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[For the Leader.]

PARTING AT SUNSET.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

Hold me fast, clasp me close to your heart, dear love,
Lay your mouth on my mouth in a long embrace.
O love, if that kiss were a deadly sin,
I must sin again ere I lose your face
From my sight forever. Nay, sweet, be still;
Even now the sun hangs low and red
On the edge of the west. Ere that sun shall set
Must our last, last love-word be said.

Yes, love, it is ended. The struggle is past,
The days of anguish, the nights of tears;
When I prayed; I can die, but I cannot cease
To stray from the love that has grown with years.
When I wept, not mine was the sin that proved
My lover dead in a foreign land;
When my heart lay numb in a trance of grief,
Not mine was the sin that sold my hand.

I was not happy before you came;
But I was calm. Behind me lay
My beautiful youth, with its hopes and dreams,
In their morning freshness dewy and gay.
Behind me, the path that I must tread—
God knows how long—as Roland's wife,
With the sure sweet hope when the end was come
To claim my love in the other life.

And then you came—and my heart was stirred
With a passion of joy, till you spoke my name;
Called me "Alice," "your Alice," nor guessed the truth
That filled me with terror and grief and shame,
Till I fled your presence. I will not speak
Of the days that followed. Dear, we must part
To the end of it all; though my heart should break,
Is not honor worth even a broken heart?

Nay, dear, be silent. You shall not speak
The thought that I read in your darkening eyes.
Let me live my life as before you came,
As if you were dead, or my last hope dies.
Let me live for duty and honor and truth,
With that one sweet hope to light my way—
That face to face we shall meet again,
Loving and loved in God's perfect day.

Then, when in that heaven of heavens we stand,
To live for ever our radiant life,
Will one joy be less for the few brief years
That I passed on earth as Roland's wife?
O love, believe me, 'tis better so;
We shall meet in bliss, though we part in tears,
Now kiss me again, and again farewell—
Pray God He will hasten the weary years!

That Billiard Match.

BY SI SLOKUM.

I took leave of the reader last week on my way to Chris. O'Connor's with Grant and Greeley, for the purpose of playing a match at billiards, and propose to relate this week concerning said match.

Upon the arrival of the coach in front of Chris.'s place I alighted, and after advising the General and Horace to lay low and keep dark while I went up to arrange matters, left them. Informed Chris. as to what was up, and suggested the getting up of some sort of excitement at the lower end of the hall that would for a few moments attract the attention of all present to that locality, while we—Grant, Greeley and myself—surreptitiously made our way to the private room above. Chris. reflected on the matter a few moments, considered it in all its bearings, and at length remarked, placing his finger aside his nose:

"I have it!"

"And how?" I inquired.

"Never you mind," says he, "but wait five minutes, and I'll have every one in both halls about that farther table down there," pointing to the lower end of the hall.

Whispering to one of his subordinates, he strolled carelessly down the hall till he reached the end, when in a loud voice he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I would like to see you all down here for a few moments; I have something rare to show you."

Players and lookers on immediately made their way thither, quite a number coming down from the hall above. Immediately I started out, and in less than one minute came back with the General and Horace, and passed up stairs to the private room without being observed by a person in the lower hall, all collected at the further end as they were.

The General was so pleased with the manner in which the thing had been managed that he immediately offered me a position on his staff, which, however, was declined, with thanks, by your humble servant, on account of previous engagements. Greeley was pleased too, and wanted me to go to Paraguay, as war correspondent of the *Tribune*, which position was likewise declined, minus thanks, on account of future engagements.

Grant quickly off with his coats and appeared in his shirt sleeves, and after offering a cigar to Horace, which was accepted and lighted by the philosopher, the same courtesy being extended to myself, he went to one of the racks to select a cue, Greeley and myself doing the same, after divesting ourselves of our coats.

Grant soon found a cue to his liking, and went to work knocking the balls about the table. Looking with a grim smile at Greeley—who was puffing away at his cigar as if for dear life, and examining first one cue and then another—he asked, with a wink at me:

"How do you like that cigar, Horace?"

"Capital," replied the latter. "It's the best cigar I've smoked in a month."

"Yes, they are good cigars, Horace. Sent to me by the Captain-General of Cuba," remarked the President-elect.

At this moment Chris. entered the room with Neil Bryant, and both being well known to Grant, they were received in a very cordial manner by the latter and by Greeley likewise, who had at length found a cue that suited him.

"How shall we play, Sir?" asked the General of me.

I proposed that Chris. and myself play against him and Greeley, that being about an even thing, as I calculated.

"I think you and I had better tackle Chris. and the old man. I want to beat him," said Ulysses.

"Any way you please," said Horace, who was evidently desirous of accommodating the General in all things. The match was so made, and Neil unanimously elected marker, umpire and referee, which distinguished honors he accepted in a bunch at one fell swoop, in a short speech, entirely Bryantian in style, composition and delivery. In off-hand, extempore speeches Neil stands almost alone, with many imitators, few equals, and no superiors.

Wine—Mumm's—was now ushered upon the scene, and each one taking a glass in hand, Greely proposed, as the first regular toast, "The Next President," which was drank standing, the President-elect bowing low at the compliment.

"String for lead, I suppose," said the General, as he took a position at the head of the table.

"Certainly," rejoined Greeley, who took up a position on the left flank of the General. Down went the balls to the lower cushion and back, Grant winning the lead-off, by six feet, Horace's ball stopping near the center of the table.

"Spot your ball, old man," said Grant, gayly. "My soul's in arms and eager for the tray."

I will state here that the game, as agreed upon, was the three ball French game, 1,000 points up, on a medium sized carom table, push shots barred, no bridges or scratches allowed.

Greeley placed his ball on the spot, carelessly dropping, as he did so, his cigar upon the table, causing, however, no damage to the latter.

The General played, and counted, putting Greeley out, scoring before he got through 81 points, a very good run at the three ball game, even for a professional. Chris. now went to work, and run 110 points, which so elated Greeley that he threw his hat into one corner of the room, dropping his specs as he did so, but not breaking them. It was my turn now, and chalking up carefully, I played a brilliant shot and missed, which likewise pleased Horace.

Chris. got in again, and scored 46 points, making some brilliant shots, at which Greeley sung out, "That's my pard. He's got his billiard eye on to-day."

The General went to work now, scoring 92 points, which rather set Greeley back. The game now stood—for Grant and myself, 176, to Chris's and Greeley's 156 points.

It was Greeley's play next, and by a succession of brilliant shots he scored 9 points, which brought the strings about even. It being my next play, I went in and scored one, making a most remarkable shot, Greeley claiming a "scratch," which was not allowed by the referee, and the one point went up.

Chris. now got in and scored 176 points, at which Greeley again sung out, "That's my pard. O, we'll warm you, General. Is there any other game you play better?"

The General grimly smiled, sandpapered and carefully chalked his cue, and led off with a brilliant shot, taking nine cushions, which rather astonished Greeley, who claimed a "scratch," which of course was not allowed by the umpire. Before he finished the General scored, in a handsome manner, 211 points, at which Greeley looked blank, and took a glass of wine by himself.

The game now stood 421 for Grant and myself to 341 for Chris. and Greeley. The latter now went to work, but missing, caught his ball and attempted to play again, claiming that he hit the ball before he meant to. The marker couldn't see it in that direction, and ruled him out, at which Horace got a little miffed. Grant followed with a score of 2 points, at which Greeley brightened up, and upon Chris. scoring 78 points his spirits rose wonderfully, and he proposed to his "pard" and the rest of us that we should take some wine about this time. No objections being raised, the glasses were filled, and Horace proposed, "The next Postmaster General," looking significantly at Grant. This was drank in profound silence, and the game proceeded. It was my hand in now, and I made a run of 5, Greeley following with 3 points, he declaring that he never played so poorly before. Said the balls didn't "break" for him at all. I suggested that he was probably nervous, matched as he was against the General. He scouted the idea. "What do I care for him?" he said, in an undertone. "Enough, Horace, not to peril your chances for the P. M. G.," I returned. He said nothing, but went and selected another cue. As for myself, I was in hard luck, and felt ashamed of my game, and told the General he must not count much on me, unless I got the balls, when there would be no knowing how many I would make until I got through. He remarked that it was of no consequence, as he felt able to "clean them out," unless Chris. scored too heavily. "As for Greeley," says he, "he can't play for sour apples," in which remark there was more truth than poetry expressed, for Greeley's game was by no means Fosterian, judging from the little I had seen of it.

He is an ungraceful player, one of those who bend to a right-angular, triangular position, saw their cues eleven or fifteen times over their bridge hand, and upon striking a ball straighten up with a sudden jerk invariably, as in Greeley's case, striking the gas burner with their cues, and who, during the motion of the cue ball, twist themselves from side to side, draw up one leg or the other, or turn completely round if the ball, in rolling towards another, begins to lose its "legs," as if that would keep it rolling. All of these things are very pardonable, no doubt, but they are not practiced by professionals or first class amateurs, not being considered elegant accompaniaments to the game or as imparting grace to the player.

The General now went at the balls, making some very fine shots, running up a score of 99 points, Greeley watching anxiously the string as point after point went up. Chris. now went at it, accomplishing a run of 277 points, at which Greeley again became highly elated, and proposed that the party wine. There were no objections to this proposition, and the glasses were filled.

Neil, raising his glass high in the air, said, "Gentlemen, I give you 'Our Next Mayor,'" which was drank with cheers by all except Horace, who drank in silence. The truth is, Greeley is not as favorably disposed towards "our next Mayor" as he might be.

The General remarking, upon setting down his glass, that Chris. had made a very fine run, Greeley burst in with "That's so; and it isn't beat here to-day, I'll bet fifty dollars."

"If you think so, fifty dollars' worth. Horace, put up," said the General, with a twinkle in his eye, and that grim smile just perceptible through the cloud of smoke that hung on the verge of his expressive face.

"I'll do it," says Horace, and he borrowed fifty of Chris., and placed it in the hands of Neil. Grant covered it immediately, and I heard Greeley mutter something about its paying for the breakfast it he won.

It was my next play, and I succeeded in scoring 67 points, nearly every shot being a very difficult one. Greeley five times claimed a "scratch;" disallowed each time. He had no sight to have a "scratch" allowed against me, with Neil as referee—not much.

The game now stood—for Chris. and Hod, 699, to 591 for the General and myself, and Greeley's next play. The first shot he made, by good luck, brought the balls together, and nursing them carefully, he scored 7 points.

"On to Richmond! On!" exclaimed Neil—just like him—which remark brought down the house. Evidently the General was highly pleased, but, in his inward laughter, he had followed some cigar smoke, which set him coughing. Greeley didn't appear to relish or appreciate the remark, but took a rest and chalked his cue, looking very glum.

After scoring two points more, he slipped up, leaving the balls together, remarking, as he let the butt of his cue fall heavily to the floor, that the referee had no business to speak in the game unless referred to. "If it hadn't been for that, I might have run a hundred," he said.

"It *might* rain blue ink," said Neil; at which the philosopher subsided, and went into a consideration of the possibility of its raining blue ink—one would have so judged by his looks.

It was now the General's play, and taking off his hat, rolling up his shirt sleeves, and lighting a fresh cigar—the seventh he had smoked since breakfast—he carefully chalked his cue, saying, somewhat jocosely:

"Hod, old fellow, I am going for that fifty now."

"You have got to go to 277 to get it," returned Horace, rather more facetiously than one would have expected.

"Oh, it's mine," said the General, cautiously, but in a confident tone. I felt rather doubtful myself about his running 277 points at the French game, this being a remarkable run, I guess so. What do you guess, most all of you? But he seemed so confident that I began to feel somewhat so myself.

The balls were in a good position, and he commenced on them, scoring 61 points in a very short time, when he took a rest and chalked up. His next score was 117, with another rest and chalking of his cue. Greeley claimed two "fouls"—both disallowed, nothing of the kind being seen by the umpire. The General now scattered the balls, evidently tired of "nursing," and played some dazzling round-the-table shots, utterly astonishing Greely, who claimed "scratch" nearly every shot, but not a "scratch" was allowed. The fact was, the General's game wasn't comprehended by Horace, and the most brilliant shots made he took for "scratches."

This time Ulysses scored 213 points, took another rest, and chalked his cue for further trial. He had scored now 391 points, and this number winning the stakes, these were delivered over to him by Neil, with a neat speech, which we should like to give here, but want of space forbids. Greeley looked mightily chop-fallen, and declared that most of the shots made by the General were "scratches;" but as the umpire didn't see it that direction, every shot made was a point up.

Ulysses now went to work for the fourth heat, and scored 15 points, when the marker called "game;" the 1,000 points were made, and the game won by the General and myself, by about 360 points.

Greeley declared it was all luck on the General's part. Said that he, Greeley, wasn't used to the table, that the cushions were different from those he was accustomed to, that he hadn't had a cue to suit him, etc., to all of which the General rejoined: "These things, no doubt, lost you the game. But let us take some wine, Horace. It is lose to-day and win to-morrow, you know. 'Let us have peace.'"

"Here's to the next ambassador to Japan," said the President elect as the glasses were raised, looking significantly at Horace, who evidently didn't appreciate the sentiment, which was responded to by three hearty cheers on the part of all but the one it was intended for. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said Grant, who whispered in the ear of Greeley, who brightened up immediately; probably it had some reference to the P. M. G., I don't know. He then proposed to "string" with Horace for a bottle, the latter accepting and winning, the General no doubt letting him win to please him. The wine was drank, and the party prepared to leave, the General asking Chris. how he managed to collect everybody about him down stairs, at the farther end of the hall.

"I told them I had something rare to show them, and showed them this silver dollar," replied Chris, laughing, as he took from his pocket a dollar manufactured a number of years ago, at the United States Mint.

"Good, devilish good," said the General. "They *are* somewhat rare, that's a fact—silver dollars."

We were about to leave, when Chris said to Greeley, "How about that fifty, Horace?"

"Oh, *yes*, come down to the office——"

"Hadn't you had better send it up, eh?" said Chris, cutting him short. Greeley agreed to do this, and we left the place without attracting a great deal of attention.

As an amateur, the General plays an extraordinary game, as his scoring at the French game shows, but that we, he and I, came off victors, is due to the fact that Chris "threw off" the game, which, of course, in no way affected Greeley's wager. The latter, I think, will never excel at billiards, at all events, not at the French game. Take him on an old style, six pocket table, and he might do better. Chris' game is well known, as to mine, modesty forbids any mention being made. I had a good "pard," and that is everything in a match.

Grant left for Washington, a few days after this, and Greeley, I haven't seen since.

SI SLOKUM.

[For the Leader.]

Varia.

BY VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

No American novellist that we have had approaches Hawthorne in delicacy and subtlety of genius. He was a true artist in the highest sense of the word. For beauty of style his writings are unequalled, and they are not less remarkable for the suggestiveness and profound meaning of the thoughts that they convey. It is not strange that his popularity should have been of slow growth during his life, and should have increased so rapidly since his death. His genius is of too fine a quality to be readily understood; his works are addressed peculiarly to the highly gifted and cultivated, and it is only through the appreciation of this comparatively small class that more superficial readers gradually learn to acknowledge the beauties that they must be taught to admire. At present Hawthorne is acknowledged in England as well as in this country as one of the few masters of the English language. Many able reviews have appeared in English and American periodicals within a few months, showing the wide interest that attaches to his name. There is, indeed, something contradictory in Hawthorne's nature that arouses curiosity as well as interest. He does not directly advocate any cause. The noblest thoughts of his best characters are uttered interrogatively. He shows his characters baffled in their aims, and shattered in their lives, and leaves it for each reader to determine, according to his own nature or intellectual capacity, whether he sustains them in their nobler aspirations, or whether he would represent the independence, courage, and desire of freedom that he conceives as unfortunate and reprehensible qualities.

This contradiction that is felt in Hawthorne's writings merely proves that his genius found expression only after a long and painful struggle; that it was not invited to bloom by the fostering warmth of the sun, freely and spontaneously, but was often chilled by bleak easterly winds, before it found strength to expand its pale and delicate leaves. In this author indeed two souls contended, the soul of the impassioned spontaneous artist, and that of the lofty-minded but repressed and formal Puritan. When his genius speaks he shows us Hester Prynne rising superior to sorrow and sin; judging her judges, and through the clouds by which she is encompassed, discerning gleams of a higher truth than she has found acknowledged in her narrow world; a truth by which she seeks to guide her life. He shows us Miriam asserting her innocence, and superiority to fate, even in the presence of the corpse of the wretched being who has met his death through her means. He becomes a prophet of the spirit of this age, seeking to free itself from the gloom and dispondency spread like a pall over the earth, by misconceived religious ideas, recognizing the divine possibilities of this life, and teaching that culture, individual development, freedom, reason, are guiding us in unimagined ways to the fulfilment of the destiny of the race. But Hawthorne's other soul, born of the traditions of the past, and the atmosphere he breathed, did not allow him to advocate these ideas as an enthusiast, as a poet or prophet. He suggests them merely, and leaves it to his colder self to contradict them, or cast a wet blanket over the glowing picture. The Hawthorne whom we know and admire is neither the poet of the future, nor the reproducer of the past; his genius impassioned and yet repressed, thrilling with sensibility and yet cold; aspiring to the loftiest truths, and yet sad and morbid, is the child of the close union, the marriage of two contending principles, and his works are the unmistakable fruit of his genius. To those who live in traditions of the past, his opinions appear recklessly bold and speculative; those who take their inspirations from the future recognize his intuitive perception of the truth as they understand it, but are compelled to confess that he was too reserved and critical to become the advocate of his own ideals. All unite in offering admiration and reverence to the conscientious and perfect artist.

Hawthorne's Note Book will be read, and enjoyed by all those who appreciate his genius, who have delighted in his other works. It is the fitting journal of such a man. Indeed, it should scarcely be called a journal, since it is merely the record of external events. Sensibility and reserve keep guard over his pen, and he does not reveal the secrets of his inner life to the paper intended for his own eye alone. But with such nice skill, with such consummate gracefulness does he jot down the memoranda of his daily life, that when collected they form an exquisite work of art. Not a sentence occurs in the two volumes that might not have been written in the concluding page of a favorite romance. The most profound and subtle thoughts bloom tenderly beneath his solitary pen. It is deeply interesting also to read in brief notes the first suggestions of ideas afterwards developed in his stories and romances. This work gives Hawthorne as a fireside friend to the world that has long appreciated him in a measure, and that is finally beginning to render homage to his genius. All who have any interest in literature must feel personally grateful to the firm to whom they are indebted for this exquisite work.

RURAL POEMS BY WILLIAM BARNES. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The purity of style, fidelity to nature, and musical rythm of this author distinguish him as a true poet. He draws his inspiration from the simplest scenes of nature, the modest joys and sorrows of rustic life, and these scenes and emotions he embodies with so much tenderness and truthfulness that his poems prove a joy and inspiration to all. A visitor from another sphere, he pauses amid village youths and maidens, lingers by cottage fire-sides, marks the falling of the leaves in autumn and the swelling of the buds in spring, harks to the wailing of the wintry blast and the soft murmurs of the zephyrs of summer, and whispers of all that he hears and sees in pleasant verses that cannot fail to be admired, and that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Barnes's style is always simple and unpretending, and his rythm has frequently a quaint originality that gives his verses a peculiar charm. We will cite a short poem, appropriate to the season, that will give some idea of the author's manner.

WINTER COMING.

I am glad we have wood in store awhile,
For soon we must shut the door awhile,
As winterly winds may roar awhile,
And scatter the whirling snow.

The swallows have now all hied away,
And most of the flowers have died away,
And boughs, with their leaves all dried away,
Are wind-beaten to and fro.

Your walks in the ash-tree groves are cold,
Your banks in the timbered groves are cold,
Your seats on the garden coves are cold
Where sun-heat did lately glow.

No rosebud is blooming red to-day,
No pink for your breast or head to-day,
O'erhanging the garden bed to-day,
Is nodding its sweet head low.

No more is the swinging lark above,
And air overclouded dark above
So baffles the sun's last spark above
That shadows no longer show.

So now let your warm cheek bloom to-night,
While fire flames heat the room to-night,
Dispelling the flickering gloom to-night,
While winds of the winter blow.

THE LITTLE GIPSY. By Eli Sauvage. Illustrated by Lorenz Frolich. Translated from the French of J. M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Roberts Brothers carry off the palm among all our publishers in the beauty and variety of their children's books. The "Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange" shows what is done in England in this branch of literature. It is a choice specimen of the books for children, elegant in appearance, and entertaining in contents that have been published in London. "Little Women" is a thoroughly American book, plain and simple in dress, but full of the fresh inspiration and joy of a new country and a new life; a book so healthful in tone, so natural, inspiring, and fascinating, that it will be impossible for children to read it without becoming wiser, better and happier for the perusal. And finally, "The Little Gipsy," in fastidiously tasteful garb, reveals the artistic inspiration, the sparkle and brilliancy of French genius.

The Little Gipsy is the child of a poor tailor and his wife, who live in a secluded village in Germany; a sweet little girl, "beautiful as an angel, and lively and bright as a fairy," the joy and pride of her poor father's heart. Little Mina is always singing and dancing, and one day a band of gipsies, who are passing through the village, hear and see her. They are attracted by her sweet voice and graceful movements, and run away with her, in the hope of making money by displaying her talents. The gipsies are very wicked, and treat the poor child with great cruelty; but the first time that she sings and dances in a great city, through which they are passing, she contrives to make her escape, and is adopted by a kind, good gentleman, who has nice little children of his own, and who is a great musician and composer. When Mina grows older she sings a famous song in an oratorio that has been composed by her adopted father, and the king is so delighted with her sweet voice that he makes her elegant presents, tries in vain to find her poor parents, and at last sends her to Italy to study music with the famous professors in that country. After a while she returns to Germany, and the postillion who is driving the carriage gets lost among the mountains, and wanders about without knowing where he is going, until he stops on a high table land, from which Mina sees her native village. The good child runs to her father's cottage, and takes father and mother with her to the court, where the king gives them a pleasant home, in which they live in peace and happiness all the rest of their lives. But Mina becomes the greatest *prima donna* in the country, and is loved and admired by all the world. The story is told with the utmost spirit and grace, and as for the French song, "*La Chevrette*," which the old tailor sang each day to his child, that, in itself alone, is worth a volume. The translation by J. M. Luyster is admirable.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished discourses, and revised by their author. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Beecher's host of friends and admirers have been long desirous of having a collection of his sermons, and the two handsome volumes that have just been published will be welcomed in innumerable households throughout the country, where the name of the great-hearted and eloquent preacher is known and honored. The sermons have been wisely selected, with an idea of showing the range of subjects that Mr. Beecher is in the habit of discoursing upon. They do not present a formal theological system, but they give a clear idea of Mr. Beecher's theological opinions; they put upon record his earnest and empassioned appeals, arousing his hearers to a perception of the divinity of spiritual truth, and show his practical wisdom in teaching the great truth that christianity should be embodied in our daily lives, that it should be made the inspiration of progress, moral purity, and of all noble and beneficent works.

Mr. Beecher always preaches extemporaneously, and his sermons lack the concentration and high finish that belong to discourses carefully prepared in the closet, but, on the other hand, they have the freshness, the emotional intensity and vigor that distinguish successful improvisations, and the premises that underly them can always be relied upon as firm and logical. This all-important feature in these discourses, from which alone they derive their enduring strength and vitality, is due to the wisdom and foresight of the speaker. According to Mr. Beecher's statement, it is his habit to prepare the matter of his discourses and arrange carefully the plan of their construction in copious written notes, and only after this preparation does he "rely wholly on the inspiration of their delivery for their literary clothing and for most of their illustrations." Many young orators who are ambitious of extempore flights think to prove their power by trusting to the inspiration of the moment, without suitable preparation, and, in consequence, they fail to do justice either to their subject or to their own talent; they lose the opportunity of benefiting their audience, and are fortunate if they do not subject both their hearers and themselves to actual pain and mortification. The fact that even an orator as fluent, as powerful, and as experienced as Mr. Beecher, does not venture to let his imagination soar without previous study and preparation, should teach an invaluable lesson to such aspirants.

This valuable work is edited by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, who is so well known as a profound scholar and able writer that we are the more surprised at the curious English with which he favors us in his *Introductory Note*. The following sentence is as hard to decipher as a Chinese puzzle. It is possible, indeed, to guess the meaning of the author but no amount of twisting can turn it into good English. In referring to the numbers of Mr. Beecher's sermons that he is compelled to omit from this collection, he writes:

"The limits of space have compelled us to omit more that ought to be preserved than it was possible to insert."

And surely Mr. Lyman must have been dreaming when he wrote the following sentence:

"There is perhaps no man of ancient or modern times whose preaching is so diverse in manner as that of Mr. Beecher—a fact which partly accounts for his perpetual freshness and his permanent success. The diversity of method and unity of truth, which he combines in a rare degree, I have endeavored to illustrate in these volumes."

Such a use of "diverse" and "diversity" is not only unusual and confused, but wholly unwarrantable.

This collection of Mr. Beecher's sermons will extend indefinitely the healthful influence that has long been exerted by his preaching. They will be read by thousands who have no opportunity of enjoying his eloquence within the walls of Plymouth Church, and they will continue the preacher's noble mission in the great hereafter, when this generation shall have passed away. All sermons with a political bearing have been omitted from this collection, and will probably be published in a separate volume.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE—Prepared by the Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. ii. C. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The second volume of this important work, ably and exhaustively considering all theological and ecclesiastical subjects that lie within the dominions governed by the letters C. & D., has appeared, and will be speedily followed—according to the promise of the authors—by the succeeding volumes of the series.

In the preface we read the following statement:

"The greater part of the articles for this Cyclopædia are already prepared, nearly up to the end of the alphabet; but there are numerous subjects that can only be treated advantageously at or near the time of printing. All the articles are revised *de novo* as the work goes through the press, and the latest literature, in new books as well as in the journals of all nations, is consulted in this revision. The succeeding volumes may therefore be expected as rapidly as they can be carried through the press."

A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; For Schools, Families and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M. D. With illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers; London, Sampson, Low, Son & Marston.

This admirable book is intended as a means of instruction in physiology and hygiene for pupils and general readers who have no previous knowledge on medical subjects. The statements and descriptions are arranged so as to prevent anatomical or physiological terms from being employed until their meaning has been explained in the text. Those who study anatomy and physiology merely as a part of their general education do not require to know all the complicated names and phrases that must be mastered by the professional medical student; and in this work the most interesting and important facts of these sciences are taught in a perfectly simple manner, by presenting them in their proper order and showing them in their natural relations to each other. This book should be adopted in all schools, as an essential part of a liberal education.

BAS BLEUS.—Nothing is so odious as a highly intellectual woman who neglects the feminine graces of outward appearance and the niceties of dress, while engaged, it may be, with literature or art. No intellect can compensate for a slatternly appearance and a neglected household—no graces of mind for a disregard of the external graces of nature. A clever woman will be apt to get terribly impatient with a dull blockhead, whose intelligence is that of an average charity schoolboy; and the most difficult of her wifely duties will be the concealment of the contempt she must feel for him. The careful observer of human nature will often see strangely sad cases of this kind, where, as with the Laureate's Amy, a steady deterioration is going on in the mind of the woman.

Contents.

SI SLOKUM describes "That Billiard Match," being a tilt at the noble game with Grant and Greeley.

THE CAPTAIN discourses loquaciously upon local politics, and exhausts the theme, as usual.

MISS VAUGHAN furnishes an installment of book reviews, as scholarly as they are interesting.

AMUSEMENTS GOSSIP is sparkling, vivacious and unique.

THE ORIGINAL POETRY: "Mary with the Passion Flowers," "Parting at Sunset," "Dites Lui."

MY LANDLADY'S DINNER is a clever original sketch by a valued contributor.

A LONDON REVIEWER'S SKETCH OF NEW YORK will attract attention and comment.

OTHER Sketches are entitled: "Organ Grinders," "Appearances," "Rags! Rags! Rags!" "Every Man His Own Ice-House."

HESTER'S HISTORY is continued.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

Hester's History.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

HESTER IS PUZZLED.

It may be that Lady Helen Munro has appeared—in the few short glimpses of her character revealed within the limits of this hurried tale—as a person of a character quite weak, and utterly without any will of her own. I am glad to have an opportunity of showing how mistaken was the latter idea. Weak she was; but then people of a weak mind are often known to be possessed of a strong will, especially where the concerns of other people are in question.

No sooner did her ladyship hear her son state in plain terms his determination never to marry the lady whom she had selected for his wife, than she immediately resolved that the wedding should take place with as little delay as was possible under existing circumstances. So long as he had remained quietly idle in the matter, delaying to begin his suit, she had been quite contented with his humor, had seen no cause for haste. But when he declared himself anxious to put an honest, straightforward finish to that very unsatisfactory sham which had been called his engagement, she at once became afflicted and insulted, and found that herself and dearest Janet had been extremely badly used.

"There need be no regret about it," Sir Archie said. "I am quite convinced that Miss Golden feels as I do. It will be pleasanter for all when the restraint of this mock engagement is removed. You will find that she will be pleased when you give her her release. You will know how to manage. It would be quite out of place for me to interfere in the matter."

"You know, Archie, I make every excuse for you," sobbed *Lady Helen*. "I feel very much being talked to by you in this meaningless manner, but I know how your poor head is turned about the rebels. If I believed what you say, as I did at the first shock, I should consider myself deeply insulted and dear Janet horribly wronged. But I do not believe you, dear Archie; I would not behave so wickedly toward you as to believe you. And my best advice to you is not to believe yourself. By-and-by you will be less worried, and your senses will come back. I will promise you to forget every word you have said."

"I have thought well over every word," said Sir Archie, "and I shall never at any time withdraw so much as one. I beg, mother, that you will understand me once for all, and do your best to set this matter to rights. I shall depend on you to do so."

And Sir Archie walked out of the room.

But none the more was Lady Helen convinced that this marriage which she had planned should not take place.

"It is all nonsense," she said to Mrs. Hazeldean; "he cannot mean to live single all his life, and he never made much objection to dear Janet before. I don't believe he knows the difference between one woman and another. And as for letting such a splendid fortune slip through one's fingers, never to speak of the sweet girl herself, it is quite out of the question to think of. Oh, I quite rely upon dear Archie's coming to his senses by the time those shocking rebels shall have been all hanged. And in the mean time if we could get him quietly married and carried off to France, or Italy, or some other nice place where the people have no wrongs, nor miseries, nor anything unpleasant of that kind, and one need not be afraid to go to sleep in one's bed! A vessel could take us from the bay just at hand, and we need not run the risk of being shot at as rebels on the road, or taken out of our coach and hanged to a wayside tree. I shall certainly lay my mind to it. And as for speaking to dear Janet, I shall do no such thing; except to consult her about getting her trousseau put in hand. Once that has been got ready, you know, Margaret, no man with a spark of feeling could draw back."

"You had better not thwart Archie," said Mrs. Hazeldean. "Take my word for it he means what he says. And as for getting ready a trousseau under the circumstances—if you want to make yourself and the young lady feel very foolish, I think you had better do it. I believe you will be wise to act according to Archie's desire."

But Lady Helen here put her handkerchief to her eyes. And when Lady Helen put her handkerchief to her eyes eloquence were waste and reasoning foolishness. That very evening she opened her mind to Hester on the subject of Miss Golden's trousseau. And having done so she felt more at ease, so much so, indeed, that she was enabled afterward to tell Hester that she believed she might not begin the sewing for the wedding until the Christmas time should be over. She was planning some charades, some tableaux, some little gaieties, as an excuse to bring friends about, to make the evenings less dull than they had been. And Lady Helen had used a moderate word when she called her evenings dull. She had a periodical attack of nightmare, coming on whenever dusk began to fall. She got on pretty well with her mornings, when she could state her opinions privately to every one who came.

near her that dear Archie was over-anxious, could ransack her wardrobes, and plan masquerading costumes; but in the evening she sat shrunk up in a corner of her sofa, starting convulsively when poor Pat opened the door never so softly, and thinking that every shriek of the rising wind was the howling of rebels getting punished. And thus it had come to pass through her terror that Hester received her orders of an evening, sitting face to face with her ladyship, on one of her ladyship's embroidered drawing-room chairs. For Lady Helen's nervousness had a passion for gathering as many faces as possible round her couch. And if the faces could be found young and hopeful, as well as beautiful to look upon, they were by so much the more grateful to her ladyship's fearful eyes.

Miss Madge had begun another purse for Archie, and she knotted and knotted, and grew more silent and mysterious. Purses do wear out in the course of years, especially those of rich people, I suppose, who keep them pretty well filled. At all events, it is good to be provided against emergencies. The last had been red, but this was a green one, the sight of which color amongst her fingers seemed to afford the Honorable Madge a most exquisite satisfaction. Not so Lady Helen. "Put that green thing away, Madge," she would whimper. "It is enough to compromise the whole family. As for you, I don't believe you would have the slightest objection to be hanged any minute. But I think you might consider other people!"

