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[For the Leader.]

## The Woman's Library.

Although in the main I am an amiable person, I must confess that upon some occasions I cannot repress an unmitigated growl; and to-day, by your leave, Mr. Editor, I will indulge myself in that forcible expression of my feelings regarding a matter of which the public have heard little or nothing during the three past years. I refer to the Woman's Library; an institution which in its infancy has attained to the dignified state of a fossil. Its position should be an acknowledged one; its influence should extend far beyond our city parlors and work-rooms; its interests, which are those of all classes of women, should be the special care of those whose charity and whose purses are of like richness.

In America, where the son of the poorest woman may fill the highest office of the State, is it not important that all women have placed within their reach sufficient means for mental culture? Alack of these means is apparent to the most careless observer of our city life. Books are plentiful and cheap—to those who have money in their pockets. The portals of seminaries and colleges are open wide to all who can pay the cost of an education; and, for the poor, are the public schools, if they can spare from their close contest for life the time to gain book knowledge.

Of the 80,000 working women of New York, how many can devote to study the hours appropriated to that purpose in the public schools, either day or evening? Their labor, lasting from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M., unfits them for the pursuit of any continuous course of study; but a book, to be read, whether it be a novel or a work of more weight and worth, will be eagerly accepted in moments spared from severer occupation. Women are book readers by nature. In the main their limited lives afford not scope to their capacity for action and feeling; the lack of what they imagine or desire, and yet cannot experience, they seek to supply by following the lives of others. It matters little whether these lives be a fiction or reality; he is a poor book maker, who, looking into his own heart, fails to present to his readers some general phase of human life, some world-felt want, some universal passion. Let us then offer books to that countless throng of women, who, morning and evening, stream to and from their occupations through our busy city streets.

Six years ago last October, as a means to this end, a plan for a Woman's Library was offered for public approbation in the church of the Rev. Dr. Chapin. The originator of this movement was a woman, who has toiled with unparalleled earnestness for the advancement of the enterprise; whom neither lack of encouragement or need of assistance has disheartened, and who only waits for the coming of the spring to forward, in a new locality, and with fresh vigor, the interests of the library.

I purpose giving you a sketch of the existence of this institution, dear Leader; and if you find any portion of it severe or seemingly unjust, do not think me misinformed, for I have passed time enough in the midst thereof to be conversant with all its fortunes and misfortunes.

When the enterprise first engaged public attention it was supported by Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Chapin, James T. Brady, Ex-Mayor Tieman, Henry J. Raymond, Benj. H. Field, and other gentlemen of note and worth. On the 26th of October, 1860, "a meeting to devise means for the establishment of a Woman's Library was held in Dr. Chapin's church, Ex-Mayor Tieman presiding." Addresses were delivered by Beecher, Brady and Solon Robinson. Mr. Beecher spoke eloquently, appealing in behalf of those who, with whatever strength endowed, are made weak by the regulations of society. "In order to forward their interests," he said, "it is not asked that we shall pursue any Quixotic enterprise, or do anything strange or unusual. The demands which are made for the present are very few, and eminently rational. It is asked, in the first place, that such of these women as desire it shall have the opportunity of reading and acquiring intelligence. Is that an unreasonable demand? How many of them can now find books at home, or in their boarding houses? If they do find them, they are just the books they should not find there. How many of them can find books provided for them in their places of labor? How many of them have access to families where books can be had? How many of them, if they read at all, are obliged to read those papers whose main support and principal staple is the fantastic, lofty and sentimental style of stories that first injure, if, happily, at last, they do not corrupt the persons who read them. Now, the first demand which is made in behalf of these working women is that all those who manifest a desire for information shall have a chance to obtain it. Provide the material for them—good books, good papers, and good rooms of resort, and let them know that they will be welcome there. Not one of the various city libraries supplies these requisites. In this age, and among such an enlightened community, such a thing should not be said. Some provision must be made for them. It has pleased God in this movement, to act as in hundreds of others, to touch the heart of one who has suffered, and gathered from her sufferings knowledge and kindly forethought for others. And I am persuaded that if an intelligent care and culture of working women shall prevail in this city, it will in the end repay richly those who have made temporary sacrifices to inaugurate it."

Mr. Beecher was followed by Jas. T. Brady, who ably supported his views, and advocated earnestly the conduct of this design. "In the establishment of this library we do not seek to make provision for those prosperous women who, out of their own resources, or the means of relatives and friends, are provided with ways to enlarge their intellects and refine their understandings to any extent that their taste and application may permit. We devote ourselves chiefly, if not exclusively, to making similar provision for the operative women of the city. The result of our labors may extend farther, and benefit others. Not only do we advocate a reading-room, but also a system of instruction. Women have been made teachers. But what if some cannot? Is it nothing to afford a poor girl the means of enlightening her mind and elevating her character? To protect her from the corrupting influences of that cheap literature which gives her false views of society, of life, of ambition, and destiny? To prepare her for the sphere of wife and mother?"

At the close of his address Mr. Brady offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

*Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend to the employers of working women to lessen the number of hours' labor required of them, to assist in preventing their want of employment, and generally to aid in the improvement of their condition.

*Resolved*, That in our opinion the poorer classes of females in the city, and especially the operatives, may be much aided in obtaining subsistence, and securing elevation of character, by the establishment of an institution for females, combining with a library and reading-rooms a system of judicious instruction, by which women may be educated for honorable employments from which they are now excluded from want of such instruction.

*Resolved*, That the following gentlemen be appointed a committee to consider and hereafter report at a public meeting, to be called by them, as to the best method for carrying into effect the object mentioned in the last resolution: W. S. Thompson, Wilson G. Hunt, John N. Genin, Hon. Henry Hilton, Benj. H. Field, The Hon. the Mayor, *ex officio*.

*Resolved*, That the ladies whose names are subjoined be requested to act as a committee in procuring subscriptions for the object above mentioned: Mrs. Lyman Beecher (Treasurer), Mrs. Theodore L. Cuyler, Mrs. Mary Hastings, Miss E. M. Power.

A subscription list was opened as follows: Mr. Jos. Howland, $500; Wilson G. Hunt, $200; W. S. & C. H. Thompson, $200; Benj. H. Field, $2,000. This last donation was made, upon collection, $2,500. The prospects of the infant institution were most encouraging. It numbered among its friends the very men whose support was most valuable. A charter was obtained, and a Board of Trustees appointed:

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| His Honor the Mayor, | Andrew V. Stout, |
| Benj. H. Field, | Henry J. Raymond, |
| Henry Hilton, | " Luther Bradish, |
| Wilson G. Hunt, | Frederick de Peyster, |
| Erastus Brooks, | Norman White, |
| James T. Brady, | James W. Beekman. |

The direction and management was placed in the hands of Miss E. M. Power, who had given it origin. Books were selected, and the rooms informally opened in the N. Y. University, Sept. 25, 1860. The *Tribune* of Oct. 1, says: "A glance at the book shelves suffices to show that the works have been selected by those who know what women like, and what they require in the way of mental stimulus." The formal opening was celebrated in Chapin's church, Oct. 3, 1860. The building was crowded to excess, and the enthusiasm attending the proceedings was unbounded. Good things were said, offers of timely assistance were made, and the young institution was fairly started in life.

So far all was well. How the future fared let us see. The only donations of books ever received are these: From the Appletons, the "American Encyclopædia," &c., value $25; from Leavitt & Allen, 30 volumes of novels; Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 volumes of novels; Chas. Scribner, 25 volumes of novels. All other books contained in the Library are bought and paid for, excepting those selected at the establishment of Harper & Bros. Concerning this fact a few words. The Messrs. Harper were among the first to offer books for the collection, but after a number of volumes had been selected and sent to the Library, a bill for their full value was also forwarded. This demand is for $29. Several other bills have followed the first. In fact, there are 47 now on file, and the 48th is expected.

The average distribution of books has been about 5,000 volumes per year; this does not include the encyclopedias, books of reference, and rare and valuable copies of works which are open for examination at the rooms. It would be well to add that a number of the volumes given out have lost their way and never returned; but, God bless them, let them go, if to any cheerless home or desolate heart they have carried the comfort of a brief respite from sorrow.

The present receipts are not large, the expenses far exceeding them—the rent, cost of books, light, fuel, &c., being nearly double what they were four years ago. You will say that this matters little since the interests of the Library are so well guarded by its Trustees and benefactors. I doubt not that they remember it, and have its welfare at heart, but there they rest; they never seek to know how their god-child thrives—in fact, they decline being told. Several meetings of the Board have been called; response from a single member. During the time I occupied the desk, the only member of this Board who visited the rooms was Andrew V. Stout, the Treasurer; he kindly called on his way down town one morning.

Is it not almost time for these gentlemen, who surely cannot lack inclination to forward an enterprise of such vital importance as is this, to make some fresh exertion in its behalf—at least to assist it with their attention and counsel? In May next a more central location will be chosen in the midst of the busy haunts of the women for whose advancement we labor.

Of the great good accomplished, notwithstanding limited resources, I could speak at length, did not lack of space forbid. By a little timely relief from wearying care, an offered occupation for the unfilled hours between the day's labor and the night's repose, how many lives have been brightened, how many hearts saved from despair and worse; for it is these hours, when the hands are folded, and the mind oppressed not by toil, that such women have most to fear. Then the long day's work is done; a brief time and another day will follow, too like the last for any blessed chance of change; and then another, so until life ends. What wonder if sometimes relief from such a cheerless round is sought in courses that lead to misery and ruin? If by the provision of an occupation, too light to tire and yet of sufficient importance to arrest the attention, we can in any measure counteract such depressing influences, is not such a result well worth attaining?

Such is one of the objects labored for by the founder of the Woman's Library. All success to such a noble undertaking.

I shall not depart from my subject if I relate the fate of the only bequest of books ever made to the Library. Mrs. Griswold, of Union Square, had, during the latest years of her life, been one of those most earnestly interested in the progress of the institution, and had many times expressed her intention of adding to it the greater part of her fine private library. A codicil attached to her will reads thus: "I give to Charles S. McKnight, of Newburg, such of my books as he may select; the remainder I bequeath to the Woman's Library." Charles S. McKnight, of Newburg, selected every volume in the collection. Comment is unnecessary.

Cute Fiche.

[For the Leader.]

## Mr. Fleshly's Skating Experience.

Lest I was not sufficiently explicit in narrating the circumstances connected with my first essay at skating, I will remark that it was not a success—I failed to experience that feeling of exhilaration of which Skinnem spoke so enthusiastically. But it *did* rejuvenate me in a measure, as he promised; at least it made me feel as I once did in "childhood's happy hour"—the time when I made my original attempt at skating, nearly thirty years ago. The sensation was exactly the same, according to my recollection; and that boyish adventure was very forcibly impressed upon my mind—or at least upon my head.

The falling of snow is apt to be the occasion of joy; it is suggestive of sleighing, and all the fun, frolic and romance connected therewith. But the snow-storm that set in on the evening following my adventure upon the Skating Pond was hailed by me with satisfaction from a more practical cause. I know it would effectually spoil the skating for at least a day or two, would give me time to prepare for another effort upon the ice, and at the same time save me from a display of awkwardness before Kitty.

After ten minutes of vigorous pulling and twisting, and a liberal mental use of adjectives, I succeeded in getting my hat over my bump of skating, and went around to see Kitty.

"My *dear* Mr. Fleshly," she said, as I entered.

She always *dears* me when there is a new sensation in the wind.

"My *dear* Mr. Fleshly, the ball has been up all day, and I have been *so* anxiously expecting you; and now this provoking snow will spoil it all."

I knew this was coming, and had prepared to meet it. I looked very gravely, and replied:

"My dear Kitty, I know the ball has been up, but the ice was not at all safe. My solicitude for your safety"—giving her a very affectionate look—"led me to go up to the Park this morning expressly to test the ice."

"And wasn't it safe?"

"Nothing of the kind. I put on my skates, to be sure, cut a figure or two (I didn't tell her the figure was original), but I soon found the ice to be very dangerous—very."

"Why, you were not in danger of breaking through, I hope?" she queried, with a little start.

"Great danger," I replied, gravely. "The ice cracked beneath me (I didn't tell her it was beneath my *head* that it cracked); I felt that I should certainly go through. And the thought of drowning under the ice—ugh!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kitty, in alarm; and I knew the point was gained, and only needed clinching.

"I understand, too, that two or three skaters narrowly escaped with their lives from breaking through the ice," I added, by way of corroboration.

"And you risked all this danger for me?"

The look of tenderness that beamed from those loving black eyes was worth more than a quart of liniment in allaying the painful throbbing in my head. And when the dear little creature accompanied the look with an affectionate leaning upon my arm—Pshaw! I don't mean to be sentimental, but I felt that it would have been a receipt in full if I had butted every phrenological organ of my head upon the ice, and wet my coat-collar by going through it, into the bargain.

Three or four days elapsed before the ball went up again. In the meantime I had learned a thing or two from a friend in the skate line. I bought a pair of gutters, wide on the bottom—not "patents" nor "rockers"—for my friend confidentially informed me that the latter variety are adapted only to experts.

It was a delightful day, and on reaching the Park I found an immense crowd of pleasure-seekers, some of whom, like myself, were seeking pleasure under difficulties, if I might judge by the futile attempts they made to keep the "perpendicular within the base," as the equilibrists call it.

I buckled on my new "irons" (I am acquiring the skating vernacular as well as the graceful art), and prepared for lesson the second.

The confidence that I felt on making my first essay had disappeared—I think I lost it about the time my head struck the ice on the former occasion. My organ of cautiousness, also, must have been wonderfully developed by the same circumstance, for in getting upon my feet I clung to the bench with a tenacity that forcibly reminded me of Webster's language—"as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest close around him."

The theory of the "Manual" about "striking boldly out" I had tested to my entire satisfaction on the former occasion. The evidence against it was powerful—so powerful, in fact, that I had not the slightest desire to try it again.

At last, after divers refractory attempts of the skates to start off on their own account, I reached the perpendicular, still clinging affectionately to the bench with one hand. I felt this to be the attainment of an important point, and looked around complacently upon the motley group that thronged the Park. There was a chap doing the "spread eagle," as I learned from a remark, but if I had been led to judge simply from his motions, I should have said he was laboring under a severe attack of colic. Then there was another chap sailing by, with a very pretty little female attachment, causing me to think of Kitty and the probable length of time it would require for me to attain the said sailing quality. Then I saw another chap, almost as big and lubberly as myself, trying to balance himself like an acrobat, gesticulating like a Fourth-of-July orator, and concluding the exhibition by an apparently disastrous attempt to turn a back-somersault.

I felt like going to that man and embracing him. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I had the best reason for knowing the precise state of his feelings. But, remembering that there was a slight obstacle to this display of sympathy on my part—to wit, the skates—I proceeded with my own lesson.

The feelings of a man who is caught by the tide and borne outward to the sea without a hope of succor, might be portrayed; but the feeling of helplessness and dread that I experienced on loosing my grasp from the bench, cannot be reduced to words—237 pounds of humanity at the mercy of a quarter-inch of slippery steel!

Cautiously I advanced one foot a little, then the other, keeping my arms stuck out like a couple of pump-handles, and using them as a rope-walker uses his balance-pole. My greatest difficulty was in keeping my feet within a reasonable distance of each other. The skates exhibited a kind of electric repulsion, and each seemed inclined to get as far away from the other as possible, which eccentricity, I may observe, is not conducive to keeping an erect position.

But as I gradually worked my way out into the throng, a new trouble beset me. A few hundred skaters, big and little, young and old, male and female, novitiate and expert—all turning, crowding, whirling—with an occasional skating-chalkily way of variety, is not calculated to give confidence to a man who is taxing his ingenuity to the utmost to keep his centre of gravity where it ought be. First a skater would come sailing along directly toward me, whereat I endangered my equilibrium by an attempt to avoid a collision; then the skirts of a lady would brush against me, threatening to topple me over; then an urchin would come rushing past my legs as if he had been shot from a mortar.

I was just beginning to pride myself on the dexterity I displayed in thus keeping my feet under me, when suddenly I experienced a singular sensation, and one which I have not the slightest curiosity ever to feel again. I felt that something had violently collided with my coat-tails, and that my body—the entire 237 pounds avoirdupois—had received a forward impetus, the like of which I had never experienced since my father sold the old ram that we used to keep on the farm. For an instant I was in the air; the next I was sprawling upon the ice like a lobster in his element.

"Why, Mr. Fleshly!"

Did I hear aright? Had the thump from that villainous skating-chair unsettled my senses, or was that really the voice of Kitty Gleason? Assuming the favorite Turkish posture, I looked up.

"Why, Mr. Fleshly, I am so surprised to see you. Are you hurt?"

I hope to be guillotined if it wasn't Kitty, and actually hanging on the arm of that horrid Jones! A pretty dilemma for me to be in; a nice exhibition of awkwardness I had made. But my self-possession seldom leaves me, if my feet do, and I determined to make the best of it.

"Oh, no; I am not injured in the least. It's very seldom the ice gets the better of me; but I was not paying attention, and that booby with the chair came against me with force enough to knock down an elephant."

She smiled as if she thought the comparison was not drawing it a bit too strong in my case, and remarked:

"Do you see Mr. Jones? Isn't he a *lovely* skater?" and she looked admiringly at that worthy who was cutting one of his figures a few yards distant.

"Yes, I see *Jones*," I remarked sharply; and I felt very much like taking *Jones* by the head and deliberately wringing his neck.

Just then Jones came up with one of his favorite flourishes; Kitty took his arm, and the next instant they were gliding away like birds.

This was the end of all my fond expectations. This was the style in which I had checkmated Jones!

I beckoned an urchin to take off my skates, giving him to understand that if he was more than half a minute about it, I should skin him. Taking the skates in my hand, I walked from the Park in no enviable frame of mind. Had all my skillful little plans been balked by that wretch of a Jones? Would I tamely let him triumph thus? No. I'll foil him before the skating season ends by some means, even if it involves another mystery of "remains" in the East River.

J. H. Webb.

Lincoln's Last.—This last is the one over which most men construct bootless jokes. A recent witty shoe pinch attributed to our sagacious President is this: The colporteur of the Missionary Society called on him for aid. "My dear sir," he answered, "I have one of my own. I am after the heathen in Richmond. Grant and Sherman are my missionaries. Besides, I have a tract society of my own, and here are some of the tracts," he concluded, as he took off a few proclamations from the desk.

[For the Leader.]

## A FATHER'S DREAMS.

I was travelling with Kane amid Arctic snows,
And icebergs, and glaciers, and Esquimaux,
While freezing from caput to fingers and toes,
Though clad in the furs of the mink;
But, only in dreams, for I quickly arose
From a frigid, and not very balmy repose,
To find that the baby had kicked off the clothes!
Not so pleasant in winter, I think.

Then I went to a feast with some friends of mine,
Where eloquence flowed with the sparkling wine,
And the silvery voice of the Muses nine
Mingled with glasses' chink;
But, just as I touched the social cup,
And smiled at the toast ere I took a sup,
A childish voice it woke me up,
Saying, "Papa, please give me a drink."

And I dreamed of an earthquake that tumbled down
In smouldering ashes each house in town,
And beneath the ruins crisp and brown,
I lay a smouldering corse;
But, somewhat delighted was I to see
On waking, a happy reality,
For baby had mounted my back in glee,
And was only "playing horse."

N. Y. Jan. 17, 1865. W. L. Ormsby, Jr.

## John Jacob Astor.

A hundred years ago, in the poor little village of Waldorf, in the duchy of Baden, lived a jovial, good-for-nothing butcher, named Jacob Astor, who felt himself much more at home in the beer-house than at the fireside of his own house in the principal street of the village. At the best, the butcher of Waldorf must have been a poor man; for, at that day, the inhabitants of a German village enjoyed the luxury of fresh meat only on great days, such as those of confirmation, baptism, weddings, and Christmas. The village itself was remote and insignificant, and though situated in the valley of the Rhine, the native home of the vine, a region of proverbial fertility, the immediate vicinity of Waldorf was not a rich or very populous country. The home of Jacob Astor, therefore, seldom knew any medium between excessive abundance and extreme scarcity, and he was not the man to make the superfluity of to-day provide for the need of to-morrow, which was the more unfortunate as the periods of abundance were few and far between, and the times of scarcity extended over the greater part of the year. It was the custom then in Germany for every farmer to provide a fatted pig, calf, or bullock against the time of harvest; and as that joyful season approached the village butcher went the round of the neighborhood, stopping a day or two at each house to kill the animals and convert their flesh into bacon, sausages, or salt beef. During this happy time Jacob Astor, a merry dog, always welcome where pleasure and hilarity were going forward, had enough to drink, and his family had enough to eat. But the merry time lasted only six weeks. Then set in the season of scarcity, which was only relieved when there was a festival of the church, a wedding, a christening, or a birthday in some family of the village rich enough to provide an animal for Jacob's knife. The wife of this idle and improvident butcher was such a wife as such men usually contrive to pick up—industrious, saving and capable; the main-stay of his house! Often she remonstrated with her wasteful and beer-loving husband; the domestic sky was often overcast, and the children were glad to fly from the noise and dust of the tempest.

This roistering village butcher and his worthy, much-enduring wife were the parents of our millionaire. They had four sons: George Peter Astor, born in 1752; Henry Astor, born in 1754; John Melchior Astor, born in 1759; and John Jacob Astor, born July 17, 1763. Each of these sons made haste to fly from the privations and contentions of their home as soon as they were old enough; and, what is more remarkable, each of them had a cast of character precisely the opposite of their thriftless father. They were all saving, industrious, temperate, and enterprising, and all of them became prosperous men at an early period of their career. They were all duly instructed in their father's trade; each in turn carried about the streets of Waldorf the basket of meat, and accompanied the father in his harvest slaughtering tours. Jovial Jacob, we are told, gloried in being a butcher, but three of his sons, much to his disgust, manifested a repugnance to it, which was one of the causes of their flight from the parental nest. The eldest, who was the first to go, made his way to London, where an uncle was established in business as a maker of musical instruments. Astor & Broadwood was the name of the firm, a house that still exists under the title of Broadwood & Co., one of the most noted makers of pianos in England. In his uncle's manufactory George Astor served an apprenticeship, and became at length a partner in the firm. Henry Astor went next. He alone of his father's sons took to his father's trade. It used to be thrown in his teeth, when he was a thriving butcher in the City of New York, that he had come over to America as a private in the Hessian army. This may only have been the groundless taunt of an envious rival. It is certain, however, that he was a butcher in New York when it was a British post during the Revolutionary war, and, remaining after the evacuation, made a very large fortune in his business. The third son, John Melchior Astor, found employment in Germany, and arrived, at length, at the profitable post of steward to a nobleman's estate.

Abandoned thus by his three brothers, John Jacob Astor had to endure for some years a most cheerless and miserable lot. He lost his mother, too, from whom he had derived all that was good in his character and most of the happiness of his childhood. A step-mother replaced her, "who loved not Jacob," nor John Jacob. The father, still devoted to pleasure, quarreled so bitterly with his new wife, that his son was often glad to escape to the house of a school-fellow (living in 1851), where he would pass the night in a garret or outhouse, thankfully accepting for his supper a crust of dry bread, and returning the next morning to assist in the slaughter-house or carry out the meat. It was not often that he had enough to eat; his clothes were of the poorest description; and, as to money, he absolutely had none of it. The unhappiness of his home and the misconduct of his father made him ashamed to join in the sports of the village boys; and he passed much of his leisure alone, brooding over the unhappiness of his lot. The family increased, but not its income. It is recorded of him that he tended his little sisters with care and fondness, and sought in all ways to lessen the dislike and ill-humor of his step-mother.

It is not hardship, however, that enervates a lad. It is indulgence and luxury that do that. He grew a stout, healthy, tough, and patient boy, diligent and skillful in the discharge of his duty, often supplying the place of his father absent in merry-making. If, in later life, he overvalued money, it should not be forgotten that few men have had a harder experience of the want of money at the age when character is forming.

The bitterest lot has its alleviations. Sometimes a letter would reach him from over the sea, telling of the good fortune of a brother in a distant land. In his old age he used to boast that in his boyhood he walked forty-five miles in one day for the sole purpose of getting a letter that had arrived from England or America. The Astors have always been noted for the strength of their family affection. Our millionaire forgot much that he ought to have remembered, but he was not remiss in fulfilling the obligations of kindred.

It appears, too, that he was fortunate in having a better schoolmaster than could generally be found at that day in a village school of Germany. Valentino Jenne was his name, a French Protestant, whose parents had fled from their country during the reign of Louis XIV. He was an active and sympathetic teacher, and bestowed unusual pains upon the boy, partly because he pitied his unhappy situation, and partly because of his aptitude to learn. Nevertheless, the school routine of those days was extremely limited. To read and write, to cipher as far as the Rule of Three, to learn the Catechism by heart, and to sing the Church Hymns "so that the windows should rattle"—these were the sole accomplishments of even the best pupils of Valentino Jenne. Baden was then under the rule of a Catholic family. It was a saying in Waldorf that no man could be appointed a swineherd who was not a Catholic, and that if a mayoralty were vacant the swineherd must have the place if there were no other Catholic in the town. Hence it was that the line which separated the Protestant minority from the Catholic majority was sharply defined, and the Protestant children were the more thoroughly indoctrinated. Rev. John Philip Steiner, the Protestant pastor of Waldorf, a learned and faithful minister, was as punctilious in requiring from the children the thorough learning of the Catechism as a German sergeant was in exacting all the niceties of the parade. Young Astor became, therefore, a very decided Lutheran; he lived and died a member of the Church in which he was born.

On Palm Sunday, 1777, when he was about fourteen years of age, John Jacob Astor was confirmed. He then consulted his father upon his future. Money to apprentice him there was none in the paternal coffers. The trade of butcher he knew and disliked. Nor was he inclined to accept as his destiny for life the condition of servant or laborer. The father, who thought the occupation of butcher one of the best in the world, and who needed the help of his son, particularly in the approaching season of harvest, paid no heed to the entreaties of the lad, who saw himself condemned without hope to a business which he loathed, and to labor at it without reward. A deep discontent settled upon him. The tidings of the good fortune of his brothers inflamed his desire to seek his fortune in the world. The news of the Revolutionary War, which drew all eyes upon America, and in which the people of all lands sympathized with the struggling colonies, had its effect upon him. He began to long for the "New Land," as the Germans then styled America; and it is believed in Waldorf that soon after the capture of Burgoyne had spread abroad a confidence in the final success of the colonists, the youth formed the secret determination to emigrate to America. Nevertheless, he had to wait three miserable years longer, until the surrender of Cornwallis made it certain that America was to be free, before he was able to enter upon the gratification of his desire.

In getting to America he displayed the same sagacity in adapting means to ends that distinguished him during his business career in New York. Money he had never had in his life, beyond a few silver coins of the smallest denomination. His father had none to give him, even if he had been inclined to do so. It was only when the lad was evidently resolved to go that he gave a slow, reluctant consent to his departure. Waldorf is nearly three hundred miles from the sea-port in Holland most convenient for his purpose. Despite the difficulties, this penniless youth formed the resolution of going down the Rhine to Holland, there taking ship for London, where he would join his brother, and, while earning money for his passage to America, learn the language of the country to which he was destined. It appears that he dreaded more the difficulties of the English tongue than he did those of the long and expensive journey; but he was resolved not to sail for America until he had acquired the language, and saved a little money beyond the expenses of the voyage. It appears, also, that there prevailed in Baden the belief that Americans were exceedingly selfish and inhospitable, and regarded the poor emigrant only in the light of prey. John Jacob was determined not to land among such a people without the means of understanding their tricks and paying his way. In all ways, too, he endeavored to get a knowledge of the country to which he was going.

With a small bundle of clothes hung over his shoulder upon a stick, with a crown or two in his pocket, he said the last farewell to his father and his friends, and set out on foot for the Rhine, a few miles distant. Valentine Jenne, his old schoolmaster, said, as the lad was lost to view: "I am not afraid of Jacob; he'll get through the world. He has a clear head, and everything right behind the ears." He was then a stout, strong lad, of nearly seventeen, exceedingly well made, though slightly under-sized, and he had a clear, composed, intelligent look in the eyes, which seemed to ratify the prediction of the schoolmaster. He strode manfully out of town, with tears in his eyes and a sob in his throat—for he loved his father, his friends, and his native village, though his lot there had been forlorn enough. While still in sight of Waldorf he sat down under a tree, and thought of the future before him and the friends he had left. He there, as he used to relate in after-life, made three resolutions: to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble—excellent resolutions, as far as they go. Having sat a while under the tree, he took up his bundle and resumed his journey with better heart.

It was by no means the intention of this sagacious youth to walk all the way to the sea-coast. There was a much more convenient way at that time of accomplishing the distance, even to a young man with only two dollars in his pocket. The Black Forest is partly in Astor's native Baden. The rafts of timber cut in the Black Forest, instead of floating down the Rhine in the manner practiced in America, used to be rowed by sixty or eighty men each, who were paid high wages, as the labor was severe. Large numbers of stalwart emigrants availed themselves of this mode of getting from the interior to the sea-coast, by which they earned their subsistence on the way and about ten dollars in money. The tradition in Waldorf is that young Astor worked his passage down the Rhine, and earned his passage money to England as an oarsman on one of these rafts. Hard as the labor was, the oarsmen had a merry time of it, cheering their toil with jest and song by night and day. On the fourteenth day after leaving home our youth found himself at a Dutch sea-port, with a larger sum of money than he had ever before possessed. He took passage for London, where he landed a few days after, in total ignorance of the place and the language. His brother welcomed him with German warmth, and assisted him to procure employment—probable in the flute and piano manufactory of Astor & Broadwood.

As the foregoing brief account of the early life of John Jacob Astor differs essentially from any previously published in the United States, it is proper that the reader should be informed of the sources whence we have derived information so novel and unexpected. The principal source is a small biography of Astor published in Germany about ten years ago, written by a native of Baden, a Lutheran clergyman, who gathered his material in Waldorf, where were then living a few aged persons who remembered Astor when he was a sad and solitary lad in his father's disorderly house. The statements of this little book are confirmed by what some of the surviving friends and descendants of Mr. Astor in New York remember of his own conversation respecting his early days. He seldom spoke of his life in Germany, though he remembered his native place with fondness, revisited it in the time of his prosperity, pensioned his father, and forgot not Waldorf in his will; but the little that he did say of his youthful years accords with the curious narrative in the work to which we have alluded. We believe the reader may rely on our story as being essentially true.

