *work*, whatever it may be as applied to *words*. The human twig that is arbitrarily bent in an uncongenial direction—in other words, tied down to an unacceptable employment—is pretty sure either to canker in its bonds or eventually burst them, and exhibit its natural tendency by turning another way. We see examples of this every day—some of them very sad ones. There are, it is true, boys and youths who have no liking for any kind of work, mechanical or intellectual; and these it may be proper enough to force into such pursuits as they may seem best fitted for; but, as a rule, it is best when a youngster shows a predilection for any useful occupation, no matter how humble it may be, to let him follow it. It is better to be a good tailor than a wearisome preacher; a smart shoemaker than a stupid lawyer; a dexterous shoer of horses than a blundering politician. "The labor we delight in physics pain;" but the labor we detest stultifies and disheartens us.

A LOVER wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

A COQUETTE is a young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

Slow, slow! toll it low,
As the sea-waves break and flow;
With the same dull, slumberous motion
As his ancient mother, Ocean,
Rocked him on, through storm and calm,
From the iceberg to the palm:
So his drowsy ears may deem
That the sound which breaks his dream
Is the ever-moaning tide
Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,
Swing his coffin to and fro;
As of old the lusty billow
Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
So that he may fancy still,
Climbing up the watery hill,
Plunging in the watery vale,
With her wide-distended sail,
His good ship securely stands
Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow!—heave-a-ho!
Lower him to the mould below;
With the well-known sailor ballad,
Lest he grow more cold and pallid
At the thought that Ocean's child,
From his mother's arms beguiled,
Must repose for countless years,
Reft of all her briny tears,
All the rights he owned by birth,
In the dusty lap of earth.

—*August Atlantic.*

[From the Northern Monthly.]

About Horace Greeley.

There is a story to the effect that Mr. Seward once described Horace Greeley as a great man, so full of genius and power that if he had common sense he would be dangerous. The errant tendencies of Mr. Greeley's mind have been so remarkably illustrated during the past five or six years, that Mr. Seward's epigram has point. A great man and a great fool, combined in one person, certainly presents an incongruous picture, which has the effect of caricature; and perhaps it is proper, in describing Mr. Greeley, to adopt the mild euphemism of "a great child." The conjunction of childish (not child-like) qualities with great mental capacity is the key to his character, and it is singular that, in the numerous biographies which have been published, this view has never been expressed.

Every reader of American newspapers has seen, at intervals, ridiculous caricatures of Mr. Greeley—burlesques of the kind to which all public men are subjected, and which possess some degree of humor or appositeness. The caricaturist aims to bring out the leading traits of the man; in excess, it is true, but the salience is not successful unless it is readily and generally recognized as significant. The caricatures of Horace Greeley invariably represent him as an overgrown child. His callow simplicity of look and manner at once strike the artist as peculiar to himself.

Physically these characteristics are very palpable. There is the looseness of the bony structure, which belongs to immaturity. The flesh is flabby, like a child's. The features lack the strong outline of manliness. The eye is soft and wavering, and has none of that mandatory energy which fires the look of maturity. The gait is loose and shambling—a falling along, instead of a deliberate progress. If such a body be typical of the mind which inhabits it, and its motions correspondent, we may readily understand how easily such a man might become the victim of his own ponderosity, and merely stagger along the road of thought, according as one faculty or another temporarily moved him by its activity. In fact, the human being is far more of a machine than most are willing to admit. Nor is it enough to say the body affects the mind. It is its purpose to represent the in-dwelling soul. Men have to learn of each other through the body; they also judge by the body. As Swedenborg expresses it, there is a "correspondence" between the two.

Horace Greeley grew up rapidly to nearly six feet in height, at an early age. This hasty growth of the skeleton left the organic development lagging behind. Naturally of a nervous temperament, and of large brain, his mental activity served to still further exhaust his store of vitality, and thereby retard physical maturity. There is some analogy between this impetuous growth of his body and the operations of his mind. He generalizes and theorizes, freely and largely, but is very slow in filling out the practical details of a plan. He skeletonizes, but never completes. Now, the organic development of a man is that which gives him both his passive and active powers—endurance as well as strength. Greeley's peevishness, nervousness, cowardice, are due chiefly to his immaturity. His nerves never had a proper masculine covering. When a boy of eleven, he was thrown into an agony of terror by the delusion that he saw a wolf's eyes shining in the dark by the roadside, and he allowed two girls to escort him home. He could not bear the sight of blood; consequently he disliked hunting, and stopped his ears while others fired the guns.

His inability to control the bodily impulses extended to its desires as well as its fears, its pleasures as well as its pains. His mental life, indeed, usually absorbed his attention, often to utter forgetfulness of physical wants; but, when the appetites were given rein, they would take the bit in their teeth at once, and run away with propriety. Both in childhood and in adult years, Mr. Greeley is described as eating with the voracity of a famished man. When there is no work pressing him, he sleeps with equal facility and regardlessness of time or place. In fine, the physical life of Mr. Greeley is characterized by the twin faults of childish impatience of pain and childish eagerness for gratification. The only reason he is not more sensual is because the body, with him, is a beast hard ridden, and rarely turned out to feed. His early liking for childish food, and his later advocacy of it, is consistent with his own physical immaturity. Of late years, and indeed for all his life, except two or three years spent at a boarding-house kept on the plan of Sylvester Graham—the apostle of bran bread—Mr. Greeley has eaten more or less meat. With mature years, he has probably felt the need of it, and learned to like it. But in 1858 he wrote that it was "still his deliberate judgment that in the temperate and torrid zones, where a great abundance and variety of vegetable food is easily procured, a diet which includes no flesh meat is preferable. If I were to live leisurely, as I should choose, I would say, Give me the best productions of grains, of fruits, with abundance of milk, cream, &c., and let me never again see animal flesh presented for human food. Not having time nor means to make a world for myself, I try to accommodate my habits to the world that is, and eat meat, which is often the best food within reach." At that time Mr. Greeley was forty-seven years of age, and weighed one hundred and eighty-four pounds. Since then, he has had nine years of comparatively light work, less care, and good living, and must weigh at least two hundred. His personal appearance justifies the opinion expressed by him in 1858, that "with light daily tasks, little responsibility, and an active out-door life, I think I might attain the physical proportions and oleaginous rotundity of an alderman."

The mental life of Mr. Greeley is not unlike the physical. There is the same complete absorption in the occupation of the moment, the same childish disregard of circumstances, the same intolerance of whatever is unpleasant. His mind does not work calmly and considerately, but very passionately and intently. He fastens on his own view of a subject like a bloodsucker. You cannot tear him from it till he has sucked all the life out of it, and falls off from satiety. Then he may discover that others have thought truly as well as himself, though he had called them "fools," "liars," and "villains," for seeking to controvert his views. Even his benevolence partakes somewhat of the same selfishness. He gives because it is painful to refuse. For a long time his heart could not restrain its careless gifts to whomsoever came, regardless of the proprieties of the case. He could not bear the sight of suffering. He gave freely and inconsiderately, to be rid of it. But when experience taught him that this system of giving only multiplied the number of beggars, it was stopped. This almsgiving had been incited, not so much by considerate kindliness for the object of it, as by impatience of the feelings which the sight of want awakened. In a word, it was a childish benevolence, which the man gradually outgrew. One day (before the war) a negro woman came into Mr. Greeley's room and told her tale of distress. He threw her five dollars—a gift liberal enough, truly, to rid the room at once of the applicant. But the negress was so astounded and so grateful, that she fell upon her knees and began to call down blessings innumerable on the giver's head. This pained Mr. Greeley even more than her story, and he hastily silenced her. "Now, don't," said he, in his whining tone; "don't do that. Get up, and go 'way!"

In his theology, also, Mr. Greeley illustrates his illogical way of disregarding unpleasant facts when they disagree with his sentimental theories. He denies a hell, on the ground of God's beneficence. But transient pain is no more reconcilable with that idea than eternal misery, nor is the misery of the individual for the sake of the race logically consistent with it. If Mr. Greeley is able to argue suffering out of eternity, because it is unpleasant to him, why not also out of this world, for the same reason?

It would appear, indeed, that physical, mental and moral qualities alike unfit Mr. Greeley for dealing with practical life. He willfully absorbs himself in what pleases him, and insists upon shutting out everything else from his vision. Especially does he shrink from the idea of violence, in connection with any reform in the individual, or in society. Ardent and persistent as he has been in advocating many a good cause, the proposition to use force never came from him. He would never have made the mistake of St. Peter, and cut off an ear. He has none of that masculine, mature and energetic Christianity, which the author of "Ecce Homo" describes as "not the emasculate sentimental thing it is sometimes represented to be." "War," he adds, "for example, and capital punishment, are frequently denounced as unchristian, because they involve circumstances of horror; and when the ardent champions of some great cause have declared that they would persevere, although it should be necessary to lay waste a continent, and exterminate a nation, the resolution is stigmatized as shocking and unchristian. Shocking it may be, but not therefore unchristian. The Enthusiasm of Humanity does indeed destroy a great deal of hatred, but it creates as much more. Selfish hatred is indeed charmed away, but a not less fiery passion takes its place." And the writer goes on to say that even the spirit which inspired the Crusaders and others, zealous to do violence for what they believed to be the cause of religion, was not unchristian. "At any rate, the ostensible object of such horrors was Christian, and the indignation which professedly prompts them is also Christian, and the assumption they involve that agonies of pain, and blood shed in rivers, are less evils than the soul spotted and bewildered with sin, is most Christian."

It is obvious that a character so childish, and a mind so self-absorbed as Mr. Greeley's, must have been more or less the sport of circumstances. The superficial observer may start at this, and ask whether Mr. Greeley is not, then, an exemplar of what man can do in spite of unfavorable surroundings? Not remarkably so. Constitutional qualities, good and bad, have made him what he is; circumstances, pretty much alone, have determined what he was to think, say and do. He has drifted quite passively on the current of events.

Born in Amherst, N. H., in 1811, of parents who were bankrupt before he was ten years old, Mr. Greeley had, in all, but forty-five months' instruction in a poor district school. But his large brain and active temperament attracted him irresistibly to books. Endowed with a remarkable memory, and a good gift of language, he early became a great talker as well as reader. Wherever he went, for years, he was the town encyclopedia of general and especially of political information. But until he came to New York, in August, 1831, his range of literature was necessarily very limited. Then, for years, he was subjected to the stress of poverty, and the anxieties of unsuccessful business enterprises. The *New Yorker* was started in March, 1834, and Mr. Greeley edited that diligently, in connection with other literary and political labors, till it was merged with the *Tribune*, in 1841. It was during this active and exciting period of his life that the transcendental movement arose in New England. In September, 1836, Messrs. Emerson, Hedge, Francis, and two others, met at the house of George Ripley, in Boston, and formed the Transcendental Club, which afterwards was joined by Brownson, Parker, Frothingham, Channing, and other young and ardent thinkers. Such a movement in thought as this, aided and inspired by the grim utterances of Carlyle in England, and the translations of German philosophy then becoming current, would easily attract and absorb a mind like Greeley's. The visionary and ideal is the land in which all delight to dwell. To a mind so impatient as Greeley's, this dream-land was a heavenly resort, where a new Atlantis could be built up at leisure; where man, in imagination at least, could become perfect, life happy, and everything finally Divine. After the *Tribune* began its career, Dana, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, and other disciples of the Transcendental School, and graduates of the Brook Farm, were attracted to it. Between 1845 and 1842, all those named became editorially connected with it; and, in 1842, Albert Brisbane began his series of articles in advocacy of Fourierism. That was a period of great activity and earnestness of thought among the young men of this country. There was a breaking up of old systems, and a seeking after new ones—a period given up to the spirit of iconoclasm, a too hasty and wholesale discarding of the old. It was welcome work for the young, the sanguine, and the inexperienced. Such was Mr. Greeley; and into all the new revelations of that day, spiritualism included, he entered with the zeal of a would-be reformer, and the confidence that appertains to ignorance. He was, in fact, the passive as well as active instrument through whom these new things obtained a hearing. Perhaps no other man would have had patience with the towering pretensions of the various isms which aired themselves in the columns of the *Tribune*. Few other men, in control of such a journal, could be found so ignorant as to bear with the effusions of our young and fiery reformers. But these subjects, in those days, occupied much of the public attention. The slavery question was held secondary. Even the transcendentalists of Boston then almost unanimously confessed themselves "unable to conceive that Mr. Garrison could be quite right." Mr. Greeley himself, in December, 1837, appealed to a Mississippi member of Congress to aid him in getting subscriptions for the *New Yorker*, on the ground that he did not offend the Southern people by discussing slavery. "Are they not better satisfied," he wrote, "with my letting Abolition alone, than though I struggled officiously to make myself known as their defender? Enlighten me." Mr. Greeley's whole course, indeed, then and since, indicates that passive yielding, on the side of his sentiments and feelings, which may be expected from a childish character. He does not illustrate, in any instance, that intuition of truth and right which marks the man of strong conscience, and which is so essential in a leader of public opinion. Both men and circumstances have warped his judgment whenever they have appealed to his feelings. In 1833, he wrote, in behalf of a friend, an article in defence of lotteries, which were then imperiled in this State by the excitement consequent upon the suicide of a young man who had lost his all in them. "This," said Mr. Greeley, "only proved that the young man was a person of weak character, and had nothing to do with the question whether the State ought to license lotteries." He seems lately to have discovered that it is not quite safe to assume, on this subject, at least, that the mass of men have strong characters.

Mr. Greeley drifted into political life as passively as into his other occupations. In 1838, a weekly political paper, published at Albany, needed an editor, and he was selected, on account of the extensive knowledge of political statistics he had exhibited in the *New Yorker*. His course, at first, was a moderate one; but his feelings soon made him a zealous politician and a warm partisan, as was shown in the "Log Cabin" campaign in 1840-41, and subsequently in the *Tribune*. The *habitues* of the *Tribune* office, on election nights, do not need to be reminded of the enthusiastic and peculiar yells with which Greeley was wont to welcome favorable returns, nor the Tartarean imprecations which were showered by him with equal zest upon news of defeat. His ardent devotion to Clay is well known; and how he flung himself out of the Philadelphia Convention in 1848, in unrestrainable rage, when Taylor was nominated instead of his favorite. His homage to "Harry Clay" was that which a childish and immature nature pays involuntarily to one which is eminently masculine, mature and strong.

It is not needful to review a political career so well and widely known as that of Mr. Greeley. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the events of the recent war, which developed his characteristic weaknesses in so glaring a light. A few quotations will show how dangerous a person he would have been for a leader, in emergencies which called for masculine courage and manly endurance, and how weak a staff we should have leaned upon had he been our main reliance. The writer of these lines remembers, as all other patriots who then chanced to reside in the South well remember, the dismay with which we read such words as these, in the *Tribune* of November 9, 1860:

"If the cotton States shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace."

And this of November 26, 1860:

"If the cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so. Any attempt to compel them by force to remain would be contrary to the principles enunciated in the Immortal Declaration of Independence, contrary to the fundamental principles on which human liberty is based."

And this of December 17, 1860:

"If it (the Declaration) justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it should not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Union in 1861."

And this of February 23, 1861:

"Whenever it shall be clear that the great body of the Southern people have become conclusively alienated from the Union, and anxious to escape from it, we will do our best to forward their views."

After the great uprising had demonstrated how deeply and utterly the common sense and manhood of the American people repudiated this cowardly twaddle, Mr. Greeley illustrated his insincere special pleading by insisting that he meant to include the blacks as well as the whites when he referred to the "great body of the Southern people," as though he ever supposed they would or could have any voice in determining the question of secession. This is a characteristic habit of his, to thrust his head into the sand like the ostrich, blind to the nakedness which is palpable to everybody else.

During the war, the same timidity displayed itself. Mr. Greeley had no more confidence in the courage and persistence of the loyal people than he had in his own. His nervous uneasiness and dread of failure, and constitutional horror at the sight of blood, developed themselves in such paragraphs as this, of January 22, 1863:

"If three months more of earnest fighting shall not serve to make a serious impression on the Rebels, * * let us bow to our destiny and make the best attainable peace."

And again, June 17, 1863:

"If the Rebels are indeed our masters, let them show it, and let us own it."

Even the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg did not encourage Mr. Greeley. In July, 1864, he informed Mr. Lincoln that "our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country longs for peace, shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastation, of new rivers of human blood;" and he begged the President to treat with the Rebels, even at the risk of recognizing them.

These facts, together with recent eccentricities of conduct, show that Mr. Greeley's mind, even in its maturity, is too much the plaything of his feelings, and that those feelings are very unsafe and unreliable guides.

Perhaps no juster criterion can be found, by which to judge Horace Greeley, than the example of Benjamin Franklin. Their circumstances and manner of life were remarkably similar. Both were led providentially to positions of great prominence and influence. It is the constitutional qualities of the two men which have given them so different a character and reputation. With no more advantages than Greeley, Franklin became easily the suave *habitue* of the royal saloon. He was relied upon as the safe counselor of statesmen. In the midst of revolution, he never lost his calmness nor his courage. He was universally recognized as pre-eminently possessed of common sense. Withal, his mind was capacious and philosophical. He never lost sight of facts. His theories were not visionary. His plans were always practical. In what respect does Mr. Greeley furnish a parallel to his admitted wisdom? Rather in what great quality does he not present a strong contrast? Franklin was one of the fathers of the Republic; Greeley, one of its most timorous children.

Another parallel may be drawn, for Mr. Greeley appeals to the future to vindicate him. Abraham Lincoln was a man whose eccentricities, while he lived, hid from many the greatness of his soul. Mr. Greeley could not understand the power of that miraculous patience of the People's President, which bore and suffered so much for the people's sake. He lent an unwilling support to his re-election, as he did to Taylor in 1848. Lincoln wished to conciliate the Rebels, but only on the basis of Liberty and Justice for all. Greeley would conciliate them with $100,000,000, proffered with the palsied hand of fear. When the assassin's net had sent Lincoln to his immortality, all his eccentricities but served, upon that sanguine background, to bring out in stronger light the saintly goodness of the man.

In the early part of the war, Mr. Greeley described his own experience as a conciliator as follows:

"I tried more than twenty-five years ago to persuade the slaveholders that their system was unjust and pernicious, and their reply was an attempt to persuade me off a dock into thirty-feet water, which I was barely able with help to prevent. Long after that, I tried to persuade another slaveholder (son of a life-long negro-trader, and now himself a Rebel general) that he had made an unfair proposition in Congress, and he replied by attempting to persuade a hole into the top of my skull, and my brains out through that hole. That is all my personal experience on the subject; but I have very often been assured (no doubt truly) that if I should ever go South, and attempt there to persuade people that slavery was wrong, I should very soon have the breath of life persuaded out of my body."

Now, suppose, after all this and still later experience of the temper and spirit which slavery and rebellion have fostered, Mr. Greeley should also fall by the hand of an assassin, would his fate arouse the commiseration which was extended to Booth's illustrious victim, and would he receive the same apotheosis? Would not the verdict be: He obstinately shut his eyes to facts; he tamely substituted tolerance of crime for justice. His experience taught him nothing. He was a burnt child that would still play with the fire. He brought upon himself merited punishment for his temporizing and vacillation.

Mr. Greeley's excellence as an editor is indisputable. His ready memory and varied knowledge fit him admirably for that vocation. In a good cause, his logic is very effective; in a bad cause, his special pleading is ingenious. Let his antagonist beware how he uses weapons that may be turned upon himself. When James Watson Webb undertook to ridicule Greeley's shabby attire, he was silenced by the retort that the dress which he found so ridiculous was not nearly so singular as that he would himself have worn but for the clemency of Gov. Seward. When Mordecai M. Noah depreciated the negro as belonging to an inferior race which had no rights that white men were bound to respect, Mr. Greeley's stinging and conclusive answer was, that a man, belonging to a nationality which for centuries had been outlawed in every Christian nation, should be the last one to excite prejudices on account of race or color.

Nor is it fitting to deny the greatness of Horace Greeley's heart. There is too much enthusiasm there for what he believes to be right, too ready a willingness to battle, against any odds, for whatever he deems a humanitarian object, to permit any lover of mankind to withhold his respect and affection for the man. Were his head as cool as his heart is warm, his judgment as sound, as his aims are noble, he would not have made the mistakes which prove him to be an unfit leader in the path of progress he so devotedly loves.

INCONSISTENCY.—How strange a thing it is that some men will engage in a business for which their nature wholly unfits them! An unaccommodating man, for instance, who is too indolent, too proud, or too indifferent to make himself agreeable to customers, should never turn shopkeeper. Yet how many do it! That kind of man, too, should never become the landlord of a tavern or hotel. Yet how many do it! They inevitably meet with no success in business, because more urbane, obliging and pleasing dealers absorb their custom; but still the error is repeated, and people rush into business now because it "pays," just as they used to do, and without pausing to consider whether their manners, habits, address, &c., are adapted to invite prosperity, or render it next to impossible.

FRIENDSHIP is a sacred inclosure in life where the bravest and best souls meet together to repine upon, yet defy, the common lot.

IN large assemblies of men there is more feeling and less thought than in small ones.

PEOPLE act first and think afterwards, taking care to reconcile their opinions to their conduct.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILDERT, AUTHOR OF "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS."

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

ROBERT EVANS IN LOVE.

After Robert and his mother had quitted the house of Mrs. Gibbons, the old woman's rage became perfectly fearful. She had the habit, when out of humor of venting her temper on the person present who might last have given her some cause of displeasure. In the present instance her unfortunate husband had to bear the whole brunt of the attack. She accused him of cowardice, of everything that was mean and unworthy in a man, for having, as she said, sat quietly by and heard her insulted by those impudent mendicants who had just left the house. Had he had a proper spirit about him, he would have immediately sent for the police, and given them into custody.

"But what for, Mary?" was his reply. "They did nothing contrary to law. On what ground could I have given them into custody?"

"On what ground?" she screamed; "on what ground? Why, for begging, to be sure? Do you not see cases in the papers every day where people are brought up before the magistrates and severely punished for begging? and why should those impudent vagabonds be let off? If you had had a spark of gratitude about you, you would never have remained quiet till you had sent them to the treadmill."

"Gratitude! Mary," he replied, "that is a curious expression to use. To whom ought I to be grateful?"

"To whom ought you to be grateful?" cried the fury; "why, to me. Who and what are you? Are you not dependent on me for the very clothes you wear and the bread you eat? Have you a shilling in the world you can call your own?"

"Indeed I have not," said the wretched old man, after a pause, and bending his head almost to his knees; "indeed I have not; I have been robbed of everything. Say or do what you please, I will not answer you another word." And he remained in the same position, his head bowed down, taking no notice of her continued attack, with the exception of a tear occasionally falling on his knees, or a slight quiver of his emaciated, bloodless fingers when she uttered any remark particularly aggravating or irritating.

For three years things went on in the family in the same miserable manner. The spirit of the young girl, if it did not break under it, certainly bent. A more joyless childhood than hers it would indeed be difficult to imagine. She had not a single companion of her own age with whom she was even on speaking terms. None were invited to the house, nor was its appearance or reputation such as would have induced any young girl to have wished to enter it. The scanty education the child received was from the old woman herself, and her lessons were given in that uncongenial manner which, while they impressed themselves firmly on the child's memory, made them at the same time most distasteful. A kind word she hardly ever received, either from the husband or the wife. Mrs. Gibbons had none to bestow, and the few kind thoughts which occasionally rise in the mind of her husband towards the young girl he dared not express.

Although the health of the wife seemed to be proof against the attack of age and its infirmities, not so her husband's. He sank, both in mind and body, during the time; but so gradual was the decline that it was hardly perceptible. When at last the fact of her husband's failing health forced itself on the mind of Mrs. Gibbons a singular change took place in her behavior towards the old man. Some years previously he had made a will, which was a source of continued dispute between them; for, although she claimed everything he possessed as her own, it was indubitable that over property to the amount of at least a thousand pounds he still held a married right. Of this amount he had left a legacy of two hundred pounds to the little girl, and two sums of twenty pounds each to two old servants, who were very aged and in very distressed circumstances. His wife had hitherto insisted that these legacies were a robbery upon her; she had, therefore, incessantly demanded that they should be canceled, and he, on certain occasions being exceedingly obstinate, had refused to obey her, and the will had remained intact. Now that the fact of her husband's approaching death was apparent she entirely changed her course of action.

Fierce and loud as her voice habitually was which angry, and unengenial and harsh as it was in ordinary conversation, she had yet the ability of adopting great sweetness and persuasiveness of tone when she pleased. On these occasions a more finished actress than she was could hardly be imagined. She could then induce any person who was not well acquainted with her nature to believe that she was kind-hearted and sympathetic in the extreme. The present predicament was one to call out all her talent for hypocrisy, and she used it to perfection. She easily perceived that if she did not at once succeed in inducing her husband to alter his will it would soon be too late. She now became as gentle and attentive in her manner towards him as she was ordinarily abrupt and severe. His every little want was immediately attended to, and his every little wish humored. By this assumed kindness she gradually began to attain a degree of power over the old man she had been unable to accomplish in her more natural manner. By degrees she broached to him the subject of his will. She told him that, in fact, she did not object to his liberality to the two poor old women. All she was afraid of was that, as they were both married, their husbands might possess themselves of the money, and thus their poor wives, for whose advantage it was intended, would, after all, be able to reap no benefit from it. "Why had he not more confidence in her? He ought to be well aware that his interest was hers. Would it," she said, "not be better to erase the legacies from the will? I promise you faithfully they shall have the money; but, instead of giving it to them in one sum, I will give it gradually, as I see occasion. Now, for their welfare, Gibbons, do for once trust your wife in the matter."

With little difficulty the old man was induced to consent to the proposed alteration, and the lawyer was sent for to take instructions on the subject. When he arrived it was easy to perceive that he had already been prompted in the part he had to play. While Mrs. Gibbons described to him the alterations her husband wished to be made in his will, he listened with profound attention as if in total ignorance of the object it was wished he should carry out. After Mrs. Gibbons had given the reasons that she stated had induced her husband to make the proposed alterations, she turned to the old man (who had remained silent the whole time, evidently attempting, and, with difficulty, to follow her meaning as she went on), and said to him:

"Have I not exactly described your wishes, Gibbons?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but you promised me you would pay them the money yourself."

"Certainly," she replied, hurriedly changing the conversation. "What do you think, Mr. Braham, of the arrangement?"

"I perfectly agree with you in every way," was the solicitor's answer. Then, taking up the cue, he continued. "In the experience I have had in my profession I have met with many instances, not only among women of the poorer classes, but of the wealthier as well, in which a discretionary plenary power, placed in the hands of an individual in whom the testator has implicit confidence, would have been far more to the advantage of the legatee than having the money left directly to them, no matter how carefully secured. With married women especially a thousand adverse contingencies may arise, which a confidential friend, armed with full powers, may guard against, but in which any amount of legal ingenuity would be useless."

