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[For the Leader.]

Mr. Fleshly's Skating

EXPERIENCE.

I am a moralist, generally speaking, and think it not exactly the thing to rejoice at the downfall of a rival; but under the present circumstances I cannot help feeling jubilant at my triumph over Jones—that wretch who cuts the pretty figures on the ice and has lately been trying to cut me out of Kitty's favor. If I were an Indian chief, I should order a scalp-dance at once; as it is, I am obliged to cork up my exuberant feelings, or give them vent by complaisant chuckling in my own room. This is the way I did it:

The *denouement* that followed my second skating lesson—in which Kitty and Jones discovered me in the act of affectionately saluting the ice, and indicating the four cardinal points of the compass with my extremities—this circumstance, I say, taught me that my case was growing desperate. I knew well enough that the battle for Kitty's regard must be fought upon the ice, and how well I know the truthfulness of the old adage that "the battle is not to the strong." If it had been a question of muscle, I should have ended it summarily by pitching Jones over the nearest booth.

As I said before, my case was growing desperate, and I saw that Jones's figure-skating would tell in the end unless I could devise some skillful plan to checkmate him. I pondered the subject a long time, thought of a dozen plans, even to pitching Jones into an air-hole, but none seemed feasible.

The next day after my mishap I saw an announcement of the great skating carnival. A bright idea struck me, and I hastened around to see Kitty.

She didn't *dear* me as she had done before. On the contrary, I observed a certain coolness in her manner which gave me to understand as plainly as words that the figure-skating was taking effect.

To lose Kitty and allow that despicable Jones to triumph over me thus was too much; and I mentally resolved, in the language of the Rebel papers, to "win success or perish in the attempt."

She was delighted with my proposal to attend the carnival, and I was once more on the right track.

"But what character will you take, my dear Mr. Fleshly?"

It was on this point that I had staked my chances. I had the matter all planned in my own mind; but I determined to play out my line cautiously, like an angler, to make the result the surer.

"O, I have hardly thought of a character," I replied, indifferently.

"How would a Russian do? or an Icelander? or an Indian?" she asked.

"All too common," and I put on a very professional expression. "Such characters are always represented by scores of skaters, and I want something new—something original."

"How would an Esquimaux do?"

"No—I have it," I remarked suddenly, as if a brilliant idea had just struck me. I will take the part of a novice learning to skate. How do you like that?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Kitty, with enthusiasm; "but isn't it difficult to act out such a part naturally?"

"It is difficult," I assented. "One of the most difficult feats of the stage is for an actor to impersonate the drunkard naturally; and an attempt of a skater to represent a novice is on the same principle."

"But you think you can do it?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. On the contrary, I feel confident that I can carry it out naturally as life."

I may observe that this confidence was not misrepresented. I felt that if there was anything in which I was calculated to excel, it was in acting the part of a skating novice. I regard it as my forte.

So the matter was arranged. We were to go to the carnival on the following evening. Kitty was to take the part of a Holland peasant girl, and I was to impersonate a countryman of the same classic land, taking the first lesson in skating.

I don't think it strange that I felt so wonderfully elated after a triumph like this; and I regard the little jig that I indulged in after reaching my room as perfectly excusable under the circumstances. It was a lucky thought—that novice idea—and I saw my way clearly through the long dreaded appearance on the ice in company with Kitty. Before that, Jones had held me at a disadvantage; now I would be even with him, for I could perform my part to perfection, and he could do no more.

When we got to the skating pond, on the evening of the carnival, it was already pretty well covered with representations of outlandish characters. Every country where the people are supposed to blow their fingers in the winter time, had its representative.

"I don't think any other skater has adopted your character," said Kitty, as she surveyed the crowd.

"No," I replied, "I shall make a capital hit, and no doubt produce a sensation."

I said this with less feeling of triumph than might be expected. In fact it was the hit and accompanying sensation that I was most afraid of, considering the tendency of my head to salute the ice in former experiments.

I would gladly have employed one of the gimlet-bearing youths to put on the skates for both of us, for I had noticed that Kitty's were strapped in a manner very different from mine, and I had good reason to doubt my ability in the premises.

For fifteen consecutive minutes I nearly froze my fingers in trying to fasten Kitty's skates to her pretty little feet, endeavoring to disguise my awkwardness with an accompanying tirade against that particular style of skate-straps. I had never in all my experience seen such wretched straps to fasten—never. It was remarkable how a skate-dealer ever came to adopt such a bungling style. If skate-dealers would get a few practical lessons from experienced skaters! That was the style I used to throw Kitty off the scent. The fault wasn't with me—oh, certainly not.

At one time I had a little misgiving that I was not deceiving Kitty so effectually after all, for she said, after I had vainly tried for some minutes to fasten on the skates:

"Why, Mr. Fleshly, I don't think it necessary that you should begin to act your novice part before we get on the ice."

The expression rather took me aback, and I don't remember now exactly how I managed it. But at length I got Kitty's skates fastened in a manner that would no doubt have been a puzzle to a gimlet-boy, and after another quarter of an hour, expended in a like operation with my own skates, I was ready for my third essay upon the ice.

We got out into the throng in very much the same manner that attended my former effort, with the exception that this time I held Kitty's hand "to steady her," as I said, but in fact to steady myself.

The novice character was evidently a new thing in the way of representation, for I observed that we attracted a great deal of attention. One little chap, particularly—at least he wasn't more than half my size—was decked out in the style of a Mohawk Indian, and seemed uncommonly interested in the novitiate representation. He skated beautifully, too, fully equal to the checkmated Jones, of whom I thought with a chuckle.

"Isn't it charming?" said Kitty.

"Delightful," I responded, with a mental reservation—for, to tell the truth, I had experienced two or three narrow escapes from collision and consequent disaster, and would have been very well satisfied if the carnival had very suddenly ended.

"You act your part so naturally that, if I didn't know you, I should certainly take you to be really an awkward novice," remarked Kitty, appreciatively.

I was just about to acknowledge the compliment to my imitative ability, when a skate suddenly struck my foot and precipitated me at full length upon the ice, and would have tumbled Kitty along with me if she hadn't been caught by the Indian. My forehead struck the ice with a force that made the stars dance before my eyes, and the first thing I heard was a remark made by some one about "that chap in the character of a walrus." I righted myself as quickly as possible, putting on a very smiling countenance at the expense of a very violent headache. There was Kitty, evidently trying to suppress a laugh, with the Indian standing by her side.

I believed, although I wasn't sure, that it was the Indian who tripped me; and this fact, in connection with his attention to Kitty, made me feel as if I would like to be a real Indian for just long enough to scalp him.

Again we joined hands, Kitty and I; but my recollection of the subsequent mishaps that attended my experience at the carnival is very indistinct. I remember that on several occasions my head obeyed the law of gravitation despite my efforts to prevent it, and I had one narrow escape from sliding into an air-hole. The tableau, I also remember, consisted in my pitching headlong over a skating-chair, breaking one of my skates, and almost breaking my neck at the same time.

But I was thankful to that skating-chair, notwithstanding the thump it gave me. The breaking of the skate released me from further misery, and we shortly afterwards went home. Kitty seemed delighted with the carnival adventure, and I was delighted because I had so neatly foiled Jones. Kitty thought I had acted the part of a novice to perfection, and the following morning when I found thirteen distinct bumps upon my head, a black eye, a swollen nose, and a coat torn half way up the back, I, too, thought that I had acted my part naturally.

J. H. WEBB.

[For the Leader.]

Home Topics.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

FALLEN WOMEN.

Some of the New York clergymen are following the example of their London brethren in an effort to do something to restore the lost and abandoned women who throng this great city. There is this difference, however, that the undertaking in New York seems less intended to reach the oldest and worst cases than to prevent the farther steps in crime of young girls who have been led in various ways into temptation and danger. This is practicable, at any rate, compared with the other, and if pursued with the energy and liberality which New York has often displayed in schemes of benevolence of far less importance, may result in great good.

It is an infamous shame, that the only attempt at the realization of such a scheme, made by Mrs. Richmond in her Home for friendless girls, has been suffered to languish through long years from pure want of funds to provide suitable accommodations, and the barest necessaries for the inmates and applicants. The greater part of the means has been furnished during this whole time from Mrs. Richmond's private purse, and the rest by the personal applications she has been compelled to make on its behalf. The institution was founded by her husband, a wise, and highly esteemed clergyman, and has been sustained by his widow at the entire personal cost of means, comfort, and social enjoyment, yet up to the present time, it has never received any substantial or united aid from either the religious or charitable organizations in the city.

If the churches do their duty now, they will at once co-operate in a vigorous effort to relieve this devoted woman of at least a part of her burden. A united subscription, responded to as generously as it would be for the heathen in Booraboolagha, would enable her to enlarge her building, provide requisite furniture, of which it is now destitute, and food, of which her friendless family often stand in need.

In addition to this, let the clergymen not confine their preaching to the girls, who have begun to suffer the terrible consequences of their fault, but address it to the real criminals, the selfish and besotted men of this modern Sodom, who make outcasts of these girls by their lying, by their cheating, by their avarice, by their treachery, by their meanness, by their sensualism, and then coolly put up the bars, shut them out from all hope, and talk virtuously of "female frailty," and the impossibility of reforming fallen women.

Poor, despised, wretched, apparently abandoned of God and man, as these miserable outcasts are, I would rather be one of them than one of the vile, Pharisaical, hypocritical makers of them, and should feel that my chance with a just and merciful all-Father was infinitely the best.

Female frailty, forsooth! It is not female frailty that lines our streets after nightfall; it is female faith, female love, female suffering from the uniform injustice of men to women, and female courage, that enables them to survive the terrors and humiliations of their horrible existence.

Men educate women to a belief in their own helplessness, and, when driven to a reliance upon their own resources, starve them into submission to their terms. No woman is naturally depraved; she is always made so by some man. The instincts of all women are towards goodness, purity, and something better than she knows; but she is never assisted, and rarely allowed to develop anything of her higher nature. From birth to death the efforts of men seem all directed towards dragging her down to materialism—to making her the dishonored slave and instrument for the indulgence of their depraved and unholy appetites.

It is not upon their own inclinations, but the corrupt weakness of men, that women trade, after the last vestige of womanhood has been crushed out—and even then to enable them to bear the frightful pangs of shame and remorse, they are compelled to drown consciousness in liquor.

Oh, God! if ever angels weep, it is over a woman lost—over a nature pure, tender, exquisite as their own—perverted, betrayed, trampled down in the mire of men's pollution, until every vestige of its original whiteness and loveliness seems to have departed. Dreadful will be the retribution which will fall upon such a crime some day, black the infamy upon the soul that has been guilty of it.

It is not serious and solemn warnings to the victims, or even the providing them with homes, that will stay the tide of this secret sin. It is the lifting up of men out of the depths of their selfish animality, it is the recognition of labor as honorable for women, it is an equal rate of compensation for the work that they perform, it is the acknowledgment of the at least even ground upon which woman stands as wife, mother and care-taker, with man the provider.

In every relation of life women are forced into a humiliating and dependent position, simply because men arrogate to themselves nearly all remunerative labor—and women, blind, foolish as they are, permit themselves to sink into the mere subjects of their will and recipients of their bounty.

Many a wife toils sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for the food she snatches, and the few dollars which are occasionally grudgingly doled out to her—less frequently than any Irish girl would receive, less than half that would have to be paid to a hired housekeeper, and never given at all except upon compulsion. Yet custom makes it seem all right. Through the weariness and pain of incidental sickness, the interminable business of housekeeping must still go on—the washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, mending, making, be thanklessly done, and all the machinery kept in motion, while the husband goes to his store or his office at his leisure, and looks upon himself as a model if he gives his wife money enough for housekeeping, and to pay for having her old bonnet done over, without grumbling.

The difference between what are called "fallen" women and some who occupy respectable positions in society is more in appearance than in reality; both tread the valley of humiliation, but in one case it is more deeply embittered with shame and remorse than in the other.

All the aid, however, which comes to woman, which is likely to benefit her permanently, must come from herself—not in the shape of assertion and speeches on woman's rights, though we acknowledge at the same time that these have had their use in removing some of the legal disabilities under which married women have suffered, but in a true appreciation of the dignity of labor, of their right to share in it, and also in the rewards which grow out of it. When they have arrived at this point, they will be able to teach men the value of "women's work," and how rightfully the wife who has prudently cared for her house, her children and her husband may claim an equal interest in whatever has been acquired, as well as in the regular gains of his industry.

Pay approximating to such as men receive, and no discredit attached to labor, would quickly rid us of the greatest of our social evils. Independence would bring a greater amount of self-respect, and, the most powerful motives taken away, women would soon show that their natural inclinations do not prompt them to sin, in that form at any rate. When the negro has been emancipated, perhaps something will be done for the enfranchisement of women.

A SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

The old adage, so generally accepted, that "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks," shows plainly that bad cooking is not confined to this part of the world, though the recent outcries from all quarters against the American *cuisine* would lead one to imagine so. All our nice table *specialties*, some of which—buckwheat cakes, for instance, pumpkin pies, corn-bread, Indian pudding, baked sweet potatoes, etc. —fastidious European travellers have declared worth crossing the Atlantic to taste, seem to have dropped out of sight, and we hear nothing but dreadful diatribes on our bad butter, muddy coffee, and tough beefsteaks.

The evil is to be remedied, however. France, that nation of cooks, has heard of our pitiable condition, and has sent a professor in the science of cookery, in the person of M. Pierre Blot, the author of a cook-book, lately republished by the Appletons and Editor of the "Almanach Gastronomique" of Paris. This accomplished artist is about to open an academy in the Cooper Institute building, for the purpose of initiating whosoever desires to be taught in the mysteries of those sublime compounds which issue, in France, from common pots and kettles. The cost is a trifle, a mere nothing; ten dollars only for twenty lessons, for which subscription tickets will be furnished, which can either be used by the purchaser or transferred to any other person; a servant, for instance, whose mistress may be willing, shall receive the benefit of the instruction.

Servants, of course, are not excluded, and may take an entire course on their own account if they choose; but certain days, two in a week, will be set apart for ladies exclusively, who wish to play at cooking dinner.

The apparatus will consist of a range, and the ordinary cooking conveniences found in a well-regulated private family. The programme, simply the cooking of a dinner each day, according to the French process—one day plain, *en famille*, another day more pretentious, and a third with the courses suitable for grand occasions.

This cooking millennium will not commence until M. Blot has obtained a hundred subscribers; but this, it is understood, is already nearly done, so that operations may be expected to begin very shortly. When they do, we intend to report results.

FOLLOWERS NOT ALLOWED.

Now lithe and listen, ladies, if you please;
  Here are the words of Hannah Cullender,
A maid-of-all-work. You that sit at ease,
  You don't see much that's beautiful in her,
Who never sits at all, except at meals,
  And then so awkwardly. You know, her face
Is coarse and homely, and from head to heels,
  Through all her clumsy frame, the lines of grace
Are shockingly distorted. If her hand
  Be placed against your own, you needn't grudge
The pain of touching it; you'll understand,
  Just by the look, that she's a very drudge,
A mere hard-working servant.
                                        Well! and yet,
  I say again, you laughing light-o'-loves,
Before you clasp the last new carcanet
  About your arm, or fit your last new gloves,
Listen to Hannah. This is what she said,
  Once on a time, when she had holiday,
And, for a wonder, left off earning bread
  To go a-pleasuring. She was as gay,
All by herself, as if she'd had, like you,
  Duenna, flaming footmen, cavalier;
Her tastes being humble, and her fetters few,
  She walk'd about, and gazed, and drank her beer,
And chatted, too, with strangers; for, you see,
  One must have folks to talk to, and the girl
Has not a friend in all the town but me,
  That was her mistress once. Perhaps the whirl
Of London life had got into her brain;
  But this is what she said to me; and mind,
She said it meekly.
                                        I had tried in vain
  To warn her of the men: "You're very kind;
But, ma'am," she said, "although it's fifteen year
  I've been in service, if you come to *age*,
I doubt I'm younger than my missis were
  When she were married. It's the taking wage,
And doing work, and bothering, that tells,
  And makes one coarse. But still, it makes us strong,
And very good at fending for oursels;
  And that's the main thing, too.
                                        It's not so long
Since Miss Jemima, that was wed last spring,
  First courted with the brewer; and, my word!
But they was free to court, like anything:
  Why, things was left o' purpose, as I heard,
For them to meet, and get acquaint, and be
  Match'd, like, and so have done with it. But what!
When Jim and me was keeping company,
  My missis play'd a different game to that:
'Twas 'Oh, no! There's no followers allow'd
  In *this* house.' So my Jim, next time he come,
I show'd him my charackter (I was proud,
  And so was he), and, 'Jim,' I says, 'go home;
We've been a-courting now this goodish while,
  And here's the end o't; for I can't afford,'
I says (and then I made-believe to smile),
  'I can't afford to lose my place.' My word!
It went again me; he did look so smart
  And nice, and were a tidy chap, you see,
As could be: still, I settled we must part,
  And part we did.
                                        But, ma'am, I think 'twould be
A rare good job, to let a servant maid
  Live honest, then, and have her sweethearts free,
Like ladies have; and not be so afraid,
  And run out sneaking to the area-gate,
And whispering on the sly. There's many a lass
  Takes up with lads and finds 'em out too late,
For want of leave to know 'em. It do pass
  My wits, to reckon what a man is like,
When he just meets you, maybe, on a spree,
  Or brings the milk, and that. There's Bickerdike,
Our butcher; bless you, ma'am, he bothers me
  Week after week, with every joint of meat,
To have him: have him? Why, I canna tell,
  No more than you can, if he means deceit,
With seeing him a that way. He might well
  Be on with other girls, all unbeknown,
One to a street, or better. But to come
  Right open and above-board, and sit down,
And show hisself, and tell what sort of home
  He'd give a wife, and say out, like a man,
Before our master, what he say to me;
  Why, then it would be different."
                                        I began
To find this babble tedious. Generally
  One thinks of servants as a race who live
By labor and new bonnets; and, indeed,
  How could our households be at peace and thrive,
If they had sweethearts too? So, there *was* need
  To warn our Hannah against courting. Still—
These lonely maidens, fretting in their dens
  Against each other, full of foolish will,
Forlorn of nobler women's and of men's
  Companionship and counsel—after all,
Perhaps there may be found within their souls
  Some frozen germ that represents in small
The full-grown love which fashions and controls
  The hearts of us fair ladies. Well: if so,
I think we ought to cherish it, you know.

FROST-FANCIES.

The frost is at work on the pane to-night
Tracing his fancies, the artist-sprite!—
His fancies so exquisite, dainty, and rare,
They might be the dreams of the sleeping air
Crystalized, showing what Summer-things
She loves to fan with her faithful wings.
There are leaves, and mosses, and vines, and flow'rs,
Tangled in wild-wood, or trained in bowers,
With drifts of sea-weed, and dashes of spray,
All mixed, in a dream's fantastical way,
With plumes of feathery ferns, and bells
That chime, in odors, through forest-dells;
And hunting horns, from whose silvery throats,
In flower-like forms, wind frozen notes—
And maiden-tresses, and wild-bird wings,
And—oh, there's no end to the wonderful things
Which the frolicsome Frost, the artist-sprite,
On my window traces this wintry night!

MARY FREEMAN GOLDBECK.

[For the Leader.]

Recollections

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

JOSEPH AND AMOS COTTLE—OBJECTS OF BYRON'S SATIRE—COTTLE AS PUBLISHER OF WORDSWORTH—SOUTHEY AND LAMB—COTTLE'S "EARLY RECOLLECTIONS"—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE BRISTOL BOOKSELLER—THE SADDLE PUZZLE—W. H. IRELAND—PSALMANAZAR—"OSSIAN" ANECDOTE—SOUTHEY AND LANDOR—THEIR APPEARANCES—CHATTERTON—SPURIOUS PORTRAIT AND FORGED INQUEST—SOUTHEY'S WARNING—MISS COTTLE AND "THE DOCTOR"—MILDNESS AND DOGMATISM—THE TWO AUTOGRAPHS—PORTRAIT DIFFERENCES—THE WRONG DATE—A REFUSAL TO DINE WITH THE LAUREATE—DEATH OF SOUTHEY—LANDOR AND HIS LIBEL.

A few days since I chanced to lay my hands on two volumes entitled "Early Recollections, by Joseph Cottle." These books were given to me by their author at the time of their publication, and the coming upon them, after a lapse of more than twenty years, has revived a whole host of reminiscences. To such as I may deem of sufficient interest to the reader of to-day I shall devote this Paper.

Joseph Cottle was one of those persons whose names have been rescued from oblivion not by any great works of their own, but for the reason that they were in some way or other connected with, or mentioned by, writers really known to fame. Who would now remember "hoarse Fitzgerald" had not Lord Byron immortalized him in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?" And if the same poet had not spoken of Mr. Cottle as

"—not him who the 'Alfred' made famous,
But Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos,"

that gentleman, as an author, might long since have been forgotten. So also with regard to his brother Amos, of whom the noble bard exclaimed:

"Oh! Amos Cottle! Phœbus what a name
To fill the swelling trump of future fame!"

and again as

"Amos Cottle—rich Bristowas' boast,
Who brings old stories from the Cambrian coast."

Amos Cottle would certainly have been unremembered but for these lines, and for all the poetry he penned, as I intimated, Joseph would have shared the same oblivion. But fortunately for the latter, who was a bookseller in Bristol, he had the rare good fortune to publish the very first volumes of Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge and their associate in the proposed Pontisocratical scheme, Lovell. And (for Cottle took all the risk—not a light one in Bristol at that time) not only this; he rescued Coleridge and Lovell from the fangs of remorseless creditors—lent them money, and, in fact, besides keeping the careless Coleridge from starvation, was the means of making their genius known to the world, for which the world of literature owes him a mighty debt. Charles Lamb, too, at that time visiting Bristol, was kindly received and encouraged by this Bristol Mæcenas, and it is pleasant to know that, with the exception of a some time coolness between Cottle and Coleridge, which was entirely the fault of the latter, the friendship between the good bookseller and his author friends was never afterwards interrupted, though all of them, save Lovell, lived to good old ages.

For many years, "even from my boyish days," I knew Mr. Cottle by sight; it was not until I had published my first book—a little volume of exceedingly premature poetry—that I formed his personal acquaintance. He had then retired from business; his brother Amos was dead, and he lived in a little cottage at Bedminster, near Bristol, with a maiden sister. He himself had never been married. In this calm retirement he kept up a correspondence with his early friends among the lakes and with others, and occasionally published pieces of religious poetry. The letters of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c., to him, he published a few years since in two volumes of "Early Recollections," of which I shall have, by and by, something more to say.

It was not until several years after my first introduction to Joseph Cottle that I renewed my acquaintance with him. He had, in conjunction with Mr. Southey, some forty years before, prepared an edition of the work of Thomas Chatterton, to which a brief and very incomplete memoir was prefixed, for the benefit of the poet's sister, Mrs. Newton—which Mrs. Newton, I may say, *en passant*, was my mother's schoolmistress. Feeling great interest in all that related to Chatterton—an interest probably first inspired by anecdotes of the "marvellous boy," which my mother had derived directly from his sister—I had, for years past, carefully collected every scrap of information I could gather respecting his melancholy and romantic history; and the material having greatly accumulated, I determined to write a new biography of him. Just while I was hesitating, my resolve was finally made by an offer of Mr. J. M. Gutch, F. R. S., to place at my disposal his fine collection of Chattertoniana, comprized in twenty-eight thick quarto volumes. This collection had been made by Mr. Hazlewood, the well-known *Bibliophile* of the famous Roxburgh Club, and consisted of scraps from newspapers, pamphlets, portraits, controversies, and, in fact, of every thing that, from every source, could be collected respecting Chatterton and the Rowleian controversy. Among other treasures was an unpublished satirical poem of sixteen hundred lines. This collection Mr. Gutch had purchased at Mr. Hazlewood's sale, and he now placed it in my hands to use or not as I might choose.

Mr. Cottle, I knew, had in his possession many relics of Chatterton, which had been given him by the poet's sister, and to him I now addressed a note of application for their use. I received in reply a kind invitation to tea, and, of course accepting it, I found myself one evening in his hospitable dwelling.

He was then near upon seventy years of age, and had very much the appearance of a venerable Dissenting minister. Thin, white hair swept across a broad but low forehead, and mild gray eyes gave vivacity to an otherwise rather inexpressive face. He was dressed very precisely in sober black, and was very lame from some accident in his youth. I have heard it said that his ancle was injured in consequence of Coleridge having upset the gig in which the latter was driving his friend to Mr. Poole's, at Nether Stowey. Likely enough, for the author of "Christabel" was rather awkward in such matters. Mr. Cottle said that on one occasion, himself, Wordsworth and Coleridge drove somewhere in the country, and finding at their journey's end no ostler about the stable, each of them in turn attempted to remove the collar from the animal's neck. For an hour or more they tried in vain, when it chanced that a strapping maid-servant, observing their dilemma, came up, and exclaiming "What vools you all be!" deftly turned the collar upside down and easily took it off, greatly to the astonishment of the impracticable rhymers!

Mr. Cottle showed me the pocket-book which had been found in Chatterton's pocket after his death, and many of his letters, all of which he lent me. He also laid before me some curious manuscripts of William Henry Ireland, who forged the "Vortigern and Rowena"—the celebrated Shakespeare imposition. These had been given him by Ireland himself. He had also some of Psalmanazars Formosa forgeries—in fact, he possessed splendid material for an article on Literary Forgeries, including some curious matters relating to Macpherson's "Ossian." Some of these, I believe, he afterwards sent to the late Dr. Francis, of New York, through his old friend, Dr. Charles, then of Newport, R. I.

The anecdote respecting the "Ossian" controversy, related to me by Mr. Cottle, I will, as it has never been published, here mention.

When "Ossian" was first printed, a thousand surmises as to who the real writer might be were indulged in. Among other persons to whom the authorship was ascribed was a talented young clergyman of Bath. His friends charged him with being the writer, and his vanity was flattered. He neither denied the authorship nor admitted it, but took a middle course, and by sundry cautious remarks at one time, and by silence on other occasions, led persons to suppose he *was* the real Simon Pure, and for a time he enjoyed the reputation of actually being so. His foolish vanity, however, proved his ruin; for on its being proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Macpherson was the *real* Ossian, the young clergyman was so mortified at being stripped of his plumes that he cut his throat.

A few weeks after this interview with Mr. Cottle, I received an invitation from him to meet Mr. Southey, at a family tea-party at his house. This was in 1839, and was on the occasion of the last visit which Southey ever paid to his native city. It happened that just at that time Mr. Walter Savage Landor was temporarily residing at Clifton, near Bristol. He, too, was a very old friend of the Laureate's, as well as of Mr. Cottle's, and formed one of the party, so that on my arrival I had the honor of being, by my host, introduced to two of the most distinguished poets and prose writers of the day. Curiously enough, also, Cottle, Southey and Landor were about the three "best-abused" men in Byron's satire. A son of Southey's was also of the party. Southey received me with all that kindness and urbanity for which he was celebrated. He had the happy faculty of making strangers to him feel quite at their ease, even on a first introduction. At least I (much to my surprise, for in such positions I am generally somewhat nervous) felt almost immediately at home with him. There was something exceedingly winning and gracious in his manner, so different from that which some celebrated writers assume, or which, to speak more charitably, may be natural to them. Perhaps on this occasion I noticed it all the more because of the contrast it afforded to the stiffness and *hauteur* of Mr. Landor.

The Compte de Ségur, in his amusing "Memoires et Souvenirs," observes, apropos of his first interview with Frederick the Great of Prussia, that any one with a due allowance of "élévatin dans l'âme" (*Hibernice*, "aisy assurance") can undergo the ceremony of introduction to a crowned head with proper dignity and composure, but that a certain degree of "*emotin*"—(*Anglice*, "funk")—is inevitable on being first brought face to face with a really *great man*.

I did not feel particularly nervous in Mr. Southey's presence, but I confess that Landor's somewhat haughty greeting caused me a little trepidation. However, that was soon dispelled by the winning courtesy of the Laureate, for, as will be remembered, Southey then held that office.

Southey's personal appearance was very striking. He was tall and slender, with that slight stoop in the shoulders so frequently to be observed in studious men, and which some one has termed "the scholar's bend." His face seemed so familiar to me—from the many portraits I had seen of him, I suppose—that I could not get rid of the impression that I had met him before. In youth he must have been strikingly handsome—was so now, in fact—but long years of incessant labor had set their seal on his brow, and the chief expression of his countenance was that of a pensive melancholy.

His features were all extremely prominent. The dark eyebrows, large and wonderfully arched, contrasted strongly with the abundant white hair that partially shadowed a forehead covered with transverse lines, caused not so much by age as by a habit he had of raising his large upper eyelids, which drooped considerably. The eyes were dark hazel in color, and quite as brilliant as those of a young man. It is Byron, I think, who, either in one of his satires or letters, speaks of Southey's "hawk's eye and vulture's beak." Certainly the laureate's nose was very aquiline, but it was a very fine-looking nasal organ for all that, and by no means ornithological; but then Byron hated Southey with a perfect hatred, and would have given him hoofs and horns with a hearty good will. But the mouth was the most expressive feature of the face; as, indeed, Sir Thomas Lawrence said (and he should have known) it is the feature which, even more than the eyes, determines the character of the countenance. It was small, but exquisitely shaped —the upper lip full and slightly curved, and the lower finely "chiselled." When its owner was talking, it seemed to express almost as clearly as the tongue itself; and when he was listening, it betrayed much of what was passing within. The cheeks were rather sunken, with but the suspicion of whiskers on them, and the finely-moulded chin was partly buried in a neatly-tied white neck-cloth. His dress was plain black, and altogether he looked clerical, as perhaps was becoming to the author of "The Book of the Church."

As a companion sketch, let me now present Mr. Landor.

He, too, was tall—but, unlike Southey, broad-shouldered and athletic in figure. His head was very large, and covered with iron-gray short hair that bristled all over its rotund surface. The eyes were large, of a dark gray tint, and bulging, as though, phrenologically speaking, pushed out by the organ of language. Landor's nose was large and straight, and his mouth wide and dragged down austerely at the angles; the chin was prominent and rounded. It was, on the whole, a haughty, forbidding, stern face, as unlike the one I just now described as it is possible to imagine. To this head and face add a short neck and a stalwart frame, and you will be enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of this brilliant writer, who must then have been far over his sixtieth year.

We sat in Mr. Cottle's parlor during the pleasant English twilight, for an hour or more, Landor conversing principally with a Bristol artist, Mr. Branwhite, who was present, and Mr. Southey, Mr. Cottle and myself engaged in a talk respecting Chatterton, on whose biography I was, as I have said, then engaged. The laureate had written a brief memoir of the young poet, in the edition of his works which I have already referred to, but he was pleased to express his surprise at the amount of new material which I had succeeded in collecting together.

"Forty years ago," he remarked, "Mr. Cottle and myself considered that nothing more could be ascertained respecting Chatterton, but since then *I* have acquired many new particulars, all of which shall be at your service."

I told him that to my work would be prefixed a portrait of Chatterton, and showed him (a few days afterwards) the original painting. He said it was much like Mrs. Newton—Chatterton's sister, whom he had often seen—but this was merely a proof of Southey's even then failing memory, or perhaps it might have been one of the instances of seeing that which we *desire* to see, sometimes met with, as will presently be admitted.

"Among other Chattertonian matters," said Southey, "I have a rather curious one; it is the account of the inquest which was held on his body after he had committed suicide, and which has never been published."

"Is it genuine?" I inquired, for I had vainly sought for any such document.

"Well," he replied, "I have little doubt on the subject; it was sent to me by Dean Milles, who shared so largely in the Rowleian controversy. You shall have it, and use your own judgment. As soon as I return to Keswick, I'll send it to you."

Of this "will," which I soon afterwards received, I shall presently have something more to say, as doubtless both it and the portrait just spoken of were additions to the already curious list of literary forgeries and impostures.

"I have been Coopering all the way down here," remarked Southey to Cottle, "and wish my task was done, for last week, while copying some papers at —— House, I was seized with a giddiness that alarmed my friends, and," he added ominously, "I cannot but anticipate its recurrence."

His presentiment was not ill-founded—for even then that disease was commencing which developed itself in so melancholy a manner, a year or two afterwards. The busy brain, as evidenced by frequent loss of memory, was already beginning to soften. But, as yet, the mischief was unsuspected.

I took the liberty of asking him what he meant by "Coopering?"

"Oh!" he replied, "picking up all the scraps about Cooper that I can find."

Seeing me still puzzled, he pleasantly explained.

"Until recently," he said, "I always pronounced Cowper's name (he was then engaged on 'Cowper's Life and Letters') as it is spelled, but I have discovered that his family pronounced it as if spelled with two *oo's* instead of with *ow*, and as I think *they* know the right way, I have adopted their practice."

I shall always be grateful to Southey for the kind and judicious advice he gave me then, and often afterwards in his letters; for I corresponded with him until he was incapable of using the pen, of which sad fact I received the first notification in a letter from his wife, formerly Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. Southey's "Edith," his first wife, died in a lunatic asylum.

Presently, Miss Cottle, our hostess, joined us. She and Southey were very old acquaintances, and they addressed each other like brother and sister, by their first names. Once the lady called him "Doctor." "No, no," said Southey smilingly, "not Doctor to you, only 'Bob Southey,' you know, as he used to be."

"Well, so be it. Will you take more sugar, Bob?"

"Yes, Sarah;" and the "Doctor" was no more heard of.

"Did you go to the late meeting of the British Association, Mr. Southey?" asked some one present.

"No," was the reply, "I hate crowds."

Landor, Southey and Cottle conversed a good deal together, and I did not of course venture to speak, "unless spoken to," but it was quite enough enjoyment to sit silent in such company and listen. Landor was very dogmatic, and fierce in his denunciation of some whom I will not name. Southey, on the contrary, was invariably mild and gentle in his talk. I will here anticipate "the course of time" a little, for the purpose of relating a circumstance which will in some degree show the difference in temperaments of the two men.

On the day after the tea-party at Cottle's, Mr. Southey called at my house, for the purpose of seeing the Chatterton portrait already spoken of. At that time I was afflicted with the autograph mania, and was gradually "illustrating" a very fine, interleaved copy of Byron's poems. Somewhat timidly, having in remembrance "The Vision of Judgment," I asked Southey to favor me with his autograph on one of the blank pages.

He smiled and referred to the index. Then opening the volume, he turned to that very savage production of the noble bard's, in which he (Southey) is represented as a "Renegado" who has sprained Lucifer's left wing. Taking a pen, he wrote on the opposite page:

"Long since forgotten and forgiven.
"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

A day or two afterwards Mr. Landor also called to see the portrait. Him, also, I asked for his autograph.

Taking up the volume, he rudely flung it to the other end of the room!

"Mr. Landor," said I, "if you disliked Byron, you might have had some respect for my book." The moment the words were out of my mouth I almost regretted them.

Landor only said, "I beg *your* pardon," and fetched the book from whence he had so rudely flung it.

He looked at the portrait of Chatterton. "Ah!" said he, "just such a face as I should have fancied the forger of the Rowley poems had. I never saw a wickeder countenance in my life!

Just see how poets as well as doctors differ:

I sent proofs of the engraved likeness to several friends.

Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law rhymer, wrote me: "It is a strangely sweet and striking countenance."

James Montgomery said: "Just such a fine face as I imagined the poor boy owned, when I wrote some lines regarding him—'A dying swan of Pindus sings.'"

Wordsworth says: "A face that is itself a poem."

Now it so happens, unfortunately for the value of these opinions, it was accidentally discovered *after* my biography had been some time published, that the prefixed portrait was not a likeness of Chatterton at all, and I had it suppressed in the after editions. Nevertheless, it was re-engraved in *Chambers's Cyclopædia of Literature*, and still later in Little & Brown's American edition of the poet's works, edited by Professor Childs.

To show how little dependence can be placed on not thoroughly authenticated portraits, I will just relate the story of this Chatterton affair of the likeness.

The original painting, or that which assumed to be such, from which the engraving was taken, was the property of Mr. Braikenridge, a rich gentleman of antiquarian pursuits, residing near Bristol. He had bought it of a dealer, who said *he* had purchased it from a friend of Mrs. Newton (Chatterton's sister), and that there was no doubt of its genuineness, for she had recognized it. On the back was written "T. Chatterton," and a date. Mr. Braikenridge gave thirty guineas for it, and highly prized his bargain. So sure was he that the portrait was genuine, that he paid thirty guineas more to Ryall to engrave it, and presented the plate to me. Others who saw the picture also believed it a true one.

But as all such deceptions will, in the long run, soon after my biography was published, the true story of the likeness which was no likeness, came out. It was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the artist who painted it—as a portrait of *his own son*—being in difficulties, "smoked" and "doctored" his work in a way common to manufacturers, of *originals* of the Old Masters, and then passed it off as a likeness of Chatterton which he had accidentally discovered in a garret!

I have never looked on a portrait of an old poet since then but with very suspicious eyes. No wonder that the likenesses of Shakespeare excite so much controversy.

It will be remembered that I alluded just now to Chatterton's inquest. I may as well, while I am on the subject of deceptions, tell that story also.