Miss Golden sang, and made other music with her fingers, upon spinnet and guitar, with a kindly enough pity for the lady's nervous state. And every evening her voice grew louder and more defiant to all fears and dangers. Yet had certainly the roses left her cheeks.

Miss Janet had reported very truly of Sir Archie, when she stated that he made efforts to divert his lady mother. And he was wonderfully patient, for a man, with her long dissertations to Hester on the subject of the fashions, both of these and former days. And he even went so far, on one occasion, as to recommend for her perusal—he seated at her right hand and Hester at her left—a certain book of ancient costumes which he had picked up somewhere as a curiosity of literature. And Lady Helen remembered this the next morning, when in high consultation with Miss Madge, Miss Golden, and Hester, on the subject of stage properties, in Hester's tower room. And she bade Hester run to the library and fetch the said book of costumes.

Hester hesitated. "Sir Archie Munro may be in the library, your ladyship," she said.

"If he is, he will not eat you, child!" said Lady Helen. "Tell him I want the book he spoke of last evening."

So Hester went, lingered on the stairs, in the hall; but meeting a servant, and not wishing to be seen hanging about, as if she had been afraid of something, was obliged to walk boldly into the room.

Sir Archie was there, as Hester had feared he might be, and he seemed more than glad to see her, as Hester had feared he might seem. He found her the book, and held it out for her to take. And as he so held it out he looked at her face, with a grave, earnest, and a long look; never thinking to be rude indeed—not his worst enemy could say that from such a look—but rather as if he were trying to read his future of good or evil, of weal or woe—this being no time for speech—under eyelids that would not raise themselves, of a young shrinking face. But the book went from his hand, and Hester made quick steps toward the door.

"I beg you to wait a moment," said Sir Archie.

He did not want her to go just yet, but he was at a loss to know what to say that could keep her. He knew that he wanted to love her and to tell her that he loved her, but the time not being ripe he found it difficult to fill up the interval when such moments as the present arrived. There was that about her presence which hushed, while it attracted and made him glad, which left him little of his love in his bearing, save its dignity. But Hester had stopped and was waiting quietly. She was so resolved not to be foolish again, to take everything that might come as quite meant in good faith, to accept it as a matter of course.

Sir Archie had some mediæval tastes, and he knew a holy face when he saw it in a picture or out of a picture; and it impressed him. And as Hester stood a little off, with her yellow head shining against the brown wainscot, he remembered a painting in a dusky cloister of a very old monastery he had visited long ago. It was an angel with a golden censer, personifying prayer.

The memory brought with it a suggestion; and Sir Archie's next speech may not seem apt for the occasion.

"I am in danger and difficulty," he said; "I would ask you to pray for me."

"Yes," said Hester, readily, and with relief. She had feared he had been going to say—she knew not what.

But the ready, bright, relieved face, was too much for Sir Archie's prudence.

"Do so," he said with a glow in his eyes of the real true love that was in him, "and I shall owe you a deep debt of gratitude. And if I live through these times it will be the business of my life to show it by making you happy—if you will let me—"

Sir Archie had not intended to say so much. He stopped, undecided whether it were generous at this moment to go on. But already Hester's courage was not proof against so much as had been said. This was not the first time that Sir Archie had so frightened her. She retreated to the door, her eyes fixed as if fascinated on a button of Sir Archie's coat. Her fingers felt the handle of the door. She dropped a hurried curtsey and disappeared.

"Why are your cheeks so scarlet, child?" asked Lady Helen, somewhat sharply, as Hester gave her the book, in the tower room.

"Dear me, Helen!" said Miss Madge, "you must expect that young things will run themselves out of breath upon a staircase. When I was a young thing I broke both my legs twice with taking flying leaps down stairs."

Lady Helen shrugged her shoulders. "My good Madge," she said, "you were always an exceptional creature. I hope Miss Cashel does not take flying leaps down stairs."

"No, indeed!" said Hester, so earnestly that her ladyship laughed; which was a omen for the day. And the business of the properties went on.

"I shall perform in this!" cried Miss Janet, picking out a gown from a heap of strange garments, "What a dainty piece of finery! I shall play princess of the rebels, Queen of Ireland in my own right. I shall order the King of England to be brought before me in chains. And I shall put my foot upon his neck!"

Miss Janet threw herself into an attitude of mock defiance, holding the dress outspread before her. Lady Helen shrieked, and sank into a seat. The dress was a stiff white silk, richly wrought and ornamented with shamrocks in green, and with a green velvet train.

"Put it away!" cried Lady Helen. "Ah, my dear Janet! let it be torn up and burned! I wore it when the United Irish Society was in favor. What greens and what shamrocks were worn in those days! Let it be torn up and burned, every shred of it, lest it cost us our lives!"

"Poor gown!" said Miss Janet, coolly; "and I vow it is a brave gown. Ah, I pray you, Lady Helen, invite the king to dinner. I will dine at his very elbow in this gown. And if his majesty should make a remark I shall modestly call his attention to the trees outside the window. And I shall say, 'I wonder your majesty does not indict the arch-rogue Nature for high treason!'"

But Lady Helen had fainted by this time. And in a scramble for smelling-bottles the morning's work came to an end.

"I am in danger and difficulty. The business of my life shall be to make you happy, if you will let me." Hester sewed all her seams on the wrong side of her cloth, and stitched a sleeve of one color into a bodice of another. It was not to be expected that her poor head should be very clear this afternoon. Nevertheless, though Lady Helen had given orders for some harlequin costumes, it was also not to be expected that she should be satisfied unless some little method might appear to have been employed in their contrivance. So Hester was obliged to give up her work for the hour.

She put on her cloak and went down the glen. It was close upon Christmas now, and the frost crackled under her feet as she crossed the old drawbridge over the dried-up moat. The falls were bound up, and the air was quite still. Gray furrows seamed the face of the heavens. Sullen clouds, that looked as if bursting with a secret evil portent, leaned their rough edges on the frowning hills, and looked down the sad valleys, as if expecting something. The cottage doors were shut, partly from cold and partly from fear, and here and there a face, anxious or grieved, looked out from a window to see who was going past.

Hester walked for an hour as fast as her flying feet could carry her, through the bye-ways of the hills, till she came in sight of the village, and then she sat down to draw breath. The openings of many glens lay under her eyes. She could follow their windings and foldings among the mountains, as they travelled on and up towards the skies, wrapping them with purple and amber, into their secret sombre resting places. But Hester's face was towards the village, and her eyes were on the chimneys of one house.

"I will go to her," said Hester, "and I will ask her what it means. I will tell her every word, if I were to die of shame the next minute!"

And so off Hester started again, nor paused until she stood in Mrs. Hazeldean's parlor.

Mrs. Hazeldean was sitting sewing by her fireside. A basket of bright flannels was at her feet, and a garment made of the same was on her knee. The sweet grave face looked as busy with thought as her fingers were busy with the needle. But there were no restless cares nor nervous fears behind that face. No solitude ever banished the tender look of lurking joy from those eyes and lips, nor yet the broad look of satisfied trust in a strength unutterable that had not failed, nor could fail, to furnish nerve for her right hand and courage for her heart. No sad days could shadow that brow, but with a passing cloud. For the light that shone upon it was a reflex from a sun that knows no setting.

Mrs. Hazeldean was glad, surprised, to see Hester come in; not quite satisfied with her face. She thought the girl looked a little wild and feverish. Had she walked too fast? Was she cold, or hot? Why had she thought of coming so far on such a day, or at least, why had she not come earlier? There would hardly be time for her to get home before dusk. Mrs. Hazeldean had removed Hester's hat, and smoothed back with two fond hands the fair locks a little blown astray by the mountain air; and she had pulled off her gloves, and was chafing some chilled fingers between her own warm palms.

All this was very trying to Hester. If the fever of her suspense had not made her almost reckless, her resolution must have melted into nothing at such treatment. But the thought of the flying moments pressed her hard; and the dread of returning to her work, it might be to a solitary room, with the burden of that secret and that wonder still upon her, lent her tongue a desperation that did the part of real courage.

"I must not stay five minutes, Mrs. Hazeldean," said Hester, trying to answer two questions at once. "And I should not have come out on such a day if I had not been driven out."

"My darling!" said Mrs. Hazeldean, alarmed; "who has driven you out?"

"No person," said Hester. "Nothing except my own distress of mind."

She had got her hands disentangled from among her friend's soft fingers by this time, and she had tied on her hat and stood ready for flight. She knew that she was running a terrible risk in speaking the words that were waiting on her tongue. She might be misunderstood; nothing else seemed so natural to expect as that she should. She might offend, disgust, the friend who had cherished her. So she stood ready to fly from before this face that she loved, if it so happened that that dear face should grow dark at her audacity.

"Distress of mind!" said Mrs. Hazeldean; and as she spoke she guessed even more than was the truth.

"I came here, Mrs. Hazeldean," said Hester, "to ask if you know what Sir Archie means?"

Mrs. Hazeldean's eyes were on Hester's face, and saw the face turn white with the effort that had been made. Why had Archie been so foolish? Mrs. Hazeldean's two hands went suddenly forth, laid hold of the figure that stood so aloof, ready for flight, and pulled it down without ceremony against her knee.

"I cannot know what he has been doing," she said, "but I venture to say that he means to do well."

"Mrs. Hazeldean!" said Hester, "I must say something more. He—behaves strangely to me. I dare not understand him. I came to tell you this, though I thought that the telling might have killed me."

"Hester," said Mrs. Hazeldean, after one minute's pause, "I have not got any liberty to interfere with Sir Archie's secrets, but I will say so much as this—I have known him all my life, and I believe that you may trust him."

Hester's face sank in her lap, and remained there as if the girl had been annihilated. But a few moments went by, and Hester's wits were alive again.

"But Mrs. Hazeldean," she began again, desperately.

But Mrs. Hazeldean stopped her mouth with a kiss. "I will not hear a word more," she said, "you shall not distress yourself with another syllable." And she was thinking what was to be done about Hester. She must take her from the castle, and get her under her own wing. "But I am glad you came here to-day, and I am glad you spoke to me." She went on: "So do not begin to fret lest you were wrong. Now, you shall not go back this evening. I will send them a message."

But Hester was on her feet.

"No, no, I am going," she said; and without waiting to be stayed, took her burning face out of the house, and up the glen on the track of the castle.

For Hester was not satisfied. She had not, after all her hardy efforts, had the daring to say, "But I have got orders concerning Miss Golden's wedding trousseau." She must have blundered very sadly in her speaking to Mrs. Hazeldean; or Mrs. Hazeldean must have made a great mistake. Why, it was only this very morning that Lady Helen had consulted her about the fashioning of a splendid bridal dress. So Hester had told her secret; and gained an extra heartache in exchange.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FRENCH ARE IN THE BAY.

Sewing is a kind of occupation for the hands which leaves the brain very free to think. More so almost than any other sort of work. Spinning makes a noise, and writing engages the mind more or less. Sewing is silent, monotonous, mechanical; once a device has been shaped by the scissors, and the fingers know the tricks of the device.

Sewing is a sort of secret handwriting, peculiar to women. Many a strange history, many a life's poem, has been traced in thread by the needle, hemmed into sheets, darned into stockings to be trodden under a thankless foot, stitched into wreathings of flowers and garlands. Every day these records are written, but never read. Characters marked in invisible ink will lie hidden in blank parchment, unsuspected, for years, and at last the breath of fire, like the touch of a wizard, will call them to light, and deliver their message. But no sage will ever translate the histories traced by the needle, of patience, of heroism, of passion and anguish. How they are written and stored, these poems! Every household has its stores of such family archives. In the linen chests they lie; on the shelves of deep presses; in the drawers strewn with lavender. In the wardrobe hung with dresses, in the cupboard with mended hose; in the locked drawer where the little trousseau is arranged, smooth and orderly, of the baby who died; in the trunks, packed between laughing and crying, of the bride who will shortly go forth. If a light were suddenly given to read these hidden writings, what wild revelations, what beautiful lessons, what outpourings of joy, what majestic examples of endurance would not startle the world, and make it blush for the affectations it treasures in staring print!

Hester was making some little frills, and every stitch in them was aware that she had got into a scrape. They all knew exceedingly well that she had been thinking far too much of Sir Archie, and what he could mean, and what he could not mean; that she had followed a rash impulse and outstepped all maidenly dignity in speaking of Sir Archie to his aunt, although Mrs. Hazeldean had been too noble to show displeasure at her conduct to do anything but make an effort to soothe her. Though Mrs. Hazeldean had even gone too far in the effort, saying something most strange and startling, the meaning of which Hester in her confusion had not taken hold of; for it was not to be admitted for one moment that some words which fast clung to Hester's memory could endure to bear the construction which a daring mind might put upon them.

So when the frills got far too wise, Hester bundled them away, and sat brooding over her fire like a second Cinderella, not unhappy because she could not go to a ball, but because her poor little lonely heart was sore with an aching and a burning to which all her former troubles looked as mere flying shadows, as the fretting of a babe for broken toys.

And this brooding over the fire would not do. Hester had sense enough to take out her desk, and to task herself to the writing of some letters.

A letter to Lady Humphrey, and a letter to the Mother Augustine, and lastly one other, which ought to have been written long ago—a letter to Mr. Pierce, in which his ring was to be enclosed. So a little note was penned, hoping that Mr. Humphrey would excuse the regretful writer, who had found herself unable to fulfil his wishes about the ring. And when the letters had been folded and addressed Hester went into her bedroom for some wax which she had bought. And she left that foolish ring upon her desk among the papers.

Meantime the letters by evening post had arrived in the castle drawing-room. Miss Golden had had her share, had read and not been pleased. She was always looking out for some writing in one particular hand; and as this never appeared, it is not likely that her letters should make her glad. Lady Helen was asleep upon her sofa, so her letters had been laid beside her at her hand. Miss Madge had read a letter from her good friend M., who had helped her to make that memorable pasty. Miss Madge was somewhat flushed; Miss Madge was quite elated; Miss Madge began to hum in a low voice to herself:

"The French are in the bay!
Says the Suan van Vocht.
The French are in the bay!
Says the Suan van Vocht.
The French are in the bay—"

"What's that you are saying about the French, Madge?" asked Lady Helen, waking. "I wish you would not talk about them, blood-thirsty wretches!" and Lady Helen began to break the seals of her letters.

A scream followed the reading of the first, just as the drawing-room door opened and Sir Archie came in.

"Archie! Archie!" cried her ladyship, "is this true, what they have written me? There is a rumor that a fleet of war-ships has left France, and that it is coming to the assistance of the rebels."

"I have heard it," said Sir Archie, "and I think it likely to be true. But you need not be uneasy, mother; they are not going to storm you in your drawing-room."

Sir Archie looked pale, yet cheerful. But Lady Helen was carried to her bed. And Miss Madge was in haste to reply to the letter of her friend M., and she went humming her snatch of song up the stairs to her tower-room, where she locked herself in, with pen and ink, for the night.

Miss Golden felt herself lonely and ill-treated. There was no chance of peace and a little gayety to be had in this miserable country. The troubles were getting thicker in it every day that shone. And here was she, miles and miles away from the only friend she cared about, all for a foolish quarrel of her making, which ought to have been cleared up long ago. And now he was not thinking of her, would leave her here to her fate. Oh, Pierce! Pierce! would that she were at home in England, near him!

Miss Janet was getting nervous when she indulged such thoughts as these, for she was not given to heaping reproaches upon her own so wilful head. And in such a desponding frame of mind she walked into Hester's room.

Hester was not there. Hester was in her bedroom. Miss Janet stood at the fire, and then Miss Janet walked to the table. On the table she saw letters, and one of them addressed to Mr. Pierce Humphrey, captain in his majesty's —— regiment. And she also saw a ring which she knew to be her own—at least a ring which had once been her own; and it was fastened to a ribbon which had been worn round the neck. And the sight made her sick of the letter and of the ring.

The sight made her sick, because she was not in her usual frame of mind. If she had been like her ordinary self she would have called in a loud voice for Miss Hester to come forth out of her bedroom; and she would probably have with difficulty, if at all, restrained herself from boxing both the ears of that young woman, and pinching both her pale dainty cheeks. But there was a lump in Janet's throat, and a genuine, unwonted throe of anguish and remorse tightening her heart. She crept away to her room in the humiliation of tears, and she certainly hated Hester—the sly thing—from that night.

But the next day she was not so sickly and sentimental. She took occasion to instal herself for an hour in Hester's room, and she sat staring at the girl and putting questions to her.

"Do you know people in London called Humphrey?" asked Miss Golden.

"Yes," answered Hester, with a sudden, vivid blush.

"What a soft, silly fool the girl is!" thought Miss Golden. But Hester was only blushing because she was getting forced to disobey the Mother Augustine.

"People?" asked Miss Janet again, sharply.

"Yes, people," answered Hester.

"You know Lady Humphrey, of Hampton Court?"

"I know her," said Hester.

"And you also know her son, Mr. Pierce?" continued Janet.

"I know him also."

"Very probably Lady Humphrey was the friend of whom you told me once before?"

"Lady Humphrey was the friend."

"Humph!" said Miss Golden; and then added, with a sudden bitter change in her voice. "Has Lady Helen yet consulted you on the subject of a bridal trousseau?"

"Yes," answered Hester.

"See that you are industrious, then!" said Miss Janet, superciliously, and went singing a sprightly catch out of the room.

"The little ambitious monkey!" cried Miss Janet, in her chamber. "Must send a poor soldier back his ring because a fine estated baronet should admire her yellow hair! Miss Innocence! you have robbed me of my lover. Then I shall take especial care that you shall never find yourself mistress of Glenluce."

So Miss Janet could be rather coarse in her threats and suspicions when she was angry.

But Hester put down her sewing for a few moments while she reflected on the confession which she had been led into making. She might as well have told Miss Golden all the tale of Pierce's ring. Well, it could not matter now. The ring had been returned with her explanation. Mr. Pierce could manage best his own affairs without a doubt. And it were silly and very awkward, such a tale at such a time, when the wedding robes were ordered and the bridegroom was Sir Archie Munro.

"My dear," said Miss Madge, "what is this story that Miss Golden has been telling me? A secret connection with Lady Humphrey. Secret I must say, since you never said a word of it. And the name of Lady Humphrey is a horror in this house. A horror to Lady Helen. My dear, Lady Helen is in a panic!"

"Lady Helen is often in a panic, Miss Madge," said Hester.

"My dear, don't grow pert. I never knew you pert. Miss Golden is pert, very. My dear, Lady Helen has reason to be alarmed. A secret connection with Lady Humphrey!"

"Not secret, Miss Madge. Mrs. Hazeldean has known of it," said Hester, stoutly.

"Margaret. Ah! that is not so bad. Well, my dear, I wonder at Margaret. But you, perhaps, have never known any evil of Lady Humphrey?"

"No, Miss Madge," said Hester.

"Hist, then, my dear! and I will tell you what they say of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

WHAT is the difference between a civilized dinner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? Attention, again! One has his bill of fare and the other his fill of bear.

A LATE philosopher says that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp's blown out.

(For the Leader.)

MARY WITH THE PASSION-FLOWERS.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

We stood alone in the conservatory,
Mary and I. It was a gala night.
Her amber hair was looped with diamonds,
And the soft shivering, shimmering folds of silk
That clothed her perfect figure rose and fell
With the slow heaving of her breast. She leaned
Against a marble shaft. About her feet
Her trailing robes hung heavily, and lay
In a white heap upon the inlaid floor.
With her pure face, pale hair and snowy robes,
She looked like some fair statue, deftly cut,
And not a woman, breathing, passionate.
I looked on her, and thought how in old times
Pygmalion's statue, cold and beautiful,
Wakened to life and throbbed, and burned, and loved.
I wondered vaguely if the hidden fire
Would ever waken in her sleeping soul,
And stain with scarlet her fair pallid face,
Or flash into her eyes, or tinge her speech
With tender eloquence. Just then she smiled;
A fine cool smile that fell upon my heart
Like winter sunshine, bright without warmth.
In my closed hand I crushed the heliotrope
That I had toyed with, till, a broken thing,
But fragrant still, it dropped upon the pave.
Then Mary stooped, and gathered the torn leaves
In her white hand, and held them tenderly,
With a soft, pitiful smile, the while she chid
My needless cruelty. 'Twas well, I thought,
This tenderness for senseless, soulless things.
She would not tread a rose-leaf in the dust,
But she would crush a throbbing human heart
Beneath her sandaled feet without remorse.

I was an artist, young and proud and poor.
My brush supplied me with my daily bread.
My rising fame made me a frequent guest
At wealthy houses. As the "Artist," not
As a man, they welcomed me. Men said of me,
Who could not comprehend my thought or work,
"He has a skilful touch—such mastery
Of color as you will but rarely see.
Lamar bought his last picture—have you heard?—
For a cool thousand." So I went and came,
Was patronized and condescended to,
And worked on steadily to nobler heights
Of fame and of success.
But there was one
Among my haughty patrons seemed to take
A finer interest in my art and work
Than others did. What wonder if I grew
Jealous of praise from her? What wonder if
I treasured up her words as oracles?
And though she seldom spoke or noticed me,
There was a subtler flattery in the way
She stood entranced before my painted dream
Of golden-haired Titania and her court.
Then other pictures came—"Urania,"
"The Sybils," and a "Dream of the Golden Age."
And Mary—Mary Lyle, that was her name—
Found in them each more than my brush had wrought;
The very thought, the unattainable
Ideal of my soul.
Well, she was fair,
With a soft moon-like beauty, calm and sweet,
Like some pale pictures of old Romish saints,
A silvery slow music was her speech,
That having heard, you longed to hear again,
And hearing, were forgetful of all else.
To sit in her calm presence, hear her voice,
Look on her face, were rest and joy to me.
Perchance to touch her robe, perchance her hand,
Would thrill me with a sort of shy delight.
Unconsciously her love filled all my heart;
Her face was blended with my dreams of art
And beauty; and the memory of her voice,
Like music passed away, would haunt my soul,
And lull me into happy reverie.
But, like the moon, I loved her from afar—
I worshipped her with heart and eyes alone,
Nor dared to lift my voice and speak the name
My heart was always singing. Yet I thought—
And this thought filled me with a troubled joy—
I thought she guessed the secret, and did not
Disdain my humble passion. But she stood
Girt in the seven-fold armor of her pride,
And so encompassed by her rank and wealth,
That I despaired to ever reach her heart.
And so for very misery I threw
My life into my work, and painted then
Pictures that filled the country with my fame,
And brought a golden harvest to my door.
In the first exultation of success
I vowed to venture all by laying all,
My heart, my fame, my future, at her feet,
And ask the precious guerdon of her love.
And so that night I sought her at her house.

It was a gala night. Through stately halls,
Flung open wide, there streamed a soft, rich light
From numberless crystal lamps. The heavy air,
So faint and fragrant with the blended breath
Of flowers innumerable, rose and fell
In waves of music, dreamy, passionate;
And through the light and perfume Mary walked,
Clad in white robes, with diamonds in her hair,
Like points of gleaming flame. No other gem,
No other ornament than those she wore,
Nor flower nor ribbon. It was early yet.
Only a few bright figures through the halls
Moved languidly to the voluptuous flow
Of soft Italian music. "Come with me
To the conservatory," Mary said;
"I want a flower for my bosom."
With slow steps
I followed where she lightly led the way
Into the floral parlor. O, the air
Was redolent with perfume, and the lights
So shaded that a sort of golden gloom
Pervaded all the place. White slender shafts,
Encircled by rich tropical vines, upheld
The crystal dome. And flowers—flowers everywhere!
Some pallid blossoms, with shy drooping heads,
And some that lifted boldly to the sun
Their gorgeous petals. Some from whose deep hearts
Exhaled a sickening sweetness. Others yet
That breathed no perfume from their painted lips.

Entranced and silent 'mong the flowers I stood,
Inhaling passion with their odorous sighs,
Forgetful of my errand. Till at length
Mary's clear voice aroused me, saying, "Come,
You are an artist; you shall choose the flower
You deem the fittest for me." Then I looked
Upon her, leaning fair and statuesque
Against a pillar, with down-fallen lids,
And heavy lashes pressed upon her cheeks,
And veiling the blue eyes, and a faint smile
Curling her fine red lips. A sudden rage
Possessed me as I gazed. What right had she
To be so fair and calm and passionless,
While I was burning with a mad desire
To clasp her to my heart, to kiss her mouth,
Her eyes, her hair! But still she only smiled;
And I forced back the words that burned my lips,
And grew as chill and haughty as herself.
I flung away the fragrant heliotrope—
It was too passionate a flower for her—
And gathered fair, cool lilies, callas tall,
And white japonicas, and that pale flower
That blooms beneath the moon or Western plains,
And with a frigid hope that they would please,
Presented them to her. She looked at me
With a strange trouble in her gentle eyes,
And a faint rosy flush, like the first tinge
Of the red dawn-light, overspread her cheeks,
And her lips trembled. I, in mute surprise,
Regarded her, when suddenly she cried—
"Not these! not these!" and dashed away the flowers,
Till they fell torn and broken on the pave,
Where late my poor torn heliotrope had lain;
And then she hid her face in her two hands,
And moaned, "Ah me! ah me!"
"Mary," I said,
"Mary, Miss Lyle," and then was dumb again,
Not knowing how to speak. Beside me grew
A passion vine, full laden with its flowers,
Emblems of love and suffering. With swift thought
I drew toward me one long slender spray.
"Not lilies—passion flowers for thee, my love!"
I cried, and wreathed it round her drooping form,
So drew her, unresisting, to my breast;
And there she rested for a sweet brief time,
While I poured out my heart in such rich words
As love supplies us all in time of need.

But soon she raised her fair head from my breast,
And gazing at me with dear tender eyes,
And a sweet dignity of mien, she spake:
"O Arthur! Arthur! know me as I am—
No heartless statue, and no cold coquette;
A woman, full of love and tenderness
As other women are; but far too proud,
Too shy to wear my heart for all the world
To stare at like some gaudy ornament
Upon my bosom. Know a woman's pride,
It is her only safeguard and defence
Against a cruel, evil-speaking world.
A woman hides her love from her own heart
Until she knows herself beloved in turn;
Is colder, prouder, shyer, haughtier far
To him she loves than unto other men.
And all the while within her heart may be
A folded passion-flower ready to burst
Into rich bloom at the first words of love,
As mine has done." And then she drooped once more
Upon my heart, and lay and quivered there,
While I repeated o'er and o'er again,
With many changes, her delicious name:
"Mary—my love—my life—my heart's desire—
My darling—oh! my darling!"
So at length
We two went forth betrothed, and she was mine
Soon before all the world—my wife. Thenceforth,
Perfected in each other, our two lives
Flow like one fair broad river to the sea,
Slow winding through a pleasant, fruitful land,
Lit by the pale star Love.

Organ-Grinders.

"Ho! the minstrel!" was the cry of yore in broad baronial halls when doughty counts and "laydies fayre" were met to feast together. "Ho! the minstrel!" was echoed in tented field, when belted knight and fiery squire quaffed brimming goblets to the morrow's melee; and the cry was echoed even in kingly courts in those days we love to read of in the chronicles of every land.

Up rose the massive portcullis, down creaked the ponderous drawbridge, and wide swung the studded gates—never shut against the wayfarer in those ages our comfortable civilization looks down upon as "dark."

Noble earls, royal warriors and queenly women applauded the minstrel's lay as he sat, travel-stained and dusty, next below the salt.

Strong hands carved the meat for him, and tender ones poured his wine; the battle-light in every eye proved the power of his "scald," and the wild bass of war-worn soldiers shook the rude turrets in chorus to his lay.

Organ-grinder! youngest son of ancient minstrelsy! battered descendant of the troubadour! hadst thou but flourished then!

What wonders had not the magic box told the souls of ancient Vikings!

One turn of the handle—tinkling lyre and pleasing lute had at once been still, while mighty men of war listened, open-mouthed and mute.

Think of grinding a war-song with the clashing accompaniment of boar-spears and hide shields. Another stop pulls out a wild refrain of war-song of the Goths; another makes a mournful dirge for the lost Jerusalem.

High anthem for brave heart to leap to—stately measure for majestic minuet—solemn psalmsody to dim the eyes of the fair—all ground from a wooden box!

"And thus the whirligig of Time
Brings in his revenges."

The glad Trouvere no longer sits mid the panoplied and proud, but shuffles around back areas for cold scraps; or—weakly, alas, misdeemed a beggar—grinds away unwearyingly for stray pennies.

Beggar he is none.

We know all about beggars, their varied sorts and species; the beggar resident, who clings to his chosen corner like the air-plant to the oak, and haply nourishes his inner man on almost as slim a sustenance; the beggar peripatetic, who loafs round to your house for his matudinal meal twice weekly, or comes of Saturday nights for a post-prandial bite. Besides, there is a beggar periodical, who appears at stated intervals, like a circumpolar star. This one adopts the insinuated, rather than the direct beg. His demands are inferential rather than positive; and he makes a pretended return in some supposed occupation.

Who does not remember, in his *calida juventus* some inflamed old vagrant with a backed strop and sick family, who spoiled razors and told lies for old clothes—whose strop each year became harder and his children worse?

Or, were there not a Darby and Joan of beggary, who limped round together? Darby collecting invalid umbrellas, which he pretended to mend, while Joan, careful helpmeet, collected the change.

But shall we class with these the soul-stirring organ-grinder? Down, unjust thought!

Child of sunny Italy—though born, perhaps, "when music, heavenly maid, was young," very young—he spurns the dole, and proclaims his right to earn his bread by honest labor!

There is much music in a hand-organ—reviled instrument though it be—and we love it.

Not one of your weak-winded, wheezy old fossils, battered, scratched, and piping doleful dirges over its own dead glories, but your gaudy, gallant, gilt-bespattered holiday-clothed hand-organ, with rattling polkas and *whooing* waltzes, that set the maid servants in your street spinning like Japanese tops.

Alas! rare John Leech!

'Twas one of the former gave him his quietus. He was infested with the children of Italy; day nor night could he find peace.

He moved. The sons of song flocked round him thicker than ever. He moved again; still there was neither "respite nor nepenthe." When his worn-out patience plead for peace, a cracked organ ground out "Nevermore!"

Naturally of a nervous and high-strung temperament, and bound down by iron hands to a sedentary occupation, he became half crazed under the stings of his small tormentors. He could neither think, write, nor draw without "that demnition little grind" continually in his ears.

He became morbid. Every idea was tinctured with strong essence of organ; and the intense ridiculousness of some of his drawings of the tribe we sadly feel must be the expressed essence—a bitter drop—forced from a slowly-breaking heart.

Nine times the wretched man moved!

Nine times his tormentors followed him in flocks. Restless, nervous, almost a monomaniac, his pressing duties kept him in town all summer. He became prostrated, really ill. A slow nervous fever set in; he could not rally, and finally died, in all seriousness, a victim to organ-grinders.

And who but has sympathized in the woes of that unsentimental son of song, that "unappreciative cuss," as A. Ward would have called him, who parodied the tender wail of Miss Laurie's loyal-hearted lovers?

It was none of your whole-souled, full-voiced, aldermanic organs, but one of the broken-winded, asthmatic persuasion, that ground the ancient ditty when the "unappreciative" wrote:

"Max Welton's braes are bonnie—
The fact I do not doubt;
But I wish the cove had strangled
Before he found it out!

"Her brow is like the snow-drift,
A snow-drift like her brow—
By George! there is an organ
A grinding of it now!"

And the other, the dapper, dandified grinder!—why, such a fellow is the boon companion of all the five-year olds. He sets them wild with his very incipient wheeze, and divides with taffy their hoarded pennies. Then his first squeak sends to the heart of every three-foot two a noble fire to crush that wondrous creation of art—to delve into its sounding bowels, and return laden with the treasures of another world—as of a moving Herculaneum or of a vocal Nineveh!

We all know what the man without any music in his immortal part is good for. Let us leave him without regard to his "stratagems and spoils," for only the likes o' him will contemn the hand-organ.

He never had a happy childhood, bubbling up with gushing sympathies and gliding peacefully into the meadows of middle age—peopled with sacred memories of captivated monkeys and superhuman dogs.

No strains of by-gone organs chase each other through the echo-haunted corridors of *his* memory; poetry hath no sound to such—the wonders of creation strike him not with mysterious awe.

The warring of the elements has no sublimity—the pattering of spring rain drops no tender rythm to him; the vivid electric flash is but plain, matter-of-fact lightning to his dim eyeballs, and to his dulled tympana the crashing diapason of heaven's artillery only a thundering noise.

But, "gentle reader," if haply thy heart is attuned to the concord of sweet sounds—if thou canst separate the tuneful rythm of "root hog or die!" from the solemn swell of "Hail Columbia"—'tis to thee I speak.

Thou canst recall the delicious thrill of thy first organ!

Then come trooping reminiscences of talking monkeys—wonderfully old and preternaturally sage—of gorgeous soldiers, meeting in wooden battle, or breaking in spiral-spring retreat; or, of that magic mime who performed impossible somersaults, while his red-legged puppet accomplices blew on a true and true flute!