The conversation continued for some time longer in the same strain, the name of little Maria Smith, the child under Mrs. Gibbons' care, becoming gradually mixed up in it. At length the question of canceling her legacy was entertained, and at last decided on, Mrs. Gibbons promising that she would see that the amount stated, namely, two hundred pounds, should be applied to the girl's benefit in the manner she (Mrs. Gibbons) considered most advisable. "After all, dear," said Mrs. Gibbons, in conclusion to her husband, "I think it is the best thing you can do. I may not outlive you, and you will then have an opportunity of looking after the interests of the dear child (Maria was not in the room at the time, it should be remembered). If I should outlive you, is there a person on earth who is dearer to me than she is? She is the daughter of our niece. Her mother we brought up as our own child, and when dying, I might almost say, she placed her infant in my arms for protection. No; be assured that, in any case, she will not be a loser by either of us."

The will was drawn up in its amended form, and, after being duly executed, the old one was destroyed. The old man lived for nearly twelve months afterwards, his intellects, as well as his bodily powers, gradually sinking the while. At the funeral only two persons attended—the doctor and the lawyer, and when it was over, the farce of reading the will was gone through. It was short and explicit in the extreme. He had left everything to his wife absolutely.

For the next three years things passed on in Mrs. Gibbons' house without anything occurring particularly worthy of remark. Of course the old women mentioned in her husband's will did not receive one shilling of the money she had promised to give them. With time her temper did not improve, while her parsimony increased till the love of money became almost a monomania with her. She had reduced all the household expenses to their apparent minimum, but still the old woman was discontented, and looked about her to see if they could not be further reduced.

At last, to her great satisfaction, a fortunate idea struck her. She had hitherto kept two servants, or, at least, a woman and a young girl. The woman, who now acted as her cook, had been with her for seven years. She had taken her from a charity school as an apprentice when about fifteen years of age, and by a due course of threats and harsh treatment the poor girl had been reduced to a state of mental subserviency from which she had not the courage to rouse herself. She was in person exceedingly ill favored, being deeply marked with the small-pox, as well as disfigured by a frightful scar, from a burn, down one side of her face and neck, which had the effect of obliging her to hold her head rather on one side. She was short in person, and most ungainly in her movements, and altogether there was something exceedingly repulsive in her appearance. She was, nevertheless, a good and faithful servant, though occasionally, when suffering from ill-health, somewhat irritable in temper. It now struck Mrs. Gibbons that if she got rid of this woman and the young girl, and hired in their place one strong servant, she would be able to effect a considerable economy.

Having now determined on discharging Mary, she turned over in her mind in what manner she could best accomplish it. An open, straightforward suggestion on the subject never entered her imagination; moreover, she wished to separate herself entirely from her old servant, doubtless actuated by the fear that, if the girl fell into distress, she might apply to her for assistance. The old woman now carefully watched for some occasion to hang a quarrel on, and one soon presented itself. The girl had committed some trifling domestic misdemeanor, for which she was scolded by her mistress in a most harsh and insulting manner. Mary, irritated at the treatment she was receiving, made some angry remark, and thus fell into the trap prepared for her.

"Is that the manner you speak to me?" said the old fury. "Is that your idea of the respect due from a servant to a mistress? You shall leave my house this day month!"

"It is a shame," replied the girl, "to treat me in that manner, after the number of years I have lived with you."

"Do you dare to tell me that anything I do is a shame!" said her mistress, casting on the girl, at the same time, a look of the most intense malevolence. "Leave the room, and remember this (and I always keep my word), I will punish you for your impertinence."

The month's warning expired, and the girl left the house, nothing unpleasant occurring at her departure; on the contrary, when her mistress paid her her wages, she was more than ordinarily civil. A week afterwards the girl called at the house and requested to see Mrs. Gibbons. When Mary entered the sitting-room, the old woman, casting a stern, cold glance at her, said, "What do you want here?"

"If you please, ma'am, I called to ask when it would be convenient for you to see a lady about my character."

"Your character?" said Mrs. Gibbons, with great surprise in her voice, "your character?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've got a situation, and a very good one, if my character suits, and the lady wishes to know when it will be convenient for you to see her about it."

The old woman looked at her with affected astonishment.

"And have you really the assurance," she said, "to call on me about a character, after your impertinent behavior? Do you not remember I told you I would punish you for your insolence? and now I will keep my word. Since you have been in my service you have placed fourteen pounds in the savings bank. You see I know all about you. I find it will cost you seven shillings a week to live. With your appearance, no one will take you without a character, and you will not receive one from me till you have been sufficiently long out of place to spend the whole of that money. I have consulted my lawyer on the subject, and he tells me I have the right to do so if I please. Now walk out of this house, and don't attempt to set your foot in it again, or I will send for the police."

The girl, for a moment, was silent with astonishment, and Maria Smith, who was in the room at the time, was utterly aghast with horror at the infamy of the old woman's conduct. Mary was the first to recover her self-possession.

"What right have you, you infamous old woman," she said, "to withhold my character from me? I worked hard for the money I have saved. I served you faithfully for seven years, and have never wronged you of the value of a crust of bread during the whole of the time. If I had wanted to do so it would have been no easy matter!" continued Mary, with a poor attempt at irony. "A greater skinflint than you are never lived. Why, you won't mend your stockings because you begrudge the cotton."

"Leave the room, I say," cried the old woman, in a voice of thunder, and clenching her fist with impotent rage (for she was unable, from infirmity, to rise from her chair); "leave the room, I say."

"I will not leave the room, you mean old wretch," said Mary, now in as great a rage as her mistress. "You shall give me a character, and you shall see the lady."

Maria Smith, having now somewhat recovered her presence of mind, perceived it was time for her to interfere. She saw in an instant it would be impolitic, if not impossible, to stem the current of the old woman's wrath, still more so to induce her to act honestly, so she resolved to attempt a temporizing course. Advancing, with great affected coolness, she took the irritated girl by the arm, and, pushing her gently towards the door, said, in an authoritative tone of voice:

"You had better leave the room at once. It is disgraceful of you to speak in that rude manner. Leave the room, I say."

While saying this, Miss Smith had contrived to place herself with her back towards the old woman, so that, without being seen by her, she could give Mary a look indicative that she was not in earnest in the course she was adopting. The girl, with true feminine acuteness, easily understood her, and allowed herself to be thrust out of the room into the passage.

"Miss Smith," cried out the old woman, "don't leave that jade till she is fairly out of the house, and see that she takes nothing with her."

Mary fired up at this insult, but Maria, pressing her onwards, soon got her out of earshot. As soon as she found herself perfectly safe, she whispered to Mary:

"Hold your tongue, and listen to me. Tell the lady Mrs. Gibbons cannot see her, but if she will write a letter to me I will answer it, giving you an excellent character; and, if that will not do, I will find some other means of helping you. Now go, there's a good girl. You've been shamefully treated, I admit."

"Thank you, miss," said Mary, in a whisper, going out at the front door at the time. "God bless you. How you can stop with that old wretch I can't think. I pity you from my heart, I do."

Mary now emerged from the front gate, but before quitting it she turned round to take one last look at the house. On doing so, she perceived the old woman, who had turned her chair partially round, glaring at her from the window with the expression of a tigress; to which Mary responded by making as ugly a grimace as her features, already ugly enough by nature, would allow, and then, closing the gate after her, she continued quietly on her road.

For some time after Maria Smith entered the sitting-room the old woman maintained a dead silence, but her features, working spasmodically the while, proved how greatly she was enraged at the scene which had just occurred. On this occasion she had not the opportunity of venting her spite, as was her wont, upon some other individual in the family, for the new servant, a strong, middle-aged woman, remained below in the kitchen, and Maria Smith, having apparently taken part against Mary, had absolved herself from any blame in the matter. Mrs. Gibbons' violent fit of passion having at last somewhat subsided, she entered into a long tirade against the iniquity of the servants of the present age, and their great deterioration since the time when she was a young housekeeper; and in this frame of mind she continued for the remainder of the day.

The next morning, before the old lady was up, Maria took the opportunity of speaking to the new servant on Mary's affairs, and the injustice with which the girl had been treated. She also informed her that in all probability a letter would arrive addressed to Miss Mary Smith, from a lady respecting Mary's character, which she should answer without informing Mrs. Gibbons of the circumstance. She therefore wished that when the letter came the servant would receive it as her own till she had an opportunity of placing it in her (Miss Smith's) hands unknown to Mrs. Gibbons. The woman, with the freemasonry of her craft, readily entered into the plot. In a few days the letter from the lady arrived, to which Miss Smith replied by giving Mary the excellent character she deserved, and thereby securing for her the situation.

For some time after Mary's visit not a word dropped from the lips of Mrs. Gibbons on the subject; nor, in fact, did she particularly mention it again till the time had nearly expired when, to her calculation, the money Mary had accumulated in the savings bank must have been nearly exhausted. She then gave notice to Maria, that in case any lady should call respecting Mary's character, she would see her. She said this with a peculiarly triumphant expression of countenance, as if she had formed in her mind some plan, certain of success, for doing the girl a further injury. Maria promised to obey her, and the conversation dropped. Some weeks passed, but no lady made her appearance, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of Mrs. Gibbons. One day, when Maria was absent from home on some errand, and the servant was in the room, Mrs. Gibbons said to her:

"Has any lady called about Mary's character?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply of the woman, who was somewhat dull-witted, and who was now taken entirely off her guard; "I did not know that any one was coming. I thought, on the contrary, that Mary was very comfortable in her situation."

"Her situation!" said the old woman, starting suddenly round. "How did she manage to obtain one?"

"Oh, ma'am, it was through Miss ——" Here the woman stopped, utterly confused, perceiving for the first time the dangerous ground she was on. She attempted to recover herself, but found it impossible, as she was fully aware that the old woman would detect her in any excuse she might offer. Mrs. Gibbons was far too experienced not to be certain that the present was the moment for obtaining an explanation of her servant's confusion; and she pressed her on the subject with all the tact and cunning of an experienced Old Bailey practitioner, till she had drawn from her the truth—that it was through Miss Maria's interference that Mary, a few days after her visit, had succeeded in obtaining her present excellent situation.

Mrs. Gibbons' rage at Maria's treason (for so she was pleased to consider it) knew no bounds. By degrees she became calmer, and she then began to coolly turn over in her mind what mode of punishment she would adopt. During the whole of that day she did not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Although she said nothing on the subject to Maria, the latter had no difficulty in perceiving that something had occurred to put the old lady out of humor, and she racked her brain to imagine what could be the cause. Next morning, breakfast was scarcely over before she was no longer in doubt on the subject. The old woman regarded her sternly for some time, and then said to her, slowly and distinctly:

"Do you know I have a traitor in the house?"

"I don't understand you, ma'am," was Maria's reply.

"Some one has been infamous enough to give that jade Mary a character, by which she has contrived to obtain an excellent situation. Do you know anything about it?"

Maria made no reply, but colored deeply.

"I am glad to find," continued the old woman, "that you have sufficient honesty left to blush for your conduct. No one ever yet injured me with impunity, nor shall you prove an exception. Aged and decrepit as I am, I will, as long as I live, be mistress in my own house. You shall no longer live with me; yet, for your poor mother's sake, I will not totally cast you off. You must find some other situation, and that as soon as possible. I have said it, and nothing shall make me change my resolution; so prepare to leave the house as soon as you can."

"But what am I to do, ma'am," said Maria. "Unless you give me some money I shall starve."

"Give you some money!" said the old woman, turning fiercely round on her, at the same time betraying in her countenance some anxiety. "Give you some money, indeed! What right have you to expect it from me while you are as deeply in my debt as you are!"

"In debt to you, ma'am?" said Maria, astonished. "How am I indebted to you?"

"How are you indebted to me?" said Mrs. Gibbons, feigning great surprise. "Do you imagine the few hundred pounds left you by your father have not been already expended over and over again by the cost of your board and lodging? and you have now the assurance to ask me for money!"

"I did not allude to that in any way," said the frightened girl. "I merely wished to explain to you that as I have no money, if you will oblige me to leave home I must starve, as I have nowhere to go to."

"Oh, is that all?" said the old woman, with something of suspicion still remaining in her tone. "If that is really true the case is different. I do not wish to behave harshly to you, out of respect to your poor mother, as I said before, who did behave dutifully to me. I have no objection to your remaining here a week, or even a fortnight longer. At the same time," she continued, fiercely, as if annoyed at having been betrayed into showing some symptoms of humanity, "find a situation as soon as you can, for go you shall. Nobody ever deceived me twice."

Maria now busied herself in attempting to find a situation. She experienced, however, the greatest difficulty, inasmuch as there were few which she was capable of undertaking. She could not accept a situation as a servant; as a milliner's girl she was not sufficiently expert with her needle; and her education was too defective to allow her to apply for an appointment as a governess. There seemed to be but one employment for which she was adapted, and that was to serve in a shop, her respectable appearance and amiable manners eminently qualifying her for such an occupation. But even for this modest situation she wanted patronage, for she knew of no one who could recommend her; and being naturally timid and retiring, she hardly liked to apply to the few tradesmen who know her, and at whose houses she had been accustomed to deal.

She was, however, continually stimulated to exertion by Mrs. Gibbons, who daily asked her, more than once, if she had any situation in view, and also frequently taunted her that it was solely from the want of exertion and proper spirit that she did not succeed. One day, driven almost to despair by the annoyances she experienced at the hands of the old woman, she summoned up sufficient courage to inquire of a respectable linendraper, living near Mrs. Gibbons' house, if he could assist her in the matter. He seemed somewhat surprised at the application, but he readily promised her that he would make inquiries among his acquaintances if they knew of any appointment which would be likely to suit her. In a few days he succeeded, and Maria was engaged, at a trifling salary, in the establishment of the linendraper in Bishopsgate street, with whom she afterwards remained.

It would be curious to analyze the feelings which instigated the old woman in her behavior to the girl. Her dominant feeling was evidently that of revenge for the trick which had been played upon her. This, again, was assisted by her avarice. She thought that the servant whom she had now in her service would be quite capable of waiting on her, and then she would have one mouth less to feed. But when she drove the girl from the house she had no intention of definitely parting from her. That she bore Maria no love was certain; still, the girl was the only connecting link with her family and connections which now remained on earth, and she seemed to feel an instinctive dread at breaking it. She told Maria, when the girl took leave of her, that in case she continued in the situation she had obtained, it was possible in time she might look over the treason she had been guilty of. She also informed her that she might visit her every Sunday afternoon if she pleased, and that she would be willing to receive her; but she warned her that if she did not continue diligently and faithfully in her employment she need never look for any further favor from her while she lived, or any benefit at her death. Even in this slight sketch of amiability on the part of the old woman there was a taint of selfishness. She knew perfectly well that her servant would insist on occasionally absenting herself from the house, and she now considered that if she allowed her to go out on the Sunday afternoon during the time Maria was on her visit, she could do so without any inconvenience to herself or disarrangement of her domestic economy. Maria had no alternative but to accept the invitation, and regularly for two years, winter and summer, did she, to her great aversion, spend each Sunday afternoon with the old lady, and it was on one of these visits that Robert met her and accompanied her on her road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BURIED CHILDREN.

Sometimes when the day grows dusky,
And the stars begin to come,
When the children from their playing
Come singing and laughing home,
I think, with a sudden sorrow,
As they press through the open door,
Of the face of the lovely children
That we never shall see any more.

Children in snow-white caskets,
Laid away to their rest,
Their still hands lying folded
Over the pulseless breast!
Children who came and tarried
As only it were for a night,
And passed, at the break of the morning,
On a far journey out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey,
Where we could not help or hold,
For we saw but the closing of eyelids,
The fading of locks of gold;
And knew how now was silence,
Where once had been prattle and song;
And only a child and a shadow
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and caresses,
"God knows where they are," they say,
And we know that we tarry behind them
Only a little way;
For we, too, haste in our journey,
And we know it will not be long
Till we come to the city eternal,
The rest and the rapture of song.

Yet oft, when the sun is setting
In unspeakable splendor of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretch into the night,
When the children, tired with playing,
Come in through the open door,
I think of the dear, dear children,
Who never will come any more.

Better than Diamonds.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen northwest wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft, sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! "Oh, I cannot," said the child, "I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind." "To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night?" "Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the grand ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled. and—" The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell it. "And where does your mother live, little girl?" So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick; and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were very cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence—and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother; but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after awhile, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining into her heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for Thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust Thee."

Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and, drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone: only, as she went out, I heard her say, "Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!" What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her.

So I went away, too; and I went to a bright room, where there was music, and dancing, and lights, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose-bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper glittered upon her foot; but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

The Feelings of the Dead.

"In the winter of 1857," said Mr. H——, "there was a great deal of typhus fever in Edinburgh. It was a gloomy, sad winter, changing frequently from hard frost to warm, rainy, oppressive weather; and never did my native city better deserve the name of *Auld Reekie* than during nearly four months of that year. The high winds, to which we are generally subjected in winter, seemed to have ceased altogether: the smoke, instead of rising, beat down upon the city; and, notwithstanding its elevated situation, and fine mountain air, the streets and houses were so murky dark that there was little difference between the short, dim day and the long and early night. A sort of oppression fell upon all men's spirits, which was increased by the floating rumors of the awful ravages of disease in the town, brought home to us, every now and then, by the death of an acquaintance, friend or relation. Gradually the fever increased in virulence, and extended far and wide, till it became almost a pestilence. It confined itself to no class or age. Judges, lawyers, physicians, were smitten as well as the humbler classes: old and young fell alike before it. Many good men in the ministry were taken away. It assumed the worst form of all, however, in the prisons of the city, and the account of its ravages within their walls was tremendous. As the minister of the —— Kirk, I was not absolutely called upon to attend the prisoners; but I heard that two of my brethren had died, in consequence of their zealous care of the poor souls within those heavy walls. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of the clergy could be found to attend to their spiritual wants, and I volunteered to visit the prisons daily myself. For nearly a fortnight I continued in the performance of the functions I had undertaken, without suffering in the least, except mentally, from witnessing the sufferings of others. But one Saturday night, as I returned home through the very gloomy streets, I felt a lassitude upon me, an utter prostration of strength, which forced me to stop twice, in order to rest, before I reached my own door. I attributed it to excessive fatigue; for I was without the slightest apprehension, and never at all looked forward to the coming calamity. When I reached home, I could not eat; my appetite was gone. But that I attributed also to fatigue, and I went quietly to bed. During the night, however, intense pain in the back and in the forehead succeeded; a burning heat spread all over me; my tongue became parched and dry; my mind wandered slightly; and, instead of rising to preach as I intended, I was obliged to lie still, and send for a physician with the first ray of the morning light. His visit is the last thing I recollect for several days. I remember his ordering all the windows to be opened, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, and causing saucers, filled with some disinfecting fluid, to be placed in different parts of the room, in order to guard my wife and children against the infection. I then, for the first time, discovered that I had caught the fever. I remember little more—for violent delirium set in soon—till suddenly, after a lapse of several days, I regained my consciousness, and with it a conviction that I was dying. My wife was kneeling, weeping, by my bedside; two physicians and a nurse were present; and it was strange, after the dull state of perfect insensibility in which I had lain during the last twenty-four hours, how completely all my senses had returned, how keen were all my perceptions, how perfect my powers of thought and reason. In my very healthiest days, I never remember to have had so complete command of all my mental faculties as at that moment. But I was reduced to infant weakness; and there was a sensation of sinking faintness, not confined to any one part, or organ, but spreading over my whole frame, which plainly announced to me that the great event was coming. They gave me some brandy in tea-spoonfuls; but it had no other effect than to enable me to utter a few words of affection and consolation to my wife, and then the power of speech departed altogether. The sensation that succeeded I cannot describe. Few have felt it. But I have conversed with one or two who have experienced the same, and I never found one who, either by a figure or by direct language, could convey any notion of it. The utmost I can say is, that it was a feeling of extinction. Fainting is very different. This was dying, and a single moment of perfect unconsciousness succeeded.

"Every one believed me dead. My eyes were closed, and weights put upon them. The lower jaw, which remained dropped, was bound up with a black ribbon. My wife was hurried from the room, sobbing sadly; and there I lay, motionless, voiceless, sightless; growing colder, and more cold, my limbs benumbed, my heart without pulsation, dead, all but in spirit, and with but one corporeal faculty in its original acuteness. Not only did my hearing remain perfect and entire, but it seemed to be quickened, and rendered ten times more sensitive than ever. I could hear sounds in the house, at a distance from my chamber, which had never reached me there before. The convulsive sobbing of my wife in a distant room; the murmured conversation of the physicians in a chamber below; the little feet of my children treading with timid steps as they passed the chamber of death; and the voice of the nurse saying, 'Hush, my dear, hush,' as the eldest wept aloud in ascending the stairs.

"There was an old woman left with a light, to watch with the dead body, and I cannot tell you how painful to me was her moving about the room, her muttering to herself, and her heavy snoring when she fell asleep. But more terrible anguish was in store. On the following morning, the undertaker came to measure me for my coffin. Although, as I have said, I was all benumbed, yet I had a faint remnant of feeling, which made me know when anything touched me, and a consciousness as perfect as in the highest days of health. You can fancy, better than I can tell, what I endured, as I felt the man's measure run over my body to take the precise size for the awful receptacle that was to carry me to the grave. Then came the discussion of half an hour between him and the old crone in the chamber, in regard to black gloves and hat-bands. I am really ashamed of myself when I remember the sensations I experienced. I never felt so unchristian in my life, as I did then, when lying, to all appearance, dead; and the worst of it all was, I could not master those sensations. Will seemed to be at an end, even when consciousness remained entire. After that, what I most distinctly remember, was a long, dull blank. I fancy the room was left vacant, for I had no perceptions. The spirit was left to itself. Its only remaining organ of communication with the material world had nothing to act upon, and thought was all in all. But thought was intensely terrible. True, thought was concentrated altogether upon one subject. Every man has much to repent of. Every man who believes, has much to hope and to fear in the presence of another world. But repentance, hope, fear—I tell you the plain truth—another world itself, never came into my mind. They seemed to have died away from memory, with that extinction of will of which I have spoken. All I thought or then was, that I was lying there living, and was about to be buried with the dead. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which we seem grasped by some monster, or some assassin, and struggle to shriek or to resist, but have neither power to utter a sound nor to move a limb.

"I will not dwell much upon the farther particulars. The coffin was brought into the room; I was dressed in my grave-clothes; I was moved into that narrow bed, stiff, and rigid as a stone, with agony of mind which I thought must have awakened some power in the cold, dull mass which bound up my spirit. One whole night I lay there in the coffin, hearing the tick of the clock upon the stairs—filled with strange and wild impressions—doubting whether I were really dead or whether I were living—longing to see and know if my flesh were actually corrupting—fancying that I felt the worm. The morning broke; a dim, gray light found its way through my closed eyelids; and about an hour after I heard the step of the undertaker and another man in the room. One of them dropped something heavily on the floor, and a minute after they came close to the coffin, and the undertaker asked his assistant for the screw-driver. It was the last instant of hope, and all was agony. Suddenly I heard my wife's step quite at the foot of the stairs. 'Oh God! she will never let them!' I thought. 'She who loved me so well, and who was so dearly loved!'

"She came very slowly up the stairs, and the step paused at the door. I fancied I could almost see her, pale and trembling, there. The undertaker asked, in a loud voice, for the coffin-lid. But the door opened, and Isabella's voice exclaimed, half choked with tears, 'Oh, not yet—not yet! Let me look at him once again!'

"Love and sorrow spoke in every tone. My spirit thanked her, and never had I felt such ardent love for her as then. But the idea of living burial was still pre-eminent. If she took that last look and left me, all was over. My anguish was beyond all description. It seemed to rouse my spirit to some great, tremendous effort. I tried to groan, to speak, to cry, to move, even to breathe. Suddenly, in that great agony, a single drop of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. It felt like molten iron pouring through the skin. But the deadly spell was broken. My arms struggled within their covering; I partly raised my head, and opened my eyes wide.

"A loud, long shriek rang through the room, and my wife cast herself upon the coffin, between me and the hateful covering the man held up in his hands.

"I need not tell you all that followed—for here I am, alive and in perfect health. But I have never recovered my original color, and have ever remained as sallow as you see me now. The event, however, has been a warning to me. In many cases, previously, I had calmly seen people hurried very early to the grave; but ever since, wherever I had influence, I have prevented the dead from being buried before some signs of corruption presented themselves; for I am perfectly convinced that those signs are the only real tests of death."

If the clock of the tongue be not set by the dial of the heart, it will not go right.

New York Leader.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

GRANT.

Whether the resolutions of the Republican General Committee were timely or inopportune, foolish or wise, politic or inexpedient, they have at least served to draw the Radical fire at the Presidential target. And that fire has been found to snap over ultra-percussion caps.

Why are the Radicals against Grant? Is it because he bottled Butler? Is it because of his olive branch testimony before the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war? Is it because they have sounded him and find him unavailable for their ultra party purposes? Is it that he is too independent for their schemes?

The Radicals have seemed to assume that unless they nominate him the Democrats will not. Or that if the latter favored him, then the General would refuse their honors. Have they grounds for these assumptions? Nothing which the General has ever said or done, or which can be implied from his words or acts, warrant them.

Either the Radicals will nominate General Grant for the Presidency or they will not. If they do, then is not his hold on the people such that to try and stay his choice would be like curbing a locomotive? If they do not, then would not his candidacy from any other party overwhelmingly beat the Radicals?

So that this question becomes an interesting one "whether as a measure of repose for the whole country his spontaneous election without overtures to, or pledge of any sort from, him will not prove desirable?" At the same time leaving party platforms for occupation by Congressmen and State officials on the Presidential election day?

A second question is whether, in the event of the Radicals nominating Wade, or Chase, or Colfax, or a man who holds party affinities similar to those, it will not become advisable for the Democratic party to nominate and elect General Grant, also without overtures or pledges, as the only sure way of destroying the Radical ascendancy, and as the best mode of strengthening Democracy in the Congressional Districts? These are questions worth debating between this time and the autumn Conventions, and in a spirit less of party than of patriotism.

THE BOSTON ADVERTISER journals can cease to libel New York. The exposure of canal frauds recently made, as practised by radical officials, throws even Kohnstamm into the shade.

WHEN BRIGHAM YOUNG, Jr., registers at a hotel it is as "B. Y. Jr. and *suite*." "Oh, yes," said General Mitchell, of the Hoffman House, "I see—sweet wives!"

SOMEBODY SUGGESTS that the Conventionists are hot. Not so. There are too many babbling streams among them.

THREE CENT RUFFIANISM.

