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N. B.—All communications should be addressed to

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

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No 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

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The Prince's Ball.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

PART III.

THE CROWNING NIGHT.

Clouds and sunshine, wind and rain,
And the world turns over and over again;
Lord Renfrew has kissed his glove to Miss Lane,
Whom the Gothamites have implored in vain
To grace the scene of their glory;
For J. B., smoothing his cambric band,
Plainly gives them to understand
She shall follow no princes through the land—
As Medea chased for Jason's hand,
In the mythologic story.

Passing the Quaker City's gates,
My Lord has left the United States
To cross the Jersey peninsula;
Has stept once more on American shore;
Ridden from Castle Garden through
Three miles of flags—red, white, and blue—
Walls of marble, iron, and brick—
Roofs and balconies, noisily thick
With thousands sprawling after a view,
Till he's lodged on the handsomest Avenue
Of the greatest of cities insular.

But now, as October Twelfth drew near,
What hurry and bustle, joy and fear!
Jealous hatred of those to appear,
By those whose hopes were blasted and sere;
As if all the life of a hemisphere
Were mingled in hocus-pocus,
And, through Vanity's lenses flashing hot,
Made the Empire City a radiant spot,
With Irving Place for its focus!

What costume-trying in visits flying;
Days of dress-and-jewelry buying!
A hundred mantua-makers were dying
Of sheer exhaustion, and half-a-score
Exchanged the smiles they usually wore
For a reckless incurbanity;
While every tailor, from Fulton to Bond,
Declared himself in the Slough of Despond,
And solemnly swore that one order more
Would drive him into insanity.

What scintillant splendors found display
In mirrored windows along Broadway!
By the *Vandotitt* they sent, in advance,
For jewels of Florence and silks of France.
Homeward she paddled, deeply laden,
With stuffs to make a Manhattan maiden
A princess, minus the dowry;
To make a matron of forty years
As fine as a dowager-duchess appears
In a spectacle-play at the Bowery.
No lady-shopper could ever escape
From the robes of every fabric and shape:
Satins, taffetas, gauze, crape;
Skirts of tulle embroidered with gold;
Watered silks in waves unrolled;
Heaviest textures, marvellous hues,
Ashes of roses, buffs and blues;
Gros des Indies and rich brocade,
In lustrous folds and colors arrayed;
Dark moirées, with silver garniture;
Light moirées, brilliant with gold and cherry—
Fabrics costly enough, I'm sure,
A queen to wed, or even to bury;
Chantilly laces, Valenciennes;
Ribbons woven by Lyons men;
Fancy fans, with flower and feather,
Lavishly piled in heaps together;
What can compare with sights so rare,
Save the Paris booth in Vanity Fair!

There's my charming friend, Columbia V——,
That lily of aristocracy!
As she sat, on the Sunday before the B.,
In her father's cushioned pew at Grace,
Did you think—when she covered her beautiful face,
And knelt on the crimson tabouret—
That she heard what the doctor had to say,
Or prayed as the ritual bade her pray?
What supplications she made have flown
Straight to the foot of Fashion's throne;
The angel, who into her heart could probe,
Knew well that instead of a stainless robe,
She quite as much longed at the time to possess
An earthly and exquisite Renfrew dress;
That she thought to herself she would have it made
Of the whitest and richest striped-brocade—
Striped with Magenta, and overlaid
With silken rose-buds, blossoms, and leaves;
Low-pointed corsage and puffing sleeves
Should grace the charms of her waist and arms;
Over her shoulders should be set
A cape, à la Marie Antoinette;
And a bunch of myrtle and mignonette
Should bloom where the point-lace borders met;
Pearls and silver should intertwine
To make her a head-dress quite divine;
For her feet she will use white-satin shoes,
With mauve rosettes, encircling pearls,
So that—when in the waltz her crinoline whirls,
And the tips of her toes shall catch the eye
Of the Prince—he will say to the standers-by,
That she has for her feet a toilet completer
Than that of a Spanish senorita,
And that Cinderella's could not have been sweeter!

But the world turns over and over again,
With cloud and sunshine, wind and rain,
Love, and envy, and rancor.
At last it has come! the crowning night;
The ultimatum of all delight;
The hour when even an anchorite
May be pardoned for weighing anchor,
Hoisting sails, and bearing away
To the rendezvous in Prince's Bay,
For which thousands vainly hanker.
(You see it is not the Committee's fault
That Smith or Jones isn't worth his salt
And wasn't born a Banker.)

It has come, at last! How bright the sight
Of a Grand Academy gala-night!
The blaze of the whirling calcium rays
Lightens the spacious entrance-ways,
Flitting on upturned, glowing faces
Of thousands thronging about the squares;
Thousands to whom your jewels and hoes
Are things for which nobody this night cares.
For a sight of the Prince the people crowd;
To your simple hearts should he allowed
A sight of the Prince, poor people! since
He came to visit us one and all—
Asked or not asked to go to the Ball!
Scores of policemen will never convince
The crowd, that it oughtn't to see the Prince.

Up to the porch the carriages rumble,
By yellow footmen attended;
No wonder the Mayor, poor fate humble,
In the presence of power is upstaffed!
Never before, never before,
Such diamonds and ancestors entered that door,
And *Vanity Fair*, engaged in its best,
Glides in with the rest.

(It wouldn't have been so very well dressed,
If it had not carefully learned by rote
The words of the Secretary's note;
A compilation of information,
Which I'll try to find room below to quote.*)
Into the radiance we glide,
As a bayou-voyager follows the tide,
From mangrove shadows and fallen trees,
To the silvery sheen of moonlit seas;
Into the glare of countless lights
And the wedding of sweetest sounds and sights,
Where gilded walls and tapestried halls
Repeat the music's dying falls,
And flowers of multitudinous hues,
Their blended, odorous breaths diffuse.
But through the glamour we move along,
To glance at the guests that with us throng,
And study the queer variety
It takes to fashion that paradoxical edifice, built on golden 'rocks,'
Entitled 'Our Best Society.'

Take of judges and generals, each, a pair;
Three consuls, a foreign Chargé d'affaires;
Mayors and governors, one or two;
Of authors and scholars very few;
Congressmen, plenty as drops of dew;
Railroad presidents, bulls and bears;
Bankers, merchants and millionaires;
These, with their daughters, sisters and wives—
Three thousand wealthy and commonplace lives—
Birds of one feather—squeeze them together,
At a Prince's Ball, and you have, in short,
An 'illustrated Republican Court.'

It might have been better, after all,
To have left the care of a Prince's Ball
Where by right the management ought to fall.

Young America would know how, I guess,
With the critical aid of the SATURDAY PRESS,
And a helping hand from *Vanity Fair*,
To have given the thing a more sprightly air.
Of course in dignity evanescent,
The famous Committee all were present;
But to neophytes, who had never been
At an Academic full-dress scene,
Grave bankers, leading off with a will
The gallopade of a grand quadrille,
Must have seemed in their coats and white cravats,
A species of clerical acrobats,
Training to give the Shaker profession
A numerous Orthodox accession.
Nor would the idea be very far wrong,
For a tithe 'tis said, to churches belong,
Whose articles hold that Dance and Song
Are Stygian missionaries;
—Here my friend, the mathematician, says
'Tis a handy rule that works both ways,
And that condemnation with rank and station
In inverse ratio varies.
Far be it from me to feel aggrieved
That the festive dance has thus received
Official and grave endorsement;
Yet I charge these gentlemen, large and small,
To never again denounce a Ball,
But to stand committed once for all,
To what I claim their course meant.
For I never heard that the angels rate
The presence of prince or potentate,
As helping to add a pious weight
To a carnal convocation;
And, to set the matter plain and straight,
Why should Jack be doomed to a sulphurous fate
One shudders to think of, for shaking a leg
And drinking his fill, with Moll and Peg,
In the Valley of Humiliation,
While a churchly man, of plethoric purse,
Is promised treatment quite the reverse,
For his loftier dissipation?

And what is there worse in a rustic Reel,
Merrily measured, with toe and heel,
On a country tavern's floor of deal,
While whips are cracked and sleigh-bells peal,
Outside, till echo answers—
What is there worse, say my honest rhyme,
In these plain, old-fashioned, jolly good times,
Where Sambo plays for the dancers,
Than in the maze of a princely Show,
Where diamonds sparkle and velvets glow,
And the wave of a spruce maëstro's bow
Beats out the time in The Lancers?

Enough, you say, of polemical rhyme,
And the ladies whisper—'tis fully time
For the Prince to make his appearance:
'He's coming!' 'He isn't!' yes, that is he,
And better for him, to be seen and to see,
If the flower of our aristocracy
Would give him a better clearance.
But as Albert Edward, young and fair,
Stood on the canopied dais-stair,
And looked, from the circle crowding there,
To the length and breadth of the outer scene,
Perhaps he thought of his mother, the Queen;
(Long may her empery be serene!
Long may the heir of England prove
Loyal and tender; may he pay
No less allegiance to her love,
Than to the sceptre of her sway!)
Perhaps he wondered if this were the land
Where Nobility's said to be based on Labor,
Where every man, with a strong right hand,
Can claim a title as well as his neighbor;
Perhaps he saw that we have a king,
The potent and sovereign dollar,
Able the nose of the workman to bring
To the grindstone, and over his neck to fling
A heavy and feudal collar.

But what were his thoughts I can never tell,
For sharply, as belle was jostling belle,
Each making a Flora Temple 'burst'
For the honor of dancing beside him first,
The staging before him fell in with a crash,
And fifty young ladies, as quick as flash,
Sank down in a kind of ethereal hash—
As dainty a dish as a Prince could wish;
But he passed to the supper-pavilion,
And we saw him no more till they mended the floor
And opened the prisoned cotillion.
There, gracefully dancing with Mrs. Morgan,
He had quite forgotten his thoughts, I suppose,
Just as heaven a sermon forget, at its close,
When the 'Jubilate' is played on the organ;
Whatever his fancies were, nobody knows.

Now, how strange the feeling that comes to one,
When the royal Show is almost done,
When the gas for hours has dazzled the eye,
And the air grows dense as the flowers die!
How strange to go out, from the crowded rout,
To the open street, where to all is given
A sight of the clear and infinite Heaven;
Out into the cool October night,
Where, in place of that garish inner light,
Are all those silvery crescents, fed
With rays from God's own glory shed.
Ah! if one new night only flee
Across that measureless, lucid sea,
To lustres—O, how pure and far!
What, from the spirit's chosen star,
Would all this glittering pageant seem,
Save the fantasy of an earthly dream?

And even the Man who lives in the Moon—
(You'd reach him a million times as soon!)
Who, day after day, sees the whole round world,
Like a map to his curious gaze unfurled,
Would perceive no heaven in the polarized ray
Thrown off from this part of our sphere,
Though the roof of the Opera House were away,
And the lights that illumine each tier—
And all the lamps that make Paris, they say,
And London, as cheerful by night as by day—
With all in New York, together were tossing;
To the Man in the Moon they'd be past all discerning;
So there's one man, at least, will know nothing at all
Of the splendor and fame of The Prince's Ball.