According to Mr. Southey's promise, I received from him, after his return home to Keswick, a packet containing a number of documents relating to Chatterton's history, among them the report of the proceedings at the inquest on his body. It was a somewhat copious report of the alleged evidence, the names of the jurors, the place of meeting, and the day of the week and month being all formally and minutely detailed. So also were the depositions made by the several witnesses. In fact, it seemed to be a veritable report, and as Southey said, he considered it to be reliable in all respects. He had received it from Dean Milles, but how or where that gentleman, who firmly believed in its authenticity, had obtained it, he knew not, nor could any one now ascertain, the Dean having been long dead.

I very carefully examined the document, and submitted it to the inspection of some well-known Bristol and London antiquarians—among the latter to the venerable and widely known John Britton, the archæologist, and they all concurred in thinking the document a true record. But, not content with this, I went to London myself and searched the Government offices for information; but all the accounts of inquests in 1770 had been accidentally burnt. So I concluded to adopt the report, and incorporate it in my work.

But, just as I was going to send it to the printer, I determined to minutely examine it once more. A friend of mine happened to have a hobby for collecting old Almanacs, and it suddenly occurred to me to see whether the day of the week and the date of the month, as given in the Inquest report, corresponded with the dates in the almanacs of the particular year 1770. I searched and found that they *did not*, the day of the week given being of a different date to the one mentioned. Further inquiries developed the indubitable fact that no inquest was held on the body at all; and consequently I rejected what, had it only been true, would have been very valuable material for my book.

I gave the manuscript, just as I had received it from Mr. Southey, to Mr. Gutch, the gentleman who lent me the Hazlewood collection, and thought nothing more about it, until about four or five years since, when the subject was forced on my recollection in rather an unpleasant manner. I being then in America, and not having seen the serial known as "Notes and Queries" for several years, it was not until my attention was called to an extract from it in a Boston paper that I learned that Mr. Gutch had printed the Inquest proceedings in that journal, stating he had received them from me. The same discovery having been made as to the discrepancy of date and day that I had previously made, I was at once assailed by a number of persons, among them by Mr. Hollinshed, not for having published the forgery in my book, but for having "uttered it" to Mr. Gutch, who never stated that I had refused to print it. Curiously enough, however, the "Inquest" led to a controversy among the literati, as the Rowley poems themselves had formerly done—one party declaring their opinion that the article was a genuine document, the other stoutly asserting it to be a forgery. How it was decided I never knew, nor do I care a straw. I satisfactorily explained *my* part in the transaction, and there, so far as I am concerned, was an end of it.

During his visit to his native place, Bristol, Mr. Southey received much attention. I dined with him afterwards at Sir John Hare's, but only mention this for the purpose of recording the fact that John Foster, the celebrated author of the "Essays," refused to meet the laureate, because he had deserted the Liberal party with whom he had in his youth associated. "I will not sit with the renegade," were the words he used in his note declining the invitation. I shall have to speak of Mr. Foster at length in another part of these papers.

The story of Southey's mental ruin is well known; he died a perfect idiot, about three years after his visit to Bristol.

Mr. Landor fell upon "evil days" in his old age. A few years ago the entire English community, the literary world especially, was startled by the disclosures made in a trial or an action brought against Mr. Landor, then a very old man, for slander. It came out that he had been on visiting terms with a clergyman's family, in which resided a very attractive young lady. It appeared from evidence that Mr. Landor had written a pamphlet, and privately circulated it, which contained the grossest attacks on the young lady's fair fame; and on the trial some verses of his writing, which no one would have ever thought Mr. L. *could* have written, were produced. They were coarse and indecent even to grossness, and his whole conduct was such as to draw down on the veteran author the heaviest condemnation of the press and the public. The *Times* described him as "the nasty old man" and "the filthy old sinner," and the jury, after a trial of great length, returned a verdict against him, with £3,000 damages, to escape the payment of which Mr. Landor secretly quitted England, and never returned to a country from all decent society in which he would be excluded. It was a sad termination to a brilliant career. He recently died in great seclusion in Italy.

J. ROSS DIX.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

Lights and Shadows

OF

LONDON LIFE.

It was late one afternoon in December last that I found myself on the roof of a Bayswater 'bus, but travelling eastward. It is well known to my readers that I am not at all above taking the air in that manner, and I particularly like it just before dinner. I do not mean before a banquet whereat evening dress is indispensable, but previous to that more comfortable meal which awaits one at a club. The mind is then prevented from growing impatient by observations of men and things; the liver, soon, perhaps, to be tried by some too gorgeous viand, is vastly benefited by the violent oscillation, and the appetite is titillated to the proper pitch. Moreover, the most intelligent class of people in town, and those who can be most depended upon as conversationalists, are unquestionably to be found upon the driving-box and monkey-board of an omnibus. I allude, of course, to the driver and conductor. The society of the former of these is so much sought after that it is hard to obtain a seat beside him; but colloquial access to the conductor is, through his position, less difficult. Thus, in this particular case, the four seats of "the omnibus-box" were engaged by a rapt audience, and I had to content myself with the conversation of the cad, which, although brilliant as usual, was subject to interruption from his having to dash away at times, and make up the minds of indecisive females by dragging them into his vehicle.

However, as we neared the Edgeware Road, even this species of chance passenger got very rare, for who wants to go into the city after six o'clock? As for the knifeboard, I was all alone there, like a bachelor in the Bed of Ware; and when I heard the door slammed at Praed street, I thought we had lost all our insides. This, however, was far from being the case.

"I *say*," cried the conductor, taking a cotton handkerchief out of his hat, and wiping his forehead—"here's a go, sir, if there ever was one!"

"What's the matter?" inquired I, at the same time entreating that he would hold on to the strap, and let his forehead alone till he got down.

"I can't help it," returned he—"I never was so taken aback in my life. Did you see them 'ere two fellurs who just got out?"

"I saw the tops of their hats," said I; "and they were very bad ones."

"And so they ought to be," observed my friend with indignation. "Nothing but the habjectest poverty can excuse what they have been and done."

"Why, what *have* they done?" inquired I.

"Well, they've been and *got in again*," returned the conductor. "We're tuppence to Praed street, and thripence from Praed street to the city; and 'beyond those distances,' says our table of fares inside, we're sixpence. Now, darned if these gents—no, gents wouldn't behave so shabby—darned if these scheming willins haven't go out and paid their tuppences, and now in again, in order to pay their thripences, by which means they will save a penny apiece by the transaction. Now, don't that beat Mazeppa all to nothing?"

"It is very ingenious," said I, "and shows great frugality of mind; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details respecting Mazeppa to offer an opinion."

"What! have you not heard about Mazeppa, the Tartarean steed as is hacting at —— I say, Bill!"

Here my friend endeavored to draw the driver's attention to the humorous fact of any person (such as myself) not being aware of all the circumstances connected with the animal in question; but, fortunately, the noise of the traffic drowned his cries.

"It is unnecessary, my good friend," observed I, "that *two* people should tell me this story; your testimony will be quite sufficient. Pray, begin at the beginning; I know nothing about it; and, indeed, I was not aware that Mazeppa was the name of a horse at all."

"Nor more it t'aint, bless ye; it's a *mare*. She's a hacting now at Hashley's, and a drawing her thousands; and yet, would you believe, she used to be a 'buss 'oss, and never drawed more than her eighteen at a time, if so many. Talk about bingenuity! Why, how do you think they starts 'the Desert-born'—that's what they calls it—on her Wild Career?"

"They crack a whip at the wing, I suppose," said I, remembering how M. Fechter's mare in the "King's Butterfly" is incited to action.

"Nothin' of the kind, sir," observed the conductor triumphantly; "they bangs a door, and calls out 'Right,' just as we do, and then the Desert-born moves on accordingly. '*Moreover*" (the excitement of the narrator here rose to such a pitch that he shook his head in the negative at two old ladies frantically telegraphing to him to stop and take them in)—"*Moreover*, there's a vultur, or a heagle, or somethink of that in the piece, which descends upon this 'ere Mazeppa; and how do you think they makes her stop? Why, by holloring out 'Peckham! Peckham!' which is the place she used to run to when in harness. Oh, ain't it a pretty game!"

Here the conductor once more had resort to his hat for his pocket handkerchief, and wiped his eyes with amazing vigor.

"But when is this to be seen, my good friend?" inquired I, as I descended at the Circus, in order to walk quietly down Regent street, and so to the *Megatherium* clubhouse.

"Why, it's to be seen every night—tonight, if you like. Now do you go, sir."

And after dinner, during which I retailed the above incident amid marked applause, I *did* go accordingly, and more than one guest-fellow went with me.

Everybody knows that Astley's is a very different place from what it used to be in the days of Widdicomb and saw-dust; indeed, it is now perhaps the most comfortable theatre in all London. But during the performance of "Mazeppa" there was one charming circumstance which vividly brought back the old times to my mind, and seemed almost to renew my youth: I allude to that overpowering odor of—I know not what—which hangs like an atmosphere about all equestrian entertainments, and *them* only, with the single exception of Wild-beast Shows. It can't be got in a mere stable. It is a subtle perfume, made up of a combination of various essences, in which nothing preponderates, although saw-dust, and gas, and orange-peel have all their proper places in it, and harmonize the whole.

My intelligent informant, to whom I was indebted for this theatrical experience, was mistaken, I perceived, in one particular. It was not the *horse* who played Mazeppa, but a Jewish maiden, called in the bills Miss Menken, "whose Graceful and Classical Acting, combined with Histrionic Power, Genius, and Amazonian Courage, threw a new light upon Lord Byron's *Chef-d'œuvre*." This was true, and especially the last part of it. *Next* to the extraordinary peculiarity of a horse, as suggested, acting Mazeppa, I should think may be placed the fact of a female sustaining that part. It is generally, it seems, played by a dumby; for, said the bill, "Notice: in this drama, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, as Mazeppa, ascends the fearful precipices on Horseback, and fights her Combats, *which has hitherto been done by Deputy*." The literature of our drama is said to be in the hands of the French; but let us be thankful that that of our playbills is still English. There were expressions in that one at Astley's which never could have entered into the mind of a foreigner, and with which no study of the British classics could have supplied him. "The Terrific Rakes and Wild Mountain Paths," it said, "had been erected by Mr. Nash and fifty assistants." Now, "the Terrific Rakes by Mr. Nash and fifty assistants," would have been intelligible. From conversation held immediately about us (for it being an equestrian entertainment, we thought it only right to be in "the stalls"), we gathered that "the fitting costume for a Tartar prince of the seventeenth century, when bound to an untamed steed, had been a subject of great contention with the London press. Since the original text of Lord Byron could scarcely be followed with propriety, the dramatic critics were at feud. The attire of the present Mazeppa had even been stigmatized as insufficient; but really, as others urged, in these days of burlesque and ballet, it was hard to know where to draw the line—that is, the clothes-line. Once permit persons on the stage to dress otherwise than the spectators, and you open the door to anything—and almost nothing. It is like the argument of what is fair and civilized in War, which generally resolves itself, at last, into the not very bigoted restriction that one mustn't poison the enemy's wells. This question of apparel is far too delicate and difficult a one for the present writer to settle; and if Mazeppa upon the Desert-born did appear to me as though he had recently escaped from a house on fire, and had not risked his life a second time by going back for superfluous garments, perhaps it was only because I really have no idea how a prince of Tartary *ought* to have been dressed under such very exceptional circumstances.

But of the steed itself (whose name did not transpire) let me say a few words of praise. It never could have been an omnibus horse; of that I am positively certain. It would not have been permitted by the police, since its appearance would have created obstruction in the highways—mobs. It was of the most wonderful color imaginable; like a strawberry-cream ice when it begins to melt. If it ever was a jet-black (as represented in the posters), the disease which induced its present hue must have been a very remarkable one. If it ever reared, or sprang across unfathomable gulfs (as depicted in the playbill), this must have taken place during the earlier representations of the piece, and I was unfortunate in having delayed my visit. Or perhaps the creature expends its tremendous powers in the rehearsals. It was an animal, nevertheless, of the greatest versatility of genius. The affability with which it—or another wild steed very like it—took part in a mediæval tournament, wherein, by the by, the combatants seized one another by the collar like policemen, and used their lances as single-sticks, was above all praise; its behavior when the vulture was hovering was indomitable in the highest degree, and even leisurely; while the manner in which it pretended to be dead, was—like life itself. In a word, I was very much gratified with the Desert-born.

As for Mazeppa, I did not know whom I was looking at, till an old gentleman, apparently of the Jewish persuasion, was so good as to hand me over a little pamphlet, in a yellow cover, for which he refused to accept any remuneration whatever. This naturally excited my astonishment; yet not so much so as the contents of the work in question. This professed to be "a brief biography of Adah Isaacs Menken;" and although brief, it was very startling. It began by stating that this lady was of the Hebrew faith, "which she has always loved, and been a warm defender of;" that while yet a child, she mastered the French, Latin and Hebrew languages, and at twelve years old translated Homer's "Iliad" from the original tongue. At fourteen, she was *premiere danseuse* at the French Opera House in New Orleans; "and upon the occasion of her farewell benefit, presents of diamonds and gold were bestowed upon her, beyond the value of $2,000—one bracelet alone costing $700." Migrating to Cuba, she was adopted by a wealthy Spanish family. Here she had horses, carriages, diamonds, &c., at her command in profusion; but in consequence of a lawsuit, "she became discontented, and gathering up horses, dogs, &c., went to Texas, and thence to Mexico," where she was again *premiere danseuse*. After this season of triumph, she seems to have returned to Texas, and "out hunting one day with her grooms and dogs, a party of Indians took her captive." A prisoner in their hands for more than three weeks, she was rescued, after a sanguinary engagement, by a company of "Texan Rangers," who took her to Austen, where the army was then stationed, commanded by General Harvey. Here she remained at head-quarters, "breakfasting with the family," assisting the general in translating Spanish documents into French and English, "reviewing troops, and commanding the regiment with the dignity and precision of an old soldier."

Tired of a military life, she returned to New Orleans, and gave herself up to literature and the study of German; also to music and painting. Then, too, she published a volume of poetry called "Memories"—which ought, we should think, to be interesting, if the contents are indicated by the title—but yet she had not become so etherealized as to neglect her own affairs. She again visited Texas "to look after a large tract of land that belonged to her." She established a newspaper of her own at Liberty, and became teacher of Latin and French in a young ladies' academy in that city. Then she took to the stage for the first time, as an actress, as Bianca in the tragedy of "Fazio," at New Orleans in 1858. Here, too, she was "crowned with flowers, and presented with a set of diamonds [*toujours* diamonds] and a golden goblet." Although thus successful, she left the stage and studied sculpture, "working in the studio of T. D. Jones at Columbus;" then went to Cincinnati, and became principal contributor to the *Israelite*, the leading Jewish paper in America. "Her reply to the *Churchman*, in defence of Baron Rothschild's admission to Parliament, was copied widely in England, translated into French and German journals, and for which [*sic*] she received an autograph letter of praise and thanks from Baron Rothschild, calling her *the inspired Deborah of her race*."

We have nearly done now.

"The circumstances of her family compelled her to return to the stage. She played several engagements West; and while at Dayton, in the State of Ohio, she was elected, by complimentary vote, Captain of the Dayton Light Guard, and presented with a handsome sword and epaulettes."

I have quoted rather largely from the pamphlet, because it is so very curious; the fact, too, of its being printed, quite apart from the authenticity of its contents, is not without significance. Was it usual, in the days of our boyhood at Astley's or any other theatre, to be supplied with a biography of the particular star which happened to be then shining? Others, I hear, have seen Mazeppa without being furnished with this interesting memoir, but that proves nothing, any more than the circumstance of some persons *not* having seen an individual commit murder, acquits him of that crime. *I*, at all events, have got it, and value it immensely. If I ever went to see Mazeppa again, which, however, I do not at present contemplate, I should regard with a new interest "the inspired Deborah of her race," who is also the "Captain of the Dayton Light Guard." Strange and melodramatic as is the play in which I beheld her, its incidents are feeble compared with those which I read make up the sum of her life.

Of course, I am told that this said biography is only a bright bubble meant for "puffing," or as Sir Watts Watt of the *Megatherium* characterizes it, "all lies." But even so, it is a new and striking feature in the British drama. It is by no means new, however, I am given to understand, in the New World. The American Stars, in their courses, are somewhat eccentric; and the Lights and Shadows of London Theatrical Life are not always to be woven, it seems, according to the old patterns.

AUDIENCES AT THE THEATRES.—There was a time when a London audience was to be feared. A bad piece was remorselessly extinguished, so that no manager dared insult the public by putting it again before them. A slovenly actor was equally certain of reprobation. If he did not respect himself and his vocation, he speedily learnt that he must at least respect his public. Good work, it is true, though always appreciated, could not always be secured; but good endeavor was at least required. The applause of audiences of this stamp was worthy of an actor's ambition. They judged for themselves, and they did not scruple to express their judgments. No manager or actor would have ventured in those days to dictate from his playbills, as we now see done every day, what the public were to think of their pieces or their acting. It was their duty to leave these to make their way to the public without note or comment of any kind. A little firmness on the part of the press, and a few vigorous symptoms of disapprobation from the audience, might speedily restore matters to their pristine healthful state in these respects, and teach managers and actors that the resources of Barnumism, in which they are now so fertile, would no longer avail them in foisting wretched pieces and villainous acting upon a public that has been wearied by both beyond the limits of endurance.—*Fraser's Magazine* for January.

VERY LONG AGO.

Listening in the twilight, very long ago,
To a sweet voice singing very soft and low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady bright
Saved from deadly peril by a gallant knight?

Or a song of battle, and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten—'tis so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory unfaithful has not kept that strain
Heard once in the twilight—never heard again.

Every day brings twilight; but no twilight brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After autumn sunsets, in the dreaming light,
When long summer evenings deepen into night,

All that I am sure of, is that, long ago,
Some one sang at twilight very sweet and low.

The Art of Parrying

A

CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTION.

BEING A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND PHIPPS BY HIS VENERABLE FATHER.

DEAR SON: As the mad extravagance of the present day is *charity*, and you must meet with frequent temptations, and earnest solicitations, to squander your money in that way, I shall give you some instructions in the *art of parrying a charitable subscription*.

The want of this necessary art has been a great misfortune to many people I could name to you; for, besides parting with their money against their will, they got the *character* of being *charitable*, which drew upon them fresh applications from other quarters, multiplying by success, and creating endless vexation. And here I can not help remarking the wisdom of that precept of our holy religion which requires that if we *do give alms*, we should do it secretly, that even *the left hand may not know what is done by the right;* that no one may be encouraged to ask for more. And this is so agreeable to sound human prudence that even the unenlightened heathen could say, *Bis dat qui cito dat;* the English of which, as I am informed, is, *He gives twice that gives readily*—meaning, as I suppose, that if you are known to give readily, you will soon be asked to give again.

Not that I would have you thought quite uncharitable either, no more than I would have you thought poor and unable to give. The avoiding of these imputations, while at the same time you save your money, is the aim of the art I am about to instruct you in.

The first rule of this art is, *To like the charity, but dislike the mode of it.* Suppose now, for instance, that you are asked to subscribe towards erecting an infirmary or new hospital. You are not immediately to refuse your contribution, nor is it necessary; for you may say, "The design seems a good one, but it seems new to you, and you would willingly take a little time to consider of it; because, if you do anything this way, you would like to do something handsome." This puts by the demand for the present; and before the solicitors call again, inform yourself of all circumstances of the intended situation, constitution, government, qualification of patients, and the like; then, when all is fixed, if you learn that it is to be placed in the fields, "You think it would have been much better in the city, or nearer to the poor, and more at hand to relieve them in case of accidents and other distresses; and, besides, we have already hospitals enough in the fields." If in the city, "You can only approve of the fields, on account of purer air, so necessary for the sick." If they propose to take in all poor patients from whatever quarter they come, "You think it too general, and that every county at least ought to take care of its own." If it is limited to the poor of the city or county, "You disapprove of its narrowness; for charity and benevolence, like rain and sunshine, should be extended to all the human race." While the collectors are endeavoring to remove these prejudices, you ply them with other objections of the like kind, relating to the constitution and management; and it is odds but some of your arguments appear strong and unanswerable, even to the advocates for the project themselves; they will be sorry that things are now settled in a different way, and leave you with a high opinion of your understanding, though they get none of your money.

The second rule is, *To like some other charity better.* Thus, suppose you are called on for a subscription to feed and clothe the Rebel prisoners in our hands, you are then to say, that "charity, to be sure, is a good thing; but charity begins at home; we have, besides, our own prisoners to look after, as well as our poor, who are crying for bread in the streets. There are many poor, starved soldiers pining away in Rebel prisons, who, you think, should *first* be provided for, before we give our own substance to those that would cut our throats. Or, you are of opinion the brave fellows that fight for us, and have been exposed to the hardships of campaigning, should be *first* comforted; or the widows and children of those who have died in our service be taken care of." By thus talking, you save your money and get the name of patriot.

But, however, should a subscription be proposed to you for these purposes, "You are then of opinion that the care of our own people is the business of the Government, which is enabled, by the taxes we pay, to do all that is necessary. But the *poor Rebel prisoners*, neglected by their own people, have only our charity to rely on. Common humanity points them out as proper objects of our beneficence; and, besides, to visit the prisoner, to clothe the naked, be kind to the stranger, and do good to our enemies, are duties among the strongest required by Christianity." By thus answering, you get the reputation of being benevolent, generous, and a Christian, and, more important still, save your money.

The third rule is, *To insinuate* (but without saying in plain terms) *that you either will contribute, or have already done so handsomely, though you do not subscribe.* This is done by intimating "that you highly approve of the thing, but have made a resolution that your name shall never appear in a list of subscribers on such occasions; for, the world, you find, is apt to be very censorious, and if they see that a man has not given according to their ideas of his ability and the importance of the occasion, they say he is mean and niggardly; or if, by giving liberally, he seems to have set them an example they do not care to follow, then they charge him with vanity and ostentation, and hint that from motives of that kind he does much more than is suitable to his circumstances." And then you add, "That your *subscribing* or openly giving, is not at all necessary, for that, as bankers are nominated to receive contributions, and many have already sent in their mites, and any one may send in what he pleases, you suppose a few dollars from a person unknown will do as much good as were his name on the list." This will entitle you to the credit of any one of the sums *by an unknown hand*, or by N. N., or X. Y. Z., whichever they may think fit to ascribe to you.

The reason why I would not have you say in plain terms, that you *have given*, or *will give*, when you really *have not* or *do not intend it*, is, that I would have you incur trespasses no more than debts unnecessarily, and be as frugal of your sins as of your money; for you may have occasion for a lie in some other affair, at some other time, when you cannot serve your turn by an evasion.

Thus, my son, would I have you exercise the great privilege you are endowed with, that of being a *reasonable creature;* to wit, a creature capable of making or finding a reason for doing or not doing anything as may best suit its interests or inclination.

And so, deferring other instructions to future letters, I recommend the rules contained in this as worthy your closest attention; for they are not the airy speculations of a theorist, but solid advices, drawn from the practice of wise and able men—rules, by the help of which I myself, though I lived many years in great business, and with some reputation as a man of wealth, have ever decently avoided parting with a farthing to those modish plunderers; nor can I recollect that during my whole life, I have ever given anything in charity, except once (God forgive me!) a half dime to a blind man, for doing me an errand.

I am, my dear son, your
Affectionate father, PHIPPS, SENIOR.

[From Harper's for February.]

Autobiography

OF

AN ENGLISH SNOB.

Some years ago there came to this country the Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley. He was acccompanied by a considerable pack of hunting dogs and a number of rifles. He quarreled with everybody, had several bouts at fisticuffs, was once put out of a railroad car for incivility and refusal to obey the rules of the road; went out West and tried, with but indifferent success, to kill buffaloes; returned to England full of hatred for the Yankees, and wrote a book in which he detailed his griefs, and expressed the opinion that America was not a country for a gentleman to live in. In short, the Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley proved himself a snob of the first water, and, according to the general opinion of our Western hunters, but a poor shot.

This person has just favored the world with his autobiography. The world ought to be grateful; and as the book is too dull to incur the danger of reprint on this side of the water we propose to give, in a few pages, to the reading world of America, some notion of the boon which Mr. Berkeley has conferred upon his race. Such a flower as he ought not to blush unseen.

In the first place, of course, Mr. Berkeley informs his readers that he comes of a very ancient and powerful family. It requires the successive efforts of a great many "progenitors" to produce such a marvel as this Honorable. In the very first chapter we read of "the Berkeley influence," "the witch of Berkeley," "the customs of the Berkeleys—their duties and privileges," "value of the Berkeley estates," "strength and antiquity of the Castle," and finally, of the practice of "Lynch law" by the Berkeleys. It might be expected that they would leave this practice to the "dirty Yankees;" but great men have their weaknesses—as a French writer once remarked, "most men are mortal." Not only this, but in this very first chapter we are introduced to a Prince of Wales and to several dukes. This is only a foretaste of what is to follow, however. The book is full of the best company; titles gleam on every page; and if what Mr. Berkeley has to tell of his friends the princes, royal dukes, earls, counts, barons, and other high and mighty "nobility and gentry" is of the dullest, and often not of the most decent, that is perhaps because these personages were in truth neither brilliant nor decorous.

The book opens with "Mary Oldacre, my nurse," and the remarkable incident that she handed him, one day, "the keys of the Shrubbery Gate of the Castle." "It is impossible," he tells us, "to express the affection with which, at this age and long subsequently, I regarded this most faithful and attached servant." Turning over the page, we are informed farther that she and her husband now "share the sleep of eternal peace," whatever that may mean; and our author adds, "I do not remember what is their epitaph." Much as he loved them, he evidently did not trouble himself about a grave-stone for them.

The Honorable Mr. Berkeley tells us that his mother was the daughter of a petty tradesman, and for many years his father's mistress. Her sister Susan was also, at one time, "living under the protection of a man able to maintain her." He adds: "There is reason to believe that she, in addition, received a considerable sum of money from Lord Berkeley (the writer's father), for placing her sister in his hands." One of Mr. Berkeley's earliest recollections, he tells us, is of an attempt at something very like forgery, practiced under his father's roof, by "the heads of the family." An "extraordinary instrument, made to hold two pens, connected, but at some distance from each other, by a brass rod," was used in these attempts; "one was dry, the other the operators charged with ink; and then, holding the dry one in their hands, passed it carefully over some signatures or writing, on an old paper or parchment, anxiously observing if the marks made by the inked pen corresponded with those they traced with the dry one."

The father practiced summary Lynch law upon his estates. Riding along a public path one day he met "a fellow" carrying what the lord suspected, for some reason, to be a well-filled game-bag. Whereupon he coolly perpetrated this brutality: "He slipped his right foot back out of the stirrup, and kept it in readiness on the flank of his horse; then, manœuvring to make the man pass on that side, he launched the toe of his heavy boot against the pit of the man's stomach with such force that the latter (the man, not his stomach, Mr. Berkeley means) went down like a shot." Then he searched his victim's bag, and "was extremely disappointed to find in it nothing but rabbits."

"The Prince of Wales and his royal brothers" were frequent visitors to the Castle, where they amused themselves by making sport of the other visitors. One "Jeremiah Hawkins, Esq., of the Haws," a Gloucestershire Squire, was among these, and the Duke of Clarence thus "drew him out:"

"Well, my good friend," the duke said, after dinner, "do you ever wear breeches and top-boots?"

"Please your Greece," replied Jerry, "I seldom wears ony thing else."

"I hear you are not afraid of water," continued the sportive "Royal Highness;" "do you ever wash your feet?"

"Sometimes in summer, please your Greece, when it's hot!" was Squire Hawkins's honest reply.

When Mr. Berkeley's father died there was a quarrel about the succession between two of the brothers, which was carried to the House of Peers, and in the course of it the history of "Miss Tudor"—the name by which the mother of these hopefuls was known during a part of her life at the Castle—was pretty thoroughly published. It was decided that she was not legally married to Lord Berkeley till after her fourth son was born. Of one of his brothers, Colonel Berkeley, he says that he has no virtues and all the vices. He preferred the most disreputable society, and travelled the country as an amateur actor. Some of the other brothers appear to have been no better than this one. Mr. Berkeley relates that after his mother's death, when his sister, Lady Mary Berkeley, desired to live in "the old house in Spring Gardens," she was driven out of it, because her brother, Colonel Berkeley, insisted on bringing his mistress to the house.

Young Berkeley was early taught boxing by his elder brothers, who thought it fine sport to make him fight the stable-boys or to pick a quarrel with street boys or men. His brother Moreton, when at college, instead of studying, kept a pack of hounds, and in spring kept a gun in his room, and with small charges "dropped the old rooks on the heads of contemplative Dons, as they walked unsuspiciously beneath the trees of Corpus." Boxing, horse-racing, and hunting were held in greater honor among the young Berkeleys than books or study; and of schooling the writer of this book appears to have received but a moderate quantity. He became an officer in "the Guards" when he was scarcely more than a boy; and appears, from his own accounts, to have passed the remainder of his life either in Parliament—where, as he mentions with great pride, he on all occasions voted as his brother desired him to—and in the hunting field, where he became a doughty hunter of foxes, and a ready promoter of quarrels among his fellow-hunters. The two volumes of his autobiography contain here and there a few traits of English life which possess a little interest.

Mr. Berkeley relates that the Duke of St. Alban's, on going out for a day's shooting, tied his left eye up with a black silk handkerchief, saying, "I hear you have a lot of game, so I am blinding my eye to avoid the trouble of having to shut it so often when I fire." The late Lord Rokeby "went to Greenwich behind a pair of posters," and on returning was upset by the postboy, who was drunk. The next time he went the same road he noticed that the same postboy had the horses in charge. "Now mind, my good fellow," said the noble lord, "you had your jollification last time; it's my turn now, so I shall get drunk, and you must keep sober."

Here is a really good story of John and Charles Kemble, who sat one night in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, listening to a play. Charles Kemble remarked to his brother, in the course of the evening,

"I really think this the very best play for representation that Shakespeare ever wrote."

No sooner had he made this remark than a huge, red-headed, broad-shouldered Irishman, who sat immediately behind him, leant forward and tapped him on the shoulder to secure his attention.

"I think, sir," he observed, with a strong brogue, "ye said it was one Shakespeare what wraught that play. It was *not* Shakespeare, sir, but me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play."

"Oh, sir," replied Charles Kemble, coolly, "very well."

A short time after this the Irishman tapped him on the shoulder again.

"Do ye belave, sir," he demanded, "it was me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play?"

"Oh yes, certainly, sir—if you say so," was the peaceable answer.

For a while he remained unmolested, but at last he felt the heavy finger once more upon him.

"Your friend what sits on your left hand," exclaimed the Irishman, "don't *look* as if he belaved it *was* me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play!"

This was too much for the brothers; they rose together and left the house, not deeming it either pleasant or safe to stay in such belligerent society. Who the man was they never knew, says Mr. Berkeley; but the friend whom he was so determined to pass off as the greatest dramatic genius of every age and country was an obscure song-writer and playwright. In the former line he deserves remembrance only as the author of "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

The Gunters—celebrated pastry-cooks of London—were fond of fox-hunting.

"That is a fine horse you're on, Mr. Gunter," said Lord Alvanley, to one of them one day.

"Yes, he is, my lord," replied the pastry-cook; "but he is so hot I can't hold him."

"Why the deuce don't you ice him then?" politely rejoined his lordship.

The same nobleman described a day's sport with Mr. Berkeley's hounds in the neighborhood of town: "The melon and asparagus beds were very heavy—up to our hocks in glass all day; and all Berkeley wanted was a landing-net to get his deer out of the water."

The present Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce, is called by the wicked "Soapy Sam," and Mr. Berkeley tells the following story of him, which shows that the nickname is not amiss. The bishop was sitting in a first-class car, where all the seats were full but one in front of him, upon which he had stretched his legs. A gentleman in search of a place asked the bishop if the seat in front of him was occupied, who replied that it was. The gentleman was obliged to accept an uncomfortable seat in a second-class car; but, straying into the first class during the journey, was disgusted to find the bishop's legs still in possession.

"My lord!" he exclaimed, indignantly, "at least I expected the truth from you. You told me that seat was taken."

"I did not, sir," replied the bishop. "You asked me if the seat was *occupied*, sad with much sincerity I replied in the affirmative."

This was pretty sharp practice for a bishop. The story reminds our author of a retort by Thesiger, the present Lord Chelmsford. Going down St. James' street, one day, he passed a stranger, who turned and said, with a look of pleased recognition: "Mr. Birch, I believe?" "If you believe that," replied Thesiger, "you'll believe anything."

A bosom friend of the Berkeleys, we are told, was Lord William Lennox, a nobleman of somewhat odd habits. When an opera-box was lent him, he let it out for money to a stranger; when he was intrusted by Lord Segrave with money to pay for a dinner, he pocketed the sum designed to reward the waiters; when he was presented with a sum of money to bring a certain lady to Berkeley Castle in good style, he sent her down in the coach and kept the money. All this was done simply and only for amusement, we are repeatedly assured; and "in spite of this reckless determination to have his fun, there was no one whom Lord Segrave desired to have about him more than he did William Lennox." Truly there is no accounting for tastes.

Mr. Berkeley tells us that he had a quarrel with Dr. Maginn, the cause being a young lady to whom Maginn was said to have made infamous proposals. In the course of this quarrel our author relates that he thrashed Mr. Fraser, the publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, and fought a duel with Maginn. Mr. Dalrymple, afterward Earl of Stair, is another of the charming people to whom this autobiography introduces us. This nobleman was a glutton, and besides "very fond of low female society." At Crockford's this person once met Mr. Berkeley, and invited him to dine "at eight." "I've ordered *such* a dinner here to-day, of old Ude!" he said. "There's enough for two; and I'll order something more. Let's dine together." At eight Mr. Berkeley came, but found no dinner. The Earl of Stair had "dined long ago—and deuced good it was," as he explained, picking his teeth by the window. He had eaten a dinner for two.

Our author informs the world that in fox-hunting, his brother, Colonel Berkeley, "had a peculiar knack of his own of applying very wild names and rough epithets personally to such people" as did not ride to suit him. "His language," he adds, "though extremely violent and abusive, was not a bit more severe than that of Assheton Smith, Lord Southampton, mine, or Lord Ducie's;" and he relates that Col. Berkeley once said to the last-named, "Well, I hear you're a greater blackguard, out with your hounds, than I am."

"No, I'm not," replied Ducie; "you beat me; for I never d——d a man's soul by the color of his horse."

Col. Berkeley, it seems, had "fancifully" addressed himself to an offender's "chestnut soul."

As it is an autobiography from which we have been culling these few stories, it is but right that we should finish with a personal trait of character. Mr. Berkeley relates of himself: "In Hyde Park I very nearly bought at my own price rather a nice horse. It had just bolted with its owner, who could not ride. He was evidently a muff in hand and seat, and the animal went clean over the rails that separated the grass from the gravel, while he fell heavily off without the horse coming down. The latter did not run away, and the rider was unhurt, but as he again took hold of the reins I saw that he regarded his steed with a look of distrust.

"'That, sir, is a vicious beast,' I exclaimed, 'and not fit to ride in London; if you'll sell him, I'll give you twenty pounds, and run all risks from his temper.'

"'Thank you, sir,' replied the discomfited equestrian, rather confused by his fall; 'I do not think him safe, and I will take—' Here he hesitated, and having reflected for a moment, added, 'No, sir, I will *not* take your offer.' So saying, and regarding me at the same time with rather an offended look, as if he fancied I intended to do him, he led his horse away."

This would be counted pretty sharp practice in some countries and in more unsophisticated society than that of London.

THE residence recently purchased by a committee of gentlemen of Philadelphia, and which has been gratuitously tendered to Gen. Grant and family as a permanent home, and which has been accepted by Gen. Grant, is on the north side of Chestnut street, west of Twentieth. The building occupies a front of 22 feet, extending back to the distance of 158 feet, with a 30 foot street in the rear. It is a four-story double front, with three-story double back buildings. The structure cost over $30,000. As the donors intend furnishing the dwelling before handing it over, it will probably not be ready for occupancy until about the first of March. The furniture is now in process of manufacture, and will be of the rarest quality.

MADAME ROTHSCHILD.—In a recent volume of reminiscences we find a very neat anecdote of Madame Rothschild, the mother of the well-known capitalist. The old lady's wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, remained to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said, in a supplicating tone to the latter, "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again?" "No, doctor, I don't want to be young again; but I want to continue to grow older."

A PLEASANT story is told us about the honeymoon of a rather age lady who was recently married to a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* on some important private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage, and said; "Dear Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A WOMAN.—All the theatrical journals have announced that M. Emile de Girardin has just completed a piece bearing the title, "The Punishment of a woman." Recently three women were chatting in a box of the Imperial Theatre with their attending cavalier. "'The Punishment of a woman,'" said the gentleman, "what can that be?" The three women cried in chorus; "The Punishment of a woman? It is her husband."

A "BIG INDIAN" strayed away from his camp, and got lost. Inquiring the way back, was asked: "Indian lost?" "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost," striking his breast, "Indian here."