"One of the gatekeepers at the Hoboken ferry-house grossly insulted and assaulted a respectable lady yesterday afternoon. The gate stood open, with no tender near it, as two ladies entered the enclosure towards the ferry. They then went towards the ticket office to pay their fare there. One of the tenders roughly ordered them to go a certain way to the proper place for paying, and one of them went as he directed to pay for both. He then gruffly ordered the other lady out of the gate, and when she remonstrated, and said that her friend had paid her fare, he seized hold of her, and hustled her out through the gate, as if she was a brazen and detected thief. Much indignation at his conduct was manifested by the few spectators of the affair."

So says the reporter of the *Tribune* in Thursday's issue. Scenes like the above are of daily occurrence. Only a fortnight ago Colonel Shippen (the Superintendent) compelled one of the gate-keepers to apologize to a gentleman who "remonstrated." But apologies are useless. Colonel Shippen owes it to himself as a gentleman of notable courtesy to see that a surly ruffian like one of his Hoboken gate-keepers should not be continued in place. The public is at his mercy and he discredits other gate-keepers who are courteous and obliging. The gate-keeper in question acts incessantly upon the maxim that all who pass before him are intent upon cheating the ferry owners out of three cents, and that they must be watched and treated accordingly. Does Colonel Shippen believe in thr'p'ny politeness? His ferry company live in a glass house, and cannot afford to have cracked or dirty windows in its sashes.

THERE IS A PRESSURE in some quarters to have the new North-western territory called Alaska. We object to it. There should be nothing about it to make an Alas, interjectionally. And in a conjunctive point of view there is not a lass in all Russian America, Behring Straits included. Let Col. Conkling forthwith call his Geographical Society together and manufacture a name for his brother the Senator to become Congressional godfather over in a territorial bill.

HORACE GREELEY's pet scheme to annoy naturalizing citizens, by forcing them to take out their papers thirty days before an election, instead of (as now) ten days previous thereto, was defeated in the Constitutional Convention by 60 for and 87 against. Every Democrat in the negative.

SOMEBODY has "sold" the *Sun* by giving an account of a prize fight between Capt. Isaiah Rynders and a Mr. Evans, at Philadelphia. Isaiah is not a prophet who fights for ring profits!

VERY APPROPRIATE.—The Surratters at Washington were engaged during last Wednesday in taking testimony about Moonshine.

THE DICKENS IT IS.

Dickens can sing an authorly *nunc dimittis*.

He can not only depart into immortality in peace but in pieces. The copyright law is a snug thing for an author's pockets. But when copyrights expire then comes the tug for fame. Editions of the popular author's works then multiply. There is a freedom of the press for them among publishers. In self-defence the author who has lost his monopoly of sales, goes as a competitor into the open market.

Thus in France and in the United States, as well as in his own country, Dickens supervises new editions of his novels. This generation, at least, can never forget him. He is upon every bookstall, and in the pack of every car peddler. He is in every variety of dress, from diamond to the flowing brevier. Ticknor & Fields and Peterson have him especially in publishers keeping. The former compact him in size and the latter elongate him. Both cheapen him. You buy all of his novels now for almost the cost price of the original copyright English editions.

One enthusiastic Dickensite has in his library five English, three continental, and forty American editions of the Dickens' novels, including even the *New World* and *Tribune* ones of days gone by, when newspapers pitted themselves against publishers.

Several weeks ago we chronicled the variety of editions from Peterson, of Philadelphia. July brings two new editions from Ticknor & Fields—each of them known as the author edition. One for the nice reader, and the other with all the original illustrations for the fastidious one who may cultivate a hot-house library, as it were. The illustrations to the diamond edition, however, take the lead. Sol Eytinge, Jr., is surpassing himself in each new volume. The character sketches to the "Curiosity Shop" and "Dombey" are especially clever. He aims to bring out, with the pencil, portraits not seized upon by Cruikshank, Brown, or Cattermole. For instance, the "cuts" of "Whisker," the famous horse that Kit loved and of the dog that Florence loved, and which did not love Toots over well, would please even Berg President of the Anti-Animals Cruelty.

Let us surrender ourselves for the time being to the Dickens *furore*. Happy is he who, under new types and new pictures, forgets that he ever read Dickens before: and so comes to him again and again with a zest only akin to that of the Madeira drinker who each year visits his cask that entered his cellar when General Jackson was the fashion, as Grant is now.

IN GREAT BRITAIN there was once a man beheaded for high treason because he wished that the horns of the king's deer were in the king's belly. Last Saturday a man was arrested in Washington by a Radical Judge, on advice of Radical Senators, for saying, "I wish I could place fifty barrels of gunpowder under the Capitol and blow up the Congressmen." Three hundred years have brought English and American Toryism pretty close together!

FOREIGN NEWS speak of an accident to Lord Derby. In his dressing-room he undertook to sit down where there was nothing to sit upon, and he fell—to his injury. Lord Derby is not the first statesman who has suffered by such a kind of mistake.

FIFTEEN LEN County bills are being printed. A good chance to raise stage fare. Hay is yet thirty dollars a ton, and rising all over the country—under pitchforks.

SOMETHING TIPPED ON.

Maledictions on Senator Tipton! Who tipped on the nomination of Greeley as Minister to Austria last Saturday! Tipton has presented a sensational culmination for hot weather. Tipton was wrong—altogether wrong. Tipton is a partisan of Motley. But what more motley a minister could he have had at Vienna than Horace? Greeley could have solved the court-dress enigma, by setting the fashion of bootlegs and slouchers. He could have proved the sincerity of old editorials that advocated abolition of missions, by abolishing them and himself at the same auspicious moment. He could have revolutionized the agriculture of Austria, by selling some of his favorite patents and plants. He could have driven the clergy insane with free-love-ism. He could have quenched the flow of lager bier. He could have introduced asses' milk into every Viennoise nursery, or have showed the people of Francis Joseph how economic it is to turn bath rooms into goat stables. But, alas! Tipton's objection prevented all these and many other Greelyan consummations. The Austrian mission remains vacant, and H. G. is as usual gazing at vacancy.

THE Silver Sleep of the Silver Sleeping car Excursionists will probably come on their return.

OUR BROOKLYN LETTER on local politics lays over until next week.

THE HERCULES OF THE EXCISE LAW—Judge Bosworth and his Sunday club.

SPEAKIN' OUT IN MEETIN'.

The true logical position of Congress was thus frankly stated last Saturday in a *Herald* editorial. That paper, being independent, has a right to say what the *Times*, *Tribune*, etc., dare not admit:

"Our Constitution was shaken in every line by the great rebellion of the Southern people and the great war they made to free themselves from the obligations of that law; and it has not yet recovered from the blows they gave. *All this reconstructive legislation is admittedly extra constitutional;* for the Constitution made no provisions for a case that could not occur till its obligation was lost. But who will maintain that the people should let the nation perish because the Constitution did not prescribe a way to save it? The people acted on the facts, and not on legal points, in saving the nation, and they are quite satisfied that Congress should now act on the facts, and, *as it has been compelled to make extra constitutional laws, shall arrange an extra constitutional enforcement of those laws.*"

The italics are our own for emphasis. During the war military necessity overrode the Constitution. After the war it is political necessity. "That's what's the matter."

COLLECTOR SMYTHE and the Health Officer have had an altercation about baggage and fumigation. It has ended by the Collector consenting, as usual, to fumigation. The Collector rather likes fume-igation. He burns incense in his own honor, and incenses all who approach him.

THE PEAT-FUEL sensation is subsiding. Its engineers have been generally hoisted with their own peat yards.

THOSE who pass by Mrs. L. M. Child's recent novel, infelicitously called "A Romance of the Republic," and say, "Only another Abolition novel," will make a mistake. While it is an abolition novel, it is something more; and in dramatic construction, in brilliant sketching of places and character, and in continuous (almost sensational) interest it holds a reader constant at perusal. It is far more dramatic, natural and vivid than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was.

JAMES BROOKS's speech on the last Destruction Bill ought to be sown broadcast through the North by Democratic State and County Committees from Congressional seed-time to Election harvest.

"UNDER OMAR'S DARK WATERS."—Omar Pacha tells the Londoners he has subdued the Cretans. They can answer Pacha p'shaw!

MAZZINI is again agitating in Italy. Why don't the Reds send for him and give him a command in their Southern colonies?

OUR LONG BRANCH LETTER.

LONG BRANCH, *July 25th*, 1867.

MY DEAR LEADER—The Branch has been done to death this week, and made a "short" branch of, by all the correspondents of the great dailies, except Judge Daly's. No matter how early you rise in the morning, you will find well-known reporters, note-book in hand, sauntering along the gravelled walks that fringe the "Bluff" after early worms of information; or some of them, more knowing than their *confreres*, quietly ensconced in the alcoves or under the porches of the cottages which are situated contiguous to the *Pavilion de Stetson*.

To a person from the rural districts, or a policeman just appointed on the Metropolitan force and who has been but a few days under the tutelage of your prince of inspectors (you know I mean Leonard), this constant flitting to and fro, this dodging up and down—this advancing, as it were, in full force upon the enemy's lines and then as suddenly retreating—would awaken in the mind of our rustic friend or Metropolitan defender suspicions of a grand burglary soon to be attempted in this vicinity. But not in the brain of a New Yorker, and to one who is accustomed to sensations, who has occasionally been called upon to assist in getting up a grand display, and who knows how easily the thing can be done—who knows that the usual concomitants of a Metropolitan fizzle are a brass band, two dozen Roman candles, twelve sky-rockets, one bomb, and red, white and blue fires to give the closing *coup d'oeil:* not forgetting the well-known reporters, especially him of the *Big Thunder Gazette*, upon whose version depends the success which the display is to have on the public mind of the country. Under these concomitants lie the paraphernalia and working material of all the Demonstrations which, in big caps, astonish the senses of our less-favored friends in the country.

While our rustic friend and our vigilant "copper" expect to see either a suicide, murder or burglary, your correspondent leisurely lights his morning pipe and quietly listens to hear "See, the conquering hero comes." (Listen to hear see is good, ain't it?) The music is wafted (that's the phrase, I believe) by the delicious breeze *of morning for along the shore*, and the well-known air is no sooner heard than the inquiry is, "What conquering hero is meant?"

"Tom Murphy!" exclaims a chorus of voices. "Bosh!" says one. "Nonsense!" repeats another. And a third is heard to exclaim, "The leader of that band is crazy; that music is intended as a compliment to Grant."

Now follows a warm and excited discussion among the crowd, which is being rapidly augmented in numbers, as to which of the distinguished guests at the Stetson is the conquering hero.

The Nation acknowledges the truth of Grant's former conquests and captures. But your correspondent who has been on the *qui vive* (original phrase, that) during the week, to whom early information had been given of the General's intended visit, and who had been let into the most profound secrets by at least two dozen prominent individuals sojourning at the "Stetson," that Grant was coming down especially to spend a few days quietly with them felt the truth of the first exclamation about Tom Murphy.

That jovial, good-natured and clever Senator has outstripped all competitors in obtaining the great prize. No matter how much some of our friends, who let me into their confidence last week and who promised to give your correspondent a first-class introduction to Ulysses, may rave and swear at the disappointment they feel in thus being outdone, yet I doubt if the General at all regrets the mistake which made him a gallant Irishman's captive for a few days' among the barren shores and pine-clad hills of the "Jersey's"—particularly as Senator Tom ignored politics and took sport for grant-ed.

The rush to this place since the advent of the General-in-Chief has been greater than at any previous period during this season, and the thousands who have with alacrity rallied round the "flag" (not flag stones) this week present a striking contrast to the few and meagre number who were wont to come forward in the cooler days of Petersburg and Appomattox.

A good many knowing ones, who came down here to pump him, have found dry success. On the beach this morning I found some shreds of paper, which it was evident some reporter of a daily paper of radical tendencies had torn up. They were rough notes and well hewn; but I put them together. Thus they read, and evidently the rapid diary of the baffled reporter:

"Arrived here at five P. M.; cot at Stetson House; skirmished about the General; found he was an early riser; caught him next morning at sunrise on the beach; played the part of a 'greenie,' remembering, however, how I had promised to get some political news from him; thought I would play bold. 'General,' quoth I, 'what do you think of the shape of politics?' 'Politics,' said he, 'was the best shaped bay filly I ever saw; she run at the the St. Louis races in 1859; splendid arms, sir; took fine strides; sired by Tom Benton, out of ——.' 'Oh, said I to myself, 'he is horsy, but I'll try it through the ladies. So I said 'Beautiful brunette, you were with us yesterday.' 'Yes, indeed,' he answered. 'Brunette belongs to Harker; pity she lost her mate.' I went at it again thus: 'Saw you with Senator Murphy yesterday. Isn't he a little radical; in fact rather black?' 'Don't think his blacks are named radical or anything else. His blacks make a fine team!' Next I threw out a feeler about Virginia, and asked him, "What do you think of the prospects in Virginia this fall?" "Excellent, indeed I am told that Virginia will produce an excellent crop of tobacco, and perhaps before long manufacture Partagas and Conchas worthy of Cuba." I was now disgusted. Damme if I believe General Grant cares for, or knows about, anything except horse-flesh and smoking.

So much for the pieces. Don't you think the General rather distanced your reporter friend, or at all events smoked him? So does, at least, (while dressing for the Grand(t) hop), J. J. B.

AVOUST *Galaxy* comes better late than never. Clifford Thompson writes facts about burglars that read like romances. Olive Logan shows her dramatic knowledge and critical acumen in a sprightly paper on the ballet. The cudgels are taken up against Elias Howe, Jr., and Parton's recent puff of him in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Croquet is served up with animation. And the continued stories march steadily on to climacterics.

THE JUDICIARY LIBEL.

We give below extracts from this week's *Round Table*, contained in an editorial entitled "The *Tribune* and the Bench." The reviewer referred to therein is James Parton, Esq. We don't blame Mr. Parton for his article, especially as Ticknor & Fields must take the responsibility. Mr. Parton lives by his pen, writes for money, and manufactures articles to order as a tailor makes coats. The tailor is never made responsible for the *cotes* cut of his patron's garments. It is the wearer who must be laughed at for want of taste. The *North American Review* was once a powerful quarterly, with a large circulation. This was when scholarship, pure and undefiled, presided at its desk. When it became debauched by politics it went down. Of late the editors have tried the *Reynolds Miscellany* dodge of running up circulation by sensation articles. Articles that are wholly misplaced in a review, because they are not founded upon accessible data nor published assertions. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are Boston gentlemen of taste and culture. The scholars and literature of the country are deeply indebted to them. But they have made a grave mistake in fathering, as publishers, several gross libels.

The *Round-Table* is not afraid of Mr. Greeley, clearly. But who is, now? The time was when politicians and authors petted and caressed him. Never through love, for there is nothing in his composition any more lovable than there is in a Long Island squash. Always through fear. But it has come to pass, in the course of fifteen years, that most every public person of note in all parties—bishops, authors, judges, women even, and politicians—has been abused without stint or discrimination by Horace Greeley. Hence, his original causticity has become a common and expectable vulgarity of rhetoric. People laugh at him as they do at the excited Broadway driver who with Billingsgate pelts everybody who does not give him all the roadway or prevents his driving as recklessly as he wills to. Wrapped in his self-complacency, however, Horace Greeley fails to perceive this. It is said even Robespierre mistook the jeers of the populace for enthusiasm as he stood beneath the axe.

Perhaps Horace Greeley never will appreciate how his oscillations, inconsistencies, complexities of malice, vulgarisms, incessant defeats, want of practical knowledge, utter failure of political influence, and vagaries generally of dress, talk, pen and association, have sapped an influence certainly very commanding fifteen years ago. There is yet a large congregation of rural people—women who read the weekly *Tribune* to know how to cook doughnuts; preachers who liken him to Christ; unsophisticated philanthropists, far from the maddening world's ignoble strife; Tom, Pinches who believe in Pecksniffs, etc., etc.—who have not yet found him out. But now that his old Radical associates are turning "States' evidence against him," and "selling him out," and "putting-up jobs" against him, even this rural congregation will open their eyes to his real character.

Few care whether or no Horace Greeley ever finds himself out or not. The concern is to prevent his further debauching public sentiment by appealing to his army of fanatics as Mohammed once appealed to his hordes.

The change referred to is well shown by the utter silence in the Senate among those who might assume to be his defenders when his Austrian nomination came up. And by the boldness of Senator Tipton objecting to him. It is also shown by the fact that a literary magazine (from which in another column we quote) and the *Round Table* have not scrupled to show him up. Furthermore, by his utter want of personal influence in the Convention.

But to the *Round Table* remarks:

THE TRIBUNE AND THE BENCH.

The *Tribune* has a review of an article in the *North American Review* on the judiciary of this city. The original article is, no doubt, from the same pen which not long since gave an account of the corruptions of our City Government, in which fact and fiction were thoroughly mingled so as to produce a striking picture. A life of General Jackson was once published by the same author, made up, as any one familiar with the history of the times could see at a glance, from newspaper scraps and the gossip of elections. One of the facts of the reviewer in the present instance is manifestly stolen from our columns, that of the judge who demanded half the fees of a receiver appointed by himself; the reviewer has taken it for granted this was a recent instance, whereas the judge we spoke of has been off the bench for some years. We have no doubt of the existence of corruption in the city government, but we do not believe that it is equal to what prevails at Washington, nor more shameless than that of our Albany Legislature. The management of the financial operations of the General Government is such that hundreds in Wall street believe that not the public good, but private profit, is the end constantly kept in view. Where ten dollars can be unlawfully made out of the limited financial affairs of this city, ten thousand can be got out of the manipulation of the vast transactions of the Treasury. More unlawful profit can be made out of this manipulation than the whole annual revenue which goes through the hands of our city officials. When the gold in our Treasury is thrown upon the market for sale or withheld from time to time at the discretion of one man, when the conversion of 7.30s can be stopped for a time and then be made to go on again at discretion, it is obvious that those who may be in the secrets of these movements can gather an amount of unlawful spoil at which the loosest of our city officials would stand aghast. If the whole of the limited sum which is annually disbursed by the city government proper were stolen by our public servants, it would not be a tithe of the plunder which can be got, and which many believe is got, out of the operations of the Treasury. We like to see corruption exposed wherever it may be; but it will never be cured by fastening the public gaze on one little speck of dirt, so as to blind us to the larger accumulations of filth elsewhere.

So the defects in our judiciary system are not to be cured by directing attention to one or two bad judges in New York City. Our city judges are, in their average, very far superior in all respects to Judge Busteed, of Alabama, and Judge Underwood, of Virginia, both of the United States District Court. Those who know about such matters know well that men of just as little principle as any judge in New York have found their way occasionally to the bench of the Court of Appeals; and that partisanship and deference to the views of party managers have sometimes governed opinions in that court. To reform merely the judges of New York City is not to reform the judiciary. Corruption and unworthiness are seen more clearly here than elsewhere, because in a metropolis like this a thousand eyes are watching, with a concentrated gaze, while in other parts of the country scarce two persons can be got together to look into such things at once. We do not doubt that both the State Legislature and Congress would be much better behaved if their sessions were held in this city, right under the eyes of the New York press and the New York people. What we want is a thorough reform in our judicial system in this State, not a reform of city judges; we need to go back to right principles, and especially to the one great principle, the independence of the judiciary. It is the more important that we do this now in this State, because New York has always exerted a powerful influence over the rest of the country in matters of constitutional law. When, in 1816, we abandoned this great principle, many other States followed in our wake, and there is now a disposition to break down the independence of the judiciary of the general government.

But the striking part of the *Tribune's* article is to be found in the following sentences:

"The reviewer sketches the career of another New York judge whose name he does not mention, nor shall we. He is understood to be a zealous friend of a notorious local politician, whose name is synonymous with corruption. . . . A bill passed the Legislature a short time ago, the effect of which would have been to place in the hands of a single judge all the enormous patronage connected with references, receiverships, and similar appointments. . . . This same legal functionary was a candidate for the place. . . . But he did not obtain the appointment. . . ." The *Tribune* goes on to cite instances in order to prove the unworthiness of this legal functionary. Will the country readers of that paper believe what is a fact in this affair, known to many persons in this city, that the personal and political influence of a leading editor of the *Tribune* was exerted warmly for the appointment of this same legal functionary to the place so full of "enormous patronage?" and that he failed to "obtain the appointment" not by reason of any efforts of this same editor to prevent his appointment, but because Governor Fenton had firmness and honesty to resist the pressure brought to bear on him by a conspicuous editor of so powerful a paper as the *Tribune* and others of party friends? Mr. Greeley knows what motives were at the bottom of this support from the *Tribune*, for a place of such enormous patronage, of a Democratic judge whom it now holds up as a special example of judicial unworthiness. If the readers of the *Tribune* will turn back to its files of a few weeks ago, they will find that it publicly urged this appointment, and warmly repelled the objections of the *Evening Post* and other papers. It was the special champion of this same legal functionary; he was its candidate. That the spoils got out of corrupt management in our city affairs are divided among men of both parties is well known. No one pretends that the "Ring" is exclusively formed of Democrats. Was the *Tribune* to share in the "enormous patronage" which this appointment would have put in the hands of one man? If not, what was the secret of its warm support of one whom it professes to know to be unworthy? Mr. Greeley knows all the secrets of the *Tribune*, and especially does he know them in this case.

There is no fact better known about the City Hall than that, if the "legal functionary" in question had agreed to give all his patronage to Greeley's paper and Greeley's lawyer, he would have continued to be humiliated and suspected among his party friends by *Tribune* puffery. But he would give no such pledge. In a single night (reversing the color from the poetic story of the "Prisoner of Chillon") the hair of the "legal functionary" in question turned black under Spruce street spectacles. By and by the able young-sters who wear them will find out on what kind of grindstone the old-stir of the *Tribune* grinds his pebbles!

OUR ALBANY LETTER.

ALBANY, *July 25th*, 1867.

The American citizens of African descent have nearly all deserted the galleries, and I am no longer able to enjoy the rich perfume or calculate upon the pleasures of the scent during this hot weather. They have all become disgusted with the details about their physiology, which the men in the Convention are constantly going through with. Their disappearance has given me plenty of elbow room and a better opportunity to see the members. I can now take the front seat without fear of offending the delegates. While the negroes were daily gathering, all such persons with light complexion like myself were obliged to get back into the corners, where we could not be seen, for fear that we would be ordered out as intruders. The truth is, the system in vogue here is that no white man has any rights that a black man is bound to respect. This compels all of those pale faces who wish to occupy a seat in the galleries to keep shady, and move around as if they were walking on eggs. Micawber is one of the number that is thus inflicted.

The blacks having left in disgust, the only audience that the Convention now has is those miserable whites, whom they profess to have such contempt for. Since the change has taken place, I notice that the members do not make such long speeches, nor philosophize on the great question of state and the political ethics of Africa. Their idea no doubt is, that only the American citizen of African descent can understand and appreciate arguments of that kind and high order. The consequence is they have changed their style of speaking and shortened their speeches.

I notice, in this connection, a very singular movement on the part of Greeley. The moment that the negroes left their places in the gallery, and no longer attended the Convention, he was very anxious that they should not talk any more on the subject. The impression prevailed that this was the signal agreed upon by his African constituents to be used in notifying their representatives that they had said enough. But it has since been ascertained that Greeley believes he has learned all he can about the negroes, and knows all he ought to know about women, and therefore is anxious to have all discussion about both stop at once.

Well, the Convention changed one day the subject from negroes to white women, and that was the first variety from the constant chattering about shinbones, craniums and the like. But somehow even the speakers on that question were constantly bringing in the negroes. They could not get off from that hobby, or also were desirous of proving that the negro was far superior to the women. I notice that those who had the most to say in favor of the negro and the various tribes in Africa talked the strongest against the women, just as Lucy Stone predicted they would. But then no person ought to complain; it is, after all, a matter of taste. If the philosophers of this Convention think more of the negroes than they do of the female sex of their own race and blood, they no doubt have the right to do so. As philosopher Townsend would say, they have the inalienable right under the Declaration of Independence. The only objection that can be raised is the publicity which they give to their taste. If they would keep it more to themselves, and hold in their manifestations for the darkey until they reach their private rooms, no person could possibly complain. I have no taste in that direction; but this you must not tell the Convention, for they may rule me out of the gallery, and then how shall I be able to observe and chronicle the great events of the day?

It is generally supposed that this Convention has a stenographer who makes an exact report of all that is said. But the fact is it has not. A person was elected for that purpose, but when they came to fix his pay the men who have such an affection for the negro were afraid that there would be no money left in the Treasury for them if he was paid his price. To head these men off, the word was officially circulated that unless the delegates voted to pay the stenographer his price for reporting the speeches he would have them all published just as they were delivered, word for word. This caused a regular panic, and when the proposition for pay came up to be voted on, no question was asked, and the amount desired ordered with extraordinary haste. Now, Mr. Editor, the only inference to be drawn from this is, that if the stenographer was to give their speeches just as they were delivered, word for word, if they did not vote to pay him his price, then he is not expected to give the speeches in the same words that they were delivered in now that they have agreed to his terms. This was a shrewd dodge on the part of the stenographer. He must be a good judge of human nature, and knew how to manage the material that he had to deal with.

The fact is the speeches published are not all as delivered. That of Mr. Axtell was entirely a different thing, and several other members who have been so loud in their eulogies of the negro have been spending days and hours writing out their speeches from the notes taken by the stenographer.

The same class of men who jumped into this dodge of the official reporter of the convention, believe they have all the representatives of the New York dailies under their power by giving them a seat on the floor of the house. For fear that these reporters would not realize the fact that they existed in that body only by sufferance, one of the committees made a long report on the subject explaining their duties, and above all that they were bound by virtue of this privilege to so direct their efforts that they would ferry the Chairman of the committee into the office of Supervisor of Otsego county. If they cannot do that job I pity them, for the material is so small that when they come to spread it out over an entire township it will be mighty thin and almost imperceptible, requiring a spiritualist to recognize that there is anything there.

This I know is a digression from the main point, but I have referred to this point to show why the LEADER has the only unbiased report of the proceeding. I do not wish to censure the stereographer for threatening to punish the delegates by publishing their speeches precisely as they delivered them, unless they came to his terms. That was a business transaction, and he was a Yankee enough to know how to drive a bargain with these men. Nor do I wish to be understood as reflecting upon the correspondents of the dailies. If they are willing to accept the position which the famous Ferry Committee assigned them that is a matter of their own, but I prefer a seat in the gallery where those men have no voice or control over me as long as I don't molest the American citizens of African descent—and can write the events for future history just as they transpire, and accompany it with a translation into English.

The statesmanship questions which were pending when I closed my letter last week are at last being decided. All grades of Caucasians and Africans are to be placed on equality. The Hottentots and the Bushmen are all to be declared equal to the negro, provided that said Hottentots and Bushmen belong to the male gender. By way of compromise with the negro, and to remove the sting to his pride which this decision carries, they have also decided that a white man is equal to the Hottentot, the genuine negro to be claimed a little ahead of both—the aristocracy of the country. This grows out of the fact that the descendants of the "Mayflower" party were the first to bring the negro to this country. For that reason he belongs to a better stock than all the other classes.