* Without further prefatory or explanatory,
I have the pleasure to inform the general public
Of intending [illegible]
That no lady can enter, whatever her rank or station,
Unless she wears a dress of some description;
Gentlemen will not be admitted unless
Their coats are of the regulation dress;
All others must come in evening dress;
Of course you will notice by this invitation
When a gentleman wears his hat in the house,
It is a sign he is not a gentleman;
Hence, if any person who has the face to come
Should be found with his hat on his head,
The fact will be taken as a sufficient reason
Why he should be politely requested to withdraw.
Gentlemen who have lost their hats in the crush
Will please leave their cloaks in exchange;
Otherwise they will be mistaken for thieves
And treated accordingly.
Dancing will commence at half-past nine
And will be continued without intermission
Till half-past three.
Supper will be served at half-past one
Precisely.
Gentlemen who have lost their partners
Can find them by inquiring for the lost lady
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Gentlemen who have lost their hats
Can find them by inquiring for the lost hat
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Gentlemen who have lost their cloaks
Can find them by inquiring for the lost cloak
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their husbands
Can find them by inquiring for the lost husband
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their wives
Can find them by inquiring for the lost wife
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their hearts
Can find them by inquiring for the lost heart
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their heads
Can find them by inquiring for the lost head
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their tempers
Can find them by inquiring for the lost temper
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their manners
Can find them by inquiring for the lost manners
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their shoulders
Can find them by inquiring for the lost shoulders
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their tempers
Can find them by inquiring for the lost tempers
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their minds
Can find them by inquiring for the lost minds
At the office, where a book will be kept for the purpose.
Ladies who have lost their souls
Can find them by inquiring for the lost souls

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending October 20, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary, Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospel of John, for the use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools. By John J. Owen, D.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the Free Academy, New York. 12mo. pp. 516. $1. New York: Leavitt & Allen.

Recent Inquiries in Theology. By English Churchmen. Being Essays and Reviews reprinted from the second London Edition. With an Introduction, by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D. 12mo. $1 25. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

HISTORICAL.

A History and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States. With a full Account of the Confederations which preceded it; of the Debates and Acts of the Convention which formed it; of the Judicial Decisions which have constructed it; with Papers and Tables illustrative of the Action of the Government and the People under it. By Nathaniel C. Towle, of the Washington Bar. 12mo. $1 25. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Collection of Rare and Original Documents and Relations concerning the Discovery and Conquest of America, chiefly from the Spanish Archives. By F. G. Squier, M.A., F.S.A. No. 1. Canta Dirigida por el Rey Espana el Licenciado Dn. Don Diego Garcia de Palacio—Cydon de la Real Audiencia de Guatemala Ano 1576. Being a description of the Ancient Provinces of Guazcapan, Izalco, Cuscatlan, and Chiquimula in the Audiencia of Guatemala. With an Account of the Languages, Customs, and Religion of their Aboriginal Inhabitants, and a Description of the Ruins of Copan. Small 4to. pp. 260. New York: Charles B. Norton.

EDUCATIONAL.

First Greek Book: comprising an outline of the Forms and Inflections of the Language, a complete Analytical Syntax, and an Introductory Greek Reader. By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in Brown University, author of Arnold's First Latin Book, A Second Latin Book, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 272. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

POETRY.

The Prince's Ball. By Edmund C. Stedman, author of The Diamond Wedding, Lyrics and Idy'ls, etc., etc. Illustrated from designs by Henry L. Stephens. New York: Rudd & Carleton. (Reprinted from Nos. 42 and 43 of "Vanity Fair".)

FICTION.

Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward. A Tale of Real Life in New York. By Charles Burdett, author of Margaret Moncrieffe, the First Love of Aaron Burr, Second Marriage, etc. 12mo. pp. 355. $1. New York: S. A. Rollo.

Philothea; a Grecian Romance. By L. Maria Child, author of Progress of Religious Ideas, Flowers for Children, etc. New and corrected edition, printed on tinted paper. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

TRAVELS, ETC.

A Summer on the Borders of the Carribbean Sea. By J. Dennis Harris. With an Introduction by Geo. William Curtis. New York: A. B. Burdick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Housekeeper's Encyclopedia of Cookery, and all other branches of Domestic Economy, containing the first scientific and Reliable Rules ever made public for putting up all kinds of Hermetically sealed Fruits, with or without sugar, in tin cans or common bottles; also, Rules for Preserving Fruits in American and French styles; with tried Receipts for making Domestic Wines, Catsups, Syrups, Cordials, etc.; and Practical Directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers, Destruction of Insects, etc., etc. By Mrs E. F. Haskell. 1 vol. 12mo. $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Philosophy of Natural History. By John Ware, M.D. Prepared on the Plan and retaining portions of the Work of William Smellie. 12mo. pp. 448. $1. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

Inorganic Forces ordained to supersede Human Slavery. By Thomas Kebbank, author of The World a Workshop, etc. 8vo. pp. 32. 15 cents. New York: W. Everdell & Sons.

ENGLISH.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of George Fox, the Founder of the Quakers. From numerous original sources. 10s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

POETRY.

Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. 6s. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

Pearls from the Poets: A Collection of Specimens of the Works of Celebrated Writers, with Biographical Notices. The Poems selected by W. H. Dulcken. With a Preface by the Rev. Thomas Dale, Canon of St. Paul's. Fcap 4to. Illustrated, and printed on tinted paper. 10s. 6d. London: Ward & Lock.

FICTION.

The Senior Fellow. By the author of Squires and Parsons. 10s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

The Lighthouse. A Novel. 2 vols. 21s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Too Late. A Novel. By Mrs. Dimsdale. Dedicated, by permission, to Sir E. B. Lytton. 7s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife. By the author of Paul Ferroll. 10s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Gertrude Melton. A Novel. 7s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Marian; or, The Light of Some One's Home: a Tale of Australian Bush Life. By Maud Jean Franc. Small 8vo. Engraved Title and Frontispiece. cloth, 6s. London: Darton & Co.

The Valley of a Hundred Fires. By the author of Margaret and her Bridesmaids, etc. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Antonina. By Wilkie Collins, author of The Woman in White. 2s. London: Ward & Lock.

Make Your Game; or, the Adventures of the Stout Gentleman, the Slim Gentleman, and the Man with the Iron Chest. By George Augustus Sala. Illustrated by Phiz, Janet, M'Connell, Augustus Mahew, and the author. 2s. London: Ward & Lock.

Wearing the Willow; or, Bride Fielding: a Tale of Ireland and of Scotland Sixty Years Ago. By the author of Nut Brown Maids. Post 8vo. 9s. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

The Osborns of Osborn Park. A Tale. By George Kate. 2s. 6d. London: W. Wesley.

Valentine Duval. An Autobiography. Edited by the author of Mary Powell. 7s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.

MEDICAL.

A Book About Doctors. By J. C. Jeaffreson, Esq. 2 vols. Plates. 21s. London: Hurst & Blackett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Heavenly Marriage. A Discourse. By A Layman. 6d. London: E. T. Whitfield.

The Diary of an Ex-Detective. Edited by Charles Martel. Fcap 8vo. pp. 320. 2s. London: Ward & Lock.

The Development of Christian Architecture in Italy. By W. Sebastian Okely, M.A., F. Camb. Ph.S. Royal 8vo. With 16 Plates. 14s. London: Longman.

Species not Transmutable; or, the Result of Secondary Causes. Being a Critical Examination of Mr. Darwin's Work, entitled Origin and Variation of Species. By C. R. Bree, M.D., F.L.S., author of The Birds of Europe, etc. Post 8vo. cloth. London: Groombridge & Son.

The Fables of Babrius. In Two Parts. Translated into English Verse from the Text of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. By the Rev. James Davies, M.A., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. 6s. London: Lockwood & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FICTION.

My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life. By Pisistratus Caxton. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Library Edition (uniform with Harper's Library Edition of The Caxtons). 2 vols. 12mo. Muslin. $2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Cousin Harry. By Mrs. Grey, author of The Gambler's Wife, The Little Beauty, Sybil Lennard, Passion and Principle, Baronet's Daughters, etc., etc., etc. 12mo. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

TRAVELS.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A Picture of Exploration. By Richard F. Burton, Captain H. M. I. Army; Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society; author of El Medinah and Meccah, and Footsteps in Eastern Africa. $3 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Odd People. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of The Desert Home, The Bush Boys, etc. With Illustrations. 16mo. Muslin. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The same; Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (Author's Edition.)

On the Study of Words. By the Rev. R. C. Trench, Dean of Westminster. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cents. Revised Edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer, author of Social Statistics, The Principles of Psychology; and Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative. [In a few days.]

The Annual Encyclopædia of the World's Events for the Year 1860. To be published in 1 vol., 8vo., making 1,000 columns of Text.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Home Ballads and Poems. A New Volume. By John G. Whittier. 1 vol. 16mo. [In a few days.]

Legends of the Madonna. By Mrs. Jameson. In Blue and Gold. With fine Portrait and Memoir of the author. 1 vol. [In a few days.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, October 20, 1860.

The [Works of Charles Lamb. 12mo. 4 vols. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860.

The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton; with some account of the Author and his writings, by Thomas Zouch, D.D., F.L.S. 12mo. pp. 396. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860.

The Moral History of Women, from the French of Ernest Legouvé. Translated from the Fifth Paris Edition. By J. W. Palmer, M.D. pp. 343. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

Cousin Harry. By Mrs. Grey, author of The Gambler's Wife, The Little Beauty, Passion and Principle, Baronet's Daughters, etc., etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 402. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Odd People. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of the Desert Home, the Bush Boys, etc. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 445. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

First Greek Book: comprising an Outline of the Forms and Inflections of the Language, a Complete Analytical Syntax, and an Introductory Greek Reader. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in Brown University, author of Arnold's First Latin Book, A Second Latin Book, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 272. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A Picture of Exploration. By Richard F. Burton, Captain H. M. I. Army; Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. pp. 572. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Odd People. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of the Desert Home, the Bush Boys, etc. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 462. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. (Author's Edition.)

Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward. A Tale of Real Life in New York. By Charles Burdett, author of Margaret Moncrieffe, the First Love of Aaron Burr, Second Marriage, etc. 12mo. pp. 355. New York: S. A. Rollo. 1860.

Miss Gilbert's Career. An American Story. By J. G. Holland, author of The Bay Path, Bitter Sweet, The Titcomb Letters, Gold Foil, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 476. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

Poems. By Sarah Gould. 12mo. Blue and Gold. pp. 180. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

Music.

'Tis Hopeless Love. A New and Original Song. Words and Music by Frances Isabella King, daughter of the late celebrated composer, M. P. King. Romance dedicated to M'lle. Anais Coutan. New York: Horace Waters.

Cora's Schottisch. Composed by C. F. Schuster. Dedicated to Miss Cora M. Coughlan. The same.

Bonnie, Bonnie Bell. Scotch Ballad. Sung by Master Henry Hayden. Words by Thomas F. Winthrop. Music composed by James R. Murray. The same.

Young America. Four Waltzes for the Nation. No. 1, North; No. 2, South; No. 3, East; No. 4, West. By Professor Eugene A. Wiener. The same.