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

I'm very lonely-hearted when
The old days I remember,
And faintly trace your comely face
In every dying ember.
Do you forget your cousin Ben,
In his old days of wooing?
Or ever tire when by your fire
That tender theme pursuing?

II.

They've built upon the corner now
Where lay your little garden;
A staring place whose brazen face
Time only seems to harden;
And where I hotly used to vow
My passion never ending,
They sell small beer, and you may hear
A score of voices blending.

III.

O what a place that garden was!
And O its tough productions!
Two marigolds and many colds
From copious night-air suctions.
And yet the place was dear, my coz,
For when 'twas kindly weather,
We always found a grassy mound
Where we could sit together.

IV.

Your hair was very rich and black,
Your chin a lovely double;
My hair was thin, and on my chin
I fingered tender stubble:
I hardly dare to wander back
And think that such days could be,
For now my hair is anywhere
Except just where it should be.

V.

Your eyes were bright and black as jet,
Your cheeks were flecked with crimson;
I always said your lips were made
For poets to sing hymns on;
What mine were I would fain forget,
My eyes were undecided—
I fear my lips were thin red strips
Much better undivided.

VI.

Around your knees a little brood
Romp, laugh, and frisk and chatter,
And yet you wear as well as e'er
You wore—though slightly fatter;
While I sit here in solitude
A lonely-hearted fellow,
With shaky limbs, eccentric whims,
Bald-headed, thin, and yellow.

VII.

So runs the world!—'Tis twelve o'clock,
The pothouse there is closing:
They've stopped the gas; and I, poor ass,
Must stop this dreamy dozing.
I thought you constant as a rock,
I thought myself much more so!
You've brought my light? All right. Good
night.
Jane, *don't* you slam that door so!

A. R. LORD.

[For the Leader.]

The Double-Bedded Room:

A TRAGEDY.

In the spring of 1860 I went to Steinton to transact some professional business and attend a trial which was then before the criminal court, at that time in session. I reached the place late in the evening, after a hard day's journey, and found that, the only hotel in the village was full, with the exception of one bed in a double-bedded room.

"The other bed is occupied by a gentleman from New York," said the landlord; and as an inducement for me to help on the profits of the house he added, "he is neither a rogue nor a cut-throat, judging from his appearance. They never have any such characters up there in Gotham. Of course you'll not have any scruples about sleeping in the same room with one of your own townsmen."

As I had nothing about me to tempt even a third-rate thief, and had never given any of my fellow-men sufficient reason for severing my jugular in the dark, I decided to take the bed in question, and soon after retired to the room.

My fellow traveller was already in bed and apparently asleep, with his face turned towards me. It was that of a mild-looking man of thirty-five, of a sandy complexion, with a hungry look. As I ran my eye along his outline under the bedclothes, I did wish that he had been fatter, for in one respect I am like Cæsar—I prefer fat men about me when there is anything like prospective danger. There was nothing in his physiognomy, however, that led me to suspect him given to deeds of darkness, so I ensconced myself in bed and, with my last thoughts upon dear Mrs. Jones, I was soon as unconscious as one of the seven sleepers.

A little past midnight I was awakened by a voice from my neighbor's bed. I listened. He was muttering something in his sleep.

"O, Mary, how can you cast me off;" he went on, in the pleading tone of a distracted lover. "How can you forget the love that has followed you for so many years, and never turned from you in your misfortune when you stood alone in the world?"

Then came a pause, after which he continued with more moving tones than before:

"Say not so—say not so. Before he with his wealth crossed your path we were happy in each other, and why should I be now cast off after you have sworn by all that is high and good that you would be mine. Ah! Mary, if you reject me my soul will be given up to some dark deed that will destroy us both. I shall have faith neither in God or woman to restrain me.

"Then you turn a deaf ear to my last prayer. You have chosen your own fate, and mark my words, *you shall never marry him.*"

The mind of the sleeper seemed to have become calm and his dreams undisturbed as soon as he had given utterance to these last words.

He doesn't sleep well, thought I. He is going through with the romantic part of life. He has taken the disease at an untimely age; it goes hard with him. And as I remembered I had had just such dreams at one time, when I came near losing the present Mrs. Jones, I was not at all alarmed by my neighbor's ominous expressions.

I thought no more about the matter till I saw the man in court the next day. The case was that of a young man on trial for the murder of a young woman to whom he had been betrothed. The ground of his arrest was, that on the night of her murder, in her own father's house, he was the last person known to be with her. She had lived for several years in New York City, and it was reported that she there made the acquaintance of a penniless young man, to whom she was engaged to be married; and that she had broken her engagement with him for a more wealthy rival, whom she met after her return home.

As I listened to the proceedings of the court, I noticed that my fellow-lodger seemed to take more of an interest in them than would be expected in an ordinary spectator. I then began to think whether there could be any connection between this crime and what I had heard him saying in his sleep the preceding night. It was a striking coincidence that Mary was the name of the murdered young woman. He had seemed to be pressing his claims as more binding than those of a later and wealthy lover. His threadbare suit and unkept general make-up showed that he might personify the poor lover. Moreover, he was from New York, and seemed to have no particular business, except to hang about the court-room and note the proceedings.

I kept my thoughts to myself, however, and watched for further developments.

That night I went to bed first. My strange friend came up after I was apparently asleep. He seemed wholly unconscious of my presence. He placed his candle on the table near his bed, and began to examine some papers which he drew from the breast-pocket of his seedy coat. Occasionally he would rise and pace back and forth, as if there was some burden upon his soul.

"Yes, it must be so," he muttered. "There is no other way for it. A man driven on by such a passion as Mary inspired is not master of himself, though close upon the horrid deed may follow black remorse. But I'll to bed and bide the morrow's events; and then, if I see no other way, I'll do it."

What was it that he was to do? I could only speculate. That it was connected with the trial I could not doubt. It seemed plain that he was in some way connected with the murder. Perhaps he might be the real murderer, and, driven by a guilty conscience, was awaiting the action of the court before making a full confession of the crime.

The next day I attended court as before. My strange friend was there, and seemed scarcely less interested than the prisoner at the bar. I watched him attentively.

Later in the afternoon, as I was riding through the outskirts of the village over a desolate-looking spot, I passed him pacing slowly along with his hands behind him and so lost in thought that he did not even look up as I went by. He returned to the hotel after the other guests were seated at the supper table, and ate his meal in silence.

When I retired for the night I left him sitting in the bar-room with an elbow on each arm of his chair, gazing silently at the fire.

I had been in bed about half an hour when he came up-stairs with two candles, which he placed upon his table, then went to his valise and took out several quires of foolscap, and lastly, drew from his pocket a small black bottle and placed it by his side, as he sat down and began to write.

I was too much interested in this movement to think of going to sleep, so I lay still and kept my attention fixed upon him.

At first his pen moved deliberately over the paper, then as his hand passed over page after page, its scratchings became louder and more nervous. There was evidently a burning thought that must have expression in words. The veins upon his forehead were swollen as if ready to burst, and his whole expression was that of intense excitement. He seemed to have forgotten that there was any one else in the room, for I could hear him muttering his thoughts aloud as he penned them. Now and then he would pause, draw a long breath, and then dash on again. At last he threw down his pen and struck his hand against his forehead with the exclamation:

"I did it! And now that she is gone why do I tarry here to see that poor wretch suffer in my stead? 'Twas as I said—*she did not marry him.* There's comfort in that thought. I loved her well; so well that I did slay her. Could I have seen her as his wife and not gone mad? Ye cruel fates, ye were too many for me in the unequal strife, when 'twas a woman's heart became the price of wealth; but my good steel did find its way where gold is powerless. I'll wed her yet, for here is that shall give me quick conveyance to the shore where she has gone before."

He seized the little black bottle, took a deep draught, and then resumed his writing.

I see it all now, thought I. It is as I suspected. This is the murderer; the lover who did the deed. He is committing suicide, and writing out his confession.

I was not inclined to disturb a man under such circumstances, so I lay still and awaited the result. His pen dashed on more furiously than ever. Occasionally his hand would go to his bottle, whose contents were evidently working upon his brain. One of his candles had gone out, and the other burned low in the socket. He threw down his pen and applied his bottle once more to his lips and swallowed the last drop which it contained, and then in a sepulchral tone gave expression to these words as he stood before the expiring light:

"That is all. When they do look on this, then they will know why 'twas they thought me strange. There's my confession writ for those who think it was a little thing that she rejected me. They shall know that what I swore, I had the courage to perform. I'll to my couch and let the morrow tell a tale of horror which shall make their drowsy souls believe there is a love far stronger than grim death. Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love! and hail thou strange unknown where she doth wait my coming!"

The candle burned blue as the excited man uttered these last words, with the gestures and tones of one talking with the spirit of the murdered Mary. The last glimmer of the light was gone, and then I heard the man throw himself heavily upon the bed.

My first impulse was to give the alarm, but a second thought told me if he was the murderer, and had written out his confession, and was now taking himself off by a dose of poison, I could do no good by bringing him back to life again only to be strung up by a rope and die like a dog. I did not see why I should try to keep a poor wretch in this world when he had become convinced that he had better leave it. He might make his exit under worse circumstances, and as he had done me no wrong, I could not out of charity interfere. With a quiet conscience I dropped asleep, and did not awake till after daylight the next morning. I looked towards my neighbor's bed. There he lay upon the outside of the bed with his back towards me and none of his clothes removed. The candlesticks, the black bottle and the papers were on the table near him. I rose and dressed myself and glanced at the papers. They contained a murderer's confession, evidently. The bottle was labeled "Poison," with a death's head and cross-bones, but had a strong smell of brandy. I bent over the motionless figure on the bed. He was asleep. The whole thing was so mysterious that I said nothing about it, but after eating my breakfast and settling my bill, left for home, wondering whether I should see in the papers the next morning "The Murderer's Confession." I looked for it for some time, but as it did not appear, I began to suspect that something had been the matter with my brain during my stay in Steinton.

Several weeks afterwards I went into a theatre to hear a sensation play which was that night to be brought out. I took my seat in the gallery and watched the development of the plot. It was one of the "love and murder" stamp. I could not help thinking how similar were the circumstances to those of the trial in Steinton. When in the last act the murderer's confession was reached, it seemed but a repetition of the scene in the double-bedded room which I have already described. There was the actor striking his hand against his forehead, and finally with outstretched arms and eyes gazing into futurity, uttering those words which had been so deeply impressed upon my mind:

"Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love; and hail thou strange unknown where she doth wait my coming!"

He then staggered towards a couch, and fell senseless upon it as becomingly as could be expected of a suicide.

The applause was deafening. My neighbor, whom I had not particularly noticed before, clapped his hands, and beat the floor with his boots and cane till there was no breathing from the dust he raised. I was about to remonstrate, when my eyes assured me that he was no other than my lean friend of the double-bedded room. The truth flashed upon me. I had heard of poor authors mingling with the crowd and going wild at the success of their plays. But the opportunity was too good to lose.

"My friend," said I, "you seem to consider the play a master-stroke."

"Indeed I do," he replied, hammering away to keep up the applause. "It takes, you see, the first time. I knew it would."

"I think I have seen it acted before," I remarked.

"Never, sir; never, I assure you, for I wrote it myself, and this is the first time it has been put upon the stage."

"I do not doubt your word, sir; but perhaps you have forgotten the double-bedded room in the hotel at Steinton, where the 'Murderer's Confession' first saw the light of two tallow candles?"

"Ah, yes! I recollect trying it on that night, after I had worked it out of that murder trial."

"But why did you have your brandy bottle labelled 'poison'?"

"Well, sir, the fact is that I sometimes forget to put it away, and it lasts longer with that label."

There was both philosophy and common sense in the answer, and I was satisfied.

S. S. NASH.

[From Dickens's "All the Year Round."]

Eastern Spirits.

During the months of February and March, in the year 1816, I lived in Napoli di Romania, a strong maritime city of the Morea. I was told there so extraordinary a tale of a tailor, who was at the head of his trade, that I felt it to be utterly incredible; but it was confirmed by incontestable witnesses, who for *three* years had seen with their own eyes what I am about to relate. (Here follow the names and titles of more than twenty persons, among whom are the Governor of the Province, the Aga of the Janissaries, the Defdar Bey, the principal Mollahs, the Hebrew priests, and the leading merchants, Mahomedans, Jews, Greeks and Armenians.) Moreover, the writer says he had himself examined the tailor, who was employed by the Pasha, and in whose veracity every confidence was to be placed.

The tailor was a Mahomedan, rather ugly than otherwise, and yet he had fascinated a Peri, with whom he lived maritally for three consecutive years, during which he ate none of the food ordinarily consumed by mortals, but was supplied with the most delicious aliments by his superhuman visitor. He warmly returned the affection of which he was the object, and only complained of the nocturnal wanderings in which he was compelled to accompany the Peri through mountains and valleys, which frightened him at first; but afterwards he became habituated to these strange travels. Napoli is a strongly fortified city on the borders of the sea, and its citadel, called Palamond, is on a very high and rugged rock. It was built by the Venetians, and is fortified according to all the rules of art, the military service being most vigilant and exacting. The gates are always closed at sunset, yet it is undoubtedly true that the tailor has been seen a hundred times, in the citadel, at different hours of the night; that he has visited the apartments of the commandant, and of many other persons who dwell within the walls. The Peri transported him thither. Sometimes she placed him on the very top of a crag, left him there for half an hour, and afterwards conducted him safely home. He had no other annoyance while the loving union lasted. He abandoned his trade, all his wants being provided for, and was perfectly happy, except for the night excursions.

Three years had thus passed, when the Peri came to him accompanied by a Djin (one of the male genii). She told him that her race was about to commence hostilities with another race of genii—that females as well as males were called to the battle-field, and that she was about to join the army. If she returned safely, their career of felicity was to be resumed; but if adverse fortune attended her, her faithful servant the Djin would bring to him her bloody chemise, and he would be released from the vows that had linked them together, after which he might return to his ordinary habits and accustomed labor; but if he did so without the evidence of her death, the severest punishment would be his portion. He endeavored to dissuade her from exposing herself to danger, using every argument that an impassioned lover could put forward, but the Peri insisted she was not to be judged by mortal notions, but that self-sacrifice was a higher duty among superior intelligences than with mundane man. He then asked for the privilege of accompanying the Peri, saying that his body should be her shield and buckler, and at last declared that whether she consented or not he would not be separated from her, upon which the Djin turned on him so terrible a frown that he was obliged to seek the protection of the Peri, who asked him how he could be so presumptuous as to think of encountering an innumerable army, of which every individual was a thousand times more powerful than the Djin, from whom a single glance of displeasure had filled him with such alarm. If, then, he could not bear a look from a servant of the Peri, how could he dream of entering upon a contest with a race infinitely superior to mortals by the subtlety of their essence, their agility, their knowledge, and their strength? The most murderous weapons of men would be harmless when directed against the Djins. A single one of them, she said, could overpower any multitude of human beings by their superhuman powers. The tailor was convinced. The Peri took flight with the Djin, after embracing her beloved. He was compelled to enter again into the common habits of his life, no provision being made for his sustenance. A few days only elapsed, when suddenly the Djin appeared, shook before him the bloody garment, announced the death of the Peri, and fled. The tailor fell ill, but slowly recovered; he re-entered upon his former profession, but bears about him the marks of an habitual melancholy. He has become a rich man for one of his class—says he will never marry—for any marriage would be a sad contrast to his former happiness. All this, the narrator says, I heard from his own lips.

Another part of the MS. says:

During the time that I was on board a Ragusan merchant vessel belonging to Captain Biagio Lupi, making the voyage from Constantinople to Odessa, in the month of September, 1814, we conversed on various subjects; among others, Captain Lupi related to me the following fact, which was confirmed by his lieutenant and all the sailors on board, who had been eye-witnesses:

Captain Lupi had with his vessel frequently visited Alexandria in Egypt, where he became acquainted with a Jewish tailor who spoke Italian fluently, and was accustomed to act as interpreter to the captain and his crew, so that by degrees an intimacy was established between them. Arriving at Alexandria, on one occasion, the captain did not find his friend, and was told he had gone to settle at Canea, in Candia. Some time after receiving this information, commercial relations obliged Captain Lupi to proceed with his vessel to Canea. He found out the address of his friend, and learned from the Jews of the town that this man, as well as his family, had fallen into the deepest misery, and were all victims of paralysis, which had greatly aggravated their misfortunes. The good captain immediately repaired to the house of the unhappy man, whom he found crippled in all his limbs, and his face wholly distorted and disfigured; but his intellect remained unimpaired; and his eyesight, hearing and speech had been preserved. His two sons, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen, were in the same condition, and only one little girl, seven or eight years of age, was altogether exempt from the paralytic malady. A Jewish woman, paid by the Israelitish community of Canea, attended upon this unfortunate family. Lupi inquired into the cause of their sorrowful situation, when a Jew informed him he had learned from his Hebrew brethren that beneath the staircase of the dwelling which the palsied man inhabited as tenant, there had been discovered certain indications of a hidden treasure. He purchased the house of a Turkish proprietor, and, with his wife and two sons, set to work without further ceremony, digging at the spot which had been pointed out. They found, some feet below the ground, a covering of stone, which they raised with the greatest difficulty; they were then obliged to delve still lower, and at length they came upon a coffer, which sank down the deeper as they more deeply dug. The father directed one of his sons with all speed to go in search of ropes and levers, and during the young man's absence the chest seemed to move, but, being on the same level as the excavated ground, it presented no hold. At length, on the return of the son with the materials necessary, as they thought, for the elevation of the chest, in order to take possession of the treasure, they began to remove the surrounding earth, so that the levers to which the ropes were attached might be introduced below—but here again the coffer began to sink. The father declared with an oath that he would have the treasure in spite of all the spirits in the world, and he exhorted his family to redouble their efforts. The wife and children also uttered some similar exclamation, when all at once the chest sank beneath the ground with a frightful noise, and in its place appeared a hideous animal, somewhat similar to a frog or a toad, and they all found themselves flung upon the cushions in the room in that state of paralysis in which they had been found by Captain Lupi, and more than six months had elapsed since they had been reduced to that pitiable condition.

The captain, after having given them such help as friendship and humanity dictated, asked permission to tempt fortune in his turn. After much opposition on the part of the Jew, he at length obtained his consent. He then went, accompanied by four sailors, and began digging at one o'clock in the afternoon. They had scarcely reached three feet in depth, when they found the stone covering, which they raised with much difficulty. They continued to dig, and discovered the chest, upon which was a great ring, through which they passed one of the capstan-bars of their vessel. But at the same moment the ship's cook (named Antonio, whom I know well, and who has confirmed the fact to me) cried out, "*Per San Antonio non ci scappera!*" (By Saint Anthony it shall not escape us!) He had not finished his exclamation, when the bar broke, and the chest sunk with a horrible noise, as if a great quantity of tin plates, earthen vessels, and old iron, had been thrown together into a very deep well, and a putrid stench forced them to quit the place.

N. B.—The Captain Biagio Lupi is favorably known at Constantinople, where he had been residing nine years when he related this event to me. He is equally well known at Taganrog, Odessa, Jaffa, Smyrna, and in the Archipelago, and all are agreed that he is an honest and trustworthy man. For myself, who have been intimate with him for several months at Constantinople, during a voyage of four weeks, and also forty days' quarantine at Odessa, I cannot doubt the truth of his narrative (confirmed, as it was, by the sailors), since I have always found him to be reliable, loyal, sincere, and wholly guiltless of falsehood or fraud.

The uncle of Captain Lupi one day left his country-house in the environs of Ragusa, on the borders of the sea, situated at the eighth of a league from the shore. Night overtook him while he was still engaged in fishing. At length, under the favor of a brilliant moonlight, he returned to his home. When he had accomplished about half the distance, he met one of his neighbors, who had departed this life several months before, but so like was he to what he had been while living, that for the first moment he did not remember that he had been numbered among the dead.

The defunct wished him good morning, and it was then, his memory being refreshed, that fear fell upon him; upon which the other reassured him, and reminded him that he had always been his friend. Signor Lupi was smoking his pipe at the moment of the appearance of the spectre, and in his fright had let it fall; the dead man, however, begged him to pick it up, and observed to him that it was a long time since he had smoked, and that consequently he should be glad if the captain would supply him with a little tobacco, which the other did tremblingly. Then the apparition asked for a light, and Signor Lupi then kindled a morsel of tinder, and stretched out his arm to touch the pipe which the dead man extended towards him, when he perceived that, instead of a pipe, it was a bone of which the other made use. Lupi recoiled with horror, but the defunct, without paying attention to the fear which he inspired, pretended to smoke, though no fumes appeared. They walked together to the door of the house of Signor Lupi, where the dead man, complaining that he could not go in, and that he was condemned to ramble in the fields, disappeared immediately. Signor Lupi entered his dwelling, was very ill, and no longer goes out at night.

During the spring of the year 1817, while residing at Yanina, the capital of Epirus, I had for a neighbor a young officer in the service of Ali Pasha. His name was Hadji Edem Aga, and his birthplace was Yakowa, on the confines of Albania and Bosnia. This young man often came to spend the evening with me. As he was at most only twenty years old, I expressed to him, on one occasion, my surprise that he, although so young, had obtained the title of hadji (Pilgrim of Mecca). He told me that he was but eleven years of age when he accompanied his father on a pilgrimage to the Holy City, and that this journey nearly cost him his life, his illness not arising from fatigue, but from an irresistible longing to see his mother and sister; and he added, that but for the beneficent exercise of skill on the part of a pilgrim from the kingdom of Morocco in his behalf, he should, without doubt, have died. I imagined that he spoke of a physician, and curiosity to learn how his desire to see his relations had been gratified, prompted me to inquire what medicines had been administered to him. My young friend told me, with a smile, that the pilgrim had administered none, but that he had brought his mother and sister into his presence. On hearing this, my interest was thoroughly aroused, and I begged him to relate to me the particulars of the case, and this he did in the following terms, which I have translated almost word for word. It is Hadji Edem Aga who speaks.

"The preparations associated with moving, which occupied us on our journey to Salonica, whither we went by land, served to mitigate the grief I experienced on finding myself separated from my mother and sister, whom I love more than you can easily believe. During the voyage from Salonica to Alexandria, in Egypt, the intense longing to see those who were so dear to me tormented me terribly; for the imposed idleness of a tedious voyage left me at leisure to dwell upon such thoughts. Happily the sea passage lasted but six days, and the novelty of the objects which Alexandria and Cairo presented to me again enabled me to throw off my sorrow for a while. At length we left Cairo to proceed to Kosseir (a maritime town of Upper Egypt, on the borders of the Red Sea). From this place we were to embark, in order to cross the Arabian seaport of Jeddah, near Mecca. During the journey from Cairo to Kosseir my anxiety to look upon my mother and sister was strongly reawakened, and indeed it broke upon me with such force at the sight of the Red Sea, that I wept bitterly when I thought that this gulf was about to divide me still farther from those to whom I was so tenderly attached. During our stay at Kosseir, this idea became so painful to me that I fell sick, and was unable to eat, to drink, or to sleep. I had been four days in this state, when my father received a visit from a man of Morocco, who was a companion of our pilgrimage, and whose acquaintance we had made from having lodged in the same hotel together at Cairo. This stranger, whom we afterwards found to be a skillful magician, observing that my father was much dispirited, inquired the reason; he replied, that his dejection was caused by my illness, and that he was the more distressed, as it prevented him from continuing his journey, the boats being engaged to sail for Jeddah in a few days. Upon hearing this, the stranger told my father that he would cure me, provided only that he had his permission to favor me with a sight of my mother and sister. To this proposition some demur was made, as the magician would see them at the same time, a privilege which the seclusion of the harem could not allow. Nevertheless, the fear of losing me, his only son, and his ardent desire to accomplish the pilgrimage which he had undertaken, induced him, after much delay, to consent to the requisitions, and I was got up and dressed in fresh linen. The magician having then ordered some coals to be lighted, warned me to refrain from speaking to the persons who were about to appear. My father seated himself on one side of me, and our servant on the other. The stranger then wrote some short sentences from the Koran, which he placed beneath the burning coals, and he uttered some strange words of incantation while the paper was consuming. Scarcely was this accomplished, when behold my mother and sister became visible in the middle of the room, and as they regarded me with smiles of tenderness, I did not feel the slightest fear, but, on the contrary, the liveliest desire to fling myself into their arms. The apparition had lasted some minutes, when, no longer able to restrain myself (for I thought that the relatives I desired to see were really before me), I endeavored to run towards them, but was withheld by my father, who kept me back with his hand across my body. I then cried out: 'Oh, mother! do you not say a word to me?' In an instant the figures disappeared; the magician looked at me with a terrible frown, and my father dealt me a heavy blow for my disobedience. I was in despair, and to calm me the stranger at length promised to repeat the same scene the following day. I expressed a wish that he should come and lodge with us, for his presence alone seemed to console me, and this he kindly consented to do. The following day, before commencing the proceedings, he made me take an oath upon the Koran that I would remain quiet; then by the same arts he again presented to me the vision of my mother and sister. I was already much better. Twice afterwards, during our pilgrimage, he caused them to reappear, and my health was thus completely re-established."

There resides at Libokhowa (a small town of Epirus, ten leagues from Yanina) a respectable man named Omar Kombar Aga. He is the Kiabya (steward) to the sister of Ali Pasha, who occupies a palace in the above-mentioned town. Since the year 1808, Djins have troubled the repose of the house of Omar Aga. They throw every day a quantity of large and small stones into the rooms and over the staircase and passages; they drag the furniture about here and there; they light fires in the cellar; extinguish those in the kitchen and stove; they empty vases filled with water, and even carry the dishes off the table, calling on people by their names, and playing other strange tricks. These events take place by day as well as by night, so that neither has the master of the house any peace, nor have those who reside with him. He has disbursed large sums, which he has paid to persons who have promised to drive the Djins from the house, but, up to this present time, money and means have been alike ineffectual, insomuch that Omar Aga has been obliged to abandon his dwelling, in which, however, he continues to have magical arts exercised, in the hopes of being able to re-occupy it. I write on the 13th of February, 1818, and it is now just six days since he left this place (Yanina), accompanied by an exorcist, whose services he has engaged at great cost. The outlines of this case are generally known, not only to the inhabitants of Libokhowa and the surrounding villages, but also to the whole town of Yanina. I am now about to relate some particular circumstances relating to this affair, facts that have been reported to me by eye-witnesses.

A cadi, a relation of the above-named Omar Aga, told me that he slept one night in this house while it was still tenanted, and dwelt in the same room as a young man, one of the family. During the night the Djins threw stones into the middle of the room, but without, as usual, touching the two persons who occupied it; upon this the youth observed to the cadi, "These Djins would be very gracious if, instead of stones, they would throw us roasted chestnuts." The cadi imposed silence; but what was their surprise when, about two minutes after, there fell by the side of the speaker about an oke (three pounds) of chestnuts roasted and peeled? The cadi was afraid to eat them, but, encouraged by his young relative, he profited by the generosity of the spirits, and ventured to partake of them, found them excellent, and preserved a portion of them in a box as a treasure. This account he gave me himself.

This same cadi related to me that, being on another occasion in this same dwelling in broad daylight, he was engaged in the performance of the Abdist (the required ablution), previously to the mid-day prayer, when a large stone fell right on his face without doing him the slightest injury, as though it had been held in the hand of one who only touched his features with it.

The owner of this mysterious house had a son named Ishmael. One night he heard a voice calling "Ishmael! Ishmael!" several times, and fearing that his father had been taken suddenly ill, he hastened to his room, where he found him in good health, and was assured by him that he had not called him. While they were speaking together, several voices were heard to cry out in the room itself, "Ishmael! Ishmael!" The word was repeated again and again. Both father and son then understood that the voices must be those of the Djins; and since that period every day and every night they sound the name of Ishmael.

In the early days of these singular occurrences, a resident in Libokhowa, named Hussein Aga, refused to believe all the marvellous things that he had heard respecting this house, and he went with some other neighbors to visit Omar Aga, in order to assure himself of the truth or falsehood of the reports which had reached him. The incredulous Hussein Aga, while ascending the stairs, called out from afar to the master of the house, "Well, now! what has become of your Djins? They hide themselves!" In an instant he received such a blow that his turban fell to the bottom of the staircase, while he was himself thrown down upon the balcony. He was seized with such an excess of fear that convulsions ensued, and he was conveyed home, where he was laid up for a fortnight.

But the most interesting of all the anecdotes which I might recount respecting this dwelling, is the following:

A few weeks only had passed since the Djins had made their presence known to the owner, when, early in August, 1808, Omar Aga (the master of the house), being at dinner with several other persons, among whom was the before-mentioned cadi, the stones began to fall as usual all around, and even on the table itself. Omar Aga said, "You fling stones at us every day, why not rather throw us some sequins of gold?" Immediately a piece of gold money fell, as if from the ceiling, in the midst of the assembled guests. Much surprised, they examined the treasure, and found it to be a sequin, a Turkish coin of the value of eleven piastres. It was quite new, but instead of bearing the name of the then reigning emperor, the Sultan Selim, that of the Sultan Mustapha, the nephew of Selim, was engraved upon it; and on the reverse it bore the date 1223 of the Hegira (1808), which was that of the current year.

Struck with the singularity of this inscription, the company resolved to send this piece of gold to Ali Pasha, the governor of the province, who resided at Yanina. The Pasha, also, was much astonished at the superscription. Some days afterwards the enigma was solved, for there arrived from Constantinople a courier, who brought the intelligence of the revolution which had taken place in the capital on the 28th of July, 1808, during which the Sultan Selim was deposed, and his nephew, Mustapha, raised to the throne.

MADAME SCRIBE writes to the papers, contradicting the news that the revision of the libretto of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* had been entrusted to a young poet. She says that her husband, in his lifetime, completed the work to the satisfaction of M. Meyerbeer, and that no one has now a right to change a line without her permission. She has delegated to two of M. Scribe's old assistants the task of attending the rehearsal, and making such alterations as may be found necessary to put the piece upon the stage.

A DOCTOR of divinity did a fine thing the other day, in ringing the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gate of his tympani."

A MAN boasting of the smartness of his children, said that the youngest was so smart that it would take its hand off a hot stove without being told.

New York Leader

OFFICE, NO. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.

PEACE OR WAR!

There is astonishing news from Washington. President Lincoln and Secretary Seward have gone down to Fortress Monroe to meet Stephens, Hunter and Judge Campbell, from the Rebel States. We are informed, upon what we believe to be excellent authority, that Jeff. Davis himself accompanies his so-called Commissioners. Thus the President of the United States is now in conference either with the Rebel Chief or with his accredited Representatives.

Many people expect immediate Peace as the issue of this conference. They may be right. The boasts and taunts of the Rebel journals may be all buncombe. The declarations of the Rebel Congress for independence or war may be nothing but empty vaunts. Lee's army may be weaker than it seems. The resources of the bogus Confederacy may be entirely exhausted. There may have been secret attempts at revolution, of which we know nothing. The Rebel leaders may feel, at last, that there is no use in prolonging a useless war. They may be anxious to make the best terms they can. All this may be so; but we are afraid that it is not.

It appears to us that this conference has been brought about under a misapprehension. The Rebels suppose that we are willing to let them leave the Union and set up as an independent nation, provided that they will sign a treaty to enforce the Monroe doctrine. Lincoln, on the other hand, supposes that the Rebels are willing to submit to reunion, provided he will guarantee the repeal of the odious confiscation laws and the proclamation of a general amnesty to all traitors. If this be so, then the conference will speedily end. We cannot accept disunion upon any terms, and if the Rebels are not yet ready for reunion, they must be whipped, like unruly children, until they become more obedient.

Nevertheless, even if that should be the issue of the Conference, we are very glad that it has taken place. Henceforth both sides will understand each other better. Hereafter there can be no Peace men at the North, unless they confess themselves disunionists, and no Peace men at the South, unless they confess themselves Unionists. The lines will be drawn more closely, and that middle, or neutral, class of people, who have been contending that it would have been possible to restore the Union without fighting, will be pretty thoroughly annihilated. This is one good thing which will come out of the Conference, even if it does not lead to immediate Peace. And another good thing will be the tendency of such a Conference to convince the Southern people that we are neither tyrants nor ogres; that we simply desire union, and that we are ready to give them all the glories and blessings of the Union whenever they desert the despotism of Davis.

In whatever light we view this conference, therefore, we expect it to result in good to the Union cause. But we hope that, while it is in progress, the war for the Union will go on steadily, without cessation and without delay. There are shrewd suspicions that this new-born desire for Peace on the part of the Rebel chiefs is but an expedient to gain time to fill up their armies with negroes and reinforce Lee from the West. The combinations of Grant against Richmond are irresistible. He is gradually extending the left of his army, which will connect with Terry, after the fall of Wilmington, and Terry's left will connect with Sherman, who is advancing one column upon Branchville while another is striking for the Chowan River. Thomas is marching for Lynchburg, and will thus complete the cordon. We do not see how this plan can fail, since it is already in process of execution, and the Rebels have no force to prevent it. When Richmond is once encircled there is an end to the Rebellion.

Such a combination should not be suspended because a few leading men on both sides want to meet together and talk about Peace. This talk is all very well in its way, and no one can desire more sincerely than the LEADER that such a talk should result practically. But if Peace talk should necessitate a suspension of hostilities, every day's delay will strengthen the Rebels and may materially interfere with Grant's combinations. If we should happen to gain another victory or two while the conference is going on, we shall not be at any very great disadvantage in consequence; while if the Rebels were to see that they gain by delay, it is more than probable that, being excellent conversationalists and not bad diplomatists, they would draw Lincoln out, get him to tell story after story, and so prolong the conference until their generals were ready to make a military move. As it is, however, no one can possibly object to Grant's making war while Lincoln confers about Peace, and so both can go ahead together and we wish them both success.

SECRETARY DEPEW will shortly issue his proclamation to the Sheriff, appointing a day of special election on which to vote aye or no for the appointment, by constitutional amendment, of five Assistant Judges or Commissioners of the Court of Appeals.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Terence P. Smith, for many years Sergeant-at-Arms to the Board of Aldermen, has been promoted to the position of Messenger to the President of the Board of Aldermen.

We congratulate Mr. Smith upon his well merited promotion, and Mr. Jones and the civic fathers upon having such an excellent opportunity for reviving their classical remembrances of Terence.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

We are happy to state that the Constitutional Amendment abrogating Slavery has passed Congress, and is now being submitted to the Legislatures of the several States. We are proud of the share which the LEADER had in securing the adoption of the Amendment, and of the many testimonials received by us from some of the leading men of the Union. We are grateful to those Democrats in Congress who voted for the Amendment, and thus secured its passage, and who have shown themselves to be practical, far-seeing politicians, and earnest, resolute patriots.

The Legislature of Maryland—recently a Slave State—was the first to take action upon the Amendment. Then Illinois followed. Then Rhode Island and Michigan ratified it. Massachusetts lags behind. The Legislature of New York passed a concurrent resolution, but a bill will have to be introduced to make the ratification legal. State after State will now wheel into line, and we hope that, within a few months, Slavery will be utterly and legally destroyed, and the country relieved of its incubus. In our opinion, this will be an inestimable benefit to the Nation, and to the Democratic party.

The Peace organ of this city, the *Daily News*, declares that: "The Members of the House who profess to be Democrats, and who voted for the Amendment, have betrayed their constituents. Their action has been undemocratic. They have violated the creed of their Party and have assisted the progress of centralization." The force and weight of the objections of the *News* may be judged from the fact that in another column of the same paper we find this utterance: "The Union we have frequently declared to be dissolved. Will Mr. Lincoln accept the fact that his reconstruction of the Union is impossible?" The *News* is as bad an authority upon politics as upon patriotism. Its dictum that to vote for the Amendment is undemocratic is entitled to as little respect as its declaration that reunion is an impossibility.

We are grieved and surprised that the Democratic Senators of this State should vote against the ratification of the Amendment. They should have had more good sense and more statesmanship. This Amendment ought not to be made a party question. In the face of acknowledged facts the *Tribune* claimed its passage by Congress as a Republican triumph; but such shallow falsehoods are characteristic of the *Tribune*. The Amendment was suggested by the *Herald*, supported by the LEADER and the main body of the Democratic press, and carried by Democratic votes. The *Tribune*, which is the first to claim it as a party triumph, did less to make it successful than any other paper. "If we have said little on this subject," said the *Tribune* of last Tuesday, "it is because we believed that our silence would be more effective than our arguments."

Those Democrats who try to make the Amendment a party issue, and so array themselves against it, play directly into the *Tribune's* hands. What right have they to prostitute the Democratic Party into a championship of an Institution which the people of the North have unanimously repudiated, and which the Southern leaders have declared themselves ready to repudiate at any moment? We can see no apology for such a course, unless they have deliberately resolved to run the Democratic Party into the ground. They should understand that if this Amendment be adopted by men of all parties it will remove the Slavery question from politics and force the Republicans to disband or to build on entirely new ground. But let the Democratic Legislatures oppose this measure, and let it be carried—as it will be eventually—in spite of them, and the Republicans will get all the popularity of the Amendment, and the Democracy will be laid on the shelf.