The fact that he belongs to a better stock is taken for granted from the belief that the descendants of the "Mayflower" party were superior judges of stock, and having had their pick first invested in the negro, and therefore the question is settled. It is true that the Puritans at one time sold into slavery all the Dutch soldiers that they captured in the fortification on the Delaware River, but this was when they could not get all the negroes to sell that they desired to. Consequently it does not place the Dutch above the negro. As already stated, the whole thing has been compromised by placing the Aborigines or Indians, the Irish, the Dutch, the Yankees, the Hottentots, Bushmen and Kaffirs all on equality with the negro, with the exception that a mental reservation is held and announced that the negro is a trifle better than all the other classes, and is to hold position as the aristocracy. They have been proclaimed superior to all other classes in making almanacs, in music, dancing, and that class of the arts. More quiet and docile in times of peace, and the bravest in battle. These are the questions that have been decided by this Convention, and by the time that this letter reaches you the decree will be formally entered upon the records at Albany.

This decision, that the white man is equal to the negro, does not fully satisfy the colored gemmen; they want the mental reservation in their favor distinctly expressed in the Constitution, and not to be left as a subject of future interpretation. This may result in holding an opposition Convention, for the purpose of issuing a decree that will go out with that of the Convention by way of explanation. This the leaders of the colored gemmen believe essential to their own welfare, and to prevent the white people from assuming in the future that they are really equal to those cut out of ebony. Should this Convention meet, I will endeavor to give you a full report of its proceedings.

The paupers are likewise given the privilege of voting by the side of the negro, to the disgust of Greeley, who wanted no such class intruding themselves among the blacks. Greeley having decided that no person in the Convention would be excluded by the term of idiots, blockheads and lunatics, the Convention has decided that all such are to be excluded. What effect will this have upon Superintendent Kennedy and the Union Leaguers of your city? If it excludes them, they can have the consolation that they are placed on an equality with the women of the State.

Leaving my seat in the gallery a few days since, and strolling in front of Congress Hall, I came upon an interesting group, composed of six or seven men of the Convention, who were engaged in an interesting discussion about the Governor with a gentleman from way down in Maine. The latter person asked for some one who had influence with the Governor, and asked if any person could tell where he could find Mr. Merrill.

"Are you sure," said Mr. D——, "that you want Mr. Merrill?"

"I am not particular whether I find him or some other person who has influence with the Governor."

"What do you wish him to do with the Governor?" asked Judge R——.

"I want him to sign a requisition from the Governor of Maine for a swindler at Tarrytown."

"Mr. Merrill is not a lawyer," adds Mr. D——. "Don't you mean Burrill?"

"I don't care who it is if he can only make the Governor keep his words. He promised me this morning to sign my requisition at twelve o'clock. When that time came he said he would do it at five P. M. Six o'clock has arrived, and he has not signed it yet."

"Did you say that he promised to sign that requisition for you," asked Mr. F——, a member of the convention, sitting by.

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Then you can bet your life that he will sign it."

"Well, he has not, that is certain."

"But what excuse does he give for not keeping his word?" asked Mr. D——.

"He said at first that he wanted to see Mr. Martindale, but finding that he was out of town he then wanted to see Mr. Porter!"

"Mr. Porter is out of town, and the Governor knew it, for he went to the cars with him when he left," responded Judge R——.

"Yes," added Mr. T——, "you can rely upon it that everybody that he refers you to he knew was out of town before he asked to see him!"

"Well," responded the gentleman from Maine, "your Governor is not what he should be, and I am of the opinion that you make Governors out of very small material in this State."

With this he left declaring that he did not believe that a Governor who could not keep his word would be able to molest him if he captured the rumseller. Thus ended the confab about the Governor of the State, in which the members of the Convention who participated in the Convention, and who were members of both parties, coincided with the down-easter. The latter from their admission will go home with a lofty opinion of the magistrate of New York. But perhaps he is right in his judgment after all. MACAWBER.

Amusements Gossip.

For a month past the only negro minstrels available have been young blackbirds and the Abolition croakers about negro suffrage.

But next Monday the genuines begin to sing again with their four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a July pie for August consumption.

Tony Pastor—with his supply of fans and free cold water yet unlimited—takes the initiative.

He has meantime cleaned out the cages, seedboxes and perches of his blackbirds, and has made such arrangements as should satisfy the most skeptical that he intends to set a dainty dish before King Public. Peruse his Blackbird Bills!

* * *

Nicholson of the *World* has been taking his dramatics on the Catskills. He furnishes the following capital dramatic dialogue to the *World* in correspondence. It is a play that many have witnessed from the third tier of those mountains, and that will be recognized at once:

[Dramatis Personæ—Gentleman from New New York and a Local Inhabitant. Scene—Piazza of the Mountain House. Time—11 A. M.]

Local Inhabitant, advancing—Fine day, sir?

New York Gent—Very.

L. I.—Beautiful prospect from here.

N. Y. G.—Charming.

L. I.—Look this way. There! isn't that a fine view, just over the river?

N. Y. G.—Magnificent!

L. I.—Twenty-five cents, if you please, for the view.

[Quarter paid in a moment of stupefaction.]

L. I.—Thank you, sir. Perhaps you would like to see the falls?

N. Y. G.—I think I should.

L. I.—Step down this way. *[The characters move down the road.]* There you are, sir.

N. Y. G.—Is that the falls?

L. I.—Them's them.

N. Y. G.—Where is the water?

L. I.—Water? Would you like to have the water turned on? Certainly! The water makes a very fine effect. One dollar, if you please, to have the water let on.

N. Y. G.—*[Forks over the stamps and awaits the dampening of the cataract.]* I say, sir, what is that cannon planted there for?

L. I.—That cannon over yonder? Why that is fired sometimes to start the repeating echoes among the mountains. Would you like to have it fired? Only one dollar a pop.

[Visitor invests a hundred dollars and the bombardment begins.]

Exeunt Omnes. Curtain.

* * *

While John Brougham has been taking charge of the Olympic by night, Judge Leonard and the lawyers have been taking care of it by day. We dare say that poor Duff thought at one time he was fairly in the hands of the Philistines. But at last accounts he was drinking the health of the Judge in some fine old Crook & Duff's brown sherry.

On a previous hearing he had been a Potter's vessel—Judge Potter having put him before a referee and badgering attorneys. For Grover had no other card to play than having a receiver appointed from whom he could get a lease.

As is well known in amusement circles, Duff had leased to Hayes after September 1st, and the attempt was made before the Judge to show that it was a disadvantageous lease—certain fossil creditors of those from whom Duff bought the lease four years ago claiming to have an interest still in the affairs of the theatre.

John Graham—who, when he merges his individuality in the barrister, is about the best advocate a man can have—made a

powerful appeal. He contended that no sufficient reasons had been shown why Mr. Duff should be removed from his trusteeship of the estate in question. His client had taken that theatre when it was in a worse condition than no theatre—it was all run down when Duff entered upon his duties—there was an assignation house over the theatre. Laura Keene was the first year $8,000 behind on a rent of $13,500. It was reduced so low that the house could not be filled in any way; soldiers were solicited to go in there gratis, for the purpose of trying to make a show of a good house. Mr. Duff entered into an arrangement with Mrs. Wood, one of the finest and most popular actresses in her line in the world. As a place of respectability it at once began to go up; but it was like commencing a new theatre; nay, it was worse than that, for it had a bad name which had to be overcome.

He also referred to the long list of theatrical managers who swore that from $11,000 to $12,000 per annum was all that a prudent man, who understands the wants and ways of the theatrical world of New York, would be warranted in agreeing to pay for this theatre. Mr. Wheatley said $10,000 was enough. Mr. Wm. Stuart put it at $13,000, as highest. Barney Williams said it ought not to exceed $10,000. Mr. George L. Fox, of the Old Bowery, fixed it at $13,000. C. W. Taylor said $13,000, with the stock and scenery. Mr. Theodore Moss, of Wallack's, who knows the capacity, &c., of the Olympic, would not go above $13,000. Jas. Wm. Lingard, of the Bowery, who drew his own affidavit, swore that $10,000 was a fair rental, with the stock scenery. George Wood thought a fair rental was $10,000. Francis L. Chanfrau, who has been twenty-five years a manager, swore that the rental ought not to be more than $12,000 with a careful and prudent manager.

Judge Leonard, without taking time for the subject, immediately decided to continue Mr. Duff in the management of the theatre, obliging him, however, under court rules, to give security against possible claims of the pretended creditors. Mr. Duff will, for form's sake, be obliged to have the Hayes lease approved by a Justice of the Supreme Court. Of that, under his showing from managers, there cannot be a doubt. So provincial management at that once favorite place of metropolitan amusement will shortly end.

* * *

Miss Eytinge concluded her limited and successful engagement at the Worrell Theatre, and has been succeeded by Kate Reignolds, who, pending the rehearsals of "Nobody's Daughter," has been doing "Wonders" with "genteel comedy" in hot weather. On Monday night, Chandos Fulton's version is to be given. Miss Reignolds is cast for the title role. She has fine scope in portraying the friendless ballad singer, the get of a noble husband, the persecuted by an ignoble reputed parent, the victim of cool villainy, and the triumphant vindicator of rank, name and honor through the aid of a detective. For the latter, J. K. Mortimer has been engaged. That character will suit him well, if he will only be true to Mortimer. The new play should do as well for the management as Daly's "Griffith Gaunt" did last autumn.

* * *

Manager Wheatley has returned, and is busy preparing to administrate upon "Black Crook" so soon as it reaches probate limit. We believe "Biche aux Bois" is preparing to succeed. Meanwhile the cast of the "Crook" is freshening, and the "leg business"—for which Olin Logan's sparkling pen, in *Galaxy*, has prepared an elegy—is as attractive as ever.

* * *

Dan Bryant closes a triumphant engagement at Wallack's to-night. On Monday night Lotta—whom none will dare call poor Car-lotta—makes a metropolitan debut as pretty Paul, in the "Pet of the Petticoats." Let no be deterred from visiting her performances by the libellous wood-cut that may be seen on all the fences claiming to represent her. The drama in question has been done to death here, and it is to be hoped she has something in store more novel.

Gossip About Rogers, THE POET.

Mr. S. C. Hall, whose charming reminiscences of literary celebrities of the past generation are well known, contributes to the last number of the London *Art Journal* the following sketch of the poet Rogers:

All who were denizens of London—during the twenty years that preceded the last ten years—no longer ago—met frequently in the aristocratic neighborhood of St. James a man evidently aged, yet remarkably active, though with a slight stoop and grizzled hair; not to my thinking, with a pleasant countenance; certainly not with the frank and free expression of a poet who loved and lived with Nature; but rather that of one whose ever-open book was a ledger, and who counted the day, not by sunrise and sunset, but by consols and exchequer bills—things inconceivable to the order to which Samuel Rogers undoubtedly belonged.

The old man moved rapidly, as if pursuing a vain shadow, always.

He did not often smile, and seldom laughed; anything approaching hilarity, aught akin to enthusiasm, to a genuine flow of heart and soul, was foreign to his nature—or, at all events, seemed to be so. Yet, of a surety, he was a keen observer; he looked "quite through the deeds of men;" and his natural talent had been matured and polished by long and familiar intercourse with all the finer spirits of his age; his conversation to his "set" at home was remarkably brilliant, and his wit often pure and original.

It was curious, interesting, and startling to converse—as I did—in the year of our Lord, 1855, with a venerable gentleman whose first book of poems was published in 1786—just sixty-nine years; who had worn a cocked hat when a boy, as other boys did—recollected seeing the heads of the rebels upon poles at Temple Bar—had seen Garrick act—knocked at Dr. Johnson's door in Bolt Court, and chatted there with Boswell—heard Sir Joshua Reynolds lecture, and Haydn play at a concert in a tie wig, with a sword at his side—rowed with a boatman who had rowed Alexander Pope—had seen venerable John Wesley lying on his bier, "dressed in full canonicals"—had walked with old General Oglethorpe who had shot snipes where Conduit street now stands—was the frequent associate of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Horne Tooke and Madame de Staël, and was a man "in years" when Brougham was called to the bar, John Kemble first played "Coriolanus," Walter Scott had not yet issued "Waverley," Byron was writing "Minor Poems," and Ensign Arthur Wellesley was fighting his way to a dukedom and immortality!

It seems to me, while writing a memory of this veteran of literature—as it will seem to my readers—that, although he was with us but yesterday, he belongs to a remote generation; he had seen and known his co-mates in their youth, when the earliest rays of Fame dawned upon them; many of them he had followed to their graves, and few or none of them survived him.

This is is a strange story to tell of any man.

There is no biography of him, if we except that written by his nephew, Mr. Sharpe, as a "Preface" to "Recollections," and another which introduces a volume of "Table Talk." Neither of these extend to more than a dozen pages. They are singularly meagre; as if the writers had done the work grudgingly; had no love for the subject, and were content to let the old man say for himself all he had to say. And that was not much. It is, indeed, a marvel that so little was gathered during so long and so full a life; for in these two volumes of "Reminiscences" it would be difficult to find a score of passages that one would not willingly let die. His frequent companion, the publisher, Moxon—one of his executors, who must have known much about his "ways"—has told us nothing concerning him; and such anecdotes as throw any light on his character must be gathered from his contemporaries who, here and there, and but rarely, illustrate and explain the guiding principles of his public and private life. Yet it is stated by the editor of "Recollections" (not recollections of him, but by him), that, "from his first entering into society, he noted down the conversations or remarks of those among his intimate friends in whose company he took the greatest pleasure."

In reference to his "Life," I received this letter from Mr. Rogers—dated

"St. James' Place, *Jan. 30th*, 1837.

"Believe me when I say I should be happy to comply with your desire if I had any intention of writing my own life.

"The only authentic account I can refer you to is to be found, such as it is, in a work published some years ago by Cadell, and entitled, I believe, "Portraits of Illustrious Persons."

"Most of the circumstances in the life published by Galignani are utterly without foundation. The 'Pleasures of Memory' (to mention one instance among many) was written in great seclusion under my father's roof; and so far from consulting the gentleman there mentioned on the subject, I was at that time unacquainted with him. He is there said, I think, to have read it over with me, before it appeared, fifty or sixty times.

"Yours, very truly,

"Samuel Rogers."

He was born at Stoke Newington (Newington Green,) now a suburb of London, on the 13th of July, 1763. His father was an opulent banker, head of the firm of Rogers, Olding & Co.*. His first publication—an "Ode to Superstition"—was issued in 1786. In 1792 appeared "The Pleasures of Memory," to which he is mainly indebted for his fame.

He died at his residence, St. James' Place, on the 18th of December, 1855.

His countenance was a theme of continual jokes. It was "ugly," if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; he had a drooping eye and a thick under lip; his forehead was broad, his head large—out of proportion, indeed, to his form; but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of ideality. His features were cadaverous. Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it is said that Sydney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, "when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands."

It is affirmed by some of his friends that "his purse was ever open to the distressed;" and that he was liberal of aid to struggling and suffering genius. That belief, however, is not sustained by evidence. From him to whom much is given much is expected; the widow's mite was a larger, as well as a more acceptable, gift to the treasury than the Pharisee's contribution of the tithe of all he possessed. Rogers was rich; had few claimants on his "much," and his personal wants were limited; he seems, indeed, to have had no great relish for the luxuries that money supplies, and which it is a duty to obtain on the part of those to whom wealth is allotted. He saw little company at his own house; giving breakfasts frequently, the cost of which was small, and seldom entertaining at dinner above two or three at a time. Moreover, they were dinners of no very *recherche* character; at all events, none of his guests ever spoke of them as the feasts of a Sybarite. He never, I believe, kept a carriage—certainly, if he did, he seldom used it. On occasions, when he attended meetings of the Royal Society, and other assemblages of that kind, at the close, let the night be ever so severe, if rain or snow were falling, he was invariably seen buttoning up his great-coat in preparation for a walk home. On one occasion I ventured to say to him (it was at an evening at Lord Northampton's, in Connaught Place:) "Mr. Rogers, it is a very wet night, I have a fly at the door, may I have the honor to leave you at your house?" but the invitation was declined; the old man faced the weather from which younger and stronger men would have wisely shrunk.

I cannot find evidence to sustain an impression that he was other than by fits and starts generous; that it was not an impulse but a whim that induced him occasionally to give a little of his "much." There are certainly a few records of his liberality—and but a few; none are related in the two volumes of "Table Talk" and "Recollections." Moore spoke of him to me, and no doubt to others, as a man with an open purse; but I do not find that he ever did more for the poet than lend him a sum that was repaid with interest.

His charities were certainly often based on calculation. "He did nothing rash," Mr. Hayward states. "I am sure," said one of his friends, "as a baby, he never fell down unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair, in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet." And Byron, writing to Bernard Barton, asks, "To what does Rogers owe his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles?" Not to his profession as an author, but "to his prudence and respectability."

No, "to do good and to distribute" was not the motto of the banker-poet, although some may have tasted his bounty.†

No doubt, he was often worried by applications for aid; some from fraudulent petitioners, but some from persons to whom timely helps might have been great blessings—probably saved the lives, possibly the souls of those who asked it.

He writes:—"The letters I receive from people of both sexes, (people I have never heard of,) asking me for money, either as a gift or a loan, are really innumerable;" but it is evident from the context that such "begging epistles" produced no results to the writers. It is recorded that Murphy owed him two hundred pounds; the poet became "uneasy," and accompanied Murphy to his chambers to be paid. Once there, however, Murphy, instead of paying the existing debt, labored hard to borrow more—an attempt which the poet successfully resisted. Rogers afterward took as security an assignment of the whole of Murphy's works, (including his "Tacitus,") but found they had been previously disposed of to a bookseller. And in the "Table Talk" there is a note that Shelley called upon Rogers—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt, offering Rogers a bond for it. Rogers says, "having numerous claims upon me at that time, *I was obliged to refuse the loan.*"

It is reported of him that he once loved, at least, that, when a young man, he seduously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he thought he had seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said, "To-morrow I go to Worthing; are you coming there?" Some months afterward, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of many drawn toward a lady who was leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his old flame. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing!" Who shall say that the selfish cynic might not have been another man—a better and a far happier man—if he had gone to Worthing!

Moore, one of the few of his friends who really regarded Rogers, thus writes, in a letter to Lady Donegal:—"I felt as I always feel with him; that the fear of losing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it; and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehension of the thorns that are among them."

And, subsequently, Moore thus alludes to Rogers as a critic: "He only finds fault with every part in detail; and this, you know, is the style of his criticism of character." And Lady Donegal, in reply, speaks of his "sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life;" speaking, also, of his unfortunate "habit of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends."

There is an anecdote recorded by Lady Holland, in her memoirs of her father, Sydney Smith, that, perhaps, more than any other, illustrates the character of Rogers; it is this: "One day Rogers took Moore and my father home in a carriage from a breakfast, and insisted on showing them, by the way, Dryden's house, in some obscure street. It was very wet; the house looked much like other old houses; and, having thin shoes on, they both remonstrated, but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. 'Oh! you see why Rogers don't mind getting out,' exclaimed my father, laughing and leaning out of the carriage—'he has got goloshes on!'"

When Turner illustrated his poems, the artist was to have received fifty pounds apiece for the drawings. But Rogers objected to the price, which he had "miscalculated," and Turner agreed to take them all back, receiving five pounds each for the use of them. The banker did not foresee a time when the purchase would have been a very good speculation indeed. If he had, there is little doubt he would have paid for them. He made other bargains that were more remunerative: the famous "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds he purchased for two hundred and fifteen pounds five shillings.

The house in which he passed so many years of his life, from the year 1803 to its close—in St. James' Place—is still there; but it is not a shrine that any pilgrim will much care to visit. Few great men of the age have excited so little hero-worship; those who would have been mourners at his funeral preceded him to the tomb; he left none to honor or to cherish his memory. His house had been full of all luxuries, gathered by judicious expenditure of wealth, and by highly cultivated taste; they were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer after his death, and are the gems of a hundred collections. Yet the house will be always one of the memorable dwellings of London. "It was," I borrow the eloquent words of Mr. Hayward, "here that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel; that Wellington described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants;' that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, asked the host he then honored by his presence: 'Do you remember a workman who, at five shillings a day, came in at that door to receive your orders? I was the workman!' There had assembled Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Washington Irvington, Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and a host of other immortal men who gave renown to the nineteenth century.'"

No; the aged banker-poet who had lived so long, seen so much, been intimate with so many great men and women of the epoch, who had all his life held "in trust" a huge amount of wealth, with its weighty responsibilities, has not bequeathed to us a "memory" that may be either venerated or loved. From no "sort of men" did he gather "golden opinions;" his heart was in a perpetual solitude; he seemed continually to quail under the burden of a discontented and repining spirit, although God had been especially bountiful to him in all the good things of earth. He might have been a vast blessing to thousands; those who owed him aught that was not repaid may surely be counted by units. In all I have heard and read concerning him, and it is much—I cannot find evidence that he had, at any time, "learned the luxury of doing good."

He himself states that Madame de Staël once said to him:—"How very sorry I am for Campbell! His poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write." This was the answer of Rogers:—"I replied, 'Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours;'" and he adds, "I shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home [from his bank to his mansion,] I used to read and write during the evening;" moralizing thus:—"When literature is the sole business of life it becomes a drudgery; when we are able to resort to it only at certain times, it is a charming relaxation."

Ah! had he but known what it is to "sweat the brain" not only all day long, but far into midnight; to toil when the hand shakes and the head aches from over work—when the labor of to-day must earn the sustenance of to-morrow, and not always that; to work, work, work, and be sent by nature, hungry, to sleep that is not rest; to endure far worse than these physical sufferings—"the proud man's contumely," the consciousness of power while fetters gall and fret; heart-sick from hope deferred; a gleam of far-off glory that scorches the brow; the thousand ills that "unsettle the mind," so that the hand cannot write. Ay, authorship may be a "pleasant relaxation" when it is not a means by which men live; when, well or ill, sad or merry, in joy or in sorrow, prosperous or afflicted—no matter which—there is that to be done that must be done, and which may not be postponed because it is "a drudgery."

When Rogers uttered these words in protest against the generous sympathy of Madame de Staël, there were men starving in London streets whose minds were pregnant with even greater creations than the "Pleasures of Memory," or "Human Life," and who gave them to the world before they left it. Crabbe may, by that time, have found means to buy and pay for food and clothes; Campbell may have been on the eve of rescue from poverty by the pension he earned and gained; Southey may have had his home fireside cheered by a remittance from Murray; and Leigh Hunt may have stayed the cravings of angry creditors by aid of some sympathizing friend; but there were scores of great men obscurely hidden in mighty London whose struggles with penury would appal those whom pleasure, ease and affluence surround—enduring "all the sad varieties of woe," some of whom may have made their wants known, while others triumphantly averted the bitter end; though others were voluntary victims before their work was half done.

It might have been the glory of Samuel Rogers to have helped them out of the Slough of Despond.—*S. C. Hall, in Art Journal.*

* The bank, which very recently had become a "joint-stock" concern, failed in the panic of last year.

† Rogers, if we are to credit the "Table Talk," once said:—"What a noble-minded person Lord Lonsdale was! I have received from him hundreds of pounds for the relief of literary men."

The Clever Newport letter in another column should have been credited to the Boston *Post*, whose siftings and general correspondence are invariably the wittiest of any daily journal.

DOG-DAY-DOGGRELS.

Come, season of picnics and pleasure;
Come, summery sunshine that gleams;
Long days we can loll out at leisure,
Long nights that can die into dreams.
We are sick of the dusk and its dullness,
We are sighing for salt of the sea;
Of our hearts, we can cry, from the fullness,
Oh! let us be free!

Come! borage with blossoms that crop up,
Though cucumber's equally nice,
Our draughts of delirium to stop up
With insolent inches of ice.
Let oceans of Seltzer and cider,
And Moet and Roederer flow;
Come, darling! no cup is denied her—
But add Curaçoa.

Come, feminine croquet, and cricket
Invented for muscles and men;
Come, saunters and spoons in the thicket,
And freedom from "copy" and pen.
Come, daytimes for yachting and yawning,
And solitude wed to a skiff;
Come, hammocks with leaves for an awning,
Hot sun on a cliff.

Come pot-hats, and pewters, and flannels:
Come fishing, and flirting, and fun;
Come cosy canoes in sly channels
When all that there is can be done!
Come season of laughter and longing,
In which men and juveniles join;
Around you are energies thronging—
But where is the coin?

"London Fun" at Exeter Hall.

It must be near three years ago, just after we moved over into Kensington as is called South Lambeth, as Mrs. Chawdley, as lived oppersite, come in one Monday afternoon about three, and says, "Mrs. Brown, mum, may I ask a favor?" I says, "Mrs. Chawdley, mum, what is it, for my word's my bond, so will never promise what I don't perform!"

She says, "Would you mind a-takin' my Emmy for to see a play through bein' 'er birthday, and promised for to go, as would certainly 'ave took 'er myself but for the measles a-breakin' out." "Well," I says, "if she's got the measles, birthday or no birthday, she didn't ought to go, as is a great risk, through bein' liable for to check the eruption and prove fatal through a-turnin' in, as I've know'd 'appen myself, and only through a crack of the winder left open unawares."

"Oh," she says, "she ain't got 'em 'erself as 'ad 'em favorable two year ago, but 'er little brother, as I see were a-sickening Sunday night and I can't leave 'im, for the fever runs 'igh of a night and that fractious as he won't go near nobody but me, so I've just run in for to ask you if you'd mind a-takin' on 'er as won't give yer no trouble, and," she says, "you'll exense me, but in course 'er pa will pay all expenses."

As I didn't think much on that promise myself, for he's a deal too much bounce for me, I didn't like for to be ill-natured, though I can't a-bear plays myself, and Mrs. Chawdley showed me the tickets all right, as she said as 'er good gentleman 'ad took and paid for. So I give way through not a-carin' much about it, for of all the sp'ilt children as ever I did see them Chawdleys is the wust. If you seed the figger as they sent that child in to me with a clean muslin frock a-stickin' out all starch and flounces round 'er, with 'er air a mask of ile and a blue sash with a 'at as were all rosebuds, and a scarlet jacket as I wouldn't 'ave met a bull in was it ever so. She looked for all the world as though a-goin' to dance with the sweeps, and so I told 'er.

We 'ad a cup of tea and was off in good time, and sorry I am as I 'ad my merino on, for the 'eat was jest a-settin' in. I took my redicule with a few cakes in and bought a orange or two for the child, and 'ad a little drop of sperrits with me, as I don't ever consider as its safe to go out without, for you never can tell what may 'appen. We wasn't long a-gettin' of a 'bus, and of all the nuisances as ever I did know in a 'bus it was that gal, as smelt werry foul of 'er 'air ile, and worreted me for sugarstick, and then would keep a-suckin' on it and daubin' of it all over 'erself and everythink else, and if she didn't put a 'alf-sucked orange on the seat as a party a-comin' in all of a 'urry set down sudden on with a squash as made 'im swear frightful, and squirted it all over my gownd as the color is fled forever.