Nay-Aug Schottish. Dedicated to the Nay-Aug Home Company of Scranton, Pa.—Composed by Ferdinand Burger for their Second Annual Festival, Dec. 23, 1859. The same.

Contents of Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly for November, contains: Thomas Hood; Fayal and the Portuguese; Midsummer and May; Gone; Expression; Italian Experiences in Collecting 'Old Masters'; 'Tenty Scran': Recollections of Irving; Irene Aandymeon; The Professor's story; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Harpers' Monthly for November, contains: Captain John Smith, by Benson J. Lossing, illustrated; A Summer in New England, by Nantucket, illustrated by Porte Crayon; Pearls and Gems, by J. W. Watson, illustrated; Glitter and Gold, by Jane M. Fuller; The Ordination Ball, by Rev. Wm. M. Baker; Down the River, by Rose Terry; Rose-Garden, A New England Sketch, by Samuel Osgood, D.D.; My Velvet Shoes, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; 'Unto this Last,' by John Ruskin; George the Fourth, by W. M. Thackeray; A Fallen Star, by Fitz James O'Brien; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Conjugal Conversations, illustrated; Fashions for November, illustrated.

Bentley's Miscellany for October, contains: A Coquette's Campaign, chap. I. to V.; The Situation (Outremanche Correspondence, No. IX.); The Story of Francesco Novello da Carrara, part VII.; Progress of New Zealand; Recollections of an Old Salt; The Adventure of Bel and the Dragon, by Dudley Costello; The House, Bisswick; Once a Child: Never a Child: Always a Child, by Monkshood; Voltaire at Ferney.

Blackwood's Magazine for October, contains: Seeing is Believing; The Papal Government; Tickler II. among the Thieves; The Reputed Traces of Primeval Man; The Romance of Agostini, part II.; The Fresco-Paintings of Italy,—The Arundel Society; Proverbs; The Meeting; Progress; Strength; Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography, part IX.

The Dublin University Magazine for October, contains: The French and English Armaments; Cornwall and Pilchards; Parsonalities; Vonved the Dane; Count of Elsinore, part X.; The Irish State Papers; Notes on New Books; Wanderings in Ireland, No. II.—Northwest by North; Blown off Land; American Agriculture; The Work-a-Day World of France; A Legend of Fahan; Our Political Chorus.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, for October, contains: Northern Africa; East Lynne, by the author of 'Ashley,' part the Tenth; Don John of Austria, by Sir Nathaniel; A Starlight Love Tryst, by W. Charles Kent; A Gallo-Roman City; The Mummy of Thebes, by Nicholas Michell; On Board a Cartel, by Capt. Prend, R. N.; Mary Dynevor; German Ideology, by Cyrus Redding; Margaret of Valois, wife of Henry IV.; Hezekiah Wold; The French in Algiers; Ferdinand of Naples, etc., etc.

The Cornhill Magazine, No. X., for October, contains: The Four Georges: Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life, with an illustration, IV.—George the Fourth; 'Unto this Last,' III.—Out Judicatis Terram; A Forced Recruit at Solferino, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Physiological Riddles, IV.—conclusion; Chinese Pirates; William Hogarth: Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher, Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time, IX.—Tail Piece: Frame-ley Parsonage, chapter XXVIII., XXIX., and XXX.; The Situation of the Moment in Italy; England's Future Bulwarks; Roundabout Papers, No. 8.—De Juventute.

Fraser's Magazine for October, contains: Concerning Scylla and Charybdis: with some Thoughts of the Swing of the Pendulum, by A. K. H. B.; A 'Last Word' on Lord Macaulay, by Shirley; Ida Conway: a Tale, by J. M. C., chapters III. and IV.; A Ride for the Ring, by G. J. Whyte Melville; The Financial Condition of Turkey; Gryll Grange, by the author of 'Headlong Hall,' chapters XXVII. to XXIX.; Purgatory, by Edward Wilberforce; Paleontology: A Snow Picnic; Unknown, yet Well Known; The English Pompeii, by G. P. Bevan; Chronicle of Current History.

Macmillan's Magazine for October, contains: On the Use of English Classical Literature in the Work of Education, by the Rev. H. G. Robinson, Training College, York; Coöperative Societies; their Social and economical Aspects, by Henry Fawcett; Kloe-Jock, and the Weird of Wanton Walls: a Legend in Six Chapters, by George Cupples, author of 'The Green Hand,' 'Hinchbridge Haunted,' etc., chap. III. and IV.; The Dungeon Key; The Christian Subjects of Turkey; The Ammergau Mystery; or Sacred Drama of 1860, by a Spectator; Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' chap. XXVIII., XXIX., and XXX.; Three Weeks Loafing in Arran, by Cornwall Simeon; History and Casuistry, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

The Westminster Review for October, contains: Neo-Christianity; The North American Indians; Robert Owen; The Organization of Italy; The Antiquity of the Human Race; Russia—Present and Future; Our National Defences; W. M. Thackeray as Novelist and Photographer, Contemporary Literature.

The Edinburgh Review for November, contains: Recent Geographical Researches; Memoirs of the Master of Sinclair; Max Muller's Ancient Sanskrit Literature; Grotius and the Sources of International Law; The Churches of the Holy Land; The Grand Remonstrance; Scottish County Histories; Brain Difficulties; The United States under Mr. Buchanan.

The Quarterly Review for November, contains: The Empire of Brazil; Deaconesses; Public Schools; Wills and Will-making; George Eliot's Novels; Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.; Iron Sides and Wooden Walls; Competitive Examinations.

Special Notices.

Mr. J. W. Ehninger

Has prepared a studio, adjoining his own, for the express accommodation of lady pupils in drawing, and is now ready to receive applications, by letter or otherwise, for a limited number; the class or classes to commence on the 1st of November next.

NEW YORK, 62 Lafayette Place, October 13, 1860.

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Gouraud's Library of Romance.—No. IV.

THE SKIPPER'S YARN.—*Continued.*

The ladies united in their entreaties for Captain Hawser's story! and thus importuned, the skipper began: "It is now two years since I commanded the clipper-brig *Dart*—and a sweeter craft never gladdened a seaman's eyes! I was a poor miserable bachelor then, and all the love I had to spare was, of course, lavished upon my brig—no wonder, then, that I was deeply grieved on learning afterwards that a white squall had laid her bones to bleach on the Bermudas! My last trip in the *Dart* was from Baltimore to Lisbon, where I left her—and it was on her homeward passage that she was lost. We experienced light winds for some time, so that our passage, though somewhat tedious, was on the whole pleasant, until we entered the Bay of Biscay, when the sun set behind a mass of cloud whose edges were tinged by his rays into the semblance of molten copper—a sure forerunner of a storm. The ocean became startlingly phosphorescent; from the brig's bow the parted spray sprang up in broad flakes of splendor—now scintillating greenly as the emerald, now flashing orange like the topaz—anon gleaming like a shower of sifted diamond dust; torrents of pale, silver fire poured along the vessel's side, far backward, and a long milk track marked her wake, seemingly as interminable as Charles's Wain. Every precaution that experience could suggest was taken—as it was evident we were to have a dirty night; top-gallant-sails were sent down, the light hamper snugly furled, fore and maintop-sails close-reefed, and the preventive brace-leve. The heavy clouds rolled up apace; not a star was seen in the firmament, and the overarching sky became as black as—as—what shall I say?—as if colored by GOURAUD'S celebrated *Hair Dye!*"

(*To be Continued.*)

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Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc.; there glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

THE AMERICAN BUNSBY.

It is the glory of Bunsby, as reflected by that genial marine person Cap'en Ed'ard Cuttle, that he represents the full fruition of eminent wisdom and infallible judgment. Everywhere he commands admiration. We contemplate him amid trying circumstances,—serene, inexorable, triumphant. To him all questions are alike simple, all perplexities alike insignificant. Only 'an opinion as is an opinion' can ever proceed from his oracular lips. He moves resistlessly to great issues. He is the type of intellectual grandeur. He has head. He is Bunsby.

It is a universal custom, we believe,—at least it has been sanctioned by Mr. Everett and Boston,—to commend, as worthy of emulation, all splendid characters and all respectable examples.

Perhaps, therefore, we shall not be convicted of any startling and improper originality, if, with all suitable humility and respect, we venture to celebrate the character and the example of Bunsby. Not, indeed, the original J. B., so charmingly delineated by the great humorist of this age—but rather, the local Bunsby, the Bunsby of everyday life, who beams upon us in broad effulgence wherever we turn, blessing us in continual magnanimity by his presence, his words, and his actions.

Bunsby in America is indeed an all-pervading spirit. We hear of him in the metropolis, and we know that he flourishes in the provinces. He appears in many forms, and he plays many parts. No pride of place rebukes his aspiring blood; no chilliness of penury represses his noble rage. But whether high or low, his positions are always respectable. As a Ruler, combining the characteristic intelligence of the age with the decent gravity of the owl, he stands revealed in the lustre of office, a crooked and white-bandaged functionary whom all men admire. As a Subject, he adorns that 'private station' which has been well characterized as 'the place of honor.' In business he is a reputed Rothschild; in society a reputed Brummel. Who, in the one case, can fail to perceive the diplomacy,—who, in the other, to appreciate the elegance? In the world of letters and of art he is equally reputable, and with equal reason. As an Orator, he is silver-tongued and irrepressible, pouring floods of elegant platitude upon an admiring populace. As a poet, whether martial or otherwise, he prances with Bunsby-like innocence over the lacerated sensibilities of his countrymen. Sometimes he appears in the pulpit, reverend and ponderous; now worshipping a prince of the blood royal, and now perhaps, by way of novelty, worshipping the Prince of Peace. In this capacity he is forever a solemn and a magnificent person. Frequently he appears as an Author, blessing his countrymen with large historical fungi and books of blank, or sweetly twaddling in *The Weekly Clarion-Blast of Virtue.* He is a cobbler in romance, an apprentice in humor. As an Artist, he celebrates the memory of buried greatness, with caricatures in marble and in brass. As an Actor, he 'splits the ears' with his 'big manly voice,' and struts sublimely terrible with fatted calves. So on to the end of the chapter. Naturally, therefore, he is in all respects held worthy of reverence,—everywhere acknowledged an honor to the human race,—everywhere estimated a benefactor to the world.

This is a very sweet and commendable state of affairs.

> Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together, such as Bunsbys are,
> In unity to dwell!

After all, however, the most remarkable of Bunsbys and those who claim special regard and admiration, are the educational Bunsby and the editorial Bunsby. Here, as remarked by the learned and gentle Squeers, 'here's richness.' If we may be allowed a familiar but elegant expression, these indeed are 'sweet birds.'

The educational Bunsby it is who presides over Universities and the 'marble halls' of learning. He is an oily and an unctuous Bunsby. He hath stomach. He hath paunch. He hath dignity. Whene'er he takes his walks abroad, an awful solemnity sheuteth his face and announces his noble presence. He is a seedy but a respectable potentate. He is supposed to be acquainted with Greek. To such a Bunsby, gold-headed canes are 'as familiar as household words,' and all the vanities of this weak and wicked world are as dust in the balance.