Thou canst refresh the faded recollection of the stalwart Italian, with peaked beard and soldierly port—supremely independent; or, albeit of a tender daughter of the sunny clime—pale-faced perchance beneath her mask of dusk—handing round the tamborine, or walking the stately *contra dansa* of her native land.

The monkeys of thy childhood have long since bit the dust with which they erewhile mingled! Perhaps those very monkeys—somewhat metamorphosed—nod and whisper to thee even now in the leaves of yonder willow!

The organs of the past are wrecked and voiceless; and the tender little maiden—who would have been pale if she could—perchance now speaks a stalwart son upon some distant shore!

And the Organ-grinder, where is he?

Does he wander still, bearing upon venerable back some newer organ with latest improvements, flute and patent back-action stops? Or does his body rest by some simple mile-stone, while his freed spirit, "wandering through the Infinite," is ravished by music ground from the Organ of the Spheres!

Beggar he is none!

He despises the fraudulent arts of the fraternity—even of the more aristocratic grades just mentioned.

Is he wretched? Then his eyes are not red with weeping; he presents no long petition, illegible by reason of many greasy thumbs; nor tells a tedious tale of sorrow.

He never even posts himself as an advertisement for a Railway Passenger Masher!

He simply stands at your door and pours out his troubles in the twinned octaves of harmonious sound—insinuates his misery by gently grinding out melodious music; and he will grind—grind—grind—till his just reward is forthcoming.

He prides himself not upon his beauty nor his long descent; he brags neither of his wit nor of his cumulate woes. He cares not a straw for the opinion of society, and—happy man!—he fears not even Mrs. Grundy!

He is free! Free as the winds of heaven that play through his perforated pants—as the sun that caresses his hair through his crownless hat!

He is very noble! a courtier of Bohemia; and, panoplied in conscious right, he looks upon the world as his oyster which he will grind open.

A stranger in a strange land—an unprosperous weathercock for every blast of Fate to trifle with—he is yet a philosopher, and looks upon his destiny with a stoical grace Zeno might have envied.

He is exposed to rain and sun; and young physicians declare both these unpropitious to the general wholesomeness. No friend stops him on the corner, and tenderly inquiring for his health, asks him to dinner. No Turkish bath, toasted slippers and blazing hickory, welcome him at eventide.

But there he is revenged upon his more respectable brother, who enjoys all these. If he dress in rags, no implacable man of shears can send him duns; if he stand in the rain, no one can borrow his umbrella; he is never called upon for after-dinner speeches; is never bored with vile puns, or plastered with creamy flattery.

He lives happy, makes no will, and dies, He is gone. None asks where. A green mound, perchance, marks his resting-place.—another fills his vacuum. None quarrel over his old clothes, and

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—even in Potter's Field; even though no marble monument rears over him its blank, pale face, unblushing at the lies it bears for posterity's sake.

And such is the Organ-grinder—our minstrel of to-day.

Haply he has degenerated from his ancient state, even as the mastadon has dwindled to the elephant. He sits no longer an almost equal, in the halls of the great; but he sweetens to the little great the up-hill path to the future.

To the adolescent he is greater than kings and more precious than spikenard; and his feet, though "not swift to shed blood," are "beautiful upon Zion," or elsewhere, when found.

And who can tell but many a murderer—*in posse* if not *in esse*—has been saved because some tender strain killed, in the young heart the germ of passion that else had sprung into shoots of rank crime!

It is safe to lay the long odds that the childhood of Lord Lytton's respectable Mr. Aram was never blessed with hand-organs.

The ancient minstrel sang of knights in burnished steel, with banners bright. He told in glowing verse how glittering spears were put in rest; how plumes rushed backward on the gale of the onset; how horse and rider rolled in the dust at gentle joust or honorable tourneys.

He chanted of conflicts fierce; of shivered blades; of seamed and gory wounds upon the battle plain.

The minstrel of to-day sings not these themes. He has no musty remnant of a dead age—no legendary fiction. But he grinds out right honestly a tune of hard reality to a hard, real world, that has long since shaken off the sleep from its opiate of romance.

Blame him not that he plays "Lorena" before the county jail, and wakens a ray of hope in the breast of the incarcerated—if tender-hearted—burglar; while Blondel strummed beneath the tower, and caused the Lion-Heart to leap with joy of its sure release!

He is of to-day; and small, vulgar boys, delighting in "Lorena," would pelt Blondel with mud, or unfresh eggs, while they bandied remarks, bordering on the rough, relative to his long hair.

Spurn not the Organ-grinder that his task is low, and his music is like his taste. You are responsible, for his taste is what you have made it in making him what he is.

Elevate him to his ancient state—seat him even above the salt—regale him with turtle and relays of napkins—and he will grind you the proper "food of love," and will continue to "play on" for any given period.

Though he sing not to-day courts of love and beauty, doughty blows and deeds of derring do, yet does he sing the song of the times—he sings the greenback!

Aid him with thy purse; let the light of thy stray pennies fall upon him—and he may yet sing the triumphs of our Troy in Wall street—the glories of our Thermopylæ on 'Change.

He may yet tell of heroes, valiant as Ajax, in the battles of the Bourse—of maidens fair as Helen, who make their "little pile" in fancy stocks!

Aid him, stranger, and he may yet grind, from a thorough-bass organ of many stops, thy fame as his Mæcenas!

Contemn him not, nor spurn him as a beggar.

Bold and erect he stands as the much sung Caledonian; and that with precious little "rare beef" and a most plentiful lack of "porter good."

But he is a type of the times. He knows his value; he has his price.

Entreaty and threats are alike useless if you pay him not his dues; for "he knows the value of 'peace and quietness,'" and is perfectly right not to "move on" until it is paid in full!

They tell us old Homer sang his lays—father of organ-grinders he!—and handed round his hat in ancient Hellas.

Listen to yonder strain, mixed though it be with fumes from the blind alley and cat-calls by uncleanly youth; send him thy stray pennies, for thou mayst be chucking them to the Homer of generations yet unborn.

COMING TO TOWN.

The landscape has lost all its distance,
The dust of the highway lies thick
On the fields that have given up daisies,
But haven't yet taken to brick.
The shrubs that still cling to the fences
Look dreary and ragged and brown;
It needs not the shriek of the whistle
To tell us we're coming to town.

Farewell to the ripple of waters,
The sighing and murmur of leaves,
The cool of the meadow at sunset,
The hot mid-day hum in the sheaves;
Farewell to the lessons of Nature,
The moral tied up in a sheaf,
Farewell to the perfect digestion
That brought to her teaching belief.

Farewell to the nymph of the valley—
The maiden who walked in the dew;
The talk that was light as the zephyr
That lifted her ribbons of blue;
To the in-door communings, as misty
And vague as the soft summer night;
To the moths that come in at the window,
And singed their poor wings in the light.

Alas! that the waters will ripple,
The leaves will still murmur and sigh,
The meadow grow cool in the sunset,
Tho' never a poet be nigh;
And maidens will walk in the meadows,
And sigh in the soft summer night;
And moths will as surely be singeing
Their poor foolish wings in the lights.

Then shriek in your malice, O whistle!
What though we are coming to town,
We can't keep the bloom on the thistle
Nor give back to peaches their bloom.
And welcome, O fields, in your bleakness,
O shrubs that are dreary and brown—
You've lost all your freshness and greenness,
For you, too, are coming to town.

A SAILOR was passing one of the Petit street auctioneers, a short time since, and stopped a moment to hear what was going on. "Going! one and sixpence—going! gone! It is yours, sir," handing the book to the sailor. "Mine, s'r," exclaimed Jack, with a tone of unaffected surprise. "What is it?" "*Pocahontas.*" "No you don't *poke it on to us*," replied the tar, and walked off."

A YOUNG lady, who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher recently, in which she spelt the words very poorly. She apologised by adding a postscript as follows: "You must eskews this letter, as I pla bi nost but spel bi ear."

[For the Leader.

A Notion of Convenience,

WITH

OTHER SOLECISMS IN LANGUAGE.

How often does an unexpected dun, who has gained admission to the presence under the vile pretence of "some little general business," and the specious sanction of an unremembered name, and a better blue frock and gray mixture trousers than one's own—how often, I say, does such a man desire, and not without a hint of action at law, that his "small account" (three long, narrow rolls of arithmetical addition, adorned at the beginning with the gorgeous blazon of the English monarchy, and disfigured at the end with an unquestionable sum total, equal to the half of one's yearly income) shall be settled at one's earliest "convenience" in the course of the present week!

"I'm of opinion that gay fellow is sitting a mighty deal too convenient to my blood-cousin-jarmin, Miss Theodosia," said an Irish gentleman of distinguished extraction.

"Convenience" was scarcely the right expression here. For who would have thought, from the wording of this observation, that the very pretty person who was in this formidable degree of consanguinity to the Irish gentleman of distinguished extraction, was actually doing all she could to edge away her chair from the close persecution of a minor poet—

"A wretch who had within him undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice"—

and who was then in the very act of urging upon her an epigram of sixteen lines of his own making!

During the siege of ——, in the year 18—, the French were endeavoring to throw up a work behind the ruins of a dismantled house, on the other side of a broad river, and directly opposite to an English battery, within the extreme distance at which it is practicable to carry on an unfriendly conversation by means of thirteen-inch shells.

For several weeks this conversation was carried on entirely on the English side. Two large mortars were in the battery, so adjusted, by painted lines, to give the due aim; and, by the sextant, to give the due elevation, that, with a proper charge of powder, every shell which was fired from each was sure to fall just behind the tenement in the possession of the French, and in the very centre of where it was known that the workmen were carrying on their impeded operations.

Regularly, therefore, at intervals of about ten minutes, but with sufficient variation of time to render the compliment always unexpected, did they the two English mortars keep up their alternate fire night and day to prevent the continuance of the work.

This occupation, which was a matter of tedious and unvaried duty to the gunners, became matter of amusement to the idlers of the army to visit.

Eugenio was an idler. He was on the staff; and often, with other young gentlemen who consider it unfit to obtrude themselves, by too constant personal attendance on the commander-in-chief during his hours of severe meditation in quarters, would he steal forth to this battery, to watch with his glass the movements on the enemy's outposts, and now and then to give his advice touching the pointing of a gun, or such other urgent matters of the war.

"What can that fellow be doing on the top of the wall, there?" said Eugenio, with his eye at the glass. "Methinks he is looking at us rather audaciously," continued he, turning to the Irish sergeant of artillery; "it would be for the honor of the service to give him a hint to be off. What do you think of giving him a shell? It's seven minutes since No. 2 was fired. It's almost time again with No. 1."

"It's my opinion we ought to have him out of that," said the sergeant.

"Come, tackle to, my lads, and get ready," was the word; and the men tackled to in right earnest, for the practical joke of frightening a French idler from a post which he had assumed with probably no better reason for doing so than the English idler had for observing him.

A practical joke is always the best of jokes, if one may judge of its quality by the alacrity with which it is undertaken, and by the applause with which it is always received by every party concerned, except the one at whose expense it takes place. And the butt is a party who never can estimate fairly the merits of any joke.

To adjust the heavy engine to its bed, so that every mark should fit its fellow—to drive in each chock till the elevation was just and true—to charge the yawning jaws of the gun, and to deposit the cumbrous shell within its chamber, was the work of but a few moments; and, tickled by the match, the whole machine bellowed forth the jest to the heavens.

Every eye watched the round black ball as it took its curving course through the sky—watched by every eye but that of the Frenchman, who, probably saw it not coming; for he stood still, firm and erect, on the wall.

"Confound it! he must have seen the gun fire. He must hear it in a moment more," muttered Eugenio, beginning to doubt that the pleasantry had gone too far; as he tracked the shell towards its destination, and screwing both body and face to the contortion with which the billiard-player often screws both body and face after the ball has parted, as though that action could give it a bias to evade the threatening pocket.

The shell descended, and as it reached about the level, and near the place on which the figure stood, a small white rising smoke showed that it had exploded, and hid for a moment the objects immediately nigh.

When it dispersed the man was seen no more.

Whether he had jumped behind a traverse, or whether he had thrown himself flat to escape the bursting havoc, or whether worse, was matter of rapid but useless speculation to the inmates of our battery.

"Devil take it!" cried Eugenio; and he stamped his foot and bit his nail; "devil take it, he could not have stood there to be killed. He must have seen it coming;" and he turned to the artillery sergeant to confirm this opinion.

"By my soul, it fell mighty convanient to'm!" said the Irish artillery sergeant.

"Is it your *pleasure*," now and then asks a dentist, "is it your *pleasure* to have your tooth out to-day?"

"I do not care a pin" is a very ordinary figure of speech, but of doubtful propriety; for one's indifference, it appears to me, must very much depend on the position of the pin. In the cushion of one's chair, for instance, it is absolutely disagreeable, and what one should care very much about.

The word "poor" is an epithet in very common misuse. It is often brought into play, especially in its plaintive sense, in situations where, poor thing, it scarcely knows itself, and where there is not the slightest provocation to account for the use of it. It is degraded to the condition of a mere expletive; and, where there is a real good call for it, how often is it thrust upon the wrong person—the one who, were he consulted, would disclaim compassion.

"*Poor* Mr. ——, only think of him, *poor* fellow! How very odd! I believe he was not in joke. He told me a distant connexion of his, of another name, whom he never knew till after he heard the thing happened, who had been transported to New South Wales a matter of sixteen years ago, is to be hanged to-morrow, by way of a secondary punishment, for coming back from transportation."

The audience were profuse in the repetition of the epithet—generous to excess in the free gift of it to Mr. ——. They did not happen to consider it applicable to him who, for an unlawful love of native country, was to undergo a violent and disgraceful death.

This, to be sure, might be attributed to the feeling that so many good regular people have, that it is highly blameable to pity any man who suffers capitally for a breach of the law; that it would be, in some sort, to question the justice of the laws themselves. And the ten or a dozen honest souls that formed the company were probably so good themselves as to be justly scandalized at the notion of holding so much communion with guilt as to sympathize with it in its sufferings. But I believe, after all, it was rather a flow of idiom than an effort of principle.

Mr. Small, a farmer, well to do, in ——shire, fell ill of an acute and dangerous disorder. (By the by, every one was anxious to know if "poor" Mrs. Small's husband was better.) He died. Mrs. Small was, of course, in decent affliction. But the word of pity was always transferred from the principal sufferer to her, till he was beyond suffering. Then first it was bestowed on the "poor" corpse, which every one came to visit, and flattered as looking "pleasant."

Mrs. Small, herself, in the first letter of her widowhood to an intimate female friend, did not make a more judicious application of the favorite epithet. To this friend it was her habit to write once a quarter. We insert three passages, one extracted from each of these quarterly epistles, which followed, in due succession, after her sad bereavement:

"DEAR NELLY—My brother-in-law has given the direction of the funeral to a good, economical undertaker, by name Peebles. I have not seen him, and am not like; for he is in too large a way to attend himself, and he sends his man for orders, and to see all done handsome, but cheap. Poor Mr. Peebles' man came here last night, and the funeral will be to-morrow. I am in much trouble, as might be expected. My poor new black bonnet has not come home, and keeps me fretting; but poor Peebles' man says I shan't be disappointed, even if he has to go for it himself. Poor Peebles' man! he is up early and down late, to see all right. He was in my room this morning before I was out of bed, that all might be decent, &c., etc. Yours, to command, dear Nelly, "MARY SMALL."

"DEAR NELLY—It is now three months and better since that poor coffin was put under ground, and I declare I feel quite queer and lonesome without it. But business goes on quite well and brisk. Poor, kind Peebles' man! he is off and on; almost always about the house, doing some kind job or other. He is a very decent body; but I don't know how it is, I'm not to say comfortable. There's a sad noise with my sister's family. You know I never could bear children. My late husband, that's gone, was the only one of the family that could. I am sure I don't know what I could do without poor, dear Peebles' man. Yours, to command, dear Nelly, "MARY SMALL."

"DEAR NELLY—Poor, dear, kind Peebles' man has never left here; he's my right hand, and he is a very decent body, indeed. It is now six good months since that poor funeral took place. I find I am not fit to live alone; I was married this morning to poor Peebles' man. Your sincere friend, dear Nelly, "MARY MERRIMATE."

"P. S.—Excuse my change of name."

"IN UTROQUE FIDELIS."

Along the woods the whispering night-airs swoon,
A single bird-note dies adown the trees,
Clear, pallid, mournful, droops the summer moon,
Dipped in the foam of Cloudland's phantom seas;
Soundless they heave above
The dim, ancestral home that holds my love.

How breathless, still! A mystic glamour keeps
Calm watch and ward o'er this weird, drowsy hour:
Yon heaven's at peace, the earth benignly sleeps;
And thou, thou slumberest too, my woodland flower—
Fair lily steeped in light
And happy visions of the marvelous night!

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to thine—
A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear,
With fairy freightage of such hopes divine
As fain would flutter gently at thine ear,
And, entering, find their way
Down to the heart so veiled from me by day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance, thou art not coy;
And one keen hope, more bold than all the rest,
May touch thy spirit with a tremulous joy,
And stir an answering softness in thy breast:
O sleep! O blest eclipse!
What murmured word is faltering at her lips?

Awake for one brief moment, genial South;
Breathe o'er her slumbers—waft that word to me,
Warm with the fragrance of her rosebud mouth,
Enwreathed in smiles of dreamful fantasie:
Come, whisper, low and light,
The name which haunts her maiden trance to-night.

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth or air,
I only know my delicate darling lies,
A twilight lustre glimmering in her hair,
And dews of peace within her languid eyes:
Yea, only know that I
Am called from love and dreams, perhaps to die—

Die when the heavens are thick with scarlet rain,
And every time-throb's fated: even there
Her face would shine through mists of mortal pain,
And sweeten death, like some incarnate prayer:
Hark! 'tis the trumpet's swell!
O love! O dreams! farewell, farewell, farewell!

If women are permitted to vote, at what age will they be allowed to cast their first ballot? It would take great political excitement to make some of them confess twenty-one.

New York.

The great cities of the world may be considered from various points of view. We may collect dreary piles of statistics as to their population, taxation, house-rent, rate of growth, number of schools, and proportion of people who can read and write; or, instead of being statistical, we may be historical, philosophical, or poetical, or philanthropical, or political, or what not. In talking about American cities we generally indulge in a Macaulayan formula, which is being worked to death almost as fast as the New Zealander of intolerable notoriety, by calculating the number of years since the Indian hunted the buffalo where now stands the railway "depot." Lord Macaulay tells us at how short a distance of time some gentleman of presumable sanity went out to shoot woodcocks in Regent street; and we might of course produce far more startling assertions about New York. But there is something which, to the ordinary traveller, is of greater interest than arithmetical facts. There is no particular reason, when one comes to think of it, why a town of 200,000 or 300,000 inhabitants should not grow up in a generation in a fertile country which attracts half the overflowings of European population; and when we have heard the figures for the hundredth time, we refuse to fall down on our knees and worship; yet we certainly feel some curiosity as to the peculiar physiognomy of these rapid growths. To put into words the precise characteristics which impress a newly-arrived traveller, is of course impossible. No novelist ever yet succeeded in describing for us even the shape of his heroine's nose. Even if the whole of the customary three volumes were devoted to the subject, we should probably be unable to recognize the precise shape intended, considering how delicate are the differences by which noses are discriminated from each other; and in the same way we learn something from a glance at a foreign town for which no traveller's eloquence can possibly prepare us. The cockney who has been for ten minutes at Boulogne has learned more about French costume, about French architecture, and about that indefinable quality which at once marks the French origin of men and things, than he has derived in his whole previous life from any studied combination of words. We should, therefore, think it as hopeless to analyze the causes of the distinctive impression made by New York upon a traveller as to give in a short article the whole mass of religious, political, and other statistics which concern its population. Yet something may be said as to the state of mind to which the English traveller is apt to be reduced by an external view of the greatest American city.

The impression of which it is easiest to give account is a very simple one. The really magnificent approach to the city predisposes one to expect something startling. No site in the world shows more unmistakable signs of a great commercial destiny. It is one of the few points which might be picked out upon a map as a centre to which important natural highways converge, and whose aspect is at the same time worthy of its position. The noble bay, receiving the abundant waters of the Hudson, and bounded by the picturesque slopes of Staten Island, seems to call for navies to fill it. The tongue upon which the city is built might invite architects to crown it with far-seen spires, to surround it with docks, and to lay out lofty terraces and rows of marble palaces to rival those of Genoa. The huge ferry-boats and river-steamers which crowd the waters with forms strange to European eyes raise an expectation of something entirely novel and characteristic. One tries to evolve mentally some style of city architecture strange enough to suit the traditional Yankee—an animal compounded, it may be remarked, from many strange and not very consistent traditions. The sallow-faced, lantern jawed, tobacco-chewing variety of human being, full of quaint sayings and blasphemous dry humor, with heels habitually raised above his head, and a bowie-knife and revolver concealed somewhere about his person, has become a rarity, if indeed he ever existed in full force outside caricatures and books of professed facetiousness. Yet the national type is sufficiently marked to justify the hope that a race of such undeniable distinctness may have provided for itself an equally characteristic domicile. Neither, it may be added, will the printed accounts in general tend to undeceive the traveller. It requires considerable moral courage to describe anything American without introducing some very marked extravagance. Accounts of New York by the "word-painting" school swarm with contrasts between log-huts and marble palaces, and draw a picture of an exterior suited to the noisiest, fastest, and most go-ahead race upon earth in this the very focus of their keenest activity. Yet we venture to say that any one who puts his faith in such descriptions, or in any *a priori* conceptions of what a Yankee capital ought to be, will be miserably disappointed. Undoubtedly there is something novel to European eyes about New York. One endeavors to discover an exact parallel for different fractions of it in recollections of London or Paris or Amsterdam; and after a few failures one is driven to admit that it is neither English nor French nor Dutch—it must be American. But the novelty, such as it is, is not of a startling kind; we find something for which there is no exact precedent, but we do not find anything that much exceeds or falls short of all precedent. There are, it is true, "marble palaces" in New York, if by that name we may designate some very large shops and hotels faced with a handsome white stone, and of no particular order of architecture. We may say there are log-huts, if by log-huts we choose to mean such houses as may be found in the inferior parts, say of the Brompton Road; and there are even some few of those wooden or "framework" houses which are universal in the country districts of America. But the extremes of architectural splendor and meanness are not so wide apart as in London, and in walking from Charing Cross to Kensington one may see far greater contrasts than in the same length of Broadway. Broadway towards its lower end is a handsomer street than can be found in Manchester or Liverpool, and it is nowhere so uniformly mean as the greatest part of Oxford street; it is very long and very straight, and of a respectable width, and contains a good many houses which might be described by superlatives in advertisements, which would be excellently adapted for Messrs. Moses & Son, or for the proprietors of any of our large hotels; but, on the whole, we can preserve our equanimity even at its most splendid portions, and need not hold our noses at its worst. Of the streets in general we may say, with a little increase or diminution of emphasis, much what we say of Broadway. They are broad and airy, as bright in fine weather as red brick and green trees and brilliant sunshine can make them, and varying in merit from the standard of Tottenham Court Road up to that of Tyburnia, translated from stucco into brown stone. Their chess-board arrangement strikes an Englishman as more agreeable than he had anticipated, as undoubtedly convenient, and adapted in this case to the natural features of the ground. But when all has been said that can be said, it is easiest to describe the external aspect, at least of New York, by negatives; and if one positive epithet must be selected, it would perhaps be that of slovenly. Like everything else in the United States, it bears to the European eye the most distinct marks of being in that stage of existence which in men would be described as hobbledehoys. It makes the same impression upon the observer as a house in which the new occupants have not had time to settle themselves. Corners are left unswept and walls unpainted, and there is a prevalent air of discomfort, which can only be dispelled gradually by the polish which comes with long occupation. In part this is obviously owing to the benefits of universal suffrage conferred upon a population of which the lowest stratum is of the rawest Irish material. A mere glance at the pavements would be enough to send an English coachman into fits, and would enable a philosopher to draw such inferences about the town as Professor Owen drew from the bone of the dinornis. In some streets a decent wood-paving has been tried, but in many cases the paving resembles the moraine of a glacier. Huge round boulders are divided by channels, down which filthy streams trickle slowly, occasionally expanding into grimy lakes. At intervals erratic blocks repose peacefully in the middle of the streets, or form petty islands in the mud. The discontented slaves of a London vestry might earn some consolation from the still more hopeless slavery of the decent inhabitants of New York. The light American carriages surmount these obstacles with tolerable success, as well as the more legitimate obstructions due to the rails of the street railroads; but an American carriage is everywhere accustomed to struggle with ill-made tracks falsely claiming to be roads, and indeed is expressly designed to encounter such difficulties. America is the land of bad roads, and the dearness of labor is of course one great cause to be assigned for this as for other unpleasant phenomena. New York, for example, should be the paradise of cabmen, if the power of charging anything they please enters into the idea of a future state formed by that estimable body of men. For the persons who use cabs the prospect must of course be inverted. The human tide which daily ebbs and flows through the streets of New York would in London employ a varied collection of carriages, cabs, and omnibuses. In New York there is little choice except pedestrianism or a street car—the last, it must be admitted, far superior to the purgatory of a British omnibus. But the comparative absence of different classes of vehicle impresses a certain monotony and want of vivacity upon the streets. New York is one of the few towns which can in some places rival the great rush of human beings which rejoiced the soul of Dr. Johnson at Charing Cross; but a long succession of street cars, resembling second-hand railway carriages shabbily patched up, is a bad substitute for the struggling mass of carriages in a crowded London thoroughfare.

If we add to the general want of finish, and to the absence of any really fine buildings, the serious and rather worn expression characteristic of American wayfarers intent upon business, we account for the rather melancholy impression which New York generally makes on a first acquaintance. It seems as if all the inhabitants were busy and anxious, and had not the time to clean their streets decently, or the patience to erect substantial monuments. The town resembles a man who has got up in too great a hurry to shave, and has thrust himself into the first suit of clothes that came to hand. And most other cities all across the continent seem to be cuttings from New York, singularly resembling the parent stock, and developing the same peculiarities as they grow up. A closer acquaintance enables one to assign these peculiarities to their true cause, and to attribute the roughness which exists to the extent by which the field for labor still surpasses the available energy. An eye which has been trained in Europe finds it hard to read as indications of superabundant resources the signs which it has been always accustomed to associate with decay; just as the roughness of the farming would be taken by the English agriculturists to mean absence of skill, instead of showing the enormous extent of fertile and unbroken soil which prevents the application of much labor to the enclosed country. The one thing which has been thoroughly brought up to a high degree of polish in New York is the Central Park, which, having been fortunately rescued from the hands of the local government, would be really worthy of the finest European city. Elsewhere the traveller must be content with promise rather than performance, and must see in the great American city a ground plan which may some day be filled up with buildings worthy of its magnificent site. At present it seems as though some contractor of enormous wealth had run up the shops and houses for the middle classes on a plan of mathematical precision before proceeding to more ambitious efforts, and had not yet swept up the shavings or cleared out the streets. And, indeed, the one element of grandeur which New York can seriously claim depends upon this fact. An enormous city run up in obedience to a preconceived plan, laid down in the public interest, gives a certain impression of power, even though the details are mean. When the Russian Emperor designed a railway by drawing a line with a ruler between the two termini on the map, he gave a striking illustration of autocratic power. And in the straight lines and right angles of an American city we may see the determined will of the many-headed autocrat. There are great conveniences in reducing natural obstacles with a ruler and a pair of compasses, but the process certainly produces a monotonous effect to the eye. Even in the newest cities of a new country we see nothing picturesque, and, what is more disappointing, nothing grotesque; but an enormous quantity of square commonplace blocks of houses put together in rows as neatly as the bricks in a well-built wall. There are, indeed, numerous signs of the development of something better, but the development must probably extend over generations.—*Saturday Review.*

THE HOLY DEAD.

BY ELLEN H. FLAGG.

The autumn rain is falling;
They do not heed its beat;
Past alike the storm and sunshine,
They rest; their sleep is sweet.
Their eyes, that were so weary,
From further tears shall cease,
And see enraptured visions
In the solemn sleep of peace.

Their hands, once swift or skilful,
Stilled by a grace divine,
Are crossed upon their bosoms
In Faith's eternal sign.
Earth's dark and dizzy pathways
Shall know them nevermore;
But a place of light and silence
Waits beyond the golden shore.

The problem of existence
Is solved for them at last,
And all life's loss made even,
For the former things are past.
Then comes reward for waiting;
Then joy is born of pain,
In that court where wrong is righted,
And the Judge of all shall reign.

Round us the storm still rages,
To us the noon-tide heat;
Our eyes with tears are heavy,
And weary are our feet.
But while in God's own wisdom
Our wandering steps are led,
They watch in solemn pity—
The holy, happy dead.

Every Man

HIS OWN ICE-HOUSE.

In a charming sketch lately published in *Putnam*, the writer describes what are called "Public Bohemias"—a kind of neutral ground in social life, where all shams are for a time laid aside, all conventionality forgotten, and whim, and sentiment, and fancy, and fun, and nonsense, play about in perfect freedom and confusion. There is something undeniably delicious in the suggestion, as there is an exceeding unpleasantness the world over, in everything in manners artificial and unnatural. To enjoy the pleasures of that temporal state of happiness described by the writer, demands as much of the wisdom of the sage as the simplicity of the child—a union in the graces of human character in which there is a profound community of feeling. It is the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. It means that pleasure is real when it is fresh and simple. The glimpses given by the author of "Private Bohemias" of this idea are happily portrayed; they illustrate, in a wise and harmless fashion, real uses for the social element within us. To this delightful picture, as to all other scenes of pleasant pastime, there is an unpleasing converse. When fun is over, and the doors of our habitation closed, the gate goes down, the waters cease to flow, and the sigh of exhausted pleasure throws off the last, faint feeling of enjoyment. Self wakes from its little sleep, rises, and reasserts its sway. A weariness of spirit succeeds the generous sense of pleasing and being pleased in turn. The wind again veers around to the east. A dull sense of reality steals over us. The feeling does not end with a regret for departed pleasure; for we have exhausted our capacity both to give and to receive. The rigid melancholy of a face in the glass opposite is not a sign merely of pleasure that has palled. From the sun we pass into the shadow. From the little glow that warmed the pulses of our hearts, the double gratification of pleasure given and received, we sink to zero. If the events of the last hour still linger in our minds, ten to one, we drop into the cool cynicism of examining our neighbor's faults—how charming is so and so, but what a practiced hypocrite; what a faculty for showing off has another; what a show of simplicity has a third—whereas we know the former to be a humbug, and the latter the most designing of men or women. From our own ice-house we move by sympathy into the ice-houses of our kind. Ice-houses are far more common than domestic skeletons. There is no such thing as that anatomy about most establishments. Well regulated families are more or less free from that unpleasantness in the clothes-press; but there are always family refrigerators.

When we cease to think of others, and fall to thinking of ourselves, the temperature grows lower and lower. It is possible that the faculty of conscious interspection is not common. But, in most enlightened men and women, it is a confessed and active quality. The fuller the refinement, the more palpable becomes the sense of self-examination. It is the mental process of conscience. In the ignorant, all this may be a vague feeling of discontent; it may be the heavy shadow of a crime. In most men and women who cultivate a certain keenness of perception, the organ of mental vision turns itself consciously inward. We sit down calmly by a little lake that is frozen over with the experiences of our own lives, like the lake in Dante's vision.

Almost all men have an ice-house in their hearts—and *all* women. What would a woman do without that cool retreat? Hath she not eyes, organs, dimensions? What are the tentacles of her social life; what are her weapons of attack and defence, but a supreme sense of self, and a consciousness of her self-dependency in the world? Throw aside the sympathetic instinct for a moment, and look into the helpless lot of almost all womankind; will you cut her off from that quiet self-retiracy where she puts on her armor and polishes her steel? Shall she be denied her ice-house? There has been any amount of this kind of thing written by smart modern writers. They would establish a literary ice-house for opinions upon women; but it is a poor place, without sweetness or light.—The catholic wisdom of the Masters does not grovel. It gives a woman the natural right to her ice-house, and knows it is sometimes hard enough for her to keep cool even there!

Even the doctor of divinity keeps his ice-house. Sometimes it has a vastly different temperature from the warm rapture of the pulpit—It is a tolerably cool place when the divine comes to confess to himself that the heart of his religion is dead, and his spiritual mind is clogged and stagnant. But everybody's ice-house is his serious self. When you have reached it through the outer-clothen vestments of every-day life you have gained the citadel of the man, and he may "*sing fuit Ilium*, for the glory of his empire will have departed." An ice-house sometimes, however, shows through; in one man it may be simple selfishness and vanity, in another lust, in a third, perhaps, villainy or crime. It glazes the gambler's eye; it gives opaqueness to the organ of moral jugglery, and invariably looks square out of the hardened criminal. It is Harlequin's sorrowful heart in the midst of all of his fun—the tear that is ready to follow laughter. In the Godless man it may be a sense of the infinite, and an ill-suppressed anguish of spirit. In the man of gains it is greed—a man married to his money—a very cold companion for life, that shrinks him by contagion.