I don't think as we could 'ave been 'arf way there when if that child didn't turn sick, and I was obligated for to get out of the 'bus just agin the oblisk, and walk every step of the way to the theayter we was goin' to, as were the 'Delphy, and when we got there the gent at the door says: "Mum, this ticket is not for 'ere, but the next one as you'll come to on this side the way."

I was that 'ot and cross, and ready to die with thirst, so 'ad a glass of mild ale next door to that theayter, and give the gal a bottle of ginger beer, and walked on slow to the other theayter. We 'adn't got two steps 'ardly from where we 'ad the refreshments, when Emmy, she says, "Oh!" she says, "Why, the string as mother run through my musling frock's been and busted and the skirt's a-comin' off."

I looks round and sees a baker's shop as I took 'or into, and the good lady were very civil and 'elped me to set that skirt to rights, and I says to Emmy, "Now whatever you do don't fidget, or you'll be all to bits in a instant."

As we went along there was parties werry pressin' with their oranges and playbills as I didn't require none on, till we come to a place where parties was a-goin' in by crowds, and lots of children as was gettin' out of 'buses and wans, and there was men a-standin' about the door a-givin' away bills.

So I says to one party, "Please can you tell me is this the theayter as I'm a-goin' to?" He says, "It's a deal better than any theayter, partickler for a nice little gal like that."

"Well," I says, "if it's anything for children I should like 'er to see it; but will this ticket admit?" Law when I come to look for it in my glove it was gone. I says, "Whatever shall I do? as must 'ave left it in that baker's shop."

Says the party, werry civil, "Oh, never mind the ticket; we'll get you in without one." I says, "Thank you kindly," and in I goes, but the children kep' a-swarmin' in, rude in their ways, as I corrected them myself a-drivin' at any one like mad up a staircase.

When we got into the place, it were a fine large room, though lookin' dingy. I says, "Look at the orgin, Emmy," as says, "Bother the orgin; I 'ate a orgin."

I didn't say nothin', but kep' a-movin' on till we got right under a gallery as was the only seat, and the 'ottest place as ever I were in, and then children crowded together all in front, as didn't make the place none the fresher. As to settin' down in comfort I couldn't, and that poor child was pretty nigh stifled. She kep' on a-whimperin' and a-botherin' me, a-sayin', "I can't see," and "When's it a-goin' to begin?" I says, "My dear, there's a gent a-beginnin' to say something now as I can't make out." So I says to a sour-lookin' old thing as set next me, "Pray, whatever is it?" She only scowls, and says, "Ush." "Well," I says, "if that's your manners I pities you;" and I gets my bottle out of my rediecule, and took the werry least drop, for I was nearly stifled, and I give Emmy another orange, and says, "Would you like a cake better?" for she 'adn't took much with her tea. Afore she could answer me, a feller put his 'and on my shoulder and give me a shake as made my teeth chatter agin, and says, "If you outrages common decency like that I'll 'ave you out." I says, "Me outrage decency! you low-lived wagabone, it's you as is a-doing that, a-pullin' any one about like that. 'Ow dare you lay your nasty 'ands on me, you old toothless baboon?"

Parties all said "Shame." I says, "Shame, indeed, a insolent old blackguard. I only wish I could get at you; I'd pretty soon settle your 'ash."

Well, jest then there bust sich a yell as made me pretty nigh jump out of my skin, as was all them children a singin' at once. I says, "What a disgraceful noise for to make in a public place. Why, we shan't be able to 'ear nothink for them if they goes on like that." Just then Emmy says, "Oh! Mrs. Brown, I'm so bad." Oh! and if she 'adn't got 'old of my rediecule, as she let drop with the cork out of the bottle, and I felt my shoe a-fillin' with that liquor, and the child a-lookin' deadly pale.

I says, "Let me out; she's ill." "Yes," says the scur-faced field-male, "and no wonder. You ought to be downright ashamed of yourself to bring 'er up like that, as I see with 'er mouth to your bottle myself."

I 'adn't no time to say nothink, for they lifted Emmy out that tough as 'er skirt come right off, and a nice objec' she looked, as no doubt 'ad been at the bottle, for when we got into a little room where a party as looked after the bonnets come to 'elp us, I smelt the child of sperrits dreadful. I do think as I was over a 'our afore that gal was fit to be moved through bein' that bad; and as we was a-goin' out, a-alkin' along a passage, a solemn-lookin' man come up and says, "My good friend, I am sorry to see such a respectable-lookin' woman so far fo'get 'erself." "Oh," I says, "drop your preachin'; I wants to get this child 'ome."

"Ah," he says, "it's werry sad—and sich a' example—to come to a serious meetin' and be'ave that scandalous." I says, "What do you mean by sayin' as I acted scandalous?" "Why," says he, "interruptin' of the prayer."

I says, "Me interrupt the prayers? Why, I ain't been at no prayers." "Yes," says the old baboon as 'ad shook me a comin' up, "I see you, and would give you in charge now if it wasn't for this worthy gentleman as wishes to use gentle means."

"Now," I says, "I tell you what it is, yon've assaulted me, as I can prove, and I could punish you." "Ah," he says to the other party, "didn't I tell you what she was, a downright disgrace to the meetin'."

I says, "I didn't want none of your serious meetin's. I thought it was a theayter." "Ah," he groans, "I thought so."

I says, "You keep yourself to yourself, and don't come a talkin' to me." And I goes to the door, and says to a policeman, "Look out for a Waterloo 'bus for me," as said he would; but, bless you, three passed quite full; and while he was a waitin' I says to 'im, "Whatever place is this?" He says, "Exeter 'All."

I says, "It's a theayter, ain't it?" He says, "No, quite different;" and jest then up come a 'bus with two places, as took us to the "Elephant and Castle," where I was obliged to take a cab from, for that gal couldn't 'ardly crawl. And when I got 'er 'ome 'er mother did take on, a sayin' as I'd pisened I'd pisened 'er with my filthy sperrits.

I says, "She put 'er mouth to the bottle as 'adn't more than a glass in it unawares." She says, "It serves me right for a-trustin' my child, as is a young lady all over, to a vulgar old cook like you."

I says, "I adwise you to put your young lady under the pump, as is a disgustin' greedy little sp'ilt beast; and as to bein' a cook, I says I never was, nor yet my mother kep a apple stall, as was 'er own aunt, I've 'eard say." She says, "Better keep a apple stall than be a wile deceiver; why didn't you say 'onest, as you wanted to go to Exeter 'All, and not inwiggle my child."

I says, "Me want to go to Exeter 'All?" I says, "I never 'eard speak of the place. But," I says, "the next time as you sends your child out, dress 'er decent, and teach 'er not to be a 'og for greediness, and spile her own things and everybody else's," and out of the 'ouse I walked, and ain't spoke to Mrs. Chawdley since, as teaches that gal to make faces at me over the blind with her wile ingratitude, and two breadths of my merino that's sp'ilt, as I don't believe as ever I shall be able to match in this world."

Chris O'Conor is among Proprietors of Billiard Rooms what Charles O'Conor is among lawyers—at the head. He represents also a worthy and spirited Bar. We dare say the eloquent tones of Chris' billiard balls, as they roll and click and canon-ade, are as acceptable to parties concerned, witnesses, judges, and jurymen among amateur billiard-players, as the eloquence of the great Advocate O'Conor is within his peculiar province. How could it be otherwise? He has the experience of years, the taste of long cultivation, and the applause of millions at his back. Let skeptics visit his rooms, so cool for July, at Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, and taste his cheer and play on his tables, and become converts.

What poet is it who said, "A fellow Phelan makes us wondrous kind." He wrote and spelled it "feeling," but he meant "Phelan." The public are so kind to Patsey Fitzgerald, of the mammoth basement refreshment and billiard accommodations, corner of Barclay and Broadway, because he patronizes that good fellow Phelan in billiard tables, and has more of them (so gentlemen need not wait long) than any other down-towner. Besides his cues at cool lager, and cosy drinks, and amiable cigars, and summer lounging are unsurpassable. Down-towners prefer him to Central Park or Long Branch.

The Matthew T. Brennan Chowder Club went on their fourteenth annual excursion on Monday last, to Sheepshead Bay, L. I., and enjoyed quite a good time, after partaking of a first-class chowder, prepared by the veteran John R. Lyng, assisted by Richard Marshall and Tom the Boatman. The Club, in old-time style, drew the seine, pitched quoits, and after bathing, playing base ball, etc., took up stakes and arrived at home at 10 P. M. all in good order.

At E. D. Bassford's House Furnishing Bazaar, corner of Fourth and Third avenues and Astor place, will be found the very things which hot weather renders necessary to families, and even bachelors.

REPORTED SPECIALLY FOR THE LEADER.

Out-Door Sports.

BY G. A. P.

AQUATIC.

The Quinsigamond Regatta.

The annual rowing contest between the students of Harvard and Yale Colleges came off at Worcester, Mass, on the Lake Quinsigamond course, and resulted in Harvard's winning the University race, by far the most important, and Yale's winning the Freshman race. The Harvard crew in this race were a magnificent body of men, and their oarsmanship elicited, as it deserved, the highest praise from every one present who was competent to form an opinion on the subject; and we need not tell the reader that this number bore an exceedingly small proportion to the aggregate collection of spectators, not one in a hundred possessing any critical knowledge of boats or boating, oars or oarsmanship. The long three and four-column reports in our papers, apart from their anecdotes, dialogues and descriptive writing, are only suitable to befog the reader who is at all familiar with American oarsmanship. In some portions of these fanciful sketches an intelligent reader would have his doubts as to whether he was perusing a yacht race or a rowing match.

And then the constant reference to the "Oxford stroke" is unfortunate, as, although victorious, it was the poorest stroke that ever won a race in England. Cambridge, although defeated, had all the beauty, all the science and all the style of that day's contest. As it was, Oxford won by a scratch and in consequence of its being rough. If the water had been smooth, Oxford's high feathering and awkward recovery would have been beaten to a stand-still. The young men of this country have no necessity of copying an "imported" stroke, when they can take lessons from "homespun" oarsmen who are about as good as they make them. Why, all an amateur had to do on the 19th, at Quinsigamond, was to look at the rowing of Gil Ward, of Cornwall, and John McKiel, of Cold Spring, both of whom exhibited a winning stroke—one they could pull for two miles or five—and a good specimen of this country's professional style.

The following is a summary of the races:

Walter Brown opened the rowing of the afternoon in a single-scull race of three miles, against time. His boat, the "Fulton," is thirty-three feet long, thirteen inches wide, and weighs thirty-five pounds; built by Chas. B. Elliott. He rowed the distance in 23 minutes. Hamill, in his race with Ward on the Schuylkill, rowed three miles in 22:27.

A single-scull race came next. The distance to be rowed was two miles, for two prizes—the first, $100; the second, $50. The names of those who entered are J. Tyler, Jr., of Boston, in the "Unknown;" S. Holdridge, of Irvington, N.Y., in the "Ste. Roberts;" G. Ward, of Cornwall, N. Y., in the "Charles E. Loew," and J. McKiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y.

McKiel, Ward and Tyler reached the upper stake-boat close together, and in turning Ward was obliged to wait for Tyler, for fear of fouling, by which he lost considerable. As it was he rowed the "Loew" in fine style, and came over the score lapping the winner. McKiel, 15:54; Ward, 15:57; Tyler, 16:02; Holdridge's time not taken.

The Freshmen of Harvard and Yale now competed in a six-oared race, distance three miles. This race was won by Yale, after a close race for one half the distance, or to the upper stake-boat, after which the Yale crew gradually drew away from their rivals, coming home in nineteen minutes and thirty-eight seconds. Harvard's time twenty minutes and six seconds. The prize in this race was an elegant silver goblet for each of the winning crew. Denny Leary, the tip-top Gotham rower, and a good sample of New York's professional oarsmen, trained this crew, and, as the result proved, he "knowed how to do it." We offer him an old friend's congratulations upon his pupils' most creditable victory. The Yale boat was built by McKay, the Harvard by Elliott.

Now came the University race, carrying with it the championship. At a quarter past 5 P. M. they pulled into line, the Yale next to the judges' boat, manned as follows:

"Yale"—William A. Copp, stroke; Samuel Parry, W. H. Leo, James Coffin, W. H. Ferry, George A. Adee, bow. Colors, white and blue. Boat fifty feet long, twenty-two inches wide; built by McKay.

"Harvard"—A. P. Loring, stroke; W. H. Simmonds, T. S. Edmunds, R. C. Watson, W. W. Richards, G. W. Holdredge, bow. Colors, crimson and white. Boat fifty-one feet long, twenty inches wide; built by Elliott.

At the word, they got off well together, but the "Harvard" took the lead as soon as they were fairly under way, and left her competitor at every stroke. Ere they were halfway up the lake they had won a clear lead of more than two lengths, which they increased to four at the turn, after which the Harvards came home "alone," passing the judges' boat more than a distance ahead of their competitors, in the splendid time of 18:12½. Yale's time, 19:25½. Thus the Harvards bravely retained the champion colors, and won the six costly and elegant gold medals. In addition to taking "all the honors," they have shown themselves to be as fine a body of amateur oarsmen as ever sat in a boat. They have also made a glorious time record for themselves which will long be referred to with pride in the annals of amateur rowing. Judge for Harvard, William Blaikie, of Boston; Judge for Yale, E. D. Bissell, of Buffalo. Referee, Robert M. Clark, of Boston.

Six-oared Outrigger Race.

Some three weeks since the Atlantic Rowing Club of Hoboken challenged the Columbia Boat Club of New York to row them a three-mile race in six-oared boats. The challenge was promptly accepted, and by mutual agreement the trial will come off this afternoon, the contestants starting at 4 o'clock P. M., sharp, from a stake-boat moored off the Club House of the New York Yacht Club, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, and rowing one and a half miles up the Hudson and return.

The Columbias will row in their new boat "Columbia," with the following crew: H. R. Rough, stroke; T. Van Raden, Peter McIndoe, W. Sielken, J. Meredith, and J. Hutchison, bow; coxswain, Charles Tate. The Atlantics will row in the "Experiment," also a new boat, rowed by C. Roosevelt, stroke; T. S. Hamblin, W. Mertens, H. Beurmeyer, T. Sturgis, M. Arnold, bow; coxswain, D. Tuthill.

New York Yacht Club.

The annual pleasure cruise of the New York Yacht Club will commence on Thursday, August 1st, the squadron being ordered to rendezvous at Glen Cove, Long Island, at 4 o'clock P. M. As usual, the fleet will proceed to Newport and New Bedford, at one of which places a grand regatta will be sailed. It is also probable that a number of match-races will be sailed during the cruise; among them, one between the "Magic" and the "Widgeon," and perhaps a sweepstakes race or two, to keep up the yachting spirit. In addition to the vessels named below, some of the larger yachts of the Brooklyn and Philadelphia Clubs will accompany the squadron.

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Owners.
Phantom	William Douglas.
Restless	H. G. & G. H. Stebbins.
Josephine	T. H. Starr.
Maria	George L. Lorillard.
Palmer	R. R. Leger.
Idler	Thomas G. Durant.
Rambler	Francis Skiddy.
Alice	George W. Rudd.
Dauntless	James G. Bennett, Jr.
Fleur de Lis	John S. Dickinson.
Silvie	Edward Dodge.
Widgeon	Lloyd Phoenix.

SLOOPS.

Annie	Franklin Burgess.
Eva	G. H. Pentman & R. V. McKim
Evelyn	H. Stellewert
Natilus	A. A. Hoehlofer.
White Wing	Shepard Homans.
Gussie	Henry Steers.

Boston Yacht Club Regatta.

This club will start on its first annual cruise on Saturday next, August 3d, from Gloucester, the port of rendezvous. The fleet will visit the Isle of Shoals, Portland, Mount Desert, Belfast, and other places "way down East." At Portland a grand ball will be given in compliment to the club. The following vessels will comprise the squadron: Schooners "C. M. Ward," "Nettie," "Columbia," "Minnie," "Ranger," "Trifle," "Mercury" and "Electra;" and the sloops "Tartar," "Ella," "Viola" and "Crescent." The fleet will be under the command of Commodore Dexter H. Follett, of the schooner "Nettie."

Single-Scull Race off the Battery.

On Thursday afternoon John Connors and Robert Reach rowed a match race for a purse of $200. The course was from a stake-boat off the Battery, around Bedloe's Island and return, the distance being about five miles. Connors, who is an East River boatman, won the purse and race in 41:30. Reach is a Battery boatman; his time was 43 minutes. The race was witnessed by a large assemblage of spectators, many of whom indulged in speculation upon its result.

BASE BALL.

Mutual vs. Hudson River.

On Monday last, the Mutual Club of

THE TWO FRIENDS.

For twenty years, through sunshine, rain and snow,
I've seen a horse and rider come and go;
Pass with the first gray dawn of day
To meet the daily toil with spirits gay,
And when behind the western hills, the sun
Wrote on the tree-tops that the day was done,
As turns the vane at the weather's will,
Back came the horse and rider still.

The horse is not so fleet to-day,
And the rider's hair is tinged with gray,
Ring-bone and spavin, the former's guest,
And the chin of the latter droops down on his breast;
Both showing alike that the hand of Time
Is furrowing deep its uncouth line;
And I dream me back of years a score,
When first they passed by my homestead door.

There's an old hotel where two streets cross,
Round which tall trees their branches toss,
And the hands which trained them first to grow
Have passed from earth long time ago;
And over the door, the same old frame
Bears in gold another name,
And the steps which lead to the high front door
Are weak and creaky, and hollow wore.

In front of the house the old bay horse
Is prone to pause in his homeward course;
And the rider, as one whom a treasure has found,
Leaps off with a light and frolicsome bound;
And the horse stands steady, awaiting at will
His master's return, a craving to fill,
And he knows full well that his oft-borne load
Must faster be carried the rest of the road.

In that score of years so passed away,
No whip or spur was brought in play;
No roughened bit, his mouth to gall,
But kindness seemed to covet all;
And 'twixt the two a love beams strong,
Which grows in strength as years wear on.
Thus be it ever, ye mortal man,
Treat well the horse, for well you can.

Thomas Francis Meagher.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

The news of Meagher's sad and sudden death has caused the Irish heart to heave with anguish. It reached me while traveling from Chicago to Détroit, and threw me into a stupor from which I have not yet fully awaked. I read the telegraphic report a dozen times, each time plunging deeper into that disconsolate chasm of hopelessness out of which I vainly sought to grasp at a gleam of doubt to encourage a disbelief in the short but fateful message. This willful hoping against hope—the persuasive agony of affection which leads us to close our eyes so that our heart may not be dragged too suddenly through the tendrils which have grown about it—is painfully delusive and oppressive. Whirled along amid the shriek and clang and clamor of steam and wheel and rail-track, the nerves keeping pace with the plunging frenzy of the propelling power, it was a woful reversion to be forced to face the picture conjured up by the telegram. The dark night on the Missouri—the fatal fall—the yielding but resistless river, sweeping out a brave life-current into the eternal shades. Then the unwarned off-taking of the victim, the bewildering horror of those who could not aid him. Night, which had mercifully saved his life on the battle-field, was the powerful agent of death upon the river: adding still greater gloom to the weird mystery which accompanies it in any form and at any time. It was a vision of woe and sorrow, a vision which can never fade from the mind's eye.

I cannot hope to do justice to Meagher's splendid career in Ireland, his signal service to this Republic, his good deeds, his better nature, his genius, at this time. Neither can I hope to do justice to myself, or to that electric sympathy of boyish and frank affections which linked us for so many years in a mutually trustful and fraternal amity. Arriving home, encompassed by the sensations and mood I have hinted at, and barely in time to have this inadequate tribute put in type, I cannot faintly indicate that career, which is part of the history of the Old and New Worlds, much less give life to these lines by reviving the bright and bounteous qualities which made his best moods so lovingly attractive.

A deep and intimate knowledge of a subject is deemed the best reason for an ample and perfect treatment of it; but that very knowledge, its variety and extent, its innumerable details and crowding memories, I find to be a most serious obstacle in my way in this necessarily hasty memorial.

I shall, therefore, have to depend, in some degree, to thoughts and words written in calmer temper, and under the inspiration of feelings not excited by the harrowing circumstances which make this offering a sad and gloomy duty.

Two episodes in Meagher's life will make his name an inspiration to his race forever. The first, his connection with the Irish Confederation; the second, his leadership of the Irish Brigade in the late war. In the first he was the passionate advocate of the rights of his native land; in the second he was the dashing soldier fighting for the integrity of his adopted country. In the former he was accorded the title of "Meagher of the Sword." In the latter he deserved it. These crises were the great events of the era in which he lived. He was equal to both, and entered upon their respective duties with the unflinching fervor characteristic of him when thoroughly aroused.

Born in the City of Waterford, on the 3d of August, 1823, he was sent at an early age to Clongowes Wood College, and subsequently to Stonyhurst, a Jesuit establishment in Lancashire, England, some reminiscences of which he has left us in his peculiarly descriptive style. With a quick and retentive mind, full of fancy and vivacity, he was enabled to carry off honors from those who had labored with greater diligence, but with less natural capacity, to win them. In English composition and rhetoric he was above all competitors. Leaving Stonyhurst in 1843, fresh from converse with the poets, heroes and orators of Greece and Rome, with a rich brain and a richer heart, he flung himself into the national cause, around which so much enlightened enthusiasm circled at the time. He attended some of the great mass meetings convened by O'Connell, became interested in the affairs of his native city, occasionally made a few remarks, but was not notably before the public until after the death of Thomas Davis, which occurred in September, 1845. He delivered a brief eulogium on the noble heart that had given a new phase to Irish politics, and concluded with these words, which have an appropriate application to his own hopes, labors and memory: "He is no more—he is not here. His meteor genius has ceased to burn—his noble heart to beat. But there are thoughts of his generous sentiments, liberal views, enlightened principles which death could not strike down. These shall dwell among us; these will we treasure up as fond memories, as wakening spells. They will beckon us to the grave, bid us pluck a laurel from the nation's brow and place it on his tomb." From that occasion Meagher's name became a portion of Irish history, and synonymous with truth, courage and eloquence.

His nature, not less than his culture and elevated sense of the duties of patriotism, led Meagher into close association with the brilliant and able men designated as "Young Ireland;" and on the prospect of a coalition between the English Whigs and Repealers, hurled a thunderbolt into Conciliation Hall which mainly helped to precipitate the division which took place soon after between the O'Connellite party and Young Ireland. The Nationalists were pledged against English politicians alike, which fact will explain to this generation the point made by Meagher. "The suspicion is abroad," he said, "that the national cause will be sacrificed to Whig supremacy, and that the people, who are now striding on to freedom, will be purchased back into factious vassalage. The Whigs calculate upon your apostacy, the Conservatives predict it." After giving a satirical programme to those who would agitate for Whig ascendancy, he pictured to the alert Irish mind the onus resting on O'Connell, by adroitly asking if it was for such ends that they "gathered in thousands round the hill of Tara and hailed their leader upon the rath of Mullaghmast, as the Romans did Rienzi in the Palace of the Capitol." The intense enthusiasm with which this was received hurried on the separation of the "Old" and "Young" Ireland parties. In the debate on the "Peace Resolutions" introduced by O'Connell to cause the secession of those who would under any circumstances contemplate a recourse to arms to effect national ends, Meagher made the celebrated apostrophe to the sword from which he derived the title alluded to. This speech, more than any other delivered by Meagher, helped to make him famous. In lyrical grandeur and useful suggestiveness, it far surpasses the "Sword Song" which gives Koerner's name honorable distinction:

"The soldier is proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

"Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

"From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which He has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of a serpent, and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, bloomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

"Abhor the sword?—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

"Abhor the sword?—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible.

"Abhor the sword?—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt."

The "Young Ireland" leaders were pursued with unremitting villification by the other side, and violently condemned for daring to exercise the right to differ with O'Connell. Subsequently Meagher showed he had as much right to differ from O'Connell as O'Connell had to differ from old Henry Grattan; and sustained the parallel, if it needed support, by showing that O'Connell at the time was a young man who had done little or no service for his country, and that Henry Grattan at that time was venerable for his years and services. His gray hairs were circled with a crown of glory, and, as he sat in the Senate Hall of England, men gazed upon him with a noble pity; for in his weak, and pale, and shrivelled form, they beheld the shadow of that power by which, in 1782, the dead came forth and the sepulchre was filled with light, by which the province became a kingdom, and stirred by his rushing genius, rose from her bed in the ocean, and got nearer to the sun.

"And," he asked, "did the young O'Connell blast his prospects by his difference with the great Irish citizen? On this account did vulgar tongues—did poisoned pens—assail the daring Catholic? For this was he scoffed at as an infidel—hooted as a traitor to his country—outlawed as the murderer of her deliverer?"

O'Connell beheld with dismay the spirit evoked by Young Ireland. He could not crush it, and reluctantly acknowledged its power; but any hopes of a reunion were frustrated by the malignant spirit of John O'Connell, and in January, 1847, the Irish Confederation was formed. All the genius and enthusiasm of the country rallied round it.

As Grattan was the orator of the Volunteers, Meagher was the orator of the Confederates. He was, more completely than any other man, the living symbol and mouth-piece of that brilliant organization. The European revolutions, and especially the three days of Paris, which made a bonfire of the throne, by the light of which the republic was proclaimed, gave impetus to the Irish Nationalists. On the 21st of March, Mitchel, O'Brien and Meagher were arrested on a charge of sedition, and bailed the next day to appear on the first day of the approaching term of the Queen's Bench. This proceeding but awakened popular sympathy and fanned the kindling elements of true patriotism into a healthy flame. The Confederation addressed the French Republic, and Meagher was one of the deputies sent to present it. He returned to Ireland bearing a tri-colored flag to the Confederates. The events of that eventful year quickly followed. Mitchel was permitted to be taken, tried and banished. Journals were started by the patriots and demolished by the Government; the arrest of prominent club leaders and journalists was the order of the day, and Meagher, with O'Brien, Doheny, Dillon, Devin Reilly, O'Gorman and others, for whom large rewards were offered, took to the southern hills in the hope of raising the people. It was during these days that, looking for Meagher, I had the fortune to meet John O'Mahony. After evading the authorities for some time Meagher was arrested near Rathgannon on the 13th of August, 1848, and brought to trial on the 16th of October. His speech in the dock is a fine effort, without the characteristics of his passionate bursts, but possessing a purity and manly dignity in exquisite keeping with his intellectual character and the solemn occasion. He was sentenced to death, which was subsequently commuted to transportation for life.