Astor brought to London, according to our quaint Lutheran, "a pious, true, and godly spirit, a clear understanding, a sound youthful elbow-grease, and the wish to put it to good use." During the two years of his residence in the British metropolis he strove most assiduously for three objects—1. To save money; 2. to acquire the English language; 3. to get information respecting America. Much to his relief and gratification, he found the acquisition of the language to be the least of his difficulties. Working in a shop with English mechanics, and having few German friends, he was generally dependent upon the language of the country for the communication of his desires; and he was as much surprised as delighted to find how many points of similarity there were between the two languages. In about six weeks, he used to say, he could make himself understood a little in English, and long before he left London he could speak it fluently. He never learned to write English correctly in his life, nor could he ever speak it without a decided German accent; but he could always express his meaning with simplicity and force, both orally and in writing. Trustworthy information respecting America, in the absence of maps, gazetteers, and books of travel, was more difficult to procure. The ordinary Englishman of that day regarded America with horror or contempt as perverse and rebellious colonies, making a great to-do about a paltry tax, and giving "the best of kings" a world of trouble for nothing. He probably heard little of the thundering eloquence with which Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan were nightly defending the American cause in the House of Commons, and assailing the infatuation of the Government in prosecuting a hopeless war. As often, however, as our youth met with any one who had been in America he plied him with questions, and occasionally he heard from his brother in New York. Henry Astor was already established as a butcher, on his own account, wheeling home in a wheel-barrow from Bull's Head his slender purchases of sheep and calves. But the great difficulty of John Jacob in London was the accumulation of money. Having no trade, his wages were necessarily small. Though he rose with the lark, and was at work as early as five in the morning—though he labored with all his might, and saved every farthing that he could spare—it was two years before he had saved enough for his purpose. In September, 1783, he possessed a good suit of Sunday clothes, in the English style, and about fifteen English guineas—the total result of two years unremitting toil and most pinching economy; and here again charity requires the remark that if Astor the millionaire carried the virtue of economy to an extreme, it was Astor the struggling

youth in a strange land who learned the value of money.

In that month of September, 1783, the news received London that Dr. Franklin and his associates in Paris, after two years of negotiation, had signed the definitive treaty which completed the independence of the United States. Franklin had been in the habit of predicting that as soon as America had become an independent nation, the best blood in European souls of the fortune would begin to seek a career or an asylum in the New World. Perhaps he would have hardly recognized the realization of this poor German youth as part of the fulfillment of his prophecy. Nevertheless, the news of the conclusion of the treaty had no sooner reached England than young Astor, then twenty years old, began to prepare for his departure for the "New World," and in November he embarked for Baltimore. He paid five of his guineas for a passage in the steerage, which entitled him to sailors' fare of salt beef and biscuit. He invested part of his remaining capital in seven flutes, and carried the rest, about five pounds sterling, in the form of money.

America was a cold welcome to the young emigrant. The winter of 1783-4 was one of the celebrated severe winters on both sides of the ocean. November gales and December storms wrecked all their hopes upon the ship, retarding its progress so long that January arrived before she had reached Chesapeake Bay. Floating ice filled the bay as far as the eye could reach, and a January storm drove the ship among the masses with such force that she was in danger of being broken to pieces. It was on one of those days of peril and consternation that young Astor appeared on deck in his best clothes, and on being asked the reason of this strange proceeding, said that if he escaped with life he should save his best clothes, and if he lost it his clothes would be of no further use to him. Tradition further reports that he, a steerage passenger, ventured one day to come upon the quarter-deck, when the captain roughly ordered him forward. Tradition adds that that very captain, twenty years after, commanded a ship owned by the steerage passenger. When the ship was within a day's sail of her port the wind died away, the cold increased, and the next morning beheld the vessel hard fast in a sea of ice. For two whole months she remained immovable. Provisions gave out. The passengers were only relieved when the ice extended to the shore, and became strong enough to afford communication with other ships and with the coasts of the bay. Some of the passengers made their way to the shore, and travelled by land to their homes, but this resource was not within the means of our young adventurer, and he was obliged to stick to the ship.

Fortune is an obsequious jade that favors the strong and turns her back upon the weak. This exasperating delay of two months was the means of putting young Astor upon the shortest and easiest road to fortune that the continent of America then afforded to a poor man. Among his fellow-passengers there was one German, with whom he made acquaintance on the voyage, and with whom he continually associated during the detention of the winter. They told each other their past history, their present plans, their future hopes. The stranger informed young Astor that he too had emigrated to America, a few years before, without friends or money; that he had soon managed to get into the business of buying furs of the Indians, and of the boatmen coming to New York from the river settlements; that at length he had embarked all his capital in skins, and had taken them himself to England in a returning transport, where he had sold them to great advantage, and had invested the proceeds in toys and trinkets, with which to continue his trade in the wilderness. He strongly advised Astor to follow his example. He told him the prices of the various skins in America, and the prices they commanded in London. With German friendliness he imparted to him the secrets of the craft; told him where to buy, how to pack, transport, and preserve the skins; the names of the principal dealers in New York, Montreal, and London; and the season of the year when the skins were most abundant. All this was interesting to the young man; but he asked his friend how it was possible to begin such a business without capital. The stranger told him that no great capital was required for a beginning. With a basket of toys, or even of cakes, he said, a man could buy valuable skins on the wharves and in the markets of New York, which could be sold with some profit to New York furriers. But the grand object was to establish a connection with a house in London, where furs brought four or five times their value in America. In short, John Jacob Astor determined to lose no time, after reaching New York, in trying his hand at this profitable traffic.

The ice broke up in March. The ship made its way to Baltimore, and the two friends travelled together to New York. The detention in the ice and the journey to New York almost exhausted Astor's purse. He arrived in this city, where now his estate is valued at forty millions, with little more than his seven German flutes, and a long German head full of available knowledge and quiet determination. He went straight to the humble abode of his brother Henry, a kindly, generous, jovial soul, who gave him a truly fraternal welcome, and received with hospitable warmth the companion of his voyage.

Henry Astor's prosperity had been temporarily checked by the evacuation of New York, which had occurred five months before, and which had deprived the tradesmen of the city of their best customers. It was not only the British army that had left the city in November, 1783, but a host of British officials, and old Tory families as well; while the new-comers were Whigs, whom seven years of war had impoverished, and young adventurers who had still their career to make. During the Revolution Henry Astor had speculated occasionally in cattle captured from the farmers of Westchester, which were sold at auction at Bull's Head, and he had advanced from a wheel-barrow to the ownership of a horse. An advertisement informs us that, about the time of his brother's arrival, the horse was stolen, with saddle and bridle, and that the owner offered three guineas reward for the recovery of the property; but that "for the thief, horse, saddle and bridle, ten guineas would be paid." A month after, we find him becoming a citizen of the United States, and soon he began to share in the returning prosperity of the city.

In the mean time, however, he could do little for his new-found brother. During the first evening of his brother's stay at his house the question was discussed, what should the young man do in his new country? The charms of the fur business were duly portrayed by the friend of the youth, who also expressed his preference for it. It was agreed, at length, that the best plan would be for the young man to seek employment with some one already in the business, in order to learn the mysteries of the business, as well as to acquire knowledge of the country. The young stranger anxiously inquired how much premium would be demanded by a furrier for teaching the business to a novice, and he was at once astonished and relieved to learn that no such thing was known in America, and that he might expect his board and small wages even from the start. So, the next day, the brothers and their friend proceeded together to the store of Robert Bowne, an aged and benevolent Quaker, long established in the business of buying, selling, and exporting peltries. It chanced that he needed a hand. Pleased with the appearance and demeanor of the young man, he employed him (as tradition reports) at two dollars a week and his board. Astor took up his abode in his master's house, and was soon at work. We can tell the reader with certainty what was the nature of the youth's first day's work in his adopted country; for, in his old age, he was often heard to say that the first thing he did for Mr. Bowne was to beat furs, which, indeed, was the principal employment during the whole of the following summer, furs requiring to be frequently beaten to keep the moths from destroying them.

Perhaps among our young readers there are some who have formed the resolution to get on in the world and become rich. We advise such to observe how young Astor proceeded. We are far from desiring to hold up this able man as a model for the young; yet it must be owned that in the art of prospering in business he has had no equal in America; and in *that* his example may be useful. Now, observe the secret. It was not plodding merely, though no man ever labored more steadily than he. Mr. Bowne, discovering what a prize he had, raised his wages at the end of the first month. Nor was it *merely* his strict observance of the rules of temperance and morality, though that is essential to any worthy success. The great secret of Astor's early, rapid, and uniform success in business appears to have been, that he acted always upon the maxim that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! He labored unceasingly at Mr. Bowne's to learn the business. He put all his soul into the work of getting a knowledge of furs, fur-bearing animals, fur-dealers, fur-markets, fur-gathering Indians, fur-bounding countries. In those days a considerable number of bear skins and beaver skins were brought directly to Bowne's store by the Indians and countrymen of the vicinity, who had shot or trapped the animals. There men Astor questioned; and neglected no other opportunity of procuring the information he desired. It used to be observed of Astor that he absolutely loved a fine skin. In later days he would have a superior fur hung up in his counting-room as other men hang pictures; and this, apparently for the mere pleasure of feeling, showing, and admiring it. He would pass his hand fondly over it, extolling its charms with an approach to enthusiasm; not, however, forgetting to mention that in Canton it would bring him in five hundred dollars. So heartily did he throw himself into his business.

Growing rapidly in the confidence of his employer, he was soon intrusted with more important duties than the beating of furs. He was employed in buying them from the Indians and hunters who brought them to the city. Soon, too, he took the place of his employer in the annual journey to Montreal, then the chief fur mart of the country. With a pack upon his back he struck into the wilderness above Albany, and walked to Lake George, which he ascended in a canoe, and having thus reached Champlain he embarked again, and sailed to the head of that lake. Returning with his furs he employed the Indians in transporting them to the Hudson, and brought them to the city in a sloop. He was formed by nature for a life like this. His frame was capable of great endurance, and he had the knack of getting the best of a bargain. The Indian is a great bargainer. The time was gone by when a nail or a little red paint would induce him to part with valuable peltries. It required skill and address on the part of the trader, both in selecting the articles likely to tempt the vanity or the cupidity of the red man, and in conducting the tedious negotiation which usually preceded an exchange of commodities. It was in this kind of traffic, doubtless, that our young German acquired that unconquerable propensity for making hard bargains which was so marked a feature in his character as a merchant. He could never rise superior to this early-acquired habit. He never knew what it was to exchange places with the opposite party and survey a transaction from *his* point of view. He exulted not in compensating liberal service liberally. In all transactions he kept in view the simple object of giving the least and getting the most.

Meanwhile his brother Henry was flourishing. He married the beautiful daughter of a brother butcher, and the young wife, according to the fashion of the time, disdained not to assist her husband even in the slaughter-house as well as in the market-place. Colonel Devoe, in his well-known "Market Book," informs us that Henry Astor was exceedingly proud of his pretty wife, often bringing her home presents of gay dresses and ribbons, and speaking of her as "de pink of de Bowery." The butchers of that day complained bitterly of him, because he used to ride out of town fifteen or twenty miles and buy up the droves of cattle coming to the city, which he would drive in and sell at an advanced price to the less enterprising butchers. He gained a fortune by his business which would have been thought immense if the colossal wealth of his brother had not reduced all other estates to comparative insignificance. It was he who bought for eight hundred dollars the acre of ground on part of which the old Bowery Theatre now stands.

John Jacob Astor remained not long in the employment of Robert Bowne. It was a peculiarity of the business of a furrier at that day, that, while it admitted of unlimited extension, it could be begun on the smallest scale, with a very insignificant capital. Every farmer's boy in the vicinity of New York had occasionally a skin to sell, and bears abounded in the Catskill Mountains. Indeed the time had not long gone by when beaver skins formed part of the currency of the city. All Northern and Western New York was still a fur-yielding country. Even Long Island furnished its quota. So that, while the fur business was one that rewarded the enterprise of great and wealthy companies, employing thousands of men and fleets of ships, it afforded an opening to young Astor, who, with the assistance of his brother, could command a capital of only a very few hundred dollars. In a little shop in Water street, with a back room, a yard, and a shed, the shop furnished with only a few toys and trinkets, Astor began business about the year 1786. He had then, as always, the most unbounded confidence in his own abilities. He used to relate that, at this time, a new row of houses in Broadway was the talk of the city from their magnitude and beauty. Passing them one day he said to himself, "I'll build some time or other a greater house than any of these, and in this very street." He used also to say, in his old age, "The first hundred thousand dollars—that was hard to get; but afterwards it was easy to make more."

Having set up for himself, he worked with the quiet, indomitable ardor of a German who sees clearly his way before him. At first he did everything for himself. He bought, cured, beat, packed, and sold his skins. From dawn till dark he assiduously labored. At the proper seasons of the year, with his pack on his back, he made short excursions into the country, collecting furs from house to house, gradually extending the area of his travels, till he knew the State of New York as no man of his day knew it. He used to boast, late in life, when the Erie Canal had called into being a line of thriving towns through the centre of the State, that he had himself, in his numberless tramps, designated the sites of those towns, and predicted that one day they would be the centres of business and population. Particularly he noted the spot where Rochester and Buffalo now stand, one having a harbor on Lake Erie, the other upon Lake Ontario. Those places, he predicted, would one day be large and prosperous cities; and that prediction he made when there was scarcely a settlement at Buffalo, and only wigwams on the site of Rochester. At this time he had a partner, who usually remained in the city, while the agile and enduring Astor traversed the wilderness.

It was his first voyage to London that established his business on a solid foundation. As soon as he had accumulated a few hides of the skins suited to the European market he took passage in the steerage of a ship and conveyed them to London. He sold them to great advantage, and established connections with houses to which he could in future consign his furs, and from which he could procure the articles best adapted to the tastes of Indians and hunters. But his most important operation in London was to make an arrangement with the firm of Astor & Broadwood, by which he became the New York agent for the sale of their pianos, flutes and violins. He is believed to have been the first man in New York who kept constantly for sale a supply of musical merchandise, of which the annual sale in New York is now reckoned at five millions of dollars. On his return to New York he opened a little, dingy store in Gold street, between Fulton and Ann, and swung out a sign to the breeze bearing the words:

FURS AND PIANOS.

There were until recently aged men among us who remembered seeing this sign over the store of Mr. Astor, and in some old houses are preserved ancient pianos bearing the name of J. J. Astor as the seller thereof. Violins and flutes, also, are occasionally met with that have this name upon them. In 1790, seven years after his arrival in the city, he was of sufficient importance to appear in the Directory thus:

ASTOR, J. J., Fur Trader, 40 Little Dock street (now part of Water street).

In this time of his dawning prosperity, while still inhabiting the small house of which his store was a part, he married. Sarah Todd was the maiden name of his wife. As a connection of the family of Brevoort, she was then considered to be somewhat superior to her husband in point of social rank, and she brought him a fortune, by no means despised by him at that time, of three hundred dollars. She threw herself heartily into her husband's growing business, laboring with her own hands, buying, sorting, and beating the furs. He used to say that she was as good a judge of the value of peltries as himself, and that her opinion in a matter of business was better than that of most merchants.

Mr. Astor still traversed the wilderness. The father of the late lamented General Wadsworth used to relate that he met him once in the woods of Western New York in a sad plight. His wagon had broken down in the midst of a swamp. In the midst all his gold had rolled away through the bottom of the vehicle, and was irrecoverably lost; and Astor was seen emerging from the swamp covered with mud and carrying on his shoulder an axe—the sole relic of his property. When at length, in 1791, Jay's treaty caused the evacuation of the western parts held by the British, his business so rapidly extended that he was enabled to devolve these laborious journeys upon others, while he remained in New York controlling a business that now embraced the region of the great Lakes, and gave employment to a host of trappers, collectors and agents. He was soon in a position to purchase a ship, in which his furs were carried to London, and in which he occasionally made a voyage himself. He was still observed to be most assiduous in the pursuit of commercial knowledge. He was never weary of inquiring about the markets of Europe and Asia, the ruling prices and commodities of each, the standing of commercial houses, and all other particulars that could be of use. Hence his directions to his captains and agents were always explicit and minute, and if any enterprise failed to be profitable it could generally be distinctly seen that it was because his orders had not been obeyed. In London he became most intimately conversant with the operations of the East India Company and with the China trade. China being the best market in the world for furs, and furnishing commodities which in America had become necessaries of life, he was quick to perceive what an advantage he would have over other merchants by sending his ships to Canton provided with furs as well as dollars. It was about the year 1800 that he sent his first ship to Canton, and he continued to carry on commerce with China for twenty-seven years, sometimes with loss, generally with profit, and occasionally with splendid and bewildering success.

It was not, however, until the year 1800, when he was worth a quarter of million dollars and had been in business fifteen years, that he indulged himself in the comfort of living in a house apart from his business. In 1794 he appeared in the Directory as "Furrier, 149 Broadway." From 1796 to 1799 he figures as "Fur Merchant, 149 Broadway." In 1800 he had a storehouse at 141 Greenwich street, and lived at 223 Broadway, on the site of the present Astor House. In 1801 his store was at 71 Liberty street, and he had removed his residence back to 149 Broadway. The year following we find him again at 223 Broadway, where he continued to reside for a quarter of a century. His house was such as a fifth-rate merchant would now consider much beneath his dignity to live in. Astor, indeed, had a singular dislike to living in a large house. Astor had neither expensive tastes nor western views. His luxuries were a glass of beer, a game of draughts, a ride in horse-back, and the theatre. Of the theatre he was particularly fond. He seldom missed a good performance in the palmy days of the "Old Park."

It was his instinctive abhorrence of ostentation and waste that enabled him, as it were, to glide into the millionaire without being observed by his neighbors. He used to relate, with a chuckle, that he was worth a million before any one suspected it. A dandy bank clerk, one day having expressed a doubt as to the sufficiency of his name to a piece of mercantile paper, Astor asked him how much he thought he was worth. The clerk mentioned a sum ludicrously less than the real amount. Astor then asked him how much he supposed his and that leading merchant, whom he named, was worth. The young man endowed them with generous sums, not in proportion to their style of living. "Well," said Astor, "I am worth more than any of them. I will not say how much I am worth, but I am worth more than any sum you have mentioned." "Then," said the clerk, "you are even a greater fool than I took you for, to work as hard as you do." The old man would tell this story with great glee, for he always liked a joke.

In the course of his long life he had frequent opportunities of observing what becomes of those gay merchants who live up to the incomes of prosperous years regardless of the inevitable time of commercial collapse. It must be owned that he held in utter contempt the dashing style of living and doing business which has too often prevailed in New York; and he was very slow to give credit to a house that carried sail out of proportion to its ballast. Nevertheless, he was himself no plodder when plodding had ceased to be necessary. At the time when his affairs were on their greatest scale he would leave his office at two in the afternoon, go home to an early dinner, then mount his horse and ride about the island till it was time to go to the theatre. He had a strong aversion to illegitimate speculation, and particularly to gambling in stocks. The note-shaving and stock-jobbing operations of the Rothschilds he despised. It was his pride and boast that he gained his own fortune by legitimate commerce, and by the legitimate investment of his profits. Having an unbounded faith in the destiny of the United States, and in the future commercial supremacy of New York, it was his custom, from about the year 1800, to invest his gains in the purchase of lots and lands on Manhattan Island.

We have all heard much of the closeness, or rather the meanness, of this remarkable man. Truth compels us to admit, as we have before intimated, that he was not generous, except to his own kindred. His liberality began and ended in his own family. Very seldom during his lifetime did he willingly do a generous act outside of the little circle of his relations and descendants. To get all that he could, and to keep nearly all that he got—those were the laws of his being. He had a vast genius for making money, and that was all that he had.

It is a pleasure to know that sometimes his extreme closeness defeated its own object. He once lost seventy thousand dollars by committing a piece of petty injustice towards his best captain. This gallant sailor, being notified by an insurance office of the necessity of having a chronometer on board his ship, spoke to Mr. Astor on the subject, who advised the captain to buy one.

"But," said the captain, "I have no five hundred dollars to spare for such a purpose; the chronometer should belong to the ship."

"Well," said the merchant, "you need not pay for it now; pay for it at your convenience."

The captain still objecting, Astor, after a prolonged higgling, authorized him to buy a chronometer, and charge it to the ship's account; which was done. Sailing day was at hand. The ship was hauled into the stream. The captain, as is the custom, handed in his account. Astor, subjecting it to his usual close scrutiny, observed the novel item of five hundred dollars for the chronometer. He objected, averring that it was understood between them that the captain was to pay for the instrument. The worthy sailor recalled the conversation, and firmly held to his recollection of it. Astor insisting on his own view of the matter, the captain was so profoundly disgusted that, important as the command of the ship was to him, he resigned his post. Another captain was soon found and the ship sailed for China. Another house which was then engaged in the China trade, knowing the worth of this "King of captains," as Astor himself used to style him, bought him a ship and dispatched him to Canton two months after the departure of Astor's vessel. Our captain, put upon his mettle, employed all his skill to accelerate the speed of his ship, and had such success that he reached New York with a full cargo of tea just seven days after the arrival of Mr. Astor's ship. Astor, not expecting another ship for months, and therefore sure of monopolizing the market, had not yet broken bulk, nor even taken off the hatchways. Our captain arrived on a Saturday. Advertisements and handbills were immediately issued, and on the Wednesday morning following, as the custom then was, the auction sale of the tea began on the wharf—two barrels of punch contributing to the elat and hilarity of the occasion. The cargo was sold to good advantage, and the market was glutted. Astor lost in consequence the entire profits of the voyage, not less than the sum named above. Meeting the captain some time after in Broadway, he said:

"I had better have paid for that chronometer of yours."

Without ever acknowledging that he had been in the wrong, he was glad enough to engage the captain's future services. This anecdote we received from the worthy captain's own lips.

On one occasion the same officer had the opportunity of rendering the great merchant a most signal service. The agent of Mr. Astor in China suddenly died, at a time when the property in his charge amounted to about seven hundred thousand dollars. Our captain, who was not then in Astor's employ, was perfectly aware that if this immense property fell into official hands, as the law required, not one dollar of it would ever again find its way to the coffers of its proprietor. By a series of bold, prompt, and skillful measures, he rescued it from the official maw, and made it yield a profit to the owner. Mr. Astor acknowledged the service. He acknowledged it with emphasis and a great show of gratitude. He said many times—

"If you had not done just as you did I should never have seen a dollar of my money—no, not one dollar of it."

But he not only did not compensate him for his services, but he did not even reimburse the small sum of money which the captain had expended in performing the services. Astor was then worth ten millions, and the captain had a family of young children.

Thus the great merchant repaid great services. He was not even just in rewarding small ones. On one occasion a ship of his arrived from China, which he found necessary to dispatch at once to Amsterdam, the market in New York being depressed by an oversupply of Chinese merchandise. But on board this ship, under a mountain of tea chests, the owner had two pipes of precious Madeira wine which had been put on a voyage to improve its constitution.

"Can you get out that wine?" asked the owner, "without discharging the tea?"

The captain thought he could.

"Well, then," said Mr. Astor, "you get it out, and I'll give you a demijohn of it. You'll say it's the best wine you ever tasted."

It required the labor of the whole ship's crew for two days to get out those two pipes of wine. They were sent to the house of Mr. Astor. A year passed, the captain had been to Amsterdam and back, but he had received no tidings of his demijohn of Madeira. One day, when Mr. Astor was on board the ship, the captain ventured to remind the great man, in a jocular manner, that he had not received the wine.

"Ah," said Astor, "don't you know the reason? It isn't fine yet. Wait till it is fine, and you'll say you never tasted such Madeira." The captain never heard of that wine again.

These traits show the moral weakness of the man. It is only when we regard his mercantile exploits that we can admire him. He was, unquestionably, one of the ablest, boldest, and most successful operators that ever lived. He seldom made a mistake in the conduct of business. Having formed his plan, he carried it out with a nerve and steadiness, with such a firm and easy grasp of all the details, that he seemed rather to be playing an easy game than transacting business. "He could command an army of five hundred thousand men!" exclaimed one of his admirers. That was an erroneous remark. He could have commanded an army of five hundred thousand tea chests, with a heavy auxiliary force of otter skins and beaver skins. But a commander of men must be superior morally as well as intellectually. He must be able to win the love and excite the enthusiasm of his followers. Astor would have made a splendid commissary-general to the army of Xerxes, but he could no more have conquered Greece than Xerxes himself.

The reader may be curious to know by what means Mr. Astor became so preposterously rich. Few successful men gain a single million by legitimate commerce. A million dollars is a most enormous sum of money. It requires a considerable effort of the mind to conceive it. But this indomitable little German managed, in the course of sixty years, to accumulate twenty millions; of which, probably, not more than two millions was the fruit of his business as a fur trader and China merchant.

At that day the fur-trade was exceedingly profitable, as well as of vast extent. It is estimated that about the year 1810 the number of peltries annually furnished to commerce was about six millions, varying in value from fifteen cents to five hundred dollars. When every respectable man in Europe and America wore a beaver skin upon his head, or a part of one, and when a good beaver skin could be bought in Western New York for a dollar's worth of trash, and could be sold in London for twenty-five English shillings, and when those twenty-five English shillings could be invested in English cloth and cutlery and sold in New York for forty shillings, it may be imagined that fur-trading was a very good business. Mr. Astor had his share of the cream of it, and that was the foundation of his colossal fortune. Hence, too, the tender love he felt for a fine fur.

In the next place, his ventures to China were sometimes exceedingly fortunate. A fair profit on a voyage to China at that day was thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Astor has been known to gain seventy thousand, and to have his money in his pocket within the year. He was remarkably lucky in the war of 1812. All his ships escaped capture, and, arriving at a time when foreign commerce was almost annihilated and tea had doubled in price, his gains were so immense that the million or more lost in the Asterian enterprise gave him not even a momentary inconvenience.

But it was neither furs nor tea that gave him twenty millions. It was his sagacity in investing his profits that made him the richest man in America. When he first trod the streets of New York, in 1781, the city was a snug, leafy place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated at the extremity of the island, mostly below Cortlandt street. In 1800, when he began to lay money to invest, the city had more than doubled in population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Now, Astor was a shrewd calculator of the future. No reason appeared why New York should not repeat this doubling and this mile of extension every fifteen years. He acted upon the supposition, and fell into the habit of buying lands and lots just beyond the verge of the city. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall street, about the year 1810, for eight thousand dollars, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed disposed to chuckle over his bargain.

"Why, Mr. Astor," said he, "in a few years this lot will be worth twelve thousand dollars."

"Very true," replied Astor; "but now you shall see what I will do with this money. With eight thousand dollars I buy eighty lots above Canal street. By the time your lot is worth twelve thousand dollars my eighty lots will be worth eighty thousand dollars;" which proved to be the fact.

His purchase of the Richmond Hill estate of Aaron Burr was a case in point. He bought the hundred and sixty acres at a thousand dollars an acre, and in twelve years the land was worth fifteen hundred dollars a lot. In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands—to such an extent that the whole income of his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Astor [illegible] Mary his wife was nearly eighty, extremely infirm. She lingered, however, for some years; and it was not until after the peace of 1815 that the claims of Mr. Astor were pressed. The consternation of the farmers and the astonishment of the people generally, when at length the great millionaire stretched out his hand to pluck this large, ripe pear, may be imagined. A great clamor arose against him. It cannot be denied, however, that he acted in this business with moderation and dignity. Upon the first rumor of his claim, in 1811, Commissioners were appointed by the Legislature to inquire into it. These gentlemen, finding the claim more formidable than had been expected, asked Mr. Astor for what sum he would compromise. The lands were valued at six hundred and [illegible] seven thousand dollars, but Astor replied that he would sell his claim for three hundred thousand. The offer was not accepted, and the suit dragged. In 1818, Mary Morris being upon the bed of her last death, and the farmers being in constant dread of the worst, a settlement which her death would bring upon them, Commissioners were again appointed by the Legislature to look into the matter. Again Astor was asked to state the terms he would compromise. He replied, January 19, 1819:

"In 1813 or 1814 a similar proposition was made to me by the Commissioners then appointed by the Honorable the Legislature of this State, when I offered to compromise for the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, which, considering the value of the property in question, was thought very reasonable; and at the present period, when the life of Mrs. Morris is, according to calculation, worth little or nothing, she being near eighty-six years of age, and the property more valuable than it was in 1813, I am still willing to receive the amount which I then stated, with interest on the same, payable in money or stock, bearing an interest of — per cent, payable quarterly. The stock may be made payable at such periods as the Honorable the Legislature may deem proper. This offer will, I trust, be considered as liberal, and as a proof of my willingness to compromise on terms which are reasonable, considering the value of the property, the price which it cost me, and the inconvenience of having so long laid out of my money, which, if employed in commercial operations, would most likely have produced better profits."

The Legislature were not yet prepared to compromise. It was not till 1827 that a test case was selected and brought to trial before a jury. The most eminent counsel were employed on the part of the State—Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren among them. Astor's cause was intrusted to Emmet, Ogden and others. We believe that Aaron Burr was consulted on the part of Mr. Astor, though he did not appear in the trial. The efforts of the array of counsel employed by the State were exerted in vain to find a flaw in the paper upon which Astor's claim mainly rested. Mr. Webster's speech on the occasion betrays, even to the unprofessional reader, both that he had no case and that he knew he had not; for he indulged in a strain of remark that could only have been designed to prejudice, not convince, the jury.

"It is a claim for lands," said he, "not in their wild and forest state, but for lands the intrinsic value of which is mingled with the labor expended upon them. It is no everyday purchase, for it extends over towns and counties, and almost takes in a degree of latitude. It is a stupendous speculation. The individual who now claims it has not succeeded to it by inheritance; he has not attained it, as he did that vast wealth which no one less envies him than I do, by fair and honest exertions in commercial enterprise, but by speculation, by purchasing the forlorn hope of the heirs of a family driven from their country by a bill of attainder. By the defendants, on the contrary, the lands in question are held as a patrimony. They have labored for years to improve them. The rugged hills had grown green under their cultivation before a question was raised as to the integrity of their titles."