There is no possible ground upon which Democrats may oppose the Amendment, except the old Bourbon principle that whatever was ought to be forever, or the still more absurd notion that a Democrat must oppose everything that a Republican advocates. The arguments about State Rights are the merest twaddle in this connection. The adoption of this Amendment must be by States. It is a joint amendment, in which both the Federal and the State governments must concur. It is an amendment provided for by the Constitution itself, and is to be made in the Constitutional manner. What, then, have State Rights to do with it? True, the Rebel States do not choose to vote upon the Amendment; but they may do so at any time that they return to the Union. If they stay out, is it our fault? Is an election illegal because Tom, Dick or Harry choose to stay away from the polls? As this is a Constitutional Amendment, introduced and put upon its progress in the manner contemplated by the Constitution; and as it is an amendment in which a Constitutional number of the States, as separate sovereignties, must concur to render it valid; and as the rebellious States have the right to vote upon it whenever they relinquish their treason, it really seems to us rather an acknowledgment of State Rights than an attempt at what the *News* styles "centralization."

We cheerfully leave this subject with the Legislatures of the States, however, confident that they will ratify the Amendment and make it a law of the land. But we cannot close this article without pointing out the valuable opportunities, both for restoring the Union and regenerating the Democratic Party, which have been thrown away by the delays and the stupidities of those old-fogies who imagine that the world stands still because they do not see fit to move. On the 12th of March last, we published in the LEADER an Address to the Democracy of the State of New York, prepared by a Special Committee of Tammany Hall. This Address included a Platform of Principles, which recommended itself to every patriotic Democrat and which, if adopted, would have revolutionized politics and placed the Democratic Party securely in power for the next twenty years at least. The Democratic leaders in this State prevented the adoption of that Address, and the result was defeat everywhere. Should they play the same game with the Amendment, the result in future elections will be precisely similar.

The Platform of Principles to which we refer, explicitly declared "that Slavery, as a subject of political agitation, has passed from the politics of this country," thus foreshadowing and forestalling the very Amendment now under debate. Had that Platform been adopted, we should have completely beaten the Republicans before the country. McClellan would have been elected. The State elections throughout the North would have gone in our favor. We should have controlled the Government from one end of the land to the other. The corrupt party now in power would have been condemned to a miserable minority. But those who professed to be the leaders of the Democracy—and who have led it into the mire—prevented the adoption of the Platform. They held out for Slavery and the South. They wanted to please the dear Rebels. They framed the Chicago Platform, and adopted that compromise between loyalty and treason. They invited humiliation, and it came. The Democrats outside of Tammany Hall were beaten at the North and repudiated by the South. Now, will the leaders repeat their experiment with this Amendment? Do they still hope that the Rebels will come back and give them all the offices again? Do they still desire to do something to please traitors? If that be their policy, they will ruin their Party, although they cannot kill the amendment, and Democracy and Slavery will die together.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.

Do me the favor to correct, in your next issue, a misprint which occurs in your last. In your article on the Woman's Library, the value of the Appleton donation to that institution is stated to be $25. It was $125. Please note the difference.

CUIR FICHE.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 30, 1865.

WATERBURY.

It is with no special emotion of surprise that we learn that Nelson J. Waterbury has wound up his disgraceful career as a member of Governor Seymour's military staff by the presentation of a bill for extra charges of the most flagrant character.

His appointment to the office of Judge Advocate General by the Executive was the most humiliating spectacle ever witnessed by the State of New York. Here was a man notoriously a public defaulter—who had been elected to an office of trust and responsibility in the City of New York, and who had proved criminally recreant and faithless to the most sacred trusts of official duty—made a Judge Advocate.

What had Waterbury done to signalize himself prior to the time of his State appointment except to prove himself a public defaulter? How stands the record? By law it was the duty of the District Attorney "within *thirty days* after the receipt by him of any money for judgments, fees, or costs in suits brought on recognizances, or otherwise received, or collected by him, by virtue of his office, to pay over the same, except his taxable disbursements therein, to the Treasurer of the County for the benefit of the County."

Waterbury entered on the office of District Attorney on the first day of January, 1859, and continued in office until the first day of January, 1862. He received moneys "for judgments, fees and costs on recognizances and otherwise" during his entire term. He was called, by law and his oath of office, on 36 occasions to make return of these moneys, and 36 times successively he made default. So great was his voracious greed to obtain and appropriate these public moneys, that in many instances he took less than the amount of the judgments, although the defendants were abundantly able to pay the full amount recorded against them. When Waterbury went out of office he took away with him all books of account and records by which the sum of these receipts might be known. He made several admissions on the subject at or about that time—sometimes admitting that he had receipted "a *considerable* amount" of these moneys, at others confessing to have been paid $16,000 on that account.

He went out of office on the first of January, *three years* ago, and to this day he has rendered no account of these pocketed moneys. He has pretended on several occasions that he was ready to present an account, but there have been many insuperable obstacles to his doing so: his design was to swamp the amount of his defalcations by charges for extra services—so Comptroller Robinson will perceive that "extra charges" are not new to Waterbury.

But there were several difficulties in the way. To make any kind of show of "charges" it would be necessary to place to his account services rendered by the Assistant District Attornies in appellate courts. This would be a palpable fraud. Assistant District Attornies are public officers of the County, paid by a salary, and in no sense the employees of the District Attorney. If the assistants rendered any services to the public they were paid out of the public moneys. If any pretence for extra pay could be raised, the "extra" belonged to the officer earning it. Again, on an exhibit of accounts the illegal "compromises" of judgments would be apparent. Then, on the basis of "extras," the charges would require to be enormous to make even the form of a balance; and, besides this, if an account were presented, a clue would be furnished to unravel the whole amount of receipts. In addition, it would be made apparent by the dates that he had been a defaulter month in and month out for three years. So the whole account has been suppressed, and Waterbury has been content to wear the brand of a public defaulter, side by side with the stripes conferred by the Governor which constitute the insignia of official trust—the stripes and bars in true rebel fraternity.

There was a time when to be known of men as a public defaulter would cause a man with a drop of blood in his veins to hang his head with shame, but Waterbury and men of his type are lost to all honest emotions.

It is true, that while holding the office of *Judge* Advocate, he appeared as an *advocate* of some legislative job before a Committee of the Senate: he opened his remarks by an assault on the officers of the municipal Government, expressing his opinion that they were corrupt. A member of the Committee, one of the most distinguished of our present Senators, remarked: "Mr. Waterbury, your opinion must be reliable, as you are yourself a public defaulter." Waterbury was squelched at once, and mumbling some incoherency, sat down, and soon after escaped from Albany.

We do not intend at this time to dwell on his career, while on the Governor's staff.—We will reserve that for another occasion of public justice—it is very full and instructive. We should not refer to so much, but for the necessity arising out of his new and characteristic development at Albany.

Since his escapade at Albany, to which we have alluded, he has assumed a more brazen front, and on one occasion actually presided at a city *reform* meeting—we suppose somewhat in the character of a frightful example.

Waterbury's entire record is so shameless that it is difficult to find words to characterize him, to say nothing of patience in treating of him at all. As we have before had occasion to notice in these columns, his private pecuniary transactions are even worse than his public financeering. He is a regular Jeremy Diddler. For years he has been accustomed to raise the wind, not by a system of checks and balances—but checks without balances—to obtain money or goods by checks on banks where he has no funds. This is by law obtaining money by false pretences—for which many better men have suffered ignominious punishment.

There are few public men in the city who have not at some time had one or more of these "Micawber's" in their possession. Indeed, so general has been the distribution of these *favors*, that there is scarcely a court held in this city in which, from the judge on the bench to the tipstaff at the door—the whole range of attaches—each and every one, has shed blood under Waterbury's lancet. Indeed, it was not unusual, while his credit lasted, for him to go into one of the restaurants on Broadway, regale himself with a good dinner, including wine, and give one of these checks to the proprietor, receiving money in exchange—then marching off with victuals and money—and in due course the check would turn up "not good."

It is difficult to define the low degree to which Waterbury has descended. Of late he has been the assistant editor of a black mail weekly newspaper of this city, in which attacks on character are written or suppressed for money—the meanest occupation which white men have yet discovered. In this congenial position he has been especially active in assailing the characters of men who have discarded him. But all his efforts in that direction have come to nought. The Waterburys have no power to injure the characters of others except by their bad example.

It is curious to witness the revenges to which men resort. The characterless, broken-down, impotent wretch, who feels himself utterly helpless to injure, in his rage knows no limit to his wickedness and malevolence—but, like the felon fighting with his chains, he only galls himself. Waterbury is the most pitiful spectacle of this description. A man of rectitude of character, who feels himself strong in the right, and who has the power to injure, is capable of magnanimity—he cannot be roused to resentment by the malice of such a character as Waterbury, and can afford to pass in silence his raving efforts of ineffectual malice. So Waterbury's puerile attacks in the piratical sheet to which we have referred, pass in silence. But we have sent to Albany for all the details of Waterbury's administration as Judge Advocate General, and will serve them up in season.

There was an Attorney in Lowell,
Who demurred when in Court
And demurred near a Fort—
This demurrable lawyer of Lowell.

A CAPITOL FOR NEW YORK.

The Common Council should at once respond to the invitation addressed to it, in common with all other municipal councils in our State, by the Legislature, inviting proposals for a Capitol.

Buffalo, proud of her sentinelship of the lakes, is about to answer. Auburn will soon put forward her claims of central position. Syracuse, the city of many salt lots and not a few Lots' wives, will look over her resources and make her claims known. Doubtless Rochester, Utica, Watertown, Elmira, and even Troy—besieged by bridges and beleagured by lumbermen although she be—will soon put in their estimates. But the Empire City must lead the van, and, like a proud conqueror, tread down all opposition. Buffalo cannot keep down raiders; Auburn has a State prison, whose atmosphere will poison a Legislature; Syracuse has been demoralized by conventions; Rochester is too floury, and that style interferes with legislative industry; Utica is pent up, and since the days of Cato has been a place to contract powers; Watertown, Elmira and Troy are rural retreats.

Thus the claims of all these aspirants can be brushed away with a few good-natured allusions, while New York alone can vindicate her claims with dignity.

Railway Kings have long since prorogued the ancient arguments about locality and central points. The centre of a state is not to be adjusted by land surveyors. It is where congregates the wealth, the intellect, the civilization, and the enterprise of the state. Our city, judged by this standard, is the capital of the nation: and she will ask but a small portion of her rights when she prefers to the Legislature the claim to build its capitol.

Let the Common Council then forthwith initiate measures for a present to the state of Madison Square, with a gift of two millions for the construction of buildings which will accommodate every State officer, and an additional quarter million for an Executive mansion which shall front the Central Park. The advantages to the city, and to the State at large, will prove reciprocal. The former can yearly open its society, and its liberal means of practical education to legislators. The latter will yearly welcome home to its various counties its public servants, with their views liberalized, their scope of observation enlarged, and their usefulness in their respective ruralities enhanced an hundred fold. Provincialism is an unfortunate element in State Government. Petty association contracts mental powers. The atmosphere of Albany is to-day that which it was thirty years ago. Law-makers go there in 1865 who were legislators very many years ago, and they show themselves in no wise improved by the lapse of time. They are, under rural influence, great only in little things, and always little in great things. One month spent in the city of New York would have practically educated them more than years have done towards that end in Buffalo or Copake.

Massachusetts has been saved from utter legislative ruin solely because her lawmakers met at Boston. The political managers on both sides in Pennsylvania have long combined to keep their legislators out of Philadelphia; and yet, compared with New York, both the city of sisterly hate and the city of brotherly love are mere way stations on the southwestern or northeasterly routes to this great metropolis, whose rich commercial blood animates alike the Pacific and the Atlantic pulses of our common country.

There will be, also, additional reciprocity by the transfer of the capitol from Albany to New York. Our citizens may learn to respect the Legislature, and it in return will learn to respect the Empire City. This want of legislative confidence between New Yorkers and their rural neighbors has proceeded from an ignorance on both sides that is the natural consequence of non-intercourse. Only last session there voted a Senator whose boast was that he had never been to this city, and whose pride it was to believe that he should never come. There are club fogies in our midst whose best idea of a rural legislator is a man who wears purple and fine linen that was wrested from the lobby by perjured promises. Will not the Mayor move in the matter with a timely and forcible message to the Common Council?

CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION DARKNESS.

Oligarchies were forms of government in the dark ages. True to history, the Citizens' Association oligarchy is determined to bring a dark age upon that portion of our city lying south of Forty-second street and north of Canal.

It has, through one of its agents, the Manhattan Gas Company, notified the city authorities that the oligarchy price of gas for each street lamp is now fifty-three dollars per annum; and, unless the authorities distinctly indicate, before Sunday night, their submission to this oligarchical demand, the supply of gas in the above district will be turned off from the street lamps, and that portion of the city plunged into Plutonian darkness.

This, then, is one of the punishments instituted for this Democratic city, by the New York Inquisition. The common people, for voting against the Citizens' Association, are to be exposed to the Thugs and thieves of the metropolis; whilst the oligarchy, its families and friends, shall securely ride about in coaches illuminated with elegant carriage lamps.

Does the Citizens' Association desire to incite a riot? We have prepared, according to promise, a list of the officers and stockholders of this agency of the modern oligarchy, the Manhattan Gas Light Company; but from regard to the peace and quiet of the city and the personal security of those gentlemen, we refrain from printing it. One night of such darkness, through such means and under such malicious and avaricious impulses, would breed a riot that might culminate in every stockholder adorning his nearest gas-post.

Whilst a contract is now in force for $28,87 per lamp, and whilst the city gives to the Company a right of mains in the streets, for the Gas Light oligarchists to turn around and charge the city in the ratio with which it taxes an ordinary customer is to commit a public outrage which, if ever riot could be justified, would bring one within an excusable example.

A NEGRO lawyer named Rock has been admitted to practice, from the Massachusetts bar, in the United States Supreme Court. It is a great descent from Plymouth Rock to Black Rock, eh, Chief Justice Chase?

BLOT.

Mr. or Mons. Blot is a gentleman who proposes to teach the American Nation how to cook. He has planted the seed of a culinary academy somewhere up town, and erect and august among his gridirons he invites the human race to come unto him and learn how to grill.

Mr. Blot has our sympathetic and good wishes. Many excellent rounds of beef and shoulders of mutton, uncounted tripes and innumerable gizzards are in this country continually ruined by over or under cooking. Messes of tough and insoluble character exasperate the palate and defy the epigastric solvents. Habitual bad feeding heightens the pulse and lowers the character. Men become bilious and morose; women pallid and exiguous; children froward and flatulent. Such doleful results follow defective cookery. A raw capon lost Napoleon a battle: and a stringent ragout had nearly lost Silesia to the Great Frederick.

Blot promises a revolution among the skillets and stew-pans. In consideration of a moderate recompense, he will teach the community to abrogate old culinary usages, and produce dishes which it will be mere pastime to digest. His scheme embraces a catholic range of tutelage. He blanches not at the sirloin, nor winces at the cutlet. Tripe is not too heavy nor sweetbreads too light for his artful ministrations. He grapples boldly with the turkey, nor turneth aside from the wren. The potato is not too simple, nor the truffle too recondite. All things cookable and eatable, from missionaries to manna, are alike the subjects of Blot's assiduous attention and professional regard.

Mons. Blot is representative of a race which enjoys the highest distinction in all the arts of the cuisine. Indeed, in that land of sabots and revolutions, cookery has become in the process of ages a science of imperial scope and proportion. In no other country is the maximum of nutriment evolved from kitten with such savory celerity, nor the toughness so skillfully eliminated from horse. None but a Frenchman could have displayed the splendid audacity of attempting to make soup for a regiment out of a pair of gaiters and a candle. Necessity has taught them as a people to make much of little; to utilize unpromising substances; to make succulent dishes, of the weeds which grow by the wayside. Hence their art has developed. It has its hierarchs, its apostles, its acolytes. It has its history and its traditions. The memory of its great masters is sacredly treasured, and their names are breathed with awe.

The renown of Ude, of Soyer, of Francatelli is a part of the National glory, like that of Napoleon and Voltaire. The people applaud their warriors, and revere their philosophers, but they yearn with peculiar and melting tenderness towards their cooks.

In this country, where the materials of food are so abundant, we ought to obtain peptic beatitudes. If our cooks will take a course of Blot's lessons it will essentially aid that consummation. Therefore we ardently recommend Blot and his project. If he succeeds in reforming our national dietetics, he will do the race a substantial service, and the dyspeptic shall with one accord rise up and call him blessed.

BEECHER'S HOLIEST GATE TO PEACE—Subjugate.

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

Messrs. Munger, White and Humphreys, the very amiable and estimable gentlemen who compose the Legislative Investigating Committee, have returned to Albany, the investigation having been adjourned for a couple of weeks.

The developments thus far amount to just this and no more: A person connected with the City Inspector's Department, who has since deceased, received money from several persons for promising them offices. There is no evidence connecting Mr. Boole with these transactions.

Ex-Judge Whiting has been playing the part of Paul Pry to perfection, and Mr. Carr has placed himself in rather an awkward predicament by his evidence in regard to swearing, or not swearing, to certain payrolls. But Mr. Carr is a very small character in the drama, and nobody seems to take the slightest interest in his queer proceedings.

We told the Committee last week, and we repeat now, that nothing practical can be obtained through the agency of that unauthorized and absurd body of political pumps known as the Citizens' Association. The proper way to investigate our Departments is to request the officials to make a thorough exhibit before the Committee, which they will most cheerfully do. But the idea of a mock trial, with Whiting as prosecutor, makes the whole thing ridiculous, and it will end in smoke.

THE daughter of a Petroleum Speculator recently, whilst at her music lesson, astonished her lover with this version of a popular song: "When this crude ile war is over"—in answer to a tender question when they should meet again.

THE CASE OF B. S. OSBON.

We learn that Mr. B. S. Osbon, the naval reporter for almost all the daily papers in New York except the *Herald*, is lying very ill at the Capitol Prison, Washington, and is not expected to recover.

If this man should die, it would be a clear case of governmental murder. He has been torn from his home and his business, cast into a dungeon, and made fatally sick in mind and body for simply doing his duty as a reporter. And the worst of it is, that those whom he served, who profited by his misfortune and who should have suffered instead of him, have not a word to say in his defence.

The case, as we understand it, is simply this: Mr. Osbon, as naval reporter for the daily papers, sent them all the facts he could collect in regard to the first expedition against Fort Fisher and about the powder boat. Two daily papers, both Republican, published this account prematurely. Mr. Osbon was thereupon arrested and dragged to the prison at Washington on the charge of giving information to the enemy.

Now, the fact is that Mr. Osbon did not give any information to the enemy. He gave his information to the editors of Republican journals. They published the information, not Mr. Osbon. But even they gave no information to the enemy; for it is a remarkable fact that the Rebels knew nothing about the powder boat until several days after its explosion. In their telegrams and letters they spoke of this explosion as "an earthquake," or "one of the enemy's gun-boats blown up."

Under these circumstances how silly was this Government in attempting to punish anybody for giving information to the Rebels. But how criminal it was to attempt to punish Mr. Osbon. He simply did his duty to the papers which employed him. He furnished them with news, and relied upon the discretion of the editors in its publication, and upon the protection of the editors if anything went wrong. They have basely deserted him and he now lies at the point of death, a victim to the fault of his employers and the stupidity or malignity of Government officials.

It has been stated—with how much truth we are not prepared to say—that Mr. Osbon was made the scapegoat for this affair because he had opposed the ironclad interest, and that those interested in the Monitors have been very anxious to catch him in some fault. We do not rely upon this rumor to aid Mr. Osbon's case, for we happen to know that he has not been without blame in connection with the Monitor question. But we say most decidedly, that if anybody ought to have been arrested for the premature publication of the news about the Fort Fisher expedition, the editors of the papers implicated should have been the victims, and we now call upon them to be honest and manly enough to acknowledge this and insist upon Mr. Osbon's immediate release. If they delay long, Death may accomplish what they cannot, and in that event we should not like to be in the position of any of the parties concerned in the affair.

CONUNDRUM—Why is Seth Adams like the statue of Jackson in President's Square, Washington? Because he was chiseled by a Mill's paugh.

OVER JOURDAN.

The *National Intelligencer* has a New York correspondent who uses the reforming *nom de plume* of Huguenot. He startles the nerves of the Conservative readers of that time-honored journal with this intelligence in his last letter:

> "I venture the assertion with confidence that nowhere in this country, not excepting the levee of New Orleans, or "the causeway" of Baltimore, are more dangerous or villainous ruffians, cut-throats, pimps, and thieves to be met with, than can be encountered in droves, at any hour of the day or night, on Broadway between Prince and Bleecker, the public centre of Broadway, and within pistol shot of its principal hotel. Yet in no section of this city is the criminal negligence or the culpable inefficiency of the police more manifest."

The patrons of Tiffany, Ball & Black, Wm. Hall & Son, Burr, Sloan, Fredericks & Co., and others of that locality, will doubtless be surprised to hear of these "droves." Quite as much so as countrymen are to find the "bloody Sixth" under Captain Jourdan the very quintessence of Quakerish milk and water. Rural pedestrians who walk the "streets of New York" and visit Baxter street in the realities, find the passage over Jourdan as cosy as it is, dramatically, by night in the Olympic.

RICHMOND LITERATURE—Lee's Miserables.

McCLELLAN AND BUTLER.

Fairy lore associates the names of Beauty and the Beast. There is pleasant precedent, therefore, in combining these two names of Generals in order to point a moral.

The radical friends of Butler are now feeling some of the sensations which McClellan's admirers and sympathizers endured. Both removals were claimed to be unjust. Within a fortnight after Butler is relieved, the work is accomplished which he failed to perform. But to this day not one of the results have been obtained by a veteran army which were expected from McClellan's comparatively raw troops, viz: the capture of Richmond and the annihilation of Lee's army.

Butler when relieved is ordered to report at Lowell. McClellan immediately obeyed his orders like a good soldier. Like a bad politician, he did not juggle himself into Washington to curry favor with Committees. Unlike a cunning lawyer, he did not file counter charges and raise feigned issues against his associates. But Butler, like a bad General and a good political lawyer, disobeyed orders and remained in Washington. He intrigues against Grant. He raises a cabal. The people utterly detest him; but a few leaders pet him. The politicians warred upon McClellan while the people made him an idol.

Butler's fuse will soon burn out, and then he will explode like his powder ship. He will cause a radical commotion for a few minutes, but no harm will ensue. He will, then, probably strew his fragments all over Massachusetts, while McClellan will be enjoying himself in Europe as Time rolls around the wheel of politics in his favor. Perhaps, before long, he will hear the news that Butler has been dismissed the army for insubordination, and then the Nemesis will be complete.

OUR ALBANY CORRESPONDENCE.

DELAVAN HOUSE, *Feb.* 2, 1865.

DEAR LEADER: My last erred, I find, in detail. I threw too many explosive bombshells, and this week I shall more prudently generalize, reserving minutiæ, as the Judges say, for speedy decision.

A third of the session has sped, and now a magical two thirds remains. Thus, even legislators take note of time by its loss. The quotation reminds me of Young's "Night Thoughts," and they of a few hours which I recently spent at Niagara Falls. Oh, ye cits who only know their beauties in the heated term. Ye should come and examine them when Winter puts his icy crown upon their glories; when the Maid of the Mist is congealed like Lot's wife; when Hoar Frost puts on his stalactites to dance over the dizzy heights. In good sooth, the trip was not only an agreeable alternation with my legislative duties, but marks an era in my existence. Perhaps I may write a paper on this bit of travel worthy of one who don't stop at any Graham inn while *en route*.

We have missed Senators Munger, White and Humphrey sadly. The former—a law partner of Sandford E. Church—is one of the most handsome, agreeable, high-toned men of the day. He was educated thoroughly at Yale College, and married one of the sweetest of women, whom to know is both to love and to praise in respectful homage. Yet upon the sunny side of forty, he will take high rank with the lawyers of Western New York. This reminds me that Senator Humphrey is the best jury lawyer in Buffalo. He is Ganson's successor in the next House of Representatives. Senator White is a son of the late Horace White, of Syracuse, and succeeded to a large fortune. He has an honorary professorship in the University of Michigan—that of English Literature. He is only in his thirty-third year, and is a man of fine promise. He has cultivated his taste by extended travel in Europe, and spent much time in Paris under the friendship of Consul Bigelow, a man of similar type of mind.

What the Committee have done in New York the dailies have tried to tell you. I read the testimony with attention, and claim that it is a mere rehash of the mud which Messrs. Carr and Whiting have had before the Grand Juries and the Governor, without being able to convince anybody where the screw is loose. Friend Whiting was once a prosecuting attorney, and the duties of the office are ingrained into his soul, as Calais was graved upon the heart of Mary Queen of England. He labors under the chronic delusion that the Citizens' Association is the Grand Jury, and is perpetually endeavoring to find bills against somebody. His experience in that office, however, should have taught him to be generous and kind. No one knows better than he does how easy it is for an official of high integrity to be plastered with malicious mud. Far worse things were once said about him than are now uttered against any official of New York. Nobody believed them—beyond a limited circle of malice. And although he was charged with making a fortune out of fees, and although his enemies got through the Legislature a senseless law repealing them—although he was indicted as keeping and maintaining a bawdy-house, through secret malice—no right-minded citizen ever lost confidence in the integrity of Judge Whiting. But he has the foible of being a pleased prosecutor. He must be "Little Bitters" ever. And as credulous as Greeley, he allows himself to become the catspaw of men who seek office and gas emoluments in the hypocritical name of reform! Surely, Mr. Whiting, you remember the fiasco of the Henry Erben Grand Jury and the abortive attempts at investigation which you conducted for old Flagg ten or twelve years ago? All these espionages are frightfully unjust—the cardinal rules of law are disregarded, which demand, as I remember, that only primary evidence, and not hearsay, shall be received, and that the evidence shall be confined to the matters at issue. These espionages try witnesses, try strangers, kindle rumors and contrive sensations. So, I predict the Senators will find them out before long.

The agent here of the Rooseveltian oligarchy claims that the latter has captured the Senators who were down in New York.

He boasts that a perfect plan of social subjugation and lobby tactics have been initiated, and says that the witnesses before the Committee are merely the strings upon which the Citizens, who are deep in gas contracts, are stringing their beads of hearsay malice. He boasts that at a private confab in the office of the organ of the taxpayers (?) it was resolved to surround Messrs. Munger and White with satellites who should reflect instead of borrowing light. Thus his story is that, as part of the programme, the Committee were dined successively by the Union League, by Cooper, Stewart, Astor and old Judge Vanderpoel, and compelled to hear the iniquities of office holders testified to over walnuts—the oath administered upon Bohemian claret jugs, newest pattern—by men who were fresh from the perjuries of the income office and the last jugglery (no pun on the claret, I declare it) at the Gas Exchange. Indeed, the oligarchical lobby agent here says that White has already become so imbued with that social atmosphere that he is prepared to believe anything wrong. Humbug! the oligarchy are greenhorns. These Senators I know from a session of association. They are logicians, lawyers, quizzers. They are fair-minded men of the world, and actually perspire off more sense than presided at any of these stool-pigeon banquets, which are, it is said, to be succeeded by fresh ones on their return.

There has been very little progress made here in legislation. Private bills are slipping through, but public ones stick in the hopper. We have the Constitutional Amendment on the tapis. I regret to see it made a party test. Here is the dead carcass of Slavery lying at our feet with a thousand Southern daggers sticking in it. Jeff. Davis and Gen. Lee are reading over its ghastly remains the burial service which appeared in recent numbers of the Richmond *Sentinel* and *Whig*, yet the Democratic Party is gravely (*I* mean no joke) asked to keep the remains above ground, and raise a new abolition issue for discussion, to wit: Can Slavery be constitutionally abolished, and to take the negative on a stamping tour through the next four years? I am a young man, as you know, but I only wish I was in the position of a leader to take the initiative in rescuing the party from such utter suicide. Well, does the *Herald* say that some Democrats are like the Bourbons—never forget and never advance a policy—when these are advocating this issue. Bourbon is derived from good drink, but the enemies of Socrates called his hemlock and death draught a good drink in their Greek—so much of my classics I remember.

Carolan O'Brien Bryant was permitted, upon his request therefor, to pull the lanyard which fired the first gun of Republican rejoicing. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see him standing, like a Napoleon on an eminence, calmly adjusting his energies to that hour of triumph. Nor was it less grand to see him fall back in good order when the gun kicked, and then emerge from the smoke, like a male Venus rising from the sea. I don't rejoice at the vote, because of the mystery which preceded it. I only claim that it is an event of happy policy to the Democratic party—doubly happy because the responsibility is with their adversaries.

The best railroad plan up here is one popularly known as the Parallelogram railway. It is intended to run through all the principal up-town streets, and to go past every prominent hotel and every newspaper office down town in the city—thus jointly and trip-ically recommending itself to every traveller and editor. In course of time it will run up into every editorial chamber, like the goose of its mother's melodies, and there leave its tracks. Everybody is in favor of it, and it is the one sure to go through. This is the last new phrase up here. As this privilege is a gift from the State all the most loyal and patriotic men in its borders are grantees.

The Bounty quota is like Pat's problem in arithmetic, wherein the unknown quantity was to be cut up into unknown parts and multiplied by certain supposed halves in order to ascertain the depths of certain post holes. General Fry's figuring about the quota has placed everybody hereabouts along with Pat in a mathematical muddle. Fenton has been figuring, Blunt has been cyphering, Tweed has been reckoning, Ely has been subtracting, and, finally, Lincoln seems to have taken a hand at it. But without finishing his calculations, he has now run off to a game of tit-tat-too at Fortress Monroe with Stephens. Thus a virtuous President meeting a Vice-President has for the present thrown the unknown quantity into greater uncertainty. And let us hope it is for the present only; and that when Valentine's day shall come the daughters and sweethearts of enrolled men will be freighting every mail with their female compliments to Lincoln upon reducing the quota.

Coupled with the mathematical muddle, is a legal one. Very eminent lawyers declare unconstitutional the State law excluding the recruiting agents of neighboring States from doing business with us. And still more of the legal fraternity deny the right of the Common Council to create misdemeanors by ordinances. They argue on the first point, that the filling up of an army is a federal affair under existing statutes and decision; that a citizen or an alien has a free right of choice where he will enlist. Upon the second point, they contend that the Legislature only can enact criminal laws, and cannot delegate that power; and that a Common Council must confine itself to regulations of a local police nature, punishable by fine through civil suit.

How strongly the homicide of the Treasury Clerk at Washington reminds one of the Mary Real case which occurred in your city in the summer of 1862. Is not the story of the woman now under arrest, very similar in its substance with the narrative given by Mrs. Real? Are not the incidents attending the pistol purchase, and the meeting of death in each tragedy even parallel? Shall we not now, as we did then, deprecate the mawkish sympathy which is being expressed for the woman before all the facts are known, as well as the readiness with which the unfortunate deceased is blamed? The world is full of love-sick women; and the one in question alleges no more against the object of her affections than a breach of promise attended with ungentlemanly behavior. But it is only in novels that marriage or assassination is a permissible alternative. Breaches of trysting vows are adjusted in the jury box and not in the cylinder of a revolver. "Men were gay deceivers ever" from Hamlet's time in the icy north down to my time of hot-blood civil war. But, I am growing sentimental, and such a vein is not in the quarry which you have instructed me to explore.

THE CID.

The Rebel Commissioners, immediately on their arrival, asked if TREDWELL & JARMAN, the New York clothiers, were still in business. "Certainly," said General Grant, taking a pull at the new tobacco cartridge which has succeeded to the Lieutenant General's characteristic cigar; "this military cloak came from their establishment." "What is the number?" inquired Vice-President Stephens, taking out a faded tablet. "No. 120 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY," answered an orderly. The other Commissioners made a note of the number, and a gold operator who was near by, disguised as a common sailor, immediately concluded that the Commissioners expected peace, or they would not think of visiting New York. Thus the reputation of these popular clothiers has survived the civil war. Deservedly so; for the coats—fire or military, great, surtout or dress—and the trowsers and vests of Messrs. Tredwell & Jarman, No. 120 Fulton street, are made of such lasting material, and live so long in the memory of tasteful minds, that even Rebels pay to them allegiance! Moreover, they negotiate their cloths by the piece and their peace by the cloths.

HEALTHFUL RECREATION.—A game of Billiards is about the most healthful in door recreation that we know of; and it can be played under very pleasant circumstances at the superb saloons of MR. CHRIS. O'CONNOR, Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street. There are twenty-two of Phelan's latest improved tables, respectable company, good attendance, large and admirably ventilated rooms, with plenty of room to play with comfort at all times. The bar arrangements are perfectly unexceptionable.

BILLIARD MATCH.—A match for $500 a side has been arranged between the friends of Melvin Foster and John Deery, the former of Washington and the latter of New York, to be played at Irving Hall on Saturday evening next—fifteen hundred points to make the game. These players are so equally matched that a close contest may be expected.

E. D. BASSFORD, corner of Eighth street and Fourth avenue, never having marked his House Furnishing Goods according to gold, is in nowise affected by its rise or fall. He sells his extensive assortment at the usual cheap prices.

LEADERS WANTED.—Any parties having a few copies of the NEW YORK LEADER of October 15th and December 31, 1864, will receive 25 cents each by leaving them at the desk of this office, No. 11 Frankfort street.

Book Gossip.*

The LEADER'S Book table is crowded (as Tom Quick might say), with "the fancy." Here are novels and poetry. We don't ask to know whether fancy was bred in the heart or in the head, as overlooking the volumes. Probably in both, according to the bill of fare.

There was in Boston, not long ago, a man and his wife, whose idiosyncrasies were to buy and and read every novel that was published. They had fortune's gifts wherewith to recompense publishers and oculists. Whether they are now in or out of a lunatic asylum, we have not heard. But if ever either of them get to raving, the duty of a nurse must have had its comic side as she played listener. One critic cannot dissect all novels. They are written to hit all sorts of tastes, as shot is dropped, in towers, of all sizes to suit every species of game. Thus Peterson's military novels will garnish camp-stools and adorn shelter tents. That of Miss Edwards will be beside my lady's sewing machine, albeit more than a so-so fiction. And the anonymous one of Mattie is not to be lightly regarded by the professional man whose brain has been recently fitted to a groove—as for instance Brady in a patent case, and Dr. Carnochan on a complicated army-subject. There are many novel readers of many minds, and there are many publishers to suit them. You "pays your money, and you takes your choice."

"Family secrets" is from the pen of a woman whose dramatic family scenes group around an imperious Aunt Betsy and a hard tasking bachelor Uncle Stephen. It is an autobiography, and if Margaret Marples—the narrator—had any dull scenes and uninteresting life passages, she has wisely omitted their narration. The story is a semi-religious one, and has an unquestioned right to be admitted into family councils without a rough challenge from its sentry. Thus, fascinating without being in any wise objectionable in tone or moral, it will achieve a deserved popularity, worthy of the library form which Peterson has given to its pages. The authoress reminds one (but escapes the ban of imitation), of the weirdness of Miss Bronte.

The adventures of Tom Bowling and those of Jack Adams will become good reading for Secretary Welles when he gets out of office. Captain Chamier of the Royal Navy aims evidently to be the successor of Captain Marryatt in these, and kindred stories. But he writes too rapidly to be a very first class novelist. His adventures are so stirring and so rapid in transition, however, one forgets the style in rushing to know the ending of things. Oh, those pleasant boyhood days when such stories made us commodores in anticipation reading these trials of the traditional "Bowling" and the vivacious "Adams" by the edge of a millpond under the August shade of an oak tree!

"My Brother's Wife" is an early novel, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who began her career some ten years since in the London *Illustrated News*. It is republished on the strength of her success in "Barbara's History and Ladder of Life" with which the public are familiar, and which were remarkable for elegance of narration and finished dramatic interest. They were novels of English life. The present one is a love story of continental involution. It is more highly wrought than the predecessors and more pretentious. But the skilful novelist always tires himself down as he acquires fame. It is therefore trying to an author's reputation to have the early efforts republished after later successes.

Some time ago we came across "Owen, a Waif," in a second-hand shape from old stock of Mudie; and read it with marked delight. Now comes Mattie a stray. (Don't print this, good compositor, "astray.") The stray is even better than the waif: but, as is the fashion, the latter will also doubtless float along in good time on the Harper current. The "Mattie" is particularly remarkable for strong character painting and felicity in description. "Mattie" is a Dickenish creation, and we close the pages believing in her existence most implicitly. Let us commend it as a novel to read for variety during Lent, when balls and routs and dinner parties take leave for the hours of expiring winter.

The "Real and Ideal" is a private adventure, evidently—and to some extent, therefore, disarms criticism. Mr. Montclair's translations from the German are clever. The thoughts being supplied to him, his skill in versification comes well into play. But when he has to do both the thinking and the melody, his efforts suffer by the translation comparison. The poem of the "Pleiades" is, in our judgment, the best effort.