Meagher at this time was just twenty-five years old, and had made a world-wide fame. Like Vergniaud, "his public life lasted only two years." Yet in that short period he made the world his audience; and it is no wonder, for, as Joseph Brennan beautifully said, "his bright musical thoughts circled round his fallen country as spring birds round a ruin."

In these two years he imbued national politics with a hearty fervor and force to which his generation was heretofore unaccustomed. He became the most popular of the patriots. He flung demagogism from the popular rostrum, and set up honesty and chivalry in its place. He made the tribune an altar of invocation and defiance, from being the confessional of servile petitions and the show-box of wordy acrobats. His speeches were criticised by the English press as those of no man of the day had been, alluding to which Mr. Henry Grattan said he was not surprised, for "they displayed the talent of Junius, the spirit of Burke and the courage of Flood and Burgh."

Meagher effected his escape from Van Diemen's Land, and landed in New York about the middle of 1852. I need not say how delighted Devin Reilly, Doheny, John B. Dillon, O'Gorman, P. J. Smyth, myself and others, who had "run the outlaw's bold career" with him, or for the same cause, were to see him. We were but the indices to the popular enthusiasm which greeted him. The City Council of New York welcomed him in a series of resolutions, to which he made a very beautiful reply, and which probably approached nearer in style his efforts in Ireland than anything delivered in this country. Meagher's reputation as an orator, and the great desire of Americans, as well as his exiled countrymen, to see one so early and wonderfully distinguished, combined to suggest a series of lectures as a means of pleasure and profit. Whenever he spoke crowds attended and applauded, and an easy success crowned his efforts. I doubt not this course militated against the practical application of his great talents in a more consecutively useful manner.

In 1853 his father visited him in America. In his banishment, Meagher had married (on the 22d February, 1851) Miss Catherine Bennett, the youngest daughter of a settler. When he effected his escape, arrangements were made for his wife to go to Ireland, when she was accompanied to New York by his father. It was a happy reunion, his father having opposed his views in Ireland. They all traveled for some time, visiting the Catskill Mountains, Niagara and other places; and, Meagher having made arrangements for a lecture tour in California, his wife and father returned to Ireland. Mrs. Meagher was to rejoin him on his return from the Golden State. But she died in Ireland, having given birth to a son. Subsequently Meagher studied law in the office of Judge Emmet, was admitted to the bar, but made only one notable appearance, in the case of Col. Fabens, of Nicaraguan renown. In 1856 he started the *Irish News*, in which appeared a series of papers—some of them exquisitely droll—entitled "Personal Recollections." After he yielded connection with the *Irish News*, he went to South America, and wrote an account of his adventures—illustrated by his fellow-*voyageur*, Ramon Paez—for *Harper's Magazine*.

It was not, however, until the war broke out that he seemed to have found a mission in America. He raised a Zouave company to follow and join Corcoran's Sixty-ninth Regiment. He arrived just at the period of the passage of the Potomac by the National troops. And with this movement commences a history in itself. The Sixty-ninth carried no secondary honors from the field of the first Bull Run. Meagher was conspicuous on it, and had a horse shot under him. He subsequently, as all are aware, raised and commanded the Irish Brigade. And it is not for me to dwell here on the brilliant record won by the command and commander, or to follow what is fresh in the minds of all. While in command of a post in Tennessee he met Governor Johnson, who took a deep interest in him. When Johnson became President he gave Meagher the position he held in Montana, believing, as we all fondly hoped, it to be a stepping-stone to the halls of the National Congress, where Meagher would have been in his natural element; for, unquestionably, an orator of the most brilliant order he was. Give him the motive for action, and his brain lacked not the vigor to carry out what agitated his heart.

He is gone at the early age of forty-four, having had a career sufficient in the hands of lesser genius to make several effective reputations. Schooled as he was in the romance of politics more than in its prosy and degenerating details, it is not to be wondered at that he had not the subtle obsequiousness and graceful patience which seem to be necessary "to get along" into the world's good will and deep pockets. Circumstances forced Meagher betimes into erroneous expressions and actions; but his instincts were those of a man of genius—towards the sun—above the earth, lofty, chivalric, generous. He had a delightful relish and zest for all that was beautiful in poetry, romance, natural scenery and heroism; with an elaborate appreciation of the lights and shadows of drollery, whether in the appearance, costume or acted idiosyncracies of people, or in their sentiments or modes of enunciation.

To those who might be inclined to balance the character or results of the life of a man like Meagher, let me remind them that he was the almost idolized, the spoiled child of a loving though irascible, a worshipping though pettish people, at a very early age; that his life seemed to end before it had properly begun; that the holy ambition, in following which he had become famous, presented no path to him; that he was thus placed on an eminence, and given a prominence the very escaping from which into some other, and, to him, naturally less appropriate position, presented to a proud spirit and a suspiciously vivacious mind the sense of a lost destiny.

Meagher married a second time, taking as his wife Miss Townsend, of New York—the lady who has been his good angel for more than eleven years. Her pride in his history—her devotion to the new and worthy mission he found—her appreciation of his talents, and sense of what was due them and what they would command, present fresh claims on the love of Irishmen for those who cheer and comfort their most illustrious representatives. In the terrible agony which has fallen upon her heart and life, the widow of Thomas Francis Meagher has and will have the deep and heartfelt sympathy and devout prayers of those true natures whose faith and purity, like angel wings, bear silent blessings with them.—*Irish People.*

FORDHAM, *July* 15.

A Newport Sunday.

BY GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

NEWPORT, *July* 21*st*, 1867.

"Delightful old place for a caterpillar of a book-worm to burst into a sea-gull!" I said to myself. "What age—for America! What repose! Why, here is the old mill where Eric the Red ground corn for Roger Williams! Bless me! is this the Redwood Library? Methinks now," I continued, "I could die here so pleasantly as not to know it!"

"Af ye plaze, Mister," said a voice, "wipe your fate afore ye come upon the piazza."

I found myself already at the King Pin House. There was a respectable scuffle directly for my carpet-bag. All the negroes that did not get it drew off cynically to hold me in rigorous remark.

"Party 'pears, Jeems," said one of these, elegantly holding a whisk broom, "to be shallow in the puss but young enough to shell."

In the great empty office, where the visitors were few enough to keep desk for the attaches, I stood in a moment, uneasily, in the presence of that impenetrable person, the hotel clerk. He shot me through the body with one lofty regard. Then he looked at a fly on the ceiling, and pushed me a pen while he whistled softly. I would have given away the art to write my name for one smile. There came to me a belief that away back in the past, in some Pythagorean stage, I must have owed this man money. Else why this flutter of my pulses, this consciousness of inequality, the mysterious magnetism of his quills, ringlets, and diamond pin! Oh, Providence, bury us not beside the hotel clerk! Death would be conscience anywhere near him. He takes no note of the name entered, wheels a key off the peg, and looks at the fly with one eye shut again. I take courage. Bed me in a cockloft! but I, too, will have a look at this remarkable fly. I find nothing remarkable about it. Perhaps a pen behind my ear might improve my view. So I took up a pen from the rack, and gravely followed with my own the eyes of this noble entomologist. Immediately three other visitors looked up. Five waiters with whisks turned their observations the same way. A terrier did the same and barked.

"What do you see, sir?" says one.

"I see a fly—the same that the clerk here was looking at two years ago. I thought I would wait till he found time to look at me."

Glorious Jove! I had the victory. There was positively a blush on that cold, imperial brow; then a flush of wrath.

"Go on, Sam, with the man's carpet bag," he said.

"Ha! ha! Boss, ye jiss got him dat time," said Sam; "dese clucks do put on airs. A gen'l'man's 'fraid to come to a hotel 'count of 'em, and den he's 'fraid to go 'way. Dey wants reconstruction! Le' me give you a nice brossin, sah?"

"No. I am wet all over; the broom will do no good."

"Yes, sah."

"You may go now."

"Yes, sah."

I looked out of the window five minutes; the negro remained yet. He wanted money for having shown me to a room. A great cowardice of this negro came upon me immediately. "Give him a quarter," said vanity. "It's wrong," said justice. "Get clear of him," said policy. "There's twenty like him to get cleared of," said experience.

"Go down stairs," said I. "I want to be alone."

"Yes, sah."

There he stood, on the balls of his feet, fully aware of my cowardly thoughts.

"Don' you want to buy one of dese plurotograffs o' de city?"

I made a gesture towards the umbrella. Samuel departed smilingly. It was a desolate, dreary place on this Saturday twilight. There is no misery like being a stranger of a rainy day at a fashionable watering place. Here, with no more solace than a dressing-case, in one room of a vast caravansary, I sat by the one gas-bracket and heard lonely feet like mine go up and down the halls, then the as lonely tooting up of fiddlers and trumpeters in the promenade hall below. If this be better than home, God make us homeless.

Down stairs I took the following inventory: Twenty-three black waiters; three white porters; seven noble clerks; four guests in the bar, guzzling against despair; eight musicians; a maiden lady and her mother, full of finery; three little girls; and one lame man promenading up and down the hall; four smokers on the front porch; rain on roof, oozing gravel paths, and great, slopping, over-filled ocean! This was Newport, the American Scheveningen!

At supper the man Sam came up, looking money all over his face, ringing money in his speech, morally picking my pocket while I ate. Did I want hot meat? Well, sah! jiss gib my name and he'd fotch it. You must pay extra, then, at Newport, for warm water over your *viande*. Waiters usually stand behind you; Sam stood before me, with his eyes in my plate, and his hand in his eyes, wide open for money. Great God! are we to have this sort of intimidation wherever we go for a sniff of the sea or a winkful of mountain! One Teutonic personage, profoundly happy all his life in the company of himself, was enjoying it with a toothpick, in addition to the former handful, beside the music when I went out; and two young lovers in the great *salon*, all alone, save observed by one avaricious-eyed feline waiter, seemed in that lofty, splenderous place, two mice fondling each other. I went down the piazza, dodged the hotel clerk, and happened in on my friend Pratt, at the Newport *Mercury*. He edits Ben Franklin's old paper, and I should judge, by his philosophic manners, that he observes all the proverbs that Ben ever made.

He said that there was nothing the matter with Newport but a little northeast shower. True, it had lasted well on to three days, and looked as if it might continue a week; but then Sunday was a day when it saved time by mining. Yes! Newport had rented more cottages by six than on this date of last year. If the hotels were empty nobody in town suffered; for hotel guests buy nothing in Newport but drinks. Newport had now a population of fifteen thousand—two thousand more than in winter—and if the tenants of her cottages were counted as citizens, she was now the richest city, by proposition, in the whole world. Ninety-five families at this moment rented cottages here; fifty families rented rooms, and one hundred and forty families owned cottages, villas and mansions. Paran Stevens, a hotel keeper, rented the most handsome place; there were as many as sixty yachts and sailboats in the harbor. The price of cottages for three months, furnished, fluttered between three hundred and five thousand dollars, yet to a citizen rent by the year was very moderate, and a small family could even hire a respectable house in town for $175 a year. Mr. Pratt gave me a list of all the folks in town. I had no sooner got it than I came across the name of my friend Everwell, whom I met in Europe. So, away through the rain I retraced my way past King Pin House, and pushing aside the rain-pelted shrubs that embowered the house of Everwell, saw, as I touched his bell, a gleam of summery, seaside home, that warmed me to the bone.

"Now," I thought, "this cottage life at Newport, said to be so refinedly exclusive, shall be 'open sesame.'"

There was a coal fire in the low grate, made of cannel, every stone equally red, and it toched with ruddy color a *moire antique* robe that floated down to the Persian rug, where the eyes of a Skye terrier lay shining in hair, like the light of a cigar in smoke-wreaths. The lady in the robe, that became her as if born to her, arose so that her face was revealed by the soft light of a porcelain shade, engraved in every panel with a glimpse of the Corniche Road, which looked in this room, telling its palmy story so, like a memory of Italy in a beautiful woman's breast, lighting equally and softly the whole mind, and just hinting benignity upon the features. For every element of this room was in harmony; a repose of lights, forms, themes, suggestions mellowed everywhere. The paper was of a velvetty gray, expressing rather than revealing a silver lining, like a cloud in which we know there is sun by the feeling it gives us. Curtains of flake and brown flowed from bronze cornices, modelled with a medallion head of a stag in the middle, and over the diverse chairs of oiled walnut and sandal wood, Arabic tidies drooped, with a dream in every dye. The carpet was a silvery Axminister, with a small design of *fleurs de lis*; a book-case carved with scrolls and heads of gentlest authors, half open, showed bindings uniform in Turkey skins; the pictures were, an autumn landscape, of our North, two delicious water colors like Birket Foster, of grass and cattle; the "Hemicycle" of Paul Delaroche on steel; a Madonna and a Christ, photographed, the one from Guido, the other from Zurbaran. A statuette of Francesco Ferruci, modeled from the original on the Lung Arno, stood upon a column of veined marble under a crochetted pinnacle of alabaster, faced across the room by a panel in bronze of Ghiberti's "Gate to Paradise," set on a curved tripod; and in the midst the lady stood, like a saint waiting for the Sunday bells of to-morrow. There was a tall young man behind her, with so respectable love interrupted, that I knew I had broken upon mother and son. The husband, my acquaintance, was expected by the night boat, due at daybreak; but his absence made no awkwardness. Into a scene like this, of a rainy night, one falls like sleep upon a face. I was at home directly, yet not familiarly, so gentle was the greeting that it implied a guest and a quiet welcome; further I dare not go, lest I be discovered by those who have not for three generations, through three generations rich, ever been named in a newspaper. But I felt a pleased thrill that it had been allowed me to see else of Newport than its artificial and greedy hotel life. We reviewed foreign memories, without argument, glowing mutually at times, but never loud, and the lesson of easy, accustomed republican wealth, not won in a day nor enjoyed in a fever and a gluttony, came home to my rebuke that have sometimes confounded American riches with parvenuism. A little child came in at one time, tranquil in manners as if a lady already, and, kneeling at her mother's feet, said the same prayer that every laborer's daughter employs, and left the sound of her kiss when she had gone to make the night purer.

We have fallen into the habit of speaking and writing of all rich people at the summer places as rival parvenus, burnt up with emulous profligacy, material in their joys, hollow in their courtesies. This is a denationalizing belief, begotten of our own gossip and envy. The mass of wealth is expressed at Newport—altogether the most refined watering-place in the Republic—by tasteful architectures, gracious homes and virtuous lives. There is no such place in Europe, and no people superior. Shoddy and dash try one summer here, and are either cured or take flight. There is no public gaming in the town; prize-fighters and faro-dealers avoid the city. Only one attempt was ever made to establish a house of ill-fame here, and in this wise:

Amant Allado, Esq., frisky, full of money, brought hither his *maitresse* and put her in a cottage to which he repaired, in the intervals of gunning, yachting, and outraging most of the Commandments. It was a small reproach to Newport, but there is little gossip here and a largeness of mind, so that the matter was tolerable because the parties were seldom together in public. But Allado got married at last, finding, as in all such cases, that what is secret is disquieting. His companion went off, provided for, and a year or two ago, returning, she set up a palace of wretchedness, and her boarders made themselves familiar upon the Avenue. The police quietly broke up the establishment. Then she demanded the right to keep a boarding-house, but this was soon found to be a *bordé* in disguise, and then the woman, was formally cited to give bonds and come to trial. She went boldly to Amant's house, where he dwelt disturbedly with his wife, and asked him to be her bondsman under threat.

"I don't know you?" he said, after the prescribed way of the world.

So the poor, bold, sin-shamed cast-away left Newport, it is to be hoped forever. They let her depart without more rebuke or punishment.

On Sunday I went to Trinity Church, the place of worship of the wealthy cottagers. There were superb landeaus, coupes and glass coaches at the door, horses sleek as if bred by Neptune, who had come to church in his chariot. The music of chants and airs was tender and beautiful. It may be that rich people get to heaven through the eye of a needle, but they have a perfect triumphal gate of it here, and the taste of the church and its services was almost religion.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.—Ripe fruit is the medicine of nature. Nothing could be more wholesome for man or child; and although green fruit is, of course, almost as fatal as so much poison, the ripe is fully as thorough a health restorative and health preserver. Strawberries are a favorite with all classes, and constitute a popular luxury. But who can compute the amount of general health promoted by this relish for strawberries? Who can imagine how many pills that relish throws out of the market? or, in other words, to what extent these pills prepared by Mother Nature, and sugar-coated, as it were, to render them more palatable, crowd out of use those prepared by the chemist and the apothecary. Who can tell the number of disordered livers, deranged stomachs, and afflicted digestive apparatus generally, the grateful acid of that delicious fruit gradually restores to a sound condition, mocking at all the skill of the ablest physician, vindicating the simple laws of Hygeia by their radical action, and teaching us how often a panacea for some of the most painful of human maladies lies directly at our feet, and is contemned because it is so unassuming? After strawberries, we do homage especially to peaches and apples. They are the kind of drugs that cost comparatively little and do comparatively much, when the patient is not too far gone for the use of such pleasant medicaments. We knew a person once who, believing himself in a decline, and having been completely worn out in patience by the experiments of his doctors, determined to eat from four to six ripe apples every day, and note the result. In three months he was well! We know of another who, without being afflicted with any particular disorder, was never in good health, and for twenty-five years could scarcely be said to enjoy a single week's exemption from suffering. He then commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and for the next twenty-five years never had a single day's illness. Such remedies are simple enough!

BEAUTIFUL FACES AND "LOVE."—The author of "Leah, the Forsaken," forever bound to him that large army of girls whose beauty, to use a homely expression, "will never set the North River on fire," when he put into the mouth of Rudolf, the lover, a justification of his affection: "No man loves a woman because she is the most beautiful in the world, *but because she is the most beautiful to him!*" A plain, or even an ugly woman, if she cannot make herself handsome, can always make herself desirable to some one, and being thus desirable, she is more beautiful to him than all the other women within his knowledge. This is what is meant by the saying that "a girl is seldom unmarried save through her own fault." Edmund Yates says: "Every woman gets many chances if she but knew them; not every woman, however, will recognize the lover whose infatuation is sufficiently profound and desperate to bring him to the point. Unreasoning admirers, if ladies but knew it—admirers who are caught with eyes, or 'tangled in Neæra's golden hair,' make as good husbands as the most sensible and speculating of admirers. A man who has plunged hopelessly into a sentimental attachment, accepts the situation after a while with a steady and enduring pertinacity, if only fairly encouraged; and nothing will bring him more swiftly or more assuredly to this state than the sight of a type and manner of face on which some subtle emotion is stirred within him whenever he sees it."

This is all true. Men will cling to their ideal of a woman's face years after the woman, through age or familiarity, has negatived every expectation to which it gave a prompting. And a man will watch as patiently and as perseveringly sometimes for the due sentiment to reappear upon the surface, and play upon it as in the past, as the angler watches the trout stream on which his flies float. This is what makes matrimony always young, and constancy always endurable to the good and the strong. Girls, cultivate the expressions!—*Sun Gossip.*

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily, who plays her elfish form at the piano and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her!" as the fairy form departs. But there is an angel following in her footsteps, who is not visible to us, but who is anxious to bear our darling from us, and in the mind's eye its white shadow flits between us and the darling of our hearth.

ADVERSITY.—The chief misery of a sudden misfortune is not the first blow, but the subsequent discoveries of the different ways in which it affects us, of the various prospects which are blasted, and of the multifarious points where we are crushed. An unexpected piece of good fortune brings also after it a train of delightful surprises. Prosperity has been called the "touch-stone of greatness." Adversity, from our childhood, we are taught to expect, and lessons of endurance, fortitude, and consolation are poured upon us in a thousand forms, and at almost every stage of our existence.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY has remarked that it is hard to forgive one who adheres to the views which were yours, and which you have changed; one who has proved right in the warning and advice he gave you, and which you rejected; one who is preferred to you by the woman you are in love with, or has carried off some other prize from you; especially if he has attained with little or no exertion what you have been striving hard for without success; one who has succeeded in some enterprise when you predicted failure.

THE man who laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

TRUTH, which is eternally the same, has nothing to fear from the operation of conflicting opinions. She lies upon her quiet bed, at the bottom of the sea, while the surface of the element that forms her gentle covering has, perchance, been agitated by many a naval conflict.

ANGER wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.

IF you would have your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all around you will feel so.

MANY who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

HE who has an inordinate admiration for antiquity must have more taste for wrinkles than dimples.

MORE epitaphs are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the memories of the dead.

INDEPENDENCE without wealth is very common, and wealth without independence is probably even more so.

LET another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a seamark to thy passion.

MEN are generally like wagons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

MANY dread being ill who are very willing their lives should be so.

HE who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

THOSE who boast of plain speaking generally like it only in themselves.

LET the young man who blushes take courage, for it is the color of virtue.

IN friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our ignorance than in our knowledge.

THE more a man has of mischievous or worthless knowledge, the more ill-formed he is.

A SIMPLE flower may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life.

Memory.

Memory is of various kinds. There is a specialty in the things remembered by peculiar minds which is very remarkable, and strongly tends to bear out the views of the phrenologists as to the special faculties of the mind. For instance, one man will vividly remember forms and colors, but have no memory for words. Another remembers words but not ideas, and is altogether oblivious of forms of scenery or persons. A third remembers ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. A fourth has a strong memory for combinations of sounds, but not of words, ideas or colors. A fifth remembers places—and so on.

Michael Angelo had an extraordinary memory of the forms of objects—so much so, that when he had once seen a thing, he could at any time recall it to memory so as to draw it correctly. In the multitude of figures which you find produced in his works, no two are alike. When a youth, he was already distinguished for this extraordinary memory of forms and figures; and, on one occasion, when some artist, at a friendly supper, had laid a wager as to which of them could produce most faithfully from memory a copy of some grotesque caricature which they had seen upon the walls, Michael Angelo, at once reproduced it, as accurately as if it had been placed before his eyes—a feat of all the greater difficulty to him, as he was accustomed only to draw figures of perfect form and grandeur.

The late Mr. Turner, the great painter, had an equally remarkable memory for the details of places. In sketching, he would only take a rough outline on the spot, and, months after, paint a picture from the sketch, filling up the miniature *pit* details with the most marvelous fidelity. Cyrus Redding says of him that "his observation of nature was so accurate, and he was so capable of reading its details and bearing them in memory, that it seemed a mental gift belonging to himself alone."

Mozart had an equally prodigious memory of musical sounds. At the early age of fourteen he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of the Holy Week. Scarcely had he arrived there, ere he ran to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. It had been forbidden to take or to give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of this prohibition, the young German placed himself in a corner, and gave the most scrupulous attention to the music. On leaving the church, he noted down the entire piece. The Friday after, he heard it a second time, and followed the music with his copy in hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord—a performance which caused so great a sensation at Rome that Pope Clement XIV. immediately requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

But the most extraordinary instances of memory are found in the history of learned men and authors. Bacon held memory to be the grand source of meditation and thought. Buffon was of opinion that the human mind could create nothing, but merely reproduce from experience and reflection; that knowledge only, which the memory retained, was the germ of all mental products. Chateaubriand avorred that the great writers have only put their own history in their works—that the greatest productions of genius are composed but of memories; and Lamartine, in one of his beautiful verses, has said that "Man is a fallen god, who carries about with him memories of heaven." Rousseau, although altogether without memory of words—so void of it that he would forget the terms of a sentence which he had elaborated in his mind while committing it to the paper—Rousseau has said, "My mind exists only in my recollections."

The most extraordinary instances of memory are those furnished by the ages which preceded the art of printing. Memory was then cultivated much more than it is now; for we moderns can treasure up thoughts in books, and recur to them in the printed form, without the necessity of carrying them about with us in our memory. A book is an artificial memory. It is a storehouse of treasured ex-

periences and memories. But it was not so formerly. Learned men then carried about with them, in their heads, whole treatises, cyclopædias, and dictionaries. Themistocles had a memory so extraordinary that he never forgot what he had once seen or heard. Seneca could repeat two thousand proper names in the order in which they had been told him, without a mistake: and not only so, but he could recite two hundred verses read to him for the first time by as many different persons. Bottigella knew by heart whole books, verbatim. Mirandola used to commit the contents of a book to memory after reading it thrice; and could then not only repeat the words forward, but backward. Thomas Cranwell, in three months, committed to memory, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible, as made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart, and could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word, when an old man; the King of England called him a walking dictionary. Paschal knew the whole Bible by heart, and could at any moment cite chapter and verse of any part of it; his memory was so sure, that he often said he had not forgotten anything he wished to remember. Besides knowing the Bible by heart, Bossuet knew, verbatim, all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works. Buffon knew all his own works by heart. Samuel Johnson had an extraordinary memory, and retained with astonishing accuracy anything that he had once read, no matter with what rapidity. The Abbe Poulle carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head. Chancellor D'Agresseau could repeat correctly what he had only once read. Byron knew by heart nearly all the verses he ever read, together with the criticisms upon them. A little before his death, he feared that his memory was going; and, by way of proof, he proceeded to repeat a number of Latin verses, with the English translations of them, which he had not once called to memory since leaving college; and he succeeded in repeating the whole, with the exception of one word, the last of one of the hexameters.

Cuvier's memory was very extraordinary. He retained the names of all plants, animals, fishes, birds and reptiles; classified under all the systems of natural science of all ages; but he also remembered, in all their details, the things that had been written about them in books, in all times. His memory was a vast mirror of human knowledge, embracing at once the grandest and minutest, the sublimest and pettiest facts connected with all subjects in natural science. These he could recall at any time, without any effort; and, however cursorily he had perused any book on the subject, he at once carried away all that had been said, in his memory. His minute knowledge on all other subjects was immense. For instance, once, in the course of a conversation, he gave a long genealogy of the minute branches of one of the most obscure princes of Germany, whose name had been mentioned, and given rise to some controversy; and he went on to mention all the arrondissements, cantons, towns and villages in France, which bore the same name. In his diary he wrote, when dying: "Three important works to publish; the materials all ready, prepared in my head; it only remains to write them down." Cuvier's was, perhaps, the most wonderful memory of his age.

As we have before said, the kinds of memory are various in different persons. One has a memory for dates, figures and times; another of proper names; another of words independent of ideas; while another remembers the ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. There is also a memory for anecdotes, puns and *bon mots*; and a memory of conversations, maxims, opinions and lectures. Very different from these is the special memory for sounds in music; for colors in nature and in art; for forms of sculpture or landscape. There is a memory of the heart, of the soul, of the reason, of the sense. Some remember systems; others, voyages and travels; others, calculations and problems; in short, the kinds of memory are almost innumerable—and what is curious is, that excellence in more than one of them is rarely found in the same person. All men, however, have a store of memories of some kind; and it is worthy of remark that these memories are always in harmony with the feelings and sentiments of the person. Thus, when we speak of the memory of a man, we say: "He knows it by heart." Montaigne has even said, "Knowledge is nothing but sentiment."