A line of remark like this would appear powerfully to a jury of farmers. Its effect, however, was destroyed by the simple observation of one of the opposing counsel:

"Mr. Astor bought this property confiding in the justice of the State of New York, firmly believing that in the litigation of his claim his rights would be maintained."

It is creditable to the administration of justice in New York, and creditable to the very institution of trial by jury, that Mr. Astor's most unpopular and even odious cause was triumphant. Warned by this verdict, the Legislature consented to compromise on Mr. Astor's own terms. The requisite amount of "Astor Stock," as it was called, was created. Mr. Astor received about half a million of dollars, and the titles of the lands were secured to their rightful owners. To render this conclusion of the affair palatable to the people the trial and the documents were published in pamphlets.

The crowning glory of Mr. Astor's mercantile career was that vast and brilliant enterprise which Washington Irving has commemorated in "Astoria." No other single individual has ever set on foot a scheme so extensive, so difficult and so

[illegible]

only as that [illegible] it as Murphy loves to play chess as Napoleon loved to plan a campaign, as Byron loved to paint, and Hallock to compose.

The war of 1812 foiled the enterprise. "But for that war," Mr. Astor used to say, "I should have been the richest man that ever lived." He expected to go on accumulating money for several years, and then to gain a steady annual profit of millions. It was, however, that very war that enabled him to sustain the enormous losses of the enterprise without injury to his estate, or even a momentary inconvenience. During the first year of the war and the last year of the war he had the luck to receive two or three cargoes of tea from China, despite the British cruisers. In the second year of the war, when the Government was reduced to borrow at eighty, he invested largely in the loan, which, a year after the peace, stood at one hundred and twenty.

Mr. Astor at all times was a firm believer in the destiny of the United States. In other words, he held its public stocks in profound respect. He had little to say of politics, but he was a supporter of the Whig party for many years, and had a great regard, personal and political, for its leader and ornament, Henry Clay. He was never better pleased than when he entertained Mr. Clay at his own house. It recalls to be mentioned in this connection that, when, in June, 1812, the merchants of New York memorialized the Government in favor of the embargo, which almost annihilated the commerce of the port, the name of John Jacob Astor headed the list of signatures.

He was an active business man in this city for about forty-six years—from his twenty-first to his sixty-seventh year. Toward the year 1830 he began to withdraw from business, and undertook no new enterprises except such as the investment of his income involved. His three daughters were married. His son and heir was a man of thirty. Numerous grandchildren were around him, for whom he manifested a true German fondness; not, however, regarding them with equal favor. He dispensed, occasionally, a liberal hospitality at his modest house, though that hospitality was usually bestowed upon men whose presence at his table conferred distinction upon him who sat at the head of it. He was fond, strange as it may seem, of the society of literary men. For Washington Irving he always professed a warm regard, liked to have him at his house, visited him, and made much of him. Fitz-Greene Halleck, one of the best talkers of his day, a man full of fun, anecdote, and fancy, handsome, graceful, and accomplished, was a great favorite with him. He afterward invited the poet to reside with him and take charge of his affairs, which Mr. Halleck did for many years, to the old gentleman's perfect satisfaction. Still later Dr. Cogswell won his esteem, and was named by him Librarian of the Astor Library. For his own part, though he rather liked to be read to in his latter days, he collected no library, no pictures, no objects of curiosity. As he had none of the wasteful vices, so also he had none of the costly tastes. Like all other rich men, he was beset continually by applicants for pecuniary aid, especially by his own countrymen. As a rule he refused to give; and he was right. He held beggary of all descriptions in strong contempt, and seemed to think that, in this country, vice and poverty are synonymous. Nevertheless, we are told that he did, now and then, bestow small sums in charity, though we have failed to get trustworthy evidence of a single instance of his bounty. It is no doubt absolutely necessary for a man who is notoriously rich to guard against imposture, and to hedge himself about against the swarms of sharpers who parade a

[illegible] wealthy city. If he did not, he would be overwhelmed and devoured. His time would be all consumed and his estate squandered in satisfying the demands of importunate impudence. Still, among the crowd of applicants there is here and there one who can claim upon the aid of the rich [illegible].

[illegible] retired from business, Mr. Astor determined to fulfil the vow of his youth, and build in Broadway a house of vigor and [illegible] such as the world then knew. Behold the origin of the Astor House, which remains to this day one of our most solid, imposing and respectable structures. The [illegible] on which the hotel stands was covered with a substantial three-story brick [illegible] of which Astor himself occupied [illegible]. It was thought at the time a wanton and rash proceeding to destroy them. Old Mr. Cotter, a retired merchant of great wealth, who lived next door to Mr. Astor's residence, was extremely indisposed to [illegible], and held out long against every offer of the millionaire. His house was worth thirty thousand dollars. Astor offered him that sum; but the offer was very positively declined, and the old gentleman declared it to be his intention to spend the remainder of his days in the house. Mr. Astor offered forty thousand without effect. At length the indomitable projector [illegible] his purpose to his neighbor.

"Mr. Cotter," said he, "I want to build [illegible] I have got all the other lots; now [illegible] your place."

[illegible] Cotter replied by confessing [illegible] to the sale.

"[illegible]," said he. "I can't sell [illegible] Cotter consents. If he is willing, I'll [illegible] for sixty thousand, and you [illegible] tomorrow morning and ask him."

Mr. Astor presented himself at the time [illegible].

"[illegible], Mr. Astor," said the lady, in the [illegible] who was conferring a very great [illegible] nothing, "we are such old friends that [illegible] for your sake."

[illegible] was bought, and with the [illegible] Mr. Cotter built the spacious [illegible] mansion a mile up Broadway, which is now known as the Chinese Building. Mr. Astor used to relate this story [illegible] glee. He was particularly amused at the simplicity of the old lady in considering it a great favor to him to sell her house at twice its value. It was at this time that he removed to a wide, two-story brick house opposite Niblo's, the front door of which bore a large silver plate exhibiting to wondering passers-by the words: "Mr. Astor." Soon after the hotel was finished he made a present of it to his [illegible], or in legal language, sold it to him for the sum of one dollar, to him in [illegible].

[illegible] decline of his life, when his vast fortune was safe from the perils of business, he still was sparing in his personal expenditure, as close in his bargains, as careful of his pecuniary interests as he had been when every penny was essential to his progress. He enjoyed keenly the feeling of being the landlord of his possessions was [illegible]. He scanned it fondly, and saw in it that deep delight the catalogue of his property lengthening from month to month. The love of accumulation grew with his years until it ruled him like a tyrant. At fifty he possessed his millions, at sixty his millions possessed him. Only to his own children and to their children was he liberal; and his liberality to them was all arranged with a view to keeping the estate in the family, and to cause it at every moment to tend toward a final consolidation in one enormous mass. He was ever considerate to the comfort of his unbecile son. One of his last enterprises was to build for him a commodious residence.

In 1842, one of his daughters having married a European nobleman, he allowed himself the pleasure of a visit to her. He remained abroad till 1845, when he hurried home in consequence of the disturbance in financial affairs caused by General Jackson's war upon the Bank of the United States. The captain of the ship in which he sailed from Havre to New York has related to us some curious incidents of the voyage. Mr. Astor reached Havre when the ship, on the point of sailing, had every state-room engaged; but he was so anxious to get home that the captain, who had commanded ships for him in former years, gave up to him his own state-room. Head winds and boisterous seas kept the vessel beating about and tossing in the channel for many days. The great man was very sick and still more alarmed. At length, being persuaded that he should not survive the voyage, he asked the captain to run in and set him ashore on the coast of England. The captain dissuaded him. The old man urged his request at every opportunity, and said at last: "I give you ten thousand dollars to put me aboard a pilot-boat." He was so vehement and importunate that one day the captain, worried out of all patience, promised that if he did not get out of the channel before the next morning he would run in and put him ashore. It happened that the wind changed in the afternoon and wafted the ship into the broad ocean. But the troubles of the sick millionaire had only just begun. A heavy gale of some days' duration blew the vessel along the western coast of Ireland. Mr. Astor, thoroughly panic-stricken, offered the captain ten thousand dollars if he would put him ashore anywhere on the wild and rocky coast of the Emerald Isle. In vain the captain remonstrated. In vain he reminded the old gentleman of the danger of forfeiting his insurance.

"Insurance!" exclaimed Astor, "can't I insure your ship myself?"

In vain the captain mentioned the rights of the other passengers. In vain he described the solitary and rock-bound coast, and detailed the difficulties and dangers which attended its approach. Nothing would appease him. He said he would take all the responsibility, brave all the perils, endure all the consequences; only let him once more feel the firm ground under his feet. The gale having abated, the captain yielded to his entreaties, and promised, if the other passengers would consent to the delay, to stand in and put him ashore. Mr. Astor went into the cabin and proceeded to write what was expected to be a draft for ten thousand dollars in favor of the owners of the ship or his agent in New York. He handed to the captain the result of his efforts. It was a piece of paper covered with writing that was totally illegible.

"What is this?" asked the captain.

"A draft upon my son for ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"But no one can read it."

"Oh yes, my son will know what it is. My hand trembles so that I cannot write any better."

"But," said the captain, "you can at least write your name. I am acting for the owners of the ship, and I cannot risk their property for a piece of paper that no one can read. Let one of the gentlemen draw up a draft in proper form; you sign it; and I will put you ashore."

The old gentleman would not consent to this mode of proceeding, and the affair was dropped.

A favorable wind blew the ship swiftly on her way, and Mr. Astor's alarm subsided. But even on the Banks of Newfoundland, two-thirds of the way across, when the captain went upon the poop to speak a ship bound for Liverpool, old Astor climbed up after him, saying, "Tell them I give ten thousand dollars if they take a passenger."

Astor lived to the age of eighty-four. During the last few years of his life his faculties were sensibly impaired; he was a child again. It was, however, while his powers and his judgment were in full vigor that he determined to follow the example of Girard and bequeath a portion of his estate for the purpose of "rendering a public benefit to the City of New York." He consulted Mr. Irving, Mr. Halleck, Dr. Cogswell, and his own son with regard to the object of this bequest. All his friends concurred in recommending a public library, and accordingly, in 1839, he added the well-known codicil to his will which consecrated four hundred thousand dollars to this purpose. To Irving's "Astoria" and to the Astor Library he will owe a lasting fame in the country of his adoption.

The last considerable sum he was ever known to give away was a contribution to aid the election to the Presidency of his old friend, Henry Clay. The old man was always fond of a compliment, and seldom averse to a joke. It was the timely application of a jocular compliment that won from him his last effort of generosity. When the committee were presented to him he began to excuse himself, evidently intending to decline giving.

"I am not now interested in these things," said he. "These gentlemen who are in business, and whose property depends upon the issue of the election, ought to give. But I am now an old man. I haven't anything to do with commerce, and it makes no difference to me what the Government does. I don't make money any more, and haven't any concern in the matter."

One of the committee replied, "Why, Mr. Astor, you are like Alexander when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. You have made all the money, and there is no more money to make." The old eye twinkled at the blended compliment and jest.

"Ha, ha, ha! very good, that's very good. Well, well, I give you something."

Whereupon he drew his check for fifteen hundred dollars.

When all else had died within him, when it was at last nourished like an infant at a woman's breast, and when being no longer able to ride in a carriage, he was daily taken in his chair for exercise, he still retained a strong interest in the care and increase of his property. His agent called daily upon him to render a report of moneys received. One morning this gentleman chanced to enter his room while he was enjoying his blanket exercise. The old man cried out from the middle of his blanket,

"Has Mrs. —— paid that rent yet?"

"No," replied the agent.

"Well, but she must pay it," said the poor old man.

"Mr. Astor," rejoined the agent, "she can't pay it now; she has had misfortune, and we must give her time."

"No, no," said Astor; "I tell you she can pay it, and she will pay it. You don't go the right way to work with her."

The agent took leave, and mentioned the anxiety of the old gentleman with regard to this unpaid rent to his son, who counted out the requisite sum, and told the agent to give it to the old man as if he had received it from the tenant.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Astor, when he received the money, "I told you she would pay it if you went the right way to work with her."

Who would have twenty millions at such a price?

On the twenty-ninth of March, 1848, of old age merely, in the presence of his family and friends, without pain or disquiet, this remarkable man breathed his last. He was buried in a vault of the church of St. Thomas, in Broadway. Though he expressly declared in his will that he was a member of the Reformed German Congregation, no clergyman of that Church took part in the services of his funeral. The unusual number of six Episcopal Doctors of Divinity assisted at the ceremony. A bishop, I have scarcely expected a more distinguished funeral homage. Such a thing it is in a commercial city to die worth twenty millions! The pall-bearers were Washington Irving, Philip Hone, Sylvanus Miller, James G. King, Isaac Bell, David B. Ogden, Thomas J. Oakley, Ramsey Crooks, and Jacob B. Taylor.

The public curiosity with regard to the will of the deceased millionaire was fully gratified by the saucy enterprise of the *Herald*, which published it entire in five columns of its smallest type a day or two after the funeral. The ruling desires of Mr. Astor with regard to his property were evidently these two: 1. To provide amply and safely for his children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces; 2. To keep his estate, as much as was consistent with this desire, in one mass in the hands of his eldest son. His brother Henry, the butcher, had died childless and rich, leaving his property to Mr. William B. Astor. To the descendants of the brother in Germany Mr. Astor left small but sufficient pensions. To many of his surviving children and grandchildren in America he left life-interests and stocks which seem designed to produce an average of about fifteen thousand dollars a-year. Other grandsons were to have twenty-five thousand dollars on reaching the age of twenty-five, and the same sum when they were thirty. His favorite grandson, Charles Astor Bristed, since well known to the public as an author and poet, was left amply provided for. He directed his executors to "provide for my unfortunate son, John Jacob Astor, and to procure for him all the comforts which his condition does or may require." For this purpose ten thousand dollars a year was directed to be appropriated, and the house built for him in Fourteenth street near Ninth avenue was to be his for life. If he should be restored to the use of his faculties, he was to have an income of one hundred thousand dollars. The number of persons, all relatives or connections of the deceased, who were benefited by the will, was about twenty-five. To his old friend and manager, Fitz-Greene Halleck, he left the somewhat ridiculous annuity of two hundred dollars, which Mr. William B. Astor voluntarily increased to fifteen hundred. Nor was this the only instance in which the heir rectified the errors and supplied the omissions of the will. He had the justice to send a considerable sum to the brave old captain who saved for Mr. Astor the large property in China imperiled by the sudden death of an agent. The minor bequests and legacies of Mr. Astor absorbed about two millions of his estate. The rest of his property fell to his eldest son, under whose careful management it is supposed to have increased to an amount not less than forty millions. This may, however, be an exaggeration. Mr. William B. Astor minds his own business, and does not impart to others the secrets of his rent roll. The number of his houses in this city is said to be seven hundred and twenty.

The bequests of Mr. Astor for purposes of benevolence show good sense and good feeling. The Astor Library fund of four hundred thousand dollars was the largest item. Next in amount was fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor of his native village in Germany. "To the German Society of New York," continued the will, "I give thirty thousand dollars on condition of their investing it in bond and mortgage, and applying it for the purpose of keeping an office and giving advice and information without charge to all emigrants arriving here, and for the purpose of protecting them against imposition." To the Home for aged Ladies he gave thirty thousand dollars, and to the Blind Asylum and the Half-Orphan Asylum each five thousand dollars. To the German Reformed Congregation, "of which I am a member," he left the moderate sum of two thousand dollars. These objects were wisely chosen. The sums left for them, also, were in many cases of the amount most likely to be well employed. Twenty-five thousand dollars he left to Columbia College, but unfortunately he repented, and annulled the bequest in a codicil.

We need not enlarge on the success which has attended the bequest for the Astor Library—a bequest to which Mr. William B. Astor has added, in land, books, and money, about two hundred thousand dollars. It is the ornament and boast of the city. Nothing is wanting to its complete utility but an extension of the time of its being accessible to the public. Such a library, in such a city as this, should be open at sunrise, and close at ten in the evening. If but *one* studious youth should desire to avail himself of the morning hours before going to his daily work, the interests of that one would justify the directors in opening the treasures of the library at the rising of the sun. In the evening, of course, the library would probably be attended by a greater number of readers than in all the hours of the day together.

The bequest to the village of Waldorf has resulted in the founding of an institution that appears to be doing a great deal of good in a quiet German manner. The German biographer of Mr. Astor, from whom we have derived some particulars of his early life, expatiates upon the merits of this establishment, which, he informs us, is called the Astor House.

"A certain knowledge," he says, "of Astor's bequest reached Waldorf only in 1850, when a nephew of Mr. Astor's and one of the executors of his will appeared from New York in the testator's native town with power to pay over the money to the proper persons. He kept himself mostly in Heidelberg, and organized a supervisory board to aid in the disposition of the funds in accordance with the testator's intentions. This board was to have its head-quarters in Heidelberg, and was to consist of professors in the University there, and clergymen, not less than five in all. The board of control, however, consists of the clergy of Waldorf, the burgomaster, the physician, a citizen named every three years by the Common Council, and the governor of the institution, who must be a teacher by profession. This latter board has control of all the interior arrangements of the institution, and the care of the children and the beneficiaries. The leading objects of the Astor House are: 1. The care of the poor, who, through age, disease, or other causes, are incapable of labor; 2. The rearing and instruction of poor children, especially those who live in Waldorf. Non-residents are received if there is room, but they must make compensation for their board and instruction. Children are received at the age of six, and maintained until they are fifteen or sixteen. Besides school instruction, there is ample provision for physical culture. They are trained in active and industrious habits, and each of them, according to his disposition, is to be taught a trade, or instructed in agriculture, market-gardening, the care of vineyards or of cattle, with a view of rendering them efficient farm-servants or stewards. It is also in contemplation to assist the blind and the deaf and dumb, and, finally, to establish a nursery for very young children left destitute. Catholics and Protestants are admitted on equal terms, religious differences not being recognized in the applicants for admission. Some time having elapsed before the preliminary arrangements were completed, the accumulated interest of the fund went so far toward paying for the buildings, that of the original fifty thousand dollars not less than forty-three thousand had been permanently invested for the support of the institution."

Thus they manage bequests in Germany! The Astor House was opened with much ceremony, January 9, 1851, the very year in which the Astor Library was opened to the public in the City of New York. The day of the founder's death is annually celebrated in the chapel of the institution, which is adorned by his portrait.

These two institutions will carry the name of John Jacob Astor to the latest generations. But they are not the only services which he rendered to the public. It would be absurd to contend that in accumulating his enormous estate, and in keeping it almost entire in the hands of his eldest son, he was actuated by a regard for the public good. He probably never thought of the public good in connection with the bulk of his property. Nevertheless, America is so constituted that every man in it of force and industry is necessitated to be a public servant. If this colossal fortune had been gained in Europe it would probably have been consumed in what is there called "founding a family." Mansions would have been built with it, parks laid out, a title of nobility purchased; and the income, wasted in barren and stupid magnificence, would have maintained a host of idle, worthless and pampered menials. Here, on the contrary, it is expended almost wholly in providing for the people of New York the very commodity of which they stand in most pressing need; namely, *new houses*. The simple reason why the rent of a small house in New York is a thousand dollars a year is because the supply of houses is unequal to the demand. We need at this moment five thousand more houses in the City of New York for the decent accommodation of its inhabitants, at rents which they can afford to pay. The man who does more than any one else to supply the demand for houses is the patient, abstemious, and laborious heir of the Astor estate. He does a good day's work for us in this business every day, and all the wages he receives for so much care and toil is a moderate subsistence for himself and his family, and the very troublesome reputation of being the richest man in America. And the business is done with the minimum of waste in every department. In a quiet little office in Prince street the manager of the estate, aided by two or three aged clerks (one of them of fifty-five years' standing in the office), transacts the business of a property larger than that of many sovereign princes. Everything, also, is done promptly and in the best manner. If a tenant desires repairs or alterations, an agent calls at the house within twenty-four hours, makes the requisite inquiries, reports, and the work is forthwith begun, or the tenant is notified that it will not be done. The concurrent testimony of Mr. Astor's tenants is, that he is one of the most liberal and obliging of landlords.

So far, therefore, the Astor estate, immense as it is, appears to have been an unmixed good to the city in which it is mainly invested. There is every reason to believe that, in the hands of the next heir, it will continue to be managed with the same prudence and economy that mark the conduct of the present proprietor. We indulge the hope that either the present or some future possessor may devote a portion of his vast revenue to the building of a new order of tenement houses, on a scale that will enable a man who earns a dollar and a half a day to occupy apartments fit for the residence of a family of human beings. The time is ripe for it. May we live to see, in some den-city-populated portion of the city, a new and grander Astor House arise, that shall demonstrate to the capitalists of every city in America that nothing will pay better as an investment than houses for the people, which shall afford to an honest laborer rooms in a clean, orderly, and commodious palace at the price he now pays for a corner of a dirty, fever-breeding barrack!

## GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

When wilt thou save the people;
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of the heart, O God are they!
Let them not pass like weeds away!
Their heritage a smiless day!
God save the People!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength alling and the strong?
Is it the will of Father,
That one shall toil for wrong?
"No," say the mountains "No!" the valleys
Man's God shall yet have shall his rights rise,
And wrong be hurled in dust to rise.
God save the People!

Who will then save the People!
Oh, God of all! we wait
The People, hard the People!
Not the kings and crowns, but men!
God save the People! that they may
The Christ know as the angels know!
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the People!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[From the Northern Monthly.]

## A Lay Hint

### TO CLERICAL FRIENDS.

We recognize our profound obligations to the clergy of various sects, and creeds, for manifold instruction, received in many years of patient preaching and patient hearing. This sense of obligation ought not, surely, to end in gratitude expressed. Very true, our friends, the preachers, may be satisfied if we take heed to the word spoken, counting this their highest reward. But it has sometimes occurred to the writer, that all these excellent discourses, these weighty considerations offered, these hints toward better living, the inspiring truths which have breathed through their ministrations, should receive a practical acknowledgment in kind. Why should the preacher be expected always to preach, and never to hear in return, from those whom he has himself instructed and inspired?

A very natural topic for a few lay hints to our clerical friends, in return for their labors of love in our behalf, is suggested in the question, How shall the preacher's effort produce upon his hearers the maximum effect?

We listen to be instructed, to be quickened in thought and heart, to be inspired with high purpose, to be lifted onward in the ascending pathway. We are not therefore, indifferent to the measure of power which the preacher brings to the work thus indicated.

This power is dependent, in part, upon the preacher's manner; and the single thought which we have to suggest on this point, at this time, is, that the preacher's manner should indicate a proper correspondence between his intellectual and emotional forces on the one hand, and his physical constitution on the other.

Our friend M. has a delicate constitution, thin muscles, and naturally feeble lungs, with a sensitive temperament. Years ago his manner was in happy accordance with his physical powers. His style of utterance was quiet, his voice though feeble was comparatively well modulated, and his gesticulation in keeping. There was great beauty in his thoughts, with a rare delicacy of style, admirably corresponding with his utterance and action.

After years of absence we heard him again, with the assurance given us beforehand, that he had greatly improved in pulpit power. But we were disappointed. With the same slight muscles and feeble voice, the same slender physical powers, there was an effort at vocal force which resulted in screaming, and an exertion in gesticulation which seemed quite too great for the muscular strength; and produced an unpleasant impression of exhaustion. Laboring to overcome a supposed feebleness of manner, he exceeded his physical power to sustain the effort, and greatly damaged the effect which he might otherwise have produced. The true power of this preacher lies in uttering his vivid and beautiful thoughts in a style of calmness and quiet, corresponding with his physical strength.

An old divine who, in his early years, had been in the habit of uttering his really valuable and weighty thoughts, with a good deal of vocal force, became more quiet in his manner—perhaps almost to tameness. On being reminded of his change of manner, he replied that when a child he supposed it was the thunder which killed people; but he had learned later in life that it was the *lightning* which did the work. The apology, however, is not wholly satisfactory. While it is true that the lightning kills, yet the sharpest and heaviest charge is expected to be accompanied with the loudest thunder. There is a correspondence between these natural phenomena, the like of which we are happy to recognize between the matter and manner of the speaker. If he has great thoughts and strong emotions we perceive the fitness of corresponding word and gesture, provided the physical strength is equal to their easy and natural expression.

We remember hearing a criticism years ago, made by an elderly clergyman, upon the swollen style and pompous nitrogen of a young preacher. The latter justified his style by reference to Dr. Griffin's. The other replied that because the old giants could take an ox under each arm and march off with them, it was no reason why ordinary men should try to do the same thing. The attempt and necessary failure would only make them ridiculous.

We sometimes hear another preacher whose emotional and intellectual machinery is too active for his frail muscular system. When the steam is "let on," the frame work is shaken like the hulk of a Mississippi steamer by the over action of its machinery. We counsel less steam or more timber. In many cases the desired strength of muscle is attainable, and no preacher is to be excused for neglecting to strengthen his physical powers to meet this demand of the intellectual and emotional.

Meantime, if the lungs are feeble, the muscles attenuated, and the whole system destitute of physical hardiness, all attempts to be specifically forcible and commanding in manner will inevitably fail.

[For the Leader.]

## The Old Sports

### OF NEW YORK.

BY TOM QUICK.

"How will you stop revolvers, Tim?" asks the cowardly ruffian of his companion, who replies: "Not to-night, 'cause mine is in good fix, and I don't know but I may have use for it as I go home." "Why, are you on a lay to-night?" "No, but a policeman meddled himself as I was talking to a gal. I'd have given it to him then, but there were too many passing. If he interferes again, I'll give him a shot, I'll bet you."

And so he will, I'll warrant, should the poor patrolman be so unfortunate as to arrest him while committing a burglary or garrotting a citizen peacefully winding his way home. The well-aimed revolver will send its leaden messenger into the brain of our night guard, and thus he escapes. "Why," asks the world in astonishment, "can a murderer so easily escape the police?" Escape! why your question makes me laugh; you must be green indeed. Who ever heard of a man being hung or otherwise punished for killing a policeman? Why, read the report of the Metropolitan Police for 1861, and that tells us that Geo. W. Dwyer, John O'Brien, Joseph Nulty, Charles Carron and Austin Bradford met their deaths, while on duty as policemen, by violence from the hands of desperate ruffians, and thirteen other men of the police have been seriously injured by collision with the same violent class.

Five good and true men sent to their God by the violence and bloody handiwork of a set of cutlass—the haunt of each and every one, perhaps, known to our police, yet not one has met the dog's death he deserved; and we are told that the reason why this is so is the fact that Justice is tardy, and the administration of justice inefficient and aggravated by the existing state of war. This language don't suit us, and it don't mean what it pretends. We have heard that the Clerk, S. C. Hawley, wrote this report; if so, I repeat that, instead of putting the thing so mild, it should have read in this wise:

In some of the precincts of our city dwell gangs of roughs and rowdies who as naturally arm themselves with a pistol when they start out to spend their day and night at their favorite corner or grog-shop as does the picket on the outposts of the Army of the James. Instead of these men having any fear or respect for the policeman who is on duty on that post, the patrolman respects and fears the gang who infests his beat. While this is true, and no law will be obeyed or murder stayed while it is so, yet I shall heap no censure upon the poor fellow who knows, if he interrupts their orgies or interferes by helping man or woman from their violence, his life is not worth the pay of one more week of duty. As it is now, he cannot afford to be wounded and lay off duty for weeks or months, let alone die and leave his widow in the poverty that must follow. Men who go out resolved to do their duty, and do it, are murdered in their patrolling. The ruffians sneak beside a fence or in some dark corner, and send death to the brave fellow, if they cannot draw him into some row or contest with them in other ways.

The next man sent out to fill the void this murder makes in the ranks naturally argues: "If I interfere the same fate awaits me. So I will lay tail fellow well met with the gang on my post." So, friend Kennedy, in your quick grasp at matter and your rigid determination that the police shall be the best, and our city safe for stranger or citizen to go by night or by day wherever he may please, organize some way that your officer on duty shall be master, not than, among these ruffians, in and out of their haunts. You can do it if you will, and are not the men to rest quietly upon the couch Mr. Hawley has spread for you when he says "Justice is tardy," and "the fault, if any exists, is somewhere beyond the power of the police."

I cannot believe, Messrs. Acton or Kennedy, you have well examined this report, for you are too bold, too outspoken in all you do, to be a party to cover up the cause why criminals are not punished, and that so small a portion of those who commit such crimes as rape, murder, maiming, manslaughter and threatening life receive the punishment provided by the laws. Something is certainly meant when you allow to be printed such a proposition as this: "In no other cities, except New York and Brooklyn, does the machinery of criminal justice so signally fail to restrain or punish serious and capital offences." In using the word "restrain," you attach neglect to the police of both cities; for I have believed that it was their duty to not only, by their vigilance and power, detect criminals, but also prevent and restrain. I know your clerk did not use the word to bear as I have made it, but he does intend to convey the idea to the public that it is not the fault of the Metropolitan Police that New York is not as healthy and safe a place for life and property as any city in the world. I am fearful you will not make our citizens agree to that theory.

I must call the attention of our high judges of criminal courts, our Recorder, our City Judge, our justices of police, our District Attorney, and let them argue the fact in regard to this, bold declaration that I reprint from your report, and if it be true, as your report hints, they are chargeable with great offences indeed. But I fear you will fail to sustain it when they ask, as they will no doubt, "What do you mean—who do you accuse of not administering justice to all who are brought before us and found guilty?" This is your charge:

"As our institutions and laws, as *administered*, do not afford adequate protection to persons or property, some remedy must be found and applied, or life in our metropolis will drift rapidly toward the condition of barbarism."

I with pleasure turn to the one great movement that I hope now will receive the earliest attention of our Legislature. I have written upon it many times, and was under the impression, until corrected by Justice Dowling, that there was a law to prevent the carrying of concealed deadly weapons. It appears that my error grew out of the fact that there was a law made which only embraced slung-shots or billies.