Suppose Mr. Montclair takes up these two volumes of Praed's poems and measures himself by these efforts of one yet remembered as a forward pupil in the school of statesmanship, and which were won in his earliest manhood, and came as casual productions of leisure hours. Then he may find why men are so fastidious in their selections of poetry to buy and read. Said we once to a friend, who acknowledged much inspiration of the Muse: "Why not devote more time to song?" He answered, "When the world contains so much of great poetry that three score years and ten will not suffice to truly explore it, why should I put thoughts into a form which others can excel?"

A collated edition of Praed's poems, in one volume, was published some years ago by Mr. Redfield—now a Consul in Italy, and who was the predecessor of Mr. Widdleton, the presentant of these fine library volumes. Morris & Willis printed "Lillian" in their Mirror Library, too. But Praed has never yet been so widely known to an appreciative American public as these volumes must make him. His poetry, and that of Fitz Greene Halleck and Dr. Drake are in companionship. Lillian and the Culprit Fay are twin fancies. And the sprightliness, the melody and the commingled pathos and wit of Halleck have their prototype in Praed. A five dollar bill kept away one night from the opera will purchase in these volumes artistically attuned fancies which will possess life-long attractions in drawing-room and library. One who reads the opening page of one of Praed's strange, sweet poems, feels like him who sits for the first time in a brilliant theatre as the curtain rises.

Our Mutual Friend steps out of his walking dress in *Harper's Monthly* and dons a livery suit. In this costume thousands who know him through his godfather, Dickens, will be glad to shake his hand. It is true only one half of him can yet be toiletted: and this half only costs fifty cents.

General Patterson's defence of his campaigning before the Battle of Bull Run is intended to vindicate his military efficiency and to prove that, had certain "suggestions of his been adopted, the Battle might have been a victory instead of a defeat," (p 39). It is an able and ingenious volume. Nay, it is both ingenuous and ingenious. The narrative is a valuable contribution to military history, but it must wait for an impartial verdict until calmer times arrive. Success is the military touchstone as it is the medical one while war or disease ravage. We have always thought that General Patterson was a military scapegoat for the sins of the War Department. He never could obtain a Court of Inquiry, although "the President (p 18) declared himself satisfied with his conduct."

A. OK. H.

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* FAMILY SECRETS. A novel; pp. 370. Peterson: Phil., 1865. Price $1 25.
JACK ADAMS. Pirate and Mutineer. By Capt. Chamier, R. N. Ditto; paper, pp. 200. 75 cents.
TOM BOWLING'S ADVENTURES, by the same. Ditto; pp. 200. 75 cents.
MY BROTHER'S WIFE: A Life History. By Amelia B. Edwards. Paper, pp. 112; price 50 cents. Harpers.
MATTIE: A Stray. A novel. Paper, pp. 151; price 75 cents. Harpers.
THE REAL AND IDEAL. Poems by John W. Montclair. Fred. Leypoldt: Phil., 1865.
THE POEMS OF W. M. PRAED. Revised and enlarged edition. Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. 2 vols. pp. 800. W. J. Widdleton. Library copy. 1865.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Dickens. Vol. I. Harpers.
NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH IN 1865. By Gen. Robert Patterson. Sherman & Co.: Phil. 1865.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

MR. EDITOR: I have a little news from London which may prove interesting.

John Brougham and Boucicault have made it up again, and are dining together.

The Bateman has returned to the Adelphi. The *Era* pronounces her Leah stale, and announces her in "The Hunchback."

Boucicault will open the Princess' with his new Irish drama, "Arrah na Pogue," on the 17th inst.

This dramatist is making about three hundred pounds a week out of "The Streets of London."

Menken has had her run in "Mazeppa" and is going into the provinces. You will find an account of her in "Lights and Shadows of London Life," in this week's LEADER.

Brougham is going to write an Irish drama for Collins, the vocalist, whose "vice" is in excellent condition.

The Davenport Brothers have given over two hundred seances in England and are off for Paris.

Mr. Harry Palmer, the popular manager, who has the Davenports in charge, may be expected here in April, with a fortune.

Ullman is making a mint of money from Carlotta Patti's concerts in Germany, and is squaring accounts generally.

Sothern is playing in "David Garrick," and is about to build a new theatre in the West End, on the American plan.

That is my budget. I forgot to mention that Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren are doing well.

* * *

I made a slight mistake, last week, in my news from New Orleans.

It was Mrs. J. H. Allen, not Mrs. Gladstane, who had the difficulty with the manager of the Varieties.

Mrs. Gladstane has just begun a starring engagement there, and I trust she will have no difficulties of any kind.

Mr. Barton Hill returns North by way of the Mississippi, stopping two weeks at Vicksburg, and perhaps at Memphis.

Think of the Vicksburg people, who so recently hid themselves in caves and holes in the rock, now having a theatre and Barton Hill!

Thus does the glorious Flag of our Union bring happiness and the drama wherever it goes.

* * *

Mr. G. L. Fox is running one of his pantomimes, called "Dame Trot and her Comical Cat," at the Old Bowery this week.

Since the Ravels left the land of their adoption, Fox has no rival as a pantomimist. I wish that everybody would go and see him.

Miss Mollie Williams and Mr. Felix A. Vincent have been re-engaged at the New Bowery, and appear on Monday.

I believe that their first engagement was considered a success. Hence their return.

* * *

The vocal and instrumental concert for the benefit of Mr. Oscanyan comes off at Niblo's Saloon, next Thursday evening.

Mr. Oscanyan is a nobleman in his own country. There he would be called Oscanyan Bey.

Often has he reposed upon the soft cushions of a luxurious divan and smoked his big pipe—named Hannibal—to the music of lutes and soft recorders.

At his command, dancing girls of fairy form and surpassing beauty encircled him in dreamy mazes of grace, while he smoked and smoked.

From without the sweet melodies of plashing fountains were borne upon the perfumed breezes, while he smoked.

Accustomed to this sort of concerts in his youth, he has to be content with less romantic affairs in his ripe middle age.

Nevertheless, you cannot gaze upon his aristocratic and Oriental features without feeling that he is a Bey and must be obeyed.

When he directs us, then, to attend his entertainment, at Niblo's Saloon, we cannot do better than to go.

The performances will not be very Oriental, but I am sure that they will be very excellent. Oscanyan never does things by halves.

He has discontinued his admirable lecture, illustrated by tableaux vivants, and I am really sorry for it.

His hall should have become the most fashionable in New York, and it will become so if he have the pluck—I forget the Turkish for pluck—to try it again under different auspices.

Meanwhile, go to his concert. He is truly a great man, and for certain reasons, which I will explain when I meet you there, it is absolutely necessary that you should attend.

* * *

It is about time for the management at Wallack's to be on the lookout for a leading lady.

To be sure, all the ladies there are leading ladies—and LEADER ladies, too—but I mean an actress something like Mrs. Hoey.

This lady is by no means forgotten among theatre-goers. On the contrary, the theatre is seldom mentioned without a wish for her return.

I believe that there is no present prospect of Mrs. Hoey's revisiting "the scene of her former triumphs;" but, as Adams says, something must be done.

Miss Jane Coombs filled the position acceptably; but she could not be induced to remain—more's the pity.

Miss Henriques is a capital actress; but it is not fair to expect her to fill all the leading *roles*. She is too young for some of them, and lacks experience in others.

Miss Gannon has her own line of business, in which she stands unequalled, and Miss Morant is in the same predicament.

Mrs. Jennings is working her way slowly, but surely. But a novice cannot play leading parts at a first-class theatre.

If you take Miss Gannon, Miss Henriques or Miss Morant out of their appropriate spheres to supply the deficiency, how can their places be filled?

And yet how can a first-class theatre do itself justice without a leading actress, like Mrs. Hoey?

I would respectfully request those critics who declare that Wallack's is the "best theatre in the country," or the "best theatre in which the English language is spoken," to answer the above questions.

The play-goers know about as much as the critics—more than many critics—and I echo their sentiments.

* * *

Massett has been and gone and written another book and calls it "Two Logs."

—I take his book from our Library Table, because Massett is one of the popular lecturers and song-writers, and deserves to be immortalized here.

—What an unfortunate title he has chosen for his new volume! All the wits of the town will be after him with a sharp stick.

One reads the name, "Two Logs," and the natural consequence is the order: "Throw those logs on the fire."

And then some unkind wretch will be remarking that Massett wrote those "Two Logs" out of his own head!

There's something in a name, at all events. What there is in Massett's book I don't know.

I rather guess it's a readable book. Most of Massett's works are. I haven't time to glance at it now, and so replace it upon the Library Table. But won't he be wise enough to change the title of the next edition?

— Besides his new book, Massett has just published the music of a song, called "Sunset" and dedicated to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett.

The words of the song are well known, and I understand that Massett has wedded them to a charming melody.

There are some things which Jeems Pipes cannot do, although he thinks he can; but everybody must acknowledge that his music is delicious.

The singularity of it is, that—as he tells me—he does not understand a note and has never studied the art of composition.

Massett is unquestionably a man of genius.

* * *

Three of our theatres sail steadily along with the same programmes, week after week, and are always crowded.

Mr. Edwin Booth still plays "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden, and will probably run it until the close of his engagement, in April.

"The Streets of New York" is as popular as ever at the Olympic. This is its eighth week, and it is good for four more, I think.

Mr. John Owens continues his Paul Pry and Live Indian at the Broadway, without the shadow of a turning.

Here are three different kinds of plays, all running at the same time, with no difference in their success.

With this fact before him who shall attempt to philosophize about the New York public?

We congratulate the theatrical community upon the triumph of "Hamlet." It proves, as we have always insisted, that our people have a sincere love of the highest forms of dramatic art and that classical tragedy is really the most popular in this refined and enlightened metropolis—

Ah! But there is the sensation drama at the Olympic!

Well, the sensational in dramatic art appeals to the taste of the public of this generation. We have lost the old appreciation of the power of good dialogue. Now nothing will satisfy us but tremendous scenic effects. Whether or not this prevalent mania is deleterious to the stage we shall not now inquire. At any rate, it has done much to reform and improve our scenery, and—

You forget "Paul Pry," at the Broadway, which has no scenery worth mentioning and no sensational situations.

Ahem! Verily, the war presents strange phenomena. By way of contrast with its horrors the public mind turns for relief to the ludicrous and grotesque. We no longer go to the theatres to weep over imaginary sufferings. There is real misery enough in the land. No; we rush from thoughts of death and wounds and paper money to roar at the comedian's humor. To be popular now, the actor must be funny, for—

Is Mr. Booth funny in Hamlet? And isn't he popular enough, in all conscience?

We give it up. Philosophy does not cover these three cases. Variable and fickle, our public likes what it likes, and nobody can help it.

But there is a fine chance for some ingenious and able-bodied essayist to write a tip-top Paper upon these three successes and see if he can reconcile them one with the others.

The truth is, I imagine, that there are a great many publics in New York, and each must be pleased in its own style.

Moral: How impossible it is to predict accurately as to the success or failure of anything dramatic.

* * *

We group together three places of amusement, admirably adapted for children, and also for "children of a larger growth."

Barnum offers extraordinary attractions next week. They are literally too numerous to mention.

A new and splendid drama, called "Azucena, or the Gipsey's Vengeance," is one of these attractions, and is probably a dramatization of the Trovatore.

In the evening, the gorgeous spectacle, "The Ring of Fate," fills the stage with splendid dresses and magnificent scenery.

"The Stage-struck Yankee" is thrown in, and so are Punch and Judy.

Comic songs, graceful dances, the Lightning Calculator, the Bohemian Blowers, two fat women, and a million of other curiosities, fill out the programme—I mean the *Play Bill*.

—Of another sort are the attractions at the Hippotheatron, where Darcie's pantomime is still drawing crowded houses.

The next is the last week of "Blue Beard," however, and those children who have not yet seen it ought to embrace their parents and the opportunity.

Darcie has a new pantomime in preparation, with new scenery, dresses and appointments, and unprecedented effects.

It is to be a combination of the best portions of "Mother Goose" and the Ravels' "Golden Egg;" but the name thereof I know not.

There will be an entire change of the equestrian and acrobatic performances next week. Go to night and see the present bill.

—Last, but by no means the least of the trio, I call your attention to Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

This splendid show is open from ten, A. M., to ten, P. M., and there is something worth seeing every hour.

Living wild animals and rare and curious birds fill the spacious galleries, while highly-trained elephants, lions, tigers, leopards and men delight the beholder.

Van Amburgh still declares that his exhibition is moral, and I admit it. But a moral entertainment, like a fashionable millinery, needs no announcement of the fact.

Religious people, I recommend you to Van Amburgh, and Van Amburgh to you.

* * *

The event at Wallack's this week was Walcot's benefit, on Wednesday evening.

The play was "Everybody's Friend," and the house was crowded.

Lester Wallack has ceased to be Everybody's Friend, and the part was taken by Mr. Charles Fisher, who played it capitally.

Mr. Walcot's Major de Boots was in his old style; but his voice would not hold out for the whole play.

He was the original Major, and it is easy to see where those who now represent the character obtained their ideas of its peculiarities.

Before the benefit came off Mr. Walcot published the following curious card:

MR. WALCOT'S FAREWELL.—Mr. Walcot begs respectfully to decline the depreciation of the high honor intended to signalize his farewell performance by accepting the position of an ordinary pecuniary beneficiary, erroneously published as the prime basis of the demonstration. There is no price for such honor; therefore, no tickets whatever have been sold or offered by Mr. W., nor benefit asked of his friends or the public, but the far more than deserved compliment of their presence. Mr. Lester Wallack's imperative sacrifice being all of a pecuniary nature that Mr. Walcot can lay claim to.

Apropos of this card, I have received the following note from a person who has made some noise in the world:

TO MISTER ARIEL.

You excuse me, but, I want a little information in a matter appertaning to the theater busniss, and as you are pretty ginirally posted about them kind of things, I kinder guess you can tell me abaout all I want ter know, and if ever you come put to Pompton Plains, thats where I live, and want any information about "Kattil" I'll jest post yer up.

What I want ter know is jest this: I read in the *Herald* noosepaper a notis from Mr. Walcut, and it commenced thus: "Mr. Mr. Walcut begs to decline any depreshcation," &c. What i want ter know is what that ere notis means. I can read ritin, and pretty giniraly make out to understand inglish, but I'll be gol darnd if that ere notis ain't too much for me. Yes. Walcut is a good feller and a down-right smart actur, and I always liked him, and paid my dollar for a ticket for his benefit; but that ere notis is what we plane country folks call "high falutin." Yours muchly,

S. SHINGLE.

Well, the card is a little bothersome, my dear Mr. Shingle. At first I supposed that it referred to the depreciation of the currency.

Laborious study convinced me, however, that what Mr. Walcot meant to say was that his benefit at Wallack's was a purely ornamental affair, and that he would receive no portion of the proceeds.

It is not often that a manager can do a favor and fill his pockets at the same time.

As I suggested last week, Walcot ought to have been presented with the profits of his benefit.

If he is willing to play for nothing he can find plenty of theatres open to him, and I really don't see the "imperative sacrifice" which Wallack has made for him.

He could have had the LEADER office to act in, on more liberal terms.

So, although Mr. Walcot is kind enough to think it all right, I beg leave to pronounce this benefit business very shabby.

—Mr. John Gilbert takes his benefit next Tuesday, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts." I hope he will get some of the money.

—The amateur comedy, "Charles the Second," in which every embryo Thespian has appeared, is also on the week's bill of fare.

"Men of the Day" will be repeated. It is now acted much better than ever before, and Mrs. John Sefton shines in it like a star.

That new drama is still underlined. Isn't it curious, this affectation of mystery about the new drama, when the LEADER told all about it last week?

The ways of the "first theatre in the country" are very wonderful.

* * *

Heller enters upon his thirty-eighth week with "continuous success"

I take up his advertisement with joy, for I know that Hingston is good at fine writing.

Yes! He speaks of the "amalgamated programme," of "illusive conjuring," of "coruscations of witticisms."

He tells of an "astounding repertory of marvels," and of another marvel in preparation "far outrivaling the famous ghost illusion."

— I know of one ghost illusion it can't outrival. But that's tiled in, at present.

— In the presence of Hingston, I lay down the pen. He has said more about Heller than I can hope to say.

The *Play Bill* calls him a "sententious creature"—which he isn't—and says that he writes Artemus Ward's jokes—which he doesn't.

But he does write Heller's advertisements, which are ten times funnier than anybody's jokes. So I advise you always to read them, and then to attend the Salle Diabolique.

* * *

The Opera was resumed at the Academy on Thursday. "Don Sebastian" was sung to a brilliant audience.

The cast was the same as last season, and there is nothing now to say of the performance.

To-day a matinee, with "Poliuto"—first and only time this season. We make Maretzek a present of this advertisement.

—Max Strakosch has returned from Europe, bringing with him Mlle. Helene de Katow, violoncelloiste, and Mr. James M. Wehli, piano-fortist.

These artists will appear for the first time in this country at Niblo's Saloon, Feb. 13th.

Miss de Katow has an odd name, a gold medal and a fine reputation. Mr. Wehli has the same advantages and several orders of nobility.

Next week we shall notice this concert at more length. Now we are content with expecting that it will make a furor.

— Mr. Busch will repeat his Stabat Mater at the Cooper Institute, shortly.

* * *

The African opera flourishes like grass upon the prairies, or like a first-class orator upon an electioneering tour.

Bryant continues his burlesque of the Live Injin, which he calls "the most laughable sketch ever produced" at his establishment. The words of the Live Injin are good.

Besides this, and numerous other excellent things, the Bryants caricature Stuart's "Evenings with Shakespeare."

At Hooley and Campbell's, 201 Bowery, Tim Hayes and Hank Mudge compete for the championship in clog dances.

Little Willie Guy reappears next week, and there is an entire change of programme.

* * *

The Arion Society gives its annual Fancy Dress Ball at the Academy of Music, next Wednesday.

This ball is one of the events of the season. It is more than a ball—it is a masquerade, a carnival, a jollification.

One hundred comic plays and pantomimes rolled into one would not afford as much merriment and enjoyment as the Arion Ball.

Not to attend it is to array yourself upon the side of the enemies of fun, frolic and good nature.

The tickets for the ball are works of art, and provoke preliminary smiles. They are worth framing and five dollars.

* * *

Like an Hibernian postillion, I have reserved a fine go for the end of my journey.

While I write, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are taking their farewell benefit at Niblo's Garden.

Every seat was taken in advance and the house is the largest of the season.

To-night is the last for the present of these popular actors. They go to Baltimore and may shortly be expected at Albany.

After their visit to Albany, nobody will deny that they are capital artists.

— On Monday next Mrs. F. W. Lander will appear at Niblo's, as Leonie, in her five-act comedy, called "Mesalliance."

Already the greater part of the house has been sold, and the r'entree of this lady will be an ovation.

Mrs. Lander made a name and fame as Miss Davenport. She married General Lander, who died at the seat of war. Then she ministered, like an angel, to our sick and wounded soldiers.

She has every requisite, therefore, to attract the largest, most intelligent, and most cultivated audience ever assembled in this city.

Let all of my friends and enemies go to Niblo's, next Monday, if they desire to meet

Yours,

ARIEL.

Fire Department.

Fire News of the Week.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The efforts of the citizens to substitute a paid Fire Department, over which the people shall have control, for the present system of extinguishing fires, has created a commotion among the officers and members of the present Fire Department unequalled in its history. Every man interested in the maintenance of the Fire Department has set to work arranging petitions and soliciting signers, covering up the derelictions of the more boisterous of their companions, finding homes for their bunkers other than the engine houses, and employment for those who are out of work, that the charge of "having no visible means of support" may be denied. Hotel keepers have been asked to sign papers, and every accessible influence enlisted. All this shows that the leaders of the firemen see trouble ahead, and are straining every nerve to save their peculiar institution.

The Board of Fire Commissioners have adopted a resolution refusing to admit any more members until the matter is finally disposed of in the Legislature. They also make promises of a reformation and a reduction of the force of the Department. They assert that they will save at least one-third the sum now spent to maintain the Department if they are allowed another chance, and ask that the Legislature legalize the ordinance lately adopted by the Common Council, a power by which they expect to do all they have promised, so that the members of that body may not regret its passage and repeal it. In addition to all the good work they have done, they are using every effort to arouse the working firemen to an opposition of the proposed change by charging those who oppose the present Department with making complaints against persons which are false, and exciting men, by false representations, to act against the dictates of their better judgment.

The whole of this matter can be summed up in a few words. The Fire Department of this city cost last year half a million of dollars. The force of the Department consists of nearly four thousand men, divided into one hundred and twenty companies. The actual work of extinguishing fires is done by less than one-fourth the force of the Fire Department. The others being men who have no other interest in the Department than its social relations and the love of excitement. Now, if the city must pay five hundred thousand dollars a year for this service, why should it not be paid to the men who do the work? Forty steam fire engine companies and ten hook and ladder companies could do all the work required. Suppose we should pay to each of these engine companies five thousand per year, and two thousand to the truck companies, select good men for the head of the companies, and make them give bonds to perform fire duty. Let them do their own repairs and furnish their own house apparatus, fuel, horses if they use them; and, in fact, pay all their expenses from their annual appropriation, carrying the balance over to their credit the following year. Does any one doubt for a moment but that the work would be as well done, or that the Department would not be more economical and better in every way. Take any fire company in the city and watch who performs the actual work at fires. Even in the largest companies there are not over twelve actual working men.

The great trouble of the present Fire Department has been in the division of command and power of control. The Chief Engineer is supposed to be the principal officer, but his command is only real when on active duty at a fire. There he has under him Assistant Engineers, who are volunteers, and in whose appointment he has no voice, and on these he depends for aid. He has no power to punish a company for dereliction of duty, nor can he in any way act without some one else is consulted in regard to the Fire Department. The whole system is wrong, and it is wonderful how the Fire Department has been tolerated in this city so long. Old firemen talk of the Department as it used to be, and compare it to that of former years. We have known it for nearly twenty years, and in that time there has been no material change in the class of men. If there is any difference, they have been kept under a little more control by the Board of Fire Commissioners; yet the difference in discipline is not great enough to be observed. The bunking system has been one of its greatest evils, yet even its effects have been overlooked by the supposed benefits derived from having men on hand night and day. Before the Senate Committee, on Tuesday night, the whole matter will be considered. The firemen may rest assured that a great change will be made, and their conduct on the result will show the people whether they have been actuated by a desire for the public welfare, or the excitement of doing fire duty for the fun of it.

☞ Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order.—Brothers: A Regular Meeting of the Institution will be held in the Council Chamber of the Great Wigwam on MONDAY EVENING next, the 6th of February, at half an hour after the setting of the Sun.

By order of

ELIJAH F. PURDY, Grand Sachem.

CASPER C. CHILDS, Secretary.

MANHATTAN—Season of Snows, Second Moon, Year of Discovery 373d, of Independence the 89th, and of the Institution the 77th.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
BEGINS at 7½.
Lessee and Manager..........Wm. Wheatley.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB 4, 1865,
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT
Of the very successful engagement of
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
The evening's performance will commence with
AN HOUR IN SEVILLE.
MRS. WILLIAMS IN TEN CHARACTERS.
MR. WILLIAMS AS LARRY.
The great fairy drama, the
LAKES OF KILLARNEY,
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS AS LANTY,
with the songs of "Kattie Mooney" and "Pat Malloy" (by request), and a jig with Mrs. Williams, "The Connaughtman's Rambles."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS AS KATE KEARNEY.
Both pieces cast to the strength of the company, and produced with all their original splendor and completeness.
Mr. Wheatley is happy to announce that he has been able to enter into a brief engagement with the distinguished artiste,
MRS. F. W. LANDER,
formerly
MISS DAVENPORT,
who, after a retirement of four years from the stage, will make her first appearance at this establishment on
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6TH,
as Leonie, in the five-act play entitled the
MESALLIANCE.
Seats secured six days in advance.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.
DRAMA! SPECTACLE! FARCE!
AFTERNOON AT 3.
A NEW AND SPLENDID DRAMA,
AZUCENA;
OR, THE GIPSY'S VENGEANCE.
FULL OF ROMANCE,
EXCITING IN INCIDENT,
and POWERFUL IN INTEREST.
Great Dancing Giraffe..........TONY DENIER.
EVENING AT 7½.
REPRODUCTION OF THE GLORIOUS SPECTACLE,
RING OF FATE;
OR, FIRE! AIR! EARTH AND WATER.
With all the original
SPLENDID DRESSES and MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
Previous to the Play, the laughable Farce,
THE STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE.
MORNING at 11.
PUNCH AND JUDY.
COMIC SONGS, ELEGANT DANCES, &c.
PROF. HUTCHINSON, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
TWO FAT WOMEN—[illegible] Pounds.
LIVING SKELETON. GIANT BOY, 8 Feet.
MAMMOTH MONKEY. THE DRILL.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES IN MOTION.
Circassian Girl, Dwarf, Albino Boy, Living Otters, French Moving Figures, Aquaria, Menagerie, etc.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

HIPPOTHEATRON.
Begins at 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 6th,
AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK.
GRAND MATINEES
On WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2½.
THE SEVENTH
AND POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
of the Great Comic Pantomime,
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD,
with its
GORGEOUS SCENERY and MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
COMIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS,
which have afforded unqualified delight to
THOUSANDS NIGHTLY.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF THE
EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PROGRAMME.
NEW HIPPODRAMATIC MARVELS,
AND WONDERS OF THE ARENA,
by the Matchless Company of
GLITTERING STAR ARTISTS,
UNRIVALLED IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
NOTICE—POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK OF
BLUE BEARD, BLUE BEARD.
As the New and Original Comic Burlesque and Pantomime which has been
MONTHS IN PREPARATION,
With New Scenery, Dresses, Appointments and
UNPRECEDENTED EFFECTS,
will be produced
ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13th.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION,
Nos 539 and 541 BROADWAY,
OPEN FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
from every quarter of the world.
RARE AND CURIOUS BIRDS
with infinite variety of form and plumage.
EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITIONS OF SAGACITY
BY HIGHLY TRAINED ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, APES, MULES, LIONS, TIGERS,
AND LEOPARDS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY
are given, at 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., which will be found
REPLETE WITH SENSATION,
MIRTHFUL, SUGGESTIVE, TERRIFIC.
PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY
at each performance, will give his extraordinary exhibition of fearlessness in entering a den of
UNTAMED ANIMALS.
Three immense galleries, filled with every description of animated nature, open to the visitor at all hours.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—
TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
as
PAUL PRY and THE LIVE INDIAN,
continues to realize from the general admiration
THE HIGHEST AND RICHEST TRIUMPHS.
THE HOUSE IS EVERY NIGHT CROWDED.
Those who would make sure of seats at night should
SECURE THEM IN ADVANCE.
MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 6,
Third week of Poole's comedy,
PAUL PRY.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS..........as..........PAUL PRY.
Thirty-seventh night of the screaming extravaganza,
THE LIVE INDIAN.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS.....as.....THE LIVE INDIAN.
Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 7¾ o'clock.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
585 Broadway.
THIRTY-EIGHTH WEEK.
CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
of the
AMALGAMATED PROGRAMME,
which forms the
MOST EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION
of
THOROUGHLY ILLUSIVE CONJURING,
FIRST-CLASS PIANO-FORTE SOLOS,
CORUSCATIONS OF WITTICISMS,
AND ASTOUNDING REPERTORY OF MARVELS
ever presented on the stage.
Evenings at 8. Doors open at 7½.
MATINEE on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 P. M.
In preparation,
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MARVEL,
just imported from London,
Far Outrivalling the Famous Ghost Illusion.

HOLIDAY EVENINGS WITH
SHAKESPEARE
AT THE
WINTER GARDEN,
THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
BOOTH'S HAMLET EVERY NIGHT,
with its
SPLENDID CAST
and
SUPERB SCENERY.
"The stage, in our time, has witnessed no grander or more thrilling pageant."—New York Albion.
Doors open at 6¾. Commence at 7½.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—
Doors open at 7..........Performances commence at 7¾.
MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 6th, 1865,
will commence the
NINTH WEEK! NINTH WEEK!!
Of the great Local Drama entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
The production of which has proved
THE GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. Lester Wallack.
SATURDAY,
SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.
MONDAY—5th time this season—THE IRISH HEIRESS. TUESDAY, MR. JOHN GILBERT'S BENEFIT—OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS. WEDNESDAY (3d time)—CHARLES THE IId and UNCLE JOHN. THURSDAY—MEN OF THE DAY. FRIDAY—MASKS AND FACES. A New Drama, of powerful interest and effects, is in active preparation.

BRYANT'S.
Third week of the screaming Burlesque of
THE LIVE INJIN.
THE LIVE INJIN.
The most laughable sketch ever produced, with
EVENINGS WITH SHAKESPOKE.
Les Miserables. Exempt Shakers. The Perfect Cure.
PLANTATION ECCENTRICITIES. THE BLACK BRIGADE.
Parquette, 50 cents; Gallery, 30 cents. Commence at 7½.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS, 201 BOWERY, Opposite Spring street.
MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 6th—Thundering applause greets the two Champion Clog Dancers, TIM HAYES and H. MUDGE. Reappearance of little WILLIE GUY, the great Bowery Favorite. Entire Change of Programme. Burgess, Budworth, Leslie, Mudge, Rice and Hodgkins in new features—"Cousin Joe," Carolina Polka, "Drafted in the Army," "Richard III.," Black Chem at Kingdom Coming, &c., &c.

CARD.—MR. MAX STRAKOSCH begs respectfully to announce that he has returned from Europe, where he has succeeded in effecting arrangements with the following eminent artists, who will appear in his forthcoming series of Grand Concerts, viz:
MLLE. HELENE DE KATOW,
the wonderful performer on the violoncello, principal solo player on that instrument to His Majesty Frederick William, King of Prussia; premier prix du Conservatoir Royal, of Brussels, the only lady living to whom the
GRAND GOLDEN MEDAL
of His Majesty King Leopold I. has been presented, the presentation being made by Marie Henriette, Duchess of Brabant. The principal musical communities of Europe have unanimously declared that
MLLE. HELENE DE KATOW
has no rival in the world, and Mr Strakosch has particular pleasure in being the first to present this eminent lady and extraordinary artist to the attention of the American public.
MR. JAMES M. WEHLI,
the eminent piano forte virtuoso, Piano Forte Virtuoso to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, Chevalier of the Imperial Order of Medjidie, the Cross of Parma, honorary member of the London Philharmonic Society, &c., has also accepted an engagement.
The first appearance of
M'LLE. HELENE DE KATOW and
MR. JAMES M. WEHLI
will take place on Monday evening, Feb. 13th, at Niblo's Saloon.
Particulars in future advertisement.

IRVING HALL.—BILLIARDS.—
GRAND RETURN MATCH
BETWEEN
MELVIN FOSTER, of New York,
AND
JOHN DEERY, of WASHINGTON, D. C.
CAROM GAME OF 1,500 POINTS
FOR $500.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 11th, 1865.
Doors open at 6 o'clock. Play to commence at 7 o'clock.
TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR,
For sale at all the principal Billiard Rooms.

ANNUAL BALL OF COLUMBIAN ENGINE COMPANY NO. 14,
at Irving Hall,
TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14th, 1865.
Tickets $2, to be had of any of the members.
JOHN M. COSTA, Chairman.
CORNELIUS A. WILSON, Secretary.

THE BANNER PAINTER OF THE AGE.
JOSEPH H. JOHNSON,
626 BROADWAY,
New York.
Every description of Ornamental Painting executed in the finest style of art. Original Designs for Banners, Medallions, Coats of Arms, and the highest branches of Art designed.

[For the Leader.]

UPON A DANDELION,

FOUND UPON A GRASS-PLAT, IN FULL BLOOM, DECEMBER 9, 1864.

Some part of Summer did not die—
For underneath the bleakest sky
A sweet power cleaves the frozen mould,
To light this disk of burnished gold.

'Twere hard to tell at what expense
Nature reserved this influence;
What of the sun she did convey
Into this Dandelion display;
What airy tremolos were caught—
What rivulet's music cheered her thought—
The tropic forces she waylaid,
What fairy magic lent its aid;
The pomp of what September day
Joined with an azure streak of May;
How many virtues mixed she thus
With zephyrs soft and odorous;
But who shall say she did not well
To work this golden miracle?

Looking upon this marvellous flower
Fills with new warmth the Winter hour.
Almost young April, dewy-eyed,
Stands as a picture by my side;
Almost I feel the Summer breeze
And hear the hum of murmurous bees—
Or, as an apparition fair,
A humming-bird dart through the air.
No more I see the banks of snow
That on the distant mountain glow—
The pulses of the dying year
Start, as if Spring were bending near;
A robin sings within my brain—
Soft verdure decks the wintry plain—
Far into June my senses fly
Before this Summer prophecy.

One precious truth all vedas tell,
The Dandelion repeats it well;
'Tis older than the Phædo's page—
It antedates the priest and sage—
Its inspiration Plato caught,
Brave Socrates its logic taught:
"Though Beauty fade, and Being fly,
The soul of things can never die."
If Summer leave our fickle skies,
Somewhere new purple mountains rise—
New rivers run, new zephyrs play,
Softer auroras gild the day;
And far beyond the starry host
We touch at last the silver coast.
New-born, Love finds the perfect sphere,
And flows the eternal, dateless year.

JOEL BENTON.

[From Our Young Folks.]

David Matson.

Who of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered, and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than threescore years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the Port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more. "In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the "American" captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that Government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sung, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad";—and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys.

He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the Port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh cud of tobacco, "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home he told Anna the story of her husband and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson—the lost man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[For the Leader.]

The Old Sports

OF

NEW YORK.

BY TOM QUICK.

The two "rings" that thrive within the trotting circle of our own good cities of York and Brooklyn, are yet disturbed with the unsettled question of "Vanderbilt" vs. Time; or who wins, Cregan or Turnbull? or who loses, Turnbull or Cregan?—and while both sides have exchanged many blows, no stakes as yet have been handled. Chin music greets your ear at every stable, grooms argue the question as to who was right and who was wrong, and ostlers curry their craniums instead of the manes of their horses, while shed-boys easily pick out a Turnbull man from a Cregan-ite, for some reason best known to their fraternity.

Gentlemen, while in the stable office waiting for Truesdale's men to harness up their speedy wonders, inquire "if as yet the judges have met, or if a decision has been given?" If Halsey still holds the money, should Truesdale have time, or Ferris (whom I now love as ever, and with great respect, both of us having explained) leisure, they will with great earnestness show how "Vanderbilt" loses and "Time" wins; and so will other men, with the same pleasant smile and sweet words, knock from under both Ferris and Truesdale their arguments, and prove how the stallion won, and the "Old Sport" with hour-glass and wide swarth mowing machine lost. I, as nobody—but at the same time entitled to say, from the fact that I went off half-cocked, like many others, and gave an opinion after hearing one side only—I, and so should all other good people who drop ink for the newspapers, wait until they hear both sides before they express their views—except they have a prejudice against "somebody," and then they have as much right to cut and carve their "somebody" as has that "somebody" to malign, injure and abuse us. Speaking of this, we only know of two "somebodies" whom we now think worthy of our steel—pen: one, a loud laughing referee; the other—well, no matter, we shall wait and see what Bobby says.

"Time," the Sport who takes one side of the question in this match between Messrs. Turnbull and Cregan, is a renowned horseman, and is supported by many friends, keeping one of the most magnificent stables in the world. Having been through it while on a trip to pay our respects to the famed stallion "Fillingham," now known as "George Wilkes," we shall picture it out in a pen-and-ink sketch some of these days. Time is very good looking, and prides himself on his amiability and knowledge of knowing how to make a match. As a proof of how even the best generals may make mistakes, not including General Butler, we shall here find time to relate how our friend Cregan got on the wrong side in one of his match makings. We shall tell it in all kindness, and hope it will be read in the same humor by those drawn into it.

It appears that "Toronto Chief" is a famed trotting stallion, owned by a Mr. Gilman, who is ever ready, as all owners of trotting-horses are (with one or two exceptions), when they think things look even or inclined a little their way, to match them for speed and dollars; and he, knowing that Mr. Turnbull had a great opinion of the trotting qualities of a young stallion called "Vanderbilt," was very anxious to match the "Toronto Chief" against him. One evening, when the two gentlemen named were in company as usual, the text was, "How fast can you go?" First one way of going, and then another, was proposed, each one playing his own bait; at which, during the evening, there were many nibbles, but nary a bite or hooked gudgeon. This is not to be wondered at, when the fact is known that all engaged upon the stream were artists.

At last an offer was made which was at once accepted by Mr. Turnbull, on condition that he could obtain "Vanderbilt." The friends of the "Chief" were delighted. Cregan smiled at Gilman, and Gilman at others, for the good thing in store for them—in fact, it was almost a dead sure thing; and sure things being scarce about then, it was good reason that there should be a happy family somewhere.