But the Editorial Bunsby surpasses all the rest. He is a glorious creature—a creature of whom it may be said without exaggeration, that 'panting thousands after him in vain.' Representing the fourth estate, wielding the tremendous mystic power of the Press, [illegible] over the morals of a great people, the friend of humanity and of the weather, this immortal and [illegible] man sits serene upon his tripod and fulminates over a listening universe. It is a sublime spectacle. With him is wisdom that can never be measured, sensibility that can never be ascertained. He knows that to be virtuous is to be happy, and he sighs to consider that 'such is life.' He is a colossal Bunsby.

Great natures have great laws. In the case of this estimable person it is a settled law that the name of Bunsby whenever occurring, shall be perpetually honored. With all other Bunsbys the editorial Bunsby is in complete and delightful sympathy. He records their labors and he extols their lives. He echoes their silvery platitude, he reflects their admirable nonsense. He is triumphant in their triumph, and glorious in their glory; and it is his inexorable will that those who have left undone the reverence they ought to have done to Bunsby, shall be incontinently smashed. So great is the anger of celestial minds.

In thus referring to the Editorial Bunsby, we are here reminded that he has recently come to grief on our own account. It is a mournful fact,—and we are sorry to confess it—but it does seem, if we may judge from the tone of many among our exchanges, that we have at times seemed wanting in reverence for that great name. Perhaps our accusers are right. Perhaps we have not displayed a gushing admiration for Bunsby. On the contrary it may be that we have sometimes suggested the simple truth about that important person. It is possible we have called him an imposter and a dunce. It is possible we have suggested,—at any rate, we do so now—that stupidity in high station is none the less stupidity; that real merit requires no cloak of pompous pretention; that hollow and putrid falsehood is not the essential quality of a manly character; and that, notwithstanding the risk of the avowal, our ideal of a gentleman is rather outraged than fulfilled by the Bunsby of America.

PEDAGOGUES.

In our boyhood it seemed to us a great thing to be a schoolmaster—a pedagogue as it is sometimes magnificently called.

But in the fearful march of skepticism which we hear on all hands distinguishes the present, and is destined to destroy all our faith, we count that impression among the illusions of our youth.

Herein perhaps we are not singular.

The modern world persists in its headlong course of skepticism.

It dares to lay its irreverent hands upon many pompous pretensions.

It even dares to call many such, in its slang, humbugs.

It arrogates to itself the right to question the validity of the claims men make upon it for respect.

An imposing outside or a sonorous title it no longer regards with reverential awe.

It may be a shocking state of things, but we do not see how the humbugs are going to alter it.

Perhaps they had better retire to the rural districts.

There are still, we have reason to believe, many remote, unfriended, solitary, and slow villages whose confiding inhabitants will gladly receive them and pay them the respect which is so sweet in the nostrils of their pretention.

It is there that the Pedagogues should betake themselves.

There they can strut and swell without the presence of captious disbelievers in their dignity to make them afraid.

These thoughts occurred to us on reading the report of the Prince's visit to Chancellor Ferris in his 'marble halls.'

It is a great thing to live in 'marble halls.'

It is a thing to be even dreamed about.

In fact a very large number of the young ladies who had acquired accomplishments, were, a few years ago, accustomed to declare with more or less harmonious earnestness that they had dreamed they had dwelt in marble halls.

As far, however, as we can recall the expression to our recollection, none of them remarked that they had met Chancellor Ferris, there.

This we wonder at.

Perhaps, however, he at that time was himself only dreaming that he should ever live there.

We doubt, however, if his imagination dared to picture himself swelling through them as a Chancellor.

Just think of being a Chancellor.

That is a more splendid name than Pedagogue.

How few simple people would ever imagine that a Chancellor, who dwelt in marble halls, and told a young Prince, a genuine Prince, right to his face, that he was glad to welcome him there, was really nothing more than a schoolmaster, and not much of a schoolmaster at that, with a poor sort of a high school to be master over, a school kept in a somewhat pretentious but really shabby marble building, a part of which was let out to artists and single gentlemen for lodgings.

Yet such is the real state of the case.

They call the school the New York University, and the master Chancellor Ferris.

By 'they' we mean schoolmaster Ferris himself and those interested with him.

How proud the Prince must have been at being received by Chancellor Ferris, and how much delighted at being told he was in marble halls.

If he had not been told he would never have known it.

In fact he did not know it after he was told.

For the halls are not marble, but plaster. And therein lies the splendor of the whole joke.

It was the best joke the Prince's visit gave rise to.

The peaceful General Sandford, and the poetic Morris, both dressed up in fancy coats, leading a good many other peacefully-inclined citizens, all dressed also in soldier clothes, and going, not with the sanguinary intention of the frog in the song, but with the innocent intention of passing themselves off upon the Prince as military men, gathered together, not to display themselves but to honor him; the very respectable Peter Cooper, sticking so close to the Prince, and pretending to be a man inclined to balls, and at home in their festive scenes; the ladies old enough to be the Prince's grandmothers, who acted the parts of young belles, and danced with him as such; the ministers who played the part of humble worshippers of God before him; none of these various persons conceived or executed so good a joke as Chancellor Ferris in his 'marble halls.'

Consider how stupendous it is in its conception, and how accurate in the details of its execution, and you must agree that of all the practical jokers who have recently had their little fling before the Prince, Chancellor Ferris takes the lead.

Thus do we find, after all, that to be a chancellor, or a pedagogue, or a schoolmaster, is really a great thing.

LOOK OUT THERE!

We wonder it has not occurred to the editors or managers of certain New York daily papers, that in printing private scandal about prominent members of society, they are engaged in 'a game which two can play at.'

—We are delighted to announce that the verses written in celebration of the Prince's visit to Boston, were not produced by Mr. Longfellow, as had been reported, but by Mr. O. W. Holmes.

—Ada Clare's novel—'Asphodel'—will not be published until the last of next month.

—Messrs. J. W. Parker & Sons, London, have just issued a new volume of poetry by Coventry Patmore (author of The Angel in the House, The Espousal, etc.), entitled 'Faithful Forever.'

—Walt Whitman's new series of 'Leaves of Grass' will be published by Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, early in November. The volume already published, has passed through several editions.

HARRIET PRESCOTT.

The story of 'Midsummer and May,' in the *Atlantic* for November, is by this young lady. What spirit of old and mystic poetry, of romantic and rapturous passion, of lands spiced with the breath of heroes and musical with wild adventure, has come down and rested on her native spot in the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts; and what divine destiny has filled a heart that might agitate little commonplace domestic affairs with the images of immortal and generous life, with artistic intuitions, and very real human feelings, and touched fingers that might weave their paleness over ivory piano-keys, or the form of a cat in crochet, with the genius of dropping fire and music over the page?

The story gives more emphasis to these questions, since the declension which was so charitably predicted for Miss Prescott when her first stories came, is not in any particular of matter or method apparent; while the wonder that their strange originality, quaint erudition, and luscious imagination provoked, is elevated into a calm enthusiasm of admiration by the masterly use of the simple materials of 'Midsummer and May,' and also by the excellent and more unaffected beauty of the writing.

Perhaps we only stand on the threshold of Miss Prescott's first complete and well-furnished romance, but should the unhappy and unlikely contingency arise which will suspend the work, the little drama of Mrs. Lauderadale's and Roger Raleigh's love will stand perfect and affecting—if only an episode, an episode wrought with the finest genius—if only a fragment, a fragment so clear, and precious, and beautiful, as to be worthy of the fashioning hand of the very first Artist.

Welcome these stories. They go with other bright and cheerful examples of the literature that is rising with the dewy freshness and splendor of youth upon it, from the dull night of respectable commonplaceness.

This is one of the pictures of 'Midsummer and May:'

> A shadow stood on the piazza, in the semi-darkness, at the appointed hour; two other shad

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I wish that the vulgar persons who believe that no strong dramatic effect can be produced except by bawling, bellowing, barking, blarting, howling, hawking, yelling, screaming, shrieking, wheezing, whooping, whimpering, moaning, mumbling, druling, drawling, groaning, gasping, writhing, wriggling, grinning, glowering, glaring, scowling, squinting, shrugging, shivering, raving, tearing, pawing, prancing, pacing, creeping, crawling, stamping, etc., etc., would just go, for once, and see LAURA KEENE in 'Aileen Aroon.'

They would then understand what I mean by simple, natural, suggestive acting, and see how infinitely greater it is, in every respect, than the acting which is just now the vogue, and which consists chiefly in the tricks and antics I have just in small part enumerated, and which, together with a hundred more of the same sort (such as eccentric dressing, disfiguring the face, exposing the person, etc., etc.), are relied upon, General, as the best means of securing your suffrages.

And, unfortunately, they are not relied upon without some show of reason, as recent events abundantly prove.

But this does not at all shake my faith in the opposite system; for whenever an artist has the intelligence, the good-sense, and (I may add) the self-respect, to try it, by dispensing with every kind of cheap and vulgar artifice—conforming strictly to the rules of art—the audience, however constituted, is sure to be charmed.

LAURA KEENE is such an artist; and in 'Aileen Aroon,' her performance is in such excellent taste throughout, and exhibits such high histrionic qualities, that although I have witnessed it three times already, I should be sorry not to have a chance to witness it again and again. She has faults, of course,—who has not?—but they are all on the right side, and of such a character that in almost any one else they would be merits.

I might say much more, General, in the same strain, but it is unnecessary. Those who are familiar with Miss Keene's style of acting will, as a rule, agree with me in opinion, while those who are not may well be congratulated that they have that pleasure in store.

But those who want tricks and things must go elsewhere.

And by the way, speaking of tricks, I learn from the papers that QUEEN VICTORIA is in town—not Victoria, Queen of England, but

Victoria, Queen of the Wizards.

Her Majesty is on a professional (that is to say a royal) tour; and having visited the King of Belgium, the Queen of Spain, the Emperor of the French, and the Ditto of Brazil, has now deigned to honor with her magic presence their Most Sovereign Majesties the People of America, whom she will receive on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday next, at the French Theatre, 585 Broadway, admission fifty cents, to pay expenses, children half-price.

The Reception will be conducted in the most unique style—Her Majesty laying aside all form on the occasion, and entertaining her visitors with new species and varieties of wizardry, calculated to bring the great ANDERSON to grief, and to 'strike the mind of the beholder with awe.'

I advise you, General, to go and see her, as I am told by those who ought to know, that what she can't do in the wizard line isn't worth doing.

As for myself, I speak this word for her partly because she is a stranger in a strange land, but principally because I do adore royalty in every form, and think that the more of it we have 'round, the better—if only for the sake of the children.

So, long live VICTORIA, QUEEN OF THE WIZARDS!

And, now, General, for the principal dramatic performance of the week,—a Matinée that came off on the 14th instant, in Trinity church, which, for the first (and, let us hope, for the last) time was converted into a theatre.

I hardly know how to speak of it, for I was not there.

The tickets were disposed of in advance, and were all taken up by the cream of the cream.

The performances commenced at 11 A. M., and were opened with prayer.

Here are some of the particulars, beginning with the chief performers:

SEXTON MEWREE.

BISHOP POTTER, BISHOP ODENHEIMER,
BISHOP TALBOT, BISHOP DELANCEY,

DR. GUILMETTE.