In your report I find the following:

CONCEALED DEADLY WEAPONS.—Since the commencement of the civil war the practice of carrying concealed deadly weapons by the violent and vicious classes of the city has become common. The practice of taking human life on slight or no provocation has fearfully increased. Affrays, which if the parties were not armed would end in assault and batteries, are likely to result in murders or homicides where deadly weapons are present. The five members of the police whose names are mentioned as having been killed by violence, were all shot by pistols in the hands of ruffians when they were attempting to arrest, and several of those who are reported as badly wounded were assaulted with fire-arms and knives, and other deadly weapons. It would greatly conduce to the good order of society, and to the personal safety of the citizen, if a law were passed rendering it a crime to carry concealed deadly weapons.

But I rejoice that one of our Judges, in his over fearless performance of administering justice to the guilty, makes no difference in rich or poor, no matter how high their previous position. It has been said, with how much truth others besides me must discern, that the criminal, when brought before our Courts, rests his conviction entirely upon the political influence he can bring to bear upon the Judge presiding, or the power he or his friends had in making said Justice. If this be so in any case, it is not so with Judge Dowling, the gentleman to whom I allude when I say that one at least of our city officials has had the courage to at once grapple with these pistol fiends, who now, judging from the police reports, rule our city, depriving our staid citizens of their evening visits and murdering policemen for daring to interfere with them in their robberies and assaults.

Judge Dowling won high favor with his Captain when a policeman. No one performed his duties with more zeal or fidelity; no criminal was too desperate nor task too dangerous for him to gladly perform. This gave him promotion to the captaincy, in which place he won high favor with all of his precinct as well as the Commissioners. He was called to preside as one of the principal officials at headquarters, but declined to please the citizens of his ward, who relied on him for its order and safety. He was placed in the proud position he now so ably fills by the unanimous voice of the voters of three wards. No candidate contested the field against him, and, although a warm and loyal Democrat, all men, regardless of party ties, gladly voted for him, knowing he was the right man in the right place—the proof, that he dared punish, when brought before him, many of the most dangerous pugilists and desperadoes of our city; although indorsed and assisted by men in high political position, he cried them nay, and meted out the law as it called for. This is why I feel proud that one I have known so long and well is the first to step forward at this terrible hour for the quiet and safety of our people, and, by example, teach these murderers and highwaymen that there is one who will search for their deadly weapons, and when found punish them for carrying such. He will not consent to wait until fresh law is made, or until more lives of our guardians are sacrificed, or citizens shot down in their peaceful visits after nightfall, before he acts.

Go on, Judge Dowling, in the good work you have begun. The public will second you in all you do to rid us of the murderous pest; and may your energy, courage and fixed determination to punish all who carry deadly weapons concealed upon their person arouse all in power so that they, too, will take enough of the responsibility to help you in so great and good an effort. As a proof that your labor is good, I quote what the *Herald* says of you:

"GARRETING CONCEALED WEAPONS.—A large number of murders, brawls and shooting affrays have recently resulted from the prevalent practice of carrying concealed weapons. This practice is cowardly, murderous and illegal. Justice Dowling is attempting to break it up by severely punishing parties detected with deadly weapons upon their persons, and he deserves the support of every magistrate, policeman and good citizen. In one or two recent cases, Justice Dowling has been very prompt to imprison men who carried weapons and threatened to use them, and if our other Police Justices will do their duty in the matter as fearlessly and effectively, the knives and pistols will soon become as dangerous to the man who wears them as they now are to the peace and order of the city."

Judge Russel has determined upon a fair and speedy trial for the man "Friday," who is charged with the murder of young Lazarus. He has not—nor will this fearless judge of the people allow any mock pretence or quibble of legal custom to interfere with his acquittal or his being found guilty.

If there is—and I hope there may be—some extenuating circumstance found to lessen in some way the horror that now surrounds it in the belief of every citizen, I would not, for the peace of our city, which is a high stake, have it go forth that manhood could cloak a monster so wicked, who could, with fair words upon his lip, have blood in his eye, or who could, under the pretence of friendship or the good purpose of barying a friend, ask for and take the wounded hand of his fellow man and neighbor, and with his own right unloosed plunge a knife into the very roots of a tongue that had just wagged in kindness to him.

This is why I hope that "Friday" may find a reason for his bloody work, so that a jury might say: "A doubt—a doubt; give it to the prisoner, that his hand may be less red."

But, O God! if not, and no mite of shadow that evidence may throw comes between him and the cold, heartless murder away with him, spin new rope, build a fresh scaffold in our most public walk. When the hanging's over, and life has sped for life, leave the beam and cross-trees standing for months, hoping that it will prove a terror to the hounds of blood and their armed followers who are so ready to take life for frivolous causes.

At the time we first drew the attention of the public to the fact that our policemen were being murdered or seriously wounded at the rate of not less than one a week, and asked our magistrates, as well as captains of police, to search each culprit brought before them, and if a deadly weapon were found concealed upon them, that a charge be at once preferred against them. This is now being done, thanks to the magistrates. Now let us ask of the police, or other competent power, if they will not interfere with the Sunday traffic going on in one of our most public thoroughfares, in the way of selling at retail hats, caps, boots, shoes, shirts, dry goods—in fact, almost every article that you might buy on week days in that vicinity.

To see it speaks a shame for our city—to tolerate it speaks of the negligence of our police. Around the corner, and within a few doors of this Sabbath mart, stands a holy edifice, so crowded after its opening on holy days by man, woman and child, full of good and moral thoughts, that you will find them in hundreds upon the sidewalks, in their anxiousness to be within the sound of prayer; yet in their coming and going to this church of Christ they, as well as you, who are on your way to and from churches that have respect for the Sabbath, are insulted by the gross and loud-mouthed invitations from burly, greasy, pipe-smoking men, standing at their open shop doors, to stop and purchase.

In the sight of God this is all wrong—and, if so, should it not be so looked at by man? I feel sure there is a law, as I have said before, that forbids it, and I think gives half the value of goods exposed to the complainant. Perhaps it was one of these very shopkeepers, who, as a juryman upon the political linen-washing case of the gun contractor and office-broker against Thurlow Weed, stood up in his seat and refused to act as a juryman on that coming Saturday, for it was his Sabbath, and he could not, without sinning, in his belief, go on. The judge, while he was offended at the rudeness, words and manner of the Jew—for such he was—still respected his religion, and did adjourn the court in time, out of that respect for which all good men will give him theirs.

I am not forced to use any choice words, nor cover with guarded language, when I speak of the great offence—this work or business—that these Jews of Chatham street commit on our Sabbath day, a day respected in all parts of the world, under every language and by all nations—nor will I. The offence is great, and therefore my language strong. Not that I am prejudiced, or have feeling against Christian or Turk—for there are many of the Jewish tribe who have the great respect of our city, have been called to high positions, which they have well and ably filled—and these, too, condemn, as much as you or I, this disrespectful observance of the world's Sabbath day. The old resident Jewish families of New York did never tolerate or allow any of their church to do business on their day or ours.

Of late years men have grown less religious, or less respectful of the law of the land in which they eat their bread and honey; or, cheap lower order of mankind, from the slums of London, trained at Rag Fair or reared within the "Minories," where, within their own circle or neighborhood, none but those exactly like themselves in tribe, habit, religion and business are dwellers. At this place, every Lord's Day, thousands of them assemble, and in the parlors of their gin-shops hold high carnival in the disposal of their wages and merchandise; and as I walk through Chatham street on Sabbath days, I think that it must be the children of or just such men, crowded out from that English neighborhood, who have squatted down among us to offend our morals and defy our laws.

Superintendent Kennedy, I heard you once tell a citizen who came asking you if he could have a brass band to discourse most excellent music in the celebration of a Jewish marriage on our Sunday, that if he did you would arrest the whole party. Will you not, if there is right to do so, forbid and close up these dens of our city who traffic on the Lord's Day? Do this, and you will deserve the respect and thanks of the public more than ever.

HOW TO ROB BEEHIVES.—A soldier arrived from Savannah, who went through with Sherman, tells of the trip, as reported in the Dayton *Journal*: "The boys learned how to rob beehives without the penalty of stinging. The plan was to rapidly approach a hive, take it up suddenly, and hoisting it upon the shoulder, with the open end behind, run like thunder. The bees hustle out and fly back to the place where the hive stood. The honey belongs to the boys, who win it!"

IT is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

THE NEW YORK *Dispatch* says: "Our neighbor, the LEADER, is coming up! Last week it raised its price from five to ten cents. The LEADER is one of the best edited of our weeklies, and is well worth the money asked for it." We can cordially reciprocate the compliment.

A PRESENT TO MR. LINCOLN.—The loaded shell fired into the rudder-post of the "Kearsarge" by the pirate "Alabama," has been sent from Boston to Washington, as a present from Captain Winslow to Mr. Lincoln, the latter having expressed a wish to have it as a trophy.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have published a beautiful cheap edition of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The paper, print and illustrations are very good, and the price is only twenty-five cents.

WHEN a tax was proposed for ladies' corsets, it was objected to on the ground that it would greatly diminish consumption.

A GOOD physician saves us, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician.

IF a boy does not do something he must show cause for it; a girl must show cause if she does anything.

THE man who notices only the faults of others simply gets his head full of deformities.

FORTUNE is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

A GOOSE has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with only one quill.

THERE are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

IT is easier to govern than to avoid being governed.

WE have only to be noble, and we belong at once to the nobility.

New York Leader

OFFICE, NO. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.

OUR CONTENTS.

We present an unusually brilliant number this week, and several articles, including THE COLONEL'S CLUB, are unavoidably crowded out. Those who like poetry will be satisfied with THE FATHER'S DREAMS, by W. L. Ormsby, Jr., SNOW, by Mrs. Aker, GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE, from the *Independent*, and CHRISTMAS OLIVE BRANCHES, by an English author. Mr. J. ROSA DIX continues his RECOLLECTIONS, Jennie June her talks on HOME TOPICS, Tom Quick his chats with OLD SPORTS, and Mr. Webb his SKATING EXPERIENCES. The biography of JOHN JACOB ASTOR is very interesting, and the expose of THE WOMAN'S LIBRARY most thorough. The charming sketch, THE BABY OF THE REGIMENT, is by Col. Higginson. WAR CORRESPONDENTS are described by Mr. Boffin. The DRAMATIC FEUILLETON, by Ariel, is full of news and gossip. No fireman will overlook FIRE MATTERS, and no Wall street man will neglect to read THE DEVIL AND THE BROKER, and no clergyman can help being benefited by LAY HINTS TO CLERICAL FRIENDS. Minnie Leverich is indignant at being DECLINED WITH THANKS, and a new contributor discourses on DIGNITY. No other paper offers so varied and attractive a list of contents as this.

THE COMING DRAFT.

Supervisor Blunt has returned from Washington, and reports that a draft in this city is inevitable. The War Department will not do us justice in apportioning our quota. This city must suffer because it is Democratic, while the rest o the State benefits at our expense. The Board of Supervisors held a meeting last evening, and authorized the Committee on Volunteering to pay any hand-money that should be necessary. We publish in another column a full official report of the proceedings of the Board. Every citizen should read it and the ordinance which accompanies it. We believe that a draft at this time is unnecessary, unwise and calculated rather to injure than to assist the Union cause. We have plenty of soldiers to finish what is left of the Rebellion, and no prudent Administration would subject the country to the trouble, expense and excitement of another conscription. Read the report.

THE END OF THE WAR.

None can be so blind to the signs of the times as not to see that the end of the war is not very far distant. The Rebellion seems to be shut up in Richmond. The capture of Fort Fisher has cut off its European supplies. Thomas guards it on the West, and Sherman is closing up on the South. In front is Grant's army, ready to move at any moment. Lee is already beginning to talk about evacuating Richmond. Should he do so he would be pursued by Grant, while Thomas struck him on one flank and Sherman attacked him on the other. There is no hope for the Confederacy. It is stone dead.

The rebel journals come to us, day after day, admitting that there is no chance for success, and debating whether they had better submit to us or offer themselves as vassals to some foreign power. The people of Savannah are quietly happy under the old flag, according to the statements of the Rebel organs. Upon the same authority, we learn that the original fire-eaters of Charleston are very willing to be captured, and that the cradle of treason is practically within Sherman's grasp. As for Hood's army, nobody can tell where it is. West of the Mississippi, we hear nothing of the rebellion. Old Blair pops in and out of Richmond, bringing us the news that the Rebel leaders are quarrelling among themselves, and ready to make the best terms possible. The Confederacy is dead. There is no chance of a resurrection.

Meanwhile a strong bull combination in Wall street is forcing gold up for the last time, in order to give the leading speculators an opportunity to stand from under when the crash comes. The *Daily News* is the only Peace organ which, like Mark Tapley, keeps up its courage under difficulties, and feebly declares that "that the star of the Confederacy is at its zenith," and "the South is mistress of the situation." Vain words! Vain boastings! Vain buncombe! The occupation of the *News* is gone. It has been preaching Peace for a long while, and now Peace is coming from a very different direction than that indicated by the prophecies of the Peace patriots. It is coming as the legitimate end of successful war, not as the unhappy result of disgraceful compromises. It is coming with the glorious old flag, not with the white rag of submission to the South or the Stars and Bars of Southern independence. It is coming fast—it is nearly here.

As a preparation for peace, Missouri and Maryland have stripped themselves of the black robes of slavery, and Tennessee and Kentucky are getting ready for the same transformation. We hope that Congress will pass, next Tuesday, that amendment to the Constitution which will attire every State in the pure robes of freedom. The vote of Congress, it is true, will not abolish slavery. It will only place the question of the abrogation of the institution before the several States. That is precisely what every good Democrat wishes to do, and the sooner it is done the better. There need be no fears that the Northern States will have all to say upon the matter. The Southern States will be back in the Union in time to vote upon that amendment, and, if we are not very greatly mistaken, the majority of them will vote in favor of it—thus shaming those who are more southern than the Southerners, and more devoted to slavery than the slaveowners.

THE BALL SEASON.

The eighth annual ball of the Young Men's Association, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, took place at the Academy of Music last Wednesday.

Elegant as these entertainments have always been, that of Wednesday surpassed its predecessors. The ladies were charming, the gentlemen refined. Messrs. Joseph J. O'Donohue and Jeremiah Quinlan, the President and Treasurer of the Association, are entitled to every credit for their perfect management of the affair.

The next grand ball is that of the Fire Department, which will be given at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. This is one of the favorite balls of the season, and tickets should be secured without delay. The invitation ball of the Brennan Coterie is announced for February 7th, at Irving Hall. This reunion will be more brilliant than ever this year.

THE PESTILENCE.

In accordance with the suggestions made by us last week, Mayor Gunther gives notice that all persons who require vaccination will be treated without charge at either of the Dispensaries, a list of which will be found in our advertising columns.

We are glad to say that the dreadful pestilence, the small-pox, against which the Mayor's notice is designed to guard, seems to have reached its height, and the number of cases is now rapidly diminishing. Undoubtedly the dissolving of the Hecker injunction and the thorough cleaning which City Inspector Boole has since bestowed upon the streets, have done much to relieve us from the disease brought upon us by the Citizens' Association.

It behooves all of our City authorities to be especially vigilant against both crime and pestilence at this time. The city is very crowded, and it is crowded with refugees from the South of every class and character. Some of them have been inmates of military prisons, where diseases breed with the vermin. Others are roughs and professional villains, driven from the border towns by martial law. Others have just arrived from infected cities. Under these circumstances our police force should be increased and our Health Officers should be unusually vigilant. An example should be made of the first physician who neglects to report a case of infectious disease. Health, like liberty, is the reward of vigilance.

SENATOR GUTHRIE has recently delivered a speech which expresses the LEADER'S sentiments almost identically in regard to Slavery. We are glad to be seconded by the Kentucky statesmen.

LIBELLING AND DUELLING.

The Hon. James Brooks appears to have very peculiar ideas of the privileges of a Member of Congress. His practice, if not his precept, shows that he supposes that the privilege to libel is one of his legitimate perquisites. In the libel suit brought against him by Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, he pleaded his privilege as an M. C. to save him from arrest. In his recent affair with General Butler, he pleaded the same privilege to avoid answering the General's note of interrogation.

Being a newspaper editor, Mr. Brooks doubtless finds this privilege a very convenient thing; but we question whether it will shield him in any of his future transactions. The matter between him and Butler settled that question of privilege, if it settled nothing else. In a speech on the floor of Congress Mr. Brooks called General Butler "a gold robber." When the General came to Washington, he wrote a civil note to Mr. Brooks, asking for an explanation of this charge. Brooks, whose timidity seems equal to his scurrility, interpreted this inquiry as a challenge, and rushed into Congress begging the protection of the House. Speaker Colfax at once decided that the privileges of debate did not cover such a case.

During the subsequent debate it transpired that Mr. Brooks had first called Butler a "bold robber," and afterwards changed the adjective to "gold" in order to save appearances. At first he endeavored to justify the libel as amended, but he was soon overwhelmed by the documentary evidence produced by Butler's friends and champions. What did Brooks do then? Did he acknowledge his mistake? Not at all. Such manliness would not have coincided with the character of a common, notorious libeller. He changed his ground, abused Butler's politics, maundered about the Fort Fisher affair, and resumed his seat amid the open, undisguised contempt of the House.

We have no admiration whatever for Major-General Butler; but James Brooks is not the man to call anyone to account either for real or imaginary offences. In the recent *Express* case Mr. Brooks swore positively to certain statements and the jury just as positively decided that those statements were untrue. Practically, this verdict convicted Mr. Brooks either of wilful perjury or of such lapses of memory as to unfit him for any responsible position. Is this the sort of man to set himself up as a public libeller of General Butler? Has he the right to denounce any person? Is it the custom for people in glass houses to throw stones? Can the pot be excused for calling the kettle black? Is a man with such a verdict hanging over him, and with a suit for the grossest and most notorious libels pending against him, justified in arraigning as a "bold robber" or a "gold robber" any citizen he may choose to select? We think not, most emphatically.

The whole proceeding is so characteristic of Mr. James Brooks, however, that we should not refer to it at such length, were it not for the disgrace it has brought upon the city which Mr. Brooks misrepresents in Congress. If he were bold enough to denounce Butler, he ought to have been bold enough to answer his note. But Brooks suspected that the note was intended as a challenge, and was afraid to answer it. Certainly, there is not much of the Sir Lucius O'Trigger about the "hero of New Orleans." He has not done much fighting as a general, and in his private capacity a Lowell bricklayer proved too powerful for him. But, be this as it may, Brooks at once took the *role* of Bob Acres. It was pitiable to see him clinging to his desk and his privileges as a Member of Congress, while his pallid face was bedewed with a cold perspiration, his teeth and knees rattled like a pair of castinets, his hair stood on end, as if instinct with electricity, and his eyes rolled wildly from the doorkeeper to the Speaker, as if he were preparing for a bolt, should a military uniform flash athwart his vision. That spectacle, we say, was disgraceful to New York city, and, indeed, to Congress itself. Let us hope that it may never be repeated.

The champions of General Butler assure us that the General never had the least intention of challenging any one, and we think this very probable. But if it be so, then the terror of Mr. Brooks was all the more ridiculous. Had the pair met by accident, Butler might, perhaps, have run away; but Brooks would have fainted with fear. As to either of them firing off a pistol, the idea is quite absurd. Mr. Brooks wants to hurt people in a safer way. He slanders them in his paper, he libels them in Congress, but he does not consider it right to fight with powder and bullets. Pens, ink and a lying tongue are "respectable" weapons, and the claim of privilege will shield the Member of Congress who uses them. Butler, if he really desired a duel, would have challenged Admiral Porter, not Congressman Brooks. Indeed, now that the cowardice of a New York representative has given Butler an undeserved reputation as a fire-eater, we are at a loss to see how the redoubtable General can avoid a contest with the Admiral, who has directly charged him with falsehood. Such a duel would be one-sided, however; for everybody's sympathies would be with the Admiral, who would wing Butler as easily as speaking. The duel most to be desired is that in which Brooks and Butler can have a fair chance to slaughter each other. Then the public could be totally disinterested. Whether Brooks killed Butler, or Butler killed Brooks, or each killed the other, like the Kilkenny cats, the people would be heartily pleased. It is a great pity that their courage cannot be screwed up to the sticking or shooting point. They are missing the only chance they will ever have to do the country a service by putting each other out of the way.

LINCOLN has been suspending the writ of habeas corpus in cases of common theft. Isn't this getting very low, Mr. President?

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Legislative Investigating Committee, now in session in Chambers street, will not accomplish anything of importance if it continues its work in the style inaugurated on Thursday.

This Committee, composed of eminently respectable gentlemen, comes down from Albany to investigate our City Departments. Very good. No one cares to object to that, and least of all the Heads of Departments themselves, who are always ready for a fair investigation, and who were never more ready than at present.

The first act of the Committee is to send for Mayor Gunther, and require of him an account of the workings of his own department, and the grounds, if any, of his complaints against other departments. Good again. That is fair and straight-forward, and we can understand it. Then the Heads of the other Departments are summoned, and, with perfect willingness, they present themselves for examination. Good, for the third time.

But here ex-Judge and ex-District Attorney Whiting arises and announces that he is going to question witnesses and present charges and file documents on behalf of the Citizens' Association. Who in the name of all that's good is Whiting? What business has he in the Committee-room? Is he a member of the Committee? Was he slipped in with Monger, White and Humphreys by the Legislature? Has he mistaken the name of White for that of Whiting? Does he imagine that he is still a prosecuting attorney? Clever gentleman, and talented man, and learned counsellor as we know him to be, what under the sun is he doing on this Investigating Committee?

He says that he represents the Citizens' Association. The Citizens' Association? What is that? Did the Legislature say anything about the Citizens' Association when the Committee was appointed? If the Citizens' Association is a regular Department of the City Government we want to know the fact; for then we shall call upon the Committee to investigate that little matter about the repeal of the gas contracts, in which the Citizens' Association was concerned and by which the City was to be swindled out of a million of dollars a year. Let the Committee call the Presidents and Directors of the Gas Companies before them and they will get the Citizens' Association in full. We insist that this shall be done if the Association is a Department of our Government.

It it has no legitimate connection with our Government, and is not one of the Departments which the Committee were ordered to investigate, why is it represented by counsel in the committee-room, and why did the chairman admit that counsel as prosecuting attorney? No wonder that City-Inspector Boole sent for his lawyers when this extraordinary decision of the chairman was rendered. It substituted a trial for an investigation—a trial in which Whiting is prosecutor, the Heads of the Departments the accused, and the Committee both judge and jury. Is that a fair mode of conducting the matter? Is that the mode which the Legislature designed? If the Committee think so, let them proceed. We wish them joy of all they can discover by such an illegitimate examination. And we shall press that gas contract business upon them, even if we have to employ McKeon to prosecute the Citizens' Association.

THE MILLSPAUGH case has ended with a verdict for the husband. He gets $10,000 for his wife. This is a bad precedent and may result in numerous divorces.

THE MAGAZINES.

*Harper's* for February is a very readable number. It has the advantage over all the other monthlies in containing chapters of Dickens' superb novel and Wilkie Collins' "Armadale." Either of these is well worth the price of the whole magazine. Dickens' novel is in his best vein, and we think "Armadale" the finest of Mr. Collins' works. The splendid biography of John Jacob Astor we transfer to our columns. The other articles are above the average.

The *Atlantic* is getting cliquish. One tires of the same set of writers, month after month, even though they may be very excellent writers. Nevertheless, the February number is quite up to the standard. A biography of Allston, our first great painter, is capitally written. Donald G. Mitchell commences a new novel, called "Dr. Johns"—a bad title. The notice of Chief Justice Taney is in execrable taste. Gottschalk contributes "Notes of a Pianist," well conceived but badly translated; for Gottschalk writes in French. "Ice and Esquimaux" must be tiresome to the author's most intimate friends. Fine poems by Whittier, Aldrich and Alice Carey, and excellent papers by Mrs. Stowe, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, S. C. Hall, and others, offer plenty of admirable reading.

The *Lady's Friend*, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, contains a steel engraving, a double fashion plate, some new music and a variety of literary matter of the style which ladies are said to like—whether they do or not we won't decide. The magazine closely resembles Godey's *Lady's Book*, and is doubtless intended to divide popularity with that institution. Gazlay's *Pacific Monthly*, on the other hand, has a field entirely to itself. It is mainly devoted to California interests, but does not neglect miscellaneous matters. W. L. Ormsby, Jr., argues the case of "Gold vs. Paper;" Felix Oran presents some "Selected Papers;" George Cooper sings about "Our Soldier." The most valuable papers, we take it, are "The Crystal Cave of El Dorado," by D. M. Gazlay, and "The American Express Business," by Henry Wells; but we are not so sure that these are the most readable.

THERE are some men so small, mean and utterly contemptible that one can afford to smile at their malice.

THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

We have heard with numerous emotions of the sudden exaltation of our old friend Gwin to the dignity of a Mexican dukedom and vice-royalty. Gwin is a clever, able-bodied wire-puller of something more than forty years' experience, and it is to be presumed that he will pull the Sonoran and Chihuahuan wires to some purpose.

How a coronet will fit the venerable bumps which have erst been encircled by the flat cap of the doctor of medicine, the oak chaplet of the senator, the wide awake of the pioneer, and the night cap of the drowsy citizen, is as yet a question. It may be found a somewhat depressing head-dress. It is apt to press upon the moral development of the cranium, and congest the *os frontis*. The new duke, however, is considered to be rather hard headed, and he may succeed in evading these cephalous catastrophes. If so, it is safe to predict that he will become quite as effulgent a noble as if he had a few quarterings upon his armorial shield. He will brandish the vice-regal scepter in the faces of the greaser population over which he is appointed to rule quite as awfully as if he were descended from the O'Briens, the Hapsburgs, or the Bourbons.

The creation of new patents of nobility in Mexico will evidently continue. It would never do to begin and end with Gwin, while so many restless and ambitious adventurers yearn for marquisades, hunger for earldoms, and pine for stars and ribands. Maximilian will be forced to yield to the importunity of a cohort of aspiring but broken-winded statesmen and warriors who will invade his domains from the contiguous territory of the Confederate States. The beleaguered Emperor will have to furnish more coronets than all the silversmiths of his new Ephesus will be able to manufacture. Bulging Brigadiers, covetous of Baronial rank and possessions—crapulous Governors in exile, thirsting for castles and lordships and insignia of rank; itinerant embassadors, needy and dilapidated, clamoring for bread and knighthood, will make the arcades of his palace ring with solicitation, and trouble his Imperial sleep with importunity. Uneasy, in good truth, lies the head that wears a crown. The dispensers of honors have many a time to distribute them as Heaven distributes the rain: upon the just and the unjust; the base and the deserving.

We can picture to ourselves the anguish of Maximilian at the hard necessity which forces him to make gentlemen of such squalid material as that with which he will at times have to deal. With the antechambers of his palace thronged with such resplendent creatures as George Sanders, Colorado Jewett, John B. Floyd, and others of their kind, he would undoubtedly wish himself and his empress safely back in Vienna, and pine for the days of his undistinguished and unbored dukehood.

On the whole, the transformation of Mexico from a nursery of brigands into a garden of dukes, is a source of general congratulation. A new noble in a tiara is a much more attractive object than a ruffian in a sombrero.

It is far better to consecrate the forces of a country to the nurture of a new feudal system than to dissipate them in ecclesiastic rows and civil tumult. The spectacle of Maximilian's new nobility will doubtless be regarded by the world with irreverent derision, and it is not likely that they will take very deep or abiding root in the Mexican soil. Indeed, it is more than probable that within a decade there will be such a stampede of squelched highnesses and excellencies from the land of the Montezumas as Troy witnessed after the invasion within her walls of the wooden horse. Gwin, with his coronet in his carpet-bag and his sceptre in his trouser's pocket, flying from enraged and insurrectionary Greasers, is a picture which some historical painter will in time have to delineate; and while we wish him the utmost joy of his new honors, we earnestly recommend him to wear them with becoming modesty, inasmuch as they bid fair to be as evanescent as were those of Duke Aranza's steward.

A CARD.

The Trustees of the NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY have received the NEW YORK LEADER, a weekly newspaper, from January 1, 1864, to date, as a donation from the Editor, for which they return their grateful acknowledgments to the donor.

G. C. VERPLANCK, *Secretary.*

NEW YORK, *January 7, 1865.*

THE WOMAN'S LIBRARY.

We publish in another column an exceedingly interesting article upon the organization and present condition of the Woman's Library. It is a sad story of large promises and small performances on the part of those from whom better things might have been expected. We are sorry to say that we have the best of reasons to believe that the statements of the article referred to are strictly true.

Evidently a mistake was made in locating the Woman's Library at such an out-of-the-way place as the University Buildings. But it was a mistake that could hardly be avoided, since no more public location could be obtained at the rent which the Library could afford to pay. Mr. Peter Cooper was requested to give the Library a room in his Institute; but he refused on the ground that the expenses of the Institute were already very heavy.

It will surprise the public to learn that out of the number of respectable and intelligent trustees appointed to take charge of the Library, but a single gentleman, Mr. A. V. Stout, has seen fit even to call at the Library room, and, in spite of repeated summons, it has been found impossible to assemble the Board of Trustees. No less surprising is the fact that no donations have been sent to the Library. The manner in which Mr. McKnight, a wealthy person of Newburgh, carried out a bequest, and the urgency with which the Messrs. Harper press their little bill, are also worthy of notice.

If the Woman's Library was of the importance which Henry Ward Beecher and James T. Brady represented at the inception of the enterprise, it is certainly of the same importance now. Why, then, has everybody forgotten it? Why has it been so systematically neglected? There ought to be a revival of the interest attached to it, and annual collections should be made for it in all our churches. We advise the present manager to send the rich trustees adrift, and turn the whole matter over to the care of the Woman's Protective Union. Rich men are always glad to have their names paraded in connection with such institutions, but they seldom give any of their time or money after the first furor is over. The middle classes are always the most benevolent. Let the Woman's Protective Union take charge of the Library, and it will do a world of good.

OBITUARY.

We deeply regret to learn of the sudden death of Joseph B. Tully, Esq., of this city. He died yesterday morning, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Mr. Tully was a young lawyer of very marked ability, and gave promise of great prominence in his profession. He married the only daughter of Charles Devlin, Esq., and now leaves her to mourn his untimely loss.

During the first campaign of the war Mr. Tully accompanied the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment to the field, acting in the capacity of Quartermaster, in which position he displayed a thorough knowledge of his manifold duties and executive talents of the highest order.