To make matters brief, it was soon known that Mr. T. could obtain the stallion "Vanderbilt," and nothing was now thought of by Cregan & Co. but to see how much of a good thing they could get out of "Vanderbilt's" friends in the amount of money to go for. The larger the sum the better for our side. Mr. Cregan seeks an interview with Mr. Turnbull, and after hearing him tell, in his frank way, of the speed of "Vanderbilt," and in what wonderful time he could knock seconds out of a mile in three minutes, proposed—as it was understood by Mr. Gilman he should do—to take an interest in the bet between them. The secret of this was, that by Mr. Cregan—who was and is one of the most skillful horse lovers in the world—offering to take a share of Mr. Turnbull's bet that he could beat "Toronto Chief," would make that gentleman think so much better of his job that when Mr. Gilman should propose to double the stake or wager, he would most greedily close with him. At the same time, he (Mr. Cregan) was to be sure and take the smallest part he could of the stake that "Vanderbilt" would beat the "Chief," and so he did. Mr. Turnbull, full of confidence, took all of Mr. Gilman's offers, or any other, and backed his horse to win.

The result proved Mr. Turnbull's good judgment, for, when the trot came off, the now famous "Vanderbilt" defeated "Toronto Chief" with great ease, proving that all is not gold that glitters, and that sometimes the biter is bit. Here is where the laugh comes in. Please "Ha, ha!"

I had no business to print the above at this time, for I want all Tom Quick's space in this week's LEADER to endeavor to settle the hitch between "Vanderbilt," stallion, and Time, Cregan, who claims he wins the money up between him and Mr. Turnbull that depended upon the result of this affair, from the fact that when the judges on the stand ordered Mr. Mace to produce his horse, and by their directions ordered him to go round the track, it could be for no other purpose than to try to win all bets and stakes up by going a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds; and that if the horse had performed the mile in that time, Mr. Turnbull would have won and been entitled to all his bets, which would have been given up without a murmur; being started, and failing to do a mile in the time called for, he (Mr. Cregan), for Time, claims the money.

This is considered good argument by all who have backed Time, as well as many most excellent men whose knowledge of horse life is considered above par, and laugh at all who have opinions different from themselves.

Mr. Turnbull and the gentlemen who agree with him claim that their side has most excellent reasons to show that they have all the right to the money up. On a certain day in November, the horse "Vanderbilt" made his appearance for the purpose of trotting a mile in "2:30;" that Mr. Mace, his driver, and Mr. Turnbull, his owner, believed nothing else but that all things would be satisfactory; that all parties would be on hand at the time called for, and never dreamed that Mr. Cregan would fail to appear, or that he would forfeit. The stallion was in condition, and in every particular ready for the trial.

They say that this is proven by the fact that Mr. Turnbull did, at the house of Hiram Woodruff, on a previous day, when it was supposed that the stallion had the right to go on any track other than the Fashion, upon seeing Mr. Cregan, then and there ask him if he was going to forfeit. He asked this of Mr. Cregan because he had a bet with him of $1,000 that he (Mr. Cregan) would forfeit and not call upon the horse to go. Mr. Cregan replied at once, "No." This, mind, was before it was settled that the match could not come off on any track but the Fashion. As soon as Mr. Cregan said he would not forfeit, Mr. Turnbull handed him $1,000, the amount he stood to lose by Mr. Cregan not forfeiting.

Time, through Mr. Cregan, accepts the money, which act convinced all hands present that the trial would be that day on a track other than the Fashion, or else why would he take a bet as won, that he had made he would not forfeit, unless he intended the match to come off on that day. Any postponement to a future time would force him to hand back to Mr. Turnbull the thousand dollars, from the fact that by such postponement he would have the right to forfeit yet. That Mr. Cregan intended to agree to "Vanderbilt" trotting at that time is sustained by the fact that as soon as Mr. Turnbull handed him the thousand dollars, he handed it over to Mr. Schuyler Halsey, the selected stakeholder, for the match money, to make good his amount in the match not previously put up, and who supposes for one moment but that Mr. Cregan would have forfeited at any time he chose after the day it was proposed, had he not liked the match, and which he had a perfect right to do, but had no right to keep or use Mr. Turnbull's one thousand dollars having that right, and should at once have handed it back, saying: "If I do not forfeit when the match does come off, I shall claim it again." He did not do this, and yet claims a right to it, and uses it to make good his engagements for Time.

Mr. Turnbull claims that he gave due and proper notice to Mr. Cregan of the hour and the day he intended to start "Vanderbilt" to go the mile in 2:30. This notice was given in order that Mr. Cregan should make his money engagements good, have his judge selected and on hand, in order that his interests as the backer of Time should be seen to.

The day appointed for the trial arrived, the hour of starting came, but not Mr. Cregan. Time, neither by representative nor judge, put in an appearance, and while we will admit that Time is ever present, we think there has never been a time when he did not have somebody to represent him with a tongue to wag for his rights, especially in all sporting matters. "Time" must have some one to see that he is not cheated; if no such person is on hand with him, then the only conclusion you can arrive at is that Time forfeits, or such friend would be on hand.

Again, Mr. Turnbull claims he has argument from the fact that many noted horsemen were upon the ground, many friends of both sides with bets depending upon the result, yet when the three Judges entered the stand for the purpose of starting the horse for forfeit, a fact known to each and every one, not one single voice was raised against it, not a demurrer made. In fact, every one acquiesced in the propriety of it, as well as the right to do it. All were satisfied, for how could it be otherwise when Time was not represented? No judge appeared for him, nor was all the money up to make good Time's bets; by this is meant that while a trifling sum was up making good the first bet, there was a large amount still wanting to make good the offers of others more deeply interested in a pecuniary way in the result than Mr. Cregan.

Mr. Turnbull, (now and then) the owner of "Vanderbilt," had large sums depending upon the match, every dollar was up in the stakeholder's hands, while others whom he had bet with had not made good, and at the moment the judges ordered his horse to show for forfeit, would have given more money than the stakes to have had all his wagers covered, and "Vanderbilt" to start to do the mile in 2:30 and not for forfeit. As a private gentleman, most fortunate in becoming the owner of a great horse, the satisfaction of proving to the world he had the speed he had boasted of would have been reward enough for him. He proves this when he so generously offers to leave all bets stand as they are, and if he fails to make "Vanderbilt" go a mile, in the same rig, next June, over the Fashion track, in 2:29, he will lose every dollar up.

All Mr. Turnbull or his driver Mace was called on to do by the judges was done; not one jot more. What was done was not done to win all bets, but the forfeit alone. The judges ordered it, the bystanders agreed to it, Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Mace acquiesced in it. Let no one forget this great fact, that Mr. Turnbull ordered nothing, but did as the judges on the stand directed him to do with his horse. All was done as they ordered. It matters not if Mr. Turnbull selected all three judges (which he did not). The moment they accepted the responsible office, all power or say relative to the match went from Mr. Turnbull. As they would direct, so must it be. As they will decide, so must it be.

With great respect we will now give our attention to what the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit* says of this wrangle in the trotting world. We shall, and so should all sporting gentlemen, pay great regard to what he does say from time to time in regard to this matter. He was the first to get into it, and has already expressed an opinion which he will maintain against all comers, unless otherwise convinced. We are not in position, nor are we in condition, having no press of our own, to assume any responsibility in maintaining our views, except that which is forced upon us—a man of peace on any terms our opponent may require. We have no vanity; therefore will not demand, but rather prefer to let any one who chooses so to do become the champion of our opinion.

Why we say it is necessary to pay great regard to what Mr. Wilkes will say is this: he knows better than any other man the position he stands in as the editor of his great sporting chronicle. He fully understands what will keep him there, or rather what will make him still more secure in his position. He also knows what will weaken the honorable place he holds, and therefore he will be very careful before he decides, or adheres to an opinion after the world says it is wrong.

Some one held in high credit and estimation by the gentlemen of our sporting world must assume the responsibility of giving, even if uncalled for, decisions as to sporting results; he must be fearless in attacking fraud wherever found, and at the same time give a tone and a respectability to all that he handles, which can only be done by the manner he conducts himself and his newspaper. The "tall son of York," Mr. Porter, for a long time filled just such a position among us, and some other capable man must fill the void his death occasioned.

Far and near, men sought his judgment as to who won or who lost—which was right, which wrong. He was ever careful in making a decision: but when made, it was final. There was no higher court in those days. It should be so now; and it will if Mr. George Wilkes takes the case in hand that is now in the one-horse court, gives it his attention, and so decides it upon fact, rule and evidence that no honest man can say him nay.

In it I will be a sort of shyster, or newly-fledged lawyer, who, without a case in court, undertakes outside the bar to give an opinion, that he may live in the hope that some day his opinions will not only be asked for, but paid for. I, with all respect, proceed to make out my brief in the case. I declare at the opening, in accordance with the views expressed by *Wilkes' Spirit*, that it is the business alone of the three judges who were on the stand on that day at the Fashion track to decide the question between Messrs. Turnbull and Cregan, as to who wins. Mr. Wilkes says he has but one answer to make to the many who ask him who are the proper parties to decide, and a very simple one at that, and it is, "That the judges who presided are the proper ones." In this decision of Mr. Wilkes we claim that there can be no doubt, but that everything relating to the judges, even to their being appointed—no matter how or by what authority—can be objected to now or hereafter, which is a very material point to make unobjectionable the decision they may give.

I would wager a foot-ball—to be given to the first American Club that is formed to perfect themselves in such healthy and manly recreation as that of foot-ball exercise—that there is not a true sporting gentleman who believes for one moment that, should the judges so much err from what the facts call for as to decide that the stallion lost, but what Mr. Turnbull would bow to their judgment and relinquish all claims.

We intend to have nothing to do with anybody except the judges who presided; they having consented to act as such have made themselves public property. I presume every one of the three is of age. We are not personally acquainted with any but "Old Blocks," the jockey who writes a book; and, while we regret—according to Wilkes—that his trips to Gotham in quest of his companion judges are quite expensive, we hardly think they would have been a copper less had our friend Hiram come to town on any other business. So he must not charge expenses exclusively to the Turnbull and Cregan matter. Our case shall be made up of plain, blunt, honest questions, put straight at the judges, leaving them to answer either through *Wilkes Spirit* or THE LEADER.

Question No. 1.—Messrs. H. Woodruff, S. D. Bradford and Little, as judges on the stand; on the 26th day of November, 1864, did you not in such capacity, duly and rightfully appointed by the rules that govern trotting matches, enter the stand for the purpose of deciding a bet or wager between Mr. Turnbull's stallion "Vanderbilt" and Time?

Question 2, 3, and 4.—Hiram Woodruff, as judge, whose interest did you represent? —— Little, Esq., as judge, whose interest did you represent? S. D. Bradford, who selected you as judge, and for what was you called in as judge No. 3?

Question 5.—Did you three gentlemen, or any of you as judges, order the stallion "Vanderbilt" to show on that day and track?

Question 6.—Did you as judges, order or direct Mr. Mace, the driver of the stallion "Vanderbilt," to send him around the track without any reference to speed?

Question 7.—If you did, for what purpose did you order him to do so? That is, did you give him the word "go" as he scored, presuming he was endeavoring to trot the mile in 2 minutes and 30 seconds, so as to win the stake and all side bets?

Question 8.—Did you or did you not take out your watches to time him, believing he was going to make the time called for in the match, so that you could decide if he made it or not?

Question 9.—Or did you only send him around in order to show the horse was alive, or did put in an appearance, or to prove that the horse did not intend to forfeit, and that it would be necessary to send him around in order that Mr. Turnbull could claim the forfeit, believing when this was done, that the matter was settled, and Turnbull entitled to the forfeit?

Question 10.—Who wins? that is, do you declare now that Mr. Turnbull is entitled to the forfeit, or do you now say that Mr. Cregan wins? If so, make out your case satisfactorily to the Sporting world if possible.

LET IT PASS.

"Let former grudges pass."—*Shakespeare.*

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear e'er long,
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass.
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass.
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass.
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass.
Lay these homely words to heart—
Let it pass.
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

Meanness.

There is nothing men fear more than the charge of meanness. To be called mean is to be done for with a good many people; and perhaps half the liberality in the world is a tax paid to escape the imputation. It is the charge, however, rather than the thing itself that is dreaded; whether it be that persons cannot suppose it possible of themselves to fall so far below the heroic as to commit a mean action, or that they have a different estimate from the public one, and are content to be what others pronounce mean, so long as society knows nothing of it. It is certain that many things are called mean unfairly, and that the world has a very coarse standard on this point, as well as a shifting one—a standard differing widely in different circles, as men's interests or passions are concerned. In this matter men judge from their own point of view. Poor Toots's pugilistic friend, who was all for pluck and self-assertion, pronounced his patron mean on the occasion of his giving up his love to the man she preferred, and was disgusted accordingly; and this judgment represents a great many opinions. People who stand up boldly for themselves are not often called mean, though there may be an incredible meanness at the bottom of a free, confident, open-handed manner, extremely taking with people who know only the outside. The man who gives a shilling where others give sixpence, and is lavish of half-crowns, is certain to have generosity attributed to him by the recipients of his bounty; though he backbites his friends, never goes out of his way to do a generous thing, blinks all occasions of liberality were no credit is to be got, and is actuated solely by the desire to stand well with his own world.

Everybody feels it horrible to be mean. The man who realizes it of himself, and knows that his own is also the world's verdict, suffers the extremity of human degradation. And yet this horror and disgrace is so far difficult to account for that no one can say the charge separates him from humanity. It tells something for our aspirations that failure in nobleness should be felt to be so deep a stain when, in fact, it is so common; when meanness—that is, conduct which can only properly be described as mean—is to be detected almost universally where the temptation to it has been strong enough. We are not inviting our readers to look among their personal friends for confirmation of our odious assumption. Reading, perhaps more than actual experience, presses the conviction on us; for all history, especially history treated in modern fashion, betrays this ignominy. What do all these searches into archives and documents show, but that the high actors in great events were mean? We knew they were bad in other ways, and we made allowance for temptations; but now we see they could be mean. What makes the outcry against our poor Elizabeth? When put to it, she could do a shabby thing—a meanness which cannot be explained away. Gloriana might be passionate, jealous, vain, tyrannical, upon provocation—but mean!—the rays of that bright Occidental star are in danger of being quenched in a fog; for here is a defect we cannot look over. And the biographies of men intellectually great inflict quite as keen wounds on our sensitiveness.

The lives of our poets are as depressing reading, in this one respect, as any we know—those of our noble writers, our wits, our moralists even. What Dryden, Pope and his set, and all the rest of them—names one does not like to set down here—could do! the things they could say of each other! the little envies, and poor rivalries, and unworthy tricks, and gross flatteries! And these were men, too, whose power and intellect might have removed them from all shadow of temptation. And to come to our own time, how few memoirs that are not mere eulogies do not hint at some kindred blot exciting inquiry, something that has to be apologized for and explained, something that offends our moral sense—some shirk, some subterfuge, some suspicion of shabbiness which looks awkward, to say the least of it! How few who have been concerned in intricate transactions, involving conflicting interests, high hopes, great risks, strong rivalries, have succeeded in satisfying our high standard of honor! As we read, we contrast our purer and exacter sense of fairness with this slippery self-regard; we feel our own superiority to such temptation, and sigh and wonder as over something unaccountable. The overriding necessity to accomplish an end, which lies at the bottom of isolated cases of a meanness at odds with the man's general character, is not felt by the reader. There is an exaggerated view of things which possesses actors in the game, inducing a mistrust of themselves when the turning-point comes, which makes them victims of a cunning foreign to their ordinary nature.

If people could trust themselves in critical occasions, as they do in their cooler moments, these things would not happen. We none of us know how far our code would relax when everything turns upon it. We are not defending meanness; we are only saying that there are occasions when it is a virtue not to be mean, which in the common course of life it is not. It is sometimes, indeed, the highest heroism. Thus nothing is meaner than for the strong to leave the weak to shift for themselves in a difficulty. Yet when the soldiers in the sinking "Birkenhead" suffered the boats to be filled with women and children while they remained to go down together, each man in his place, Sir William Napier with justice pronounces it an act of heroism "unsurpassed in the most noble of the noblest." Here there is no medium between the extremes of praise and blame. We should have called the men base if they had deserted the helpless in this extremity; yet we call them heroes because they resisted the greatest of all temptations.

To commit an occasional meanness, therefore, is not necessarily to be mean. When we come to analyze meanness where it tinctures the whole character, we find it to consist in the aim to secure what body and soul desire without adequate payment; as the mean among the rich and great expect all the privileges of position without fulfilling its obligations. The mean man will lay himself out to get even regard and affection at the cheapest rate, and will please himself with making as little return for kindness, service and attention as his practiced ingenuity can devise; and this not from mere avarice, but from the satisfaction of making a good bargain. He has a positive pleasure in doing his friendship cheap, and repaying its obligations in that which costs him least. Almost every act of meanness is founded on the notion of some unfair or inadequate exchange—giving less than a thing is worth—putting off some sham, or what at least is valueless to the giver, as a pretended equivalent; whether it is gross flattery for solid pudding, professions and promises for deeds, old things for new, gifts of what the owner finds no use for in return for real benefactions, or barren thanks where services should be paid for in a more substantial currency.

Thus meanness is underhand, and has always some private understanding with itself. It is an endeavor to get more for money than money's worth. It is always eluding or evading fit returns, ever ready with some subterfuge at a pinch; it hedges, shirks, and is great at excuses; its gifts are all blown upon. It cannot bear separating what it cares for from its own uses; and, on the other hand, makes use of every person and influence within its sphere. Meanness will not give respect or even pity gratis, and therefore never shows itself less pleasantly than in face of distress, whether in the shape of fallen greatness or of humbler misery entirely helpless and abject. Thus a mob will hoot at a deposed king, and a judge has been known to play off his wit at a wretched prisoner's expense. It was a like meanness of that appetite-hunting nobleman who, being asked for money by a beggar, on the plea that he was famishing with hunger, declared him a happy fellow, and "envied him too much to relieve him." There is always some trick in meanness; things are said and done for something different from their avowed or implied purpose. Avarice is constantly confounded with meanness because it is apt to betray its victims in this direction, but in fact it is an honester thing. It is a question for the casuists which impulse predominated in the case of the great Duke of Marlborough, who, having left off the winner of sixpence after an evening at piquet, insisted with troublesome importunity that his friend should get change for a guinea in order to pay him, on the ground that he wanted the sixpence for his chair home. He carried his point, got the sixpence, and—walked home. If he intended to walk from the first, it was mean, but we prefer to suppose that the fatal touch of the silver overcame him on the instant; the cheat was put, not upon his friend, but himself.

It cannot be denied, however, that this fatal fascination of coin on the senses—the sordid love of the touch, the chink and the sight of it—has a great deal to do with the more notorious exhibitions of meanness, though it is not of the essence of it. This weakness is compatible with great liberality where the stroke of a pen can remove large sums from the owner's possession. Some people prefer to pay their small debts in checks, rather than specie, on this ground, and as sparing them the lavish sensation of perpetually dipping into their purse. It is certain that men may give their thousands and not be safe in this particular. They may reserve only half, or a tenth, or a hundredth of their incomes for their own expenses, and yet be mean about that hundredth, wanting in proper liberality, exacting, grudging a fair and just return for the services of dependents. In serene self-confidence the profuse giver may be allowing some hidden tendency to get the upper hand, and while he thinks of his large sacrifices the people about him never knew him so sharp at a bargain, so close-fisted, so vigilant in getting something more than his pennyworth for his penny. Not that this phase of the infirmity is one to excite much disgust; it is rather an eccentricity than a crime. It is but too natural to give way, to collapse, after some great effort, and we see that some closeness is necessary in all large givers:

For none can spend like him who learns to spare.

And in this sparing it is so hard to hit the golden mean!

There is no subject in greater favor with satirists than meanness, nor is there a surer card with a certain class of readers; but it is not really a good subject for delineation in its bare degradation. To say nothing of French writers who delight in a base minuteness of portraiture, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Trollope, even Thackeray, never keep so near the ground as when drawing some sordid picture of meanness in elaborate detail. It is necessary, too, to make it exaggerated and extreme, to avoid treading on the reader's toes; and thus it is often a mere caricature of some disease of nature which we ought to shut our eyes upon rather than expose. The real curiosity and interest of the thing, and all its teaching, are to be found in the study of the real living subject, when meanness is not seldom modified by counteracting influences into a sort of picturesqueness not incompatible with sympathy, or is painfully startling from the discordance with our ideas of congruity. The meanness of great wits often seems to imply that some moral obliquity must result (as we see in the case of precocious children) from a want of harmony of parts and an excessive disproportioned development of the brain.

There is something awful in the meanness of such minds as Bacon and Goethe, viewed in connection with a gigantic intellect, which tempers our disgust with wonder and a sense of tragic pity; whereas all more fancy pictures of this pettiest of vices induces in their readers a poor smug complacency. It depends curiously on the humor of the writer or historian how far this quality tinctures the characters with which they deal. In the grand style we detect very little of what is merely mean; the personages are great in their errors as well as in their virtues; but the more familiar searchers into motives have a scent for meanness which amounts to an instinct, and in this department—in showing the poor figure our poets sometimes make—no one is better at smelling a rat than Dr. Johnson, or more unflinching in a finely candid way, in exposing it.

Meanness need not be in the act itself, but may depend on the person that performs it. A poor man, or one of the humblest class, is not mean to claim the reward for a lost article restored; but we should consider a gentleman mean who exacted his rights in this respect. Nor is it mean, as some people think, for servants and officials to receive gratuities for extra services, though some persons shrink from this form of remuneration from mistaken ideas on the subject. Nothing strikes this class as more contemptible than more grateful thanks when they know that the obliged person is in a position to express his sense of obligation in a more serviceable form, and will please himself with words in proportion as he is sparing of other things. But, independently of self-interest, no class is so critical and suspicious of meanness as the poor in their estimate of their betters.

And we may add a word on another aspect of the subject. There are people, nowadays, who have not words to express their disgust at the meanness of men who, in serving God and doing their duty, avow the hope of heaven as a motive, and not solely the love of God for its own sake. But there is usually a bombastic inflation of language in this strain which shows that no strict analogy can rationally be drawn between the deportment of man with his equal and of man with his Maker, towards whom we cannot do otherwise than give inadequate offerings of faith and service, with the hope of, and even, as it seems to us, some view to, immeasurably greater returns.

It is perhaps a fit, but not very agreeable, conclusion to arrive at, after the consideration of this subject, that people, gentle or simple, are never in such danger of being mean, and never betray such a fellowship with the thing itself, as when they are readiest to charge meanness against others, and [illegible] themselves most with the tricks and shabbiness of the people about them or concerned with them.

AT a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't sleep a wink that night.

ON DIT that Miss Ada Clare is soon to make her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, appearing in the character of Camille. If the lady proves as brilliant an actress as she is a writer, the stage will have gained a "star" of dazzling brightness.

THE question was recently proposed to a "down east" editor: "Are hoop-skirts dangerous?" He immediately answered that "they are always dangerous when they have anything in them."

A PERSON who signs himself "Jones," asks whether, if Admiral Porter makes any more reports about the Fort Fisher business, he ought not to be called Admiral Reporter.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH
SEWING MACHINES
WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
OVER ALL COMPETITORS AT THE
LATE STATE FAIRS OF
NEW YORK, ILLINOIS,
VERMONT, MICHIGAN,
PENNSYLVANIA, IOWA,
OHIO, KENTUCKY,
INDIANA, OREGON,
AND AT NUMEROUS INSTITUTE AND COUNTY FAIRS.
SALESROOMS, 495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

J. HUNT 430 & 823 BROADWAY.
Fine Dress French Calf Boots, $6 50 and $7 50.
Patent Leather Boots, best quality, $7 and $8.
English Lace Gaiters, $4 50 to $5 50.
Ready made or to order.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

COMMONWEALTH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE NO. 151 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

Continues to insure against Loss or Damage by Fire all species of Merchandise, Real Estate, or Ships in Port most favorable terms.

HAS A CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000.

With a Surplus safely invested in Bond and Mortgages

DIRECTORS:

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GEORGE T. HAWS, Secretary.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE, No. 12 WALL STREET.

Cash Capital increased to	$1,000,000
Surplus, Dec. 1st, 1864	300,000

This Company will increase its capital immediately to $1,000,000

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in 13 years, 232 per cent.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

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ASTOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 16 WALL STREET.

INCREASED CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $282,000.

This Company having added $100,000, in cash, to its capital, and thus increased its facilities for business, will continue the Insurance of all kinds of property, on as liberal terms as any other Company.

A continuance of the favors heretofore liberally bestowed is respectfully solicited.

WILLIAM T. PINKNEY, President.
ROBERT D. HART, Secretary.
JONAS N. PHILLIPS, Surveyor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER

IS A PREVENTIVE OF SICKNESS.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years, convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, OLD AND YOUNG.

It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will SAVE MILLIONS from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time, and inconvenience of being sick?

To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night.

It will increase the strength, and give VIGOR AND ACTION to the system.

A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. In other cases it has proved an entire PREVENTIVE TO SICKNESS in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time. THIS WONDERFUL PREPARATION will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Bilious Colic, Diarrhea, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc., its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, employed it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhea, Colic, Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. In Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc., American Ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty.

It imparts cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To travellers, especially, it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency.

Persons residing in any part of the country may depend it will be received with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

PRICES:

THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART.)
TWO (FULL PINT.)
ONE DOLLAR (FULL HALF PINT.)

One quart bottle, two half pints, or four half-pint bottles sent free by Express on receipt of price. For sale everywhere.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

WILSON'S FIRE CAP EMPORIUM AND MANUFACTORY,
155 BOWERY.

Fire Caps of every style and pattern, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned at his old established and well known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and frontispieces furnished them, and all orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.

WILLIAM WILSON, Agent,
No. 155 Bowery.

ALEXANDER M. C. SMITH,
No. 233 West street, New York,
Between North Moore and Beach,
MANUFACTURER OF
SUPERIOR COPPER-RIVETTED OAK-TANNED LEATHER HOSE AND BELTING.

Leaders and Suction Hose for Fire Engines made to order and warranted.
Always on hand Brass Pipes, Butts, &c.

GAS FIXTURES, &c.—STEPHEN PHILBIN, No. 707 Broadway, offers for sale, at reduced prices, a splendid assortment of

GAS FIXTURES.

FRENCH BRONZES (direct importation), consisting of Mantel Ornaments, Statuettes, Groups, Inkstands, &c.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting attended to as usual, at No. 31 Fourth street, and No. 2 Astor House, Barclay street.

PIANOS.—CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
WAREROOMS,
652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Pianos have always taken the first premiums over all competitors, wherever and whenever they have been exhibited; and for public playing they have been selected by all the most eminent artists who have visited this country.

For full particulars, with description, price list, list of medals and testimonials, address
CHICKERING & SONS, New York.

Messrs. C. & Sons are Sole Agents for the celebrated Alexandre Organs for the United States.

A. J. GARVEY, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERER,
No. 82 THIRD AVENUE, above Tenth street.

Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings.

WALLS AND CEILINGS REPAIRED AND KALSOMINED.

WORK DONE IN THE COUNTRY

COCHRANE'S GLASS INKSTAND MANUFACTORY,
112 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.
PATENT AIR-TIGHT INKSTANDS.
THERMOMETER
Fancy Cut Glass, Ebony, Oak and Walnut Library Inkstands.
COCHRANE'S PIANO and MELODEON INSULATORS
Double the Sound of the Instrument.

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

FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY AND TRAVELLING SHIRTS. DRESS SHIRTS, superior make, made to measure, $36 and $42 per dozen. RICH SILK SCARFS, the latest styles, from $1 to $3 50 each. AMERICAN PATENT STEEL COLLARS, 75c. each. Winter Underclothing, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs and Gloves, at moderate prices.

Superior Linen Bosoms, Collars and Wristbands, for family shirtmaking.

J. J. PARRISH,
[illegible] Canal street, near Broadway, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

10,000 VOLUNTEERS WANTED,

TO REPRESENT THE
COUNTY OF NEW YORK
IN THE
ARMY.

BOUNTIES

FOR THREE YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$300
Government	300
Total	$600

FOR TWO YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$200
Government	200
Total	$400

FOR ONE YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$100
Government	100
Total	$200

HAND-MONEY OR PREMIUM.

For Three year Recruits	$50
For Two-year Recruits	30
For One-Year Recruits	20

The New York County Volunteer Committee having filled all quotas under all calls up to this time, are now, (under instructions of the Board of Supervisors) recruiting for the Army, with a view to meeting any future demand for men.

Recruits will be received as formerly at the several Provost Marshals' offices, and at the County Volunteer Rooms in the Park (corner of Broadway and Chambers street), and on the Battery.

The following are the various Provost Marshals' offices:

FOURTH DISTRICT—Capt. JOEL B. ERHARDT, No. 104 Liberty street.

FIFTH DISTRICT—Capt. HENRY P. WEST, corner of Broome and Crosby streets.

SIXTH DISTRICT—Capt. COSTER, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirteenth street.

SEVENTH DISTRICT—Capt. FRED. C. WAGNER, No. 63 Third avenue.

EIGHTH DISTRICT—Capt. BENJ. F. MANIERRE, No. 1,300 Broadway.

NINTH DISTRICT—Capt. WILLIAM DUNNING, corner of Forty seventh street and Broadway.

All Recruits will receive the County Bounty, cash down, in their own hands, immediately on being sworn in.

The Government Bounty is paid in three installments; one-third when the Recruit shall be received at Hart or Riker's Island, one-third at the expiration of one-half of the term of service, and the remaining one-third at the expiration of the whole term of service.

Dated New York, October 24, 1864.

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor,
MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller,
ORISON BLUNT, Supervisor,
WM. M. TWEED, Supervisor,
ELIJAH F. PURDY, Supervisor,
WM. R. STEWART, Supervisor,
Committee on Volunteering.
GEORGE OPDYKE, Auxiliary Memb.
ORISON BLUNT, Chairman.

15,000 SUBSTITUTES WANTED FOR THE ARMY,

IN PLACE OF THE FOLLOWING CLASSES OF CITIZENS:

FIRST—For citizens enrolled and liable to Draft.

SECOND—For citizens not liable to Draft, because of unfitness, or non liability from age or other causes.

TO SUBSTITUTES.

The following advantages are offered for the enlistment of Substitutes:

BOUNTY, DEPOSITED BY PERSONS REQUIRING SUBSTITUTES, CASH DOWN.

For One Year	$200
For Two Years	400
For Three Years	600

PREMIUM, CASH DOWN.

For One Year Man	$20
For Two Years' Man	30
For Three Years' Man	50

TO THOSE DESIRING SUBSTITUTES.

Inasmuch as the authority exists for the enlistment of Substitutes for such persons as may desire to be relieved from any apprehensions of a future Draft, as also for such citizens as are not liable to Draft, because of unfitness, non-liability from age or other causes, The County Volunteer Committee have resolved in addition to their business of raising Recruits, to enlist such Substitutes as may be desired.

Those desiring Substitutes may deposit with the Committee the whole of either of the following sums:

For One Year	$220
For Two Years	430
For Three Years	650

No portion of the money paid for Substitutes will be paid from the County funds.

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor,
MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller,
ORISON BLUNT, Supervisor,
ELIJAH F. PURDY, Supervisor,
WM. R. STEWART, Supervisor,
WM. M. TWEED, Supervisor,
Committee on Volunteering.
GEORGE OPDYKE, Auxiliary Member.
ORISON BLUNT, Chairman.

ROOMS OF COMMITTEE ON VOLUNTEERING,
CITY HALL PARK, cor. Broadway and Chambers street,
November 1, 1864.

WM. D. ROE & CO. STATIONERS and PRINTERS, And Blank Book Manufacturers, 63 Wall street, corner of Hanover, New York. Dealers in all articles of Stationery required for Banks, Insurance Companies or Merchants, consisting of De La Rue & Co.'s Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, plain or cloth lined, of every quality and size; Gold Pens and Holders; Steel and Quill Pens; Inkstands of every variety; Mahogany and Leather Portable Desks; Notarial, Seal and Copying Presses and Stands; Writing, Stamping, Marking and Copying Inks; Portfolios; Pocket-books; Portmonnaies; Backgammon Boards, Chess, Cards, &c. Account Books of superior paper, made and ruled to any pattern. Printing of all descriptions, in colors or plain.

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

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GOOD NEWS TO SMOKERS.— WHITTAM & LAWRENCE, No. 396 Pearl street, New York, are now manufacturing "AMERICAN BIRD'S-EYE SMOKING TOBACCO," which is equal if not superior to the English. This Tobacco has less nicotine in it than any other Tobacco. A person smoking it will find it has a sweet flavor, and is very pleasant to smoke. All persons smoking a Pipe, should give the "AMERICAN BIRD'S-EYE TOBACCO" a trial—we guarantee you will enjoy a good smoke—it leaves no deleterious effects, and does not act upon the nerves like other Smoking Tobacco. Sold everywhere.

EDMUND JONES & CO.,
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Black and Carmine Inks. Steel and Quill Pens.
Claremont Mills Writing Papers, &c.
No. 26 JOHN STREET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COMING DRAFT.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO ALL WHO ARE ENROLLED, AS LIABLE TO DRAFT

THE NEW YORK COUNTY COMMITTEE ON Volunteering have reason to believe that a further call is likely soon to be made by the President for men.

Hitherto great complaint has been made that the quotas demanded of the County of New York have been excessive.

As all quotas are based upon the Enrollment, it is evident that no relief can be expected except by a reduction of the enrollment to its proper standard.

Although appeals have hitherto been made to citizens to correct the enrollment, there has been little or no disposition shown by the public to discharge its duty in this particular.

It is evident that this duty must be performed by the public authorities, or it will not be performed at all.

By consent of the War Department and the advice of the Governor, the New-York County Committee on Volunteering has determined to undertake the herculean labor of correcting the Enrollment of the County.

No means will be spared to make this correction thorough and satisfactory both to the people and the Government.

Our only object is to correct the Enrollment, and place it at a proper standard, and every citizen owes it alike to himself and his neighbor to assist in this work.

In addition to other means which will be brought into requisition for the accomplishment of this object, a complete copy of the existing Enrollment of each Ward or Election District will be printed and furnished to every enrolled citizen of the Ward or Election District.

This will prevent the excuse which so many who are exempt have made, that they did not know they were enrolled, and hence did not attend to having their names taken from the roll.

It will also afford the opportunity for every man enrolled to see whether or not his neighbor is enrolled, and enable him to secure that those liable and not enrolled shall be put down.

Every person enrolled is requested to aid in the gigantic labor which we have undertaken, by complying with the following conditions:

I. Whenever a name appears of any person who is not enrolled but liable, notice of the fact should be given to the Provost Marshal of the District, by any person who may be cognizant of the fact, in order that the same may be recorded.

II. Whenever a name appears of any person who has removed, notice of the fact should be given at the Provost-Marshal's office, that the name may be stricken from the roll of that District, and recorded where it properly belongs.

III. Whenever a name appears which is known to be fictitious, or any one is aware that the person indicated is not a resident as described, notice should be given at the Provost-Marshal's office, that the name may be stricken from the roll.

IV. Whenever cause of exemption exists for any reason, notice should be given to the Provost-Marshal of the District by the exempt person himself, that the name may be stricken from the roll.

The following are the recognized causes of exemption:

1. Over 45 years of age.
2. Under 20 years of age.
3. Being an alien, and never having voted.
4. Having furnished a Substitute in anticipation of the Draft.
5. Having been drafted and furnished a Substitute.
6. Having been drafted and paid commutation.
7. Having been drafted and received a certificate of permanent physical disability.
8. Being permanently physically disqualified.
9. Having served two years in the Army or Navy during the present War, and been honorably discharged.

In addition to this, so far as possible, every enrolled man will be waited upon personally by authorized agents, deputed to ascertain the liability of all enrolled men, to have those improperly enrolled taken off, and to add those not on, but who should be enrolled.

As this is an effort to correct and not to increase the enrollment, it is to the interest of every person to give correct and true answers to any and all questions which may be put to them, and any person declining to answer, or giving false answers, render themselves liable to arrest and imprisonment.

This is probably the last attempt which will be made to secure a correct enrollment of the County of New York. To be successful, the co-operation of every resident of this city and county is absolutely required.

The Government officials have evinced a disposition to afford us every facility to attain the object in view. If, therefore, through the indisposition and apathy of the public, who are most concerned, this effort to correct the Enrollment prove abortive, and further excessive quotas are demanded of us, because of the incorrectness of the Enrollment, the people of this City and County will be themselves responsible, and they will have none but themselves to blame.

Dated New York, Dec. 1, 1864.

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.
MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller.
WM. M. TWEED, Supervisor.
ORISON BLUNT, Supervisor.
ELIJAH F. PURDY, Supervisor.
WM. R. STEWART, Supervisor.
GEORGE OPDYKE, Auxiliary Member.
CORN'S CORSON, Chief of Enrolling Bureau.
ORISON BLUNT, Chairman of Committee.

RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS

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

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

The steamer METROPOLIS, Capt. Browne, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Newport each way.

The steamer EMPIRE STATE, Captain Brayton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Newport each way.

These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms, and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and on arrival at Fall River, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6½ o'clock A. M., and reach Boston about 8½ o'clock A. M.