In a word, every man or woman's ice-house is his or her solitary sense of self. No one shares it with them—it is not a social dwelling place. In it are stowed away all kinds of scraps of secret wants, experiences, opinions, traits, deeds—studiously concealed from the world, carefully preserved, and never wasting. Out of it Godly men look pleadingly to the infinite, and cry out, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Into it hard men put their schemes and projects and sense of double-dealing. No little child can enter there, no loving woman. The sun never gets to that cool place; the light of heaven never enters in. It is the soul of the ceaseless misery of the human race. Good women have it; they lay within it all they can deny to others. Broad human sympathy, kindliness of heart, may weigh upon it and close it down; but it is never closed forever.

ON SOME PLEASANT BOOKS.—Dickens we put with Hans Christian Andersen and Grimm. They are kindred somehow in our mind; but Dickens in this category is represented only by "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "The Christmas Carol." We put "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Pickwick" by, for wayside reference, for chamber books sometimes, or garden reading in the summer; but "Tiny Tim" and "Little Nell," real though they be, we introduce to "The Little Tin Soldier," "Elsie," "The Ugly Duckling," "Little Claus and Great Claus;" and that old street lamp and other curiosities of Andersen seem to belong to the "Curiosity Shop," not so much from affinity of fancy, as because it seems to us Dickens must understand them himself so thoroughly. We have had our last Christmas book from Dickens, they say. Oh, these lasts! Oh, this giving over, this closing the book, this ringing down the drop scene, this writing Finis! Are there no more Tiny Tims, nor Scrooges, nor Toby Vecks, nor Mrs. Lirripers left in that teeming brain; or is it time to rest? We do not complain, we only regret that the summer is over, listen more attentively with Toby Veck to the Christmas bells, hug that little figure which we find at Bob Cratchett's fireside closer to our hearts, and breathe more fervently that never-dying prayer, "God bless us every one." In that pleasant little corner above the ruck of thumbed and greasy volumes which have passed in special review before us sitting here in the firelight, come we now to an exclusive set of gilt-edged friends who seem to have a place apart; these are a select party of poets, represented by "In Memoriam," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Deserted Village," "The Borough," "Evangeline," "Ossian," "Lalla Rookh," "Beppo," and "Don Juan," Mrs. Browning's sonnets, and a miscellaneous book of songs with examples from Dibdin and some minor poets. How Johnson must have astonished Boswell with that most unexpected judgment of the poet, who had been working anonymously for so long: "Sir, Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author." I think it is Mr. Forster who says in reference to "Little Goldy" looking foolishly sometimes, "Conversation is a game where the wise do not always win."

Lafontaine, of witty, fable fame, and Marmontel, were poor conversationalists. Charles II. having read Hudibras, sought Butler in the hope of a sparkling chat, but he was entirely disappointed. Alfieri and Gray were dull in company, and Corneille, the great French dramatist, was silent and taciturn. Disraeli relates that once when Rosseau returned to a village he had to learn to endure its conversation. "Alone, I have never known *ennui*, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imaginations, filling the void, were sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support." Addison and Moliere talked but little, and Dryden himself has said of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved; in short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees." Tasso was so reserved that a person in his society said this persistent silence was indicative of madness. The poet, overhearing him, asked whether he was acquainted with a madman who knew how to hold his tongue? The habit which a man acquires of thinking through his pen has a tendency to weaken his power as a speaker and conversationalist; his rule of revision, his wonted rounding and perfecting of sentences, make him severely critical with regard to his unwritten utterances. We have many examples to the contrary, it is true, but they go to prove the rule. Authors talk best among themselves. The curiosity of outsiders is a restraint upon them; but, after all, they say the best things to those who consult them through their works—to us, who seek them alone, with general appreciation and respect, holding sweet converse with familiar books.

COLOR-BLINDNESS is much more common than is generally supposed. Among forty boys in a school in Berlin five were found to be deficient in the power of distinguishing colors. The effect is also more common among gray-eyed persons than those having blue or brown eyes, and it is found more frequently in men than in women. Out of five hundred sufferers only five were women. Strange to say, a peculiar keenness of vision is not unusual among color-blind persons. A young girl who could only distinguish between black and white, and to whom the whole world presented only an infinite variety of gray, could see to read in the twilight long after any one else. Goethe records an instance of two young men who, although their sight was unusually powerful, were quite unable to distinguish blue and its varieties. He gave to this deficiency the Greek name *akyanoblepsy*, or blue-blindness.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others for the assertion that "Ann" is an indefinite article.

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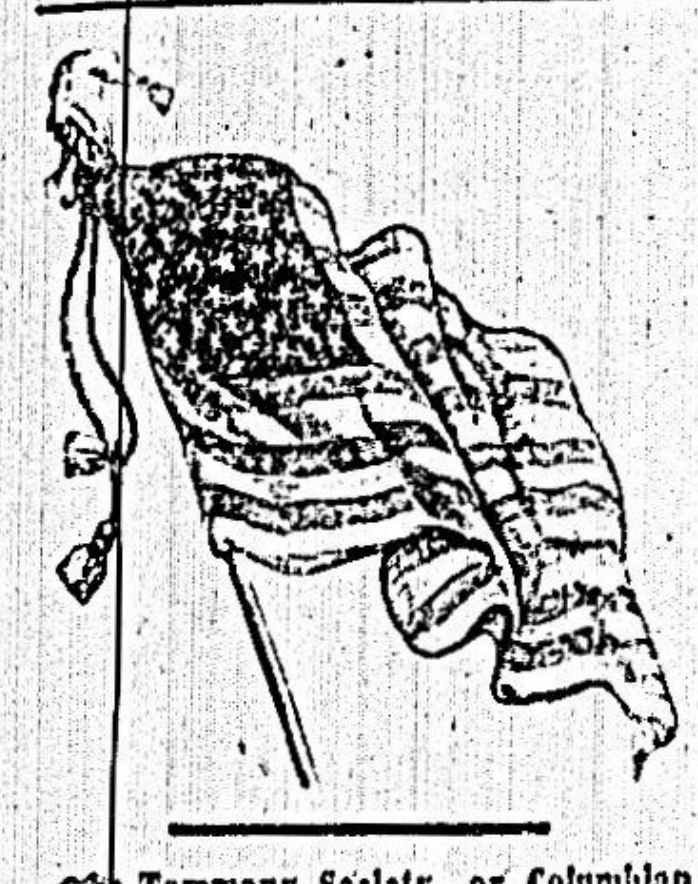

☞ **Tammany Society, or Columbian ORDER.**—Brothers: A Regular Meeting of the Institution will be held in the Council Chamber of the Great Wigwam, on Monday, Dec. 7th, 1868, at half an hour after the setting of the sun. Punctual attendance is requested. By order of

JOHN T. HOFFMAM,
Grand Sachem.

WILSON SMALL, Secretary.

Manhattan Season of Snows, Twelfth Moon; Year of Discovery 376th, of Independence 93d, and of the Institution the 79th.

ELECTION REVIEW.

As expected events in that great surging maelstrom of finance and business, Wall street, almost invariably discount themselves in advance, so, too, the recent charter election was practically discounted in advance. Men of both parties recognized the inevitable fact that the contest could result but one way—in the triumphant success of the Democratic ticket; and a quiet acquiescence in this verdict in advance was peculiarly the part of wisdom, prudence, and practical discernment. The Radicals, although in the middle of the turbulent current, did not even, like drowning men, catch at straws; for it was virtually admitted by their party papers that the election would be lost to them by default, and the morning after the election the *Tribune* admitted that such was the case.

The Democracy of New York city are to be congratulated upon the splendid result of the contest. Without any extraordinary effort Messrs. Hall and O'Gorman have been elected to the respective offices of Mayor and Counsel to the Corporation by the largest majorities ever given to candidates for those positions in New York. A still further cause for congratulation to the Democracy, and to the candidates as well, is found in the fact that we polled the largest vote on Tuesday that was ever polled in a previous charter election in New York before. These are flattering facts for our local Democracy; but the Radicals have no corresponding cause for congratulation, for while there was a falling off in the Republican vote of about sixty per cent. there was a decline in the Democratic vote of only about thirty-three per cent. This fact proves that the Democracy are never deficient in zeal when a great occasion demands their action and their votes. And there is no more striking illustration of this point than is found in the fealty to candidates demonstrated by the recent canvass; for there is a difference of only a few hundred votes between the majorities of the two leading candidates upon the Democratic ticket, showing that, like a strong team, they together moved the triumphal car of Democracy through this Gibraltar of Democratic patriotism and Constitutional justice.

It is flattering to party enthusiasm and political common sense to feel that, so shortly after the great struggle which took place in November, the Democratic party is not dismayed, but are capable and willing to produce such results as flowed from Tuesday's election. The Democracy of other cities, and other States as well, must be impressed more than ever with the knowledge that our legions are invincible and our leaders imbued with unconquerable spirit and indomitable energy.

An especial and gratifying feature of the Charter election was the almost universal good order which prevailed throughout the city. With only few exceptions, the most absolute quiet prevailed in every ward. The Radicals, as usual, freely predicted disturbances, but to their utter dismay they were disappointed on finding the polls surrounded by as orderly crowds as ever flocked to Plymouth Church.

The run of Colonel Conkling, although it resulted in his overwhelming defeat, has nevertheless established claims upon the Radical party that can be most suitably discharged by conferring upon him the position of Collector of the Port of New York. That position he is entitled to in consideration of his having led a forlorn hope in the recent contest, and we trust it will be conceded to him without murmur or opposition.

The Democracy are still further to be congratulated upon the large majority in the Board of Assistant Aldermen which the result of the election secures. The Board, with an entirity of twenty-one members, will be composed of eighteen Democrats and three Republicans. Of course the Democratic majority is sufficiently overwhelming to secure the utmost harmony in the Board. It is to be hoped that Mr. Pinckney, who seems to have succeeded in the Eleventh District, will not carry his dog-in-the-manger principles with him in the Assistant Aldermanic Board.

Another source of pride to the Tammany Democracy is found in the election of a unanimously Democratic Board of School Commissioners. Without being invidious, it can be truly said, that the election of such gentlemen as Wilson Small, Timothy Brennan, Leander Buck, and T. E. B. Hawks, is a credit to the wisdom and good sense of the Democracy in the districts which they will represent. The office of School Commissioner is one of the greatest responsibility and importance to the educational interests of the city, and it is gratifying to know that men of character, experience and judgment have been selected for these positions.

With all the good feeling excited by the result of the canvass, there was mingled something of regret that the *World* newspaper, influenced by personal animosities, should, on the morning of the election, insult its Democratic readers by presenting in parallel columns, lists of the candidates upon both tickets, prefaced with this remark: "Be certain that you have the right ticket; then walk up and deposit it with the consciousness that you have done your duty;" which is equivalent to the advice of the itinerant showman, who, when asked which of his animals was the bear and which the monkey, replied: "Vichever you choose; you pays your money and you takes your choice." But despite all the ante-election impudence of the *World*, it was peculiarly cheeky in that paper, a day or two after the election, to arrogate to itself the credit of having secured by its influence so great a majority for the Democracy in the city election. For cool and unblushing effrontery this surpasses anything that we know of.

Altogether the results of the election are peculiarly gratifying and satisfactory to all good Democrats. They furnish the best possible guarantee of our local strength, and incite the hope that in future contests the factional fights of the past will be forgotten in the renewed hope and resolve to make the party so strong and unanimous in the future as to render any show of resistance an absolute burlesque in politics.

PATRIOTIC ELECTORS.—Judge Joseph Dowling and James M. Sweeney, Esq., Presidential Electors on the late National Democratic ticket, voted patriotically at sunrise at the recent Charter election, and then took the train for Washington, reaching the National Capital in time to participate in the proceedings of the Electoral College. This is patriotism worthy of imitation.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Governor Hoffman has made the selection of his staff and others composing his military family, as follows:

STAFF.

FRANKLIN TOWNSEND (Brig. Gen.) Albany County, Adjutant General.
JAMES McQUADE (Brig. Gen.) Oneida County, Inspector General.
*WM. H. MORRIS (Brig. Gen.) Putnam County, Commissary General of Ordnance.
WILLIAM M. TWEED, Jr. (Brig. Gen.), New York, Engineer-in-Chief.
JAMES B. CRAIG (Brig. Gen.), Kings County, Judge Advocate General.
JACOB S. MOSHER (Brig. Gen.), Albany County, Surgeon General.
C. FITCH BISSELL (Brig. Gen.), Genesee County, Quartermaster General.
GEORGE J. MAGEE (Brig. Gen.), Schuyler County, Paymaster General.
WILLIAM SEEBACH (Brig. Gen.), New York, Commissary General of Subsistence.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Col. ROBERT LENOX BANKS, Albany County.
Col. WALTER P. WARREN, Rensselaer County.
Col. J. TOWNSEND CONNOLLY, New York.
Col. WILLIAM F. MOLLER, New York.
Col. WILLIAM KIDD, Monroe County.

*Subject to confirmation by the Senate.

These appointments have been made from personal rather than political reasons, and in making them Governor Hoffman has been influenced solely by a desire to serve the best interests of the people of the State, irrespective of party. That they will prove acceptable to the public, and especially to the military service of the State, the names, records and connections of the appointees furnish the best possible guarantee.

General Townsend is known throughout the State for the interest he has taken in military affairs; and which he will bring with unabated zeal into the administration of the Adjutant General's Bureau. General McQuade, of Utica, acquired high distinction in the field, where he exhibited not only the gallantry of a soldier, but administrative talents of a high order. Commissary General Morris, an influential member of the Constitutional Convention, also served through the recent war with distinction, and exhibited a high order of merit. He was wounded on the same battle-field on which General Sedgwick was killed. He is a son of the patriot poet, the late George P. Morris. General Wm. M. Tweed, Jr., is a son of the well-known Senator from New York, and is a young gentleman of accomplishment, ability and military experience. General Craig, of Brooklyn, is a prominent member of the bar, and a leader in the politics of Kings County, whose appointment will be acceptable everywhere, and especially to the Brooklynites, in whose cause he labored so earnestly and faithfully in the late canvass. Dr. Mosher has a high and growing reputation. He rendered valuable services during the war. General Bissell is an influential citizen of Western New York, honorably identified with the National Guard. General Magee is a liberal and public-spirited young Democrat of the Southern tier. General Seebach is largely identified with that gallant and patriotic body, the National Guard of New York. He is a representative man among the citizen soldiery of German nationality and descent.

Of his aids, Colonels Banks and Warren worthily represent Albany and Troy. Colonels Connolly and Moller are of New York; and Colonel Kidd, formerly of Albany, now represents Rochester, where he is identified with extensive business. Both Messrs. Connolly and Kidd served during the late war, and was a prisoner at Libby. Col. C., besides being an accomplished gentleman, is possessed of all the rare suavity and executive ability that belongs to the Connolly family.

Colonel John D. Van Buren, Paymaster General under Governor Seymour, has accepted the place of Private Secretary. Colonel Van Buren is a staunch Democrat, and entirely competent to discharge the duties of this responsible position. He is a courtly gentleman, distinguished by scholarly tastes, refined social habits, experienced as a belles-letter writer and newspaper contributor, and springs from a good old Knickerbocker family.

THE Mayor elect and the editor of the *World* have been exchanging compliments—the one in a neat and graceful speech, and the other in a somewhat unhandsome editorial. But, however it may be with the editor of the *World*, we presume the new Mayor will exclaim, with Byron:

> "I have not loved the *World*, nor the *World* loved me."

Or, with Tom Moore:

> "This *World* is all a fleeting show
> For man's illusion given."

A RADICAL MEAL TUB.

The Radical claim to all the virtue, all the intelligence and all the honesty in America has never seriously impressed people who were familiar with the tactics of the leaders of that party. The fact is that in every Radical meal tub there is invariably discovered a cat of huge dimensions. Or else beneath the sheep's wool there is found the same old wolf of the fable, ready to devour everything before him.

It seems that among other appliances organized by the party of dishonesty to make fraud and deception "odious" up at Whitehall, in the Northern part of this State, some of the shining lights of Radicalism, in the hope of electing Grant and Griswold, arranged a plan to intimidate voters. With this design they issued the following Pecksniffian advertisement, which is significant in connection with what follows:

$50 REWARD.

The undersigned, being determined that none but qualified electors shall vote, promise to pay to any one who shall furnish the evidence to convict any person of illegal voting, or of influencing any one by illegal means to vote, without distinction of party, at the election to be held on the 3d day of November, inst., the sum of FIFTY DOLLARS, said sum to be paid on conviction.

Dated Nov. 2, 1868.

DENNIS JONES, N. T. JILLSON,
W. W. COOKE, D. P. NYE,
H. T. GAYLORD, JAMES DOREN,
T. T. VAUGHAN, A. P. COOKE,
H. R. SNYDER, J. T. BUEL.

This apparently insignificant advertisement obtained conspicuous currency in Whitehall and the immediate vicinity previous to the election. At length the day came. But Grant's injunction concerning "peace" prevailed, and there was no disturbance, no tumult, except in the breasts of the Radicals, who on the following morning found themselves defeated by nearly two hundred Democratic majority. But, imitating the tactics of Greeley and the Loyal League, the Whitehall Radicals at once declared the election a farce, and organized measures to "purify the ballot box." Accordingly some thirty citizens were subpœned before the Grand Jury of Washington County last week, and the following may be taken as an example of the testimony adduced:

John Rivett sworn. Question—Do you know Mr. E. E. Davis?
Answer—Yes, sir.
Question—Did he give you any money on election day?
Answer—No, sir.
Question—Did any one give you money for voting?
Answer—Yes, sir.
Question—Who?
Answer—James Doren agreed to pay me five dollars if I would vote the Republican ticket. I voted his ticket, and he told Mr. White to pay me five dollars, and he paid me.
Norman Kilburn sworn. Question—Did any one promise you anything for voting on election day?
Answer—Yes, sir.
Question—Who?
Answer—Mr. W. W. Cooke told me he would let me have a house to live in, if I would vote the Republican ticket.

Look upon one picture and then upon the other. Saints by the card but sinners when weighed in the scales of justice. But James Doren and W. W. Cooke are not alone in this business. They are only following in their humble way the lead of greater tricksters, who have flourished in higher places than Whitehall. Doren and Cooke are not exceptions to the rule of Radicalism, and in all probability when the Loyal League come to know of their faithfulness and enterprise their names will at once be enrolled as honorary members of that mighty order which, while it embodies much of the gilded elegance and fanciful show of decency and respectability, is yet corrupt to the core, and its fruits like those of the Dead Sea, that turn to ashes on the lips.

THE UTOPIAN SCHEME OF DIVISION.

Shortly after the election the dwellers in political Utopia started a scheme to divide New York State into two States. The utter folly of the plan was best demonstrated by the plan itself, which proposed that the new State should include five counties on New York Island, Long Island and Staten Island, and the two counties of Westchester and Putnam, joining New York on the Hudson—seven counties, containing an area of about the size of Delaware, but with three-eighths of the population of the whole State of New York, and three-fifths of the property. They would give the name of Manhattan to the projected State, retaining the name of New York for the State, in which the city of New York would not be.

The project is the outbreak of party disappointment. The division of New York is a political impossibility. There is a State pride which would prevent it, even if the political reasons were more plausible and formidable than they are ever likely to be. New York cannot be divided, and Republicans, however angry at the result of an election, would, on party grounds, be the last of the two parties to consent to a division. They have both Senators in Congress, and a considerable majority of the representatives, and all the weight which the power of the undivided State as a weight in the Union gives them in the administration of national affairs. A division which would make the larger State Republican, and the smaller Democratic, would not gain anything in the representative branch, and would simply annul the power of New York in the Senate by sending a doubled but balanced delegates. If the Democrats could give up State pride, and the aspirations to wield the whole power of New York in national politics, they have strong local motives for desiring a separation from the interior, to which New York city has been so long a subject for selfish speculations and the object of persecuting legislation. The power of self-government has been taken from them, and is exercised in many of the most essential particulars by commissions imposed upon them by rural majorities of the Legislature. With the enormous wealth and enterprise of New York city, the seven counties of "Manhattan" would make a grand and powerful State, without which the rural interior would find it difficult to be self-sustaining. They at least would not suffer if let alone; and for this reason it is not at all likely that Radicalism would be willing to release them, even if they were anxious to go.

MR HENRY SEDLEY announces that he has purchased the whole of the stock of the *Round Table* association, and hereafter that journal will be conducted by him as its sole editor and proprietor. The *Round Table* is now the representative literary journal of America. It embodies many of the good and none of the bad features of the leading reviews and serials of the Old World. Mr. Sedley has brought to its editorship an education, culture, and experience that must largely redound to its advantage and profit.

EDWIN BOOTH.

There is a wide difference of opinion respecting the precise status of Edwin Booth in the dramatic world. The critic of a Western newspaper says Booth never is the character; he always acts it. He plays, not Hamlet, but the handsome Booth. There is no abandon in his playing. There is none of that loss of his art in the emotions of the character, which was the great feature of his father's name. There remains, alike in the expression of the tenderest feeling and in the tempest of passion a self-consciousness, and an air of satisfaction at the perfection with which he is doing it. Hence Booth does not inspire his audience with enthusiasm. They applaud according to the tradition of applause; they accept the performance as a finished work of art; they call him out at the stated time; they respond to the old ranting passages; but they do all this with as much mechanical coolness as he plays his part. It is not the sympathetic feeling which is created when the actor loses his own personality in the passions which he is representing.

Booth is a handsome man, and he has studied the art of displaying form and features and limbs to the admiring gaze. This is as it should be, for personal beauty impresses all mankind; and there is no worthier object of the actor's study than the physical perfection. But in this, as in the representation of character and emotion, the perfection of art is to conceal itself, and this Booth does not attain to. There is the same trace of self-consciousness and self-satisfaction in every posture and in every working of countenance. His eyes are very effective, and he plays them with an air of consciousness that he is doing it. His profile is handsome, and almost noble; the audience have opportunity to admire it. And so with his legs. This is well; for the average legs are not perfect, and it is well to have good models kept before the eyes of people of both sexes, for the sake of rising generations. His mouth—the inadequate feature in his face—is the feature more expressive of self consciousness, and that most betrays his art. It has an air of being tutored to certain dispositions of the lips, as the fashionable finisher, Mrs. General, taught her pupils to compose theirs into the proper position, by saying "prunes," or "prism," or "potatoes." At the best, his mouth is inadequate to the rest of his face. But besides this his expression is that of an intense consciousness of his own perfection and performance.

BURLESQUE BIOGRAPHIES OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

BY EDWARD ELLIS KIDDER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE FOX is a descendant of Guy Fawkes, of explosive notoriety, and inherits many of his ancestor's combustible traits. (See "Humpty Dumpty," end of Chapter 1st.) Is the author of several popular nursery rhymes and of a large but select family. Was at one time a drawing master, but at present draws crowds better than anything else. Has lost considerable wealth through an unfortunate investment in fish. Never had better luck than at present, although his prospects are in a Haze. Is grand master of the Olympian revels and devils, a position of honor and profit, and claims to be the champion brick-thrower of the United States and Canada.

CHARLEY BACKUS is a native of Greece, of religious but respectable parents. Was educated, we are told, for the bar, and has practiced at it for quite a length of time. Adopted the stage as a profession when of ten or tender years. Is the author of the popular ballad, "Bourbon Around." Is a most genial and brilliant tambourinist, and the admired leader of a popular up-town "German," for which his excellent Dutch accent eminently fits him. Has been taken for Forrest by men who never saw the great tragedian. He is said to be a silent partner of Leland, but we think this is a mistake. Has a fondness for game, and has often gone up the Hudson in search of it. Is a good carom shot at billiards, which is accounted for by his fondness for caramels.

NELSE SEYMOUR was, when young, apprenticed to a carpenter as a pair of compasses, but dissatisfaction arising as to the size of his feet, was dismissed. Is a tower of strength in the minstrel world, and an eminent traveller and explorer. Is usually seen in company with Tony Pastor and a small ten terrier. The marriage between Mr. Seymour and Anna Swan, the giantess, has been broken off, we understand, Manager Wood declining to part with her to Seymour or any one Nelse. Is at present an interrogation point at Bryant's, and a great favorite with the fair sex. Can play banjo, bones, or jawbone with equal skill and *eclat*, and is the recipient of many flattering testimonials from hosts of friends.

NEW CHROMOS.

Fabronius, Gurney & Son send from their pleasant idling grounds in Broadway, two of their latest and best chromolithographs. "Autumn Fruits" and "God's Acre." The first, from the easel of Wm. M. Brown, is pre-eminently a charming dining-room picture. Its luscious fruits and fresh lilies, heaped in careless profusion, are tantalus-like, beyond our reach and hang upon our walls, a brilliant reminder of September days, in the midst of winter frosts.

The other is in our favorite genre style, a little cabinet picture by Miss E. Osborn, illustrative of Longfellow's tender little lyric:

> "I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
> The burial-ground God's Acre."

From out a landscape all blurred and whitened with misty snow-wreaths, gray skies and grayer trees, look two earnest childish faces, glowing with the keen frosty wind, in a simple, pleading way, drawing one most irresistibly towards them—just such a picture as even the most careless heart of all will not pass by unheeding. Just such an one as calls up sympathy with the sweet child-like faith underlying and rippling in each charming picture. Just such an one as calls up many a forgotten thought and account with the sweet child-like faith smiling in pretty curve.

We cannot express too much gratitude for the publishers, who thus open a road whereby all may obtain good pictures, and further the art in America, nor forget the patient workmen whose labors bring forth such excellent fruit. To one and the other we wish "God speed"—an old Saxon phrase, but none the less significant of our complete desire for their success.

ELECTION RESULTS.

On Mayor the official returns will foot up, with trifling variations, as follows:

Hall....75,051
Conkling....20,960

Hall's majority....54,091

Whole vote....96,011

For Counsel to the Corporation:

O'Gorman....74,803
Eaton....20,864

O'Gorman's majority....53,939

Whole vote....95,667

The following is the complete vote by wards for Mayor and Counsel to the Corporation:

	MAYOR.		COUNSEL TO THE CORPORATION.	
Wards.	Hall.	Conkling.	O'Gorman.	Eaton.
I....	2,210	138	2,210	138
II....	202	52	201	53
III....	489	97	489	97
IV....	2,825	249	2,795	248
V....	1,775	313	1,761	306
VI....	4,090	132	3,931	150
VII....	4,590	563	4,587	551
VIII....	3,403	829	3,353	819
IX....	3,237	2,327	3,193	2,328
X....	2,493	993	2,483	992
XI....	6,030	1,019	6,014	1,016
XII....	3,149	1,294	3,121	1,306
XIII....	2,719	759	2,675	746
XIV....	2,730	302	2,730	297
XV....	1,568	985	1,570	980
XVI....	3,153	1,839	3,262	1,841
XVII....	6,722	1,739	6,717	1,736
XVIII....	4,679	1,373	4,738	1,837
XIX....	4,154	1,419	4,132	1,424
XX....	5,417	1,510	5,423	1,503
XXI....	5,119	1,431	5,115	1,431
XXII....	4,219	1,638	4,200	1,645
	75,054	20,960	74,803	20,864

ASSISTANT ALDERMEN.

The Tammany candidates are elected in all but three districts, the Eleventh, Seventeenth, and Twenty-first, where the Republicans were successful. The following is a list of the elect (Republicans in italics), with their majorities:

Ass. Dist's.	*Majorities.*
1—James Haley	3,691
2—Patrick Lysaght	4,751
3—James A. Monaghan	1,503
4—Bryan Reilly	2,629
5—Isaac Robinson	2,147
6—Lawrence E. Hill	696
7—John Hampson	498
8—Edward Welch	1,941
9—Peter Culkin	42
10—Joseph Hoffman, Jr.	562
11—*Charles C. Pinckney*	117
12—Thomas F. Daly	467
13—Patrick Gibney	312
14—John Reilly	1,278
15—Austin V. Pettit	112
16—Nicholas Haughton	323
17—*George W. Cregier*	249
18—Bernard O'Neil	2,421
19—David S. Jackson, Jr.	214
20—James Cunningham	333
21—*Stephen Roberts*	264

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

The Tammany candidates are elected in all except the Fifth District. The following are the elect (Republican in italics), with majorities:

School Districts.	*Majorities.*
1—Timothy Brennan	12,583
2—Wilson Small	13,179
3—Samuel A. Lewis	230
4—John Keiser, Jr.	2,601
5—*Richard Warren*	750
6—Leander Buck	7,021
7—Thomas E. B. Hawks	3,966

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The Tammany candidates carry all the Wards on School Trustees, except the Ninth, Thirteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-second Wards. The following are the elect (Republicans in italics, Opposition Democrats in small capitals), with their majorities:

Wards.	*Majorities.*
1—William Kenney	2,192
2—John Robinson	no opposition
3—Michael McCann	151
4—Thomas White	no opposition.
5—Cornelius Quinn	811
6—John Halk	no opposition.
7—Dennis J. Twigg	3,733
8—David S. Paige (full t'm)	3,981
Geo. W. Van Voorst (vacancy)	1,680
9—*James W. Farr*	50
10—Alonzo Truesdell (f'l tm)	1,297
Benjamin F. Schaffer (vacancy)	no opposition.
11—Edward Micnling (f'l t'm)	1,407
Richard O'Sullivan (vacancy)	880
12—Patrick Dunigan	861
13—*Joseph F. Ellery*	315
14—Patrick Collins	no opposition.
15—Chas. D. Brown (f'l t'm)	715
Jas. Walker Fowler (vacancy)	631
16—Arthur Almuty	332
17—John R. Hennessey	777
18—Lewis J. Kelly (full t'm)	3,108
Andrew G. Scheuermann (vacancy)	3,551
19—Timothy Daly	1,226
20—MICHAEL ROCHE	31
21—Henry McCabe (full t'm)	2,177
William Lummis (vacancy)	2,515
22—MICHAEL O'BRIEN	21

WE are in receipt of the first number of the Newark *Press*, a tidy and attractive local sheet, edited by Mr. Frank W. Potter, a valued contributor to the LEADER. The *Press* partakes largely of Metropolitan features, is witty, sparkling, vivacious and ought never to reach, under its present able editorial management, the Potter's field of journalism.

RADICAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Radical party is the party of not only of deception and fraud, but of extravagance and extortion. Within three years the revenues collected by this party with undisputed power have amounted to over sixteen hundred millions of dollars, and this sum is but a tithe of the vast receipts from taxes in every form collected by Government agents. Before the election the Radical professions of retrenchment were numerous and conspicuous, but they were also hollow and deceptive. There is no probability that the army will be reduced, that the Freedmen's Bureau will be abolished, that jobbery will be discountenanced or that the wasteful expenditures of Congress will be materially lessened. There is no probability that anything substancial will be done by the Grant administration to alleviate the condition of the working classes, to revive industry, reopen commercial intercourse and re-establish prosperity throughout the land.

Grant will begin his administration under unfavorable auspices, but will enjoy, to a large extent, if not the active support, at least the active sympathy of the Democracy. But he must not encompass himself with bad advisers. If Greeley be allowed to dictate the Cabinet, or Sumner or Wade are permitted places in the same, there will be much cordiality lost to Grant which he might otherwise secure.

The leading Radicals, Greeley included, are for the spoils. They intend to make the Treasury as barren as a last year's nest, and to accomplish their schemes taxes and revenues will have to be increased, salaries raised, and the expenses of the Government will consequently be largely augmented. Greed for office will lead to the most open and shameless plunder. Members of Congress will have to make good their election expenditures, and jobbing as well as lobbying will travel together with corruption and extravagance. We shall see whether Grant has the power and disposition to check the on-rushing tide.

OUR ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.

—Carpenters' language—plane talk.

—A man of scruples—an apothecary.

—A dreadful shower—the *reign* of terror.

—Not the post of honor—the whipping post.

—A curious contradiction—a reign of snow.

—The tours of the funny artists—caricatures.

—Cake all dough—the Philadelphia collector.

—About the holidays young ladies expect slipper-y times.

—Toast to a baker—may his head be as light as his bread.

—Stanton sticks to Sumner, and Sumner is therefore stuck.

—The most sterling newspaper article—the money article.

—Tea is said to be very scarce in Washington—that is, honest-tea.

—Boston may be a good place to hail from—if the shower be short.

—Turning fate to an advantage—employing phos-phate as a fertilizer.

—Greeley is said to have another book in hand. We hope it will remain there.

—Chicago has a rooster that eats newspapers. He must be the fowl of the period.

—The new play, "After Dark," will probably be succeeded by "Before Daylight."

—The monogram mania has seized all sorts of people, and so has the money-grab mania.

—Roast swan is a foreign dainty, and Black Swan is the American bird of a past period.

—The place for reticent men when they go to the theatre—the *reserved* seats, of course.

—From Blot's bureau—there is no danger in steamed oysters—so you stand bivalves?

—The man who makes an impression on the heart of a coquette must be a marble-worker.

—Chicago has had a bear chase on its streets, says an exchange. What did the bear chase?