Rev. Dr. Vinton,	Rev. R. D. Sternes,
Rev. Dr. Staunton,	Rev. R. M. Abercrombie,
Rev. Dr. Payne,	Rev. G. Leeds,
Rev. Dr. Creighton,	Rev. S. D. Denison,
Rev. E. M. Pecke,	Rev. Mr. Cheevers,
Rev. Dr. F. Ogilby,	Rev. Dr. McVickar,
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Rev. Mr. Thompson,	Rev. Mr. Stowell,
Rev. Mr. Caird,	Rev. Mr. Harrison,
Rev. Mr. Chapman,	Rev. Alvah Viswall.

FORTY POLICEMEN.

And a large company of supernumeraries, including churchwardens, choristers, vestrymen, and general hangers-on.

SCENE: Before Jehovah's awful throne.

TIME: Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MOTIVE: The Reception of the Prince of Wales.

PLOT: None in particular, the piece being an incoherent Travesty.

I am told that the performance was, throughout, an effective one,—the bishops, clergymen, choristers, sexton, bell-ringer, and even the policemen, acting with great spirit.

The excitement was so great, that several young women were seriously affected, and one was carried out in a swoon.

The Prince and his suite thought the affair savored a little of sacrilege, but considering all the circumstances (who was who, etc.), they deemed it best not to interfere, and accordingly the travesty was played all through, and the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity was made forever memorable in the annals of the drama.

It is for this reason, mainly, that I make the above brief record.

Had I been present, it is not probable that I should have remained to the end, as I have no taste for travesties of any kind, besides not being able, for the life of me, to see the wit of travestying holy things.

Moreover, I never like to go into a church except for religious purposes.

Even if a Prince is to be exhibited and performed before, I think it would be better to have the exhibition and performance take place in a theatre.

I don't think I would have gone to Trinity Church to see a religious farce got up for the benefit even of the Princes of Japan.

On the whole, I think I wouldn't go *anywhere* to see a religious farce.

It wouldn't be funny, and to most people it would be offensive.

I imagine that the idea of having one in a church is peculiarly American. Fancy one in the style of that performed on Sunday last in Trinity church, gotten up in Westminster Abbey, even for the glorification of the President of the United States!

I think I see it done, and the grand old liturgy of the Church of England altered to suit the occasion!

But let us be charitable, General.

After all, the movers in the Trinity church affair meant no harm.

It was only a little bit of flunkeyism. No sacrilege was intended. The fact is, they knew not what they did. The sight of a live Prince dazzled them out of their senses. So they bowed down and worshipped him. Worshipping him in church was doubtless a mistake, but they had to worship him where they could find him, even if it was 'before Jehovah's awful throne.'

I doubt if there was ever such a spectacle before in the world, and I doubt if there will ever be such another.

Flunkeyism, like everything else, has its culminating point; and it will be entered upon the pages of history that it was attained on the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, and in the Nineteenth Century, by the flunkeys of New York.

The people had nothing to do with it.

The people are never flunkeys.

Here endeth, General, my lesson on the farce of the season—which will not be repeated.

Yours, feeling considerably better,

QUELQU'UN.

Chess Column

OF

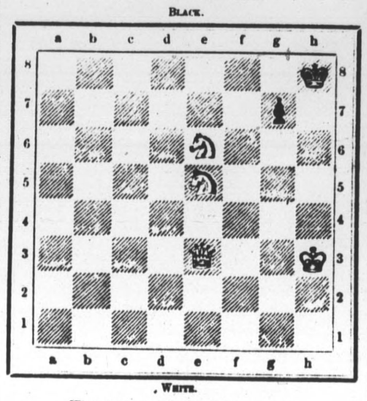
The New York Saturday Press.

OCTOBER 20, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 51.

By T. P. C., of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 50.

1. R e4—d4	K f5—e5	3. K h4—g5	f5—e4:
2. e2—e4	f6—f5	4. R d4—d5‡	

— A game played at the Morphy Chess Rooms, October 13th, between Mr. James Thompson and Mr. J. A. Leonard:

LEONARD.	THOMPSON.		
1. e2—e4	c7—c6	13. Q h5—f5:	Kt d7—e5:
2. d2—d4	d7—d5	Had Black a better move?	
3. Kt b1—c3	c7—c6	14. Q f5—e5:	c5—c4
4. Kt g1—f3	B f8—b4	15. B d3—f5	Kt b8—c6
5. B f1—d3	Kt g8—f6	16. Q e5—g3	B c8—f5:
6. e4—e5	Kt f6—d7	17. R f1—f5:	K g8—h7
7. 0—0	0—0	18. B c1—h6:	b7—h6:
8. Kt f3—g5	h7—h6	19. Q g3—h3†	B e7—h4
9. Q d1—h5	B b4—e7	20. R a1—f1	g7—g5
10. f2—f4	c6—c5	21. R f5—f6†	K h6—g7
11. Kt g5—h7	R f8—e8	22. R f6—f7 †	K g7—h8
12. f4—f5	c6—f5:	23. Q h3—f5, and wins.	

Checker-work.

The following mysterious and incomprehensible paragraph appears on the second page of the cover of that mysterious and incomprehensible journal, the London *Chess Player's Chronicle* for August last:

TO CHESS-PLAYERS.

SIR,—Considering that the Game of Chess might be made one of manly exercise as well as intellectual power, by making the squares of a yard and the Chessmen of light basket-work covered with dyed silk or cotton. Now, if the proprietors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham will allow me to place such a board on their grounds, Will any one of the London Chess Clubs play me and my second a game there, for the honor of winning, or for a trifling stake?

CADOGAN WILLIAMS.

15 *Et Place.*

We copy this in all the beauty of its artesian English and beg to know what it means. Is it intended that the players shall get the "manly exercise" out of the pieces by conveying them from square to square? Or is it proposed to do it more effectively by throwing them at each other's heads? We hope that in due time that admirable organ of British Ches, the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia, will unravel this latest mystery of its constituents on the other side of the ocean.

— A meeting was to have been held by the Philadelphia Chess Club on the evening of the 11th inst., to take the preliminary steps for the arrangements connected with the Congress of 1861. We have not yet heard the results of its deliberations. But we make no doubt they were such as will worthily inaugurate a movement so important for the interests of Chess. The venerable traditions which cluster about the Chess history of the town of Franklin, the lofty reputation of its Chess fraternity, the intellectual ability and social position of its Chess devotees, and the size and enthusiasm of its club,—all warrant the hope and belief that the second Congress of the American Association will exceed in its numbers and its influence, its interest and its results, the first gathering of that body. The city of New York, we trust, will well perform its duty in the premises. Let the subscriptions be worthy of the metropolitan position which we claim to hold, and the representation made up of our strongest combatants. We have no desire, as we certainly have no right, to urge our peculiar views upon the attention of a body of gentlemen, who know so much better than we how to perform the task assigned them. It is therefore merely in a suggestive spirit that we venture to hope that some arrangement will be made to secure the attendance as a guest of that distinguished and interesting young player, Mr. Kolisch. Influenced by the same motive we would ask whether an effort, in connection with the Congress, to secure funds for the erection of a simple memorial to the memory of Franklin, the chess-moralist, would not add to the interest of the occasion? It would be a pleasant testimonial, on the part of the Chess-players of America, to him who spoke such kindly words in favor of the recreation which we cultivate, and whose written approval, coming as it did from the pen of the man who, above all others, is regarded as the type of American common sense and American utilitarianism, has done so much to remove the prejudice against Chess as an idle and useless game. It might take the form of a magnificent edition of his *Morals of Chess*, or of a simple bust to be placed in some square of Philadelphia, or any other shape which the good taste of his townsmen might indicate. One other word and we have done. Let there be among Chess-players everywhere a warm and active zeal for the success of the coming assemblage. Let us have none of those foolish bickerings which have marked many of the meetings of the British Association. Union and activity will make the Philadelphia Congress one to be proud of to the latest posterity of American admirers of the kingly game.

— The *Ordonnances des Rois de France* says that Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris in the reign of Philip Augustus, forbade clerks and priests to play at Chess, or even to have a Chess-board in their possession. We learn also, from Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, that St. Louis imposed a fine upon all who should play the game, and that Cardinal Damianus made a Bishop, whom he discovered at Chess, perform a severe penance for the heinous sin he had thus committed.

— Some paragraphs concerning the proposed Morphy-Paulsen match have appeared in the daily journals, full of the usual absurdities which generally result when penny-a-liners get hold of a Chess item. The reasons for the declension of Mr. Morphy to play a match on even terms with Mr. Paulsen are, as we think, simply these:

1st. Mr. Morphy did not come North for the purpose of playing Chess, much less Chess-matches, and has given but a fraction of his time while here to the game in any shape.

2d. In a series of games, including an important match, played in 1857, Mr. Paulsen succeeded in securing only one game in twelve, or if we count the blindfold games, only one in fourteen of the contested parties. It seems eminently proper, and Chess-like, therefore, that Mr. Paulsen, if a match be played, should be the last person to request that it be an even one.

3d. Mr. Morphy has again and again declared,—a declaration which, as the acknowledged champion of two continents, he had a perfect right to make—that he would play no more even matches without having been first conquered at odds. If an exception were to be made to this rule, it certainly would not be right to make it in favor of one who has already been proven to be so greatly the inferior of the champion.

4th. It has not been said by Mr. Morphy, but it is the general feeling among those who have seen Mr. Paulsen play even recently, that the fatigue of contending in a set match against that gentleman would be such that few persons would willingly undergo it. It is certainly to be regretted that so fine a player should be obliged to evolve his combinations so slowly. We say this in no spirit of censure.

5th. Mr. Morphy has said that he would gladly consent to play a few off-hand games with Mr. Paulsen, at the odds of Pawn and Move, an offer which we think all candid persons would have advised the justly-distinguished Western player to accept, if his desire to meet Mr. Morphy be indeed based upon a wish to properly advance the interests of the game.

At every stage of Mr. Morphy's brilliant Chess-career, he has distinctly enunciated the fact, in words of manly utterance which are still ringing in our ears, that his life was not to be the life of a professional Chess-player. He has said that he looked upon the game merely as a highly intellectual pastime, and that the larger portion of his future years would be devoted to graver studies and more serious avocations. It seems to us that, at every step, he displays, steadily but gentlemanly, the consistency of his character in this respect. For, while he is proud of the honors he has received and the honorable fame which he has acquired even in the arena of a simple amusement, he still shows himself resolved to make that amusement occupy its proper place in the development of his life. Few persons, at his age, after having achieved such excellence and so great renown as a Chess-player, could have brought themselves to form this resolution and to firmly execute it.

— A few nights since, Mr. Morphy played three games at the odds of the Knight, with Mr. Frederick Perrin, winning them all. The contest took place at the New York Club, in the presence of a large number of gentlemen. A game at the odds of the Rook, with Mr. J. A. Leonard, was drawn.

Artesians.