For his services to the regiment Quartermaster Tully received the repeated encomiums of his superior officers and the hearty thanks of the brave soldiers who then filled the ranks. They will all sympathize with his family and friends in their sorrow at his unexpected decease. No young man had, apparently, a brighter future, and none could leave behind him a purer name.

OUR ALBANY LETTER.

ALBANY, *January 25th, 1865.*

DEAR LEADER—If our constituents only knew the difficulties we encounter and the struggles we undergo to maintain our positions as legislative representatives, they certainly would extend to us more consideration, tolerate the gravity of mien with which we greet them here—and when we get home nominate us with greater unanimity and put their hands in their own pockets to elect us.

How pleasant it would be if we could rid ourselves of the *duties*, and be permitted to luxuriate on the honors which belong to an Honorable member? To be required simply to dress and look the representative—to be admired from the Ladies' Gallery for our statesmanlike attire and intellectual appearance—to be shaken hands with in the lobbies and barrooms by influential citizens as some of the most "rising men" of the day—to have no greater labor on our hands than taking a solid and statesmanlike dinner with the wines which cheer if they *do* sometimes inebriate—to devote our afternoons to uncertain but exciting games of cards, and our evenings to parties—sleighing parties, dancing parties, and all the other parties, but political parties! There would be real compensation in this—and we could stand the three dollars a day for the season of enjoyment.

But to be required to *perform* the part of a statesman—to be familiar with documents, blue books, statute books, manuals, references and authorities—to be under the hard obligation of dealing with facts—to be compelled to rise from our seats of dignity and show the stuff we are made of—these performances so tame, so lame, so unsatisfactory and insipid compared with what we would like to do if we could, and what we might be taken to be able to do if we were not compelled to go on and play our parts out—to be Daniel Websters in aspiration and promise, and Tootses in performance—these are the sufferings for which three dollars a day do *not* pay.

But here we are: we have taken the contract and must perform it. The social part of our duties has been unusually gay and attractive; sleighing has been a very constant pleasure, and our evenings are devoted to an endless round of pleasant meetings. The business part has been slow and dull. Innumerable bills on every conceivable subject have been introduced, and an immense amount of grist provided for the legislative mills—which, I fear, like the mills of the gods, will grind very slowly, but almighty fine. There is so much chaff to go in the mills and to be winnowed away, and so much chaff about what goes in, that the gist or grist don't amount to much in the end.

The three great subjects of legislative excitement this winter—the star performances—appearances indicate, are:

1st. The scheme to take off the restriction on the fare of the Central Railroad.

2d. The City Railroad projects for your city, especially the Broadway Railroad scheme.

3d. The contemplated election of a United States Senator in place of Gov. Morgan, in the event of Seward's being sent to St. James, and the former being made Secretary of the Treasury.

As to the Central Railroad movement: I suppose it may be considered a fixed fact that the bill will pass. It is a steep ominence, it is true, for a country member to storm, that of voting to increase travel one cent a mile to every constituent, and to each and every constituent's wife or sweetheart, son, daughter, and friend. But "the Central" never failed in anything, and can't afford to fail. This is the first year of Dean Richmond's Presidency, and he must make his management tell with his home friends and his foreign proxies. There is nothing so successful as success, especially in railroad management. Dividends paid promptly are better than explanations and disappointments. The Central stock is to-day at 98 with gold at 205. The road and stock, like those of every other railroad in the loyal States, have been overworked and are wearing out. The profits have not been according to the business done, because of a hard restriction put on the operations of the road at a time of prosperity, and which has, in the period of high prices, worked most unfairly and unjustly. The road don't pay, and can't be made to pay with this limitation as to fare. Our citizens act very blindly in opposing the movement to place this road under the operation of the general railroad act as to fare. They cannot afford to see this great enterprise languish. It should be liberally sustained, and capitalists should be allowed to receive a fair return for their capital virtually invested to aid the growth and progress of the State. Besides, the Directors should be enabled to keep the road in a first-class condition, with every foot of it sound and safe, carefully guarded and watched, the locomotives swift and sure, and the cars all that the labor of travelling demands in comfort. These things cannot be if the road is not allowed a fair return in profit for the money expended in its construction and operation.

In regard to your city railroads there is an immense amount of preparation but no beginning. There has been an endless number of bills, it is true, introduced—but as yet they are only the blanks that go into the railroad lottery. I haven't seen yet anything that looks like a real prize. This introductory city railroad business is a kind of complimentary dodge—like Macawber's drafts—intended to signify the estimation in which the drawer holds the gentlemen in whose favor they are drawn. To some constituents a gilt-edged manual with their names printed in gold letter is sent—to some a plain manual with the name inscribed in the autograph writing of the member. Those given out, the next move is to introduce a little bill proposing in the name of the people of the State to present Denis Driver, Samuel Soapem, and the other prominent citizens, and influential constituents residing in the member's district, with the privilege to lay, construct, and operate a railroad from one thriving part of the city to the other. Driver, Soapem et al. are at once put on the qui vive—if the railroad passes, they are "made men," and as "Veneer," in "Our Mutual Friend," remarked when he was nominated for Parliament, so they say, "now we must exert ourselves." They put on their best clothes, go to Albany—are very grateful to their friend, who they knew would not forget them—wait anxiously from day to day for a favorable report, keep up their dignity and spirits at the Congress Hall bar, and finally at the end of the season in the grand wind up are hustled off the scene, like the man who has his hat knocked over his eyes before his watch is pringed—they don't know how the thing is done, or who did it. Driver, Soapem & Co. go home not, we fear, wiser or better men, but heroic men who might have won the day, to work for the re-election of their faithful friend who will certainly carry their little bill through "the next time." Thus the beginning, middle, and end of the railroad complimentary dodge.

Horace F. Clark, Tobin, and the loquacious Schell have been on the ground, prospected, and gone off again. Clark has hired a most extensive suite of rooms for the season, and means to sit himself down here in state at an early day. We miss him very much. Last year, you will remember, he was in full blast by this time. He was the most open, bold and dashing operator that we have ever had here. Schell, his Newman Nogga, was a capital foil to him. Schell was as slow as Clark was fast. Schell was the brake on Clark's machine—but Clark got up steam so quick that he dragged the machine along at a killing pace. He openly proclaimed that he had come "to take" the Legislature—to storm it—to sap and mine it—to blow it up—no matter what form of warlike movement was requisite; but he would prefer to take it peaceably, so all who did not want to see a bad state of things were required to stand aside, or lend a hand to help Clark through with his little Broadway bill. Like Butler at Fort Fisher, he tried by vast explosions to scare the enemy into submission, and with great parade surrounded and besieged the legislative citadel; but he didn't take it. He got just one captive, but the prisoner is understood to be paroled for this season.

It was fun enough to watch Clark's fight last year. No one cared to take a hand in for himself—but Clark and Schell were left sole champions for the honors of war. This year they are evidently waiting for some one else to begin. Who is to be the valiant knight, to be the first to enter the railroad lists, and throw down the gauntlet this year? One third of the session is gone already, and nothing has been done yet. Railroadmen, are you not losing time?

Then there is the bill to increase the fares on the city railroads throughout the State—what has become of that? There was a convention, or congress, or something of the kind, of city railroadmen held here a week or two ago; but they have not yet entered their appearances regularly on the files of either house. I predict that they will abandon the enterprise, and adopt some other means than a legislative act to get even with the people and Uncle Sam's currency.

The Senatorial cauldron is only simmering as yet. There seems to be a hitch about the effort to get Morgan into the Cabinet. It would be a good thing for Seward to go to England where he would be out of the way of accidents or mistakes—with the opportunity to make a grand patriotic splurge which would arouse the whole country and make him our next President. It seems to me that the movement means business. Fenton and Weed have withdrawn as candidates. Weed's letter, which was a kind of epilogue to the Opdyke play, is very careful not to deny the talked of movement. If Seward did not intend to see our Female Cousin across the water, if Morgan did not aspire to the Exchequer, and if there were to be no Senatorial stake to play for this season, how easy and satisfactory it would have been for Mr. Weed to say so and wind up the concern.

No! There is to be a Senatorial struggle, and it will be a very exciting one. Wm. M. Evarts, who was jockied out of the Senatorial race four years ago by Ira Harris, will be the Weed and Seward candidate, and every effort will be made to secure success. It would not do to have another man like Harris in the Senate from this State, and Seward will not go abroad so far as to permit it.

Your Fire Editor, who has been impatiently waiting for these lines, tells me that Mitchell's sleigh is at the door, and he "must go down to-night;" so I must close, reserving some spicy personal matters, including Waterbury's disgraceful accounts as J. A. G., for my next. THE CID.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST BRENNAN.

We have received the following epistle, written upon the best of paper, which fancyers call gilt-edged, and bearing the cypher of the Loyal League Club:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.

You assume to be a journal informed upon city matters I therefore address you for the purpose of showing that one of the very departments in which our citizens have had great confidence, is shamefully derelict in one particular.

I recently had some business with the Comptroller, but it was one entire week before I could get an interview. I learned that he was at his office shortly after daybreak. I heard that a clerk once tried for a month to get the start of him; but failing, finally hit upon the expedient of sleeping on the steps all night. It did not go, however, for the Comptroller stepped over him as he slept, and mercifully refrained from awakening him.

Well, I can't get up until nine. I don't get through my breakfast and papers until ten. It is eleven before I get down town. Then I must do some private business. I went to the Comptroller's office at twelve, and found he was an old fashioned man, who contributed to his health by dining in the middle of the day, and generally took until one, or a little after.

After dinner he is busy for an hour or so in necessary outdoor business with the Mayor or Corporation Counsel, or various Boards of which he is an ex-officio member. By that time I have to be up town, to ride out in the Central Park. Then I go to dinner.

I hear that he can be seen between the hours of three and seven, and often stays down until ten. But this is down town. That is a bore. Besides, he is so old-fashioned as to live in the Sixth Ward, and stay by old friends instead of following the fashion and deserting them for new ones. You thus perceive I cannot call at his house, as I live up town. He never is seen at the Club or the Opera.

All this is wrong. To please the Citizens' Association he must give up all these old-fashioned business habits and adopt new ones, so that its members can see Mr. Brennan without getting up early, or staying down town late, or sacrificing their comfort.

Yours, &c.,

The signature is, of course, private. We can only add that we trust Mr. Brennan will take all these suggestions to heart. The satisfaction of doing one's duty is of slight consequence in this age when its discharge interferes with the convenience of growlers. Let the Citizens' Association regulate his bed, his meals, his business hours and his walks abroad, and he will be sure of their praise—provided he allows them to regulate the price of gas.

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

MR. EDITOR: It was considered a pretty fair sort of modern miracle when Walcott and Lester Wallack consented to play together, for Peters' benefit, at the Academy of Music.

What shall we say, then, to the announcement that the veteran Walcott is to appear at Wallack's, next Wednesday evening, in "Everybody's Friend?"

It is true that Lester is not going to act on that occasion; but still he gives up his theatre, his company, and a long-standing quarrel.

Walcott is on the eve of departing for Europe. Several gentlemen of high position have expressed, in a published letter, their desire to see him act once more. The result is the arrangement to which I have alluded.

I am very glad that this flattering testimonial has been offered to Mr. Walcott, who has been one of our standard actors for many years past. I am equally glad that a very ancient theatrical feud is thus settled.

But I want to have the thing done thoroughly and gracefully. Other people besides Lester have had difficulties with Walcott. Let them come out, and shake hands, and volunteer on Wednesday. And, by all means, let the proceeds of the evening be for Walcott's benefit.

That will round the affair beautifully, and when Walcott sails away from the city he has done so much to amuse, it will be with a full purse, a full heart, and many kind good-byes.

***

There seems to be a question as to who is the agent in this country for Boucicault's plays.

It is said that Mr. Bernard has brought an injunction to bear upon Mrs. Wood to prevent her paying the money for "The Streets of New York" to Mr. House, of the *Tribune*, the accredited representative of Boucicault.

I presume, then, that the same gentleman will get out an injunction to prevent the payment for Boucicault's "How She Loves Him," at Wallack's.

Mr. Seymour, of the *Times*, is also in the injunction business, I believe. At any rate, he ought to be; for he states very emphatically that "The Streets of New York," or "The Poor of New York," is more his than Boucicault's. However, it don't much belong to either of them. It belongs to the French.

The case between Mr. House and Mr. Bernard, as I understand it, is very simple.

Mr. Bernard was Boucicault's agent; Mr. House is Boucicault's agent. These are the facts in a nutshell.

Mr. Bernard claims to be the agent for all plays written or produced before Mr. House was appointed. But I don't think Boucicault contemplated any such complications.

He don't want two agents to bother theatrical managers half to death between them, and so keep his plays out of the market.

He wants one agent, and Mr. House is the man. In my opinion, Bernard is superseded, that's all. I speak with deference; but, sorry as I am for Bernard, I believe Mr. House to be competent to manage all Boucicault's dramas—past, present, and future.

A note from the great playwriter would end the whole matter, and remove the injunction. But this would not end Mr. Seymour's little affair. It may take the law to do that.

Wouldn't it be interesting to see Mr. Seymour manage a case against Mr. House, or *vice versa*, in regard to the authorship of a play! When critic meets critic, then comes the tug of war. The Greeks are nowhere.

***

Let us divert ourselves with some new music, by way of variety.

In addition to several pieces which I have seen and noticed before, Horace Waters has sent me "Thou art Dreaming," a serenade, by Augustus A. Crilley.

Also a song by the Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor, music by M. A. Fortune, called, "Maryland's Free."

Also "Fairy Whispers," a nocturne, by Sydney Smith, and "The Voice of the Army," by James G. Clark.

This may not appear to have much to do with the drama, but good music ought to be welcome anywhere, and so I thought I would place it right in here.

—It reminds me that Maretzek will open the Academy, next Thursday evening, for a season of twenty-four nights, after which Grau will carry the war into Chicago.

Maretzek promises "La Forza del Destino" for this season; and as he has promised it before, I think we can rely upon it this time.

***

After Walcott's benefit, the next event at Wallack's will be the production of a translation of "Fanfan, la Tulipe."

This play is of Parisian origin, and was written by M. Paul Meurice.

Three versions of it have been played at London. One with the same title at the Strand; one called "Court and Camp," at the Princess, in 1863, and one at Fechter's Lyceum, called "The King's Butterfly," in October, 1864.

All of these versions were splendidly put upon the stage—that at the Lyceum especially so—but, in spite of the brushes of Beverly and Callcott, they were comparative failures.

The reason is that "Fanfan" is a play of only one character, and the public do not like to see one actor get all the plums of a piece. However, that fault is a merit at Wallack's, so far as the management is concerned.

The hero of "Fanfan" is a wild, rollicking soldier of fortune, who personates a Marquis and saves Madame de Pompadour.

In the first act he rides across a bridge on horseback. Imagine Lester in that predicament! Then comes a ballet and village festival.

The second act, in Fechter's version, is at a lodging-house at Paris, and the third at the palace of Versailles.

The fourth act occurs in the grounds of the palace, and affords an opportunity for

a Watteau picture ... and a little more ballet. The fifth act d... discloses a camp by moonlight, which is s... id to be "sweetly pretty" by the Londone... rs.

But in spite o... of all this, Fechter had to withdraw the p... lay and go back to "Ruy Blas."

He expected ... it to run like "The Duke's Motto" and "Bel Demonio;" but somehow it did no... t catch the people.

When we ... dd that the hero of "Fanfan" does everyth... ing there is to do and says nearly every ... thing there is to say, it is almost unne... cessary to mention that Mr. Lester Wal... lack will take that part. Nixon, of the Hip... podrome, furnishes the horse.

* *

Mr. G... ladstone has had some trouble with the ... manager of the Varieties, New Orleans, ... and is going to sue him.

The t... rouble was about a part in "The Streets ... of New York," which is being played ... everywhere now.

City ... Inspector Bode cannot have these stre... ets all to himself, do what he will.

The ... manager wanted Mrs. Gladstone to play th... e part which Mrs. Hoey used to play at Wa... llack's.

Mr. ... Gladstone objected, and insisted upon ... playing what she considered the leading ... part.

In ... dog engaged on half-star terms, she thou... ght she had a right to do this. The man... ager declining to perceive it in that ligh... t, she did not play, and was discharged.

I leave the suit. I know nothing about the ... merits of the case, but of course my sy... mpathies are with the lady.

— The only other item of interest from New Orleans is that the splendid engage... ment of Mr. Barton Hill will soon expire ... and he may be expected North shortly.

* *

The benefit of Mr. Charles Porter, the oldest American actor, took place at Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. J. W. Wallack, Mr. E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Miss Richings, Mr. Frank Drew, and the whole Arch street company volunteered.

The programme was "Married Life," a burlesque, and an allegory.

Several of the actors of this city, who were unable to go on to Philadelphia, sent checks and greenbacks as their representatives.

I intended to call the attention of the dramatical people to this benefit, in my last Feuilleton, but unfortunately overlooked it.

Let me say now, that Mr. Porter is a very worthy gentleman, and that it is not too late for those of our actors who have not yet contributed to add a few dollars to the proceeds of the benefit.

Five dollars will not empoverish any actor in New York, and if each will send on that amount to Mrs. Drew, or to either of the gentlemen connected with the benefit, it will be gratefully received.

New York should not be behind Philadelphia in benevolence.

* *

Dropping in at the French Theatre, on Tuesday evening, I was delighted with the little farce, "Women Who Weep," and Wechsung, the natural flutist.

Wechsung whistles like a nightingale. His notes are softer and sweeter than those of a flute, and he is evidently a scientific musician.

Manager Jaignet is about to leave for Boston. To-night is the last performance of the present season. All of the company appear in a vaudeville.

The French Theatre is a school of art. Our actors should attend, whenever they are off duty, to study their profession. An elegant new theatre will soon be erected for Jaignet, and the performances there will be the standard for the city.

* *

"Hamlet" is still running at the Winter Garden. It will not be withdrawn for the present, since the houses are as large as ever.

"Richelieu" is ready, however, and a new drama will be produced on the third of April.

"Hamlet" has been played more consecutive nights at the Winter Garden than ever before, either in this country or Europe.

Booth has carried it longer than either Kean or Fechter.

This is an immense triumph for this admirable American actor, and it places the Winter Garden at the head of our legitimate theatres.

* *

This is the last night of "The Shamrock" at Niblo's Garden.

Next week Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will appear in Mr. Williams' own play, "The Lakes of Killarney."

On Friday evening next these artists take a joint farewell benefit. If one tenth of their friends and admirers are present, the theatre will be overcrowded.

In addition to "The Lakes of Killarney," Mrs. Williams will revive her "Hour in Seville," for this occasion, playing ten characters, in as many superb costumes and almost as many languages.

No other actress attempts such feats as that.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Williams ends next Saturday. Mrs. General Lander will appear on Monday, February sixth, in her own comedy, "Mesalliance."

Mrs. General Lander's reception will be almost an ovation.

* *

Mrs. Wood is still making a fortune out of "The Streets of New York."

There has been a change or two in the cast since the first week. Notably, stage-manager Selwyn acts a very nice little part, and acts it delightfully.

Mrs. Vining has a rather thankless character to interpret in this rather trashy piece; but she deserves more than ordinary praise for the careful and quiet skill she displays.

Not satisfied with the success of her theatre, Mrs. Wood has been making a raid upon Brooklyn.

She led a troupe of live Indians, and played John Brougham's "Pocahontas."

The Brooklynites at once submitted, and the Indians and their Queen realized almost as much gold as there was in the St. Albans banks.

Now let them descend upon Jersey City. There are rich pickings upon the Jersey flats.

* *

"The Wife's Secret" will be performed to-night at Wallack's.

For Monday, "Charles the Second" and "Uncle John" are announced—first time at this theatre.

On Thursday, Falconer's "Man of the Day" will be repeated.

Although a dull play, this piece made a hit last Monday, on account of the magnificent acting of Mrs. John Sefton.

Her Mrs. Wildbriar was one of the best bits of eccentric comedy ever seen in this city.

It ranks equally with John Owens' Solon Shingle, and would make the same furor were Mrs. Sefton a star actress.

This estimable lady belongs to a school which has too few representatives upon our stage. Everything she does is done thoroughly, and she never fails to please the audience, and never seeks to please them by sacrificing her art.

Last Monday she elicited the most decided demonstration of approbation ever bestowed upon an actress at Wallack's.

The rest of the cast was very strong, and this rendered Mrs. Sefton's triumph the more conspicuous.

There could not have been a better Jenny Wildbriar than Miss Mary Gannon.

Miss Henriques was very good; so was Mr. Charles Fisher; so was not Mr. Whiting.

We should not "object" to Mr. Mark Smith's having a great deal more to say—he says it so well.

Everybody was glad to see Mr. George Holland in such fine spirits, and Mr. Young in such a good part.

* *

Mr. John Owens has sent Solon Shingle a way from the Broadway Theatre in spite of our advice.

He has yielded one point, however, and retained the "Live Indian."

On Thursday last Mr. Owens appeared as Paul Pry.

The performance was a success so far as the audience was concerned.

Good critics say that it was as good a Paul Pry as any ever produced in this city.

I wish that I could say it was the best; but honesty forbids.

There were occasional slips from Paul Pry to Mr. John Owens, and occasional gags, such as those which disfigured his Doctor Cilapod, and these marred the performance.

In Solon Shingle Mr. Owens has permanently established his fame, and we do not like to see him impair it.

There are too few good actors in New York for us to let Mr. Owens go down to the second rank without remonstrance.

Will he read this as kindly as it is written, and consider what we say?

— "Paul Pry" will be played all this week, and ought to draw large audiences.

* *

Barnum keeps the same attractions that we noticed last week, and is continually adding new ones.

His Museum is getting too small for him, and he is thinking about moving up to the Academy of Music.

That will make a fine building for him, and will place him in the full tide of fashion.

—Heller continues his best programme of the season.

You may see his calabistic clock, his powerful pistol, his curious cannon-balls, his moving money, and his diabolical doves all in one evening.

You may also witness the airphoroeoklinikon, and hear three delicious solos on the piano-forte, and receive lessons in magic.

—Just down the street from Heller is the Broadway Menagerie, full of rare and curious animals.

Two elephants, seven lions, any number of bears and tigers, a drove of camels and dromedaries, and birds and monkeys by the hundred make up the collection.

This surpasses any menagerie before exhibited in New York, both in the number and variety of its curiosities and the excellence of its accommodations.

* *

Dareio's pantomime, "Harlequin Blue Beard," still attracts children of every growth to the Hippotheatron.

It is an old saying that Christmas comes but once a year. At the Hippotheatron it lasts all the year round.

Those who have not seen "Blue Beard," will have to be quick about it, for another new, grand, comic pantomime is in active rehearsal.

Besides the pantomime there is a troupe of acrobats; and besides the acrobats there is a troupe of equestrians; and besides the equestrians there are clowns.

All for a single bit of postal currency, every evening and at matinees.

* *

Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison gives a grand concert at Irving Hall to-night.

— Richard O'Gorman, Esq., lectured before Evening School No. 29, last evening.

— A vocal and instrumental concert will be given at Niblo's Saloon, Feb. 9th, for the benefit of Mr. Ossanyan.

This gentleman deserves a real benefit. His entertainment, the Meddah, ought to have been a success.

— The Bryants are as great favorites as ever. Neil is ten feet high, since Kavanagh and Foster both won at billiards.

— Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels, 201 Bowery, present a brilliant programme next week. Tim Hayes and Hank Mudge appear *together for the first time.*

* *

On reflection, that is all I have to say this week. So, good-bye,

Yours,

Ariel.

[For the Leader.]

# Home Topics.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

BALLS.

It is the season of balls now, Mr. LEADER, and, though they are not quite so numerous as they used to be, there are still quite enough to increase the demand for tarlatane and white kid gloves, and set one to moralizing on balls in general, if, like Mrs. Gamp, one feels so "dispozed." But neither you nor your readers need feel the least alarm; I haven't any inclination to do so stupid a thing. Moralizing is not my forte; and if it were, I shouldn't feel inclined to try it on balls, which are among the inevitables of modern civilization, and which girls are as sure to have an attack of as children of the measles.

I had it myself—it isn't necessary to say how long ago, but so violently that not less than two or three of a week satisfied me; and missing a favorite dance, or leaving before the final "Home, Sweet Home," seemed the heaviest of trials.

These enthusiasms are the pleasantest part of a girl's white muslin and illusion period of life, and I would not attempt to break them up or curtail them. Let her wonderingly pity those dreary married people who can't enter into the spirit of dancing after one or two o'clock in the morning; let her exhaust her ingenuity in devising ways and means for satin slippers and new bodices; let her imagine that roseate complexions last forever, and are not injured by late suppers and strong coffee in the morning; let her believe as long as she can that life is a holiday, and that men are forever the gallant cavaliers with perfumed moustaches who now attend upon her footsteps and whisper pleasant flatteries into her ear.

Such dreams cannot last long, and every girl likes to have had them. They will be a half sweet, half bitter memory to her in the days to come—sweet when she looks back on what she called her "triumphs;" bitter when she thinks how vain and illusive they were.

But it will not prevent her, now that she is thoroughly awake to the fact that they were dreams, from making a good wife to the common-place individual, or something worse, whom she calls husband. She knows now that she could not have danced forever, that she should never have been satisfied to remain unmarried, so she accepts her lot with resignation, mends socks and coat-linings, stays awake at night with the baby, gets up in the morning to see that *breakfast* is properly prepared, and laughs in her sleeve—at the reproduction of herself in the curled and tarlataned young ladies who have come after her, and who are as firmly convinced as she was herself that life for them is weaving its brightest and most exceptional tints.

Have I been moralizing, dear LEADER? Indeed, I did not mean to; I meant to have protested against the vulgarity in dress which is displayed at the most *recherche* of the large public balls—the mixture of colors, the quantity of showy ornaments, the flaunting, flashy style so opposed to every suggestion of good taste.

To be sure, we do not expect to see the finest displays of taste at any public ball, since fashion is tabooed from making its appearance there, and the institution is necessarily given up to the questionable aristocracy—still, there is no reason why they should not be taught, if they do not know, that a quiet toilette, uniform and becoming in color, would be much more attractive, amid the glare of the gas-lights and the crush of the elbowing throngs, than the varied hues and tinselled abominations, which, together with their bedizened hair and flushed faces, make them look like the unhappy denizens of some sad domain rather than the wives and daughters of respectable citizens.

ORNAMENTS.

The fault is not, however, altogether one of taste—a part of it is due to the rage for every description of ornament which exists at the present time. Tinsel, glass, steel, everything that will glitter is resorted to, in order to produce a brilliant and striking effect. Immense beads are used in such profusion as to deprive women of all dignity, and make them look as if tricked out to be sold in the market like Circassian slaves. Necklaces of large white and colored beads are worn around the neck, strings of them are festooned or hung pendent from the head-dresses, skirts are looped up with them, tunics display them as a fringed border, and, indeed, the ingenuity of dressmakers and *modistes* is racked to find means to dispose of the quantity ordained for a full toilet.

In addition to these, there are huge pins and pendent balls for the hair, dazzling combs, breast-pins and bracelets, shoulder-knots, artificial flowers, and make-believe diamonds, not to mention glittering glass "dew-drops," "rain-drops," "icicles," snow crystallizations, and the poor fire-flies, dragon-flies, grasshoppers, and other still more repulsive insects, that have been treated to new, bright, enamelled coats, in which their own mothers would not know them.

Fortunately, the violence of this mania must soon exhaust itself; in this country, where every body buys trimmings and decorations, the prettiest devices are so soon imitated, the costliest articles so quickly reproduced in cheap materials and made common, that no fashion holds its ground for long, unless it possesses some other claim than mere novelty to win approval.

It is rather mortifying to confess that all the lessons of economy which the war should have taught us, have turned out complete failures—even the recommendation to use American manufactures can no longer be coupled with economy, since American manufactures have imbibed more of the spirit of mammon than of patriotism, and give us the most wretched goods at the most exorbitant prices.

Instead of teaching us economy, the war has taught us extravagance, by increasing the quantity and reducing the value of money. Persons who were formerly sober, quiet and saving, are now reckless in their expenditures from the effects of the intoxication for spending which has spread from the Government to all classes of the people.

It is under such circumstances that women would find a monarchy useful. A Queen or an Empress who should set a decided example of simplicity and economy in such a crisis, would find herself worshipped and imitated by the whole nation, or, at any rate, by that portion of it which comprised her own sex. Women are accustomed to rely upon some authority; the most of them will follow a recognized leader like a flock of sheep, and it is unfortunate that our republican form of government provides us with no such acknowledged model.

Private individuals may exercise all the virtues, but they are never recognized beyond a certain narrow circle, while a woman occupying the highest position holds in her hands not only the means of cheaply immortalizing herself, but of doing incalculable benefit to mankind at large.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

People who like to indulge their curiosity about their neighbors have been gratified lately by the publication of the income tax. If the statement is correct, and it is probably more nearly so than most people imagine, although there has undoubtedly been a good deal of figuring down, the average of wealth in this city is much less than was supposed.

The fact is, we are a sanguine and not over truthful people—everything is exaggerated with us, from the size of a baby to the amount of its possible inheritance—men who have made five thousand dollars are said to have made fifty; and men who have made fifty, five hundred thousand.

There are no *poor* American men or women, according to European standards—all who are not rich, expect to be, and in the meantime live as if they were so already. Few men know their exact income, or indeed possess one, with the exception of journeymen mechanics and laborers; nearly all others are engaged in some sort of "operations," from which they expect magnificent results, notwithstanding that, figured down, the base amounts to just nothing at all.

Of course, with such large expectations, they despise small economies, and sneer at them in women so habitually as to have made many a would-have-been prudent, saving wife, a reckless spendthrift. Among young married people, the habit of spending lavishly nearly always begins with the husband; most young wives are anxious to do their best to save, and, even if their habits had not been those of economy, would willingly be taught. But instead of aiding each other in these efforts, the husband sneers at his wife's "picayune" methods, laughs at the idea of saving by "cents," and encourages her to imitate the extravagance of her neighbors.

Why should she wear a print dress, and have "stew" for dinner, only to be told that "Mrs." wears the prettiest of morning dresses, and always has a dinner that her husband can take a friend to? Why should she puzzle her brains to save twenty-five cents, while her husband throws away dollars? Why, indeed? Men talk a great deal about the extravagance of women, but they are responsible for at least nine-tenths of it.