—The fire-eating Charleston *Mercury* has been suspended; but then it was *Rhett*-chedly edited.

—The people of Delaware ought to be good sleepers, as the State is said to contain many *pillories*.

—Forney thinks Stanton would look well in the Senate—but he would look better in the Rogue's gallery.

—There will, it is said, be no wine at Washington dinners this season. Whiskey is probably preferred.

—A Chicago "corner in corn" is said to have swept away several fortunes. It must have been broom corn.

—Hahn is editing a negro newspaper in New Orleans, which is *han*-dy work for a negro-loving Governor.

—There is talk of uniforming street-car conductors. Uniform courtesy would be the best thing for them.

—A Baptist clergyman is recommended for a foreign mission, on the ground that he is very dip-low-matic.

—Oliver Twist cried for "more;" but there is one more that even Twist could not stand—Greeley's me-moir.

—New York critics accuse Kilpatrick of bad English, but his English is not so bad as his manners and character.

—Henry Grave is coming to this country to give a series of concerts. They will doubtless be serious concerts.

—The *Evening Commonwealth* complains of having been robbed. The thief must have been uncommonly green.

—Newspaper correspondents refer facetiously to Greeley's gait, which, after all, is not much worse than Hell Gate.

—A quack doctor advertises to cure "disarrangement of the circulation." He ought to be made Secretary of the Treasury.

—Butler's illness proceeded from his eyes. He tried to look at Butler and Grant at the same time, and lost his balance.

—The *Tribune* talks about the Democracy losing "the last shred of respectability," but the Radicals haven't even a shred to lose.

—Boston ladies are beginning to smoke, and it is to be hoped they will smoke out some of the toadies and twaddlers of the Hub.

—The Boston *Post* says: "Cincinnati is beginning to slaughter swine in earnest." We thought they were slaughtered in yards.

—Robert Nickle offers to wager $5,000 that he is "the world's prestidigitateur." Nobody will take it; for who wants to wager $5,000 against a Nickle?

—Mrs. Stowe, after etherializing the negro, now gives him the cold shoulder, which may be liked by the children of Ham much better than Harriet Beecher's toe.

—The magazine serial, "The Judges of the Far West;" was deficient in that it did not state that the most popular judges at the far West—are the judges of Bourbon.

—The re-election of Dr. Shurtleff as Mayor of Boston is cogently urged on the ground that his opponent is determined to hang to the skirts of the President elect.

—The *Tribune* proposes a play founded upon Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry, upon the production of which Greeley would at once be elevated to a peerage.

—Colfax was tardy getting to his wedding, and had to take an extra train to accomplish the trip, but he is not the only man who has gone on an extra train at his wedding.

—There is a curious atmosphere in Massachusetts. The Lowell people want to make Ayer their Mayor. In other cities the most substantial man is sought for, but Lowell, it seems, would be satisfied with air.

—Certain politicians have been accused of grinding axes in the *World*, but while it is entirely appropriate that the *World* should be on its *axis*, we protest against the true Democracy being taken into the revolving circle. For, as Tennyson says:

> "Let the great *World* spin forever down the ringing grooves of *change*."

Amusements Gossip.

Things dramatic still continue to run in first grooves; and those who live in the Metropolis are practically debarred from occupying seats—excepting the class who enjoy good things the oftener they are partaken of.

Thus, the flaxen-haired Lass at Wallack's, the golden-haired lasses from London, in "After Dark," at Niblo's, the foxy prestidigitation in "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic, the Irish drama (like the rollicking ocean, which is "ever fresh and ever free" when interpreted by the Baron and Baroness Williams), at the Broadway, the opera and ballet, in the sawdust of the circus; the Somnambulistic and never tristic opera-buffer at the Bryants'; the Birch-Barkis-willingness for negromancy of the Francisco Minstrels; the sensuous music of Offenbach at the French Theatre, and the Fisk Oyster House, where Bateman opens delectable bivalves (but then, oysters are dumb), may be joined together as the subjects of the grooves in question.

Time was when managers (poor old Simpson and be-worried Hamblin, for instance) were almost driven to the verge of paralysis hunting up a succession of novelties, and when, in consequence, stage-property rooms changed appearances as often as a modern modiste shop. But this was when New Yorkers composed three-fourths of an audience.

Nowadays, Manhattan's managers look for audiences among the twenty thousand who variously and daily visit the great metropolis. Whereupon it has come to pass that a run of a piece advertises itself throughout the Union; and is desired by managers, who love ease as much as any one, and by actors, who are not more attached to mnemonics than coquettes or politicians are.

The Worrell Theatre, however, has attempted something toward novelty as far as acting is concerned. But "As You Like it," "Romeo and Juliet" and "School for Scandal" are old acquaintances with the old fogies.

Mr. Scott, the chivalric husband of Mrs. Siddons Scott and who manages for her, remembers, however, what some political leaders forget each Presidential election that there are armies of fresh people coming to maturity year by year who vote for the first time. These also visit theatres with regularity for the first time, and for the first time make acquaintance with Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Byron. The no novelty to the old fogies becomes freshness for the growing race.

Mrs. Siddons announced herself as a debutante. Treating her as one she has accomplished a marvellous success. With the exceptions of Blanche Grey and Davidge her surroundings in the company were as incongruous as could be. When Charles Kemble Mason departed the evening's theatrical life as Jacques we all felt like singing "Away with Melancholy." Mrs. Wright as Audrey goaded Davidge (Touchstone) to comic madness—she has a stuffed lay figure. Mortimer was out of place as Orlando and was deficient in text. This part should have been given to Harkins instead of the role of the Banished Duke. The scenery was unworthy of a Newark theatre. The excellent music, however, was a nice introduction to the poetry of Shakespeare.

In brief: Mrs. Siddons is naturally vivacious and laughs as joyously as she pronounces melodiously and with power. She is young, pretty and graceful. She is perfect in her text and study of the business. She expresses the sentiments of her author with her face. She is wanting at times in appreciation of appropriate emphasis. And she will make a successful heroine in almost any of the plays which Mr. Booth may produce in his new theatre; and where she will have a prudent and artistic stage manager in Mark Smith.

Miss Grey did not do herself full justice, because evidently embarrassed by the mediocrities and incongruities which she encountered in the green-room. But the audience understood this. Won by her grace and beauty and hearty appreciation of her text, it gave her generous applause.

If Mrs. Siddons can do so well provincializing (as it were), she evidently has a promising future in this country of her adoption.

Impressario Bateman, however, promises metropolitans the desired novelty. He is fortunate in his distribution and facilities at the large opera house. Master of Management in all its details, he can carry out his promises. On Monday night he produces Offenbach's celebrated opera bouffe, in two acts, "Les Bavards" (*Anglice*, the Chatterers), with the following cast:

Roland (a Young Nobleman)	Mlle. Tostée
Sarmiento (Uncle of Ines)	Mr. Du[illegible]
Christobal (Alcalde)	Mr. Lagriffoul
Torribio (Sheriff)	Mr. Benedick
Pedro (Servant)	Mr. Ondin
Beatrix (Aunt of Ines)	Mlle Duclos
Ines	Mlle. Lambelo

The costumes and scenery are of course new, and there is to be a double chorus.

The story of Les Bavards is one of love and intrigue. Roland, a handsome but penniless young adventurer, madly loves the niece of a wealthy machinist of Saragosa—by name Sarmiento—but fears to present himself as a suitor, knowing that his slender purse and ragged attire would assure him no warm reception from the parents of his heart's idol. The curtain rises and discloses Roland pursued by a host of creditors, who, having long waited payment of their many bills, will now be content with nothing less than the arrest and imprisonment of the youthful debtor. Thanks, however, to his experience in such matters, Roland succeeds in escaping his relentless pursuers, and hastens to Sarmiento's house, where he is to meet his adored Ines. Arriving there he meets the young lady, who has succeeded in escaping from the strict watch which is habitually kept upon her—her Aunt Beatrice having gone out, and her uncle being engaged in counting out two hundred ducats, the amount of a fine he has incurred through having beaten an offending neighbor. The young people rejoice in one another's society for a few moments, until Ines is frightened into the house by the sound of Sarmiento's footsteps. Roland being hard pushed for a dinner and a night's lodging, has very nearly made up his mind to address the merchant on his entrance, and beg him to indicate some means of obtaining one or the other, when the entrance of Mme. Beatrice determines him to hold off until a more favorable moment. Sarmiento, it must be known, would be the happiest of men were it not for this very wife Beatrice, who is unfortunately cursed with the longest tongue ever possessed by woman. It would even seem as if she were under the influence of some strange spell, which condemns her unceasingly to display her wonderful "conversational powers." To such a pitch of nervous excitement has she brought her husband by her continuous chattering, that the good man's thoughts are upon nothing else than some safe and speedy means of quieting this formidable organ. Roland, with quick appreciation, takes in at a glance the exact state of the case, and when Beatrice goes out boldly, presents himself to Sarmiento, saying, "I hear you are about to pay a fine of two hundred ducats for having beaten a man; you are doubtless rich enough to be able to permit yourself this amusement. I am poor and needy, give me fifty ducats less than the other man, and I will take a beating too. That's fair, and even liberal." The merchant, startled by this strange proposition, is about to reply, but the young stranger overwhelms him with such a resistless torrent of words that the old man starts back in astonishment and wonder, having at last found a greater talker than his wife. The idea seizes him that the long wished-for antidote is at last in his very grasp, and that with such an unequaled talker he must finally silence even his wife. He therefore immediately proposes to the young man to undertake the as yet unattempted task, promising to take him into his house and treat him in every way as a relation until the end is attained—of course. Roland is not long in accepting an offer that brings him into such proximity to his beloved Ines, and the bargain is at once concluded—the merchant sealing the contract by fitting out his new-found friend in a magnificent suit of the most fashionable cut, that he may present a fitting appearance on his introduction into the old man's house. The second act finds the family at dinner, and Roland, having been presented to the ladies as a cousin of Sarmiento's, commences, without loss of time, to fulfil his part of the agreement by overpowering Beatrice with a mighty discourse, so quickly delivered as entirely to confound, and finally enrage the hostess; for, being a great talker herself she naturally cannot abide the habit in other people. At this moment the alcalde enters, followed by his sheriff, Torribio, this pair of worthies being on the search for Rowland. The keen scented alcalde, on reading his description of the ragged and slovenly looking delinquent, finds it in no way coincides with the appearance of the handsomely dressed young stranger seated at Sarmiento's table. He concludes to interrogate him and receives in reply to his inquiries the following reliable statements: First, Rowland is a stranger in the place, knowing no one but his cousin Sarmiento; second, his first thought on entering the city was, who can be the man who governs this place so exceedingly well; third, his good opinion of the government would be increased should the worthy Governor succeed in arresting one Rowland, who, not content with owing our hero money, even tried to quarrel with him and challenged him to fight him on the ramparts of the town that very day. The vigilant and keen alcalde swallows all these atrocious falsehoods and sets out to capture the delinquent, carrying Sarmiento with him. In their absence Rowland succeeds in obtaining Beatrice's consent to his marriage with her niece, the lady thinking that the best way to get rid of him, and on Sarmiento's return he also consents, convinced that a man capable of so easily silencing his wife's before unconquered tongue must be well worthy his niece's hand.

With the new production he will probably (as the public hope) add the first act of "Barbe Bleue." No one can tire of the exquisite union of perfect acting and drollery of demi-semiquaver which never flags in this Offenbach dream of a composer over a nursery tale.

Grau meditates this act for the benefit of the French Benevolent Society a fortnight hence, with Mlle. Desclauzas as Boulotte, and Carrier as Barbe Bleue—a role he is well known in at Paris. Grau also meditates novelties, and after this Saturday withdraws his "Brabant" matinees for the purpose of rehearsals.

Bryant has given us a novelty in the young tenor singer—almost a sailor boy only seven years old. He sings English ballads with rare feeling, appropriate gesticulation, and winning quaintness of pronunciation, being of Spanish parentage. Dan has reproduced "Les Miserables, or the Sing Sing Musicianers," in which he first displayed great powers as a comic actor. It is impossible to deny him, in his character as the friend of Captain Reeks, pre-eminent ability. The part is a trifling one, but in make-up, business, fidelity to conception, and skill in bringing out detail of grotesqueness without ever verging upon "gag," it is inimitable. Unsworth's very voice covers the spirit of fun. Eph Seymour's keen perception of the ludicrous is only equalled by the adroitness with which he exudes it upon the audience from his eyes, arms, legs and inflexions.

Next week will be revived Unsworth and Eugene's burlesque on "Trovatore" called "The ill, true bad, doer"—a darkey elaboration of Byron's ill-treated Trovatore, and there will follow short "take offs" upon the opera at Grau's and the sensation drama at Niblo's.

The Lackus-Wambold people are rehearsing the burlesque upon "Fra Diavolo," and produce it Monday week. There is no opera so susceptible of burlesque as this, especially in make-ups. Who has forgotten Billy Florence's Beppo? But in the realms of negro-dom the opportunities are greater.

The Wood's Museum management are rehearsing "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which was a London hit, and gave to the golden-haired divinities who are now in "Ixion" (late middle I) some of their best cockney triumphs.

There is no immediate hope for novelty at the Olympic. Three hundred nights constitute a theatrical majority, and "Humpty Dumpty" becomes therefore of age next Monday.

The "Emerald Ring" may be flung-red on the same evening at Barney William's Theatre. Everything is new in this new Broughamitish drama. Barney renews his youth. The public renew their distinguishing consideration. Now-New York turns itself out. Only a re-nude ballet is wanting among the newnesses. The stage accessories are clear accessories before the fact of success. A Board of Supervisors, with Brougham in the chair, has audited it. Barney plays a Mike, and his wife essays a strike in Maggie Macarty. Never before was an Emerald Ring so well studded with brilliants of the first water.

Next week is announced as the last of "Cinderella," one of the most successful of the many fairy spectacles that have been produced at this establishment. The children remember that the circus is only Lent to them for the winter season, and this fact accounts for the crowds of little folks attendant upon every performance.

The Bowery Theatre continues to be *the* only popular place of amusement for East siders, and in this sentiment there is one who will freely coin-cide, if not coin-sider with us. The sensational continues the chief attraction at the Bowery and the advertisement will tell the story.

Mr. Theodore Thomas has inaugurated with great and deserved success his Sunday afternoon concerts at Central Park Garden. To-morrow evening another grand concert will be given at Steinway Hall. Mme. Gazzaniga sings at these entertainments with something of her olden force and fervor. The Hess children are veritable attractions.

THE CAPTAIN'S POLITICAL GOSSIP.

ALL HAIL TAMMANY HALL!—THE MAYORALTY ELECTION—ASSISTANT ALDERMEN—SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS—RETIREMENT OF MAYOR HOFFMAN—THE SUCCESSOR OF A. OAKEY HALL—GENERAL JAMES McQUADE, &c., &c., &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1868.

DEAR LEADER:—The result of the election on last Tuesday clearly demonstrates the fact that there is but one Democratic power in this city, and that is Tammany Hall. The wigwam is great, and its big Injuns are its prophets, and all other cliques, factions, cabals and organizations must bow in subjection to the supreme will of the Sachems of the great national tribe. Tammany Hall will be the future rallying cry, not only in this metropolis, where the great lodge of the faithful stands, but in every State in the Union. Her potent voice will be heard in 1872 marshalling the Democratic host to the great national victory to be achieved in that year, and her wise and indomitable sons will shape the future destiny of this great nation for all time to come.

The great achievement of November of humbling the insolent Radical party in this State, and in defiance of the infamous and wide-spread corruption of the anti-Constitutionalists, electing the whole Democratic ticket, and elevating to the executive chair John T. Hoffman, was all accomplished solely by the soundness and integrity of the principles governing Tammany Hall, and the zeal and perseverance of those who sought in the election of Mr. Hoffman the permanency of those principles.

It will be remembered that John T. Hoffman was the unanimous choice of the convention at Albany in last September for Governor of the State, but it cannot at the same time be forgotten that a set of croakers, in their jealousy of the Tammany organization, endeavored to foment an opposition to that gentleman, in the hopes of "stamping" him out in the convention, and thereby snatching from the hands of the Tammany leaders the opportunity of winning the State back again to the Democratic fold. This defection, which at first assumed quite a formidable shape in the encouragement it met with from a very few prominent and influential Democrats, who, flattered by its promises and false computation of its resources, turned an attentive ear to its counsels, was boldly and fearlessly denounced by the Tammany men, and so aroused became the public mind against the conspirators that they, when the hour of nomination arrived, became so demoralized that there was none to be found who possessed the temerity to declare against the chosen banner-bearer of the old wigwam.

Horatio Seymour was the candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He was the very first among the eminent men suggested to the National Convention, to meet with the earnest and unqualified approval of the delegates of Tammany Hall. For years that organization had been prominently identified with the rising fame and greatness of the Oneida chieftain, and her sons felt too proud and happy on the occasion presented to them to once more evince their confidence in his integrity and purity of heart and their admiration of his great qualities as a statesman. With a faith unswerving, and a devotion and zeal inspired and animated by the warmest hopes, they rallied around him as the national champion, while ill-concealed and undisguised treachery marked the action of those in other States, who should have been steadfast and faithful.

In the triumph of Horatio Seymour it was presumed by certain men that Tammany Hall would be the guiding influence in the next Presidential convention, that in the event of the Empire State casting a Democratic vote in the Electoral College, it would place her foremost in the ranks of the states, and proclaim the supremacy of her democracy, and the potency of her organization. This was sufficient to awaken in the minds of the ambitious and truckling a spirit of jealousy against her, and in their madness to tear down the obstacle that obtruded itself between them and their contemplated successes in 1872, they basely sacrificed him, who they had sacredly pledged themselves to sustain, and tamely folded their arms and smiled at the ruin produced by their infidelity.

Where was the vaunted power of the West? Where was its truthfulness and adherence to the principles and platform of the convention of the 4th of July? Who, in their discerning wisdom was the earliest in their desires to paralyze the arm of the National Democracy by, in the eleventh hour, spreading the evil report that a change in the candidates must be demanded? These are questions that cannot be evaded in the future, but must be answered, and those guilty of such acts must be trusted no longer. All this was but the plan to be adopted to cripple and to distract our forces in this state, and, if possible, to secure the defeat of both Gov. Seymour and John T. Hoffman. But this petard hoisted its own engineers, and the state, rank with the vilest of corruption, sown through it broadcast by the Radicals, was redeemed and only through the struggling and unfaltering energy of the Sons of Old Tammany. All Hail Tammany Hall!

THE MAYORALTY.

The election of A. Oakey Hall on last Tuesday, by such an unprecedented majority, is another great triumph of the old Wigwam, and proves the hold she has upon the hearts and confidence of the people. From the moment it was known that that gentleman would be nominated, a general feeling of satisfaction and approval was freely manifested in every quarter of our city. Hopeful expressions were on every lip that he would be induced to accept the same, as it was believed that no other man had so strong a place in the consideration of the citizens, and beyond cavil or doubt would be successful. How clearly the record of Tuesday verifies the anticipations of the people, when out of a vote of over ninety-six thousand, seventy-six thousand were cheerfully cast for him. Frederick A. Conkling was the Republican candidate: a gentleman of the highest eminence in that party, and who by his devotion to its principles had conferred many an honor upon it. But yet, notwithstanding his prominence and popularity, he failed to receive scarcely two-thirds of the votes of his organization. This must not be accepted as an evidence of any dissatisfaction on the part of the Republicans in the nomination of Mr. Conkling, as few men in our city are more entitled to its support and regard, but it must be attributed to the desire of the voters, irrespective of party, to attest their appreciation of a long-tried and faithful servitor, and their willingness to render into his hands the trusts and interests of this great metropolis. The history of our city since the days of old Peter Schuyler, or the De Peysters or Van Rensselaers, does not afford a parallel where there has been so cordial an acquiescence in the elevation of any gentleman to the Mayoralty chair as in the case of Mr. Hall, and in the gratification imparted to his friends by this unmistakable testimony of the sincere regard and esteem in which he is held by the citizens, assures them that their confidence has not been misplaced, or their appreciation and hopes reflected upon the wrong man.

ASSISTANT ALDERMEN.

I regret to say that, contrary to my prophesies and predictions, matters and things have not run smoothly in all of our Assistant Aldermanic Districts. I did hope to see a full representation of Tammany Democrats in our new Assistant Aldermanic Board. Instead of that, by some defection in our ranks, or a carelessness of their duty by some of our leaders, the Board will stand eighteen Democrats and three Republicans. We could just as well have had the whole twenty-one there, so that there would have been none to share the honors of the position among but those of the right stripe. However, things under the circumstances can be perfectly harmonious, as there is not enough of the other "fellers" to kick up any amount of dust.

In the First District the bold Jimmy Healey did excellently well, and proved himself a strong and prominent man. Healey will make a good member of the Board, and the Cap. will be present to report his maiden speech.

In the Second District my worthy friend Patrick Lysaght has greatly distinguished himself by the immense vote he has polled and the tremendous majority he has received over Billy Conroy, the Republican. Patrick, you are a good boy. Study the lessons well imparted to you by Comptroller Brennan and Supervisor Roche, and you will not go astray. Men of your honest and correct deportment will ever meet with appreciation, and rise in the world. As your majority is the largest of any other in the city, you may go up head and stand by the stove, and may you never be out in the cold.

In the Third District Jimmy—excuse me, President Monaghan walked away easily with McIntyre, who in the "Asphaltor" District secured just thirty-two votes. Jim gets the next highest majority, which certainly is an evidence of his popularity with the leading men, Jimmy Hays, Joe Shannon, Alderman O'Brien, and others of the old Fourteenth.

In the Fourth District Bryan Reilly defeats Patrick McNamara by a majority of 2,029 votes, while my cherished and good-natured friend, Billy Abbott, the prominent auctioneer of Chatham street, appears nowhere. I am of the opinion the Abbott had his cowl on all day, and was thinking more of his devotion than of voting, and hence his failure. Bryan is indeed deserving of his success, as he has made a good and excellent Councilman, ever ready and prompt to do a kind service for a friend, I hope he may be in the line of promotion.

Isaac Robinson, in the Fifth District, although having four competitors against him, proved entirely too much for them, and has been elected by a majority of 1,054 over their combined vote. I am certain the election of Isaac is very gratifying to the Democracy of the Fifth District, and that they could have selected no one who would care more for the interests of its people.

In the Sixth District Lawrence E. Hill, a staunch and inflexible Democrat, has been triumphantly elected over Patrick O'Conner, another good man, by a majority of 696 votes. Councilman Ivans ran on the Republican ticket, and has accordingly laid himself on the shelf for a long time to come, and will no doubt make the Oriental District echo with his complainings.

John Hampson, who was the Tammany and Mozart candidate in the Seventh District, defeated William Terhune by 493 majority. In the Eighth, Councilman Edward Welch humiliated the boastful pride of James E. Brinkman, who proclaimed it far and near that he had the District sure. Mr. Welch, who ran on the Tammany nomination, had an easy victory over him, defeating him by nearly two thousand majority. In the Ninth District, beyond a doubt, Peter Culkin (Tam.) is elected; but by a very slight majority.

In the Tenth, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., (Tam. and Mozart) is elected over Capt. Nick Seger (Dem. Union) by 563. Things were hot in this District, and it was hard to determine who would come out best. Joe, I congratulate you.

In the Eleventh, Charley Pinckney, late Fire Commissioner (Rep.), it appears, worsted Barney K. Murphy, who deserved better luck. This was lost by the injudicious action of several Democrats running as independent candidates, who could not, by any possible means, secure a regular nomination.

In the Twelfth District the contest was very warm and lively between Tommy Daly (Tam.) and Major Peter Bowe (Dem. Union, Mo., and Rep.), and eventuated in the success of Mr. Daly by the close vote of 407. The major showed a great deal of vim and strength, but the red men of the old Eleventh are mighty, as has been shown by the election of Mr. Daly. This race insures the Major his nomination next year for either Alderman or Assistant Alderman of the district. Be content, Peter; get into the Tammany wagon, and wait till the good time comes.

Patrick Gibney (Tam.), at present Councilman, carries the Thirteenth District by 318 votes over Billy Lamb (Mo. and Dem. Union), who struggled hard and honorably for success. The Republican candidate, Samuel P. Lippin, polled 1,261 votes.

John Reilly (Tam.), a most excellent young Democrat, who will faithfully represent his district in the Assistant Aldermanic Board, had an easy time in the Fourteenth District, coming out ahead of his competitor, Shannon (Mozart), by some 1,270 ballots, and beating the Republican even more than that.

A. V. Petit (Tam.) is elected by a small majority in the Fifteenth District over James Gibson, the Democratic Union and Mozart candidate.

Nick Houghton (Tam.) scratched gravel a "leetle" too fast for Flory Scannel (Mozart) in the Sixteenth District, and crossed the score just 323 votes ahead.

Tommy Higgins (Tam.), a very proper young man, at present connected with the Corporation Attorney's office, was beaten by George Creiger (Rep.) 219 votes. I must ask Charley Feitner how gentleman George accomplished this.

In the Eighteenth District O'Neil (Tam.) is elected over Fay; and Jackson (Tam.), in the Nineteenth, over John McCormick (Dem. Union), by 141 votes.

In the Twentieth District the cheery and affable James Cunningham (Tam.) succeeds over Hugh H. Moore, Mozart and Democratic Union, by three hundred and thirty-three votes.

In the Twenty-first District Stephen Roberts, and who was Councilman last year, wins the pool over George H. E. Lynch by only 261 votes. This defeat of Uncle George is a matter of great surprise to many of our Democrats in our city, as the district is strongly Democratic and should not have been carried by a Republican. I see that John Shelley and John Halloran were both in the field as Democratic candidates on the Mozart and Democratic Union tickets. Strong efforts should have been made to have induced Shelley to retire, as Mr. Lynch's friends, no doubt, sustained Mr. Wood for Congress, and the six hundred and sixty-eight votes that gentleman received should have been given to Mr. Lynch, and which would have elected him.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

The School Commissioners elected are all good and proper men, and hail politically from Tammany Hall. In the First District Timothy Brennan; Second, Wilson Small; Third, Samuel A. Lewis; Fourth, John Kaiser, Jr.; Fifth, Wm. O'Donnell; Sixth, Leander Buck; Seventh, T. E. B. Hawks.

RETIREMENT OF MAYOR HOFFMAN.

On last Monday morning one of the most interesting and impressive scenes took place in the Mayor's office, in the City Hall, that has ever been witnessed in our city before. The task of preparing his message for the incoming Legislature devolving upon Mr. Hoffman, our Governor elect, and other matters pertaining to his new office, admonished him that he could no longer devote any time to the discharge of his duties as Mayor of the city, and therefore upon that morning he took his leave of the faithful officers and attendants with whom he had been surrounded during the past years of his administration. The parting was indeed a very touching and an affecting one, and the trembling lip and glistening eye too plainly told the sad emotions that moved every heart. Since the election of John T. Hoffman as Mayor there has been no change in his office, and by long association and familiarity a strong and ardent feeling of reciprocal affection and esteem had ripened between him and his faithful subordinates. While they exulted in the bright honors that await him in the future, which he has won by a life of exemplary rectitude and probity, yet they felt the deep pangs of regret to part with him, perhaps forever, who had ever, by the most ennobling examples, endeared them so strongly toward him. This feeling was as much shared by Mr. Hoffman as by the humblest in his office, and when the parting grasp of the hands was loosened, and the kind farewell was breathed, and he had passed away from the scenes that should know him no more, there was indeed a painful void in many a heart there.

From the present time until Mr. Hall shall assume the duties of the Mayor, Alderman Thomas Coman, President of the Board of Aldermen, will act in that capacity. During the past summer, while Mr. Hoffman has been absent in various parts of the State, Alderman Coman has supplied his place, and with a faithfulness and attention to the welfare and interest of the citizens as to entitle him to the warmest and earnest appreciation of every one, and during the short time elapsing between now and the first of January next the affairs of our city will be ably administered by him.

THE SUCCESSOR OF A. OAKEY HALL.

Upon the 1st of January, by the election of A. Oakey Hall to the Mayoralty, a vacancy occurs in the office of District Attorney, and there is, as usual, in all such cases, a number of applicants for the position. The power of the appointment devolves upon the Governor; the position will therefore be filled by Gov. Hoffman, who, no doubt, has received many pressing invitations to decide upon his choice. At present Judge Samuel Garvin, of the Superior Court, seems the most prominent for the place, and it is probable that he may succeed in obtaining it. In the event of matters taking such a shape, Judge Russell may reach the ermine so ably worn by Judge Garvin, and become the associate of Judges Jones and McCunn. It is presumed that Wm. M. Tweed, Jr., will receive the appointment in the District Attorney's office, to supply the place made vacant by the election of Assistant District Attorney, Gunning S. Bedford as City Judge. Mr. Tweed, although a young man, has devoted a long time to the study of the law, and has proven himself a ripe and industrious scholar. The ready attainments of his mind and his earnest and rapid conception, with but very little experience, will make him an able and proficient prosecuting officer.

GENERAL M'QUADE.

I am rejoiced that Gen. James McQuade of Oneida is to grace the staff of Governor Hoffman. I have heard that he will be appointed Inspector General, and hope the Governor will not disappoint the young General's friends in this respect. General McQuade was an ardent and faithful supporter of Mr. Hoffman, and has honorably won this distinction. General McQuade is a brave and generous soldier. In the early breaking out of the war he raised one of the finest regiments in his county that ever left the State, and bravely led it into the field as its Colonel. He gallantly served through the campaigns of Gen. George B. McClellan, and shared with that intrepid patriot the dangers and trials of the seven days' fight. He afterwards served under Gen. Grant to the close of the war, and was promoted upon the field for his bravery and heroism to a Brigadier General. He is a man who should be honored by their country, and I sincerely hope he may not be forgotten by Governor Hoffman.

THE CAPTAIN.

SEVERAL gentleman having praised the Queen of Prussia as an excellent connoisseur of works of art, Madame Ratazzi said: "Bah, gentlemen, France eclipses Prussia even in this respect. If the Queen of Prussia is an excellent connoisseur of works of art, the Empress of the French is herself a work of art."

[For the Leader.]

"DITES LUI."

BY EDWARD ELLIS KIDDER.

"Say to him I love him." Oh, sentence so tender!
It rings through my brain like a musical chime;
I hear thy sweet voice, in its echoing splendor,
Float up from the depths of the valley of Time.
What though it was acting, thy loving but seeming,
But words to be uttered again and again,
It filled heart and soul with a passionate dreaming—
The exquisite notes of thy thrilling refrain.
Oh, violet eyes, like the heavens above thee,
I pray thee look down on a worshipper's face;
My soul hath grown weary with longing—I love thee—
Thy form haunts my dreams like a vision of peace.
Long years could not rivet my love for thee firmer,
And if unto me had the message been sent,
"Say to him I love him," my heart would not murmur,
But rest in thy boundless affection content.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART.—You can never forget her. She is so young, and innocent, and pretty. She alone, of all the world, did not think you a boy, but wondered at your size and learning, and your faint foreshadowing of a sandy mustache, and believed you every inch a man. When once, upon a memorable eve, she polked with young Smith, and never even looked at you, how miserable you were. It is funny to think of it now; but it was not funny then, for you were awfully in earnest. Once, at a picnic, she wore a white dress and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so much like a bride you fairly trembled. Sometimes you thought, in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand before the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a gold ring upon her finger. And then, when you were somehow parted for a little while, and when you met her again she was walking with a full-grown, whiskered man of thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you, and some well-meaning gossip informed you soon afterward that she was "engaged," and that "it was a splendid match." It was terrible news to you then, and sent you off to some terrible place, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity. You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown-up children—aye, even two or three toddling grandchildren—about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe at your counting-house when you go home at night. And you thought you had forgotten that little episode of your nineteenth year, until the other day you read her death in the papers. You know she was a stout lady who wore glasses, and has died older than she was in that olden time; but your heart went back, and you saw her smiling and blushing, with her golden hair about her face, and yourself a boy again, dreaming of wedding-robes and rings, and you laid your old head upon your office desk, and wept for the memory of your first sweetheart.

THE EYE OF AN EAGLE.—The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near or distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce upon it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same birds scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move a page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which the Creator has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it indistinctively and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other.

When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle by the mere will can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

MARK LEMON, the English author and actor, is undertaking the finely æsthetic in dramatic art by a thorough return to first principles. His "readings in costume"—probably styled readings because they are nothing of the sort, but simply presentations of certain scenes in Shakespeare's plays—are given with a total absence of all stage and theatrical appliances, except in the matter of dress, where the costumes are punctiliously correct. No scenery assists the imagination through the eye, and no shifting picture announces a change of scene. The background is simply hangings of tapestry, and the place supposed to be represented is indicated by a placard inscribed, "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap;" "The Road by Gadshill," etc., according to the changes in the action. At a time when realism and sensational displays overrun every department of the drama, such a revival of the sternly "legitimate" attracts by its very singularity. We can hardly expect that Mr. Lemon will set a fashion that will receive popular endorsement, any more than if he should go still farther in imitation of the original and introduce peach-faced boys to represent the maids and wives of the play. Mr. Lemon can probably accomplish more towards gratifying the critical taste of his select audiences in this manner, but costumes without scenery would generally be voted a bore.