Ever sapient ARTESIANUS earnestly insists upon the fact that Dr. Lewis, and not himself, is the *head* of the *Bulletin* Chess-column. There seems to be no just cause of such anxiety on his part, for we have never heard anybody seriously accuse him of occupying the place of that useful and brain-furnishing member. Popular opinion, if we do not mistake it, usually assigns to him a position at the other extremity of the Bulletinian Chess-body.

— Is there any truth in the rumor that an effort was made by the always vigilant *Artesianus* to induce Albert Edward, the son and heir of the *Bulletin's* gracious sovereign, to visit the Philadelphia Chess Club during his recent sojourn in the city of Penn. And did the Prince, in response to the invitation, send two of his lacquies, *à la japanaise*, to battle with the redoubtable artesian champion?

— Ardent, aspiring, ambassador-attacking ARTESIANUS, alive and active, accomplishes achievements apparently above actuality. All America, alternately astonished and alarmed, admires and applauds an ability actually Alexandrian. Albion acknowledges attainments as abundant, and acquirements as affluent as ancient Alfred's. Arid Africa, auroral Asia, and antipodal Australia, aghast at an aspect assuredly atlantean, alike agree, and award an audible approbation. As an Atlas among anglomaniacs, ARTESIANUS arouses agitation, and assumes an attitude almost appalling; and again, as an amateur and athlête at an antique amusement, ARTESIANUS always arrests attention and awakes alarm. As an acquaintance affable and affectionate, as an author agreeable and amusing, as an annalist accurate and authentic, as an annotator analytical and acute, as an adversary audacious and aggressive, as an ally advantageous and acceptable, ARTESIANUS attracts admiration, and adorns an age admittedly Augustan—an adept at all arts, an adroit advocate, an approved arguer, an astute admonisher, antiquity's annals alone afford an available analogy. ADAM ate apples; ARTESIANUS appreciates ale. ABRAHAM adored at altars; ARTESIANUS affects Anglican affinities. ACHILLES abandoned associates and allies; ARTESIANUS alienates acquaintances and adherents. AJAX astonished Argives; ARTESIANUS astounds Alleghanians. ARTAXERXES assassinated; ARTESIANUS affrights. ARISTIDES avoided ambition; ARTESIANUS anathematizes aggrandisement. ALEXANDER assailed Asiatics; ARTESIANUS attacks Americans. Apollo appears airy, APELLES artistic, ARISTOTLE abstemious, AUGUSTUS authoritative, ANTONY accomplished, ATTILA austere, and ARTHUR armipotent; ARTESIANUS alone appropriately assumes all analogous attributes. Albeit at an adolescent age, ARTESIANUS abhors alike adulation and adornment. Although, alas, abject aspersers adduce abusive allegations, and arrant assurance alleges ambiguous accusations against ARTESIANUS, all absurd and annoying attacks are actively averted. Although atrocious anti-artesians are agog, all arduously attempted aggressions, all absolutely abortive and abernant abettors are abashed. Annihilation attends adventurous antagonists, and an awful avengement awaits any adversative advance. Avaunt, angry and anonymous abusers! Away, abominable and acrimonious accusers! Abjure ambushes and ambuscades! Abandon arraignments alike awkward and asinine! Accept an advisable armistice, and adopt amicable arrangements! Armed against all adventitious assaults, as assiduous as an ant, as alert as an adder, as agile as an ape, as affrightful as an alligator, as ascetic as an alchemist, and as august as an autocrat, ARTESIANUS acceleratively advances along an astral arena amidst adulatory applause, amasses affluence, and aims at augmenting accomplishments already ample. And at an appropriate age, ARTESIANUS abdicates all avocations, adjusts all accounts, and awaits an apotheosis. Angels and archangels arrange an aureate abode, and amid anthems and antiphonal attunings, ARTESIANUS, angelically attired, ascends. An afterworld acquiesces and approves.

— It is interesting to know that the city of Hamilton, Canada West, is blessed with one or more artesian wells, the waters of which are possessed of considerable medicinal virtue. They are said to be great bores.

— On the fourteenth of this month, the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, while 'four Bishops and thirty-six clergymen, all in surplices,' assisted by the 'seventeen men and boys of the choir, dressed also in surplices, these last being new,' were conducting the religious services before the Prince, in Trinity church, to which no one was admitted without a ticket, Mr. Faulkner and his assistant Mr. Roe, who were preaching in the open air, near the fountain in the park, to a crowd of some four hundred persons, upon the question of temperance, were arrested on the charge of preaching without a license, and held to bail in the sums, respectively, of $300 and $200.

— Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. will sell at auction on the 22d and 23d of this month a collection of books making a catalogue of over 600 lots, which is well worth the attention of book buyers. The same gentlemen will sell on Oct. 31st and following days a collection of autographs, making the largest collection ever offered at auction in this city. The catalogues of both of these sales are now ready for distribution.

MISS S. J. RUSSELL will be ready, on the 20th inst., to receive at her residence, No. 502 Third [illegible] a few pupils, who desire instruction in Latin and in the English branches, upon reasonable terms. Application to the care of William C. Russell, No. 48 Pine street, will be attended to.

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(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

the master of the things which, in his own house, should be placed at the disposition of others.

A person of elegance does not say in exactly the same way as a king does: our carriage, our palace, our country-seat, our horses, but he knows how to tincture all his actions with this royal delicacy, this happy metamorphosis, by which a man seems to invite all those who surround him to partake of his fortune. In this way, this noble doctrine implies another axiom, not less important than the preceeding:

XXX.

To admit a person to your house, is to suppose him worthy to inhabit your sphere.

Consequently, these pretended misfortunes, the blame of which a small-minded person would lay to our absolute dogmas, could proceed only from an unpardonable want of tact. Can the mistress of a house ever complain of a want of attention or care? Is it not her own fault? Are there not, for elegant people, a species of Free Masonry signs by which they recognize each other? By never receiving into his intimacy any but his equals, the elegant man has no accidents to fear; if any should happen, they are only those strokes of fortune from which no one is exempt. The anté room is an institution in England. Where the aristocracy has made such great progress, there are but few houses which have not a reception-room. This room is intended to give audience in to all of our inferiors. The greater or less distance which separates our idle persons from the men of occupation is represented by etiquette. The philosophers, the roughs, the mockers who laugh at ceremonies, would not receive their grocer, even if he was an elector of the Grand College, with the attention they would pay to a Marquis. It does not result from this that the fashionables despise the laborers; far from that, they have an admirable formula of social respect for them: they are estimable persons.

It is as foolish for an elegant to scoff at the industrial classes as it would be for him to trouble a hive of bees, or disturb an artist at work: that last would be a piece of notorious ill-breeding.

Saloons therefore belong to those who have an elegant position, as frigates belong to those who have a naval position. If you have not rejected my prolegomena, you must accept all their consequences.

From this doctrine is derived a fundamental aphorism:

XXXI.

In the life of elegance, there no longer exists any superiority; persons meet there and treat each other like powers.

A man of good society says to no one, I have the honor, etc. He is the very humble servant of no one.

The sentiment of propriety dictates to-day new formulæ which persons of taste know how to appropriate to circumstances. In this connection we advise those whose minds are sterile to consult Montesquieu's letters. This illustrious writer has displayed a rare ingenuity of talent in the way he ends the shortest of his notes, from a horror of the absurd stereotyped phrase; I have the honor, etc.

From the moment when the persons of elegant life represent the natural aristocracy of a country, they owe each other, reciprocally, the consideration of the most perfect equality.

Up to this time our dogmas have expressed the spirit more than the form of things. We have in a measure presented the æsthetics of the life of elegance. In studying out the general laws which govern details, we have been less astonished than surprised to find a sort of similitude between the true principles of architecture and those which it remains for us to declare. We therefore asked ourselves whether perhaps the majority of objects which are used in the life of elegance were not in the domain of architecture. Clothing, beds, carriages, are the protections of the persons, as the house is the great garment which covers a man and the things used by him. It appears that we have employed everything, even language, as Talleyrand has said, to conceal our life, our thought, which despite all our efforts, shines through all our veils.

Without wishing to give to this principle more importance than it merits, we will note here a few of these rules:

XXXII.

Elegance requires imperiously that the means should be appropriate to the end.

From this principle are derived two aphorisms which are immediately consequent from it:

XXXIII.

The man of taste should always know how to reduce his needs to the simplest possible.

XXXIV.

Everything should appear to be what it really is.

XXXV.

Prodigality of ornament injures the general effect.

XXXVI.

Ornamentation should be placed up high.

XXXVII.

In everything a multiplicity of colors is an evidence of bad taste.

We will not seek here to demonstrate by a few examples the justness of these axioms, since in the following two parts, we will develop more logically their consequences, by pointing out their effects upon each detail. This observation has caused us to retrench from this part the general principles which should govern the subsidiary divisions of the science, for we have thought they would be better placed in the form of summaries at the commencement of those chapters, the contents of which they more specially refer to.

Beside, all the principles which we have already proclaimed, and to which we will be often forced to recur, would appear vulgar to many people.

If necessary, we would accept this reproach as praise. Yet, despite the simplicity of these laws, which perhaps more than one elegantologist would have better enunciated, deduced, or joined together, we shall not finish without observing to the neophytes of fashion, that good taste no longer results so much from the knowledge of these laws, as from their application. A man should practice this science with the ease with which he speaks his native language. It is dangerous to stammer in the elegant world. Have you not often seen those demi-fashionable persons, who weary themselves in running after grace, are annoyed if they see one fold too little in their skirts, and sweat blood and water in order to arrive at a false correction, like those unhappy Englishmen who produce at each word their pocketbooks? Remember, ye poor creatures of the life of elegance, that from our XXXIII. aphorism results essentially this other principle, which is your eternal condemnation:

XXXVIII.

Laborious elegance is to true elegance what a wig is to hair.

This maxim implies in logical consequence the following corollary:

XXXIX.

Dandyism is a heresy in the life of elegance.

In fact, dandyism is an affectation of fashion. In making himself a dandy, a man becomes a piece of furniture for a boudoir, an extremely ingenious mandrin, which can balance itself upon a horse or on a sofa, which habitually sucks or chews the head of a cane, but which is never a thinking being. The man who cares in fashion only fashion, is a fool. The life of elegance excludes neither thought nor knowledge; it concentrates them. It requires but only that a man should learn how to kill them, but to employ it in an extremely elevated order of ideas.

As we, in commencing this second part of our treatise, [illegible] those who [illegible] Theology the [illegible] publication [illegible]

A have [illegible]

taste; he receives company [illegible]; his guests are not vulgar; he gives excellent dinners; he is in the current of fashion, of politics, of new sayings, of passing habits; he even creates new ones; in short, in his house everything bears the exact character of comfort. He is in some sort the methodist of elegance, and advances on the level of his age. Neither gracious, nor displeasing, you can never cite from him a disagreeable word; and no gesture of ill-breeding ever escapes from him. There is no need to finish the picture,—this man has a sufficing grace.

Do we not each of us know an amiable egotist who possesses the secret of talking to us about himself without annoying us? In his house, everything is graceful, fresh, carefully chosen, even poetic. He makes you envy him. Even while associating you in his pleasures and his luxury, he seem to fear your loss of fortune. His obligingness, even in conversation, is perfected politeness. For him friendship is nothing but a theme, the richness of which he knows admirably, and the modulations of which he measures according to each person's diapason.