Honor, then, to this powerful gift of memory, which, if not the greatest of the human faculties, is at least the nurse of all of them. It is given, like other gifts, as a field for man to cultivate and store up with useful ideas, facts and sentiments, for future uses. For the human mind can create nothing; it only reproduces what experience and meditation have brought to light. Memory is the prime source of thinking. A man writes a book. What does it consist of but his recollections and experiences? If he writes what is called an "original book," you will find that he has drawn it from the storehouse of his own experiences. The writer has but painted his own heart in it. In fact, the best part of genius is constituted of recollections. The ancients called Memory the mother of the Nine Muses; and perhaps this is the finest eulogium that could be pronounced upon the astonishing gift.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

BOARD OF COUNCILMEN—STATED SESSION.

MONDAY, July 15, 1867—2 P. M.

The Board met, pursuant to adjournment, in their Chamber, No. 16 City Hall.

Present—James Brinkman, Esq., President, in the chair, and the following members:

Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Flynn, Stacom, Long, Lamb, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gilbney, Daly, Hartman, Kenny, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Henry Murray, Thomas, Stephen Roberts, Hart and Cregier—19.

The minutes of meeting held July 11th were read and approved.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Councilman McVeany—

Resolved, That Matthew Calstons be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the City and County of New York, in place of Jacob Seebacher, whose term has expired.

Which was referred to the Committee on Salaries and Offices.

By Councilman Hart—

Resolved, That 133d street, from Fourth to Sixth avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutters set, and flagged a space four feet wide through the centre, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That lamp-posts be set and lamps lighted in 118th street, between Third and Fourth avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Stacom—

Resolved, That the Joint Committee on Accounts of the respective branches of the Common Council be instructed to examine and investigate the assessment list incurred for the proposed widening and extension of Church street, and that they have full power to send for persons and papers, and report the result to the Common Council for their action.

Which was lost by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Flynn, Stacom, Lamb, McVeany, Daly, Webber, Henry Murray, Hart, and Cregier—11.

Negative—Councilmen Long, Culkin, Terhune, Gibney, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, and Stephen Roberts—12.

Councilman Stacom moved that such vote be reconsidered.

The question being taken thereon—

The President decided the same to be lost.

Councilman Flynn appealed from such decision of the Chair.

The President put the question, "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the Board?"

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen Reilly, Culkin, Terhune, Gibney, Hartman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts, Hart and Cregier—13.

Negative—Councilmen O'Brien, Flynn, Stacom, Long, Lamb, McVeany, Daly, Henry Murray and Cregier—9.

By the same—

Resolved, That the Harlem Gaslight Company be directed to set lamp-posts and light them, in One Hundred and Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Hart—

Resolved, That One Hundred and Thirty-third street, between Fourth and Sixth avenues, be regulated and graded, curbed and guttered, and sidewalk flagged a space four feet wide through the centre, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

INVITATION.

An invitation was received from the "M. T. Brennan Chowder Club" to attend their Fourteenth Annual Excursion, at Sheepshead Bay, on Monday, the 22d instant.

Which was accepted.

COMMUNICATION.

A communication was received from the Street Commissioner, transmitting apportionment of assessment in the matter of paving Third avenue from 109th to 129th street.

Which was laid over.

REPORTS.

The Committee on Streets presented a report in favor of regulating and grading Sixty-seventh street, from First to Third avenue.

Which was laid over.

The Committee on Public Health presented a report in favor of fencing vacant lots in Fifty-seventh street, between First and Second avenues.

Which was laid over.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid opposite No. 49 Whitehall street, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Councilman Flynn moved that said paper be placed on file.

Which was carried.

Resolved, That a committee of five members of each Board of the Common Council be appointed for the purpose of getting up a Regatta on the 4th day of July, 1867, and that the sum of one thousand dollars ($1,000) be and is hereby appropriated, to be divided and set apart for prizes as the committee deem proper; and be it further

Resolved, That the following members be constituted the committee on the part of this Board, viz:

Councilmen Flynn, Culkin, Stephen Roberts, Gilmore and Reilly.

Councilman Flynn then moved that the said paper be placed on file.

Which was carried.

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue, be flagged and reflagged on both sides a space eight feet wide, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Councilman O'Brien moved that said resolution and ordinance be amended by adding thereto after the word "wide," the words "where not already done."

Which was carried.

The same was then adopted as amended by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Flynn, Stacom, Long, Lamb, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Henry Murray, Stephen Roberts, Hart, and Cregier—23.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the south side of Fifty-seventh street, between First and Second avenues, be flagged eight feet wide, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Flynn, Stacom, Long, Lamb, Culkin, Daly, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Henry Murray, Stephen Roberts, and Cregier—21.

Resolved, That the curb and gutter-stones be set and the sidewalks flagged in Twenty-fourth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, under the direction of the Street Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Councilman Stacom moved that said resolution and ordinance be amended by striking therefrom the words "between Tenth and Eleventh avenues," and inserting in lieu thereof the words "from river to river, where not already done."

Which was carried.

And the same was then laid over.

Resolved, That the vacant lots in One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Seventeenth streets, between Avenue A and the East River, be fenced in, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Long, Lamb, Culkin, McVeany, Gibney, Daly, Hartman, Brinkman, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts, Hart and Cregier—19.

Negative—Councilmen Flynn, Stacom, Terhune and Kenney—4.

Resolved, That the curb and gutter-stones in Macdougal street (west side), be reset, between Prince and Houston streets, where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and an ordinance be adopted.

Councilman Hartman moved that said resolution and ordinance be amended by striking therefrom the word "necessary," and inserting in lieu thereof the words "not already done."

Which was carried by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen Long, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Daly, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts and Hart—16.

Negative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Flynn, Stacom, Lamb, Henry Murray, and Hart—7.

Councilman McVeany moved that such vote be reconsidered.

Which was lost.

Councilman Stacom moved that the paper pending be referred to the Committee on Streets:

Which was lost by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Reilly, Stacom, Flynn, Lamb, and Henry Murray—6.

Negative—Councilmen Long, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Daly, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts, Hart and Cregier—17.

Councilman Hartman moved that the resolution, as amended, be adopted.

Councilman Stacom moved that said paper be referred to the Committee on Belgian Pavement.

Which was lost.

Councilman Stacom moved that said paper be referred to the Committee on Sewers.

Which was lost by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen Flynn, Reilly, Stacom, Lamb, and Henry Murray—5.

Negative—Councilmen O'Brien, Long, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Daly, Hartman, Brinkman, Kenney, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts, Hart and Cregier—18.

Councilman Stacom moved that the Board do now adjourn.

Which was lost by the following vote:

Affirmative—Councilmen O'Brien, Flynn, Stacom, Lamb, Kenney, Henry Murray and Cregier—7.

Negative—Councilmen Reilly, Long, Culkin, McVeany, Terhune, Gibney, Daly, Hartman, Brinkman, Gilmore, Webber, Thomas Murray, Turner, Thomas, Stephen Roberts and Hart—16.

Councilman Turner moved that when the Board adjourns the adjournment be till the first Monday in September next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Councilman Stacom moved, as an amendment, that the Board do now adjourn till the first Monday in September next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The President put the question on the said amendment, and announced the same to be carried; but afterwards withdrew said decision.

Thereupon,

Councilman Turner accepted said amendment.

Subsequent to debate,

Councilman Turner desired to withdraw his motion.

Objection being made,

The President put the question whether the Board would permit Councilman Turner to withdraw his motion.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Councilman Turner then withdrew the motion relative to adjournment.

Councilman Stacom thereupon moved that the paper pending (G. O. 434) be laid over.

Which was carried.

RESOLUTIONS RESUMED.

By Councilman Stacom—

Whereas, The unwelcome and unexpected intelligence has been announced throughout the land that General Thomas Francis Meagher, the Secretary and Acting Governor of Montana Territory, one of the most gifted of our adopted countrymen, has in his prime and usefulness been suddenly removed by the relentless hand of the destroyer; and, acknowledging him as the exponent of the principles of liberty, his sincere and unselfish devotion to his native land, his noble and untiring struggle in her behalf, the dangers he had passed on the soil of Ireland, no less than those he bravely faced so disinterestedly for the cause of his adopted country, meeting their just rewards only upon the eve of an eventful life, mark the man of genius, generous heroism and the lover of humanity. With sorrow has the great chord of all hearts been touched, and it must vibrate so long as there lives a devotee of liberty, a friend of the oppressed, or an admirer of the noblest work of God. Of his unexpected and untimely end it may well be said, "Death meets us everywhere, in every portion of our time, in all the varied walks of life;" and

Whereas, It is meet that this great city should recognize and express the general feeling of its citizens in the loss of one who formerly ornamented and graced its legal profession, its press and its society, and who led its sons to battle for the integrity of the Union; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Common Council, as the representatives of the people, humbly bow to the will of Providence, acknowledging the loss and general gloom occasioned by the accidental death of General Thomas Francis Meagher, Acting Governor of Montana.

Resolved, That a Committee of five, of each branch of the Common Council, be appointed to endeavor to recover and bring to the city the remains of the deceased, in order that appropriate honors and respect may be paid to the noble dead; and, further, that the Committee be empowered to confer with the Mayor and Comptroller in regard to the necessary appropriation to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed and attested, be transmitted to the sorrowing wife of the deceased, with whom, and in common with the relatives, this city mourns.

The President put the question on the adoption of the preamble and first resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

And the same was directed to be sent to the Board of Aldermen for concurrence this evening.

The remaining resolutions were then laid over.

Councilman Flynn moved that as a further mark of respect to the memory of deceased, the Board do now adjourn till Monday, the 22d instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Which was carried.

Whereupon the President declared that the Board stood adjourned to Monday, the 22d instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOHN E. GREENE, Clerk.

VETO OF THE HARLEM RAILROAD DUMMY RESOLUTION.

The Board met at two o'clock this afternoon, Mr. Councilman Brinkman in the Chair. Only twelve members of the Board were present. Owing to a working majority of the members of the Board not being present, several matters of considerable importance were laid over.

VETO BY THE MAYOR.

The following veto was received from his Honor, Mayor Hoffman:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK, *July* 20, 1867.

To the Honorable the Board of Councilmen:

GENTLEMEN: I return without approval a resolution which was adopted by your Honorable Body on the eleventh day of July, 1867, and concurred in by the Honorable the Board of Aldermen on the fifteenth day of the same month, granting permission to the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, during the continuance of their charter, to use Dummy Engines to draw their cars between their several passenger and freight stations in the City of New York, and to lay down such curves, switches and turn-outs along the route at the several passenger and freight depots as may be necessary for the convenient transaction of their business.

When a similar resolution applicable to the Hudson River Railroad Company was before me, I gave it my approval, after some hesitation, for the following among other reasons, viz.: The Hudson River Railroad Company had long enjoyed the privilege without any serious objection or opposition, and the resolution in effect merely gave them the right to continue it.

Again, the route of the Hudson River Railroad, in the city, passed almost entirely through a district devoted to shipping and freighting business, or business having interests directly connected therewith.

A considerable portion of it ran along the river near to wharves and piers, where steam vessels, used for convenience of freight and passengers, were constantly arriving, and the use of a steam "dummy engine" on such a route, while it greatly increased the facilities of transportation and cheapened the cost thereof, did not increase personal risk, did not affect unfavorably the value of property, and added but little if any to the inconvenience of those who did business on the route.

Upon such a route and under such circumstances, the public interests demanded that every possible facility should be granted for the speedy and cheap transportation of passengers and freight to the lower part of the city, even though some interests might be affected unfavorably, and some inconvenience and annoyance be occasioned thereby.

But in regard to the Harlem Railroad the case is entirely different.

The resolution in question does not (as seems to be generally supposed) give merely the right to use steam dummy engines down to the depot, at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue, but to all Freight Depots—the lowest one at present being the corner of Centre and White streets.

The route of the Harlem Road which is covered by this resolution, may be said to be almost through the heart of the city, and through a densely populated and greatly travelled district.

It does not pass through streets devoted merely to freighting business and business connected therewith; but it does pass through and near streets occupied for the most part for the purposes of private residences, and for stores and shops of various kinds. The use of steam dummy engines (without restriction as to the time and manner of use) upon the Fourth avenue, Bowery, Grand, Broome, and Centre streets, would, in the opinion of property owners, seriously affect the value of property. It would also increase the risks of personal safety and be attended with great public inconvenience without any corresponding public benefit.

While, therefore, I acknowledge that the interests of this city and of all its people demand that an enlarged and liberal policy should be pursued with reference to Railroads, which contribute so much to its material prosperity, and that all reasonable privileges should be granted to them, I am compelled, for the reasons I have stated, to withhold my approval from the resolution.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor.

The veto was laid on the table.

After some further routine business, the Board adjourned until Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN—STATED SESSION.

JULY 18, 1867.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Aldermen Moore, Coman, McBrien, Ward, White, Cushman, Reilly, Hardy, Loew, Coulter, Varnum and McQuade.

The President being absent at roll-call, on motion of Alderman Ward, Alderman Loew was called to the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

PETITION.

By Alderman Cushman—

Remonstrance of William B. Astor against paving Thirty-third street with Nicolson pavement.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the Committee on Roads be and are hereby authorized and directed to inquire into the propriety of macadamizing the carriage-way of the Fifth avenue, from Fifty-ninth to 110th street, and report the result of their inquiries to this Board as soon as practicable.

Which was adopted.

By Alderman Norton—

Resolved, That permission be given to the Second Avenue Railroad Company to extend their tracks in Sixty-third street, from First to Third avenue, such permission to continue only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

By Alderman Ward—

Resolved, That the crosswalks from the northeast to the southeast, and from the southeast to the southwest corner of Greenwich and Morton streets, be relaid under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance be adopted.

Which was referred to Committee on Streets.

By Alderman McQuade—

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby requested to ascertain and report to this Board at his earliest convenience, by what authority the grade of the Third avenue is being changed or altered between 129th street and the Harlem River.

Which was adopted.

By Alderman White—

Resolved, That West Eleventh street, from Sixth to Seventh avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was referred to the Committee on Belgian Pavement.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That the vacant lots between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets, from Broadway to Ninth avenue, be filled in immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

By Alderman Hardy—

Resolved, That Forty-second street, from Third to Fifth avenue, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, one-half of the expense to be paid by the property owners, the remainder by the city, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

By Alderman Hardy—

Resolved, That the sidewalk of Forty-second street, from Third to Fifth avenue, be flagged full width, where not already done, and curb and gutter-stones be reset where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

PAPERS FROM BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolution of Board of Aldermen as follows:

Resolved, That this Common Council, as the representatives of the people, humbly bow to the will of Providence, acknowledging the loss and general gloom occasioned by the accidental death of General Thomas Francis Meagher, Acting Governor of Montana.

Resolved, That a Committee of five, of each branch of the Common Council, be appointed to endeavor to recover and bring to the city the remains of the deceased, in order that appropriate honors and respect may be paid to the noble dead; and, further, that the Committee be empowered to confer with the Mayor and Comptroller in regard to the necessary appropriation to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed and attested, be transmitted to the sorrowing wife of the deceased, with whom, and in common with the relatives, this city mourns.

The President put the question on the adoption of the preamble and first resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

And the same was directed to be sent to the Board of Aldermen for concurrence this evening.

The remaining resolutions were then laid over.

Councilman Flynn moved that as a further mark of respect to the memory of deceased, the Board do now adjourn till Monday, the 22d instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Which was carried.

Whereupon the President declared that the Board stood adjourned to Monday, the 22d instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOHN E. GREENE, Clerk.

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When a similar resolution applicable to the Hudson River Railroad Company was before me, I gave it my approval, after some hesitation, for the following among other reasons, viz.: The Hudson River Railroad Company had long enjoyed the privilege without any serious objection or opposition, and the resolution in effect merely gave them the right to continue it.

Again, the route of the Hudson River Railroad, in the city, passed almost entirely through a district devoted to shipping and freighting business, or business having interests directly connected therewith.

A considerable portion of it ran along the river near to wharves and piers, where steam vessels, used for convenience of freight and passengers, were constantly arriving, and the use of a steam "dummy engine" on such a route, while it greatly increased the facilities of transportation and cheapened the cost thereof, did not increase personal risk, did not affect unfavorably the value of property, and added but little if any to the inconvenience of those who did business on the route.

Upon such a route and under such circumstances, the public interests demanded that every possible facility should be granted for the speedy and cheap transportation of passengers and freight to the lower part of the city, even though some interests might be affected unfavorably, and some inconvenience and annoyance be occasioned thereby.

But in regard to the Harlem Railroad the case is entirely different.

The resolution in question does not (as seems to be generally supposed) give merely the right to use steam dummy engines down to the depot, at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue, but to all Freight Depots—the lowest one at present being the corner of Centre and White streets.

The route of the Harlem Road which is covered by this resolution, may be said to be almost through the heart of the city, and through a densely populated and greatly travelled district.

It does not pass through streets devoted merely to freighting business and business connected therewith; but it does pass through and near streets occupied for the most part for the purposes of private residences, and for stores and shops of various kinds. The use of steam dummy engines (without restriction as to the time and manner of use) upon the Fourth avenue, Bowery, Grand, Broome, and Centre streets, would, in the opinion of property owners, seriously affect the value of property. It would also increase the risks of personal safety and be attended with great public inconvenience without any corresponding public benefit.

While, therefore, I acknowledge that the interests of this city and of all its people demand that an enlarged and liberal policy should be pursued with reference to Railroads, which contribute so much to its material prosperity, and that all reasonable privileges should be granted to them, I am compelled, for the reasons I have stated, to withhold my approval from the resolution.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor.

The veto was laid on the table.

After some further routine business, the Board adjourned until Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN—STATED SESSION.

JULY 18, 1867.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Aldermen Moore, Coman, McBrien, Ward, White, Cushman, Reilly, Hardy, Loew, Coulter, Varnum and McQuade.

The President being absent at roll-call, on motion of Alderman Ward, Alderman Loew was called to the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

PETITION.

By Alderman Cushman—

Remonstrance of William B. Astor against paving Thirty-third street with Nicolson pavement.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the Committee on Roads be and are hereby authorized and directed to inquire into the propriety of macadamizing the carriage-way of the Fifth avenue, from Fifty-ninth to 110th street, and report the result of their inquiries to this Board as soon as practicable.

Which was adopted.

By Alderman Norton—

Resolved, That permission be given to the Second Avenue Railroad Company to extend their tracks in Sixty-third street, from First to Third avenue, such permission to continue only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

By Alderman Ward—

Resolved, That the crosswalks from the northeast to the southeast, and from the southeast to the southwest corner of Greenwich and Morton streets, be relaid under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance be adopted.

Which was referred to Committee on Streets.

By Alderman McQuade—

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby requested to ascertain and report to this Board at his earliest convenience, by what authority the grade of the Third avenue is being changed or altered between 129th street and the Harlem River.

Which was adopted.

By Alderman White—

Resolved, That West Eleventh street, from Sixth to Seventh avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was referred to the Committee on Belgian Pavement.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That the vacant lots between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets, from Broadway to Ninth avenue, be filled in immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

By Alderman Hardy—

Resolved, That Forty-second street, from Third to Fifth avenue, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, one-half of the expense to be paid by the property owners, the remainder by the city, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

By Alderman Hardy—

Resolved, That the sidewalk of Forty-second street, from Third to Fifth avenue, be flagged full width, where not already done, and curb and gutter-stones be reset where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

PAPERS FROM BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolution of Board of Aldermen as follows:

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue, be flagged and reflagged on both sides a space eight feet wide, the same to be under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

(By Board of Councilmen, July 15, amended by adding thereto, after the word "wide," the words, "where not already done.")

Which was concurred in.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the south side of Sixty-seventh street, between First and Second avenues, be flagged eight feet wide, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was referred to the Committee on Roads.

Resolved, That the vacant lots in 116th and 117th streets, between Avenue A and East River, be fenced in, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and an ordinance therefor be adopted.

MOTIONS.

Alderman Coman moved that when the Board adjourns, it do adjourn to meet on Monday next, the 22d instant, at two o'clock P. M.

As an amendment, Alderman Reilly moved to fix the day for the next meeting for the first Monday in September.

Which was lost on a division, viz:

Affirmative—Aldermen Moore, McBrien, Reilly, Loew and McQuade—5.

Negative—Aldermen Coman, Ward, White, Cushman, Hardy, Coulter and Varnum—7.

Alderman Hardy moved to amend by appointing Tuesday next, the 23d instant, as the day for the next meeting of the Board.

Which was accepted by Alderman Coman, and the question being put thereon, was carried.

On motion the Board then adjourned, and the Chairman pro tem. announced that the Board stood adjourned until Tuesday, the 23d instant, at two o'clock P. M.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN—STATED SESSION.

JULY 23, 1867.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Joseph Shannon, Esq., President, in the chair; Aldermen Moore, Coman, Ward, Cushman, Hardy, Coulter, Varnum, McGinnis and McQuade.

The President being absent at roll-call, on motion of Alderman McQuade, Alderman Hardy was called to the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

Petition of owners of property, to have One Hundredth street, between Eighth avenue and Broadway, lighted with gas.

In connection therewith, Alderman McQuade offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That One Hundredth street, from Eighth avenue to Broadway, be lighted with gas, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Shannon—

Petition of owners of property, against paving Great Jones street with Nicolson pavement.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Alderman McGinnis—

Resolved, That Forty-sixth street, from Second avenue to Lexington avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Hardy—

Resolved, That Thirty-ninth street, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman McGinnis—

Resolved, That Sixty-third street, from the Ninth to the Eleventh avenue, be regulated, graded, curbed and guttered, and the sidewalks properly flagged a space four feet wide, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman McGinnis—

Resolved, That Sixty-ninth street, from Second to Third avenue, be lighted with gas immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That a free drinking-hydrant be placed on the southwest corner of Eighth avenue and Seventy-sixth street immediately, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was adopted.

By the same—

Resolved, That Eighty-fourth street, from Tenth avenue to Broadway, be lighted with gas immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Coman—

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 20 Madison street, corner of New Bowery, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A communication was received from the Street Department, returning the resolution and ordinance for flagging and reflagging Fifty-fourth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, for further action.

Which was laid over.

A communication was received from the Comptroller with a list of all leases of real estate, &c., since January 1, 1862.

Which was laid over and directed to be printed in the minutes.

A communication was received from the Comptroller relative to the advertising of the business of the Common Council.

Which was referred to the Committee on Printing and Advertising.

PAPERS FROM THE BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolved, That permission be given to Henry Mack, number two hundred and forty-one Third avenue, to construct a private sewer from the above number to connect with the sewer on Twenty-first street, the same to be done at his own expense and under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was concurred in.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Alderman Hardy called up resolution of Board of Councilmen, as follows:

Resolved, That Sixty-third street, from the Ninth to the Eleventh avenue, be regulated, graded, curbed and guttered, and the sidewalks properly flagged a space four feet wide, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was concurred in.

Alderman Hardy called up resolution of Board of Councilmen, as follows:

Resolved, That Sixty-third street, from the Ninth to the Eleventh avenue, be regulated, graded, curbed and guttered, and the sidewalks properly flagged a space four feet wide, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was concurred in.

Alderman McGinnis moved that when the Board adjourns, it do so to meet on Monday next, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Alderman Coman moved to amend by making the day Tuesday.

Which was accepted.

The motion as amended was then adopted.

Alderman McGinnis moved that the Board do now adjourn.

Which was carried.

Whereupon the President pro tem. declared that the Board stood adjourned to Tuesday, 30th instant, at 4 o'clock P. M.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk.

NOTICE TO THE OWNERS OF Tenement Houses requiring "Fire Escapes" under chapter 356, Laws of 1862.—You are hereby notified that all such escapes must extend to the roofs of such houses. Also, all double tenement houses having fire escapes, consisting of balconies or platforms, and made to connect by ladders or stairs, the said platforms or balconies must extend across and take in the two centre windows on each story, or the same will not be approved by this Department.

JAMES M. McGREGOR,
Superintendent of Buildings.

Extract from chapter 356, Laws of 1862:

Sec. 2, 27. * * * "Every such dwelling-house shall have placed thereon a practical fire-proof fire-escape that shall be approved of by the Department for the Safety and Inspection of Buildings."

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 NEWHOUSE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the office of George P. Tritz, Esq., No. 178 Greenwich street, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of May, 1867.

JANE B. NEWHOUSE, MIRIAM L. TRIGO, } Executors.

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THE

New York Leader.

THIS FAVORITE FAMILY PAPER

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

No. 11 FRANKFORT STREET

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE LEADER

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

The LEADER, as its name indicates, aims to become the influential Weekly Journal of the country. To accomplish that purpose, the most eminent writers of the day are made contributors to its columns.

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AMUSEMENTS GOSSIP

of the Metropolis will be made a feature.

THE POPULAR ARTICLES

ON

OUT-DOOR SPORTS

will be furnished by a Gentleman fully posted on such matters, and will embrace every item of interest appertaining to this Department.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

of THE LEADER will maintain its present foremost position as the advance guard of the unusually sparkling Press of New York, and will continue to discuss freely all questions of public interest, and will vindicate the supremacy over all the States of

THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION,

AND

THE LAWS,

and the rescue of the National Democratic Union party from "Old Fogyism."

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE LEADER will be found to possess unusual advantages in its advertising columns. It is a family newspaper, and is read and re-read and preserved.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at 15 cents per line, first insertion; 10

OUT DOOR SPORTS CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE

Excelsior Press vs. Gray & Green.

The return game between these clubs took place on Thursday last, at East New York, and drew together a large crowd of printers and others, who were treated to the finest display of batting seen this season. Both clubs batted well, but the Excelsiors excelled throughout the game, especially in the fifth innings, when they scored 26 runs, no less than 8 of which were home runs. The following is the score:

EXCELSIOR PRESS.	O.	R.	GRAY & GREEN.	O.	R.
Stark, p.	3	8	Wright, p.	2	7
Derry, 2d b.	3	8	Albright, c. f.	5	3
O'Donnor, 1st b.	4	8	Nelson, c.	4	3
Hatfield, c. f.	3	7	Striker, 2d b.	3	4
Kelly, 3d b.	5	4	McMurray, l. f.	2	4
Kenny, s. s.	4	6	Nelson, jr., 1st b.	3	8
Wartz, c.	2	8	Tompkins, c.	2	4
Simons, l. f.	0	9	Nompsed, 3d b.	3	3
Bristol, r. f.	3	7	Powers, s. s.	3	3
Total	27	63	Total	27	38

INNINGS

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Excelsior Press	3	8	10	0	26	3	2	4	1	—61
Gray & Green	11	2	3	1	5	3	9	0	6	—38

Umpire—Mr. J. Grim, of the Eckford B. B. C.
Scorers—Messrs. Dougherty and Smith.
Time of Game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

Scorers vs. Reporters.