SIGNOR BLITZ, the genial ventriloquist, gives the following amusing account of an interview he once held with Daniel Webster. When Webster was Secretary of State, the Signor was in Washington, endeavoring to collect a bill from a man who held a lucrative position in the Treasury Department. As he was intimate with Webster, Blitz called him and asked his advice on the subject. After learning that he could not attach the salary of a Government officer, the Signor said to Mr. Webster, "I think I would like to hold a Government position." "Well, what would you want?" inquired Webster. "I would like to be a Government magician," "Why so?" asked Webster. "Because," said the Signor, "after you carefully counted over a bundle of one hundred bank notes several times, I could count them over after you and there would be only seventy-five." "Nonsense!" said Webster, "we have men in the Treasury now who can give you twenty-five and then beat you."

A DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR.—The new Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, was the scene, last Tuesday night, of one of the most brilliant and enjoyable affairs that has taken place this season in the great metropolis, it being the occasion of the sixteenth annual reunion of the New York Young Men's Roman Catholic Benevolent Association, and in every particular it was a most decided success.

The attendance was very large, some four hundred couples being present, participating in the pleasures that ruled the hour, and all were in their happiest moods. The ladies, in their costly and elegant toilettes, were brilliant, charming, and gay; bright eyes flashed, though tender the glances they shot forth; sweet smiles wreathed ruby lips, parting to display the glittering pearls behind; and the fairy forms of the blushing maidens tripping it lightly over the highly-polished floor, or whirling in the fascinating waltz, formed a scene kaleidoscopic in the brilliant and rapid changes that met the eye. Fair ones with golden locks and eyes of blue, soft and melting; dark ones, with raven tresses and eyes of jet, sparkling and bright; *chatains*, with rich chestnut hair and hazel orbs, lustrous and speaking, vied one with the other for supremacy in the lists of beauty; but where all were beautiful who would dare decree the palm? The gentlemen were gallant and attentive, the ladies gracious and bewitching, and hearty enjoyment, the natural sequence, followed.

The gallery was filled with the friends of the many dancers, who seemed highly delighted as they viewed the animated and brilliant scene below. The hall was brilliantly lighted and well ventilated, the music excellent, the arrangements of the committee complete in all their details, and not until the "wee sma' hours" crept close upon Aurora did the happy ones, who fain would linger still, disperse.

Altogether, it was one of the most delightful affairs of the season; and the managers, one and all, can take to themselves great praise for admirable arrangements thoroughly carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A BUSINESS MAN.—Everybody has heard of THOMAS R. AGNEW, the great Grocer of New York City, corner of Greenwich and Murray streets. For many years he has been the leading man in his business, and to-day he stands foremost in the wholesale and retail grocery trade. We picked up a little work the other day, entitled "Life Insurance Illustrated," and in it we found a paragraph referring to his business habits. Those who have never visited his store should do so at once, and take a look at the proprietor of that establishment, and then at his goods, the prices of which are so reasonable that you will buy in spite of yourself. The following is the pen picture of this prince of grocers:

"In Greenwich street, in New York, is a celebrated grocery store, the proprietor of which is said to be worth over a million of money. He is very liberal, and gave away to a struggling society up-town some lots, with a church and all the appointments of worship. He began life a penniless boy, and has earned his fortune by integrity and personal attention to business. He goes to his store every day before the porter, and delivers the keys. He remains till the business is transacted, every package put up, and the door locked for the night. He has never owed a dollar, never made a note, never borrowed a cent of money. He buys for cash, and sells for cash. William B. Astor could not purchase a barrel of sugar from him on credit. He takes his stand in the morning at a small desk placed on the counter, receives the cash, directs his clerks, welcomes his customers, and extends courtesy to the humblest buyer. Those who have bargains to offer call on him, as he is a prompt and generous buyer. His trade extends to Utah, Idaho, and the Pacific. No man who has ever traded with him asks if his goods are what they profess to be. The same traits that gave him his rise distinguish his business to-day."

It is seldom that we use the columns of this paper to "puff" or notice the "thousand and one" articles known as "patent medicines." We, however, vary from our rule in the present case, that we may call attention to the article known as "S. T.—1860—X., PLANTATION BITTERS." We desire it understood that we do so without any solicitation or promise of benefit from the proprietor or other interested parties. We simply do it as an act of duty towards those who are laboring under physical disability, weakness, and the various complaints arising from impurities of the blood. Having used the Bitters at the instigation of a friend (and, we confess, with some misgivings at the outset), we found them a most valuable medical compound, and, to our great satisfaction, accomplished the object for which they were used.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

CHRIS. O'CONNOR does not intend to contest the late election, in which Richard O'Gorman was elected Counsel to the Corporation. Chris. says he is no gormandizer, doesn't want everything, and, as he has a good thing now, is content. With two fine halls, twenty-two Phelan tables, an immense first-class patronage, and enjoying as he does a popularity unequalled, Chris. can bid defiance to Peter Cooper's long-winded letters, and remain as he is the reigning prince of Union square.

"SUCCESS makes the man." In the majority of cases he must be a man to make success, and PATSEY, at 202 Broadway, is one of those men. He long ago made himself popular with the billiard-going public, consequently he had no lack of patrons when it was known that he had taken the elegant room as above. No down-town place is more popular to-day than PATSEY'S, and while he retains it it will so remain. Drop in at 202 Broadway, and see something.

WALKING up Broadway the other day, we overheard a lady say to another, "What an elegant set of furs you have. I declare they are perfectly splendid. I have looked everywhere, and have seen nothing like them. Do tell me where you found them." "I purchased them of KNOX, 212 Broadway; he has a splendid assortment of furs, and very cheap." "I'll go there right away—Knox, 212 Broadway."

has succeeded in making even a Prospectus that is readable. It is one of the most interesting of the new advertisements in our present number. From it we learn that Rev. Dr. Tyng is writing a long story for the *Ledger*.

BASSFORD, in Cooper Institute Building, corner Fourth avenue, has largely replenished his stock of House-furnishing Goods, in view of the approaching holidays, and is prepared to supply the wants of all in his line.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

HAIR, SCALP AND FACE.

Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond street, New York, treats with Special Prescriptions Falling, Loss and Prematurely Gray Hair, Dandruff, Itching, Eczema, Ringworm, and all diseases of the scalp which destroy the hair. The doctor cures Moles and Wens without cutting, pain or scars. Also Comedones (black worms or grubs), Moth Patches, Freckles, Unnatural Red Noses, Pimpley Faces, and eruptions upon the face or other parts of the body. No charge for consultation. Send for Interrogatory Circular.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

BOOK OF AMERICAN PASTIMES, containing a history of the principal Yachting, Rowing, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs of the United States, by CHARLES A. PEVERELLY, who has been a reporter of Out-Door Sports for New York journals for many years. One handsome 12 mo. volume, 540 pages, with engraved title page and illustrations. Price $2.50. For sale at the office of the New York LEADER, No. 11 Frankfort street. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. For sale in Philadelphia at the office of the City Item; in Boston, by Messrs. Lowell & Brett, No. 2½ Washington street; Springfield, E. S. Hyde; Albany, E. S. Noar & Co.; Newburgh, Smith Ring, Newburgh Savings Bank; Portland, Henry P. Wood; Poughkeepsie, Anthony Peverelly, No. 23 Main street; Pittsburgh, James Hamill; Detroit, George A. Baker.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES;
Were awarded at the Paris Exposition the first
Grand Prize,
THE LEGION OF HONOR
AND A
GRAND GOLD MEDAL,
Making 63 First Premiums during the past
41 years.
WAREROOMS,
No. 11 East Fourteenth st., near Fifth av.

ALEX. S. WHITLOCK,
PRINTING INK
Manufacturer,
39 AND 41 CENTRE STREET
New York.
"THE SUN"
is printed with
WHITLOCK'S INK

HAY & DAVIS,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM WARMING APPARATUS,
Erected in Private and Public Buildings.
PLAIN AND GALVANIZED WROUGHT IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS,
ENGINES, BOILERS, STEAM PUMPS,
WATER GUAGES,
STEAM GUAGES, BRASS VALVES, COCKS and WHISTLES,
RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING AND HOSE, Etc.,
124 WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO.
A. B. HAY. A. J. DAVIS.

MURPHY, NESBIT & IRWIN,
DEALERS IN
BRICKS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
MASONS' BUILDING MATERIALS,
OFFICE, FIRST AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET,
YARDS, foot of Thirty-seventh and 39th streets, East River, NEW YORK.
JOHN MURPHY. JOHN NESBIT. THOMAS IRWIN.

A. J. GARVEY,
32 THIRD AVENUE, above Tenth street,
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PLASTER WORK.
MODELER, ARTIST IN FRESCO.
Enrichments, of every description, for the interior finish of buildings. Private residences repaired and renovated. Workmen sent in the country.

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, Candelabras, &c.
Plumbing and Gas Fitting attended to as usual, at No. 21 Fourth street, and No. 2 Astor House, Barclay street.

F. GROTE,
TURNER AND DEALER
IN
IVORY.
13 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD
NEW YORK.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.—One GOLD MEDAL, three SILVER MEDALS and two DIPLOMAS awarded by the American Institute.
Complimentary Resolutions, Charters, Diplomas, and every variety of Ornamental Penmanship, executed from plain to the most elaborate style of the art.
BENJAMIN F. BRADY,
No. 2 AMITY PLACE.

HOTELS.

ASTOR HOUSE.
This Hotel, so long and favorably known to the
TRAVELLING PUBLIC,
having undergone extensive Repairs, has been
REFURNISHED THROUGHOUT,
AN ELEVATOR ADDED,
the working departments provided with the latest improvements, and is now open for the reception of guests. C. A. Stetson, Sr., for thirty years proprietor, will give it still his personal attention.
C. A. STETSON'S SONS.
A. M. C. STETSON. P. R. STETSON.

VAN DYKE HOUSE,
NOS. 21 AND 23 BOWERY
Messrs. VAN DYKE & LEECH having purchased the above house, have had it thoroughly renovated and is now open for the reception of guests.
The Bar is stocked with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
ISAAC VAN DYKE and GEORGE LEECH,
Proprietors.

LEGGETT'S HOTEL
AND
DINING SALOON,
(on the European plan)
Nos. 39 and 41 CHATHAM STREET,
[illegible]

RAILROADS & STEAMERS

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT and Fall River, by the splendid and superior steamers NEWPORT, METROPOLIS, OLD COLONY, and EMPIRE STATE, of great strength and speed, particularly adapted to the navigation of Long Island Sound, running in connection with the Old Colony and Newport Railroad.

Leave Pier 28 North River, foot of MURRAY street.

The NEWPORT, Capt. Brown, leaves on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 P. M., landing at Newport.

The OLD COLONY, Capt. A. N. Miller, leaves Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 P. M., landing at Newport.

These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms, and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and, on arrival at Newport, take the 4 A. M. train to Boston, connecting with Eastern and Northern trains; or, they may breakfast on board, and proceed to Boston in the quarter before 8 A. M. train.

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

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

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

For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 28, North River. For state-rooms and berths apply on board, or if desired to secure them in advance, apply to

E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,
No. 72 Broadway.

FORGIVENESS.

Nay, dear! you need not tell me, sobbing thus,
"I love you!" Not a shade of doubt hath passed
Across the sunshine of my certainty
Of your true heart, mine surely to the last.
You grieved me sorely, love! No hand but yours
Lay near enough my heart to wound so deep;
But though in my pain the saddest thought was this—
The bitter tears your loving eyes would weep.
Forgive you, darling? Take you back? My heart
Never released you from its warm caress;
Fault, pardon, pain, are overwhelmed and lost
In its unutterable tenderness.

For the Leader.

My Landlady's Dinner.

Among the many charming customs the Germans have brought with them from Fatherland is that of having a jollification on birthdays. To the cynical these are rather days of mourning, and no doubt there are thousands of Americans who, as these unwelcome hours roll round, ask themselves, "Why on earth was I born?" But this is not a metaphysical treatise, so I shall stop philosophizing, and invite the reader to make one of a company that sat down [illegible] to a little social gathering given by my German landlady in honor of her natal day. This dinner was an important event in the household, and long before the grand occasion we were informed of the prodigious preparations in progress. The auspicious hour arrived, and so did the company. There was the festive board groaning beneath the goodly spread, and as eyes met eyes a peculiar smile of suppressed merriment went round as curiosity discovered some new surprise in the gorgeous get-up. It was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, besides several other sorts of refreshments, including raw oysters. An army of light wine bottles, drawn up in full battle array, seemed as proud as veterans on a field day, and over their helmeted heads was a forest of celery, as if the woods in "Macbeth" were on the march. Between their ranks as field batteries were many salads of mysterious make. The castor, like a band, seemed to beat the reveille, while the white napkins flaunted over the tops of the standards, the tumblers, in all the glory of regimental flags. Between the vistas left by these shining ministers of grace, smiling pretty faces and pleased expressions foretold a good time. Occupying the head of the table was Mr. Freighhuysen, the great North American woman-hater. This red hot individual was a stump orator of the slap-bang species, and it was only requisite to start a subject, and out came a torrent of his own peculiar views that set the table in an uproar. On the right of this gifted Brutus was Mr. Jollyboy, a confirmed batchelor, who knew so little of the sex as to be in some doubt as to whether a dress coat or a revolver was the most suitable present to make to the [illegible]. On the left was Beau Brummel [illegible], with an inventive mind in coats, having got up something new, which looked to our admiring eyes as if a swallow tail and a sack jacket had gone into partnership. Near this trio sat Mr. Mangate, a sentimental young gentleman, with a drooping, melancholy mustache, who had a faculty of throwing great pathos into a remark about the weather, and looking unutterable things when passing the potatoes. In silence sat beside him Mr. Puff, editor of the Hoboken *Howler*, deeply absorbed in putting threadbare thoughts into a wrapping paper of hard words and heavy adjectives. Opposite was Pedals, an amateur vocalist, with a voice like an infant earthquake, and Murphyson, a Wall street broker, who had a convincing way of telling people gold was going down. Then came Mr. Miller, a lordly Briton, whose quiet laugh lifted the table off its legs; and near him Mr. Gowerie, who wore a big beard on temperance principles, because it mopped up so much grog; and Mr. Jones, a sweet tenor voice that might do to blast rocks; then came Mr. Chalmer, a judge of Bourbon, beauty, and all good things generally. Among the ladies were a few dainty beings, who lived on love letters, pound cake and sardines, and others who preferred suppers to sighs. Here was Lady Clara Vere de Vere, who had eyes like diamonds on velvet cloth, and consequently several "cousins;" and there was the dignified blonde and the sparkling, roguish brunette, and—and—several other sorts of confectionery done upon drapery. This was the dinner and the company; and such a time was never had since the grasshoppers' feast and the butterflies' ball. The wine went round, and warmed the soul of the woman-hater, who smiled a smile that cracked the ceiling. All drank at first solemnly and conscientiously; but, under pressure, he of the novel coat opened the performance with the sentiment that if wishes could be roses our landlady might live in eternal perfume (the sentimental young man immediately made a note of this). Puff drank deeply, and wanted to enlighten the company on the Cuban expedition, journalism, the origin of birthdays, and several other such humorous and appropriate subjects. The Briton rose with dignified solemnity, and mentioned all the crowned heads of Europe with whom he had an intimate acquaintance, especially Napoleon, who had written him for information to bet on the next prize-fight between Dooney Harris and the Bishop of London. The woman-hater and the judge of Bourbon waxed warm and quoted the classics over the primaries in the First Ward, and bets were freely made that neither Alderman Rooney nor Horace Greeley would be King of Spain or deacons in the colored Abyssinian Church in Sullivan street. Gowerie said that as most of us were foreigners, and under the shielding wings of the great American eagle, none of us would be so mean as to steal the eyes of the noble bird. Herr Külbel, the husband of our landlady, here brought on the birthday cake and twice kissed his wife affectionately on the nose. This wonderful piece of confectionery bore on it an inscription, in Dutch hieroglyphics, to the purport that it was a present from him to his dear wife, or some other fond and foolish sentiment only peculiar to newly-married people. This we all partook of, and hurried to the drawing-room to see Pedals and other artists tickle the short ribs of the piano until the tortured instrument howled. The mazy dance was done in regular order, and the operatic young lady warbled so sweetly that the neighbors came, not to listen, but to see if she were sick. As the shades of night were falling fast, a youth appeared who bore upon his back a keg of lager, on seeing which the ladies retired and left the gentlemen to their fate. As morning dawned the "Last Rose of Summer" was sung pathetically over the last glass of lager, and the company retired to sleep and soda water. The day brought visions of noble boyhood, when we signed any number of temperance pledges carried around by itinerant lecturers, with the same reckless regard we now do promissory notes. So ended my landlady's dinner. J. S.

Appearances.

The question of appearances was never a more practical one than it is now, when one and the same class includes the extremes of wealth and narrow fortune in greater number than ever, all trained in the same ideas and inheriting the same tastes. Yet the plea of doing this or that for the sake of appearances is seldom used, by persons who pretend to liberal ideas, without a sneaking sense of shame. We never feel less dignified than when proffering it either as a motive influential with ourselves or as a dissuasive against our friend's course of action. We have recourse to it in deference, as we suppose, to the exigencies of our weaker nature, but not without a consciousness of some lack of self-respect in this anxiety to regulate our conduct by its outward seeming. Yet it may be doubted whether this is a natural shame, or one that would obtrude itself unprompted on most minds. Philosophers and satirists have put it into our heads—powers before which nature and mother wit so often cower abashed. It is a question that regards the susceptible and feminine side of our humanity, which is provided with fewest cut and dried arguments wherewith to answer cavillers. Open, therefore, and in a manner defenceless to the aggressions and plausible refutations of what sets itself up for reason, the poor stickler for externals sees all go against him so long as words fight the battle, though probably in no case whatever does either philosopher or satirist so little hold by his own rule, or so seldom submit to his own dictation, as in this one of the vanity of appearances, the baseness of shams, and contempt for Mrs. Grundy. In fact, our happiness is inseparable from appearances. To live without regard to the impression we make upon others and their reflex upon ourselves, or without continual sacrifices to this consideration, were to live the life of animals, not of men; but it is much easier to contemn a stringent regard to externals as a bondage unworthy of a rational being than to prove to a captious understanding the prevailing moral influence which they exercise for good. So much so that all people are amused, and in a way convinced, by pictures representing the folly of regarding appearances, though nobody, whether author or reader, ever dreams of regulating his own conduct by the lessons he enforces or subscribes to. What truth, what practical philosophy, people thought they saw in Franklin's practical arguments against a sacrifice to appearances! "Almost all parts of our bodies require," he grants, "some expense; the feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceeding useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." But who ever thought of rigidly ordering his expenses by this rule? Something always interposes itself between social beings and the possibility of acting after this plan of living with a view to merely personal requirements. Can even the much-talked-of young couple starting on a scanty income, arrange their expenses on the supposition of a blind world? and is there practical wisdom, whatever it may look in mere precept, in ignoring the observations and expectations of the people among they live? True, it is the duty to class, the sense of citizenship, which constitutes the difficulty of their position, and establishes the continual conflict between the public and private claims on each sixpence; but to hold out is better, morally as well as in mere feeling, than to give up the battle, and spend the poor sum total on shoes and stockings, beef and potatoes. In fact, no two persons can agree together to give up appearances. The only people to do so cheerfully are the men of one idea or one pursuit—the miser, the man eaten up with self-conceit, and also the victims to some forms of enthusiasm. These let go the sense of universal kinship, and with it that balance of the mental powers which constitute perfect sanity.

The revolutionary philosophers of the last century wrote in a spirit of reaction, following an age which obeyed the instinct for appearance with few doubts or scruples, and with an easier part to play than harrasses our day; an age in which people consulted their neighbor's taste rather than their own ideas of order and consistency. The fine lady who

> ——managed her estate with care,
> Yet liked three footmen to her chair,

had, no doubt, to overlook some anomalies in her private surroundings. We have personal requirements nowadays that would not embarrass the young fellow who is counselled in the *Spectator* to keep up a gay outside, though at some risk. He might, to be sure, by management save ten pounds in his dress; instead of wearing fine holland, he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby; but of what service would that sum be to avert any misfortune, while it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any others? This is precisely the line, both of the individual and of society, towards him, which modern satirists shake their heads over and call hard names. Addison takes the fact, and acquiesces in it, as a trait of our common nature needing no apology. In fact, we all agree with him, whatever consent we may affect to give to the denunciations against snobs, shams, and flunkeyism. We none of us like to recognize a shabby acquaintance in the street, because to the imagination it compromises our own standing in some shadowy degree. No doubt, if all the bystanders were blind, the figure one's friends make would give us little concern; but so long as people do see and make observations, the members of a community cannot be independent of their verdict. We shall never overcome this feeling by being ashamed of it. If we could overcome it, our manner might be the worse by acquiring a sort of brow-beating self-assertion; while by recognizing it as natural in no evil sense, we may learn to keep it in due subjection to the higher considerations.

The quarrel that modern ideas have with appearances goes deeper still. It is grounded on their being held synonymous with respectability in the proper estimate; and respectability may be understood to be in our day on its trial, in a very particular sense. Both appearances and respectability are considered to be enemies of ideas and progress; both alike are the morality of Philistines; both constitute the force of Heine's objection to coming to England, because he would see Englishmen there—that is, the conventionally respectable man who cares for appearances; both are repugnant to our more advanced spirits as embodying between them gross prejudice, low morality, and mean subservience; and it must be owned that not only are they apt, when forced into distinct language, to express themselves in a grotesque formula, but also to betray a leaning to those tendencies. It requires an exercise of reason and judgment, to which all men are not equal, to fix on the right appearances to keep up, and on the persons and classes whose respect it is worth while to aim at. A narrow circle is apt to establish very eccentric tests. The point is one at which we easily slip into prejudice and judge by an arbitrary standard. Something there often is in an argument more than the ear catches in the first hearing; but when Mrs. Pullet objects to her sister's curing all her ailments by chewing Turkey rhubarb, on the ground that it was not respectable for a well-to-do person not to send for a doctor, and therefore she was ashamed of people's knowing it, we feel that, if the reasoning is sound at bottom, a link is wanting in the chain. Appearances may soon become a tyranny. Still, in that wonderful picture of family subservience to what other folks may think which the "Mill on the Floss" presents, we see, because it is drawn by a master hand, that even this slavery does induce some virtues, and strengthens, through self-restraint, conformity of the will to a social bond. The only regard for appearances that is utterly worthless and degrading is that which involves no sacrifice—where appearances are carefully observed, while still

> "Virtue she found too painful an endeavor,
> Content to dwell in decencies forever."

There are people who imagine that appearances actually are the things which they represent. The crape is grief, respect, affection, and sense of irretrievable loss. Under which assumption they can complacently, and without any sense of shame or incongruity, form new ties, provide fresh bridal garments, and think as they please. A machinery is set in motion which acts the part of the praying mill. "Cypress" and black borders shed the widow's tears, and the broader the border the more continuous and abundant the torrent; the milliner and stationer manage it all. But gross forms of illusion or hypocrisy, or both in one, are scarcely part of our present subject.

Admitting the morality as well as expediency of a regard to appearances, the great thing is to have an equable regard to them; not that fitful homage which makes a man a slave at one time or upon one subject, and indifferent at another—which is the failing, as we believe, of the majority. The people before whom it is wise to preserve appearances with the most jealous care are often allowed to see the unguarded side. Ambition and pretence constantly err in this way, bestowing all their efforts where they are ineffectual. The confusion, so easily slipped into, between keeping up appearances and making an appearance is often the cause of this, and yet the last makes the first impossible. All display is an enemy to the vigilance which the true observer of appearances must practise.

Some people are selfish in this matter of appearances; they won't do things themselves or be seen doing them, but they will not care whom their scruples compromise. Many families have their drudge, to whom is deputed all the business distasteful or held *infra dig.* by the rest. Like the proud sisters in the fairy tale, they have their Cinderella in the kitchen; which is a very short-sighted shirk and an ostrich-like policy, as society is more likely to judge a whole family by its lowest representative than to ignore him altogether, and take the others at their own estimate. Appearances as such incline, of course, to making the best of things, "putting the best leg foremost." But it is needful, beyond all things, not to go for too much. In the case of young people of limited income, the ill-portioned scions of a luxurious society, their utmost aim should be to seem easy, not rich. They are wise to keep struggles and expedients as much as possible out of sight. Appearances with many must indeed be negative, and must be confined to the creditable desire not to appear poor, and therefore objects of an inquisitive or supercilious compassion. And we would use the word struggle advisedly, for courage and hope and the chance of better times all hang on keeping up appearances, and all flag on the disregard of them.

It may be noted that persons are often jealous of appearances in proportion as their mode of life is dictated to them. The sons and daughters of a home are suspicious of failures in their elders, and watchful to keep them up to the mark. When they grow old, and have things in their own power, they relax, and will perpetrate little solecisms with a smile at their own punctilio; without reflecting that they may be inflicting the wound they once received, and outraging feelings in their turn which they now disregard because the world and its ways stand but in a slippery and receding relation to themselves, and can do nothing more for them. But even before we are old in this sense, the fact of being our own masters is very apt to make us defiant of the conventional restraints which we think wholesome for other people. Few persons, however, are so loose of ties and obligations as to be justified in this indulgence. A man who persists in disregarding appearances is a nuisance to all his belongings. There is often malignity, or at the best a conceited notion of superiority to finery and prejudice, in the aggressive line which is taken toward appearances. A wise man will respect them, even where he does not see the sense of them, because they represent realities to some minds, because by contempt he is not only indulging his own humor at the expense of other people's feelings, but usually is wounding some principle of morality or order inextricably associated with them. Even when at extreme leaning to external spoils, as we all know it can, some character with otherwise excellent points, a rude assault on self-love is the most hopeless mode of cure; it very naturally confirms the habitual identification of pleasant appearances and graceful externals with the things they personate, and so clenches a faith in their paramount importance.

Midnight Discourse.

There is no silence in nature; there is no stillness of midnight. The London householder, who has the ceaseless beating of the great city's mighty heart close to his pillow, whose rest is hourly disturbed by the voices of innumerable church clocks, thinks of a country house as a place as free from sound at midnight as a spell-bound palace of sleep. The waiter in a railway hotel, who is kept by the steam whistle in a bondage more constant than that of Aladdin's slave, pictures to himself his cousin, the unambitious young man who took service at the farmhouse down in Devonshire, as snug between lavender-scented sheets, in a repose as sure not to be broken as that of his forefathers who sleep under the churchyard yews. The lady's maid, as she keeps her unwilling and sulky vigil in the cause of fashion, fancies that if she were far from the rattle of those rickety cabs she could doze in her chair without a breath of interruption. Even those dwellers in the country, to whom it is as portentous a matter to omit to lay hands on a bedroom candlestick at the last stroke of ten, as if without that talisman they would turn into mice or monsters, not being awake at midnight subscribe to the general belief, and suppose themselves to snore through a profound and otherwise unbroken stillness. To-night, however, as I stand at my open window and look out upon the trees and the lawn, and the old church tower, silvery under the summer moon, and listen from my own nest in the quiet house, I hear the many voices of the midnight over here.

From afar, there comes what sounds at first like a faint, wavering cry. As it draws nearer, it becomes a strange sound, as of a laugh, and yet a sob. The two great powers of joy and sorrow, who divide the empire of the human breast, seem to speak with one voice somewhere in the air. This is the cry of the night-hawk, who always flies after sundown. He delights in darting through the dusky air over the upland fields, where the strained sinews and heated feet of the tired cart horses are getting their wholesome cold bath in the dew from the long, tremulous grass. He strikes the fresh night breeze with his strong wings, making his own strange music as he goes, and is a merry though eccentric bird, who turns night into day in a rollicking fashion. But now, as I lean out over the white stars of the jasmine, a much more unearthly spirit-like cry reaches my ear. It touches the nerves for a moment, though I well know that it is only the owl who is sailing through the moonlight, and talking to himself about the probability of finding supper for his little family. I know of nothing which leads one so readily into a tide of spiritual musing as this midnight cry of the owl. The most hard-worked, matter-of-fact man on earth could hardly listen to it without getting a twinge of poetry. He might see the face of his mother, as he used to see it long ago, in the old family pew, with the light of the church window falling upon it. The ringlet of his first love might again touch his cheek. He might re-enter castles in the air, built in boyhood, and commune there with ghosts of long-dead hopes and starved ambitions. But what is that new sound, like the noise of half a dozen fairy steam threshing-machines all in full motion? It is but the buzzing of two or three cockchafers who have been attracted by the light of my candle, and are fluttering among the jasmine blossoms just below.

It is not the greenwood only that furnishes voices for the chorus of midnight. The poultry-yard and the aviary are by no means silent. The geese are bad sleepers, or much given to talking in their sleep. They cackle loudly. He knew the ways of geese who first told the old story about the saving of the Capitol. Their voices seem so animated that I think they must be discussing an excursion to the stream in the valley for to-morrow, and disputing as to which willow they shall choose for their rest in the shade at noon. Chanticleer is saluting the moon with as "lively a din" as that with which he wakes up the morning. Our west-country common people are much troubled in their minds when they are wide enough awake to hear a cock crowing at midnight; they regard it as a foreboding of death. If somebody in our village had died every time the cocks crowed at midnight this year sixty-eight, there would not be sixty-eight of us left. Shakespeare must have heard the cocks crowing, on bright, clear, frosty winter nights, in the court-yard of Ann Hathaway's dwelling, as he left the old farm-house after some convivial meeting; and finding thus that a beautiful sacred ancient superstition, which he had learned at his mother's knee, was confirmed by nature, wrote those familiar lines in "Hamlet" of "the bird of dawn:"

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
> The nights are wholesome.

A melody comes stealing toward me, seeming to rise and fall with the breeze. So might Jessica call to Lorenzo from her balcony while Shylock sleeps. So might Laura's spirit speak. These are the voices of the doves that live in the large cage in the garden, and spend much of the night in sweet discourse together. Somewhere near at hand I hear a monotonous grinding, a lazy comfortable noise that makes me drowsy. It is made by the teeth of the horses as they crunch sleepily at their oats. There is a plaintive whimper under the window sad to hear. It is the voice of a poor hungry dog, strayed hither to look for food. Catching the sound of the intruder's voice, our well-fed pets set up for justices of peace, and raise their voices to put down the base cur who dares to hint that he is hungry. Loud thunders the deep bass bark of the Newfoundland in his kennel, the dog of the large honest head and well-knit limbs. Shrill rings the pert treble yap, yap, of the toy terrier in her basket. Thus they add their contribution to the voices of midnight. The voice of the wind is never so clear and expressive as at night. Then it is that the wind breathes among the trees those whisperings which a dreamer fashions into human speech. Then it is that the wind makes with the brooks such wondrous harmonies. Then it is that in autumn it sighs outside our window for the summer days gone by in years that are no more. And now on the roof of the house there begins wierd music. It suggests mystery, and sets the fancy a working. Yet it is produced by nothing nobler than a tall and very ugly modern chimney pot, into whose great open ear the wind pours talk.

Within the house there is no lack of voices. The crickets in the kitchen fire-place keep high holiday at night. Chests of drawers and arm-chairs relieve their minds with inexplicable cracking noises. The steady ticking of the large clock in the hall has at this hour more emphasis than at noonday. Men of the "desk, and the loom, and the mart" are very much inclined to believe that after five in the afternoon all hard work is impossible. But many a sound working brain is never so active as at midnight. Then, often are the voices of the mighty dead most audible to the attentive scholar. Then, often does thought shape itself most clearly to the thinker's brain. Some of Schiller's finest works were written at midnight. From the stir of social life, from the calmer delights of home, even from his Charlotte, he fled to a solitary little house apart from the city, where in the shadowy arbor near at hand murmured among the leaves the voice of Thekla, and upon the night wind came swelling the manly voice of William Tell; or up the lines of the dim garden walk there rang the war cry of the Maid of Orleans. The stars were looking down upon Paris when a grave melodious voice came to tell the author of Dombey how little Paul died. It was while his Christina slept, that Goethe woke to gaze at the moon. The poet brings to mind the nightingale, which in some districts makes all the night astir with melody. But in Devon and upon its borders, where I have been hearing these night voices, the song of the nightingale is never heard. It is strange that nightingales should avoid the corner of England in which the mild air breathes most like the breath of the south, and in which the woods and fields are clothed with the brightest verdure. I say nothing of such other voices heard at midnight, as the voices of old memories, of vanished hopes, of long departed dead. Mr. Longfellow, in his Voices of the Night, has given full and beautiful expression to all utterance of this sort. I confine myself to the cocks, owls, night-hawks, cockchafers, crickets, dogs, clocks, chimney-pots, and chests of drawers.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

When the writer of this was an *attaché* of the New York *Herald*, Mr. Bennett one day said to him:

"Go out and find something readable."