His life is stamped with a perpetual personality, for which, thanks to his manners, he is excused; an artist among artists, old with an old man, a child with children, he seduces without pleasing, for he lies to us in his own interest, and amuses us by calculation. He stays with us and flatters us because he is weary, and if we should to-day perceive that we have been deceived, to-morrow we would go to be cheated a second time. This man has the essential grace.

But there is a person whose harmonious voice gives to her conversation a charm found equally in her manners. She knows how to speak and how to keep silence, how delicately to engage herself with you, and uses only proper subjects of conversation. Her words are happily chosen; her language is pure, her raillery caresses, and her criticism does not wound. Far from contradicting with the ignorant assurance of a fool, she seems to seek in your company good sense or truth. She indulges in dissertations as little as she does in disputes; she delights to lead a discussion which she stops when she pleases. Of an equable temper, her air is affable and gay. Her politeness has nothing forced in it, her welcome is never servile; she reduces respect to nothing more than a delicate shade; she never tires you and leaves you satisfied with her and yourself. Attracted to her sphere by an inexplicable power, you find her wit and grace impressed upon the things with which she surrounds herself; everything there pleases the sight, and while there you seem to breathe the fresh air of the country. In intimacy this person seduces you by a tone of fresh simplicity. She is natural. She never makes an effort at luxury, at display; her sentiments are simply rendered, because they are true. She is frank, without offending any one's self-love. She accepts men as God has made them, pardoning their faults and ridiculous qualities; comprehending all ages, and vexing herself about nothing, since she has tact enough to foresee everything. She obliges rather than consoles; she is tender and gay; therefore you will love her irresistibly. You will take her for a type, and vow to worship her.

Such a woman has the divine and concurrent grace.

Charles Nodier has personified this ideal-being in his Ondet, a graceful figure which the magic of the pencil has not injured. But it is nothing to read the sketch: you should hear Nodier himself describing certain particulars which belong too much to the privacy of life to be written, and then you would conceive the prestige of these privileged creatures.

This majestic power is the grand aim of the life of elegance. We should all try to obtain it, but success is always difficult, since the reason of success lies in a beautiful soul. Happy are they who obtain it! It is so beautiful to see both nature and man smile upon us!

Now that the summing up has been completed, we will commence to occupy ourselves with details.

PART III.

Of the things which Proceed Directly from the Person.

"Do you believe that a man can be a man of talent without these follies?"

"Yes sir; but he will be a man of talent more or less amiable, well or ill bred," she answered.—*Two unknown persons conversing in a ball-room.*

CHAPTER V.

OF THE TOILETTE IN ALL ITS PARTS.

We owe to Mr. Auger, a young writer whose philosophic spirit has given a grave aspect to the most frivolous questions of fashion, a thought which we will transform into an axiom:

XL.

The toilette is the expression of society.

This maxim is a resumé of all our doctrines, and contains them all so virtually that nothing more can be said which would not be a more or less successful development of this wise aphorism.

The learned man, or the elegant man of fashion, who should study the costumes of a people in every age, would thus make the most picturesque and characteristically true history of that nation. To explain the long hair of the Franks, the tonsure of the Monks, the short hair of the serfs, the perukes of Popocambou, the aristocratic powder and the queues of 1790, would this not be to relate the principal changes of our country? To ask the origin of long-toed shoes, of poor-bags, of hoods, of cockades, of hoop-petticoats, of farthingales, of gloves, of masks, of velvits, is to introduce a modilogue into the dreadful labyrinth of sumptuary laws, and on all the battle-fields where civilisation has triumphed over the coarse manners introduced into Europe by the barbarity of the middle ages. If the church excommunicated successively those priests who assumed breeches, and those who left them off for pantaloons; if the wigs of the monks of Beauvais occupied formerly, for half a century, the attention of the Parliament of Paris, it was because these things, though futile in appearance, represented either the ideas or the interests of the times; take for instance the foot, or the breast, or the head, you will always see a social progression, a retrograde system, or a prolonged struggle formulate itself by the aid of some article of dress. At one period the dress of the foot announced a privilege; at another, a hood, a bonnet, or a hat proclaimed a revolution; here, a piece of embroidery, or a scarf,—there, ribbons, or some ornament of straw denoted a party; and then you belonged to the Croises, to the Protestants, to the Guises, to the League, to Bearnais, or to the Fronde.

Do you wear a green cap? You are a man who has no honor.

Have you a yellow wheel in the form of a star on your overcoat? Go, you parish of Christianity! Jew! get into your hovel at the hour of the curfew, or you will be punished with a fine.

Ah! young girl, you have golden ringlets, a wonderful necklace, and earrings which sparkle as do your eyes! Take care! if the sergeant of police sees you he will arrest you, and you will be imprisoned for having thus sauntered through the city, passing lightly through the streets, and making the eyes of the old men, whose purses you drain, to sparkle.

Have you white hands? You are strangled with cries of long live Jack Goodfellow! Death to the noblemen!

Have you a St. Andrew's cross? enter Paris without fear; John Sans-Peur reigns there.

Do you wear a tri-colored cockade? fly! Marmillon will assassinate you, for the last canon of Waterloo spit death and the old Bourbons upon us!

Why would the toilette be always the most eloquent of styles, if it was not really all of the man,—the man with his political opinions, the man with the record of his antecedents, the man, finally, [illegible] the man of [illegible] Accordingly, [illegible] in other words the complexion [illegible]

[illegible] the tailor, on the [illegible] from the man of [illegible] of the latin quarter, [illegible] the clerk from the [illegible] prodigal; the lawyer [illegible] speaks from the man who talks.

The commandeur of our [illegible] the uniforms of the [illegible] physiognomist would recognize the [illegible] men by luxury, work, or poverty.

Pack your portmanteaus, put your clothes in it. Well! unless you have walked about like a [illegible] does not know how to see anything, you will find the place-holder by his rumpled coat-tails, by the [illegible] horizontal line marked across his back [illegible] against which he leans so often when he takes [illegible] rests himself from the fatigues of nothing-to-do; the [illegible] will admire the man of business, by his pockets [illegible] et filled with note-books; the idler by the openings of the armholes to his vest, in which he so often sets his thumbs; the shopkeeper, by the extraordinary swelling of his pockets, which gape continually as though they complained at being deprived of their customary packages. In short a coat-collar, more or less [illegible] dusty, greasy, worn; buttonholes more or less [illegible]; a straight-cut coat, the unwrinkled smoothness of a new thick coat, are the infallible signs of their owners' professions, breeding, or habits. Here shine the spruce clothes of the dandy; the broadcloth of the proprietor; the short coat of the street loiterer; the [illegible] coat, with brass buttons, of the freshly-arrived countryman; or the greasy spencer of the miner.

Brummel was, therefore, right in considering the toilette as the culminating point of the life of elegance; since, in reality, it governs all opinions, determines them, and rules them! It is, perhaps, a misfortune; but so goes the world. Wherever there are a great many fools, folly perpetuates itself; and certainly it is necessary to recognize this thought as an axiom:

XLI.

Carelessness in one's toilette is moral suicide.

But though the toilette is the entire man, it is of much more importance with women. The slightest fault in a ball-dress can consign an unknown duchess to the last rank of society.

In reflecting upon the collection of grave principles which compose the science of dress, we have been struck with the generalness of certain rules, which, in a measure, govern all countries, and the toilette of men equally with that of women; therefore we have thought that it was necessary in order to establish the laws of costume, to follow the same order in which we dress ourselves. Thus certain facts stand out prominently, for just as a man dresses himself before conversing, or going out, so he bathes before dressing. The divisions of this chapter are consequently the result of long and conscientious observation, which has led to this arrangement of vestimentary matters:

§1. Economic principles of the toilette.

§2. Of propriety in its connections with the toilette.

§3. Of the toilette of men.

§4. Of the toilette of women.

§5. Of changes in costume, and a resumé of the chapter.

§1.

Economic Principles of the Toilette.

The people who dress themselves as does the laborer, whose body assumes daily and carelessly the same covering, always greasy and always offensive, are as numerous as the fools who go out into the world to see nothing, who die without having lived, who know the value neither of meats nor women, who never say either a wise nor a foolish thing. But they should be pardoned, since they do not know what they do.

If it is necessary to convert them to elegance, the question arises, Can they even understand these axioms, which are the foundations of all our knowledge?

XLII.

The brute covers himself, the rich man or the fool arrays himself, the elegant man dresses himself.

XLIII.

The toilette is at once a science, an art, a habit, and a sentiment.

In fact, where is the woman of forty, who will not recognize the truth of the deep science there is in the toilette? Do you confess that there is no grace in a garment which you are not accustomed to wear? Is anything more ridiculous than a grisette in a court-dress? And as for the sentiment of the toilette, how many people in society can you count, both women and men, who have plenty of money, clothes, silks, the most wonderful creations of luxury, and who use them only to make themselves look like Japanese idols? From hence results an aphorism, so true, that even the distinguished coquette and the professors of seduction should study it continually:

XLIV.

The toilette does not consist so much in the clothes, as in a certain way of wearing them.

Therefore it is not so much the rag itself as the spirit of the rag which must be caught. There are [illegible] in the provinces, and even in Paris, a goodly number of persons capable of committing, in the matter of new fashions, the mistake of the Spanish duchess, who receiving an expensive wash-bowl, an article with which she was unacquainted, thought, after long consideration, that its form showed it was destined for the table, and therefore served for her guests a repast of boiled beef and truffles in it, having never connected the idea of use with the ornamental porcelain of this necessary utensil.

At the present day our habits have so modified our costume, that, properly speaking, there is no longer any costume. All Europeans have adopted the woaving of cloth, because the aristocracy, as well as the people, have instinctively arrived at this great truth, it is much better to wear cloth and heap honors, than to sprinkle one's dress with the precious stones of the middle age and of the absolute monarchy. Therefore, as far as the toilette goes, elegance consists in extreme nicety in the details of one's dress; it is in the simplicity of luxury than the luxury of simplicity. There is, to be sure, another sort of elegance; but it is only the variety of the toilette. It induces women to wear remarkable patterns in order to make themselves noticed; to use diamond brooches as fastening a scarf; to put a buckle of brilliants in the bow of a ribbon, just as certain martyrs of fashion, who have five hundred dollars income, who live in a [illegible] wish to appear as though they belonged to the first rank,—your dissolute pins in their [illegible] morning, have gold buttons for their pantaloons to cure their luxurious glances with chalons, and [illegible] Tabel's! How many of these Parisian Tuptuffeys [illegible] more, perhaps voluntarily, this axiom:

XLV.

The toilette should never be a luxury.

Many persons, even some in whom we find [illegible] a certain amount of discrimination, of [illegible] superiority of feeling, can with difficulty [illegible] line of intersection which divides the [illegible] ing from that proper for a carriage! [illegible] pleasure it is for the observer, [illegible] in the streets of Paris, upon the [illegible] men of genius, who, having [illegible] their rank, which [illegible] fashion, do not appear to [illegible] and yet are perfect [illegible] fashion, [illegible] It is a [illegible] [illegible] XLVI.