On Wednesday, July 24, the Scorers and Reporters of our National game played a match on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, which resulted, as was anticipated, in a decided victory for the Scorers, most of whom are members of some one or other of our base-ball clubs. A most enjoyable game was had, and Mr. Cammeyer, proprietor of the grounds, gave the players and their friends a bountiful collation. The following is the score:

REPORTERS.	O.	R.	SCORERS.	O.	R.
Kelley, p.	3	2	Monk, c. f.	6	5
McAdam, c.	4	1	Simonson, c.	1	8
Gill, c. f.	2	1	Darrell, s. s.	1	8
Warner, s. s.	2	2	Swift, 3d b.	2	5
Hull, 1st b.	2	2	Donnan, 1st b.	3	3
Hudson, 2d b.	3	1	Wright, p.	2	3
Bell, l. f.	3	1	Free, 2d b.	2	2
Chapman, 3d b.	3	1	Russler, c. f.	2	6
Brown, r. f.	1	2	Benson, l. f.	2	5
Total	21	15	Total	21	59

Umpire—A. Mills, of the Mohawk Club.

Empire vs. Champion.

On Tuesday, July 23d, the Empire Club of New York visited Jersey City and played a friendly game with the Champion Club of that city, which terminated in favor of the Empires, as per score below:

EMPIRE.	O.	R.	CHAMPION.	O.	R.
Scalring, 1st b.	4	3	Willis, 2d b.	2	2
Simonson, p.	2	1	Delaney, r. f.	2	2
M. Mosier, c.	2	2	Edwards, 1st b.	2	2
Hart, r. f.	1	2	McMahon, s. s.	2	6
Way, c. f.	1	4	Hayes, c.	2	3
Hunter, 2d b.	2	1	Reynolds, p.	1	3
Spellman, 3d b.	2	3	Lawler, 3d b.	2	2
Wilson, l. f.	2	3	Smedley, l. f.	2	2
Hosford, s. s.	2	6	Jones, c. f.	4	2
Total	21	23	Total	27	20

INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Empire	0	1	0	1	2	0	1	3	5	—23
Champion	1	0	1	0	0	3	1	3	3	—20

Umpire—Mr. Vogt, of the Mutual.
Scorers—Messrs. Williamson, of the Empire, and Desmond, of the Champion.
By Catches—Empire, 15; Champion, 11. Put out on fouls—Empire, 2; Champion, 3. Left on bases—Empire, 4; Champion, 6. Time of game—two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Base Ball Items.

On Monday next the Atlantics of Brooklyn will make a short excursion to Irvington, N. J., to play with the Irvington Club. On Wednesday, July 24th, the Resolute and Constellation Clubs of Brooklyn played a match game, the victory remaining with the Resolutes, they winning by a score of 51 to 21. On Tuesday, July 23d, the Sparts of New York and the Americus of Newark, N. J., met at the Elysian Fields, the Spartan being defeated by a score of 50 to 16. The celebrated Athletic Club of Philadelphia will visit New York in August, to play several games with our crack clubs. They intend to arrive in our city on the 19th of August, and will play with the Union of Morrisania, Mutual of New York and Eckford of Brooklyn. On Thursday, July 25th, the Nationals of Washington experienced their first defeat in the extended tour of nearly three thousand miles which they are now making—the Forest City Club of Rockford, Illinois, defeating them at the Chicago tournament, by a score of 29 to 23. The players in the game between picked nines of New York and Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Masonic Asylum Fund, have been selected. The New York nine and their positions are as follows: Walker, pitcher; W. J. Kelly, catcher; Goldie, first base; Hatfield, second; Pike, third; Dwyer, short; Birdsall, left field; Pabor, centre; H. J. Kelly, right. Mr. C. D. Walker, of the Active Club, has been chosen captain. The Brooklyn nine is as follows: Swandell, pitcher; Macdiarmid, catcher; Start, first base; Crane, second; Ferguson, third; Wood, short; Worth, left field; Rogers, centre; Patterson, right. Worth, of the Star Club, captain. The Masonic Committee have selected as the club prizes (to be awarded to the club whose players shall make the most bases) two pairs of handsome rosewood bats, with silver bands, suitably engraved, at a cost of $30 a pair. They are being manufactured by Messrs. Peck & Co. A gold medal, with proper inscription, will be awarded to the player making the most fly-catches. The game will be played on Thursday, Aug. 8th, on Cammeyer's Union Grounds, Brooklyn. An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged.

CRICKET.

New York vs. Yonkers.

On Monday, July 22d, the old New York Cricket Club made their appearance in a match game, their opponents being the Yonkers Club of Yonkers. The match was played at Hoboken, and was won by the New York eleven, who scored 158 runs in one innings, to Yonkers 48 in two innings.

The St. George Club of New York and the Willow Club of Brooklyn played a second eleven match on Monday, on the grounds of the latter, at Bedford. The Willow score was: first innings, 79; second innings, 33—total, 112. St. George, first innings, 60; second innings, 51—total, 111. The St. George winning with six wickets to fall.

The return match which was announced for Friday and Saturday, July 26th and 27th, between the Germantown Club of Philadelphia and the St. George Club, is off for the present, at the Germantown Club's desire.

HOTEL CLERKS.—In her latest book, "Wool Gathering," now in the press of Ticknor & Fields, Gail Hamilton describes how she spent a night in an Albany first-class hotel, how she was persecuted by the mice, and how her complaint to the hotel clerk was met with the remark, "Oh, we cannot help that! There are mice all over the house!" She then adds: Moral reflection: If ever the education of a soaring human boy be intrusted to my care, I will endeavor to model his manner on those of a clerk in a hotel. For conscious superiority, tempered with benevolence and swathed in suavity; for perfect self-possession; for high-bred condescension to the ignorance and toleration of the weakness of others; for absolute equality to circumstances, and a certain grace, assurance, and flourish of bearing, give me a clerk in a hotel. We may see generals, poets and philosophers indistinguishable from the common herd; but a true hotel clerk wears on his beauteous brow, and in his noble mien, the indubitable sigh of greatness.

CONFIDENCE.—Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.

AMONG the flowers and the trees Nature takes us into her own hands, and we breathe as freely as the first man.

SURELY some people know themselves; many never think about anything else.

CHILDHOOD and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness.

THE LEADER has unusual advantages in its advertising columns, it being sought after by all classes in relation to the official proceedings of the Common Council, which are published in a manner peculiar to this paper alone. Its literary character and its circulation are alike unequalled by any paper of its class in the country.

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One extra copy to getter up of Clubs of Eight.

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QUARTERLY ADVERTISEMENTS will be taken at $1 00 per line for Regular Advertisements, and $1 25 per line for Special Notices.

BUSINESS NOTICES—Twenty cents a line each insertion.

EDITORIAL NOTICES—Thirty cents a line each insertion.

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

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All contributions, books, business letters, communications, &c., must be addressed to the Editor of the LEADER. Rejected articles will not be returned, even if postage stamps be enclosed; but will be left with a Clerk at the Office, to be called or sent for. No contributions are desired except upon these terms. All articles must be sent in on or before Wednesday of each week to have any chance whatever of publication upon the ensuing Saturday. Continued stories are seldom acceptable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Pioneer Volume of American Out-Door Sports."

BOOK OF AMERICAN PASTIMES: containing a history of the principal Yachting, Rowing, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs of the United States, by CHARLES A. PEVERELLY, who has been a reporter of Out-door Sports for New York journals for many years. One handsome 12mo. volume, 500 pages, with engraved title page and illustrations. Price $2 00 from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. The taxes included in LEADER No. 11 Frankfort street. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. For sale in Philadelphia, at the office of the City Item; in Boston, by Messrs. Lowell & Brett, No. 128 Washington street; Springfield, E. S. Hyde; Albany, E. S. Near & Co.; Newburgh, Smith Disosway; Hartford, Stebbins Brothers; Portland, Hem ry I. Wood; Poughkeepsie, Anthony Reverely, No. 323 Main street; Pittsburgh, James Hamill; Detroit, George A. Baker.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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HAVANA CIGARS, &c.
A first-class Billiard Room—Phelan's Tables.
No. 292 BROADWAY,
Between Pulton and John streets, New York.
PETER MITCHELL. WM. J. SHARKEY.

NORTH RIVER SAVINGS BANK, Corner of Thirty-fourth st. and Eighth av.
MONEY DEPOSITED at any time will commence to draw interest on the first day of the following month. SIX PER CENT. INTEREST PAID, free of tax. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Also, on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock.
JOHN HOOPER, President.
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GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS. ALL THE BEST MAKERS, AT W. J. SYMS & BROTHER, No. 320 BROADWAY, New York.

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WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES! FORCED TO GROW UPON THE smoothest face in from three to six weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 293 River street, Troy, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.

A. T. STEWART & CO. Have just opened A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF INFANTS' EMBROIDERED PIQUE CLOAKS, CHILDREN'S WALKING SUITS, BOYS' SUMMER SUITS. Also, BATHING DRESSES in every variety. BROADWAY and TENTH STREET.

CARPETS.—MOQUETTES, AXMINSTERS, WILTONS, VELVETS, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLYS, AND INGRAINS, AT REDUCED PRICES, IN Entirely new designs, manufactured expressly for our retail trade. Also, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN OIL CLOTHS, In great variety, at $1, $1 50, and $1 75 per square yard. A. T. STEWART & CO., BROADWAY and TENTH STREET.

A. T. STEWART & CO. are now offering THE ENTIRE BALANCE of their POPULAR STOCKS OF SILKS, BROCHE GRENADINES, LACES, CLOTH AND SILK BASQUES, JACKETS, SACQUES, &c., &c., AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. BROADWAY and TENTH STREET.

NOTICE TO PARTIES HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST THE CITY OR COUNTY OF NEW YORK. Claims prosecuted before the Board of Audit by the undersigned, on reasonable terms. JAMES H. WHEELER, No. 111 Broadway

A DESIDERATUM.—THE SERVICES of two active and intelligent boys can be secured, either together or singly. Respective ages 18 and 13. Address MR. JAMES O'NEALE COOKE, office of the LEADER, Frankfort street. The notice of printers and wood engravers is especially solicited.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THE BLACK CROOK.
RENEWED AND RECONSTRUCTED.
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, July 27th, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH PERFORMANCE OF THE GREAT SPECTACLE, when it will be presented with JARRETT & PALMER'S GRAND PARISIENNE BALLET, STRONGLY RE-ENFORCED by new Artists, New Ballets, Costumes and Music!
Marston's great new scene, AN ILLUMINATED BALL-ROOM, in which will be given A GRAND CARNIVAL AND MASQUERADE.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WALLACK'S. Doors open at 7½. Commences at 8. SATURDAY, JULY 27, LAST NIGHT of MR. DAN BRYANT'S BRILLIANT FOURTH ANNUAL ENGAGEMENT, and POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT of the IMMENSELY SUCCESSFUL IRISH DRAMA of the BELLS OF SHANDON. MR. DAN BRYANT As Barny O'Leary and Mickey Looney, Introducing his great specialties of SONG, DANCE AND IRISH HUMOR. ——— MONDAY, July 29, FIRST APPEARANCE of the young and versatile comedienne, LOTTA, who will appear in two fresh and sparkling characters.

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE, 728 AND 730 BROADWAY, GRAND MATINEE THIS DAY at 2 o'clock, with MISS KATE REIGNOLDS as VIOLANTA. The DANCING PRODIGY, LA FAIRIE. At Night, THE WONDER, and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Monday, and all the week, NOBODY'S DAUGHTER, From Miss Braddon's wonderful Novel of "Diavola." JENNY MILSOM.... MISS KATE REIGNOLDS. LARKSPUR, the Detective.... J. R. MORTIMER. Both specially engaged for the production of this great dramatization. Doors open at 7½. Curtain, 8 o'clock. Matinee every Saturday.

WALLACK'S. Doors open 7½. Commences at 8. FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK, ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 29th, 1867, of LOTTA, THE MOST BRILLIANT AND MOST DASHING YOUNG COMEDIENNE OF THE DAY. She will make her metropolitan debut in the operatic drama, PET OF THE PETTICOATS, and the musical farce of FAMILY JARS, sustained in both plays by casts embracing the BEST TALENT OF THE COMPANY.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY, Opposite Spring street. RE-OPENS MONDAY, JULY 29. RE-OPENS MONDAY, JULY 29. Entirely Renewed, Repainted, Decorated, Upholstered, and Generally Reconstructed. TONY PASTOR, And a most Powerful Company. Engagement of the Champion of the Modern Arena, MR. SAM COLYER, and his talented sons, Masters DAN and EDDIE. A new local drama, of special interest, entitled THE RICH AND POOR OF NEW YORK. A New Ballet, and augmented Ballet Corps. A HOST OF BRILLIANT NOVELTIES. ——— MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. J. GARVEY, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERER, No. 53 THIRD AVENUE, above Tenth street. Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings. WALLS AND CEILINGS REPAIRED AND KALSOMINED. WORK DONE IN THE COUNTRY.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.—Grand, Square and Upright—Melodeons; Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs, the best manufactured; warranted for six years. Second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs at great bargains, from $25 to $100. Any of the above instruments to let and rent applied if purchased; monthly payments received for the same. Old pianos taken in exchange; cash paid for the same. Pianos tuned and repaired. Illustrated Catalogues sent to any address. Manufactory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. HORACE WATERS & CO.

BEAUTY! AUBURN, GOLDEN, FLAXEN AND SILKEN CURLS PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX' FRISSE LE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to cull the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & Co., Chemists, No. 293 River street, Troy, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.—One GOLD MEDAL, three SILVER MEDALS and two DIPLOMAS awarded by the American Institute. Complimentary Resolutions, Charters, Diplomas, and every variety of Ornamental Penmanship, executed from plain to the most elaborate style of the art. BENJAMIN F. BRADY, No. 21 AMITY PLACE

J. T. PRESTON, POWER PRESS PRINTER, No. 16 SPRUCE STREET, LATE OF 11 FRANKFORT STREET, N. Y. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Forms sent to any part of the city. ☞ Connected with the Press-room is a large Mailing-room.

GAS FIXTURES, &C.—STEPHEN PHILBIN, No. 767 Broadway, offers for sale, at reduced prices, a splendid assortment of GAS FIXTURES. FRENCH BRONZES (direct importation), consisting of Mantel Ornaments, Statuettes, Groups, Inkstands, &c. Plumbing and Gas Fitting attended to as usual, at No. 31 Fourth street, and No. 2 Astor House, Barclay street.

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 frontispiece 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, No. 135 Bowery.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following assessments have been completed, and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz.:
1st. For laying crosswalks in New street, opposite Nos. 5 and 7, and in Broad street, opposite No. 11.
2d. For laying crosswalks at the intersection of Charlton, Prince and Macdougal streets.
3d. For laying crosswalks across West street, at the southerly side of Charles street.
4th. For laying crosswalks across Whitehall street, opposite No. 43.
5th. For laying crosswalks across West street, from the south side of Christopher street to Pier 51, and also to Hoboken Ferry.
6th. For paving with stone blocks Pine street, from Front to South street.
7th. For paving with stone blocks Front street, from Wall street to Old slip.
8th. For laying crosswalk at the intersection of Carmine and Bedford streets.
9th. For paving Fiftieth street, from Seventh to Ninth avenue, with trap-block.
The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on—
1st. Both sides of New street and Broad street, from Exchange place to Wall street.
2d. Both sides of Macdougal street, from Prince and Charlton streets half way to King street; the north side of Prince street, half way to Sullivan; and the north side of Charlton street, from Macdougal half way to Varick street.
3d. The east side of West street and the south side of Charles street to the extent of half the block either way from the south-east corner of Charles and West streets.
4th. The north side of State street and the west side of Whitehall street, to a point half way to Pearl street from the north-west corner of Whitehall and State streets, and the east side of Whitehall street, from Front to Water street.
5th. The south side of Christopher, and the east side of West street, to a point half the block either way from the south-east corner of West and Christopher streets.
6th. Both sides of Pine street, from Front to South street, and the east side of Front and the west side of South street, from Depeyster street to a point half way between Pine and Wall streets.
7th. Both sides of Front street, from Wall street to Old Slip, to the extent of half the block either way from Front street.
8th. Both sides of Carmine street, and both sides of Bedford street, to the extent of half the block either way from the corner of Carmine and Bedford streets.
9th. Both sides of Fiftieth street, from Seventh to Ninth avenue, to the extent of half the block either way, on the intersecting streets.
All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 22 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.
JAMES F. CARLEY,
JOHN D. OTTIWELL,
ISAAC O. HUNT,
Board of Assessors.
OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, June 29, 1867.

TO MACHINISTS.—SEALED proposals will be received at this office, Rotunda, City Hall, New York, until 10 o'clock A. M. of SATURDAY, the 3d day of August, 1867, for supplying of Stop Cocks and Fire Hydrants, viz.:
19 22-inch Stop Cocks.
25 18-inch Stop Cocks.
25 6-inch Stop Cocks.
24 4-inch Stop Cocks.
75 Fire Hydrants, Ayer's Pattern.
75 Fire Hydrants, Race & Matthews's Pattern.
Each proposal must be endorsed, "Proposal for Stop Cocks and Fire Hydrants," together with the name of the bidder and date of offering. The amount of security required will be, for the Stop Cocks, Two Thousand Dollars, and for the Ayer's Pattern Fire Hydrants, Two Thousand Dollars, and for the Race & Matthew's Pattern Fire Hydrants, One Thousand Dollars.
Specifications and blank forms of bids can be had on application at this office.
THOMAS STEPHENS,
ROBERT L. DAHRAGH,
A. W. CRAVEN,
Croton Aqueduct Board.
OFFICE CROTON AQUEDUCT BOARD, NEW YORK, July 23, 1867.

TO CONTRACTORS—PROPOSALS inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed with the title of the work and name of the bidder written thereon, will be received at this office until MONDAY, July 29, at 12 o'clock M.:
For regulating, grading, &c., Sixty-third street, between Third and Fifth avenues.
For regulating, grading, &c., Ninety-second street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues.
For regulating, grading, &c., One Hundred and Twenty-second street, between Second avenue and Harlem river.
For curbing, guttering and flagging Ninety-fourth street, between Third and Fifth avenues.
For flagging Third avenue, between One Hundred and Twenty-seventh and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth streets.
Blank forms of proposals, together with the specifications and contracts, can be obtained at this office.
Dated Street Department, New York, July 17, 1867.
GEORGE W. McLEAN,
Commissioner.
OFFICE OF STREET COMMISSIONER, No. 237 Broadway.

INTEREST ON CITY STOCKS.—The interest on the Bonds and Stocks of the Corporation of the City of New York, due and payable August 1st, 1867, will be paid on that day by Peter B. Sweeny, Esq., Chamberlain of the City, at the National Broadway Bank.
The transfer books will be closed WEDNESDAY, July 31, 1867.
RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, New York, June 29, 1867.

CROTON AQUEDUCT DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF WATER RENTS, NEW YORK, July 16, 1867.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that five per cent. penalty will be added on the first day of August next on all unpaid Water Rents.
WILLIAM H. McKINNEY, Water Registrar.

RAILROADS & STEAMERS

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT, and Fall River, by the splendid and superior steamers NEWPORT, METROPOLIS, OLD COLONY, and EMPIRE STATE, the fastest and most speed, particularly adapted to the navigation of Long Island Sound, running in connection with the Old Colony and Newport Railroad.
Leave Pier 28 North River, foot of MURRAY street.
The NEWPORT, Capt. Brown, leaves on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 P. M., landing at Newport.
The METROPOLIS, Capt. Allen, leaves Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 P. M., landing at Newport.
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 Newport, 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 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. 28, North River. For state-rooms and berths apply on board, or if desired to secure them in advance apply to
E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,
No. 72 Broadway

SARATOGA, RUTLAND, BUFFALO, Suspension Bridge, Mount Mansfield and White Mountains, via Burlington, and all points North and West. ALBANY DAY LINE.—The steamboats C. VIBBARD and DANIEL DREW will, on and after May 13, leave Dexbroses street at 8½, and Thirty-fourth street at 8¾ A. M., for Albany, including at Yonkers, Cozzens, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Bristol, Catskill, Athens and (Hudson by ferry) connecting at Athens depot by special train with the New York Central and Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroads, via Schenectady, with Albany and Susquehanna Railroad at Junction, and, without change of cars, with the Lake Champlain steamboats at Whitehall, for House Point, arriving at Montreal at 9 A. M. Returning, will leave Albany at 8½ A. M.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OFFICE NO. 12 WALL STREET.

Cash Capital increased to	$1,000,000
Surplus, Dec. 1st, 1866	200,000

This Company will increase its capital immediately to $1,000,000.
Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.
CHARTERED 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in 13 years, 222 per cent.
JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHICKERING & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES. WAREROOMS, No. 652 BROADWAY.

POWER & DRADDY, MODELLERS AND SCULPTORS, No. 73 W. Thirty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue, N. Y. Monuments from original designs, in all styles, executed in Marble, Freestone, Granite and Bronze.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND BILLIARD TABLES, with our IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS, which have been proved to be the most correct and durable cushions ever made. Specimens of our Tables that have been in constant use for many years may be seen in the principal hotels and saloons in this city. Parties intending to purchase will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, which is the largest and finest in the world. BOYS' BILLIARD TABLES. PHELAN & COLLENDER, 63 to 69 Crosby street, New York.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF JURORS, No. 3 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK, June, 1867.
NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER OF JURORS.—The jury lists for the coming legal year are now being made. Persons who have recently become exempt are requested to call here and file such exemption.
All persons summoned as jurors, who claim to be exempt, either temporarily or permanently, must bring the summons (and any evidence of exemption) to this office, instead of going to the Court. It is not sufficient to send by post. If the party cannot come, some relative or friend must appear who can swear to the facts in the case.
Those who are not exempt must appear at court in person and answer to the Judge on the day notified, or, if unavoidably absent on that day, at the earliest day thereafter of the month or term.
All liable jurors serving even one brief term in any Court will receive the longest immunity possible. The term of service is much easier and shorter than in former years, comprising generally but a few days. It is the duty of every reputable citizen to serve promptly and cheerfully. Those who endeavor to evade both serving and paying the moderate fine imposed, will continue to be drawn and will be invariably subjected to the fullest amount of fine and service.
All good citizens will assist the course of law and justice, and also render their own service easier, by sending in the names of any liable persons they may know who do not serve; by reporting any attempt at evasion, concealment, fraud or bribery in connection with jury service; and otherwise facilitating the exertions of the Commissioner to obtain jurors.
Attempting to procure illegal excuses, keeping the summons from the party notified, or destroying such notices, are punishable offences; and refusing correct information to the Commissioner or his assistants, or making false statements, are misdemeanors, which will be prosecuted criminally.
Persons are "duly served" when the summons is left at their residence or place of business with a relative, servant, partner, clerk, or other person connected with or employed by them.
In accordance with the Militia Law, the commandants of companies are hereby notified to report to me, whenever occasion requires, the names of all delinquents, who will thereupon be compelled to serve as jurors. A correct roster of each company shall also be sent to this office at once. Those now summoned who are temporarily exempt by reason of present military service, must bring their certificates filled up and properly certified.
Slight ailments or complaints are not sufficient grounds for exemption. Only severe and permanent diseases, which incapacitate the person summoned, will be considered, and then a certificate from a responsible physician is required.
All claims for exemption, excuses for non-attendance at Court, and applications for remissions of fines, must be made to the Commissioner at this office, and nowhere else. No person has any right to interfere with the fines, which can be remitted by the Commissioner only, who will require in every case a proper and legal excuse.
Persons summoned or fined will obtain information and receive courteous attention at this office any week day between the hours of 9 and 4. The interference of lawyers, officials or other parties is not required.
DOUGLAS TAYLOR, Commissioner of Jurors, City and County of New York.

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.—Eighth Collection District of New York, comprises the Eighteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first Wards of the City of New York.
ANNUAL NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the Annual List of Taxes assessed in the above Collection District, for the year beginning May 1st, 1867, has been received from the Assessor, and that the duties, taxes and licenses therein specified have become due and payable. The undersigned will attend personally, or by Deputy, at his office, No. 199 Fifth avenue in the rear of the Second National Bank, daily (Sundays excepted), commencing on MONDAY, 29th June, and ending on SATURDAY, 20th July, for the receipt of said taxes, etc., etc. Office open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. The taxes included in the Annual List are upon Incomes, Billiard Tables, Carriages, Plate, Watches and Licenses.
The number of taxpayers in this District is so great that much trouble and delay will be avoided by early payments. All persons who shall neglect to pay the sums due by them respectively, according to the list aforesaid, within the time herein specified, will become liable to the penalties prescribed by the law.
THOS. E. SMITH, Collector.
Dated New York, June 29, 1867. je27 5t

SIX PER CENT. FREE FROM GOVERNMENT TAX. THIRD AVENUE SAVINGS BANK, CORNER THIRD AV. AND TWENTY-SIXTH ST. NEW YORK, June 29, 1867.
DIVIDEND.—A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum free from Government tax, on all sums from $1 to $5,000, will be paid on and after the third MONDAY in July.
DEPOSITS made on or before July 20th will draw interest from the 1st. Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS from 6 to 8 o'clock.
SPENCER K. GREEN, President.
RICHARD KELLY, Secretary.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN IN pursuance of section 30, Article 1, Title 1, Chapter 6, Part 2d, of the Revised Statutes, to the creditors of GEORGE HILLIARD, JUDITH or JULIA BRYAN, and OSSIEN E. WENDELL, deceased, to present their claims, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 115 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 28th day of November, 1867.—Dated New York, May 30, 1867.
HENRY E. DAVIES, JR., Public Administrator.
H. WATKINS, Proctor. jel 6t

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.—The copartnership of the undersigned heretofore existing under the firm name of PARSONS & CO., is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. New York, April 19th, 1867.
SAMUEL J. PARSONS,
M. H. PARSONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that LEVI S. PARSONS, who resides in the City of New York, and MILO H. PARSONS, who resides in Brooklyn, in the State of New York, and SAMUEL C. PARSONS, whose residence is in the town of Sandisfield, in the State of Massachusetts, have formed a Limited Partnership under the firm name of PARSONS & CO., pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the transaction of the Oil Business, and other business properly pertaining thereto, at No. 141 Maiden lane, in the City of New York, in which all the partners interested are the said Levi S. Parsons and the said Milo H. Parsons, who are the General Partners, and the said Samuel C. Parsons, who is the Special Partner, and that the said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock the sum of Five Thousand dollars. Such partnership to terminate on the 30th day of April, 1869.
Dated New York, April 17th, 1867.
LEVI S. PARSONS, } General Partners.
M. H. PARSONS,
SAMUEL C. PARSONS, Special Partner.

THE SHIP "GOLDEN STATE" 22,000 HALF CHESTS THE FINEST JAPAN T