[For the Leader.]

# Way Correspondents.

The letters and dispatches of war correspondents have become a prominent and important feature of American journalism. Every enterprising daily newspaper published in the leading cities of the United States is represented at home and abroad by a staff of "Own," "Special," "Regular," and "Occasional" correspondents.

These gentlemen are stationed at the chief news-centres of the world, and to them we are mainly indebted for what we know of the events transpiring in the several kingdoms, empires, and republics. They generally keep the journals which they represent well posted regarding every important or interesting event, and may be properly called the historians of the cotemporary world.

Like other historians, they are sometimes not over particular in the matter of veracity; but when they depart from truth it is not through premeditation or a desire to mislead those for whom they are writing. Although some unprincipled men may be found among them, they are, in the main, intelligent, honorable, accomplished and energetic; and without them American newspapers would lose one-half their value and attractiveness. They sit in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Florence, St. Petersburg, Jeddo, and fifty other far-off places, and tell us all they know of what is transpiring around them; and we generally understand them better than we would if they were chatting with us. Thoughts are often more intelligible on paper than when presented in any other way, and this is probably owing to the fact that when written they are expressed with more clearness and precision than when spoken.

War correspondence is now the most popular and attractive feature in this department of daily journalism. It claims the first attention of the mass of readers, and without it the morning newspaper would be considered "stale, flat and unprofitable." It would be difficult to find a family that is not in some way represented in the army, and therefore nearly every person in the community takes an interest in the movements and operations detailed by correspondents.

The war correspondent may be fairly regarded as a good specimen of American enterprise and energy. He is ever on the *qui vive* for the latest news, and to obtain it he will endure hunger and fatigue, and run the gauntlet of dangers that would appal stout hearts. Few of those who, while partaking of their morning meal, read the details of some great battle, think anything or care to think anything of the difficulties and dangers by which the correspondent was surrounded when writing the report that all awaited so eagerly.

The more enterprising daily journals are represented by correspondents in every military department in the country. Some of these gentlemen possess first-class literary talent, and many have acquired considerable military knowledge by their experience on the field. Previous to the outbreak of our civil war, Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, was the only person who had obtained a reputation as a war correspondent, and his Crimean letters were copied and favorably commented upon by the leading journals of this country; but the events of the last four years have afforded opportunities for the development of our native talent, and such gentlemen as Swinton of the *Times*, Wilkison of the *Tribune*, Stillson of the *World*, and Shanks of the *Herald*, now stand foremost in the ranks of war correspondents.

We have not yet arrived at the dignity of designating our representatives of the press, Special Commissioners. Special correspondent is the modest title generally assumed by those who furnish us with pen-and-ink sketches of the battle-field, and surely it is honorable and flattering enough to gratify ordinary good taste. "Commissioner" smacks somewhat of affectation, and is a rather pompous designation for a person whose only duty is to write news-letters. "Correspondent" is evidently the proper word, and although we are commonly considered a vain people, the ambition of our war writers does not soar beyond it.

When the war correspondent is equipped for service, he is provided with a horse, a portfolio, a blanket, and a change of clothing. These generally comprise the whole outfit, and they are usually sufficient to meet all his requirements. On entering the lines of the army he is required to report to a provost-marshal, by whom his name is registered in a book kept for that purpose. This rule applies to all civilians who go within the military lines for the purpose of engaging in any business or profession. When his name is registered at the provost-marshal's office, he selects some division or corps head-quarters, as such places afford the best facilities for obtaining news, and becomes one of the military family. Once duly installed there, he is treated with as much respect as if his shoulders were decorated with eagles or stars, and is soon on terms of intimacy and equality with all the officers of the mess. He associates and makes his home with the staff officers, and is sometimes indebted to them for intelligence of what has transpired during the day.

When inactivity reigns in the camp the correspondent is often at a loss for material for the letters which he has engaged to furnish. His duties are similar to those of a reporter, but his abilities are generally of a higher order than are necessary in the local attachees of the press. In one respect he has an advantage over the latter class of literary men. He is not restricted to recording dry facts. The field of imagination is open to him, and by a generous exercise of his descriptive powers, he can easily present trivial matters in very attractive garments. A ready thinker and writer can always produce agreeable and interesting letters, and none have better opportunities to do this than war correspondents.

It should not be understood, however, that the correspondent relies on fancy for subjects. It merely aids him to give tone to his report, and bring before his readers the scenes and persons described. It is part of his duty to make his letters attractive and interesting, and to do this he often finds it necessary to write in what is called a "flowery" vein. A mere recital of certain movements and operations would, in most cases, prove very dry reading, and whatever people may say of their preference for plain facts, they always like them better when served up with some of the spice that comes from the imagination.

Very few persons have a correct idea of the difficulties the war correspondent meets in collecting news. The majority of readers appear to think that he should know all that occurs within the lines of the army to which he is attached. This is an error. It should be borne in mind that the encampment of an army frequently covers an area of from forty to sixty square miles. The impossibility of one person being able to witness, or even ascertain, everything that transpires in an encampment of such great extent will be at once perceived by those who take the trouble to think. Another common error is that the correspondent can view all the movements and manœuvres of the battle-field, and that it is a very easy thing to write a complete description of a battle, as the writer is supposed to have witnessed the disposition of the troops, the order of attack, and the manner in which the conflict was waged. Those acquainted with the ordinary topography of the open country will admit the impossibility of a spectator having a clear view over an extent of ten or fifteen miles where hills and woods intervene every half mile or so. It is on ground of this kind that battles are generally fought, and therefore it is impossible for one person to see every movement. A line of battle often extends fifteen miles, and the topography of the ground is such that in many instances a single spectator cannot see the movements of troops one mile from where he stands.

It may then be asked how does the correspondent obtain particulars of the part taken by the several regiments, brigades, divisions and corps? He gets them in this way: When the battle ceases he rides through the lines, questions the officers, ascertains what part the different commands took in the action, and, adding the information thus obtained to the knowledge acquired by personally viewing part of the field, he writes out his report and forwards it, sometimes by special messenger, to the journal he represents. Reports prepared in this way must necessarily be imperfect, for it will be seen at once that the correspondent cannot procure full and strictly reliable intelligence amid the busy disorder of the battle-field. Officers are too much engaged with their legitimate duties to sit down and give a detailed account of all the operations witnessed by them. A few brief notes are all the correspondent can obtain from such sources, and from these he sometimes prepares his report. But when the battle is over, and quiet is restored in the lines, he has no difficulty in collecting full particulars of the operations on all parts of the field; and with the material thus collected, he sits down and writes an extended report of the conflict.

An energetic correspondent is never at rest while a battle is going on. He is constantly in the saddle, riding over the field, and frequently exposed to the same dangers that beset those engaged in the conflict. Bullets whir past him, shells scream above him, and shot plough the ground at his feet. He sometimes acts as volunteer aid on the staff of a commanding general, and in several instances correspondents have been complimented for services rendered in this way. As has been remarked, the correspondent is exposed to the same dangers that meet the soldier, but he also has to endure the same hardships and subsist on the same fare. If, when the army is in motion, he is fortunate enough to have his haversack well stocked with rations, he escapes hunger, but he must sleep on the ground, submit to the whims of the elements, and march through the dust or the mud; and when the columns halt, and others seek repose on the bosom of mother earth (and it is often a very sloppy and uncomfortable bosom to rest upon), he must sit or lie upon the ground, and, by the light of a camp-fire, write out the dispatches that are to be sent off by the first messenger. If readers could but view the correspondent as he crouches by the flickering logs, and, with half-closed eyes, weary body and benumbed fingers, traces the lines that must be written, they would be charitable in dealing with any crudeness or inaccuracies that may mar the even tenor of his sentences.

The rivalry that exists between correspondents representing different journals often adds zest to the interest they take in preparing early reports. Each one is anxious to get his dispatches off first, and thereby supply his paper with the earliest news. They will often ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach the telegraph office or send their letters by the first boat or train. In several instances their praiseworthy but imprudent haste has carried them into difficulties they afterwards wished they had avoided. While Grant's army was moving from the Rapidan to the James, correspondents of the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *World* were captured by guerillas while endeavoring to reach points from which they could dispatch their reports; and about two years ago one of the *Herald* correspondents was killed near Chantilly, Virginia, while endeavoring to escape from a body of guerillas who were pursuing him. He started for Washington with dispatches for his paper, and while running from the guerillas his horse stumbled, throwing him with great force to the earth, and killing him instantly.

Enterprising newspaper publishers are not chary of expense when the interests of their business can be subserved. One daily journal of New York has a correspondent with each corps of the two armies before Richmond, and is also represented at every important military post in the country. Others have one, two, or three correspondents with each of the armies; and all expend money lavishly to get early news. All the correspondents are instructed to use the telegraph when they have important intelligence to send. Those instructions are carried out whenever it is possible to do so; but the restrictions imposed by the War Department sometimes render it impossible to send military news over the wires. This nuisance is especially noticeable in Washington, where every press dispatch must be submitted for inspection to a censor, who "approves" or "condemns," according to his own judgment or caprice. This censor receives instructions from the War Office, and these must be obeyed to the letter. It will sufficiently illustrate the injustice of this censorship of the telegraph to state that, while important military intelligence may be published in the Washington papers, it will not be allowed to go over the wires to papers published three hundred or six hundred miles further from the South. The removal of this censorship would be very gratifying to correspondents and to the people in general, while it is almost certain such a measure would not militate against the military interests of the country.

MR. BOFFIN.

# Fire Department.

Fire News of the Week.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

For the past five years we have looked upon the members of the New York Fire Department as a body of men banded together to amuse themselves by running to fires. We, in our ignorance of the whole matter, supposed that the sole object of a fireman consisted in dragging a fire apparatus and holding a pipe. We looked upon them as an excitable class of persons who warmed up on the sound of an alarm of fire, as a trained steed would at the din of battle. We thought of them as men and grown up youths who delighted in running to fires, and whose only opponents were other firemen. We were satisfied that their affinity to Kilkenny cats had been proven; that any other company than their own were their natural enemies; that they laid in wait for each other; took delight in racing with their rivals, and settled their disputes according to their own conceived opinions of honor. They were shown to us as a rough, hardy set of men whose only delight was in the fire business; that they had their faults as well as the rest of mankind, either better or worse as they had been brought up. We in our innocence believed that they had a set of officers who acted as umpires and referees, and decided contested cases, points of honor, and the racing rules.

But, according to the statements made before the Senate Committee on Tuesday night, we are wrong. All our opinions are set aside. The Board of Fire Commissioners, in whom we have had great confidence as fire judges, are great frauds. They have led us to believe the Department were a disorderly set. To convince us, they expel a dozen members a week. They disband fire companies—they suspend officers—they punish indiscriminately; and all these disgraces fall on the innocent firemen. So plainly has the matter been set before us, that we lament our incredulity, and hereafter when we have an opportunity to see a fireman on duty, we shall pass our hand carefully over his shoulders, so careful as not to ruffle his feathers, and search for the wings which angels are said to carry as part of their locomotive machinery.

The Fire Commissioners told us that within a few weeks they had disbanded five companies for disorderly conduct, four of them for shooting at each other with pistols, and yet these men have had the stain removed by the Committee they sent to Albany.

The Fire Commissioners told us that they disbanded a company, some few months ago, because they acted improperly in their house, and that they beat one of the witnesses against them unmercifully when he was leaving Fireman's Hall. This must have been wrong, for the men represented by the Committee at Albany were without fault.

The Fire Commissioners told us that they disbanded a company because they were improper persons, and beat an officer of a company to a state of insensibility, kicked in his face, and stamped him unmercifully when he was lying on the ground. He is disfigured for life; we know him, and saw him afterwards, and yet it must have been a mistake, for such men as are claimed to be firemen by the committee could not do such things.

Every street fight, every disturbance at a fire every one of the acts charged to the Fire Department, has been shifted from the shoulders of the department by the committee, and as an earnest of their work we demand that all the companies who have been laid out in the cold, their houses broken up, their members expelled, and social associations scattered, should be brought again within the pleasant shades of the life of a fireman.

We went to Albany to improve the Fire Department. We thought it needed improvement. We were told so by those who now seek to keep things as they are. The heads of the Fire Department cried for years, "Save us from the corruption of political influence!" We believed they were honest, but dared not openly act to remedy the abuses they knew existed. We devoted our humble self to it, and now they say we are wrong and that everybody is wrong; that there never has nor never will be a better Fire Department; that they did not mean what they said; and that if they said anything against the Department that they didn't mean, they are sorry for it, and would like to save the whole institution. When these people started to perfect the organization they belong to, they forgot to count the votes. They have had ample time to do it lately, and they find they amount to the enormous figure of four thousand, and that each one of these four thousand can influence at least one more. Here are eight thousand votes to stand against. The very thought is fearful. What chance would any of them have for a county office if these eight thousand votes were thrown aside? They know the result, and the consequence is that they go back on their own propositions, and await the time when they may be independent of the Fire Department.

We have been too busy to write much on Fire Department matters this week, nor is there much to add about the paid department. We, however, are yet firm in the right cause, and will have a paid department in some shape or other.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

SUGGESTIONS OF THE SEASON.—King Winter has waved his sceptre over the land, whitening the earth, bridging the streams, and turning the waterfalls to pendant crystal. Upon animated as well as inanimate nature, the frigid atmosphere produces a marked effect. The blood is driven from the surface of the body back upon its inner fountains, and chills and fever, rheumatism, pulmonary diseases, biliousness and unpleasant disorders of the stomach and bowels are apt to be the results.

Now what is required to fortify the system against the attacks of disease thus engendered? Clearly a TONIC, which, acting through the stomach upon the circulation and the nervous system, shall redetermine the vital fluid to the surface, and brace the nerves of motion and sensation. But this is not all that is required. With the TONIC must be combined such ALTERATIVE and REGULATING agencies as will tend to keep the whole animal machinery "in good working order."

These three grand requisites of a Winter Restorative exist, in their fullest perfection, in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which are compounded of the purest vegetable stimulants and extracts of the most genial and healthful roots, barks and plants that the herbalists and botanists of the world have yet discovered. Sold everywhere. New York office, No. 60 Cedar street.

HEALTHFUL RECREATION.—A game of Billiards is about the most healthful in door recreation that we know of; and it can be played under very pleasant circumstances at the superb saloons of Mr. CHAS. O'CONNOR, Nos. 50 and 52 East Fourteenth street. There are twenty-two of Phelan's latest improved tables, respectable company, good attendance, large and admirably ventilated rooms, with plenty of room to play with comfort at all times. The bar arrangements are perfectly unexceptionable.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL BALL OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED FIREMEN, will take place on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 30, 1865, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Tickets may be procured of the Managers, or of the following Officers:

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, President, No. 44 Maiden lane.
JAMES F. WENMAN, Secretary, No. 146 Pearl street.
ALBERT J. DELATOUR, Treasurer, No. 35½ Wall street.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—JOINT FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3d, and most positively their last appearance but one this season, on which occasion a bill of unequaled attraction will be presented. LAKES OF KILLARNEY. LANTY O'LAUGHLIN.....MR. WILLIAMS With two Songs and an Irish Jig. KATE KEARNEY.....MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS With Songs and a Jig. AN HOUR IN SEVILLE. MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS in her wonderful performance of TEN CHARACTERS, with superb costumes, a feat never attempted by any other living actress. MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS.....as.....LARRY TOOLE. BOX BOOK OPEN ALL THIS WEEK.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—TWENTY-SECOND WEEK. BRILLIANT SUCCESS of the great Comedian, MR. JOHN E. OWENS in his masterly impersonation of THE INQUISITIVE PRY, acknowledged by his high dramatic and critical repute as A TRIUMPH WORTHY OF HIS FAME. EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE. Poole's celebrated Comedy in 3 acts, PAUL PRY. PAUL PRY.....MR. JOHN E. OWENS 5th week of the great local extravaganza received with uproarious merriment every night, THE LIVE INDIAN. TOM BROWN, MISS CRINOLINE, THE LIVE INDIAN } MR. JOHN E. OWENS. SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. BEGINS at 7½; CONCLUDES at 10¼. Lessee and Manager.....Wm. Wheatley. LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT OF MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS. POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT OF THE SHAMROCK. PAT MALLOY, with the song of "Pat Malloy" Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS. MAGGIE MAGUIRE.....MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS. SUPPORTED BY AN EXCELLENT CAST. THE SCENERY, MUSIC, COSTUMES, APPOINTMENTS and EFFECTS PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION. On MONDAY, JANUARY 30, THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY WILL BE PRESENTED WITH ALL ITS FORMER SPLENDOR. Seats secured six days in advance.

WALLACK'S. Proprietor and Manager....Mr. Lester Wallack. SATURDAY, THE WIFE'S SECRET. MONDAY—Never acted here, CHARLES SECOND, and UNCLE JOHN. TUESDAY—THE IRISH HEIRESS. WEDNESDAY—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND. Major de Boots.....Mr. Charles Walcott, Sr., his favorite performance, prior to his departure for Europe. THURSDAY—MEN OF THE DAY. FRIDAY—CHARLES THE SECOND and UNCLE JOHN. A New Drama, of powerful interest and effects, is in active preparation. Doors open at 7½; Overture at 7¾.

HOLIDAY EVENINGS WITH SHAKESPEARE. AT THE WINTER GARDEN. THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON. BOOTH'S HAMLET EVERY NIGHT, with its SPLENDID CAST, and SUPERB SCENERY. "The stage, in our time, has witnessed no grander or more thrilling pageant."—New York Albion. Doors open at 6½. Commence at 7½.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Doors open at 7.....Performances commence at 7½. EIGHTH WEEK! EIGHTH WEEK! Of the great Local Drama entitled THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, The production of which has proved THE GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON, and attracted for the past seven weeks THE LARGEST AUDIENCES ever assembled in this theatre, constituting a GENUINE AND UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS. SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—MRS. F. W. LANDER, formerly MISS DAVENPORT, will make her reappearance in the stage, after an absence of four years, on FEBRUARY 6TH, in her own Comedy entitled MESALLIANCE.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM. THE GREATEST ENTHUSIASM evinced by a THRONGED AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE at each performance of the NEW NATIONAL DOMESTIC DRAMA, written by Mr. Rufus Lewis, ITS PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS, and THRILLING TABLEAUX, appeal with powerful effect to EVERY LOYAL HEART. AFTERNOON AT 2, EVENING AT 7½. THE UNION PRISONER; OR, THE PATRIOT'S DAUGHTER. NEW LOCAL SCENERY NOVEL EFFECTS, &c. MORNING at 11, The Tragical Comedy and Comical Tragedy, PUNCH AND JUDY, by a celebrated Professor from London. COMIC SONGS, ELEGANT DANCES, &c. Great Dancing Giraffe.....by.....TONY DENIER. PROF. HUTCHINSON, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR. TWO MAMMOTH FAT WOMEN—1,400 Pounds. LIVING SKELETON, 57 Inches. GIANT BOY—8 Feet High, 18 Years Old. MAMMOTH MONKEY. THE DRILL. WOODWORTH'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS exhibit TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES in motion. Circassian Girl, Dwarf, Albino Boy, Living Otters, French Moving Figures, Aquaria, Menagerie, etc. Admission 50 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

HIPPOTHEATRON. Begins at 7½. MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 30, AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK. GRAND MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. GLORIOUS SUCCESS! SIXTH TRIUMPHAL WEEK of the Grand Comic Pantomime, HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD, which has been witnessed by TENS OF THOUSANDS WITH THE MOST UNQUALIFIED DELIGHT. ENTIRELY NEW GRAND EQUESTRIAN ACTS. GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC FEATS, AND MARVELS OF THE ARENA, supported by the world famed artists LOLDI EURIANAKIS, MARIETTA ZANFRETTA, ROBERT FRENEY, YOUNG CARPENTER, FRANCOIS SIEGRIST and LE PETIT GEORGE, M. OLMA, JAS COOKE, N. AUSTIN, and all the great artists of THE MONSTER STAR COMPANY. NOTICE—ANOTHER NEW GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME IS IN ACTIVE REHEARSAL. Due notice will be given of its production.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION, Nos. 539 and 541 BROADWAY, OPEN DAILY FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. THIS UNRIVALED COLLECTION OF LIVING WILD ANIMALS INCLUDES A LIVE HIPPOPOTAMUS; TWO ELEPHANTS—SEVEN LIONS; ROYAL BENGAL AND BRAZILIAN TIGERS; POLAR, GRIZZLY, SLOTH, BLACK, CINNAMON, POODLE AND ICEBERG BEARS; AFRICAN AND ASIATIC LEOPARDS; STRIPED AND SPOTTED HYENAS; A DRIVE OF CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES; ELK, DEER, BUFFALO, &c., &c., Comprising, altogether, HUNDREDS OF RARE AND INTERESTING BEASTS AND BIRDS, from every quarter

## CHRISTMAS OLIVE-BRANCHES.

Stately karrieds set in gold,
Odd of childhood's treasures,
Hung on shadings shyly proud,
Glowing in fair dreams!

Hung around with a charming
Frost and shell their to like,
Half-elegant, half-standard,
Charming little rebels!

When our grand-dad was all kept,
In the times call'd "olden,"
Eyes were not a brighter hue,
Hair was not more golden.

Not a jewel in the throng,
Not a gem adorning,
Crushy little necks and arms,
Fairer fresh as morning!

Stay—I'm wrong, for sapphires shine
In those fairy glances!
Pearl or pearls, red lips between,
Gleam forth amid the dances.

Dances! No starched minuet,
But a gay cotillon—
Not of ceremonious romp,
Of polkas worth a million.

Where, mid a burst of laughter shrill,
Grace and fun are mingled,
To the choicest, sprightliest tune,
Feet ever jingled.

Joy to give our baby-flowers,
In a pleasant entry,
It may widely throw a gleam
Of sunshine on their beauty.

Check the buds—and flowers fall;
No flowers, why, then no fruit.
Oh, may the God of good let grow
Our seed to lasting *root!*

[For the Leader.]

## Recollections

OF

## DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—HIS CAREER AS DOLT AND PREACHER—A FASHIONABLE LONDON PARSON—REV. WILLIAM JAY—HIS FIRST SERMON AND HIS LAST—ANECDOTES OF HIM.

I must linger for a little time longer in Bath, as I wish to introduce to the reader two other persons connected with that city. Both of them attracted considerable notice in their day, one as a poet and a clergyman, the other as a Dissenting minister of extraordinary popularity.

About the year 1821-5 there was published in the city I am speaking of a small literary paper, named *The Bath Star*, to which the chief poetical contributor was one signing himself "Robert Montgomery." His productions were of a somewhat flashy and florid character, but they pleased an old gentleman of the place, who sought out the youth and patronized him. The young poet was the illegitimate son of a clown in a travelling circus named Gomery, to which homely enough name the *Star* contributor himself added the aristocratic prefix of "Mont." Beyond his Bath circle the youth was little known, but suddenly he leaped at one bound into Baconian popularity. A "New Sacred Poem by Montgomery" was announced—its title "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and its sale was immense.

One English poet named "Montgomery" had long since earned a great and well-deserved reputation, and was known all the reading world over by the title given him of the "Christian Poet." As the new poem was on a sacred subject, and the publisher in his announcements had stated the forthcoming new poem was "by Montgomery"—omitting the Christian name, Robert—every one supposed that the author of "The Pelican Island," "Greenland," and a host of very popular lyrics—James—was about to come again before a public that was glad enough to welcome him once more. It was a "cute" publisher's trick, and succeeded to admiration in creating an immense demand in advance of publication. When "The Omnipresence of the Deity" appeared, on the title-page was found "by *Robert* Montgomery"—so it was discovered that there were now two sacred poetical Richmonds in the field.

Who Robert was no one beyond the little circle at Bath knew. All the information afforded was supplied in the shape of a lackadaisical portrait of the author, given as a frontispiece to the poem. The mild and pensive features of James Montgomery were well known to the reading world, but the new claimant to consideration was a black-eyed, sentimental-looking young gentleman, with hair carefully parted in the centre of his noble brow, and disposed in clustering curls on each temple—a nose finely chiselled, and a mouth in whose lips lingered a simper of satisfaction. With head aside, and the right temple balanced on the right forefinger, the poet seemed to glance upward in an ecstacy of thought; a turned-down collar, *a la* Byron, and a cloak gracefully folded completed the representation of the new poet's outward man, and a saucy-looking autograph below it seemed just to have been scrawled by the pen which he held in his delicate hand. This portrait had its due effect with sentimental young girls and silly young gentlemen, and had, in conjunction with the enormous puffing of the poem through the press, the effect of selling edition after edition of the "Omnipresence" with, for that time, astonishing rapidity.

The "Omnipresence" was an inflated, bombastic affair—filled with turgid phraseology and high-sounding nothings—but it tickled the ears of serious old ladies and their "sets," who hesitated not to affirm that a new sacred poet had arisen with the mantle of Milton on his young shoulders. These persons, however, who valued the genuine article, and stipulated that their poetic coin should *ring* as well as *shine*, at once rejected this spurious currency from a mint with which Apollo had no connection. Still the book *sold*, for the newspaper press all over the country puffed and quoted prodigiously. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is an adage that may have a reverse signification. Robert had by sheer "sounding brass" caught the ear of the public, and accomplished his great aim of putting money in his purse. But, in his case, at least, success was *not* the criterion of merit.

The Bard of Sheffield, James Montgomery, meek-spirited and full of all Christian charity as he was, yet keenly felt the annoyance caused by the association (though baseless) of his honored name with such trash. The charlatanism of the affair disgusted him, and he wrote a letter of remonstrance to both author and publisher, against advertising "The Omnipresence" as "by Montgomery," leading people ignorant of the existence of Robert to suppose the poem to have proceeded from the pen of James. But to this letter he received no reply either from poet or publisher. It is recorded in one of the many memoirs of the Sheffield writer that on no other occasion had he ever exhibited so much irritation, and, indeed, indignation. Well he might, for nothing more damaging to his justly earned fame could possibly have been conceived than the association of *his* name with the flashy production of the Bath Bard.

About the same time, or perhaps a little before then, Robert Pollok published his "Course of Time"—a sacred poem of great merit, and in 1827 or 1828 (I believe) there appeared, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a review of the "Course" and of the "Omnipresence," from the pen of Christopher North himself, and not from that of Lockhart, to whom it was at first attributed. It was one of those trenchant, slashing articles in which Wilson sometimes revelled. Robert Montgomery was made mince-meat of, and on Pollok the rightful meed of praise was bestowed. Soon other leading magazines and reviews followed Wilson's lead, and, in sporting *patlance*, "The Omnipresence" was *nowhere*—it lingered for a little time, died, and has had no resurrection.

Encouraged by his success, Robert next produced "Woman, the Angel of Life," another sacred poem, in which he rung the changes, in his own florid style, on the Marys, Marthas, Lydias, Doreases and other famous women of the Bible—not forgetting, of course, to land and magnify the names and deeds of the dear creatures of modern days. The cunning pert did not count without his host-esses, for, though his verses were the merest balderdash, by help of puffing the book paid. Then came his most ambitious effort, another sacred poem (of course he contrived to work the serious mine), which paragraphs before publication declared would rival the "Paradise Lost" of one John Milton.

In due time appeared "Satan," which was the title of this, in more senses than one, diabolical poem, and one which, of course, gave birth to all sorts of sarcastic jokes, which, however, did more good than harm, for they advertised the book. If the Devil ever laughs, as Southey in that personage's famous "Walk" declares he does, he must have guffawed hugely at the portrait drawn of him by his poet. As to the accuracy of the likeness opinions were divided—some asserting that the Arch-Tempter had been slavishly flattered, others that he had been grossly libelled—painted, in fact, blacker than he really was. However the truth may be, the volume was not without one good effect—it pleased the hitherto implacable James of Sheffield, for now the epithet of "Satan Bob," which was universally applied to Beelzebub's poet-laureate, effectually distinguished him from the "Christian Poet"—the title which had long since been accorded to James, who might not inappropriately have exclaimed, "*Bell* be thou my *Good!*"

"Satan Bob" now determined to study for the church, and entered at Oxford. While there he produced "Oxford—a Poem," which fell almost still-born from the press. The small quantity of poor oil in his lamp had burnt out, and he prepared to shine in the pulpit.

He was ordained, and his first oratorical flights were made from the pulpit of St. Jude's Church, Glasgow. And what a contrast must his tinsel-talk have presented to the solid eloquence of the great man who then preached at the Iron Church, in the same city—Dr. Chalmers. But there is always a class of church-goers who like to have their ears tickled with the gaudy flowers of oratory, and to that class Robert Montgomery especially addressed his discourses. Fortunately for such preachers, this class almost always forms the great majority of every congregation. In Glasgow "Satan Bob" acquired considerable popularity, chiefly on account of his fluent floridity, or what is in vulgar phraseology known as "the gift of the gab." This "gift" was the more favorable to him, as extemporaneous preachers are rare in the Church of England, and in Scotland especially the mass of the people have a mortal antipathy to *read* sermons.

On quitting Scotland, Montgomery was appointed Preacher of the Proprietary Chapel in Percy street, Rathbone place, London. A "Proprietary" Chapel, it may be proper to state, for the information of the American reader, is one which is endowed by private individuals, and such chapels are always centres of a "set," and *fashionable*. Thackeray speaks of one in "The Newcombes"—Lady Whittlesee's. Some rich old ladies patronize operas—others places of worship—but whether piety or profanity receive their support, Fashion is alike the goddess of their idolatry. Montgomery, with his smooth, smirking face, raven curls, lustrous eyes, and plausible tongue, just hit the taste of the devoted dowagers of Percy Chapel, which was so crowded when I went to hear the fashionable divine—who, when I last saw him, was a seedy-looking author in Bath—that it was only by using a "silver key" that I could gain admission to a pew. Verily, "Satan's" star was in the ascendant!

Did the reader ever peruse Cowper's satirical portrait of a pulpit-fop? If so, he will have some faint idea of the appearance of the Reverend Robert as he ascended the sacred stairs to the desk. He has just quitted his private vestry, in which is a handsome pier-glass, by the aid of which glossy curls, snowy hands, every fold of the silk robe and the droop of the laced ruffles had been arranged with the most fastidious care. Had the saintly simper which affectedly lingers round the mouth been also practiced there? Holding in his hand a lace-bordered piece of "inspiration lawn," he enters the pulpit, gracefully droops his head on the cushion and presently rises, opens his Bible, and, after a short prayer, commences his sermon.