[illegible] it is pompous for anything, a woman [illegible]

XLVII.

[illegible] man has always to contend against a [illegible]

[illegible] Hence it follows that the next axiom should, [illegible] anything else, regulate the toilette of the [illegible]

XLVIII.

Everything which shows at effect is in bad taste, as [illegible] everything which is noisy and loud.

[illegible] has left the most admirable maxim [illegible] this matter, and the assent of England has [illegible] it:

XLIX.

If people stare at you attentively, you are not well [illegible]; you are too well, too stiffly, or too carefully [illegible]

After this immortal sentence, every pedestrian should pass by unnoticed. His triumph is to be at once vulgar and distinguished, recognized by his own class and ignored by the crowd. If Murat made himself called King Poniatowski, you may judge of the severity with which the mob pursuades a fool! He falls beneath ridicule. Too much nicety is perhaps a greater vice than the want of attention, and the following maxim will doubtless make women of pretention shiver:

L.

To surpass the fashion is to become a caricature.

It now remains for us to destroy the gravest of all errors, to which a false experience accords a sort of credit among those who are not accustomed to reflect or observe much, and we will give our decision despotically and without comment, leaving the trouble of discussing it to the women of good taste and the philosophers of fashion:

LI.

Dress is like paint, it places everything in relief, and the toilette was invented much more for the purpose of displaying the charms of the person, than for the purpose of concealing its defects.

From whence results this natural corollary:

LII.

Everything which the toilette seeks to hide, to dissemble, to augment, or increase more than nature or fashion orders or wishes, is always considered vicious.

Thus every fashion the aim of which is a falsehood, is essentially fleeting and in bad taste.

According to these principles, derived from an exact system of jurisprudence, based upon observation, and due to the severest calculations of human self-love, whether masculine or feminine, it is clear that a badly formed woman, crooked, lame, or humpbacked, should aim to diminish the defects of her figure; but she would be less than a woman if she should imagine that she can produce the slightest illusion on the subject. Mademoiselle de la Vallière limped with grace, and more than one humpback knows how to take his revenge by the charms of wit, or by the glowing warmth of a passionate heart. We do not know when women will understand that a defect gives them immense advantages! The perfect man or woman is a creature who is less than nothing.

We will end these preliminary reflections, applicable to all countries, with an axiom which can take the place of all commentaries:

LIII.

A rent is a misfortune, a stain is a vice.

FINIS.

[From Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.']

America Always.

America always!
Always me joined with you, whoever you are!
Always our eyes feelings!
Always Florida's green peninsula! Always the priceless delta of Louisiana! Always the cotton-fields of Alabama and Texas!
Always California's golden hills and hollows—and the silver mountains of New Mexico! Always soft-breath'd Cuba!
Always the vast slope drained by the Southern Sea—inseparable with the slopes drained by the Eastern and Western Seas,
The area the Eighty-third year of These States—the three and a half millions of square miles.
The eighteen thousand miles of sea-coast and bay-coast on the main—the thirty thousand miles of river navigation,
The seven millions of distinct families, and the same number of dwellings—always these and more, branching forth into numberless branches;
Always the free range and diversity! Always the continent of Democracy!
Always the prairies, pastures, forests, vast cities, travellers, Kansas, the mows;
Always these compact lands—lands tied at the hips with the belt stringing the huge oval lakes;
Always the West, with strong native persons—the increasing density there—the habitans, friendly, threatening, ironical, scorning invaders;
All sights, South, North, East—all deeds, promiscuously done at all times.
All characters, movements, growths—a few noticed, myriads unnoticed,
Through Manahatta's streets I walking, these things gathering;
On interior rivers, by night, in the glare of pine knots, steamboats wooding up;
Sunlight by day on the valley of the Susquehanna, and on the valleys of the Potomac and Rappahannock, and the valleys of the Roanoke and Delaware;
In their Northerly wild beasts of prey haunting the Adirondacks, the hills—or lapping the Saginaw waters to drink;
In a lonesome inlet, a sheldrake, lost from the flock, sitting on the water, rocking silently;
In primitive woods, the sounds there also sounding—the twang of the wolf, the scream of the panther, and the hoarse bellow of the elk;
In Winter, beneath the hard blue ice of Moosehead Lake—in Summer visible through the clear waters, the great trout swimming;
In lower Manhattan, in warmer air, in the Carolinas, the large black buzzard floating slowly high beyond the tree-tops,
[illegible] the red cedar, festooned with tylandria—the [illegible] growing out of the white sand [illegible] and flat;
[illegible] the big Pedee—climbing plants, [illegible] with coloured flowers and berries, envelo[illegible]
[illegible] on the live oak, trailing long and [illegible] waved by the wind;
[illegible] of Georgia wagoners, just after dark—the [illegible] and the cooking and eating by whites [illegible]
[illegible] great wagons—the mules, cattle, [illegible]
[illegible] the leaves of the old [illegible] Sumter—also the black smoke [illegible]
[illegible] and lakes of [illegible] and the [illegible] by house—the closing, [illegible] turpentine and [illegible] in the trees—there [illegible] in good health, the [illegible] covered with pine [illegible] down here in the cool [illegible] by the [illegible] Dam, or at the [illegible]
[illegible] a long [illegible] by the open [illegible]
[illegible] Northward, young men of Manahatta—the largest company that ever assembled, yesterday hence at evening—the [illegible] all later literature of Europe presented by women;
Children at play—or in his father's lap a young boy kiss[illegible] mother, (how his lips move! how he smiles in his sleep!)
The young rider on horseback over the plains West of the Mississippi—he ascends a knoll and sweeps his eye around;
California life—the miner, bearded, dressed in his rude costume—the stanch California friendship—the sweet air—the graves one, in passing, meets, solitary, just aside the houses path;
Down in Texas, the cotton-field, the negro-cabins—drivers driving mules or oxen before rude carts—cotton-bales piled on banks and wharves;
Encircling all, vast-darting, up and wide, the American soul, with equal hemispheres—one Love, one Dilation, or Pride;
In arriere, the peace-talk with the Iroquois, the aborigines—the calumet, the pipe of good-will arbitration, and indorsement,
The sachem blowing the smoke first toward the sun and then toward the earth,
The drama of the scalp-dance enacted with painted faces and guttural exclamations,
The setting out of the war-party—the long and stealthy march,
The single file—the swinging hatchets—the surprise and slaughter of enemies;
All the acts, scenes, ways, persons, attitudes of These States—reminiscences, all institutions,
All These States, compact—every square mile of These States, without excepting a particle—you also—me also,
Me pleased, rambling in lanes and country fields, Paumanok's fields,
Me, observing the spiral flight of two little yellow butterflies, shuffling between each other, ascending high in the air;
The darting swallow, the destroyer of insects—the Fall traveller Southward, but returning Northward early in the Spring;
The country boy, at the close of the day, driving the herd of cows, and shouting to them as they loiter to browse by the roadside;
The city wharf—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco,
The departing ships, when the sailors heave at the capstan;
Evening—me in my room—the setting sun,
The setting Summer sun shining in my open window, showing me flies, suspended, balancing in the air in the centre of the room, darting athwart, up and down, casting swift shadows in specks on the opposite wall, where the shine is;
The athletic American matron speaking in public to crowds of listeners;
Males, females, immigrants, combinations—the copiousness—the individuality and sovereignty of The States, each for itself—the money-makers;
Factories, machinery, the mechanical forces—the windlass, lever, pulley—All certainties,
The certainty of space, increase, freedom, futurity,
In space, the sporades, the scattered islands, the stars—on the firm earth, the lands, my lands,
O lands! all so dear to me—what you are, (whatever it is,) I become a part of that, whatever it is,
Southward there, I screaming, with wings slow flapping, with the myriads of gulls Wintering along the coasts of Florida—or in Louisiana, with pelicans breeding,
Otherways, there, atwixt the banks of the Arkansaw, the Rio Grande, the Nueces, the Brazos, the Tombigbee, the Red River, the Saskatchawan, or the Osage, I with the spring-waters laughing, and skipping, and running;
Northward, on the sands, on some shallow bay of Paumanok, I, with parties of snowy herons wading in the wet to seek worms and aquatic plants;
Retreating, triumphantly twittering, the king-bird, from piercing the crow with its bill, for amusement—And I triumphantly twittering;
The migrating flock of wild geese alighting in Autumn to refresh themselves—the body of the flock feed—the sentinels outside move around with erect heads watching, and are from time to time relieved by other sentinels—And I feeding and taking turns with the rest;
In Kanadian forests, the moose, large as an ox, cornered by hunters, rising desperately on his hind-feet, and plunging with his fore-feet, the hoofs as sharp as knives—And I, plunging at the hunters, cornered and desperate;
In the Mannahatta, streets, piers, shipping, store-houses, and the countless workmen working in the shops,
And I too of the Mannahatta, singing thereof—and no less in myself than the whole of the Mannahatta in itself,
Singing the song of These, my ever-united lands—my body no more inevitably united, part to part, and made one identity, any more than my lands are inevitably united, and make ONE IDENTITY,
Nativities, climates, the grass of the great Pastoral Plains,
Cities, labors, death, animals, products, good and evil—these me,
These affording, in all their particulars, endless feuillage to me and to America, how can I do less than pass the clew of the union of them, to afford the like to you?
Whoever you are! how can I but offer you divine leaves, that you also be eligible as I am?
How can I but, as here, chanting, invite you for yourself to collect bouquets of the incomparable feuillage of These States?

INSURANCE.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1831.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Coles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Suares,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND OF PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

35 per cent. to all members since		1853.
35 " " " "		1848.
30 " " " "		1843.
The Dividend is declared on the following basis:		
Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1859,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$660,302 21	
Estimated deterioration of livesotherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,791 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet mentioned,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	555,713 00	$1,395,622 21

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOFFES,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1854.

OFFICE	OFFICE
30 Merchants Exchange,	11 COURT,
NEW YORK.	Cor. of Remsen street,
	BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,	$152,000 00
SURPLUS,	107,621 72
Assets on	$259,621 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM SELLEWENS, President.
CHARLES SCHUCHARDT, Vice President.
Secretary.
Surveyor.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 116 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BERRIMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those only of four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Persons Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

JOSEPH B. VARNUM,	PARCHAL W. TURSEY,
LEONARD APPLEBY,	FRANKLIN H. DELANO,
FRED. H. WOLCOTT,	HENRY V. BUTLER,
WILLIAM E. SPROUL,	JOS. B. VARNUM, Jr.,
MOSES TAYLOR,	RAM'L. D. BRADFORD, Jr.,
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DUDLEY B. FULLER,	WATSON E. CASE,
CHARLES E. APPLEBY.	

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

	Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " " " July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " " " July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,906 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW AS ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICE:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.	
Frederick Schuchardt,	Jaques Guedin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schiefflin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM PUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1860

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l. L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Cisco,	Dudley S. Fisher,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Berthoud,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Shaw,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wills,
Silas Deane,	William E. Cole,	Rufus Hatch,
D. P. Wardwell,	J. H. Ashmun,	Jos. Sampson,
Henry Cammeyer, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Wm. R. Richards,
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	Oscar Verot.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.* N. D. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor*

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