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

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

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

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

E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,
No. 72 Broadway

ERIE RAILWAY.— Trains leave, via Pavonia Ferry:
7:00 A. M., DAY EXPRESS.
8:30 A. M., MILK and WAY TRAIN, DAILY.
10:00 A. M., EXPRESS MAIL.
4:00 P. M., WAY TRAIN, for Port Jervis and Newburgh
5:00 P. M., NIGHT EXPRESS.
6:00 P. M. LIGHTNING EXPRESS, DAILY.
5:00 P. M., EMIGRANT, DAILY.
CHA'S MINOT, Gen'l Sup't.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

GRAND,
SQUARE,
AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS,
544 BROADWAY, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

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METROPOLITAN HOTEL—
(late Brown's,)
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
Between Sixth and Seventh Streets,
WASHINGTON CITY.
A. R. POTTS, PROPRIETOR.

TO PRINTERS.—FOR SALE, cheap for cash, a set of four chases for eight pages, size of LEADER. Also, a lot of second-hand cases, suitable for job type. Also, a lot of second-hand brass dashes and rules, this measure. Apply to JOHN B. ADAMS, Foreman Leader Composition Room.

What is an Advertising Agency?

It is an office for facilitating the publishing of the advertisements of Merchants and all other classes of business men in any and all newspapers throughout the United States and British Provinces at far more reasonable prices than the advertiser himself can possibly effect, saving both time and trouble.

JOHN HOOPER & Co., No. 41 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
CITY AND COUNTRY
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AGENTS.
Reference to A. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq.,
Publisher of the DISPATCH.

ADVERTISING AGENCY,
FOR DAILY NEWSPAPERS,
FOR WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS,
FOR RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS,
FOR ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS,
FOR GERMAN NEWSPAPERS,
FOR SPANISH NEWSPAPERS,
FOR FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

N. B. Files of all the principal papers kept on hand for examination. No. 41 PARK ROW, Times Building

CORPORATION NOTICES.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, Dec. 22, 1864.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz.:

Paving Twenty-second street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue, with trap-block.

Paving Fortieth street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, with trap-block.

Paving Forty-seventh street, from Third avenue to east side of First avenue, with trap-block.

Paving William street, from Fulton to John street, with trap-block.

Paving Forty-eighth street, from Second to Third avenue, with trap-block.

The limits embraced by such assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on both sides of Twenty-second street, to the extent of half the block from Fifth to Sixth avenue.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Fortieth street to the extent of half the block from Ninth to Tenth avenue.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-seventh street, to the extent of half the block from Third avenue to Avenue A.

Also, all the lots on both sides of William street to the extent of half the block from Fulton to John street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-eighth street, to the extent of one half the block from Second to Third avenue.

[This notice is a readvertisement of all the assessment lists herein referred to.]

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections in writing to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN,
MORGAN L. HARRIS,
DANIEL D. CONOVER,
Board of Assessors.

d24 tf

THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, Feb. 6, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, to consider all papers before them.

Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

PATRICK RUSSELL,
JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
PATRICK H. KEENAN,
Committee on Finance.

THE COMMITTEE ON BELGIAN PAVEMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 8, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

THOS. O'CALLAGHAN,
THOS. BRADY,
JOHN HEALY,
Committee on Belgian Pavements.

THE COMMITTEE ON STREETS OF the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 10 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them.

All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

PATRICK H. KEENAN,
ISAAC ROBINSON,
JOHN STACOM,
Committee on Streets.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC HEALTH of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

FRIDAY, February 8,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee.

All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

HUGH REILLY,
THOMAS BRADY,
GEORGE McGRATH,
Committee on Public Health.

THE COMMITTEE ON FERRIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

THOMAS BRADY,
MICHAEL SMITH,
JOHN HEALY,
Committee on Ferries.

THE COMMITTEE ON ARTS AND SCIENCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee are invited to be present without further notice.

WILLIAM JOYCE,
SAMUEL P. PATTERSON,
JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
Committee on Arts and Sciences.

THE COMMITTEE ON ASSESSMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them.

All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

ISAAC ROBINSON,
HUGH REILLY,
BERNARD KINNEY,
Committee on Assessments.

THE COMMITTEE ON LAMPS AND GAS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, February 6, 1865,

at 11 o'clock A. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

CHARLES KOSTER,
HUGH REILLY,
JOHN STACOM,
Committee on Lamps and Gas.

THE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS of the Board of Councilmen will meet

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

WILLIAM JOYCE,
EDWIN M. HAGERTY,
CHARLES KOSTER,
JOHN STACOM,
THOMAS LEAVY,
Committee on National Affairs.

THE COMMITTEE ON POLICE of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

SATURDAY, February 4,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

HUGH REILLY,
VALENTINE COOK,
THOS. O'CALLAGHAN,
Committee on Police.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, February 6,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, to consider all papers before them.

Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
BERNARD KINNEY,
WILLIAM JOYCE,
Committee on Public Buildings.

THE COMMITTEE ON ORDINANCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

FRIDAY, February 10,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee.

All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

MICHAEL SMITH,
PATRICK H. KEENAN,
GEORGE McGRATH,
Committee on Ordinances.

THE COMMITTEE ON LANDS AND PLACES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

JOHN STACOM,
PATRICK H. KEENAN,
VALENTINE COOK,
Committee on Lands and Places.

THE COMMITTEE ON LAW DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, February 6,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

PATRICK RUSSELL,
J. WILSON GREEN,
DAVID FITZGERALD,
Committee on Law Department.

THE COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

In Room No. 5, City Hall, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

GEORGE McGRATH,
MICHAEL SMITH,
ISAAC ROBINSON,
CHARLES KOSTER,
J. WILSON GREEN,
Committee on Railroads.

THE COMMITTEE ON REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on TUESDAY, February 7,

At 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall,

To consider all papers before them. Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

VALENTINE COOK,
DAVID FITZGERALD,
JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
ABRAHAM LENT,
THOMAS BRADY,
Committee on Repairs and Supplies.

THE COMMITTEE ON WHARVES, PIERS AND SLIPS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
JOHN STACOM,
WILLIAM JOYCE,
Committee on Wharves, Piers and Slips

THE COMMITTEE ON FIRE DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, Feb. 6, at 11 o'clock A. M.,

in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

BERNARD KINNEY,
JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
THOMAS LEAVY,
Committee on Fire Department.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, No. 32 Chambers st., New York, Jan. 7, 1865.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—NOtice is hereby given that the Assessment Rolls of the Real and Personal Estate of the City and County of New York for 1865 will be open for inspection and review from and after MONDAY, January 9, 1865, and will remain open till the 30th day of April, 1865, for the correction of errors and the equalization of the assessments of the aforesaid Real and Personal Estate of the City and County of New York. All persons believing themselves to be aggrieved, must make application to the Commissioners during the period above mentioned, in order to obtain the relief provided by law. If such application be made in relation to the assessed valuation of the Real Estate, it must be made in writing, stating the ground of objection thereto, and thereupon the Commissioners shall examine into the complaint, and if, in their judgment, the assessment is erroneous, they shall cause the same to be corrected. If such application be made in relation to the assessed valuation of the Personal Estate, the applicant shall be examined, under oath, by the said Commissioners, who are hereby authorized to administer such oath, and, if in his or their judgment, the assessment is erroneous, they shall cause the same to be corrected, and fix the amount of such assessment as they may believe to be just, and declare their decision thereon within thirty days after such application shall have been made to them. No reduction shall be made by the Board of Supervisors of any assessment on Real or Personal Estate imposed under this act, unless it shall appear, under oath or affirmation, that the party aggrieved was unable to attend, within the period prescribed for the correction of taxes, by reason of sickness or absence from the city.

J. W. ALLEN,
G. H. PURSER,
C. B. WOODRUFF,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

ja11 13t

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, New Court-House, Jan. 25, 1865.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed, and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz.:

Paving Thirty-second street, Second to Third avenue with trap block.

Building a sewer in Minetta street, from Bleecker street to Minetta lane.

Building a sewer in Sixty-first street, from Second avenue to East River.

Building a sewer in Third avenue, from One Hundred and Eighteenth to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street.

The limits embraced by such assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on both sides of Thirty-second street, from Second avenue to Third avenue.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Minetta street, from Bleecker street to Minetta lane.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Sixty-first street, from Second avenue to East River.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Third avenue, from One Hundred and Eighteenth street to One Hundred and Twenty fifth street.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, are requested to present their objections in writing to one of the undersigned, at their office, Number 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN,
MORGAN L. HARRIS,
DANIEL D. CONOVER,
Board of Assessors.

ja28 41

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, January, 1865.

NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that all persons who require to be VACCINATED, will be attended to promptly, without charge, on application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended that

ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN VACCINATED,

should either avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered, or have the operation at once performed by their own Physicians.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF HEALTH, having at a recent meeting adopted the Report of the Resident Physician, recommending that every person should be vaccinated, and

RE-VACCINATED EVERY FIVE YEARS,

it is accordingly recommended that all who have not had the operation performed within that period, should have it done WITHOUT DELAY.

The New York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White streets.

The Eastern Dispensary is located at the corner of Essex and Grand streets, over Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located at the corner of Waverley place and Christopher street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at No. 371 Second avenue.

The North-Western Dispensary is located at No. 511 Eighth avenue.

The North-Eastern Dispensary is located at the corner of Fifty-first street and Lexington avenue.

ja23 2t C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.

THE COMMITTEE ON DONATIONS AND CHARITIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet

MONDAY, Feb. 6, at 2 o'clock P. M.,

in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties having business before the Committee are invited to attend.

THOMAS LEAVY,
ABRAHAM LENT,
EDWIN M. HAGERTY,
Committee on Donations and Charities.

THE COMMITTEE ON SALARIES AND OFFICES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, Feb. 6,

in Room No. 5, City Hall, at 2 o'clock P. M.

All parties having business before them will please attend.

DAVID FITZGERALD,
THOMAS LEAVY,
WM. A. TAYLOR,
Committee on Salaries and Offices.

THE COMMITTEE ON MARKETS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, Feb. 6, at 2 o'clock P. M.,

in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

GEORGE McGRATH,
J. WILSON GREEN,
WILLIAM JOYCE,
Committee on Markets.

THE COMMITTEE ON TAXES OF the Board of Councilmen will meet

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
CHARLES KOSTER,
ABRAHAM LENT,
Committee on Taxes.

THE COMMITTEE ON SEWERS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

At 1 o'clock P. M.,

To consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

HUGH REILLY,
VALENTINE COOK,
MICHAEL SMITH,
Committee on Sewers.

THE COMMITTEE ON OPENING STREETS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on

MONDAY, February 6,

At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee, are invited to attend.

DAVID FITZGERALD,
BERNARD KINNEY,
VALENTINE COOK,
Committee on Opening Streets.

THE COMMITTEE ON CLEANING STREETS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, February 6,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
BERNARD KINNEY,
ISAAC ROBINSON,
Committee on Cleaning Streets.

THE COMMITTEE ON CROTON AQUEDUCT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

SATURDAY, February 4,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

JOHN HEALY,
WM. A. TAYLOR,
THOS. BRADY,
Committee on Croton Aqueduct.

THE COMMITTEE ON ALMS-HOUSE DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting in Room No. 5, City Hall, on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M. Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

EDWIN M. HAGERTY,
WM. A. TAYLOR,
THOMAS O'CALLAGHAN,
Committee on Alms House Department.

THE COMMITTEE ON ROADS OF the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting in Room No. 5, City Hall, on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M.

Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

PATRICK RUSSELL,
BERNARD KINNEY,
SAMUEL P. PATTERSON,
Committee on Roads.

THE COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND ADVERTISING of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

WEDNESDAY, February 8,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

EDWIN M. HAGERTY,
JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
JOHN HEALY,
Committee on Printing and Advertising.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON ACCOUNTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on

MONDAY, February 6,

at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.

All parties interested in matters awaiting the action of the Committee are respectfully invited to attend.

THOMAS O'CALLAGHAN,
ISAAC ROBINSON,
SAMUEL P. PATTERSON,
Joint Committee on Accounts.

PIANOS.—CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
WAREROOMS,
652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Pianos have always taken the first premiums over all competitors, wherever and whenever they have been exhibited; and for public playing they have been selected by all the most eminent artists who have visited this country.

For full particulars, with description, price list, list of medals and testimonials, address
CHICKERING & SONS, New York.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of execution, to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at public vendue, on SATURDAY, the 11th day of March, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of WILLIAM BRUNNER, which he had on the 2d day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, or, at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit: All those two lots of land in the Seventeenth Ward of the City of New York which, on a map showing a division of part of the real estate of Nicholas William Stuyvesant, deceased, among his heirs, situate in the Eleventh Ward of the City of New York, and filed in the office of the Register, and known and distinguished by the numbers 294 and 337, said lots lying between Twelfth street and Stuyvesant street, and between First avenue and Avenue A, and which said lots are described on said map as situate on the northeasterly side of Twelfth street, coming at a point distant 100 feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of First avenue and Twelfth street, and running thence easterly along Twelfth street 24 feet 8 inches, and extending through to Stuyvesant street, being 25 feet on said street; bounded southerly on front by Twelfth street, easterly on or alongside by lots 336 and 295, and westerly by lots 291, 292 and 293 on said map, being house and lot known as No. 197 East Twelfth street.

Dated January 28th, 1865.

JAMES LYNCH, late Sheriff.
JOSEPH CORNELL, Deputy Sheriff. ja28 7t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale, on THURSDAY, the 23d day of February, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall, of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of JOHN McGUIRE or MAGUIRE, which he had on the 9th day of February, 1864, or at any time afterward, of, in, and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain lot of land with the brick building thereon erected, situate, lying, and being in the Twenty-first, late the Eighteenth Ward of the City of New York, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly side of Thirty-first street with the westerly side of the Second avenue, running thence southerly along the said westerly side of Second avenue, twenty feet; thence westerly and in part through the centre of a party wall, seventy-seven feet; thence northerly parallel with the Second avenue, twenty feet, to the southerly side of Thirty-first street; and thence easterly along said southerly side of Thirty first street, seventy-seven feet to the point of beginning. Being part of the premises conveyed to William Fettretch by Charles L. Young and wife, by deed dated December 12, 1855, recorded in the Register's Office of the City and County of New York, in liber 723 of Conveyances, page 176, on December 13, 1855.

Dated, New York, January 3, 1865.

JAMES LYNCH, Late Sheriff.
THOS. H. FERRIS, Deputy Sheriff. ja7 7t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale on THURSDAY, the 23d day of February, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of SANTIAGO LIMA, which he had on the 25th day of November, 1864, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit: All that certain lot of land, with the dwelling house thereon erected, situate and being on the easterly side of the Second avenue and the southerly side of Seventh street, in the City of New York, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly side of Seventh street distant in an easterly direction from the southeast corner of the said street and Second avenue 125 feet; running thence southerly, on a line parallel with the Second avenue, 26 feet; thence westerly, on a line parallel with Seventh street, 125 feet; thence southerly along the easterly side of Second avenue, 26 feet; and thence easterly along the southerly side of Seventh street, 125 feet, to the place of beginning.—Dated New York, January 5, 1865.

JAMES LYNCH, late Sheriff.
THOMAS H. FERRIS, Deputy Sheriff. ja7 7t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership under the Laws of New York; that the firm name under which its business will be conducted is J. SILLIMAN; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is the manufacturing, buying and selling, and dealing in boots and shoes, at wholesale, and such other articles as are usually manufactured, bought and sold by persons in that business; that the only general partner is Joseph Silliman, who resides at Chatham, Connecticut; that the only special partners are Willis Bristol, who resides at New Haven, Connecticut, and Jared B. Silliman, who resides at East Haddam, Connecticut. That the said Willis Bristol has contributed to the common stock of said partnership ten thousand dollars capital; that said Jared B. Silliman has contributed to the common stock thereof two thousand five hundred dollars capital; that all said capital has been actually and in good faith paid in cash, that said partnership is to commence February 1, 1865, and terminate January 31, 1868.

JOSEPH SILLIMAN,
WILLIS BRISTOL,
JARED B. SILLIMAN.

Dated New York, Jan. 27, 1865. j31 6t

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—The Producers' Bank, Woonsocket, R. I., against Elijah B. Newell.—Summons for money demand on contract.—(Com. not served.) [U. S. Rev. stamp, 50 cents, cancelled.]

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 37 Wall street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of Sixty Thousand Dollars, with interest from the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, besides the costs of this action.—Dated December 24, 1864.

E. MORE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 10th day of January, 1865.

ja11 6t E. MORE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Esther F. Hall, Plaintiff, against Charles H. Parmelee, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—(Com. not served.) [U. S. Inter. Rev. stamp, 50 cents.]

To the Defendant, Charles H. Parmelee: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York at the City Hall, in said City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 41 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Seventy three hundred and thirty $9 100 dollars, with interest from the first day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the costs of this action.

Dated January 7, 1865.

BRAINARD & RICE, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
ja14 6t No. 41 Wall street, N. Y.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Romeo Bowen, Plaintiff, against Sarah H. Bowen, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not served.) [Rev. stamp, 50 cents.]

To the Defendant, Sarah H. Bowen: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 78 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, January 31, 1865.

O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, on the 11th day of January, 1865.

ja14 6t O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes, and the several acts passed amending the same. BENJAMIN B. MERRILL, of the City, County and State of New York, Insolvent. Notice first published January 13th, 1865. Creditors to appear before the Honorable Samuel B. Garvin, one of the Justices of the Superior Court of the City of New York, at the Chambers of said Court, at the City Hall in the City of New York, on the first day of April, 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and he be discharged from his debts.—Dated New York, January 13th, 1865.

E. W. DODGE, Attorney for Insolvent,
ja11 [illegible] No. 5 Beekman street, New York City.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes, PAYSON E. MATHEW, Insolvent. Notice first published January 7th, 1865. Creditors to appear before the Hon. John M. Barbour, Justice of the Superior Court, New York, at a special term of the said Court, held at the City Hall in the City of New York, on the 24th day of February, 1865, at 10½ A. M. of said day, to show cause why an assignment should not be made of the said Insolvent's estate, and he be discharged from his debts. ja7 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted by the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, on the 22d day of December, 1864, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes, the creditors of J. W. CURRIER, of the City of New York, Insolvent, individually and as a member of the late firm of E. Edgerton & Co., are hereby notified to appear before the said Judge, at his Chambers or office, No. 82 Nassau street, in said city, on the 8th day of March, 1865, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why said Insolvent should not make an assignment and be discharged from his debts. Notice first published December 23, 1864.—Dated New York, December 22d, 1864.

d23 10t J. W. CURRIER, Petitioner.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of CHRISTIAN POPPENHAGAN, alias HENRY ADAMS, a native of Prussia, late seaman on board Br. brig "Waredale," deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said Intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 14th day of February next.—Dated New York, January 13th, 1865.

ROBERT B. BRADFORD, Public Administrator.
HENRY RICHARDSON, Proctor. ja14 4t

BY ORDER OF HON. JOHN C. CHUMASERO, County Judge of Monroe County, Notice is hereby published of an order made by said County Judge, requiring all the creditors of GEORGE SHELTON, of the City of Rochester, in the County of Monroe, an Insolvent Debtor, to show cause, if any they have, before the said County Judge, at his chambers in the City of Rochester, on the 21st day of February next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and he be discharged from his debts according to the provisions of the Statute concerning the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

Dated November 29, 1864.

d3 10t GEORGE SHELTON.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EDMUND B. PEET, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of J. O. Brown, No. 83 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of April next.

Dated New York, the 12th day of October, 1864.

CHAUNCEY N. BRAINERD,
o15 6m JOSEPH O. BROWN, Executors.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN CLANCY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 11 Frankfort street, in the City of New York, on or before the 11th day of July next.—Dated New York, the 11th day of January, 1865.

ja14 6m LAWRENCE CLANCY, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ISAAC TAYLOR, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of J. R. Flanagan, No. 31 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 17th day of July next.

Dated New York, the 6th day of January, 1865.

MARIA TAYLOR,
MARTIN B. WALLACE,
ja7 6m JOHN R. FLANAGAN, Executo

LEGAL NOTICES.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that we, whose names are severally undersigned, have formed a Limited Partnership pursuant to Title I, Chapter IV, Part II of the Revised Statutes, and the several acts amending the same; and that the terms of such partnership are as follows:

1st.—That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "CHAPMAN, NOYES & LYON."

2d.—That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the Importing and Selling Fancy and Staple Goods in the City of New York, and the doing of such commission business incidental thereto as is usually carried on in said city in connection therewith.

3d.—That the names of all the general and special partners interested in the said copartnership are as follows: GEORGE CHAPMAN, CHARLES H. NOYES, ROBERT S. LYON and JAMES WINSLOW. That the said George Chapman is a General Partner, and his place of business is in Madison, Morris County, in the State of New Jersey. That the said Charles H. Noyes is a General Partner, and his place of residence is at West Bloomfield, in said State of New Jersey. That said Robert S. Lyon is a General Partner, and his place of residence is in the City, County and State of New York. That said James Winslow is a Special Partner, and his place of residence is in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, and State of New York.

4th.—That the amount of capital which the said James Winslow, as such Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock of the said partnership is Seventy-five Thousand Dollars.

5th.—That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of January, 1865, and the period at which said partnership is to terminate is the 31st day of December, 1865.

GEORGE CHAPMAN,
CHARLES H. NOYES,
ROBERT S. LYON,
General Partners.
ja14 6t JAMES WINSLOW, Special Partner.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the statute of the State of New York entitled "Of Limited Partnership," and of the statutes amendatory thereof, and the following are the terms of the said partnership:

1. The name of the firm under which the partnership is to be conducted is "SHERMANN & BOAS."

2. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the manufacturing, selling and dealing in Straw and Felt Goods and the principal place of business is the City of New York.

3. The names of the general partners interested in the said partnership are FREDERICK SHERMANN and HERMAN BOAS, who both reside in the City of New York: and the name of the only special partner is MATTHEW P. READ, who resides in the City of New York.

4. The amount of capital which the special partner, Matthew P. Read, has contributed to the common stock is Ten Thousand Dollars.

5. The period at which the partnership is to commence is the sixth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and the period at which the said partnership is to end will be the sixth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Dated January 6, 1865.

FREDERICK SHERMANN,
HERMAN BOAS,
MATTHEW P. READ.

ja7 6t

STATE OF NEW YORK.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss. (U. S. Rev. Stamp cancelled.)—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and that the terms thereof are as follows: That the name of the firm under which the said copartnership is to be conducted is TROWBRIDGE & SHALER. That the general nature of the business to be transacted is the hide and leather business in all its branches, and said business is to be conducted in the City of New York.

That Joseph A. Trowbridge, who resides at Hackensack, in the State of New Jersey, and Brainerd Shaler, who resides at Saugerties, in the State of New York, are the General Partners, and that John Kiersted, who resides at Saugerties, in the County of Ulster, in the State of New York, and Wynkoop Kiersted, who resides at Bethel, in the County of Sullivan, State of New York, are the Special Partners. That the said John Kiersted has contributed the sum of thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars in cash, as capital towards the common stock; and the said Wynkoop Kiersted has contributed the sum of thirty seven thousand and five hundred dollars in cash, as capital towards the common stock.

That said copartnership is to commence on the second day of January, A. D. 1865, and is to terminate on the first day of January, A. D. 1868.

Dated New York, Jan. 2, 1865.

JOSEPH A. TROWBRIDGE,
BRAINERD SHALER,
JNO. KIERSTED,
WYNKOOP KIERSTED.
TROWBRIDGE & SHALER,
ja21 6t No. 5 Ferry street.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—WE the undersigned have this day formed a Limited Partnership, in pursuance of the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for transacting the business of importing, jobbing and manufacturing tailors' trimmings, neck-ties, stocks and cravats, and goods of similar character. The name of the firm is ADAMS & BENDIX; and the place of the business is the City of New York. The names of the general partners are Richard H. Adams, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, and Herman Bendix, who resides in the City of New York. The special partners are Theodore Stehn, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, and Julius Wulfing, who also resides in the City of Brooklyn. The amount of capital contributed by the special partner, Theodore Stehn, is four thousand dollars; and the amount of capital contributed by the special partner, Julius Wulfing, is also four thousand dollars.

The said business commences the fourteenth day of January, 1865, and terminates the first day of January, 1868.

New York, January 14th, 1865.

RICH'D. H. ADAMS,
HERMAN BENDIX,
THEODORE STEHN,
JULIUS WULFING.

ja21 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—THIS is to certify that the undersigned have this day formed a Limited Partnership pursuant to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York and the several acts amendatory thereof.

1st. That the name of the firm under which said partnership is to be conducted is S. D. SCHUYLER.

2d. That the general nature of the business to be transacted is the manufacturing of Cloaks, Mantillas, &c., and importing and jobbing of Cloths, Silks, Trimmings, &c.

3d. That the name of the general partner is SPENCER D. SCHUYLER, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, and that the name of the special partner is DANIEL STEWART, who resides at Chittenango, County of Madison, State of New York.

4th. That the amount of capital which the said special partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

5th. That the said partnership is to commence on the second day of January, 1865, and terminate on the thirty-first day of December, 1865.

New York, Jan. 2d, 1865.

SPENCER D. SCHUYLER,
ja7 6t DANIEL STEWART.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that LEOPOLD WISE and MORRIS WISE, who respectively reside in the State, City and County of New York, and DAVID FORCHHEIMER, also residing in the State, City and County of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, under the firm name of L. & M. Wise, for the buying, selling and vending of boots and shoes, and such other articles of merchandise pertaining to said business, at No. 45 Dey street, in the said City of New York; in which business the only parties interested are the said Leopold Wise and Morris Wise, who are the general partners, and the said David Forchheimer, who is the special partner; and the said David Forchheimer has contributed the sum of twenty thousand dollars as capital towards the common stock; and that the said partnership is to commence on the 2d day of January, 1865, and is to terminate on the 31st day of December, 1868.

Dated the 2d day of January, 1865.

LEOPOLD WISE,
MORRIS WISE,
General Partners.
ja21 6t DAVID FORCHHEIMER, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—William G. Ford Plaintiff, against Frank Smith and Louise Smith (composing the late firm of Frank Smith & Co.), Defendants.—Summons for a money demand on contract (Com. not ser.) [U. S. Rev. Stamp 50c. cancelled.]

To the above named Defendants and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 11 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three thousand six hundred and eighty-one dollars and sixty-two cents, with interest on three thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents, from the sixteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, January 17th, 1864.

THOS. SADLER, Plaintiff's Attorney,
No. 11 Wall street, New York.

The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 18th day of January, 1865.

ja21 6t THOS. SADLER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Richard Augustus Schnabel Plaintiff, against Charles W. Lewis, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—(Com. not served.)—[50 cent U. S. Int. Rev. stamp on original duly cancelled, C. B., Dec. 5, 1864.]

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at his office, in the City Hall of said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 49 Wall street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Seven thousand dollars, with interest from the first day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, at the rate of six per cent., besides the costs of this action.—Dated New York, December 5th, 1864.

CONDERT BROTHERS, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
No. 49 Wall street, New York.

The said complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 18th day of January, 1865.

CONDERT BROTHERS, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
ja21 6t No. 49 Wall street, New York.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—John W. Doane and Calvin R. Corbin against Jacob G. Conrad, Orrington Lunt, George C. Cook, The Importers' and Traders' Bank, Frederick J. Kirtland, Dwight M. Babcock, Joseph M. Bronson, Samuel Carter, John Rose, Franklin Parmalee, William B. Plato, Joel D. Harvey, The Bank of North America, Harvey Doolittle, George Kirtland, John Kirtland, Henry D. Denniston, and James Lynch, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.—Summons for Relief. [U. S. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, cancelled.]

To the above Defendants, William B. Plato and Joel D Harvey: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 25 William street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, November 10, 1864.

GEO. BOWMAN, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

N. B.—The complaint in the above action has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York.—January 16th, 1865. ja21 6t

N. Y. SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Jabez A. Winslow against Daniel T. Winslow.—Summons.—For relief.—(Com. not ser.)—[Stamp.]

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 29 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, January 11th, 1865.

MORRIS A. TYNG,
Plaintiff's Attorney, 29 Wall street, New York.

The complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at his office in the City Hall in said City, on the twentieth day of January, 1865.

ja21 6t MORRIS A. TYNG, Plaintiff's Attorney.

[OFFICIAL.]

Board of Education.

HALL OF BOARD OF EDUCATION,
WEDNESDAY, February 1, 1865.
5 o'clock, P. M.

STATED SESSION.

Present—James M. McLean, Esq., President, and Commissioners Adams, Brennan, Bogert, Brown, Dupignac, Farr, Fairchild, Horan, Heath, Hayes, Hitchman, Hastie, Lieber, Maher, Murray, Miller, McSpedon, McLean, Neilson, O'Donnell, Perley, Roosevelt, Small, Turner, Vance, West—26.

Absent—Commissioner Tuthill—1.

READING OF THE JOURNAL AND MINUTES OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ON FREE ACADEMY.

The Journal of the last Session was read and approved.

The Minutes of the Executive Committee on Free Academy were also read.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM WARD OFFICERS.

Mr. Maher presented a communication from the Trustees of the First Ward, asking the Board to sanction the dismissal for two days of Primary School No. 38, in said Ward, in consequence of the bursting of a steam pipe.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on By-Laws, Rules, and Regulations, with power.

Mr. Brennan presented a communication from the Trustees of the Sixth Ward, requesting authority to hire the third story of house No. 66 Elm street, for the purpose of having the same altered into class rooms for the accommodation of the Male and Primary Departments of Ward School No. 24, in said Ward.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Buildings.

Mr. Bogert presented the Annual Report from the Trustees of the Ninth Ward, for the year ending January 1st, 1865.

On motion,

Ordered, That said report be ordered on file.

Mr. Hayes presented a communication from the Trustees of the Tenth Ward, asking authority to advertise for estimates and proposals for the erection of an addition to Grammar Schoolhouse No. 42, in said Ward, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Tenth Ward be and they are hereby authorized to advertise for estimates and proposals for the erection and completion, on lots numbers 76 and 78 Hester street, of an addition to Grammar Schoolhouse No. 42, in said Ward, for the use of the Primary Department of said school, pursuant to plans and specifications prepared by the Superintendent of School Buildings, and approved by the Trustees of the Ward aforesaid.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Buildings.

Mr. Miller presented a communication from the Trustees of the Seventeenth Ward, nominating Charles W. Hubbell for the position of Vice-Principal of the Male Evening School in said Ward.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Evening Schools, with power.

Mr. Miller presented a communication from the Trustees of the Seventeenth Ward, asking an appropriation for making additional classrooms in Grammar Schoolhouse No. 19, in said Ward.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Buildings.

Mr. Lieber presented a communication from the Trustees of the Twenty-first Ward, nominating Abner B. Holly for the position of Vice-Principal of the Male Evening School in said Ward.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Evening Schools, with power.

Mr. Lieber presented a communication from the Trustees of the Twenty-first Ward, relative to expenses incurred in repairing Grammar Schoolhouse No. 49, in said Ward, and asking that a special appropriation be made to meet the bills for the same.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Buildings.

MISCELLANEOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

The President laid before the Board a communication from Wm. S. Hutchings, proposing to teach his system of arithmetic in the schools under the care of the Board.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Course of Studies and School Books.

The President laid before the Board a communication from Mary A. Caughlin, appealing from the action of the Trustees of the Nineteenth Ward, in removing her from the position of teacher in said Ward.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Appeals.

RESOLUTIONS TO BE REFERRED OR PASSED WITHOUT OBJECTION.

Mr. Hayes offered for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That the action of the Tenth Ward School Trustees, in excusing Martha W. Cairns, Ninth Assistant, Primary Department, No. 7, for the month of January, be and the same is hereby confirmed.

On motion,

Ordered, That said resolution be referred to the Committee on Teachers, with power.

Mr. Miller offered for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That the action of the Board of Trustees of the Seventeenth Ward, in excusing the absence of Miss Rosalie Chichester, an Assistant Teacher in Primary School No. 26, in said Ward, be and is hereby confirmed, said absence being occasioned by severe illness.

On motion,

Ordered, That said resolution be referred to the Committee on Teachers, with power.

Mr. Hastie offered for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That the action of the Trustees of the Twentieth Ward, in excusing the absence of Arthur M. Lee, a teacher in Grammar School No. 48, in said Ward, from the 19th of December, 1864, to the 1st day of February, 1865, be and the same is hereby confirmed, said absence having been occasioned by severe illness.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Teachers, with power.

On motion of Mr. Hastie:

Resolved, That so much of the resolution increasing the salaries of the City Superintendents (Journal, page 30), adopted at the last session of the Board, as relates to the salaries of Messrs. Randall and Kiddle, be and the same is hereby rescinded; and that the annual salaries of said Superintendents be and they are hereby increased twenty-five (25) per cent., said increase to date from January 1, 1865.

Mr. Hastie offered for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That Colored Grammar School No. 6, in the Twentieth Ward, be recognized by this Board as consisting of two departments, a Grammar and Primary, said school being conducted in all respects as if it contained two distinct departments.

On motion,

Ordered, That said communication be referred to the Committee on Sites and New Schools.

REPORTS FROM STANDING COMMITTEES.

Mr. Adams presented a report from the Auditing Committee, and accompanied with resolution to pay sundry bills.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. West presented a report from the Committee on By-laws, Rules and Regulations, to whom was referred the resolution requiring said Committee to report a by-law designating the Inspectors who should be present at the examination of persons proposed as teachers, and accompanied with the following by-law:

The Inspectors of Common Schools for the City of New York, for the purpose of attending the examination of persons proposed as teachers, in pursuance of subdivision 2 of section 11 of the Act of 1864, are hereby divided into three classes of seven each, one from each School District; those who have one year to serve to complete their term of office, to constitute the first class; those who have two years to serve, to constitute the second class, and those who have three years to serve, to constitute the third class.

The Inspectors of Common Schools, classified as above, shall attend the examination of all persons proposed as teachers by the Superintendent of Schools, in the following manner, at least two of whom shall be present at each examination.

Mr. Vance presented the following report from the Finance Committee:

To the Board of Education:

The Finance Committee respectfully report:

That the amount of the School Fund, submitted by the Board of Supervisors and the Board of Finance, in November last, and estimated as required, is $1,818,508 58, and your Committee present herewith an estimate of the necessary division of this fund for the general purposes of the year, dividing it into such proportions as the allowances made by the by-laws and the expenditures heretofore made, under these allowances, and for other general purposes, call for, but confining each amount, in consequence of the limited amount of the fund, to what will be absolutely required, in their opinion, fixing these amounts below the estimated allowances and expenditure of last year for the same items. The large items in the division, exclusive of the deficit of 1864 and the support of the Free Academy, are for the salaries of teachers and janitors, supplies through the depository, the incidental expenses of the Wards and for the Evening Schools, expenditures which are mainly placed in the control of the Ward Trustees, and it is from these, if from any of the items, the savings are to be made, that will enable the Board to meet the necessary appropriations it will be obliged to make to furnish the buildings now erecting, and to enter upon any new enterprises that may be required or in contemplation. This estimate, it is evident, leaves the Board absolutely without any funds for such enterprises; and, if they are to be prosecuted to any extent, the ability to do so must be obtained from the State Legislature, before which a bill, presented by authority of this Board, is now pending, for the relief required.

The following resolution is submitted for adoption:

Resolved, That the School moneys for the year 1865 be reserved and set apart and paid as may be required upon appropriations previously made, as follows:

For overdraft on the City Chamberlain, in warrants issued in 1864	$86,533 77	
For Balance on Special Appropriations, made previous to the 1st of January.	117,062 22	
Total deficit of 1864		$203,595 99
For Salaries of Teachers in Ward Schools		1,025,000 00
For Salaries of Janitors in Ward Schools		48,000 00
For Incidental Expenses of Ward Schools, including fuel		136,000 00
For Support of the Free Academy, including supplies		83,000 00
For Repairs of the Free Academy.		3,000 00
For Support of the Evening School, including supplies		75,000 00
For Rents of School Premises		22,000 00
For Salaries of Officers, Clerks, &c., of the Board of Education		50,000 00
For Supplies through the Depository		115,000 00
For Repairs through the Shop		7,000 00
For Incidental Expenses of the Board of Education		30,000 00
For Pianos for Ward Schools		2,000 00
For Support of Saturday Normal School		7,000 00
For Corporate Schools, apportionment		33,000 00
For all other purposes, including New Sites and Buildings, Alterations of School Buildings, Furniture, Heating, Extra Repairs, &c., &c.		912 59
Total		$1,848,508 58

SAMUEL B. H. VANCE,
HENRY P. WEST,
TIMOTHY BRENNAN,
WILSON SMALL,
JACOB C. BOGERT,
Finance Committee.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Miller presented a report from the Committee on Buildings, relative to the necessity for the appointment of an additional Clerk, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That William P. Bogert be and he is hereby appointed an Assistant Clerk to the Board of Education, at an annual salary of twelve hundred dollars ($1,200), said appointment to date from February 1, 1865.

JAMES L. MILLER,
THOMAS BROWN,
W. W. ADAMS,
WILSON SMALL,
Committee on Buildings.

Mr. Brennan moved to amend said resolution by striking therefrom the name of William P. Bogert, and inserting in lieu thereof the name of Robert W. Smith.

The President decided that said motion was not in order, the By-laws requiring a vote by ballot.