Certainly he was wonderfully fluent, for from the commencement to the conclusion of his discourse he never for a moment hesitated—he had evidently committed it to memory. Every attitude seemed studied, every simile given for effect, every wave of the hand occurred at exactly the right time. But, oh! what a stream of rose-tinted milk-and-water he poured forth! What rapidities he gave sweet utterance to! It was pitiable to see how the richly-dressed sinners enjoyed this theological sugar-candy. Fine words took the place of grand ideas, and piety was sacrificed to prettinesses. And it was more than pitiable—it was shocking, to notice the affectations of the fashionable preacher; the turning up of his eyes; the graceful wavings of his handkerchief; the careless-careful display of his white and jewelled fingers, and the like. If he referred to Satan at all, he did it in the most respectful terms, and so mildly rebuked the satin-clad sinners in their luxurious pews, that he almost justified them in "Compounding for sins they *were* inclined to By damning those they had no mind to." And everything at Percy Chapel was in character—the pew-openers were young women attired with exquisite neatness, and the people sung, as Goldsmith's bear danced, only to the genteelest of tunes. I only wondered that the words "miserable sinners" were not expunged from the Liturgy when read by Montgomery. But then, how could so "sweet a preacher" consign to the flames of Tophet ladies who idolized their minister, doted on his poetry, paid him such a handsome salary, furnished him with dressing-gowns and slippers innumerable, and gave him such delicious dinners? And it is well known that no man ever enjoyed creature-comforts with more gusto than did the Rev. Robert Montgomery. One might almost imagine Thackeray had him in his eye when he drew the Reverend Charles Honeyman.

"Up like the rocket and down like the stick" might briefly and fitly be the commentary on this poet-pastor's career. He made a deal of noise; whizzed, fizzed, and looked brilliant enough for a time, but his light has already gone out. He died not long since, and his works (poetical and pastoral) have followed him.

A minister of a very different order is the one of whom I shall now record a few recollections.

Between seventy and eighty years ago, there resided a few miles from the City of Bath a dissenting minister named Cornelius Winter. He was a man of some parts, and so eked out a small salary by preparing young men for the pulpit.

One day, as Mr. Winter was walking through the fields, he fell into conversation, as his habit was, with some farm-workman, and was much struck by the shrewdness of one of them, a young fellow about sixteen years of age, who held the plough, but who sometimes worked as a bricklayer—his father's trade. An intimacy followed, which ended in Mr. Winter's offering to receive the youth into his family, and to educate him. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the farmer's lad quitted the plough of the earthly field to take earnest hold of that which prepared the ground for a spiritual harvest. And to the end of a long and glorious career William Jay labored in the field of the world, and ceased not till he heard the Lord of the Harvest saying—"Well done, good and faithful servant. Come up higher!"

Young Jay had been with Mr. Winter two years, but so great was his diffidence that his tutor had never been able to prevail on him to speak in public chapels, as did his other pupils, although he was fond of preaching to the poor people in the open air, and was known as "the boy preacher." Beneath this bashful exterior the shrewd tutor discovered a vein of originality which he determined to develop. The "stuff" was *in* the young man—how to get it out was the question. That question was in time answered.

On a certain Saturday morning young William Jay was summoned to Mr. Winter's study. On arriving there, he was greeted with some very unwelcome information.

"I have been applied to," said Mr. Winter, "to furnish a 'supply' for the pulpit at Argyle Chapel, Bath, to-morrow, and, as all the other students are away and I cannot leave my own people, *you* must go."

The youth was horrified at the very idea, but appeals and remonstrances were of no use.

"You can sit down and prepare a sermon here. I shall not be home till night," said Mr. Winter; and away he went, leaving his pupil in an agony of perplexity.

As he had, in order to reach Bath, to leave by the stage-coach that evening, he endeavored to fix on a text, but all in vain; and, as I have heard him tell the story more than half a century after the occurrence, he had not even decided on a text, when, almost frightened to death, he entered the pulpit of Argyle Chapel on the Sabbath morning.

He had, however, before breakfast, read, in his chamber, the story of Abraham's sacrifice, and as soon as he sat down in the sacred desk, he determined to preach on the Patriarch's faith. Still he had not selected the precise text, but he read the chapter again on commencing the service, and then offered the usual prayer.

It was a strange predicament to be placed in—to have to preach his first public sermon in a fashionable chapel to a refined congregation, and not to have at all studied for it. But as he used in after years to say, it was "the making of him, for after conquering that first difficulty, all others were smoothed away."

After the prayer, a hymn was sung—he purposely "gave out" a many-versed one to afford him as long a respite as possible, but it ended before he was aware. The singers ceased, and he was compelled to rise. His mind still running on the Old Testament story, he suddenly took, *as he thought*, a portion of it for his text, in his confusion not even opening the Bible. And his text (referring to the unconscious Isaac) was:

"And the lad knew nothing of the matter."

As if by a miracle, his tongue was loosed—his ideas flowed free and fast, and he preached with great unction for nearly an hour. Even then his originality of mind, and the quiet, quaint humor, for which he was afterwards so celebrated, were displayed. He, however, felt miserable and dispirited, but was somewhat comforted on receiving the thanks of the officers of the church, who engaged him to preach again on the next Sabbath. This he promised to do, and left for home the following Monday morning.

When Mr. Winter questioned him respecting his sermon, he first mentioned the subject he had chosen, and then named the particular text which he had selected.

"Hem!" said Mr. Winter, "I've read the Bible all my life, and never met with that text before. Where did *you* find it?"

Jay named the chapter, and Mr. Winter turned thereto. Presently he looked with a knowing air at the young man, and exclaimed:

"Why, William, there's no such text in the Bible at all." Nor is there! The young man while reading had *felt* that Isaac was ignorant of his father's intention with regard to him, and owing to some mental confusion, imagined the words were part of the sacred narrative. Oddly enough, the Bath congregation did not discover it at the time; the overlooking such an error was certainly as great a compliment as could be paid to the attractive powers of the young minister.

Mr. Jay has not been the only one who has made a similar mistake. A few years ago, a dignitary of the Church of England, when preaching a charity sermon before a fashionable and wealthy congregation, speaking of the sufferings of the poor, observed: "But, my friends, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, as the Scripture saith," and the remark passed unchallenged. It happened, however, that one of his hearers was an observant reader, and he somewhat surprised the learned Divine by showing him in the "Sentimental Journey" of Laurence Sterne, the identical and original remark which he had literally "taken for Gospel."

The first sermon at the Argyle Chapel fixed the earthly destiny of William Jay. He was invited to become pastor of the church, and finally resolved to accept the call. And for nearly sixty years he was one of the most popular ministers of England; frequently preaching elsewhere, but never severing the bonds which united him to his first love. And it was only until a very short time before his death that he ceased to fulfill the duties of his office. Age alone brought his pulpit labors to a close.

Like his great contemporary, Rowland Hill, Mr. Jay frequently lighted up his sermons by flashings of humor, which, however they might amuse for the moment, were never coarse or inappropriate. In this he differed materially from a preacher at the Surrey Tabernacle, one Wells, familiarly known as "Jemmy Wells," who used to indulge in most unclerical slang. I heard the man once, and only once—that was enough for me. He was rebuking hypocrites for finding fault with their fellow creatures, "picking holes in their coats," he termed it. "Ah, my brethren," roared out Jemmy, "if the old woman hadn't been in the cellar she wouldn't have found her daughter there!" Mr. Jay's humor was of quite another order. It would call up, perhaps, a smile, but never a guffaw, and what he said seemed much like the "lights" of a picture, which gave life, character and spirit to the composition. He regarded the pulpit as too sacred a place to be converted into the stage of a mountebank.

Mr. Jay's personal appearance and manners were very striking, and in his latter days especially he exhibited more of what may be termed the dignity of the pulpit than I ever witnessed in any other minister. He was of the middle height, and inclined to corpulence. His head was, I used to fancy, Jove-like. The large, broad forehead was crowned with abundant silvery hair, carelessly disposed, and sweeping boldly from the brow. Eyebrows large, darker than the hair of his head, and a little bushy, partially shadowed a pair of mild yet piercing hazel eyes; the nose was small; the mouth, exceedingly flexible, rather large, and flanked by deep lines, was the great expressive feature of his face, as indeed it is of most faces. It was capable of conveying a wonderful variety of meaning. Benevolence and shrewdness were the prevailing characteristics of his countenance, and whenever he gave utterance to one of his "bits" of dry humor, or good-natured sarcasm, the eyes twinkled, and the corners of the mouth twitched in a manner never to be forgotten by those who once saw such manifestations. His voice was deep, flexible and very melodious, and his enunciation slow and very distinct; occasionally he was quite colloquial, without, however, indulging in familiarity, and whenever he did say a sharp thing, the smile that almost immediately followed, or some soothing remark, half healed the wound which in kindness he had made.

He frequently preached Anniversary and Charity sermons, and was very successful in his appeals to the liberality of his hearers. "Don't wait till you hear the money *screech* in your pockets," I once heard him say when urging prompt liberality. And it was Jay who on another occasion requested no person to put anything on the plate who had not paid his or her debts. The result was a very large collection!

In private life he was delightful—not that his conversational talent was great, it was far from being so, but in his long and varied career he had seen much of men and manners, and knew how to avail himself, by anecdotes and illustrations, of the stores laid up in his memory. He feared none and flattered none, either in the pulpit or the parlor; and never, as some unfortunately situated pour ministers do, preached so as to especially please the *not* members of his church. He could be sarcastic enough, too, when necessary. For instance: he was once one of a dinner party at the house of a penurious lady who used to cover her board but sparingly, yet was extremely fond of getting round it men and women of celebrity. The Barmecide's feast was spread, and Jay requested to ask a blessing. He did so by quoting the two first lines of the hymn commencing—

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!"

On another occasion, a minister in a neighboring city had conducted himself so grossly that his congregation determined to dismiss him. A meeting of ministers was called, and the delinquent summoned before it. After his guilt had been proved, and his sentence of dismissal pronounced, Mr. Jay, who presided, rose to "give out" a hymn, with which to conclude the proceedings. With the utmost gravity he read:

"Believing, we rejoice,
To see the Curse remove!"

A church had been built at Bristol by the followers of the Reverend Edward Irving, of the "Unknown Tongue's" celebrity. One morning Mr. Jay was visited in his study by a Mr. Curtis, one of its leading members. "Mr. Jay," said he, "I am directed to visit you, in order to warn you that you are in the wrong church. Ours is the only true one, and we exhort you to enter it."

"Ah, indeed!" remarked Jay; "and pray, sir, who may you be?"

"An angel of the Church," was the reply.

"Oh! indeed—please take off your coat."

The "angel" did as he was bid, and Mr. Jay commenced rubbing his shoulder-blades.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the angel.

"*Looking for your wings!*" said the old minister; and the angel in a very unangelic frame of mind put on his coat again, and departed.

Andrew Fuller was years ago a celebrated Bristol minister. One night he was riding in the country with Mr. Jay, when a bird flew out of a hedge, and startled the horse.

"I think it must have been a *Jay*," observed Fuller.

"Oh, no!" instantly rejoined the Bath Divine, "it was certainly not a *Jay*, but an *Owl*, for it was *Fuller* in the head, *Fuller* in the body, and *Fuller* all over!"

An American Doctor of Divinity, not long deceased, visited England some years since, and in company with his wife called one Saturday morning on Mr. Jay. The message that Mr. Jay was in his study, and could never be seen on *Saturday* mornings, was sent to the applicants. "But please inform him that a minister from America would like to have a moment with him," persisted Dr. C., who was to sail from England the following week. He was admitted, Mr. Jay saying that "any one from America was welcome."

After some conversation, Dr. C. said, "Mr. Jay, my wife is very anxious to hear you preach to-morrow; *shall* you preach?"

"I intend to do so," said Mr. Jay.

"And your text?" softly insinuated the lady.

"*And one of you is a devil!*" was the reply.

Happening to be in London during the year of the great exhibition, in May, 1851, I availed myself of the opportunity of attending several of the anniversary meetings and sermons. Among the latter, one was to be preached by William Jay, and I went to Surrey Chapel to hear him.

The immense building was thronged to excess. The front seat of the gallery, which completely encircled the interior of the spacious building, was completely filled with ministers, who had attended to hear what all thought would be the aged minister's last appearance in a London pulpit—that pulpit in which he had preached the funeral sermon for Rowland Hill from the "Jay-ish" text, "Howl! fir-trees, for the cedar has fallen!" And his last sermon there, it proved to be—almost his last sermon indeed, anywhere, for his death occurred not many years afterwards.

It was interesting to observe so many who had been preachers to others, now assembled to be preached to themselves by the Nestor of the British pulpit. There was Thomas Binney, the great pastor of Weigh-House Chapel, styled by some "the Coleridge of the Sacred Desk"—there sat John Leifchild, most vigorous of preachers even in his old age—there James Parsons, the ornament of every platform—there Sherman, "the St. John of the Pulpit," specially beloved of the young—there Raffles, with beaming face—there the serene countenance of Baptist Noel—there the eager-eyed Stovel—the placid Andrew Reed—the keen Archer—the contemplative Harris—the mild-looking Martin, and many another famous Dissenting minister. Sprinkled among these were clergymen of the Establishment, and of other churches—for the catholic-minded William Jay was loved and reverenced by men of all creeds.

Presently there appeared in the pulpit, for the purpose of commencing the service, the broad form and massive face, surmounted with iron-gray hair, of John Angell James of Birmingham. The reciting, singing and prayer over, a bowed and venerable man was seen ascending the steep pulpit stairs, his both hands grasping the rails. He looked much shorter and stouter than of old, but there was the same glorious face, crowned with its noble coronal of silvery hair, apparently unthinned by time and toil. Still bright were the eyes, as mobile as ever the expressive mouth; and when he spoke, as deeply melodious as in time past was the voice. Jay was grandly-appearing as ever, but it was the grandeur of decay. His accentuation was slower, and he leaned more heavily on his cushion than had been his wont. His manner, too, was more than usually solemn, but still there was an occasional flash of the old fire that was very characteristic, and which made his ministerial brethren look at each other, and nod or smile in mutual recognition.

This last sermon was eminently plain, and—as all his sermons had ever been—scriptural. It occupied scarcely forty minutes in the delivery, but the grasshopper was a burden now, and the old man was evidently wearied by the effort. He closed the Bible, and then specially addressed his brother ministers:

"More than fifty years ago," he said, "I first ascended the stairs of this pulpit with trembling knees, nearly as feeble as those with which I mounted them to-day:

"'Many years have passed since then,
Many trials I have seen:
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but *Thou?*'"

And then, asking indulgence for "the garrulity of an old man," he briefly referred to his long career, expressing his opinion that most of those present would see his face no more. "And now, brethren," said he, in conclusion, "I commend you unto God and to the word of his grace." The scene was affecting in the extreme. The venerable laborer had evidently nearly finished his work, and many when he quitted the pulpit pressed forward to bid him farewells which proved to be final. Not many months afterwards he was summoned to the Presence, and the British Pulpit lost one of its brightest ornaments.

As an author Mr. Jay was not very prolific. He wrote several manuals of private devotion, all of which were popular, and have been reprinted in this country. His son—an architect—is, I believe, settled in America.

J. Ross Dix.

[For the Leader.]

## Dignity.

Mr. Editor, are you a dignified man? Do you consider dignity one of the essential elements in humanity? I hope not, I am sure; for that unfortunate word has been the bane of my life. I suppose one of the first remarks made over my infantile cradle was, "How undignifiedly that child does cry!"

Though I have not cried quite all the time since, still that same combination of letters has been applied to my every movement. If in a warm day I came racing home with bonnet under my arm, face and neck burned brown, then—"How rude and improper!" "How unladylike!" "Will that child ever be dignified?"

Advance as much as I might in years and understanding, I never could get beyond the censure. If in company anything amusing occurred, and I was relieving myself with a good, hearty laugh, I would be sure to glance up and find some face with such a resigned, despairing expression! My case seemed a hopeless one—not one bit improved with all the lecturing rattled into my unwilling ears. I do most heartily abhor the word, and am apt to dislike any one to whom it is applied. Now if you have any friends to initiate in my good opinion, remember not to give *dignity* as a recommendation.

After all, don't you really think there is an immense amount of humbug, affectation, stiffness and stupidity cloaked under the folds of dignified indifference? Do you think it proper to laugh when you please, provided you are in a proper place? If persons are endowed with a strong sense of the ludicrous, can they always restrain their mirth, and look as firm and defiant as though they were dining on tenpenny nails?

Answer me truly these queries, as it is of vital importance to me. Must I be given over as incorrigible because I am not like a puppet on springs, always moving according to order? Do you imagine there is any originality in this world besides original sin?

Perhaps you think I deal wholesale in my abuse of the term. Well, it may be; but I beg of a discretionary public, if there is any real good under that name, to separate it from the dross and call it by some other cognomen. Association is one of the strongest reasons for like or dislike, and when anything is so constantly connected with restraint even in what seemed the most innocent diversions it becomes perfectly odious. A merry smile, an impromptu jig, a quick repartee, all come as fruit from the forbidden tree.

Ye shades of the dignified, proper, bigoted Puritans, rest ye in your tombs, and haunt not this footstool longer! The chill from your grim presence comes down to us even now. I like your unyielding firmness for your rights, your bravery, heroism and fortitude, but not your strait-laced formality, adherence to forms, "cleansing of the outside of the platter."

Seltz.

## SNOW.

Lo, what wonders the day hath brought,
Born of the soft and slumberous snow!
Gradual, silent, slowly wrought,
Even as an artist, thought by thought,
Writes expression on lip and brow.

Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim—
Deep drifts smother the paths below;
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow.

Dimly out of the bafled sight
Houses and church spires stretch away;
The trees all spectral, and still and white,
Stand up like ghosts in the falling light,
And fade and faint with the blinded day.

Down from the roofs in gusts are hurled
The eddying drifts to the wastes below;
And still is the banner of storm unfurled,
Till all the drowned and desolate world
Lies dumb and white in a trance of snow.

Slowly the shadows gather and fall—
Still the whispering snowflakes beat;
Night and darkness are over all:
Rest, pale city, beneath their pall!
Sleep, white world, in thy winding-sheet!

Mus. Arens.

[From the Californian.]

## The Devil and the Broker.

A MEDIEVAL LEGEND.

The church clocks in San Francisco were striking ten. The Devil, who had been flying over the city that evening, just then alighted on the roof of a church near the corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. It will be perceived that the popular belief that the Devil avoids holy edifices, and vanishes at the sound of a *Credo* or *Paternoster*, is long since exploded. Indeed, modern skepticism asserts that he is not averse to these orthodox discourses, which particularly bear reference to himself, and, in a measure, recognize his power and importance.

I am inclined to think, however, that his choice of a resting place was a good deal influenced by its contiguity to a populous thoroughfare. When he was comfortably seated he began pulling out the joints of a small rod which he held in his hand, and which presently proved to be an extraordinary fishing-pole, with a telescopic adjustment that permitted its protraction to a marvellous extent. Affixing a line thereto, he selected a fly of a particular pattern from a small box which he carried with him, and, making a skillful cast, threw his line in the very centre of that living stream which ebbed and flowed through Montgomery street.

Either the people were very virtuous that evening or the bait was not a taking one. In vain the Devil whipped the stream at an eddy in front of the Occidental, or trolled his line in the shadows of the Cosmopolitan; five minutes passed without even a nibble. "Dear me!" quoth the Devil, "that's very singular; one of my most popular flies, too! Why, they'd have risen by shoals in Broadway or Beacon street, for that. Well, here goes another," and, fitting a new fly from his well-filled box, he gracefully recast his line.

For a few moments there was every prospect of sport. The line was continually bobbing and the nibbles were distinct and gratifying. Once or twice the bait was apparently gorged and carried off in the upper stories of the hotels to be digested at leisure. At such times the professional manner in which the Devil played out his line would have thrilled the heart of Izaak Walton. But his efforts were unsuccessful; the bait was invariably carried off without hooking the victim, and the Devil finally lost his temper. "I've heard of these San Franciscans before," he muttered; "wait till I get hold of one—that's all," he added maleviolently, as he re-baited his hook. A sharp tug and a wriggle followed his next trial, and finally, with considerable effort, he landed a portly 200-lb. Broker upon the church roof.

As the victim lay there gasping, it was evident that the Devil was in no hurry to remove the hook from his gills; nor did he exhibit in this delicate operation that courtesy of manner and graceful manipulation which usually distinguished him.

"Come," he said gruffly, as he grasped the Broker by the waistband, "quit that whining and grunting. Don't flatter yourself that you're a prize, either. I was certain to have had you. It was only a question of time."

"It is not that, my lord, which troubles me," whined the unfortunate wretch, as he painfully wriggled his head, "but that I should have been fooled by such a paltry bait. What will they say of me down there? To have let 'bigger things' go by, and to be taken in by this cheap trick," he added, as he groaned and glanced at the fly which the Devil was carefully re-arranging, "is what—pardon me, my lord—is what gets me!"

"Yes," said the Devil, philosophically, "I never caught anybody yet who didn't say that; but tell me, ain't you getting somewhat fastidious down there? Here is one of my most popular flies, the green-back," he continued, exhibiting an emerald-looking insect, which he drew from his box. "This," so generally considered excellent in election season, has not even been nibbled at. Perhaps your sagacity, which, in spite of this unfortunate *contre temps*, no one can doubt," added the devil, with a graceful return to his usual courtesy, "may explain the reason or suggest a substitute."

The Broker glanced at the contents of the box with a supercilious smile. "Too old-fashioned, my lord—long ago played out." "Yet," he added, with a gleam of interest, "for a consideration I might offer something—ahem!—that would make a taking substitute for these trifles. Give me," he continued, in a brisk, business-like way, "a slight percentage and a bonus down, and I'm your man."

"Name your terms," said the Devil earnestly.

"My liberty and a percentage on all you take, and the thing's done."

The Devil caressed his tail thoughtfully, for a few moments. He was certain of the Broker any way—and the risk was slight. "Done!" he said.

"Stay a moment," said the artful Broker. "There are certain contingencies. Give me your fishing rod and let me apply the bait myself. It requires a skillful hand, my lord; even your well-known experience might fail. Leave me alone for half an hour, and if you have reason to complain of my success I will forfeit my deposit—I mean my liberty."

The Devil acceded to his request, bowed and withdrew. Alighting gracefully in Montgomery street, he dropped into Meade & Co.'s clothing store, where, having completely equipped himself *a la mode*, he sallied forth intent on his personal enjoyment. Determining to sink his professional character, he mingled with the current of human life, and enjoyed, with that immense capacity of excitement peculiar to his nature, the whirl, bustle, and feverishness of the people, as a purely æsthetic gratification, unalloyed by the cares of business. What he did that evening does not belong to our story. We return to the Broker, whom we left on the roof.

When he made sure that the Devil had retired, he carefully drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper and affixed it on the hook. The line had scarcely reached the current before he felt a bite. The hook was swallowed. To bring up his victim rapidly, disengage him from the hook and re-set his line was the work of a moment. Another bite and the same result. Another, and another. In a very few minutes the roof was covered with his panting spoil. The Broker could himself distinguish that many of them were personal friends—nay, some of them were familiar frequenters of the building on which they were now miserably stranded. That the Broker felt a certain satisfaction in being instrumental in thus misleading his fellow-brokers no one acquainted with human nature will for a moment doubt. But a stronger pull on his line caused him to put forth all his strength and skill. The magic pole bent like a coach-whip.

The Broker held firm, assisted by the battlements of the church. Again and again it was almost wrested from his hand, and again and again he slowly reeled in a portion of the tightening line. At last, with one mighty effort, he lifted to the level of the roof a struggling object. A howl like Pandemonium rang through the air as the Broker successfully landed at his feet—the Devil himself!

The two glared fiercely at each other. The Broker, perhaps mindful of his former treatment, evinced no haste to remove the hook from his antagonist's jaw. When it was finally accomplished, he asked quietly if the Devil was satisfied. That gentleman seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the bait which he had just taken from his mouth. "I am," he said, finally, "and forgive you—but what do you call this?"

"Bend low," replied the Broker, as he buttoned up his coat ready to depart. The Devil inclined his ear. "I call it Wild Cat!"

Barr.

[From Our Young Folks for February.]

## The Baby of the Regiment.

We were in our winter camp on Port Royal Island, South Carolina. It was a lovely November morning, soft and spring-like; the mocking-birds were singing, and the cottonfields still white with fleecy pods. Morning drill was over, the men were cleaning their guns and singing very happily; the officers were in their tents, reading still more happily their letters just arrived from home. Suddenly I heard a knock at my tent-door, and the latch clicked. It was the only latch in camp, and I was very proud of it, and the officers always clicked it as loudly as possible, in order to gratify my feelings. The door opened, and the Quartermaster thrust in the most beaming face I ever saw.

"Colonel," said he, "there are great news for the regiment. My wife and baby are coming by the next steamer!"

"Baby!" said I, in amazement. "Q. M., you are beside yourself." (We always called the Quartermaster Q. M. for shortness.) "There was a pass sent to your wife, but nothing was ever said about a baby. Baby indeed!"

"But the baby was included in the pass," replied the triumphant father-of-a-family. "You don't suppose my wife would come down here without her baby. Besides, the pass itself permits her to bring necessary baggage, and is not a baby six months old necessary baggage?"

"But, my dear fellow," said I, rather anxiously, "how can you make the dear little darling comfortable in a tent, amidst these rigors of a South Carolina winter, when it is uncomfortably hot for drill at noon, and ice forms by your bedside at night?"

"Trust me for that," said the delighted papa, and went off whistling. I could hear him telling the same news to three others, at least, before he got to his own tent.

That day the preparations began, and soon his abode was a wonder of comfort. There were posts and rafters, and a raised floor, and a great chimney, and a door with hinges—every luxury except a latch; and that he could not have, for mine was the last that could be purchased. One of the regimental carpenters was employed to make a cradle, and another to make a bedstead high enough for the cradle to go under. Then there must be a bit of red carpet beside the bedstead, and thus the progress of splendor went on. The wife of one of the colored sergeants was engaged to act as nursery-maid. She was a very respectable young woman; the only objection to her being that she smoked a pipe. But we thought that perhaps Baby might not dislike tobacco; and if she did, she would have excellent opportunities to break the pipe in pieces.

In due time the steamer arrived, and Baby and her mother were among the passengers. The little thing was soon settled in her new cradle, and slept in it as if she had never known any other. The sergeant's wife soon had her on exhibition through the neighborhood, and from that time forward she was quite a little queen among us. She had sweet blue eyes and pretty brown hair, with round, dimpled cheeks, and that perfect dignity which is so beautiful in a baby. She hardly ever cried, and was not at all timid. She would go to anybody, and yet did not encourage any romping from any but the most intimate friends. She always wore a warm long-sleeved scarlet cloak with a hood, and in this costume was carried, or "toted," as the colored soldiers said, all about the camp. At "guard-mounting" in the morning, when the men who are to go on guard-duty for the day are drawn up to be inspected, Baby was always there, to help inspect them. She did not say much, but she eyed them very closely, and seemed

fully to appreciate their bright buttons. Then the Officer-of-the-Day, who appears at guard-mounting with his sword and sash, and comes marching to the music, and [illegible] on his way, and receives the cases, first usually present to watch the troops and when the drum beat for dinner, she liked to see the long row of men in each company sitting to the cookhouses, single file, each with the cup and plate. During the day, in pleasant weather, [illegible] be seen in the streets [illegible] company street. [illegible] circle, her cheeks [illegible] very pretty under the shading [illegible] next the millinery of the [illegible] "dress-parade" [illegible] was always an attractive [illegible] before the regiment. I [illegible] of red dust of the [illegible] end of the [illegible] left [illegible] present that [illegible] or time "attention" [illegible] der arms" [illegible] say, [illegible] color [illegible] Her [illegible] fingers [illegible] instruction [illegible] regiment. I think Annie liked them because they were small and made a noise, and had red caps like her dolls [illegible] facings on their jackets, and also because they occasionally stood on their [illegible] her amusement. After dress-parade the whole dissolving [illegible] great deal off and with all just [illegible] time, when they would [illegible] drums, she [illegible] then the flag would be hauled down [illegible] great festival for Annie. Sometimes the Sergeant-Major would wrap her in the great folds of the flag, after it was taken down, and she would peep out very prettily from amidst the stars and stripes, like a little modern Goddess of Liberty.

About once a month, some field-officer was sent out to the camp by the special in charge, to see to the condition of everything in the regiment, in readiness to fall on at the process, and when everything was found in order to tell the officer that I had one thing more for him to impress which was peculiar to my department. I would send for Baby to be [illegible] and I never saw an inspecting officer, old or young, who did not look relaxed [illegible] smile at the sight of the little [illegible] war. And Annie on her part would look at them with the true baby dignity in her face that deep, penetrating look which babies have, and which people think wonderful when Raphael paints it in [illegible] the sight often recalled the same [illegible] in the faces of their own children [illegible]

Meanwhile Annie [illegible] like the camp style of housekeeping very much. Her father [illegible] and he used the front [illegible] the inner room for parlor and [illegible] while the nurse had a separate tent and washroom behind all. I remember that, the first time I went there in the evening, it was to borrow some writing-paper; and while Baby's mother was hunting for it in the front tent, I heard a great cooing and murmuring in the inner room. I peeped and Annie was still awake, and her mother told me to go in and see. Pushing aside the canvas door, I entered. No sign of anybody was to be seen; but a variety of soft little happy noises seemed to come from some unseen corner. Mrs. C. came quietly in, pulled away the [illegible] of her own bed, and drew out the rough cradle where by the little dimpled, contently happy and wider awake than anything but a baby possibly can be. She looked as if three-and-twenty of a dozen family bed-ends would not be enough to discourage her spirits, and I saw that camp life was likely to suit her very well.