"What shall I hunt up?"

"Anything," responded the wily Scotchman.

"But what is 'anything?'" we anxiously inquired.

"Go for the poor," he said, "that is a prolific subject, and no writer of ordinary ability can fail in making a readable article on that subject."

And so we "went for" the poor. We sallied out into the highways and by-ways (Broadway and Bowery), and made note of the poor. That article may be remembered by some of our readers. It was honestly descriptive of poverty, and it is a notable fact that in those churches that "passed the plate" for the poor the next Sunday, there was more than the usual contribution.

Yesterday we dropped into a certain establishment. We found ten girls, from seven to eighteen, busily engaged in looking over and sorting rags! Rags! Could we be mistaken? Rags? We passed a half hour in the establishment, and the following are our deductions:

Yesterday came to this office a delicate, rose-tinted envelope, enclosing a pure white card with woven, or intertwined monograms, "L. K.," on the upper left-hand corner. It was perfumed. Not being a chemist, we were unable to decide whether it was "Flor de Mayo," "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," "West End," or "Jockey Club;" so we were unable to determine; but its fragrance was delicious, and we thought to ourself: "Happy couple! Yours is a life of happiness."

Then we began to philosophize. We wondered if there could possibly be any connection between the poor, uncouth, illiterate rag-pickers, and the delicate, perfumed, rose-tinted note.

Madamoiselle La Blonde was the pet and idol of her father and mother. La Blonde *pere* was a merchant in good standing; the mother was a leader of the *ton*. Mam'selle was the attraction of all. How many changes of raiment she possessed none knew; but that they were multitudinous all would confess.

Time passed on. La Blonde *pere* failed; La Blonde *mere* died broken-hearted, and Mlle. La Blonde was thrown on the cold charity of the world. Her silks and satins were first parted with, and then followed her diamonds and her jewelry; all to satisfy the insatiable monster, "gaunt famine." When these were all disposed of then came the remnants, the rags. And here we find Mam'selle. Her once beautiful white skirts, *chemisettes*, etc., etc., worn and draggled, now find their way into the cavernous bag of the *chiffonier*, and from thence to the warerooms of the middle merchant.

Yesterday we met Mlle. La Blonde. She was perched on the top of a pile of rags that were dexterously passing between her hands. We watched her in her labors, and were glad to know that she had in her poverty chosen a life of industry and honor in preference to one of idleness and shame.

Did she blush when she recognized us? Not by any means. On the contrary, she was proud to have us know that she was earning an honest living. And while we were ruminating on the sad ways of life our Mam'selle held up to our view a soiled and torn strip of ruffled cotton.

"See this," said she; "do you recognize this?"

Of course we did not, because it was part of a lady's underskirt, and what should we, a modest newspaper man, know of such things?

"This is part of a skirt," said Mlle. La Blonde, the rag-picker, "that I once wore to the reception of ——. You were there in the capacity of a 'Jenkins,' and I remember your report. It was complimentary to myself and others."

"Mam'selle," said we, "what is the history of that rag?"

"Only," said she, "the history of most rags. The poor generally supply the rag merchants, but not unfrequently the fine raiment and ruffled skirts of the rich and the proud find their way here. You remember when I was the idolized pet of our *coterie*. Would you believe it? Not only *my* skirts, but dozens of those of my aristocratic friends have, this week, passed through my hands, and I have sorted them for the paper manufacturer. How many of my former friends, who have fallen from wealth to poverty, are virtuous and happy, I know not; but *some*—Heaven save them!—are on the broad road to disgrace and shame. This remnant of my former wealth—this reminder of my former social position—passes from my hands to the hands of the manufacturer. Then it undergoes a chemical, purifying process, and perhaps next holiday it will lie on the table of some of my wealthy, aristocratic friends—bearing on its face the same tokens of friendship and regard that used to be so welcomed by me when *I* was a belle, and when its primitive elements were bound by a string around my waist."

And so we moralized. Rags! rags! rags! "The poor ye have always with you," said the Son, and the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins" is as rare as the diamond that graces the brow of virtue. When, then, our wealthy, aristocratic friends receive their delicate, perfumed note, let them look about them, and mayhap they may recognize a vacancy in their circle, and mayhap in some of the lines of the note they may see a remnant of a flounced skirt that once floated gracefully through *their* salons.—*Pittsburg Republic.*

CITY GOVERNMENT.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

[OFFICIAL.]

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the crosswalks from the southeast corner of Fifth street and First avenue to the northeast corner of Fifth street and First avenue, be relaid immediately, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, September 23, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, November 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade—16.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the crosswalks from the southeast corner of Fifth street and First avenue be relaid immediately, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, Jas. A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonza Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Avenue B, from Houston to Fourteenth street, be paved with Belgian pavement, except that portion of said avenue included within the railroad tracks, and that crosswalks be laid or relaid, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 18, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, George W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

Resolved, That Thirty-ninth street, between Lexington and Third avenues, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and the accompanying ordinance be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 23, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thos. F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid and street lamps lighted in Sixty-second street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 23, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That street lamps be placed and lighted in Fifty-sixth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 23, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 16, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Kelly & Brothers to place a watering-trough in front of No. 2 James slip, the same to be done at their own expense, and under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and to remain only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby granted to the Commissioners of the Eighteenth Ward Market to construct a drain to connect with sewer in Sixteenth street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 23, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Thomas McManus to connect with sewer in Eightieth street, one hundred feet east of Third avenue; and also in Eightieth street, seventy-three feet east of Third avenue, under the supervision of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and at his own proper cost and expense.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Forty-third street, two hundred feet east of Second avenue.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 11, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade—16.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gaslamp be placed in front of Ward School No. 20, in Broome street, between Clinton and Suffolk streets, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley—26.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That two gas-lamps be placed in front of Grammar School No. 10, located in Cannon street, between Broome and Delancey streets, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, George W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a free drinking hydrant be placed at the southwest corner of Sixty-first street and Ninth avenue, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 13, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas mains be laid and street lamps set in One hundred and Twenty-ninth street, from Second to Third avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gasmains be laid and street lamps lighted in Second avenue, from 128th to 129th street, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 29, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 17 Goerck street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 24, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, Jas. Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a sewer, with the necessary receiving basins and culverts, be built in Water street, from Roosevelt to Dover street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the sidewalk on the south side of Morton street, from Washington to West streets, be flagged full width, immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Sixtieth street, from Lexington avenue to the Fifth avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Feb. 27, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Fifty-ninth street, between Eleventh avenue and Hudson River, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a receiving basin and culvert be built on the north and west corners of Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets and Irving place, to connect with the sewers in Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 7, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to enter into an agreement with the contractor for regulating and grading Forty-fifth street, between Eleventh avenue and the North River, or his assigns, for the work of removing the filling, now in said street, and restoring the street to its former grade, and for regulating, grading, setting curb and gutter stones, and flagging the said street between the Eleventh avenue and the North River upon the former grade of the street, that grade having been fixed as the established grade of said street; said work to be done immediately.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, George W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Christopher street, from Hudson to West street, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. [illegible], 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr. Edward Welch, Geo H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Morris Murphy, of No. 177 East Broadway, to place a large glass frame on the lamp in front of said premises, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 26, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of James O'Neill, for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, being remuneration for loss of horse on bulkhead foot of James slip, East River, on June 4, 1868, the said horse having been killed by a spike which was projecting out from the stringpiece of said pier, said amount to be charged to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Alderman, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, George W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 1, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the Manager of the Bond Street Homeopathic Dispensary, for the sum of two thousand dollars, and charge the amount to the account of "City Dispensaries."

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, Wm. Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, Wm. Lamb, Thos. F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended charter of 1857 the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this Board be and he is hereby authorized and directed to procure and furnish each member of the Board of Councilmen with stationery, maps, staves of office, and such books as may be necessary to aid them in the discharge of their official business.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, September 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade—16.

Negative—Eugene Ward.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Common Council be and he is hereby directed to procure suitable badges for the members of this Board, required in their official capacity.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman Jr., Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 5, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 11, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, By a judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, bearing date the 21st day of July, 1868, it was, among other things, adjudged and decreed that the bridge or iron structure over Broadway, at the junction of Fulton street and Broadway, commonly known and designated as the "Loew Bridge," is a public nuisance, specially injurious to Charles Knox, a citizen and taxpayer of this city, and that said bridge should be removed, and the nuisance abated, within ninety days after service upon the Mayor, or Comptroller of a certified copy of said judgment; and,

Whereas, A certified copy of such judgment was served on the Mayor, on the 22d of July last, and the Counsel to the Corporation has, at his own instance, appealed from said judgment; and,

Whereas, Said bridge has failed to answer the purpose for which it was erected, and has injured, and is still injuring the rights and business of citizens and taxpayers; therefore,

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby ordered and directed to remove said bridge within five days after the service upon him of a copy of this resolution, and, if acceptable to the Commissioners of the Central Park, that it be given over to them for erection in such portion of the Central Park as may be deemed most advantageous or desirable.

Resolved, That the Corporation Counsel be and he is hereby directed to discontinue the appeal from said judgment, and to stay all further proceedings therein.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 13, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That George E. Harding be and he is hereby appointed City Surveyor in and for the city of New York.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 12, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 13, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Louis McLeish to place an ornamental lamp on lamp-post on the southeast corner of Broadway and Grand street, the same to be done at his own expense, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and to remain only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Approved by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 12, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 13, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the vacant lot No. 607 East Fifteenth street be fenced in immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michl. Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 11, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 13, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the lamp-post now in front of No. 819 Eighth avenue be removed to in front of No. 320 West Forty-eighth street, immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 21, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michl. Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 11, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath and Terence Farley.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, November 13, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the gas-lamp now placed in front of No. 118 Broad street be removed and placed between Nos. 118 and 120 of said street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 28, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, Geo. W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, Henry C. Perley.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 11, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath and Terence Farley—14.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, November 13, 1868, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw a warrant in favor of Henry Eckstein, President of the Congregation Shaaer Hashahoim, for the sum of three hundred and ten dollars and seventy-eight cents, as a donation, in order to reimburse the said congregation for moneys paid for assessments on their property, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, April 27, 1868.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley and John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Affirmative—Bryan Reilly, Jeremiah O'Brien, John Stacom, William Piggott, Geo. W. Ivans, Peter Culkin, John Hampson, John Mack, Patrick Gibney, William Lamb, Thomas F. Daly, Bernard Kenney, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Edward Welch, Geo. H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Bernard K. Murphy, James Cunningham, Bernard Galligan, John Hart, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner and Henry C. Perley.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 13, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be given to Jas. R. Davis to place a gas lamp in front of his premises, No. 128 East Fifty-eighth street, at his own proper cost and expense, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 16, 1868.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 16, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 16, 1868.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

[OFFICIAL.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

STATED SESSION.

MONDAY, Nov. 23, 1868,
Two o'clock P. M.

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

Present—Thomas Coman, Esq., President, in the chair, and the following members:

Aldermen Moore, Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Cushman, Miller, Hardy, Coulter and McGrath—10.

The minutes of the meeting of November 19 were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

By Alderman Ward—

Petition of the Trustees of St. Joseph's Church for a donation to pay assessments.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Alderman Miller—

Petition of Robert Peebles for loss of horse.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Alderman White—

Petition of the True Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in the city of New York, in the matter of the assessment for Church street extension.

In connection therewith

Alderman White presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Abraham Van Houten, President of the Consistory of the True Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, situated on the southwest corner of Fourth and Perry streets, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-three dollars, as a donation, and in order to enable him to pay an assessment levied on said property for the extension of Church street, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Alderman Cuddy—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of each of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund for the present year, for the sum of one thousand dollars, for services rendered; also in favor of Thomas C. Coman, President of the Board of Aldermen, and James E. Monaghan, President of the Board of Councilmen, for the sum of one thousand dollars each, for services rendered the committees of their respective Boards, and for other services rendered ex-officio, the amount to be charged to the account of "City Contingencies," or taken from any other appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman McGrath—

Resolved, That Fourteenth street, from Third avenue to the East River, be paved with Belgian pavement (except the space included between the railroad tracks), and that crosswalks be laid and relaid at intersecting streets, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Alderman Hardy moved to amend said resolution and ordinance by striking therefrom the words, "and that crosswalks be laid and relaid at intersecting streets," and inserting in lieu thereof the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was carried.

And the paper as amended was laid over.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That Tenth avenue, from Seventieth to Eighty-first street, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set and the sidewalks flagged a space of four feet wide through the centre thereof, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Norton—

Resolved, That Hudson street, from Chambers to Canal street, be paved with Belgian pavement (except such portion of said street lying within the rail tracks), under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Alderman Hardy moved to amend said resolution and ordinance by inserting after the words "rail tracks" the following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was carried.

And the paper as amended was laid over.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That Ninth avenue, from Fifty-third to Fifty-fourth street, be paved with Belgian pavement where not already done (except the space between the rail tracks), under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Alderman Hardy moved to amend said resolution and ordinance by inserting after the words "rail tracks" the following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was carried.

And the paper as amended was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That the low and sunken lots between Seventy-seventh and Seventy-fifth streets, Eighth and Ninth avenues, be filled in with good and wholesome earth, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was referred to the Committee on Public Health.

By Alderman O'Brien—

Resolved, That the lamp-post and lamp now in front of No. 103 West Twenty-second street be removed to a distance of twenty feet east of such premises, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Miller—

Resolved, That two gas lamps be placed in front of the Free Reading Room Nos. 325 and 327 Rivington street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

COMMUNICATION.

A communication was received from the Street Commissioner relative to repairing Pier No. 20, East River, with draft of resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause a block fifty feet in length by the width of the pier, to be built under Pier No. 20, East River, as asked for in the accompanying petition of the private owners of half of the said pier, which is now in course of construction; the work to be done by contract or otherwise, as in the opinion of said Street Commissioner may be deemed most desirable or advantageous to such private owners and the city.

Which was laid over.

PAPERS FROM THE BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolved, That a gaslamp be placed and lighted at No. 36 Sixth avenue, southeast corner of Fourth street and Sixth avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, without delay.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Spring street, from the Bowery to Broadway, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Fifty-sixth street, between First and Second avenues, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Fifty-fourth street, between the Second avenue and East River, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Seventeenth street, from Sixth avenue to Broadway, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Fifty-sixth street, between First and Second avenues, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Thirty-eighth street, from Lexington avenue to East River, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Alderman Hardy moved that said resolutions and ordinances be amended by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following:

"And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was carried.

And the resolutions as amended were laid over.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to advertise for proposals for rebuilding pier at the foot of Fifth street, East River.

Resolved, That the gaslamp now in front of No. 175 East Broadway be removed to in front of No. 177 East Broadway, opposite premises of Morris Murphy, and that he be permitted to place a frame on said lamp, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Which was laid over.

MOTIONS.

Alderman Hardy moved that all resolutions and ordinances pending in the list of General Orders relative to Belgian pavement, be amended by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following:

"And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was carried.

Alderman Moore moved that when the Board adjourn it do so to meet on Saturday, the 28th instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Which was carried.

On motion the Board then adjourned.

And the President declared that the Board stood adjourned to Saturday, the 28th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH SHANNON, Clerk.

[OFFICAL.]

BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

STATED SESSION.

MONDAY, November 23, 1868,
2 o'clock P. M.

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

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

Councilmen Reilly, Piggott, Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Daly, Hoffman, Heinrich, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Galligan, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—19.

The minutes of meeting held November 19 were read and approved.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Councilman Hart—

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby given to the Harlem Yacht Club to construct a boat-house on the north side of the pier at the foot of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, to be of dimensions sufficient to meet the requirements of the Club; the work to be done at their own expense, and under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Councilman Gibney moved that said resolution be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

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

By the President—

Resolved, That all resolutions and ordinances pending on list of General Orders, or presented at this meeting, relating to Belgian pavement, be amended by inserting after the words "Belgian pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

By Councilman Culkin—

Resolved, That a gas lamp-post be placed and lamp lighted on the northeast corner of Tenth avenue and Thirteenth street; under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Reilly—

Resolved, That South street, from Montgomery street to Catharine street, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Perley—

Resolved, That Lexington avenue, between Twenty-first and Thirty-fourth streets, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement; and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Culkin—

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause the roof and rooms over Jefferson Market to be properly repaired without delay, the same being in a very bad condition.

Which was laid over.

PAPERS FROM THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Resolved, That Houston street from Bowery to Broadway, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That First avenue, from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth street, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Fifth avenue, from Sixty-first street to Eighty-sixth street, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That Twenty-fourth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenues, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That One Hundred and Tenth street, from Fifth to Eighth avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which resolution and ordinance was amended (under operation of resolution previously adopted at this meeting) by inserting after the words "Belgian pavement," the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues, crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

The paper was then laid over.

Resolved, That a brick sewer, with the necessary receiving basins and culverts, be built in Centre Market place, from Grand street, to connect with sewer in Broome street, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 398 Grand street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That gas mains be laid and street lamps lighted in Fiftieth street, from First avenue to the East River, under the direction of the Street Department.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Eightieth street, from Madison to Fifth avenue, be regulated and graded, the curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Seventy-sixth street, from the Third to the Fifth avenue, be regulated and graded, the curb and gutter stones set, and sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Report of the Committee on Finance, with resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of John W. Quincy, a Trustee of the Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute Children, for the sum of four hundred and twenty-three dollars, as a donation, and in order to enable such trustees to pay an assessment of that amount levied upon their asylum property for the extension of Church street, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That One Hundred and Sixth street, from Second to Third avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged full width, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That gas mains be laid and lamp-posts set in Tenth avenue, from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to One Hundred and Thirty-second street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Eighty-sixth street, from the Fifth avenue to the East River, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Councilman Hart moved that said resolution and ordinance be referred to the Committee on Belgian Pavement.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Resolved, That a gas lamp post be placed in front of No. 43 Park Place, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Forty-third street, from the Fifth avenue to a point about one hundred and seventy-five feet east thereof, be flagged on the south side, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Report of Committee on Finance, with resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Theodore W. Todd, Treasurer of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, on Second avenue, for the sum of five hundred and forty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents ($547 95) to enable him to pay assessment on the said property, including interest, and charge the same to the account of "Donations," being a petition of Henry Kloppenburg for donation to pay assessment.

Which was laid over.

Petition of Henry Kloppenburgh, for donation to pay assessment.

In connection therewith the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Henry Kloppenburg, President of the Board of Trustees of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Matthew, situated on the northeasterly corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets, for the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars, as a donation, to enable him to pay an assessment levied on said church for the opening and extension of Church street, and that the said amount be charged to the account of "Donations."

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 1,313 Broadway, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

GENERAL ORDER.

Petition of S. E. Sproulls, Esq., President of the Merchants' National Bank, located at No. 257 Broadway, for permission to open the pavement on Broadway and Warren street, to enable said bank to connect with the sewer in Warren street.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 19, 1868, prayer of petitioner granted.)

Councilman Reilly moved that the action of the Board of Aldermen, granting the prayer of said petitioner, be concurred in.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

MOTIONS.

Councilman Perley moved that when the Board adjourns, it do so to meet on Thursday, December 3d, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Councilman Cunningham moved that the Board do now adjourn.

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion.

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Whereupon the President declared that the Board stood adjourned to Thursday, December 3d, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. MOLONEY, Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICES.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a limited partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is M. S. BRIGHT; that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is brokerage in Money, Stocks, Securities and Exchange; that the names of all the general and special partners interested in the said business are, Michael S. Bright, Francis E. Suire, and Overton A. Fitch; that the said Michael S. Bright is a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county of New York; that the said Francis E. Suire is a special partner, and his place of residence is in Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio; that the said Overton A. Fitch is also a special partner, and his place of residence is in Madison, in the State of Indiana; that the amount of capital which each of the said special partners has severally contributed to the common stock is ten thousand dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the second day of November, A. D. 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the first day of May, A. D. 1872.

Dated New York, Oct. 31, 1868.

MICHAEL S. BRIGHT, General Partner.
FRANCIS E. SUIRE, } Special Partners.
n7-6t OVERTON A. FITCH, }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HORACE E. ALKER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 225 West 32nd street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-first day of December next.

Dated New York, the 12th day of June, 1868.

je13 6m HENRY ALKER, Executor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Mary P. Agnew, Plaintiff, against Samuel J. Agnew, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief.—(Com. not Ser.)

To the Defendant, Samuel J. Agnew: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, Number 21 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 November 9, 1868.

ASHLEY, TURNER & KIRKLAND, Jr.,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said City, on the 11th day of November, 1868.

ASHLEY, TURNER & KIRKLAND, Jr.,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Asa White, Plaintiff, against Mary White, Defendant.—Summons for Relief. (Com. not Ser.)

To Mary White: 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 541 Spring 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 said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated November 9, 1868.

J. W. HARDMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the Clerk's office, as above, on the 12th day of November, 1868.

n14 6t J. W. HARDMAN, Plf's Att'y.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—The Morris and Essex Railroad Company against John F. Cabot, Charles Cabot and Edward Etting.—Summons.

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 192 Broadway, corner of John 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 Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you in the sum of twenty-three hundred and seventy-one 61-100 dollars, with interest from October 1st, 1868, together with costs.

Dated New York, October 23, 1868.

MILLER, PEET & OPDYKE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, 192 Broadway, New York.

N. B. The complaint in the above-entitled action was this day duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city and county of New York, State of New York.

Dated New York, November 20, 1868.

MILLER, PEET & OPDYKE,
n21 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have formed a limited Copartnership, under the name or firm of CORNELL, WATSON & CO., to transact the business of manufacturing, buying and selling iron work for buildings and other purposes; that Ludlum Cornell and George D. Watson, of New York city, and Charles Delapierre, of Brooklyn, New York, are the General Partners, and C. B. Delapierre, of Brooklyn, New York, is the Special Partner in said firm, and has contributed the sum of five thousand dollars in cash to the common stock of the firm; and that the said copartnership commences on the second day of November, 1868, and terminates on the first day of November, 1873.

LUDLUM CORNELL,
GEORGE D. WATSON,
CHARLES DELAPIERRE,
n14 6w C. B. DELAPIERRE.

NOTICE OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that Thomas G. Brown, of the city of New York, and Seth W. Hale, of the city of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the manufacture and selling of Jewelry, at 192 Broadway, in which all the parties interested is the said Thomas G. Brown, who is the General Partner, and the said Seth W. Hale, who is the Special Partner; that the said Seth W. Hale has contributed the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars as capital towards the common stock; and that the said Partnership is to commence on the 29th day of October, 1868, and is to terminate on the 31st day of December, 1871.

Dated New York City, October 29th, 1868.

THOMAS G. BROWN,
o31 6t SETH W. HALE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROBERT McCOSKRY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Raymond & Coursen, No. 247 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-third day of January next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of July, 1868.

jy18 6m THOMAS T. READ, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOEL CONKLIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Wetmore & Bowne, No. 9 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of January next.

Dated New York, the third day of July, 1868.

jy7 6m MARY A. CONKLIN, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against FANNY CLARK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Marsh, Coe & Wallis, Attorneys at Law, No. 170 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of June next.

Dated New York, the sixteenth day of December, 1867.

d21 6m FREDERICK A. COE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN MOLLARD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the residence of John Brewer, Esq., No. 151 West 35th street, in the City of New York, on or before the 16th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 9th day of June, 1868.

RACHEL MOLLARD, }
JOHN BREWER, } Executors.
RICHARD WILLIAMSON, Jr., } je13 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ALEXANDER ROSS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Andrew J. Smith, Esq., No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 5th day of February next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of July, 1868.

au1 6m JAMES ROSS, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES J. FOX, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Andrew J. Smith, Esq., No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of February next.

Dated New York, the 30th day of July, 1867.

au1 6m JOHN FOX, 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 WILLIAM MESLER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Edwin Mesler, Esq., No. 115 McDougal street, in the City of New York, on or before the 16th day of July next.

Dated New York, the 8th day of January, 1868.

EDWIN MESLER, } Executors.
ja11 6m GEORGE W. WILSON, }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER A. MESIER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof at the office of A. V. W. Van Vechten, Esq., Attorney at Law, No. 46 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of April, 1869.

Dated New York, the 28th day of September, 1868.

o3 6m JAMES LEE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES BEARDSLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their office, corner of Broadway and 37th street, in the City of New York, on or before the 24th day of February next.

Dated New York 17th day of August, 1868.

GEORGE BEARDSLEY, } Execut.
au22 6m HOMER S. BEARDSLEY }

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANSON HERRICK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 16 Spruce street, in the City of New York, on or before the 14th day of March next.

Dated New York, the 5th day of September, 1868.

CARLETON N. HERRICK,
s5 6m Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against E. BYRON CHRISTY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of C. Bainbridge Smith, Esq'r, Att'y at Law, No. 151 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of April, 1869.—Dated New York, the 18th day of April, 1868.

HARRIET E. CHRISTY, } Executrixes.
o17 6m ELIZA A. BRECK, }

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 CLARK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Mitchells & A. B. Crane, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 92 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 4th day of June 1868

je6 6mo BERNHARD CLARK, 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 LEVI FOLSOM, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 16 Court street, in the City of Brooklyn, New York, on or before the tenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 4th day of June, 1868.

je6 6m EDWARD DALY, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of New York County, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against KIERAN HORAN, of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Robert D. Livingston, No. 115 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23d day of January, 1869.

Dated New York, Aug. 15, 1868.

jy18 6m THOMAS P. ROWE, 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 PATRICK FOLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 723 Washington street, in the City of New York, on or before the 22d day of March next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of September, 1868.

s19 6mo BRIDGET FOLEY, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER ANDERSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Silliman & Anderson, Counsellors at Law, No. 43 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the twelfth day of January next.

Dated New York, the 2d day of July, 1868.

jy4 6m RACILLEA B. ANDERSON, Executrix.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Limited Partnership of "FITCH, WALDO & BARRE," composed of the undersigned, as General and Special Partners, is dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated New York, 24th day of Oct., 1868.

JAMES P. FITCH, } General
HOWARD WALDO, } Partners.
LEON BARRE, }
o31 4t WALTER M SMITH, Special Partner.

JAMES P. FITCH HAVING, WITH P. O. LANGDON, purchased the entire interest of H. E. Curtis and O. J. Camp, General and Special Partners in the firm of SEARS & CURTIS, Wholesale Dealers in Boots and Shoes, his address after November second, will be No. 12 Warren st.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York; that the name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is "WALDO & BARRE;" that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such Partnership is the importing and dealing in Military and Fancy Goods, Fire Arms and Jewelry; that the names of all the General and Special Partners interested in the said business are Howard Waldo, Leon Barre, and Walter M. Smith; that the said Howard Waldo is a General Partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county of New York; that the said Leon Barre is also a General Partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county of New York; and that the said Walter M. Smith is a Special Partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county of New York; that the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is Twenty-five Thousand Dollars; that the period at which the said Partnership is to commence is the twenty-fourth day of October, 1868, and that the period at which it will terminate is the thirty-first day of December, 1873.

New York, 24th October, 1868.

HOWARD WALDO, } General
LEON BARRE, } Partners.
o31 6t WALTER M. SMITH, Special Partner.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.—Henry A. Richardson, Nathaniel A. Boynton, H. H. Richardson and P. V. Boynton, Plaintiffs, against David Findlaysen, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—(Com. not Ser.)

To the Defendant above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the said city and county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, number 229 Broadway, in the said City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Eight Hundred and Seventy-four Dollars and sixty-eight cents, with interest on $379 75-100 from August 1st, 1862, and on $379 [illegible]-100 from October 1, 1862, and on $112 50-100 from the first day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.—Dated New York, October 16th, 1868.

M. P. BESTOW, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
229 Broadway.

The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, upon this ninth day of November, 1868.

M. P. BESTOW, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
n14 6t 229 Broadway.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK—Harris Pardee, Levi M. Bates, Tracy E. Roberts, Lansing C. Moore, Jacob B. Croxson, Amos G. Greenleaf, and James H. Sahler, Plaintiffs, against Thomas C. Summers, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.—Com. not served.

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which 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. 251 Broadway, 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 complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Nineteen Hundred and Six Dollars and forty-one cents, with interest from the 16th day of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated Nov. 7th, 1868.

J. N. LAKE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 10th day of Nov., 1868.

J. N. LAKE, Plffs' Att'y,
n11 6t 251 Broadway.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a Limited Partnership has this day been formed between the undersigned, pursuant to Title 1, Chapter 4, Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the several acts amendatory thereof, under the name or firm of BALLARD, HALLEY & CO. The general nature of the business to be transacted is Importing, dealing in and jobbing Silks, Ribbons and Millinery Goods generally, to be carried on in the City of New York.

All the general partners interested therein are William J. H. Ballard, who resides in the City, County and State of New York; William Halley, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York; William A. Butler, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York.

The only Special Partner interested therein is Lucius Moore, of the City of Hudson, County of Columbia, State of New York.

The amount of capital which Lucius Moore, as such Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock is Twenty-five Thousand dollars ($25,000) in cash.

The period at which the partnership is to commence is the 5th day of November, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the 31st day of December, 1871.

Dated New York, the 5th day of November, 1868.

WILLIAM J. H. BALLARD,
WILLIAM HALLEY,
WILLIAM A. BUTLER,
n11 6t LUCIUS MOORE.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charles Niebling, Plaintiff, against [illegible] Niebling, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.)

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. 2 Dey 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, October 30, 1868. JOHN C. CLEGG,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the city and county of New York, on the 13th day of November, 1868.

n14 8t JOHN C. CLEGG, Plaintiff's Attorney.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a limited partnership, under and pursuant to the laws of the State of New York; that the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is SOLLEY & THOMPSON; that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is that of wholesale dealers and manufacturers of felt hats; that the names of all the General and Special Partners interested therein are John B. Solley, Abraham W. Thompson, Robert White and George J. Ferry; that the said John B. Solley and Abraham W. Thompson are the only General Partners, and that each of them resides in the city of Newark, in the State of New Jersey; that the said Robert White and George J. Ferry are the only Special Partners interested in said business, and that said White resides in the city of New York, in the State of New York, and the said Ferry resides in the town of Orange, in the State of New Jersey; that the amount of capital which each of such Special Partners has contributed to the common stock is twenty thousand dollars, making together forty thousand dollars; that the period at which such partnership is to commence is the first day of November, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the first day of May, 1872. Dated November 2, 1868.

JOHN B. SOLLEY,
ABRAHAM W. THOMPSON,
ROBERT WHITE,
n7 6t GEORGE J. FERRY.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE Undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership for the transaction of a manufacturing and mercantile business within the State of New York, pursuant to the laws thereof; that the name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted, is HENRY W. DURYEE & CO.; that the general nature of the business intended to be conducted is the manufacture, purchase and sale of hats, caps and straw goods, and articles used in connection therewith; that the only persons interested therein are Henry W. Duryee, who resides in the City of Newark, in the State of New Jersey, and John L. Macfadden, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, in the State of New York, who are the General Partners, and William D. Harbour, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, and is the Special Partner. That the said Special Partner has contributed as capital to the common stock fifty thousand dollars, and that the said Partnership is to commence on November 2, 1868, and to terminate on November 2, 1873.

Dated November 2, 1868.

HENRY W. DURYEE, } General
JOHN L. MACFADDEN, } Partners.
n7 6th W. D. HARBOUR, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Edward Bradley, Plaintiff, against John Brandt, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.)

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 173 Broadway, 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 four hundred and twenty dollars, with interest from the first day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated October 8, 1868.

COTTERILL BROTHERS,
n1 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—James L. Mitchell and Cassius H. Read, Plaintiffs, against John Brandt Defendant. Summons.—For a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.)

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was on this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 173 Broadway, 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 Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars and twenty-eight cents, with interest from the fourth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.—Dated 8th October, 1868.

COTTERILL BROTHERS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

DISSOLUTION OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—The Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name of LEEDS, GREENE & COMPANY, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

New York, November 9th, 1868.

JAMES S. LEEDS, } General
JNO. B. GREENE, } Partners.
A. D. BARBER, Special Partner.

Jno. B. Greene will sign in liquidation of the firm.

The business will be conducted by A. D. Barber and John B. Greene, under firm and name of

A. D. BARBER & CO,
n14 4t 14 Barclay st., New York City.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANTHONY J. HILL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 11 West 14th street, in the City of New York, on or before the thirteenth day of May next.

Dated New York, the fourth day of November, 1868.

n7 6m JOHN D. VAN BUREN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES HOPPER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Brady & Traphagen, No. 37 Park Row, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of July next.

Dated New York, the 27th day of December, 1867.

d28 6m ELIZABETH WILBY, Administratrix.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
Broadway, corner of Thirtieth street.
Open from 8 A. M. until 10 P. M.
TWO PERFORMANCES IN GRAND THEATRE DAILY.
Afternoon at 2, Evening at 7¾.
Unabated success of
THE LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE,
who appear continuously before CROWDED HOUSES.

Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees in | IXION; or the Man at the Wheel

to be led to the screaming farce of
DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO JERSEY?
which must be withdrawn after Dec. 12, to make way for
MISS LYDIA THOMPSON,
who will on MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 14, commence appearing in TWO CHARACTERS SAME EVENING.

On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Matinees, | CINDERELLA; Or, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

Throughout the day, at all hours, COM. NOTT and MISS NESTELLE, the smallest people in the universe. A host of Living Human Phenomena.

A MENAGERIE OF WILD ANIMALS, and the 1,000,000 CURIOSITIES OF WOOD'S MUSEUM, forming the greatest combination of attractions in the world. Every stranger visiting New York should see WOOD'S MUSEUM. Admission 50 cents.

The next principal dramatic attraction will be THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
Admission 50 cents.
THIS DAY, MATINEE AND EVENING.
MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
IN BOTH PERFORMANCES AND ALL THE PIECES.

MATINEE AT 1½.	EVENING AT 7¾.
ONLY	WILLIAMS.
IRELAND AS IT WAS.	THREE PIECES.
MATINEE.	SHANDY MAGUIRE.
ROUGH DIAMOND.	ROUGH DIAMOND.
BARNEY WILLIAMS.	IRISH TUTOR.

ON MONDAY, EVERY EVENING, AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
The new piece ready, and positively be produced. Written expressly by John Brougham, Esq., for
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
consisting of a Prologue and Three Acts, entitled
THE EMERALD RING,
Mounted with | Entirely New Scenery, Entirely New Mechanical Effects, Entirely New Accessories, Entirely New Picturesque Costumes, Entirely New and Original Music.
The original parts of
MIKE AND MAGGIE MACARTY
BY MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
With new Songs, Chorus and Dances, and an unusually strong cast of Characters.
Box Book now open.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..........Director.
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
NEW AND INCREASED ATTRACTIONS.
First week of the splendid equestrian entree, the FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE; OR, EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA. First week this season of the ever-popular Terrific Battoute Leaps, introducing the unrivalled Corps of Voltigeurs. The last week of the charming Fairy Spectacle, entitled
CINDERELLA; CINDERELLA; CINDERELLA; CINDERELLA; | or, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER,
In which the characters are sustained by a TROUPE OF SIXTY LITTLE CHILDREN.
THE MELVILLE FAMILY,
In classic Gymnastic Groupings.
MR. ROBERT STICKNEY, in his principal act. CONRAD'S PERFORMING DOGS,
MLLE. CAROLINE ROLLAND,
The greatest of Equestriennes, and the entire MAMMOTH TROUPE OF
STAR RIDERS AND ACROBATS,
IN DIVERSIFIED ARENIC SCENES.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
JAMES E. HAYES.......Lessee and Manager.
C. W. TAYLEURE........Business Manager.
EVERY NIGHT, AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
300th to 308th Performance of G. L. FOX'S Pantomime.

39th week. 39th week. 39th week.	HUMPTY DUMPTY	39th week. 39th week. 39th week.

The Inimitable Comedian and Pantomimist, Mr. GEORGE L. FOX, as CLOWN.

"Brilliant Kaleidoscope of Fairy Marvels and Enchantments, comic tricks, gorgeous scenery, great dancing, bubbling fun."	308 308 308 308 308 308 308	"There never was a piece so unexceptionably cheery, bright, and innocent as this beautiful production."

Mlle. SANGALI and the ITALIAN BALLET, (The greatest Ballet Troupe in America.)
MATINEES 1½ EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Seats reserved in advance for matinee or night. Brilliant additions to H. D. for Christmas Holidays.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
14TH STREET.
Change of time—Commence quarter to 8. Brilliant success of the wonderful Infant Tenor,
MASTER RAPHAEL DE SOLLA.
Revival of Unsworth and Eugene's Burlesque Opera,
ILL—TRUE—BAD—DOER,
ILL—TRUE—BAD—DOER.
Ill-Trovatore. | De Sola. | Ill-Trovatore.
Ill-Trovatore. | De Sola. | Ill-Trovatore.
Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour as Piton and Grange. The Gens d'Arms a-la Genevieve de Bryant. Eugene's burlesque Africane Ballet Troupe in divertissement.
LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.
After the DARK'E. After the DARK'E.
Ill-True-Bad-Doer, Ill-True-Bad-Doer.
The Grand-Tower-Miserere Chorus. Castle by Moonlight.
Bryant's Minstrels, Fourteenth street. Matinee Saturday at 2.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
NO. 585 BROADWAY.
First appearance of the favorite comedian,
BILLY WEST.
GREAT SUCCESS OF BILLY EMMETT.
Continued success of the unapproachable
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Last week of BARBER BROWN, or the PACIFIC SLOPER. Monday, Dec. 14, will be produced, in Grand Style, the Ethiopian Opera of
BONE SQUASH DIABLO.
The orgies commence at quarter to Eight.
The dissipation ceases at Ten.
Seats secured six days in advance.

BOWERY THEATRE.
GRAND MATINEE SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock.
The immensely popular moral drama of the
DRUNKARD;
Or, THE FALLEN SAVED.
EVENING,
RED SCARF,
VETERAN OF 102,
AND HANDSOME JACK, THE GREAT HIGHWAYMAN.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.
GENEVIEVE'S EIGHTH WEEK.
Sole Lessee and Director..........J. GRAU.
LAST NIGHTS of the crowning success and irresistible novelty of the season, (other works being in active preparation.)
GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT,
presented every eve, with a splendor of mise en scene and cast never equalled, the whole comprising 140 persons. After 9½, general admission half price.

AMUSEMENTS.

STEINWAY HALL—SUNDAY EVENING.
GRAND SUNDAY CONCERTS.
THEODORE THOMAS..............Director.
Admission Fifty Cents.
Reserved Seats, Twenty-five Cents extra.
On SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 6, at 8 o'clock,
Second Grand Sunday Concert,
When the following array of talent will appear:
Mme. MARIETTA GAZZANIGA.
The talented children (aged 9 and 10 years,)
JOANNA and WILLIE HESS.
Theo. Thomas's Unrivalled Orchestra.
Reserved seats and tickets can now be had at the box-office of Steinway Hall, G. Schirmer's, 701, and at the Theatre Ticket Office, 111 Broadway.

FERRERO'S
APOLLO HALL
AND
LECTURE ROOM,
BROADWAY,
CORNER
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FOR
BALLS,
CONCERTS,
LECTURES,
FAIRS,
PUBLIC MEETINGS AND DINNERS,
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES, &c.
Apply in the
BILLIARD ROOM,
No. 1,193 Broadway,
or on the premises.
The above establishment is
THE LARGEST
in the United States—160 feet front on Twenty-eighth street, and 220 feet on Broadway—will be fitted up in
THE MOST ELEGANT STYLE,
with every convenience imaginable.
COMMITTEES
are invited to call and judge for themselves.
E. FERRERO,
No. 1,193 Broadway.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager...Mr. Lester Wallack.
LAST SIX NIGHTS
OF
THE LANCASHIRE LASS.
MR. LESTER WALLACK
will make his first appearance in twelve months
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 14.
A series of
LEGITIMATE AND STANDARD COMEDIES
is in preparation, including "Speed the Plough," "The Follies of a Night," "Two can Play at That Game," "Woodcock's Little Game," "The Captain of the Watch," "The Wonder," etc., etc.
Box Book for Mr. Lester Wallack's nights now open.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessees and Managers.....Jarrett and Palmer
THIRD WEEK.
HOUSES COMPLETELY CROWDED.
TWO PERFORMANCES THIS SATURDAY
DEC. 5,
AFTERNOON AT 1, EVENING AT 8,
when will be presented
AFTER DARK;
OR,
LONDON BY NIGHT,
Pronounced by the press and public the
GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
PERFECT CAST, NEW SCENERY, ORIGINAL MUSIC, APPOINTMENTS, EFFECTS, COSTUMES, &c. &c.
Seats secured six days in advance.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.
H. L. BATEMAN.......Lessee and Director.
BATEMAN'S OPERA BOUFFE.
A NEW OPERA
EVERY EVENING NEXT WEEK.
LES BAVARDS.
OPERA BOUFFE BY J. OFFENBACH.
Mlle. Tostee.............Roland.
To conclude with the second and last act of
BARBE-BLEUE.
Mlle. IRMA and Mons. AUJAC.
SPLENDID NEW BALLET.
Mlle. De Rosa..........Premiere Danseuse.
Seats secured six days in advance at the Box office, Shirmer's, 701 Broadway, and from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. at Delmonico's, 22 Broad street.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN,
7th avenue, bet. 58th and 59th streets.
ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 6,
at 3 o'clock,
THEODORE THOMAS'S
GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT.
GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT.
ADMISSION,
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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AND MANUFACTORY,
135 BOWERY.
Fire Caps of every style and pattern, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all the articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned, at his old-established and well-known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and frontpieces furnished them. Orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also, a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.
WILLIAM WILSON,
No. 135 Bowery

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

AN EASY WAY OF PROCURING
WHAT YOU WANT!
HORACE WATERS & CO.,
No. 481 BROADWAY,
will dispose of a few new and second-hand Pianos, Melodeons and Organs, of five first-class makers, and take from $5 to $25 monthly, until paid. Fifty new and second-hand instruments for rent, and rent applied if purchased; or for sale at bargains for cash.

CARPETS, FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
Housekeepers supplied with the above
ON EASY TERMS.
Payments taken
WEEKLY OR MONTHLY.
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Corner Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

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OF
HESTER VAUGHAN,
The beautiful young English Girl, now lying in a PHILADELPHIA PRISON, UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR ALLEGED CHILD MURDER,
Will be found in the
NEW YORK DISPATCH
OF TO-MORROW, DECEMBER 6TH.
Among the other contents of the DISPATCH of to-morrow will be a chapter on the
"THUGS OF NEW YORK,"
STRANGE REVELATIONS CONCERNING "HORSE SALES."
THE CASE OF CAPTAIN MEAD,
and a curious article on
"JOURNALISTIC FRAUDS."
ALSO
SKATING, BILLIARDS, THE BALL SEASON,
THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL MATTERS,
MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.
All the latest news from all parts of the world.

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

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The millions of admirers of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH will find her original stories only in the LEDGER.

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Professor WILLIAM HENRY PECK, JOHN G. SAXE, and MARY KYLE DALLAS will hereafter write for no paper but the LEDGER.

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Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

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Editor of the La Crosse Democrat, & Representative Young Man of America.
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His Early History, Character, and Public Services in Defence of the Rights of States, Rights of the People, and Interests of Working Men. Compiled and Arranged from Material Furnished by Mr. Pomeroy and Persons who Have Known Him Long and Intimately.
ILLUSTRATED WITH A STEEL PORTRAIT OF MR. POMEROY.
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306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LEGAL NOTICES.

PROPOSALS FOR THE PUBLIC PRINTING.—Pursuant to the provisions of an act entitled "An act to provide for the Public Printing," passed March 6, 1846; and an act entitled "An act concerning the Laws, Journals and Documents of the Legislature," passed May 12, 1847, the undersigned hereby give notice that they will receive sealed proposals until Saturday, the twelfth day of December next, at noon of that day, for executing the Printing for the Senate and the Assembly, and for the Secretary of State, the Comptroller, the Attorney-General, the State Engineer and Surveyor, the Superintendent of the Banking Department, the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, the Commissioners of the Land Office, and all other printing for any and every of the State officers, for the term of two years from the expiration of the present contract.

Separate bids will be received for the Senate, Assembly or public offices, or for the printing of either of the public offices, the whole to be performed in the same style and execution as that furnished on the fifth of March, 1846.

For all printing in book or pamphlet form for any of the State offices, or for circulars on cap or post paper, the proposals should state the price for 1,000 ems for composition, restricting the estimate to the printed lines, and separately the price for paper, press work, folding, gathering, collating, stitching and trimming, for 100 copies, and the rate per hundred for each additional hundred required.

For Senate and Assembly Journals the proposals should state the price for composition, press work, paper, pressing, folding, gathering, collating, stitching and trimming of each signature of eight pages, 800 copies, and also for any additional number that may be required.

For the Senate and Assembly Bills the proposals should state the price for composition, press work, paper, pressing, folding, trimming and stitching each signature of four pages 350 copies, ordered by either house, and the rate per one hundred additional copies of each signature that may be required—the paper to be cap writing paper, of quality equal to that used for the Senate in 1846, weighing not less than 25 lbs. to each ream of 17½ by 28¾ inches, and the work in all respects to be executed in the same manner—the lines in each section of the bills to be numbered, and with sufficient space between them for interlining words.

For the Senate and Assembly Documents the proposals should state the price for composition, press work, paper, pressing, folding, gathering, collating, trimming and stitching each signature of eight pages, 800 copies, and the price for pressing and furnishing not exceeding 500 additional copies; also the price for not exceeding 1,000 additional copies; also the price for not exceeding 3,000 additional copies; also the price for not exceeding 5,000 additional copies; and a price for all additional copies over 5,000.

Each page of Documents or Journals must be set in small pica type, when practicable, containing 1,645 ems; but should it be necessary to put it in smaller type, or what is termed rule work, or rule and figure work, the size of the page must be retained. When it is necessary to put the matter in tables, the work will be estimated in the same manner as that which was printed in page form, allowing 16 pages, or a double signature, for each sheet of 19 by 24 inches, and the allowance thus made is to include every charge. The proposals must also state the price per 1,000 ems composition, when brevier, long primer, or any type other than small pica, shall be required to be used. It is also to be understood that no extra pay will be claimed or allowed for any corrections or alterations, nor any extra pay be allowed on any description of composition.

The paper to be used for the Legislative Documents and Journals must weigh at least 40 lbs. to the ream of 19 by 24 inches, and the quality must be equal to the best used in printing the Senate Documents of 1845.

The proposals shall also state the price per copy for printing and putting in covers each Bill or such Documents ordered by the Legislature; also the price per copy for binding in full cloth gilt, or in half binding, all documents ordered to be bound by the Legislature; also the price per ream for extra fine quality of paper, when directed to be used by the Legislature.

For engravings on stone, steel or wood, and printing maps, plans, and illustrations for the Legislative Documents, the price to be paid, including cutting, folding, and pasting the same, shall in no case exceed the lowest wholesale rates current at the time said work may be done.

It is hereby expressly understood that all extra Documents of the Legislature, for members, officers and report of the Legislature, not delivered during the session of the Legislature, shall be printed and delivered to the Secretary of State properly bound (when directed to be bound by the Legislature); and, the Journals, Bills, and Documents required to be bound by the State binder, to be delivered to such binder within a period not exceeding eight months from the day of the adjournment of the Legislature. The proposals for all work to include cartage, delivery, and hoisting of books, at such places in the City of Albany as the Secretary of State or the Legislature may direct.

Samples of the blanks and other printing required for the Public Offices may be seen at the office of the Secretary of State and the other departments; and the proposals must state the price by the hundred for blanks of every description used in any or either of the departments.

In case the undersigned shall be of the opinion that the proposals made in pursuance hereof are, in consequence of any combination or otherwise, excessive or disadvantageous to the State, they may decline any or all of the said proposals, and advertise anew for the work embraced therein.

No contract in pursuance hereof, or any interest in the same, shall be assignable to any person or persons, without the written consent of the Secretary of State and Comptroller.

To every proposal or bid for the performance of all or any portion of the printing above specified (and but one proposal or bid will be received from any one person, firm or party in interest, for the performance of the same work) there must be annexed a guarantee, subscribed by a guarantor of sufficient ability, that the person or persons making such bid will, if the same be accepted, enter into a contract according to the terms thereof, and give the security required by law in such case, within ten days from the time he or they shall receive notice of the acceptance of his or their bid; and to every such guarantee there must be annexed a certificate of the Secretary of State, Comptroller, Attorney-General, Treasurer, State Engineer and Surveyor, or of the Judge of the County where the guarantor resides, that the guarantor is a man of property, and able to make good his guarantee. And the right to abrogate or annul any contract made in pursuance hereof, for failure or non-performance as to time and manner of execution and delivery, is hereby expressly reserved to the Secretary of State and Comptroller.

Each proposal must be sealed up with the guarantee, and directed on the outside, "Proposals for Assembly Printing," or for any other portion of the printing embraced in this notice, as the case may be; and when thus sealed up and directed, the proposition should be inclosed in a separate envelope, and directed to the undersigned or either of them.
ALBANY, N. Y., November 25th, 1868.
HOMER A. NELSON, Secretary of State.
WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Comptroller.
n27 3t

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Nicholas C. McCallan against George J. Gordon.—Summons—For money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
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 said City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 53 Exchange Place, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two hundred and eighty-four 53-100 Dollars, with interest from the fifth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the cost of this action.
Dated November 6, 1868.
THOMAS D. HALL, Plaintiff's Attorney,
53 Exchange Place, New York City.
The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, on the second day of December, 1868.
THOMAS D. HALL,
d5 6t Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUPREME COURT.—GOTTLOB Haussmann against Theodore Fels, Seyffert and J. C. Korch, composing the firm of Fels, Seyffert & Company.—Summons for money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 61 Wall street, in said City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand two hundred and forty-seven and eighty-three-one-hundredths dollars, with interest from the 29th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated New York, Nov. 19th, 1868.
JAMES K. HILL, 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 in said City, on the 5th day of December, 1868.
JAMES K. HILL.
d5 6t

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK—Eleanor F Peterson, Plaintiff, against John H Peterson, Defendant—Summons—For relief (Com not served.)
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 Court House in said City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, number 29 Park row, New York City, N. Y., 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 City, December 1, 1868.
EDWARD C. RIPLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, State of New York, at the Court House in said city, on the third day of December, 1868.
Dated December 3, 1868.
EDWARD C. RIPLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
d5 6t 29 Park row, New York.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL F. BARRY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Sterling & Walden, No. 9 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-sixth day of May next.
Dated New York, the 20th day of November, 1868.
n21 6m MARTHA L. BARRY, Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM H. PARSONS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the place of transacting the business of the estate of said deceased, the office of Prichard, Choate & Smith, No. Forty-nine Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 24th day of December next.
Dated New York, the 15th day of June, 1868. je20 6m

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of HENRY WELLS, [illegible] deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate are 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 24th day of Dec., 1868, next.—Dated New York, Nov. 25th, 1868.
HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr.,
Public Administrator.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—A Limited Partnership has this day been formed between Albert Haydn Hatch, as Special Partner, and Alfred Churchman and Benjamin F. England, as General Partners, under the name or firm of CHURCHMAN & ENGLAND, for the purpose of dealing in China, Glass and Earthenware, to commence November 9, 1868, and continue two years. Its principal place of business is in the City of New York. The said Albert Haydn Hatch has contributed Thirty Thousand dollars to the capital stock thereof.
Dated November 9, 1868.
ALBERT H. HATCH, Special Partner.
ALFRED CHURCHMAN, BENJ. F. ENGLAND, General Partners.
n14 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES C. WILLET, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 398 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of February next. Dated New York, the 30th day of June, 1868.
jy1 6m JAMES S. WILLET, Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICES.

OUR MR. HENRY I. BARBEY BEING desirous of retiring from active business, our firm is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Dated New York, November 30, 1868.
HENRY I. BARBEY,
A. RICHARD,
WILLIAM BARBEY,
Composing the firm of Henry Barbey & Co.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a limited partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York: that the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "HENRY I. BARBEY & CO."; that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the importing of dry goods, and the general dry goods business on commission or otherwise; that the names of all the general and special partners interested in the said business are Auguste Richard, William Barbey, Henry I. Barbey, and Adrian Iselin; that the said Auguste Richard is a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city of Hoboken, in the county of Hudson, and State of New Jersey; and that the said William Barbey is also a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the said Henry I. Barbey is a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; and that the said Adrian Iselin is also a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the amount of capital which each of said special partners has contributed to the common stock of said partnership is as follows: the said Henry I. Barbey has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; and the said Adrian Iselin has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of December, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirtieth day of November, 1871.
Dated New York, December 1, 1868.
A. RICHARD, WILLIAM BARBEY, General Partners.
HENRY I. BARBEY, ADRIAN ISELIN, Special Partners.
d5 6t

SUPREME COURT IN AND FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Jacob Meyer and Seelig Haas, Plaintiffs, against Louis H. Leon, Zagleh H. Leon, and W. B. Robinson, Defendants.—Summons—For a money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
To the defendants above named and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court in and for the City of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 59 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 Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of six hundred and twenty-one 12-100 dollars, with interest from the first day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.
Dated September 4th, 1868.
KAUFMANN, FRANK & WILCOXSON, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.
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 the City Hall in said city, on the 25th day of November, 1868.
KAUFMANN, FRANK & WILCOXSON,
d5 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys, No. 59 Nassau street.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Louis D. Pareano and Hamlin Magruder, Plaintiffs, against James A. Higgs.—Summons.
To the Defendant: 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. 137 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred and ninety-two dollars and fifty-two cents, with interest from the 15th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven.
EUGENE H. POMEROY,
Plaintiffs' Attorney,
137 Broadway, corner of Cedar street.
To James A. Higgs, Esq., defendant:
Sir: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 21st day of November, 1868. Yours, &c.,
EUGENE H. POMEROY, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
nov. 28 6t

SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Michael Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Mary Murphy, against William C. Dickinson, Robert J. Gamble.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.)
To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 61 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated October 2d, 1868.
DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
61 Wall street, New York.
The complaint herein was duly filed in the office of the City and County of New York on the 24 day of October, 1868.
DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
d5 6t 61 Wall street.

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Michael Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Mary Murphy, against Frederick A. Wheeler, Robert J. Gamble.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.)
To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 61 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated October 2, 1868.
DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
61 Wall street, New York.
The complaint herein was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 24th day of October, 1868.
DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
d5 6t 61 Wall street.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing under the name, firm and style of PECK, RANDOLPH & CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, each signing in liquidation.
CHARLES B. PECK,
WILSON G. H. RANDOLPH,
FREDK. F. E. RANDOLPH,
P. F. RANDOLPH.
The accounts of the late firm will be settled up by the undersigned, who have this day formed a co-partnership under the name, firm and style of RANDOLPH BROS., of W. G. H. Randolph, Frederick E. F. Randolph, and Peter F. Randolph, Jr., as general partners, and P. F. Randolph, Sr., as special partner, who has contributed and paid in the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars; that said co-partnership is to terminate on the first day of December, 1871. d5 6t

SUPREME COURT—JESSE Browne, Jr., and William D. Waddington, Plaintiffs, against Samuel Browne, Mary Wetherill, Catharine Harrison, George T. Browne, Mary T. Betz and [illegible] Browne, Defendants.—(Summons for Relief.—Com. not ser.)
To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, Number 119 Broadway, New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated October 19, 1868.
R. M. HARISON & J. T. DAVIES,
o31 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys, 119 Broadway, N. Y.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, IN pursuance of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, and according to law, to all persons having claims against ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH JONES, late of the City of New York, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at the subscriber's office and place of transacting business, No. 74 (seventy-four) Broadway in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-second day of May next.
Dated New York, the 14th day of November, 1868.
n14 6m JOHN M. KNOX, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARIA MONTGOMERY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of June next.
Dated New York, the thirtieth day of November, 1868.
d5 6m WM. F. CHRYSTIE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM POST, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Messrs. King & Lathrop, Attorneys at Law, No. 38 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of September next.
Dated New York, the 10th day of February, 1868.
WILLIAM POST, Jr., JOHN S. GILES, Executors.
f15 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELIZA MOTT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of Mr. William Underhill, No. 133 Water street, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January next.
Dated New York, the 23d day of July, 1868.
WILLIAM UNDERHILL,
6mos WILLIAM H. ONDERDONK, 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 THOMAS L. BRAYNARD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Pinckney & Spink, attorneys at law, No. 5 Beekman street, in the City of New York, on or before the 4th day of May next.
Dated New York, the 26th day of October, 1868.
o31 6m ELIZA BRAYNARD, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against BENJAMIN S. HART, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 23 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the second day of July next.
Dated New York the 28th day of December, 1868.
EMANUEL B. HART, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM AUGUSTIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 63 Greenwich street, in the City of New York, on or before the 4th day of December next.
Dated New York, the 4th day of June, 1868.
je6 6mo FREDERICK J. AUGUSTIN, Administrator.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.—IN the Matter of the Application of the Trustees and Directors of the New York City Mutual Coal Company, for Dissolution.
The Trustees of the NEW YORK CITY MUTUAL COAL COMPANY having duly filed a Petition for a Dissolution of said Corporation, together with an account, inventory, and affidavit, as required by statute, all persons interested in said Corporation are required to show cause, before Andrew J. Smith, Esq., Referee, at his office, No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on the 16th day of December, 1868, at 10 A.M., why said Corporation should not be dissolved.
ALBERT CARDOZO, Justice.
EDWARD VAN NESS, Att'y, etc.,
54 Wall street. n14 3t

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that SAMUEL W. HEYMER, who resides in Jersey City, Hudson County, in the State of New Jersey, and HENRY H. B. BLOOMFIELD, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, and State of New York, and ELLIS S. BLOOMFIELD, who also resides in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, in said State of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, in accordance with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, in the business of buying and selling of Ready-made Clothing, said business to be conducted in the City of New York. That the above-named parties are all the parties who are interested therein: that the said Samuel W. Heymer and Henry H. B. Bloomfield are the General Partners, and the said Ellis S. Bloomfield is the Special Partner; that the said Ellis S. Bloomfield has contributed and paid in in cash the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars as capital towards the common stock; and that the said partnership is to commence on the 2d day of November, 1868, and is to terminate on the 2d day of November, 1870.—Dated New York, November 2, 1868.
SAMUEL W. HEYMER, HENRY H. B. BLOOMFIELD, General Partners.
n28 6t ELLIS S. BLOOMFIELD, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Louis D. Pareano, Plaintiff, against James A. Higgs, Defendant.—Summons for relief.
To the Defendant: 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. 137 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred and thirty-three Dollars and sixty-four cents, with interest from the sixteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated September 28, 1868.
EUGENE H. POMEROY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
No. 137 Broadway, corner Cedar street.
To James A. Higgs, Esq., Defendant—Sir: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the twenty-first day of November, 1868. Yours, EUGENE H. POMEROY,
n28 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Rosalvo F. Cole, Plaintiff, against Hellen M. Cole, Defendant.—Summons for Relief.
To Hellen M. Cole: 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. 661 Third avenue, 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 Nov. 25th, 1868.
CHARLES S. McKAY, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed in the Clerk's office as above on the 27th day of November, 1868.
n28 6t CHARLES S. McKAY, Plff's Att'y.

LIMITED COPARTNERSHIP.—We, the subscribers, do certify that we have formed a Limited Copartnership, pursuant to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, relating to Limited Partnership, and the several acts and parts of acts amendatory thereof, as follows, viz:

First, The name or firm under which such Copartnership is to be conducted shall be and is FLANNERY & GRIFFITH.

Second, The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be and is the buying and selling of Dry Goods at retail in the City of New York.

Third, The names of all the General and Special Partners interested therein shall be and are William Flannery and Owen Griffith, who each reside in the City, County, and State of New York, and are the General Partners; and George H. Stone, who resides in the City, County, and State of New York, is the Special Partner in said business.

Fourth, The said George H. Stone, as such Special Partner, has contributed the full sum of Four Thousand Dollars ($4,000) cash as capital to the common stock of said Copartnership.

Fifth, The said Copartnership is to commence on the eighteenth day of November, in the year 1868, and to continue and terminate on the eighteenth day of November, 1871.

Made and subscribed at the City of New York this 11th day of November, 1868.
WILLIAM FLANNERY,
OWEN GRIFFITH,
General Partners.
GEORGE H. STONE,
Special Partner.
State of New York, City and County of New York, ss: On this 11th day of November, 1868, before me personally appeared William Flannery, Owen Griffith, and George H. Stone, to me personally known to be the persons described in, and who made and signed, the preceding certificate, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same.
J. M. TIGHE,
n21 6t Notary Public, N. Y.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York: That the name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is
FREDERIC ZEREGA.
That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such Partnership, is dealing in general Merchandise and Exchange. That the names of all the General and Special Partners interested in the said business are Frederic Zerega and Rufus R. Graves. That said Frederic Zerega is a General Partner, and his place of residence is in the city of Savannah and State of Georgia; that the said Rufus R. Graves is a Special Partner, and his place of residence is in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York. That the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the fifteenth day of November, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the fifteenth day of November, 1871. Dated New York, Nov. 14, 1868.
FREDERIC ZEREGA,
RUFUS R. GRAVES.
n21 6t

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Nancy C. Noyes, Plaintiff, against Moody Noyes, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief.
To the Defendant: 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. 170 Broadway, New York City, 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 Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated N. Y., Nov. 7, 1868.
EDWARD MACKINLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
170 Broadway, N. Y.
The complaint in the above-entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 7th day of November, 1868.
EDWARD MACKINLEY, Plaintiff's Att'y,
n14 6t 170 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.
Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of JOHN PLATT, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate are 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 29th day of January next. Dated New York, Dec. 4th, 1868.
HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr.,
Public Administrator.
ROBERT D. LIVINGSTON, Proctor. d5 6t

CORPORATION NOTICES.

PROPOSALS FOR $75,000 CITY CEMETERY STOCK.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's Office until TUESDAY, December 15, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M., when the same will be publicly opened for the whole or any part of the sum of Seventy-five Thousand Dollars of "City Cemetery Stock," authorized by Chap. 117, Laws of 1868, and by an ordinance of the Common Council, approved by the Mayor Nov 20, 1868.

Said stock is to be issued for the purpose of providing means for the purchase of a plot of ground by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, within the boundaries of this State, suitable for a public cemetery or burial ground additional to the plots now used by them for such purpose.

The stock will bear interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, payable semi-annually on the first day of May and November in each year, and the principal will be redeemed on the first day of August, 1888.

The proposals will state the amount of stock desired, and the price per one hundred dollars thereof, and the persons whose proposals are accepted will thereupon be required to deposit with the Chamberlain the sums awarded to them, respectively, together with any premium thereon.

On presenting to the Comptroller the receipts of the Chamberlain for such deposits, the parties will be entitled to receive certificates for equal amounts of the par value of the sums awarded to them, bearing interest from the dates of payments.

Each proposal should be sealed and endorsed "Proposals for City Cemetery Stock," and inclosed in a second envelope addressed to the Comptroller.

The right is reserved to reject any or all of the bids if the interests of the Corporation require it.
RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller.
CITY OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,
n23 3t COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, Nov. 23, 1868.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE SURVEY AND INSPECTION OF BUILDINGS—Office No. 2 Fourth avenue.
NEW YORK, October 10, 1868.
The attention of the proprietors or managers of theatres and other places of public amusement in this city is particularly called to the following extracts from Chapter 630, Laws of 1867:
Section 12. .... In all buildings of a public character already erected or hereafter to be built in said city, all aisles and passageways in said buildings devoted to purposes of amusement, shall be kept free from camp stools, chairs, sofas, and other obstructions, during any performance, service, exhibition, lecture, ball, or any public assemblage, under the penalty of Fifty Dollars for each and every violation.
The above provisions of the law must be complied with, and will in all cases be strictly enforced.
JAMES M. MACGREGOR,
Superintendent of Buildings.

NOTICE TO THE OWNERS OF "Tenement Houses requiring "Fire Escapes" under chapter 356, Laws of 1862.—You are hereby notified that all such escapes must extend to the roofs of such houses. Also, all double tenement houses having fire escapes, consisting of balconies or platforms, and made to connect by ladders or stairs, the said platforms or balconies must extend across and take in the two centre windows on each story, or the same will not be approved by this Department.
JAMES M. McGREGOR,
Superintendent of Buildings.
Extract from chapter 356, Laws of 1862:
SEC. 21. "... Every such dwelling-house shall have placed thereon a practical fire-proof fire-escape that shall be approved of by the Department for the Safety and Inspection of Buildings."

CITY OF NEW YORK—DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.—Bureau of the Receiver of Taxes, Court House, Park, 32 Chambers street, December 4th, 1868.—NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.—Notice is hereby given that an additional one per cent. will be added on the 15th inst. to all taxes unpaid on that day. On the 1st of January following, interest at the rate of twelve per cent. will be added, to be calculated from the 7th day of October, 1868, to the date of payment.
d5 6t BERNARD SMYTH, Receiver.

FURNITURE!
MANUFACTURERS' STOCK AT RETAIL.
WM. H. SCHAFFER,
No. 6 Second avenue,
Between Houston and First streets,
Owing to the decline in wholesale trade, offers his entire stock of
PARLOR,
CHAMBER,
DINING-ROOM,
LIBRARY,
AND HALL
FURNITURE AT RETAIL,
AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.
Solid Walnut and Mahogany Parlor Suites, in reps, seven pieces, from $65 00 upward.
Solid Walnut Chamber Suites, marble top, ten pieces, from $100 00 upward.
"ANTIQUE PARLOR FURNITURE,
In Reps, Brocatelle and Plush, at prices correspondingly low.
ALL GOODS MADE FROM THE BEST SEASONED MATERIAL, AND WARRANTED.

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