Mr. Farr moved to amend said resolution by striking therefrom the name of William P. Bogert, and leaving the name blank.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The President then put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, as amended, and it was decided in the affirmative.

ELECTION OF AN ASSISTANT CLERK.

The President appointed Messrs. Vance and Adams as Tellers.

The Clerk called the roll, and twenty-five members answered to their names as they deposited their ballots.

First Ballot.

The Tellers reported the whole number of votes cast	25	
Necessary to a choice	13	
Of which William P. Bogert received	20	
Robert W. Smith "	5	
		25

Whereupon the President declared that William P. Bogert having received a majority of all the votes cast, was duly elected Assistant Clerk of the Board.

Mr. Dupignac presented a report from the Committee on Teachers, to whom were referred the communications from the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Ward Trustees, nominating candidates for certain vacant Principal and Vice-Principalships in their respective Wards, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That Sarah J. DeGrove and Hannah A. Sill, and Fannie C. Kirk, nominated by the Trustees of the Seventeenth Ward for the positions of Principal and Vice-Principal of the Female Department, and Vice-Principal of the Primary Department, respectively, of Ward School No. 13, to date from January 1st, 1865, and Mary J. Scanlan, and Jane M. Steel, nominated by the Trustees of the Nineteenth Ward for the respective positions of Vice-Principal of the Female Department of Ward School No. 27, and Vice-Principal of the Primary Department of Ward School 18, to date from December 1st, 1864, each having, as appears from the annexed certificate of the City Superintendent, the necessary qualifications, be and they hereby are appointed to the positions to which they have respectively been nominated.

JAS. B. DUPIGNAC,
W. H. NEILSON,
JAMES L. HASTIE,
ARTHUR O'DONNELL,
Committee on Teachers.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Murray presented a report from the Executive Committee on Free Academy relative to increasing salaries of sundry tutors, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That the annual salaries of the following Tutors in the Free Academy be and they are hereby increased two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) each, respectively, said increase to take effect on and after January 1, 1865, to wit: Joseph Howard Palmer, William Beinhauer Silber, Benjamin Arad Sheldon, James Godwin, Solomon Woolf, James Knox and Fitzgerald Tisdall.

WASHINGTON MURRAY,
JAMES L. MILLER,
SAMUEL B. H. VANCE,
WILLIAM HITCHMAN,
S. WEIR ROOSEVELT,
JOHN HAYES,
Executive Committee on Free Academy.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Dupignac presented a report from the Committee on Teachers, to whom was referred a communication of David Clarke, a Trustee of the Twenty-second Ward, protesting against the appointment of John Jasper, Jr., as Principal of Grammar School No. 9, in said Twenty-second Ward, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Teachers be and they are hereby discharged from the further consideration of the protest of David Clarke against the appointment of John Jasper, Jr., as Principal of Grammar School No. 9, in the Twenty-second Ward.

JAS. B. DUPIGNAC,
WM. C. NEILSON,
JAMES L. HASTIE,
ARTHUR O'DONNELL,
Committee on Teachers.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The first class shall attend the examination of teachers, as aforesaid, during the first third of the year.

The second class shall attend the examination of teachers, as aforesaid, during the second third of the year.

The third class shall attend the examination of the teachers, as aforesaid, during the last third of the year.

HENRY P. WEST,
B. P. FAIRCHILD,
JOHN HAYES,
JAMES F. HORAN,
WASHINGTON MURRAY,
Committee on By-laws, Rules and Regulations.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said report, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Vance presented a report from the Finance Committee, to whom was referred the communication of the Trustees of the Sixteenth Ward, on the award of contract for furnishing the new Grammar Schoolhouse in said Ward, and asking an appropriation for said purpose of $10,989, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That the sum of ten thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars ($10,989) be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of furnishing the new Ward Schoolhouse, being erected in West Twentieth street, in the Sixteenth Ward, but no part of said money shall be paid until the School Trustees of the said Sixteenth Ward shall have duly filed the contract to be entered into by them for that purpose with Nathaniel Johnson, together with such security as shall be satisfactory to the Finance Committee for the faithful performance of said contract and against the lien law, nor until said contract shall have been approved by said Committee as to the form thereof, and the amount and time of payment of the installments, the work to be done under the direction of the Superintendent of School Buildings and the School Trustees of the Ward, and no payment to be made except upon the certificate of said Superintendent that the work has been done in a satisfactory manner.

SAMUEL B. H. VANCE,
TIMOTHY BRENNAN,
JACOB C. BOGERT,
WILSON SMALL,
HENRY P. WEST,
Finance Committee.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative, as follows:

Affirmative—Messrs. Adams, Brennan, Bogert, Brown, Dupignac, Fairchild, Horan, Heath, Hayes, Hitchman, Hastie, Lieber, Maher, Murray, Miller, McSpedon, McLean, Neilson, O'Donnell, Perley, Small, Vance, West—24.

Mr. Vance presented a report from the Finance Committee, accompanied with a resolution in favor of making a requisition on the Comptroller for $300,000 to meet the overdraft for 1864, and the current expenditures of the Board for appropriations, salaries, &c., as follows:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be requested to place with the City Chamberlain the sum of three hundred thousand dollars ($300,000), subject to the drafts of this Board, on and after this date.

SAMUEL B. H. VANCE,
TIMOTHY BRENNAN,
JACOB C. BOGERT,
WILSON SMALL,
HENRY P. WEST,
Finance Committee.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Vance presented the following report from the Finance Committee, recommending sundry general appropriations:

To the Board of Education:

The Finance Committee respectfully submit the following resolution, making sundry appropriations for the current purposes named therein from the amounts set apart:

Resolved, That the sums hereinafter named be appropriated out of the amounts respectively reserved for the purposes named, viz.:

For overdraft on the City Chamberlain in 1864	$86,533 77
For payments on special appropriations	60,000 00
For payments on piano appropriations	2,000 00
For salaries of Teachers in Ward Schools	170,000 00
For salaries of Janitors in Ward Schools	5,000 00
For support of the Free Academy	6,000 00
For repairs of the Free Academy	1,000 00
For support of Evening Schools	60,000 00
For repairs through the shop	5,000 00
For supplies through the Depository	20,000 00
For salaries of Officers of the Board of Education	6,000 00
For incidental expenses of the Board of Education	6,000 00
For rents of school premises	5,000 00
For Saturday Normal School	2,000 00
For incidental expenses of Ward Schools	15,000 00
	$449,533 77

SAMUEL B. H. VANCE,
TIMOTHY BRENNAN,
JACOB C. BOGERT,
WILSON SMALL,
HENRY P. WEST,
Finance Committee.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative, as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Adams, Bogert, Brown, Dupignac, Farr, Fairchild, Horan, Heath, Hayes, Hastie, Lieber, Maher, Murray, Miller, Neilson, O'Donnell, Roosevelt, Small, Turner, Vance West—21.

Mr. Dupignac presented a report from the Committee on Teachers, to whom was referred the communication from the Trustees of the Twentieth Ward, asking that the salary of Mary E. Eato, a teacher in Colored School No. 6, in said Ward, be increased, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Twentieth Ward be and they are hereby authorized to increase the salary of Mary E. Eato, from January 1, 1865, a teacher in Colored School No. 6, from $240 to $325 per annum, and an additional allowance of $85 is hereby made to the fund for Colored School No. 6, for said purpose.

JAS. B. DUPIGNAC,
WM. C. NEILSON,
J. L. HASTIE,
ARTHUR O'DONNELL,
Committee on Teachers.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Dupignac presented a report from the Committee on Teachers, to whom was referred the application from the Trustees of the Fourth Ward for an additional allowance for salaries of Teachers in said Ward, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That an additional allowance of $1,400 be and the same hereby is granted to the Trustees of the Fourth Ward for the payment of Teachers' Salaries for the year 1865, increasing the allowance already made under the by-law from $24,698 to $26,098.

JAS. B. DUPIGNAC,
WM. C. NEILSON,
JAMES L. HASTIE,
ARTHUR O'DONNELL,
Committee on Teachers.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative, as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Brennan, Bogert, Brown, Dupignac, Farr, Fairchild, Horan, Heath, Hayes, Hitchman, Hastie, Miller, McSpedon, Neilson, O'Donnell, Roosevelt, Vance, West—18.

Mr. Hayes presented a report from the Committee on Warming and Ventilation, to whom were referred the applications from Bernard Gormley, Charles Mettam, John Slatterly and John Dunham, respectively, for the appointment of Engineer, in place of William Dunham, resigned, and accompanied with the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Board do now proceed to elect by ballot a person to fill the office of Engineer of the Board, in place of William Dunham, resigned.

JOHN HAYES,
JAMES W. FARR,
WM. HITCHMAN,
THOMAS McSPEDON,
JAS. B. DUPIGNAC,
Committee on Warming and Ventilation.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Mr. McSpedon moved that said vote be reconsidered.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion, and it was decided in the negative.

ELECTION OF ENGINEER.

The President announced that the Board would now proceed to ballot for an Engineer, in accordance with the resolution just adopted, and appointed Messrs. Small and Brown as Tellers.

The Clerk called the roll, and twenty-six members answered to their names as they deposited their votes.

First Ballot.

The Tellers reported the whole number of votes cast	26	
Necessary to a choice	14	
Of which John Dunham received	16	
John M. Slatterly "	9	
Charles Mettam "	1	
		26

The President declared that John Dunham, having received a majority of all the votes cast, was duly elected Engineer of the Board.

On motion, the Board then adjourned.

THOS. BOESE,
Clerk.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

AN ORDINANCE

TO PROVIDE FOR THE PROCUREMENT OF VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ARMIES OF THE UNION AS PART AND PARCEL OF THE QUOTA OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, UNDER THE CALL OF THE PRESIDENT, DATED DECEMBER TWENTIETH, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR, FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of New York do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. For the purpose of securing the additional number of men which may be required of the County of New York, under the call of the President of the United States, dated December twentieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, for three hundred thousand men, the Comptroller is hereby authorized and directed to pay, as hereinafter provided, such sum and sums of money as may be necessary to obtain acceptable volunteers for the United States service, either in the army or navy, in such amounts as may be deemed advisable and expedient by the Special Committee on Volunteering, and his Honor the Mayor and the Comptroller, provided such volunteers shall be credited and allowed on account of the quota of men required to be furnished by the County under such call of the President.

§ 2. The money authorized by the preceding section to be paid for volunteers shall be paid to such volunteers respectively at the office of the Comptroller, or such other place or places as said Comptroller may designate, immediately on their furnishing satisfactory evidence of their having enlisted and been duly accepted and mustered into the military service of the United States for the term of their enlistment.

§ 3. In order that the Comptroller may be enabled to make the payments hereinbefore authorized, and meet the expenses necessarily incurred in the execution of this ordinance, he is hereby authorized to borrow from time to time, on the faith and credit of the County of New York, a sum not exceeding an aggregate of two millions of dollars ($2,000,000), in addition to all loans heretofore authorized under authority of the Legislature or otherwise for the purpose of volunteering, which amount is hereby appropriated therefor.

§ 4. For the money so borrowed, the Comptroller is hereby authorized to issue bonds of the County, which shall be designated and known as the "Soldiers' Bounty Fund Bonds, number three," and the same shall be transferable at the pleasure of the holders thereof, either in person or by attorney, only upon the books of the County, at the office of the Comptroller, and certificates of such transfers shall be indorsed thereon by the Stock and Bond Clerk.

§ 5. The said bonds shall be signed by the Comptroller, countersigned by the Mayor, sealed with the common seal of the Board, and attested by the Clerk of the Board, and they shall bear interest at a rate not exceeding seven per cent. per annum, payable semi annually on the first day of May and November in each year, and the principal thereof shall be redeemable in successive annual instalments of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) each, commencing on the first day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

§ 6. For the payment of the principal of said bonds, and the interest to accrue thereon, the faith of the County of New York and the Board of Supervisors of said County is hereby solemnly pledged, and the Comptroller is hereby authorized and required to redeem and cancel the same from time to time, at or before their maturity.

§ 7. The Mayor and Comptroller of the City of New York, and the following-named members of this Board, that is to say, Elijah F. Purdy, Orison Blunt, William M. Tweed, and William R. Stewart, are hereby designated and appointed a Committee to procure the enlistment of the volunteers authorized by this ordinance, and to secure the counting of the volunteers raised under this ordinance upon the quota of this County.

§ 8. The Comptroller is hereby requested to apply to the Legislature now in session for the passage of an Act to confirm this ordinance; and no action shall be taken thereon until the same has received the requisite legislative authority.

§ 9. The ordinance entitled, "An Ordinance to provide for the procurement of Volunteers for the armies of the Union, as part and parcel of the quota of the City and County of New York, under the call of the President, dated December twentieth, eighteen hundred and sixty four, for three hundred thousand (300,000) men," adopted by this Board on the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, and approved by the Mayor on the same day, is hereby rescinded and repealed.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 10, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of Charles Forman, amounting to eight hundred dollars ($800 00), for rent of rooms No. 654 Broadway, used and occupied by Co.'s A, C, D, and F, Ninth Regiment, New York State National Guard, up to January 1, 1865, be audited and allowed, and the Comptroller directed to pay them, upon the certificate of the commanding officer of the regiment, from appropriation for "Armories and Drill Rooms."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 16, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of the following-named for materials, &c., furnished for construction of New County Court House, be audited and allowed as follows, viz.:

J. B. & W. W. Cornell & Co., iron, as per contract, ten thousand seven hundred and fourteen dollars and ninety-seven cents	$10,714 97
Eastchester Quarry Company, marble, as per contract, three thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents	3,616 95
Henry Dickinson, blue-stone, as per contract, six hundred and sixty-three dollars and seventy cents	663 70
George Teets, stoves and tinware, as per contract, one hundred and ninety-five dollars and twenty cents	195 20
Washington J. Smith, modelling clay, as per contract, ten dollars	10 00
William Jones, sheet lead, as per contract, two hundred and ninety dollars and eighty-eight cents	290 88
James Bird, rubbing sand, as per contract, forty dollars	40 00

And paid by the Comptroller from appropriation for "Construction of New County Court House."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 18, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILL.

Resolved, That the annexed bill of John Roach be audited and allowed at five thousand one hundred and twenty-three dollars ($5,123), and the Comptroller directed to draw his warrant for the same and charge the amount to the appropriation for the "Construction of Harlem Bridge."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, January 17, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the northerly room of the premises heretofore leased by this Board, in Manice's Building be assigned to Thirty seventh Regiment, and the southerly room to Ninth Regiment, New York State National Guard; and all resolutions inconsistent herewith be and are hereby rescinded and repealed.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Committee on County Officers be and are hereby authorized to make the necessary repairs and alterations to the Sheriff's Office.

Referred to Committee on County Officers, with power,

By the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

WARRANTS.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to draw his warrants in favor of W. W. Winants and Richard Radliff for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars ($150) each, for services to the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments in June, 1864, and charge the same to the appropriation for "Salaries—Executive."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

SALARY.

Resolved, That the salary of John E. Develin, Esq., Legal Adviser to this Board, be and is hereby fixed at two thousand dollars ($2,000) per annum.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

TAX.

Resolved, That the personal tax against John H. Witte, for the year 1864, be remitted, said Witte being a resident of the County of Kings, and having paid taxes in said County during the last year.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Adproved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

TAX.

Resolved, That the personal tax of William D. Mangam for the year 1864, be remitted, said Mangam being a resident of the City of Brooklyn for the last three years, and paid a personal tax in said city the present year.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of James Hough, for services as Superintendent of Harlem Bridge, from August 1, 1863, to May 27, 1864, be audited and allowed at twelve hundred and thirty-three dollars and eighty-seven cents ($1,233 87), and the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Construction of Harlem Bridge."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the following named bills, for fitting up election polls for the November election, 1864, be audited and allowed as follows, viz.:

Ernest Buermeyer, First Ward, one district, ten dollars	$10 00
Edward W. Henry, First Ward, First, Second, and Third Districts, thirty dollars	30 00
Edmund Roche, First Ward, Fourth District, ten dollars	10 00
Edward W. Henry, Second Ward, First and Second Districts, twenty dollars	20 00
Edward W. Henry, Third Ward, First Second, Third, and Fourth Districts, forty dollars	40 00
Michael J. Murphy, Fourth Ward, Sixth District, ten dollars	10 00
Lewis Carpenter, Fourth Ward, three districts, thirty dollars	30 00
B. Lynch, Fourth Ward, one district, ten dollars	10 00
John Grennan, Fourth Ward, one district, ten dollars	10 00
R. B. Fairchild & Joyce, Fourth Ward, Seventh District, ten dollars	10 00
Edward W. Henry, Fifth Ward, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Districts, eighty dollars	80 00
Lewis Carpenter, Sixth Ward, eight districts, eighty dollars	80 00
James Campbell, Sixth Ward, Fifth District, ten dollars	10 00
Jordan & Clerken, Seventh Ward, eleven districts, one hundred and ten dollars	110 00
Edward W. Henry, Eighth Ward, nine districts, ninety dollars	90 00
A. G. Bogert & Brothers, Ninth Ward, seven districts, seventy dollars	70 00
William W. Wetmore, Tenth Ward, six districts, sixty dollars	60 00
Thomas Fenton, Twelfth Ward, one district, ten dollars	10 00
Mackey & Sproull, Eleventh Ward, eighteen districts, one hundred and eighty dollars	180 00
John Halloran, Twelfth Ward, one district, ten dollars	10 00
Joseph Leavy, Thirteenth Ward, eight districts, eighty dollars	80 00
John H. Hillier, Fifteenth Ward, ten districts, one hundred dollars	100 00
Patrick O'Reilly, Sixteenth Ward, Fourth District, ten dollars	10 00
Edward Gridley, Sixteenth Ward, ten districts, eighty dollars	80 00
Mackey & Sproull, Seventeenth Ward, eight districts, eighty dollars	80 00
Francis Reilley, Seventeenth Ward, Ninth District, ten dollars	10 00
N. Seger, Seventeenth Ward, nine districts, ninety dollars	90 00
John J. Murphy, Fourteenth Ward, three districts, thirty dollars	30 00
Patrick Glennon, Fourteenth Ward, one district	10 00
Owen Duffy, Fourteenth Ward, one district	10 00
James Burns, Fourteenth Ward, one district	10 00
John Mulholland, Fourteenth Ward, one district	10 00
J. J. Murphy, Fourteenth Ward, one district	10 00
Patrick McMahon, Seventeenth Ward, one district, nine dollars	9 00
Lewis Carpenter, Eighteenth Ward, fourteen districts, one hundred and forty dollars	140 00
Daniel Campbell, Nineteenth Ward, four districts, forty dollars	40 00
Henry Corey, Nineteenth Ward, five districts, fifty dollars	50 00
George S. Miller, Twentieth Ward, First District, building a house, eighty-eight dollars and seventy cents	88 70
Edward Gridley, Twentieth Ward, fourteen districts, one hundred and thirty-five dollars	135 00
J. H. Sandford, Twenty-first Ward, fourteen districts, one hundred and forty dollars	140 00
George W. Jenkins, Twelfth Ward, First District, ten dollars	10 00
John M. Hall, Twelfth Ward, Second District, ten dollars	10 00
Edward Gridley, Twenty second Ward, fourteen districts, ninety-five dollars	95 00

And the Comptroller directed to pay them from appropriation for "Election Expenses."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

JOS. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RIOT CLAIMS.

Resolved, That the bills or claims of the following named persons, for damages alleged to have been sustained by them in consequence of the riots of July, 1863, be audited and allowed at the amounts hereinafter specified, and that the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and requested to pay the same upon the parties executing a release in full of all demands against the City and County of New York; and the Clerk of this Board is hereby directed to transmit to the Comptroller the original claims above mentioned, with the testimony and accompanying papers, viz:

Phebe Borgen, forty dollars	$40 00
William McFarland, twenty three dollars and fifty cents	23 50
Peter Husted, one hundred dollars	100 00
Priscilla Webb, twenty dollars	20 00
Lucretia Smith, twenty dollars	20 00
Louis Krauser, twenty dollars	20 00
Isabella Hornbeck, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Charles Davis, thirty dollars	30 00
Phebe Bergen, forty dollars	40 00
Bennett Johnson, twenty dollars	20 00
David Johnson, twenty five dollars	25 00
Margaret Huggs, fifty dollars	50 00
Sarah Williams, twenty dollars	20 00
Delia A. Williams, sixty dollars	60 00
Mary Ann Waters, one hundred dollars	100 00
Anna Thompson, thirty dollars	30 00
Benjamin Taylor, seventy-five dollars	75 00
Susan Stewart, fifteen dollars	15 00
Sophia Smith, forty-eight dollars and twenty-eight cents	48 28
Margory Smith, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Frederick Steger, thirty-four dollars	34 00
Mary A. Simmons, fifty dollars	50 00
Sarah Stevens, thirty three dollars and seventy-five cents	33 75
Lydia Ann Ross, fifty dollars	50 00
Francis A. Rice, four dollars and fifty cents	4 50
Eliza Peters, fifty dollars	50 00
George Phillips, one hundred dollars	100 00
Mary E. Nichols, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Ephraim Lane, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Harriett McGuiness, eighteen dollars	18 00
Thomas Kidd, twenty dollars	20 00
John McCray, fifty dollars	50 00
William McFarland, nineteen dollars and fifty cents	19 50
Margaret Garvant, one hundred dollars	100 00
Elizabeth Noyes, thirty dollars	30 00
Frederick Johnson, one hundred dollars	100 00
Ann Johnson, seventy-five dollars	75 00
Margaret Hamilton, forty dollars	40 00
Isabella Houseman, thirty dollars	30 00
Charlotte Houseman, one hundred dollars	100 00
Elizabeth Gibson, eighty dollars	80 00
Elizabeth Griffin, twenty dollars	20 00
James G. Ferris, fifty dollars	50 00
William E. Ferris, forty dollars	40 00
Margaret Ermy, one hundred dollars	100 00
Antoinette Davis, thirty dollars	30 00
Charles Darnell, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Robert Depee, fifty dollars	50 00
Charles Davis, twenty-five dollars	25 00
Georgiana Callaman, three hundred dollars	300 00
Alexander Anderson, forty dollars	40 00
Catharine Bennett, twenty-four dollars	24 00
Stephen W. Cody, fifteen dollars	15 00
Elijah Billings, fifty dollars	50 00
Elizabeth Benson, three hundred dollars	300 00
James H. Kipher, two hundred dollars	200 00
Mary J. Green, fifty dollars	50 00
Martha N. Giles, fifty dollars	50 00
Thomas F. Clinton, two hundred and fifty dollars	250 00
William Irving, four hundred dollars	400 00
Samuel Edwards, twenty dollars	20 00

Resolved, That the claims of the persons hereinafter named for damages alleged to have been sustained in consequence of the riots in July, 1863, be not allowed, the same having been examined by the Special Committee of the Board, and being in their judgment not valid claims against the County:

Eliza Barnes,
Sarah J. Dubois,
Charles Evans,
Charles Guichard,
Thomas Jackson,
David R. Murray,
Emma Hunter,
Henry Manley.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 17, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

COMMON COUNCIL.

JOINT PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1865.

BILL.

Bill of Thomas Nolan, for fitting up Ninth Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Andrew Hurd, for fitting up Eleventh Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Francis Buddy, for fitting up First Election District of the Twenty second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of John Ruddy, for fitting up Sixth Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Frederick Lepporin, for fitting up Fourth Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Michael Cotter, for fitting up Fourth Election District of the Twenty-first Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Jos. P. Kelly, for fitting up Tenth Election District of the Twenty second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of John Deinhart, for fitting up Thirteenth Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Michael Corey, for fitting up Fifth Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Schroder & Bon to receive and deliver goods in front of their premises, No 253 Pearl street, to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to the Board of Supervisors to erect a partition on the south side of the Hall for the use of the Sheriff's Office, to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

WARRANT.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to draw his warrant in favor of Michael Quinn for the sum of ten dollars, for fitting up the Eighth Election District, Thirteenth Ward, and charge it to its appropriate account.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 9, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Joseph P. Kelly, for fitting up Election District of the Tenth Aldermanic District, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 9, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Lawrence Kelly, for fitting up Eleventh Election District of the Seventeenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 9, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of P. F. Magin, for fitting up Third Election District of the Nineteenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 9, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of William Carroll, for fitting up Fourteenth Election District of the Twenty-first Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Stephen Geoghegan, for fitting up Seventh Election District of the Twenty first Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller with power,

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Thomas E. Foran, for fitting up Nineteenth Election District of the Seventeenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of B. O'Neal, for fitting up First and Seventh Election Districts of the Twenty-first Ward, amounting to $20, was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby given to Messrs. Slate & Woodman, Nos. 119 and 121 William street, to receive and deliver goods in front of their premises, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of Asa Butman, for fitting up Fourth Election District of the Ninth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of William Dealing, for fitting up Third Election District of the Twenty-second Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 24, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission is hereby given to John W. Farmer to build a coal box, not to extend beyond the stoop-line, in front of his premises, 47 Ludlow street, for the purpose of selling coal to the people by the pail at the same rate it cost by the cargo; the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby granted to John Haslett to erect and maintain at his own proper cost and expense, a pump on the north-easterly corner of Sixth avenue and Eighth street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 26, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Jacob Shipley to erect a sign in front of his premises, No. 52½ Bowery, to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Received from his Honor the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of B. Ryan, for fitting up Eighth Election District of the Fifteenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 26, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That John J. Kehoe be and is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the City and County of New York, in the place and stead of Daniel M. O'Brian.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 26, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Francis J. Tucker be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the City and County of New York, in the place and stead of William Walsh, resigned.

Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 26, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 26, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Hamilton Armstrong to exhibit goods in front of his store, No. 140 Sixth avenue, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Received from his Honor the Mayor, January 27, 1865, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMISSION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Patrick Mooney to erect a sign in front of No. 36 Astor place, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
Received from his Honor the Mayor, Jan. 17, 1865, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMISSION.

Resolved, That permission be and hereby is given to Frederick Pfeiffer to erect and keep a barber's pole in front of his premises, No. 418 Canal street, such permission to continue only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by Board of Aldermen, Jan. 9, 1865.
Adopted by Board of Councilmen, Jan. 16, 1865.
Received from his Honor the Mayor, Jan. 27, 1865, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BILL.

Bill of John Duff, for fitting up Ninth Election District of the Eighteenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 30, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 31, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

Bill of M. Surey, for fitting up Ninth Election District of the Sixteenth Ward, amounting to $10, was referred to the Comptroller, with power,

By the Board of Councilmen, Jan. 23, 1865.
By the Board of Aldermen, Jan. 30, 1865.
Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 31, 1865.
D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

SUGGESTIONS OF THE SEASON.—King Winter has waved his scepter over the land, whitening the earth, bridging the streams, and turning the waterfalls to pendant crystal. Upon animated as well as inanimate nature, the frigid atmosphere produces a marked effect. The blood is driven from the surface of the body back upon its inner fountains, and chills and fever, rheumatism, pulmonary diseases, billiousness and unpleasant disorders of the stomach and bowels are apt to be the results.

Now what is required to fortify the system against the attacks of disease thus engendered? Clearly a TONIC, which, acting through the stomach upon the circulation and the nervous system, shall redetermine the vital fluid to the surface, and brace the nerves of motion and sensation. But this is not all that is required. With the TONIC must be combined such ALTERATIVE and REGULATING agencies as will tend to keep the whole animal machinery "in good working order."

Those three grand requisites of a Winter Restorative exist, in their fullest perfection, in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which are compounded of the purest vegetable stimulants and extracts of the most genial and healthful roots, barks and plants that the herbalists and botanists of the world have yet discovered. Sold everywhere. New York office, No. 59 Cedar street.

☞ **Washington Engine Company No. 20.**—At a special meeting of Washington Engine Company No. 20, held on Monday, Jan. 30, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It is with feelings of the most painful character that we have to record the death of JAMES DONOHUE, for years an honored member of our Company, and holding and faithfully performing the duties of all positions in it; and

Whereas, Feeling that the sad event calls for more than a passing notice of our late brother member—one to whom we looked for counsel and advice in all matters tending to elevate and perpetuate that noblest of institutions, the New York Fire Department—one whose ever-ready hand and smiling countenance won the esteem and admiration of all who knew him—a merchant whose integrity of purpose and strict mercantile habits made his name synonymous with all that is honest and honorable; and now that he is carried to the tomb of his fathers, it is our sad duty to mourn; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of James Donohue we have lost a friend—a friend in every sense of the word—and the Fire Department a well wisher and supporter of the highest order, and the community in general an upright citizen and a high-toned gentleman—a man whom it was our pride and privilege to point out.

Resolved, That to the family of the deceased we tender our heartfelt sympathy and commiseration, hoping that they will console themselves with the fact that "He who giveth taketh away."

Resolved, That we attend the funeral from St. Stephen's Church, on Tuesday, January 31, and that the house be draped in mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full on the minutes of the company, and be published in the LEADER, Mercury, and Journal of Commerce.

JEREMIAH KENNEFICK, Chairman.

M. MEEHAN, Secretary.

DANIEL KENNEDY,
PATRICK HOREN,
J. R. NELIGAN,
J. W. McMANUS,
Committee.

☞ **Assistant Engineer, Seventh District, THOMAS MACAULY, Foreman Engine Co. No. 4.**

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at Public Vendue, on SATURDAY, the 18th day of March, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of PATRICK HOGAN, which he had on the twenty-sixth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty five, or at any time afterwards, of, in, and to the following described property; to wit:

All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the Nineteenth Ward (late Twelfth Ward) of the City of New York, and known and distinguished on a certain map of property being part of the Turtle Bay farm, made by R. W. Bridges, City Surveyor, May the 14th, 1835, by the number of one hundred and thirteen (113), which said lot is bounded as follows: Commencing at a point one hundred feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly side of Forty-eighth street with the westerly side of the First avenue; running thence southerly and parallel with the First avenue one hundred feet and five inches to the middle of the block; thence westerly twenty-five feet parallel with Forty eighth street; thence northerly and parallel with the First avenue one hundred feet and five inches to the southerly side of Forty-eighth street twenty-five feet to the place of beginning.

Together with all and singular the tenements and hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.—Dated February 4th, 1865.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

JOSEPH CORNELL, Deputy Sheriff. f4 7t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—WE, the undersigned, being desirous of forming a Limited Partnership pursuant to Title 1, Chapter IV, Part II, of the Revised statutes, and the several acts amending the same, do hereby certify:

That the firm name under which such partnership is to be conducted is KNAPP, BAXTER & VAN PELT.

That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the buying and selling Grain, Flour and Feed on Commission or on their own account.

That the names of the general partners interested in such business are MILTON KNAPP, who resides in the City of Brooklyn and State of New York; WARREN C. BAXTER, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, and WILLIAM M. VAN PELT, who resides in the City of Elizabeth and State of New Jersey.

That the name of the special partner interested in the said business is PETER C. VAN SCHAICK, of Westchester, Westchester County, New York.

That the said Peter C. Van Schaick has contributed to the common stock as capital the sum of Fifteen thousand dollars

That the said Partnership is to commence on the first day of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty five, and will terminate on the first day of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

Dated New York, January 30, 1865.

MILTON KNAPP,
WARREN C. BAXTER,
WILLIAM M. VAN PELT,
P. C. VAN SCHAICK.

f4 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—THE subscribers have formed a Limited Partnership pursuant to the provisions of title 1, chapter 4, part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and of the several acts and parts of acts amendatory thereof, for the transaction of the Wholesale Clothing Business, at No. 340 Broadway, New York, under the firm name of CARTER, KIRTLAND & CO.

Samuel Carter, who resides in Brooklyn, Kings County, New York; John Rose, William H. Kirtland and Charles B. Peet, who reside in the City, County and State of New York, are the general partners, and John H. Werts, of Lexington, Kentucky, is the special partner.

The amount which said John H. Werts, as such special partner, has contributed to the common stock is one hundred thousand dollars in cash.

Said copartnership is to commence on the 28th day of January, A. D 1865, and terminate on the 31st day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

SAMUEL CARTER,
JOHN ROSE,
WM. H. KIRTLAND,
CHARLES B. PEET,
General Partners.
JOHN H. WERTS, Special Partner.

Dated New York, January 28, 1865. f4 6t

NOTICE OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—This is to certify that the undersigned have, pursuant to the Laws of the State of New York, formed a Limited Partnership, under the name or firm of FECHHEIMER, GOODKIND & CO. That the general nature of the business to be transacted is the wholesale clothing and furnishing goods business; and that Martin S. Fechheimer, whose residence is in the City of New York, and Henry Goodkind and Henry Kronthal, whose respective places of residence are in the City of San Francisco and state of California, are the general partners; and Marcus Fechheimer, whose place of residence is in the City of Cincinnati, and State of Ohio, is the special partner; and that the said Marcus Fechheimer hath contributed the sum of fifty thousand dollars capital, in cash, towards the common stock; and that the said partnership is to commence on the second day of January, 1865, and is to terminate on the 31st day of December, 1867.—Dated this second day of January, 1865.

MARTIN S. FECHHEIMER,
HENRY GOODKIND,
HENRY KRONTHAL,
General Partners.
f4 6t MARCUS FECHHEIMER, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT — CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Fanny Bernstein, Plaintiff, against Wolf Bernstein, Defendant.—Summons for Relief—(Com. not ser.) (U. S. Rev. stamp, 50 cents, cancelled.)

To the Defendant above-named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall at the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 25 Chambers street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated January 31, 1865.

HIRSCH & KURZMAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in the above entitled action has been duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, on the second day of February, 1865.

f4 6t HIRSCH & KURZMAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the subscribers pursuant to the act concerning Limited Partnerships, to be conducted under the firm name of W. T. & J. MERSEREAU, for the transaction of the business of manufacturing and dealing in stair-rods, trunk hardware and other trunk materials, house furnishing articles and brass mountings for military equipments, in the City of Newark, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, and in the City of New York, in the County and State of New York; William T. Mersereau and Jacob Mersereau being the general partners, and David S. Plume the special partner; that the amount of capital contributed to the common stock by the said David S. Plume is Twenty thousand dollars, and that the said partnership is to commence on the first day of February, A. D. 1865, and terminate on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1866.

Dated January 30, 1865.

W. T. MERSEREAU,
J. MERSEREAU,
f4 6t D. S. PLUME.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of SARAH PHILLIPS, late of the City of New York, and native of Ireland, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 14th day of February next.

Dated New York, January 13th, 1865.

ROBERT B. BRADFORD, Public Administrator.

HENRY RICHARDSON, Proctor. Ja14 4t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted by one of the Justices of the Superior Court of the City of New York, Notice is hereby given of application for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of Article three, Title one, chapter five, part two of the Revised Statutes, JOHN W. FREEMAN, of New York County. Notice, first published December 31st, 1864. Creditors to appear before the Hon. John M. Barbour, Justice of the Superior Court of the City of New York, at the Special Term of said Court, on the 16th of February next, at 10 A. M.

d31 6t JOHN W. FREEMAN, Insolvent.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW COURT-HOUSE, Jan. 18, 1865.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC Notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants, of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz.:

Building a sewer in Fifty-second street, from Seventh avenue to Broadway.

Building a sewer in Eighth avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Paving with trap block Forty-eighth street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue.

Paving with trap-block Houston street, from Avenue D to the Bowery.

Laying crosswalks in West street, opposite Marine Chapel.

Building a sewer in Forty-ninth street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, and in Tenth avenue to Forty-seventh street.

Paving Broadway with trap-block, from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth street.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on Fifty-second street, from Seventh avenue to one hundred and twenty-five feet east of Broadway, and all the lots on Broadway to the extent of half the block north and south of Fifty-second street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Eighth avenue, from Thirteenth to Fourteenth street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-eighth street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Houston street, and all the lots on both sides of the intersecting streets, to the extent of half the block, from Avenue D to the Bowery.

Also, all the lots on West street, between Carlisle and Albany streets.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-ninth street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, and all the lots on both sides of Tenth avenue, from Forty seventh to Forty-ninth street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Broadway, and all the lots on both sides of the intersecting streets, to the extent of half the block, from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth street.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to one of the undersigned, at their office, No. 32 Chambers street, basement New Court House, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN,
MORGAN L. HARRIS,
DANIEL D. CONOVER,
Board of Assessors.

Ja28 3t

THE STANDARD AMERICAN
BILLIARD TABLE
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Corner of CROSBY AND SPRING STREETS,
New York.

A. LANGE, 206 WILLIAM ST.,
(Corner of Frankfort,)
GILDER
AND MANUFACTURER OF GILT MOULDINGS,
Plain and Ornamented.
LOOKING GLASS, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE
FRAMES.

A very large assortment of Engravings and Lithographs on hand. Repairing and Regilding done.

FIRE ENGINES.—
C. E. HARTSHORN,
Formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
119 and 121 Walker street,
is prepared to execute orders from City or Country, for every variety and style of Fire Apparatus, with promptness and dispatch.

New and Second Hand Apparatus on hand.
New York, August, 1853.

LEADERS WANTED.—ANY PARties having a few copies of the NEW YORK LEADER of October 15th and December 24, 1864, will receive 25 cents each by leaving them at the desk of this office, 20 Frankfort street.