A tent can be kept very warm, for it is merely a house with a thinner wall. I am afraid; and I do not think that Baby felt the cold much more than if she had been at home that winter. The great trouble is, that a tent ultimately, not being built very high, begins to smoke when the wind is in a certain direction; and when that happens, it is hardly possible to stay inside. So we used to build the chimneys of some tents on the east side, and those of others on the west, and thus some of the tents were always comfortable. I have seen Baby's mother running in a hard rain, with little Bob toddling [illegible] to take refuge with the Adjutant's wife, when every other abode was full of smoke; and I must admit that there were one or two windy days that season, when nobody could really keep warm, and Annie had to remain ignominiously in her cradle, with as many clothes on as possible, for almost the whole time.

The Quartermaster's tent was very attractive to us in the evening. I remember that once, on passing near it after nightfall, I heard one Major's fine voice singing Methodist hymns within, and Mrs. C.'s sweet tones chiming in. So I peeped through the outer door. The fire was burning very pleasantly in the inner tent, and the scrap of new red carpet made the floor look quite magnificent. The Major sat on a box, our surgeon on a stool, Q. M. I and his wife, and the Adjutant's wife, and one of the captains, were all sitting on the bed, singing as well as they knew how; and the baby was under the bed. Baby had retired for the night, was overshadowed, suppressed, sat upon; the singing went on, and the little thing had wandered away into her own land of dreams, nearer to heaven, perhaps, than any pitch their voices could attain. I went in and joined the party. Presently the music stopped, and another officer was sent for, to sing some particular song. At this pause the invisible innocent waked a little, and began to cluck and coo.

"It's the kitten," exclaimed somebody.

"It's my baby!" exclaimed Mrs. C. triumphantly, in that tone of unfailing personal pride which belongs to young mothers.

The people all got up from the bed for a moment, while Annie was pulled from beneath, who awoke and pleaded as usual; and she sat in one lap or another during the rest of the concert, sometimes winking at the candle, but usually listening to the songs, with a calm and critical expression, as if she could make as much noise as any of them, whenever she saw fit to try. Not a sound did she make, however, except one little soft sneeze, which led to an immediate flood-tide of red shawl, covering every part of her but the forehead. After a little while, I noticed that the concert had become [illegible] be cradled herself. I have forgotten [illegible] tion that the sentinel had [illegible] watched [illegible] brigade drill on that day, [illegible] level of regular [illegible] Annie enjoyed the [illegible] but when we were sent out [illegible] later, she enjoyed it still [illegible] When a regiment is on foot, the drum-cap is usually much smaller, [illegible] of the companies are [illegible] and but few are left at home [illegible] Our headquarters were in a deserted plantation house, with one large [illegible] dining-room, and a few [illegible] and in that had a [illegible] with a stove whose pipe went [illegible] window. This was [illegible] though half the windows were broken, and there was no glass and no [illegible] from. The windows of [illegible] in much the same condition [illegible] [illegible] Annie [illegible] active [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# THE CALL FOR 300,000 MEN.

## ENORMOUS DEMAND ON THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

## STARTLING REPORT OF THE COUNTY COMMITTEE ON VOLUNTEERING.

## TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND MEN REQUIRED NOW, BEING AN INCREASE OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND ON THE NUMBER REQUIRED ON THE 23D OF DECEMBER.

### The Supervisors Give the Committee on Volunteering Unlimited Power.

[OFFICIAL.]

Board of Supervisors

SPECIAL SESSION.

FRIDAY, January 26, 1865, 8 o'clock, P. M.

The Board met in their Chamber, No. 17 City Hall, pursuant to the following call:

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, Office No. 17 City Hall, NEW YORK, January 27, 1865.

We, the undersigned, members of the Board of Supervisors of the County of New York, do hereby request Joseph B. Young, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of said County, to call a special meeting of said Board of Supervisors for Friday, the 27th instant, at 8 P. M., to transact such business as may be brought before the Board.

(Signed), ELIJAH F. PURDY, WALTER ROCHE, ANDREAS WILLMANN, WILLIAM M. TWEED, SHERIDAN SHOOK, JAMES DAVIS, ORISON BLUNT, SMITH ELY, Jr.

Present—Wm. M. Tweed, Esq., President, in the chair, and the following members:

Supervisors Blunt, Davis, Ely, Purdy, Roche, Shook and Willmann—8.

MOTION.

Supervisor Blunt moved that the regular order of business be suspended, for the purpose of permitting him to submit a report.

Which was carried.

REPORT.

Supervisor Blunt presented the following report of the Special Committee on Volunteering:

The Special Committee on Volunteering would respectfully

REPORT:

That, in accordance with the instructions of your Honorable Body, as per resolution adopted at the meeting held on the evening of the 24th inst., the Chairman of your Committee at midnight proceeded to Washington. Immediately upon his arrival he had an interview with Provost-Marshal General Fry, and endeavored to obtain an explanation (in accordance with the instructions of the Board) of the means by which the quota of this County had been raised from four thousand four hundred and thirty-three (4,433), as announced by him to Brig.-Gen. Hays on the 23d ult., to the enormous number of twenty-one thousand and nineteen (21,019).

The Chairman of your Committee was informed that this increase in the quota was attributable:

*First.* To the redistribution of the Naval Credits claimed by us and allowed.

*Secondly* To reductions in the enrollments of the country districts of this and other States, which, by materially reducing their proportion of the men to be raised, rendered ours comparatively larger.

*Thirdly.* By the report to the War Department, between the 23d and 31st of December, of men raised previous to the 23d of December, who were not considered in the first announcement. In some States the Chairman of your Committee was assured that the number thus reported was very large.

These were the only explanations which the Chairman of your Committee could obtain of the astounding increase of our quota.

Voluminous statistics were presented to him, but nothing showing the precise method in which the quota of this County was arrived at. Full explanations were promised through Brigadier-General Hays, but such explanations have not yet been received.

This one fact was all that was clear, that the County of New York is required to furnish twenty-one thousand and nineteen (21,019) men, in addition to all men furnished and credits obtained up to the 23d ult.; and the Chairman of your Committee was assured that but for the naval and other credits secured by your Committee, upon the present and the previous call, this County would have been obliged to furnish forty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-one (46,661) men, instead of twenty-one thousand and nineteen (21,019).

The number of men now demanded of the County is divided among the several districts, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fourth District | 4,019 |
| Fifth do | 3,907 |
| Sixth do | 3,023 |
| Seventh do | 3,970 |
| Eighth do | 3,348 |
| Ninth do | 2,732 |
| Total | 21,019 |

In arriving at these figures, so far as your Committee could learn, the quotas assigned appear to be based upon a call for eight hundred thousand (800,000) men, and the enormous number of men held to be due from this county has been derived from its outrageously excessive enrollment.

Had your Committee, as desired by them, been authorized by the War Department two months earlier than they were to undertake the correction of the enrollment, the result would have been, finished before the present quotas were assigned, and the quota of this county would have been reduced by at least fifteen thousand (15,000) men.

Annexed to this report and marked Appendix A, is the new order of the Provost-Marshal General assigning the quota of the Southern District of New York.

Appendix B, also annexed, is a copy of letter to Brigadier-General William Hays, A. A. P. M. Gen., which is the only official explanation yet made of the changes in the quota of this district.

Your Committee hasten to lay these facts before your Honorable Body. They believe that there is no escape from the demand now made upon us for twenty-one thousand and nineteen (21,019) men. The number of men enlisting at the present rate of bounty is so small as to be almost nothing in comparison with the large number required of us. Either the bounty must be largely increased, or we must give up in despair of finding any means of avoiding a draft.

Whatever injustice may have been done the County in the withdrawal of credits once and justly awarded to us, and by delaying that withdrawal until it is almost too late to think even of supplying the deficiency thus suddenly thrown upon us, we have now no time to remonstrate.

In order to show clearly the effect of this withdrawal, we append, marked C, the letter of Provost-Marshal-General Fry to Brigadier-General Hays, dated Dec. 23d, 1864, stating the number of men due from this County to be four thousand four hundred and thirty-three (4,433).

The following shows the number of men demanded of each Congressional District of this County by the orders of December 23d and that of January 24th, and the increase in the demand in each district:

| Congressional Districts. | Men Demanded. By order of Dec. 23. | By order of Jan. 24. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| IV | 1,223 | 4,039 | 2,811 |
| V | 961 | 3,907 | 2,946 |
| VI | 1,345 | 3,023 | 1,678 |
| VII | 899 | 3,970 | 3,071 |
| VIII | ..... | 3,348 | 3,348 |
| IX | ..... | 2,732 | 2,732 |
| | 4,433 | 21,019 | 16,586 |

In making this report, the duty of your Committee is discharged. It is now for your Honorable Body to determine what course will be most conducive to the interests of the people of this County.

(Signed) ORISON BLUNT, WM. M. TWEED, ELIJAH F. PURDY, *Special Committee on Volunteering.*

APPENDIX A.

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1865.

Brig. Gen. Hays, Act. Ass't Pro. Mar. Gen'l New York City.

The quota of the Southern Division of New York, under the call of the President for three hundred thousand (300,000) men, dated December 19, 1864, is *Twenty eight thousand six hundred and thirty-one* (28,631.)

This is the number required under the call, after taking into account the credits to which the State is entitled, by estimating the number of years of service furnished by one, two and three years men.

| | |
|---|---|
| The quota of the First District is | 1,065 |
| Second District | 3,173 |
| Third District | 1,741 |
| Fourth District | 4,039 |
| Fifth District | 3,907 |
| Sixth District | 3,023 |
| Seventh District | 3,970 |
| Eighth District | 3,348 |
| Ninth District | 2,732 |
| Tenth District | 1,634 |
| | 28,631 |

In this estimate, the Provost-Marshal General has taken into account all credits to which the several Districts are entitled on account of men raised up to December 31, 1864, including excess under former calls.

In order to equalize this credit, you will multiply the quota of the District by three, thus reducing it from a three years' to a one year's basis. To the product, add the excess of years' service, and then distribute this sum to the several Sub-Districts, in proportion to the number enrolled in each.

This gives the number of years of service required from each Sub-district, increased by the excess. From this number deduct the excess which the Sub-district has actually furnished, and the remainder is the actual number of years' service required, which, divided by three, gives the actual number of men required from the Sub-district under the call.

Suppose the quota, under the present call, in a given district containing eight (8) sub-districts, is 1,000 men, and that the quota in that district, under the call of July 18, 1864, was 1,600, which was filled as follows:

| | 1st Sub-district | 2d Sub-district | 3d Sub-district | 4th Sub-district | 5th Sub-district | 6th Sub-district | 7th Sub-district | 8th Sub-district | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Excess of No. of years' service over No. of men | 110 | 148 | 130 | 120 | 124 | | | | 1,200 |
| Total No. years' of service | 330 | 444 | 390 | 360 | 372 | | | | 3,600 |
| Three yrs. | 40 | 54 | 50 | 40 | 48 | | | | 582 |
| Two years | 22 | 32 | 20 | 20 | 24 | | | | 136 |
| One year. | 120 | 160 | 100 | 120 | 132 | | | | 932 |
| No. of men furnished | 200 | 250 | 150 | 180 | 180 | | | | 1,600 |

It will be seen that the excess of years of service over the number of men furnished in the 1st Sub-district, is 100; in the 2d, 110, &c., &c. Total in the District, 1,200.

The quota of the District, under the present call, is 1,000; this, multiplied by three (3), gives 3,000 years of service; to this add the excess (1,200); then, as the number enrolled in the District (20,000) is to this sum (4,200), so is the number enrolled in the Sub-district to the number of years' service required, increased by its excess; from which deduct the excess of years of service which the Sub-district has furnished, and divide the remainder by three (3), to find the quota of the Sub-district.

| | 1st Sub-district | 2d Sub-district | 3d Sub-district | 4th Sub-district | 5th Sub-district | 6th Sub-district | 7th Sub-district | 8th Sub-district | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Net quota, or number required | 155 | 97 | 104 | 126 | 136 | | | | 1,000 |
| No. of years' service required, and to be divided by 3 | 465 | 291 | 312 | 378 | 408 | | | | 3,000 |
| Excess furnished by sub-district | 110 | 148 | 130 | 120 | 124 | | | | 1,200 |
| Gross quota | 575 | 439 | 442 | 498 | 532 | | | | 4,200 |
| No. enrolled in sub-district | 2,500 | 2,500 | 2,500 | 2,500 | 2,500 | | | | 20,000 |
| Quota of district multiplied by 3, and excess added | 575 | 439 | 442 | 498 | 532 | | | | 4,200 |
| No. enrolled in district | 20,000 | 20,000 | 20,000 | 20,000 | 20,000 | | | | 20,000 |

The above Formula is furnished to Boards of Enrollment, as a rule by which they will apportion the quotas of Sub-districts, and determine the amount of credit due them.

JAMES B. FRY, *Provost-Marshal-General.*

*Note.*—This Formula to be used instead of the one dated December 23, 1864.

Official copy respectfully furnished for the information of O. Blunt, Esq., Chairman, &c.

H. F. BROWNSON, *A. A. G.*

APPENDIX B.

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE.

*Brigadier General William Hays, U. S. V., Acting Assistant Provost-Marshal General, New York City:*

GENERAL:

I deem it proper to call your attention to certain facts connected with the quotas of the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, which have increased the number required from the former, and diminished that of the latter.

The quotas assigned on the 23d ultimo were based upon the best information available as to the enrollment on the 30th day of November, and the reports of men raised and reported up to that time. Since then material changes have been made on the enrollment lists in many localities, and full reports received of men and years of service furnished up to January 1st, embracing not only the enlistments for December ultimo, but in certain instances for previous months not hitherto received.

Another reason is, that a more just and equitable distribution of the one, two and three years' naval enlistments has been made, by which the several districts receive their proper share of two and three years' men, as well as one year men.

The report furnished to this office gave to New York all the three years' men and a portion of the one and two years' men, and to Brooklyn only one year men, and, if adopted and adhered to, would have produced much of the inequality that was indicated by the quotas assigned on the 23d ultimo.

I am, General, Your obedient servant,

(Signed,) J. B. FRY, *Provost-Marshal General.*

A true copy. H. F. BROWNSON, *A. A. G.*

APPENDIX C.

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, 1864.

Brigadier-General WM. HAYS: *Acting Assist. P. M. G., Southern Division N. Y., New York City:*

The quota of your Division of New York, under the call of the President for 300,000 men, dated December 19, 1864, is 16,887.

This is the number required under the call, after taking into account the credits to which the State is entitled, by estimating the number of years of service furnished by one, two and three years' men.

The quota of the

| | |
|---|---|
| First District is | 2,066 |
| Second do | 4,265 |
| Third do | 2,610 |
| Fourth do | 1,228 |
| Fifth do | 961 |
| Sixth do | 1,345 |
| Seventh do | 899 |
| Eighth do | — |
| Ninth do | — |
| Tenth do | 2,163 |

The whole number of years of service furnished by each district, and which is to be considered in apportioning the quota of sub-districts, is

| Districts. | Years. | Being an excess of years service on the No. of men furnished. |
|---|---|---|
| First | 4,225 | 1,591 |
| Second | 5,934 | 1,803 |
| Third | 6,596 | 3,022 |
| Fourth | 9,453 | 5,382 |
| Fifth | 9,347 | 5,376 |
| Sixth | 7,705 | 4,220 |
| Seventh | 9,695 | 5,456 |
| Eighth | ..... | ..... |
| Ninth | ..... | ..... |
| Tenth | 3,846 | 1,573 |

In order to equalize this credit, it will be added to the quota of the district in gross, and distributed among the sub-districts, according to the number enrolled in each.

This will give the quota of the sub-district increased by the excess in proportion to the number enrolled; but as the number of one, two and three years men respectively have been furnished without regard to the number enrolled, the Provost-Marshall will subtract from the gross quota the actual amount of excess of years of service which the sub-district has furnished.

The enclosed formula is furnished as a rule for assigning quotas to sub-districts.

Suppose the quota under the present call in a given district containing eight (8) sub-districts is one thousand men, and that the quota in that district under the call of July 18th, 1864, was 1,600, which was filled as follows:

PERIOD OF SERVICE.

| Sub District. | Number of Men Furnished | One Year | Two Years | Three Years | Total Number of Years Service | Excess Years Service over Number Men | Number |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | 200 | 140 | 20 | 40 | 300 | 100 | |
| Second | 210 | 180 | 10 | 50 | 350 | 110 | |
| Third | 160 | 80 | 12 | 68 | 308 | 148 | |
| Fourth | 260 | 120 | 36 | 110 | 510 | 250 | |
| Fifth | 180 | 100 | 10 | 70 | 330 | 150 | |
| Sixth | 240 | 120 | 20 | 100 | 460 | 220 | |
| Seventh | 140 | 60 | 10 | 70 | 290 | 150 | |
| Eighth | 180 | 132 | 24 | 24 | 252 | 72 | |
| Total | 1,600 | 932 | 136 | 582 | 2,800 | 1,200 | |
| Total No. years' of service | 300 | 350 | 310 | 400 | 252 | | |
| Three yrs. | 40 | 54 | 50 | 40 | 48 | 582 | |
| Two years | 22 | 32 | 20 | 20 | 24 | 136 | |
| One year. | 120 | 160 | 100 | 120 | 132 | 932 | |
| No. of men furnished | 200 | 250 | 150 | 180 | 180 | 1,600 | |

| Sub-district. | Number of enrolled in District | Quota with excess added, 1,000x1,200 | Number enrolled in Sub-district | Gross quota | Excess furnished by Sub-district | Net quota or number required under call |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,400 | 264 | 100 | 164 |
| Second | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,800 | 308 | 110 | 198 |
| Third | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,000 | 220 | 148 | 72 |
| Fourth | 20,000 | 2,200 | 3,200 | 352 | 250 | 102 |
| Fifth | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,200 | 242 | 150 | 92 |
| Sixth | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,800 | 308 | 220 | 88 |
| Seventh | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,000 | 220 | 150 | 70 |
| Eighth | 20,000 | 2,200 | 2,600 | 286 | 72 | 214 |
| | | | 20,000 | 2,200 | 1,200 | 1,000 |

The above formula is furnished to Boards of Enrollment as a rule by which they will apportion the quotas of sub-districts, and determine the amount of credit due them.

JAMES B. FRY, *Provost-Marshal General.*

Official: (Signed) GEO. E. SCOTT, *Capt. Vet. Res. Corps.*

Which report was received.

RESOLUTION.

Supervisor Davis presented, for adoption, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Special Committee on Volunteering be and they are hereby authorized and directed to pay such sums for hand-money as they may, in their judgment, deem advisable, in order to fill the quota of this County with the least possible delay, to the extent of the appropriation made by the ordinance of June 11th, 1864.

Which was adopted by the following vote:

Affirmative—Supervisors Blunt, Davis, Ely, Purdy, Roche, Shook, Tweed and Willmann—8.

MOTIONS RESUMED.

Supervisor Shook moved that the Board do now adjourn.

Which was carried.

Whereupon, the President declared that the Board stood adjourned until Monday, February 6th, at 5 o'clock, P.M.

JOSEPH B. YOUNG, *Clerk.*

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## CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

WARRANT.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to draw his warrant in favor of Oliver B. Stout, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars ($150), as per bill annexed, for services as Clerk of the Board of Commissioners of Excise, for the year 1864, and charge the same to the appropriation for "County Contingencies."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 10, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the parties named in the annexed pay-roll of work performed by them, and of moneys due them up to January 7, 1865, be audited and allowed at six thousand seven hundred and sixty-six dollars and eighty-two cents ($6,766 82), and paid by the Comptroller from the appropriation for "Construction of New County Court House."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, Jan. 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 10, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

BILLS.

Resolved, That the bills of the following named, for materials, &c., furnished for construction of New County Court House, be audited and allowed as follows, viz.:

J. B. & W. W. Cornell & Co., iron, as per contract, nine thousand one hundred and sixty-four dollars and seventy cents, $9,164 70

Henry R. McMurray, marble, as per contract, three thousand and forty-five dollars and forty cents ..... 3,045 40

John Kellum, services as Architect to January 1, 1865, as per contract, three thousand nine hundred and eight dollars and seventy-three cents ..... 3,908 73

And paid by the Comptroller from appropriation for "Construction of New County Court House."

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, Jan. 10, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this Board be and is hereby directed to lease the upper stories of the premises known as Knickerbocker Hall, situate on the northwest corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, for two years from January 1, 1865, at a rent of two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500) per annum, to be used and occupied as an Armory and Drill Rooms for military purposes, and the Comptroller be and is hereby directed to pay said rent quarterly, from the appropriation for "Armories and Drill Rooms," and the lessee of the premises is hereby required to put the same in permanent repair to the satisfaction of the Colonel and officers of the Third Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., to which regiment the above-named premises are hereby assigned.

Adopted by the Board of Supervisors, January 10, 1865.

Approved by the Mayor, January 23, 1865.

J. B. YOUNG, Clerk.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MUTUAL BENEFIT PETROLEUM COMPANY.

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL STOCK 200,000 SHARES at $2,50 per share. $500,000.

40,000 shares, or $100,000, reserved for working capital, to fully develope the Property of the Company, the Balance to be applied to the Purchase of Lands and other Property.

OFFICE, No. 130 PEARL STREET, (Hanover Square,) New York.

OFFICERS:

HON. JOHN KELLY.....New York.....President.
JOHN C. GILES..... " " .....Vice-President.
WILLIAM E. FRONT..... " " .....Secretary.
JOHN S. GILES..... " " .....Treasurer.
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN..... " " .....Gen. Superintendt.
JOHN O. CORNELL, Titusville, Pa.....Ass't. Superin'dt
Messrs. MARTIN & SMITH, Attorneys and Counsellors, Bank of Commerce Building, N. Y.

TRUSTEES:

HON. JOHN KELLY, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.
GEORGE T. HAWS, Secretary of the Commonwealth Fire Ins. Company, New York.
JOHN S. GILES, Treasurer New York Fire Department Fund, New York.
WILLIAM S. COLLINS, Merchant, No. 130 Pearl street, New York.
GEORGE P. LAWRENCE, Merchant, No. 11 South William street, New York.
SAMUEL J. SMITH, Merchant, No. 10 Maiden Lane, New York.
JOHN O. GILES, Merchant, No. 11 South William street, New York.
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN, Merchant, Nos. 71 and 73 Front street, New York.
JOHN C. CORNELL, Assistant Superintendent, Titusville, Penn.

The property of this Company is located on Oil Creek and Little Oil Creek, all in FEE SIMPLE, in the very heart of the oil region, in Venango, Warren and Crawford Counties, Pennsylvania. Oil Springs and Salt Springs abound, and have very best evidence of a rich yield of oil exist on the property; a large number of oil wells are be ng successfully worked on the adjoining lands, some at times producing from 10 to 60 barrels per day, and as yet only partially developed.

All the property belonging to this Company, all of which are bottom lands, about one hundred and seventy-five acres have been selected by competent judges, as the best of oil-producing lands Oil Creek and its tributary streams run directly through most of this property.

The Company are now making active arrangements for a speedy and full development of all their lands, and expect at an early day to pay a handsome percentage on the investment.

The respectability, integrity and commercial standing of the Officers and Trustees of the Company, all being practical business men, is sufficient guarantee that their representations in regard to, and their conduct of, the business of the Company will be entitled to the full confidence and entire approval of all who may be disposed to invest in the enterprise.

The stock is not put at a fictitious value, but at an actual business valuation, and sold at that, without being enlarged into many millions, to the detriment of the Stockholders.

No personal liability attaches to the Stockholders, as the stock is sold at its actual par value, and not at a reduction of one-half, by which reduction each Stockholder is made personally liable.

Some idea of the immense value of Oil Territory may be gathered from the following statement. The Noble and Delamater Well is pouring forth a constant stream of oil, at the rate of five hundred barrels per day, equal to six thousand dollars, or over two million dollars worth yearly. The Jersey Well yields about five thousand dollars worth daily. The Hyde and Egbert Farm, thirty-seven acres, has been converted into Companies, representing over seven million dollars. A great many similar cases could be cited. Texas is no reason why some of the properties belonging to this Company should not produce Oil as copiously as the wells mentioned above, and in that case it would make its value almost beyond calculation.

Dividends will be declared on the stock as soon as the Company's finances will permit, and will be held subject to the order of distant subscribers, by draft or otherwise, free of charge. All Stockholders, large and small will be treated alike, and receive the dividends or profits on rata. All receipts derived from the Company, either in sale of oil, land or products of any kind, will be divided among the Stockholders.

Circulars, prospectus, &c., containing every information, will be furnished on application at the office of the Company, or sent by mail, to parties wishing to subscribe.

A limited number of shares only are now offered for a short time, and can be subscribed for at the office of the Company, No. 130 Pearl street, Hanover Square, New York; and of JOHN S. GILES, Treasurer, No. 171 Canal street, New York; or of either of the Trustees as above.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, New Court House, New York, Jan. 18, 1865.

CORPORATION NOTICE—PUBLIC

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

Building a sewer in Fifty-second street, from Seventh avenue to Broadway.

Building a sewer in Eighth avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Paving with trap-block Forty-eighth street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue.

Paving with trap-block Houston street, from Avenue D to the Bowery.

Laying crosswalks in West street, opposite Marine Chapel.

Building a sewer in Forty-ninth street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, and in Tenth avenue to Forty-seventh street.

Paving Broadway with trap-block, from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth street.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on Fifty-second street, from Seventh avenue to one hundred and twenty-five feet east of Broadway, and all the lots on both sides of the extent of half the block north and south of Fifty-second street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Eighth avenue, from Thirteenth to Fourteenth street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-eighth street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Houston street, and all the lots on both sides of the intersecting streets, to the extent of half the block, from Avenue D to the Bowery.

Also, all the lots on West street, between Carlisle and Albany streets.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-ninth street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, and all the lots on both sides of Tenth avenue, from Forty-seventh to Forty-ninth street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Broadway, and all the lots on both sides of the intersecting streets, to the extent of half the block, from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth street.

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

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

Ja28 31

TO THE COMMITTEE ON TAXES OF the Board of Councilmen will meet WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

JAMES G. BRINKMAN, CHARLES KOSTER, ABRAHAM LENT, Committee on Taxes.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON SEWERS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, At 1 o'clock P. M., To consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

HUGH REILLY, VALENTINE COOK, MICHAEL SMITH, Committee on Sewers.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON OPENING STREETS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on MONDAY, January 30, At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee, are invited to attend.

DAVID FITZGERALD, BERNARD KINNEY, VALENTINE COOK, Committee on Opening Streets.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON CLEANING STREETS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, January 30, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

JAMES G. BRINKMAN, BERNARD KINNEY, ISAAC ROBINSON, Committee on Cleaning Streets.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON CROTON AQUEDUCT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on SATURDAY, January 28, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

JOHN HEALY, WM. A. TAYLOR, THOS. BRADY, Committee on Croton Aqueduct.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON ALMS-HOUSE DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting in Room No. 5, City Hall, on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M. Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

EDWIN M. HAGERTY, WM. A. TAYLOR, THOMAS O'CALLAGHAN, Committee on Alms House Department.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON ROADS of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting in Room No. 5, City Hall, on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M. Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

PATRICK RUSSELL, BERNARD KINNEY, SAMUEL P. PATTERSON, Committee on Roads.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON PRINTING and ADVERTISING of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

EDWIN M. HAGERTY, JOHN HOUGHTALIN, JOHN HEALY, Committee on Printing and Advertising.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON ACCOUNTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, January 30, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in matters awaiting the action of the Committee are respectfully invited to attend.

THOMAS O'CALLAGHAN, ISAAC ROBINSON, SAMUEL P. PATTERSON, Joint Committee on Accounts.

## CORPORATION NOTICES.

THE COMMITTEE ON DONATIONS AND CHARITIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet MONDAY, Jan. 30, at 3 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties having business before the Committee are invited to attend.

THOMAS LEAVY, ABRAHAM LENT, EDWIN M. HAGERTY, Committee on Donations and Charities.

THE COMMITTEE ON SALARIES AND OFFICES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, Jan. 30, in Room No. 5, City Hall, at 2 o'clock, P. M. All parties having business before them will please attend.

DAVID FITZGERALD, THOMAS LEAVY, WM. A. TAYLOR, Committee on Salaries and Offices.

THE COMMITTEE ON MARKETS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, Jan. 30, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

GEORGE McGRATH, J. WILSON GREEN, WILLIAM JOYCE, Committee on Markets.

THE COMMITTEE ON FIRE DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, Jan. 30, at 11 o'clock A. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

BERNARD KINNEY, JAMES G. BRINKMAN, THOMAS LEAVY, Committee on Fire Department.

THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, Jan. 30, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, to consider all papers before them. Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON BELGIAN PAVEMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON STREETS OF the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 10 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them. All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC HEALTH of the Board of Councilmen will meet on FRIDAY, February 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee. All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON FERRIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ARTS AND SCIENCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee are invited to be present without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ASSESSMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them. All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON LAMPS AND GAS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, January 30, 1865, at 11 o'clock A. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS of the Board of Councilmen will meet WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON POLICE of the Board of Councilmen will meet on SATURDAY, January 28, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, January 30, at 3 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, to consider all papers before them. Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ORDINANCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on FRIDAY, February 3, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee. All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON LANDS AND PLACES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

JOHN SIACON, PATRICK H. KEENAN, VALENTINE COOK, Committee on Lands and Places.

THE COMMITTEE ON LAW DEPARTMENT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on MONDAY, January 30, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

PATRICK RUSSELL, J. WILSON GREEN, DAVID FITZGERALD, Committee on Law Department.

THE COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting on WEDNESDAY, February 1, in Room No. 5, City Hall, at 1 o'clock P. M. Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

GEORGE McGRATH, MICHAEL SMITH, ISAAC ROBINSON, CHARLES KOSTER, J. WILSON GREEN, Committee on Railroads.

THE COMMITTEE ON REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on TUESDAY, January 31, At 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, To consider all papers before them. Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

VALENTINE COOK, DAVID FITZGERALD, JOHN HOUGHTALIN, ABRAHAM LENT, THOMAS BRADY, Committee on Repairs and Supplies.

THE COMMITTEE ON WHARVES, PIERS AND SLIPS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on WEDNESDAY, February 1, At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall. All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

JOHN HOUGHTALIN, JOHN SIACON, WILLIAM JOYCE, Committee on