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[For the Leader.]

A Photograph

OF

HON. RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

We were walking up town one day with a prominent politician, who had just been elected by a magnificent majority to a high executive office, when suddenly our companion stopped us at Union Square, and, pointing to the crowds of people hurrying up and down Broadway, quietly remarked, "At least two out of every three of these people must have voted for me, according to my majority, and yet you see that scarcely one out of a thousand knows me by sight."

The Hon. Richard B. Connolly, the candidate of the people for Comptroller, will not be able to make such a remark after he is elected next Tuesday; for everybody has seen him, and not to know him is to be yourself unknown. Once a politician, now a banker, and soon to be promoted to the control of our city finances, Mr. Connolly has always been a marked and popular man, familiar in all circles and with friends in every house. Let us photograph him briefly for the benefit of those of the Leader readers who have not met him recently and who desire to know whether he has at all changed in physique or deportment since he retired from politics and entered upon a financial career.

As we wait for him at his headquarters at Mataran's, or at Gross's, in Fourth avenue, near Thirteenth street, a carriage rattles along rapidly, pulls up at the door, and out jumps our next Comptroller. Simply but elegantly dressed, his head is crowned with one of those semi-military hats that shield his eyes from too close scrutiny. He has a certain quiet and easy manner of moving about which is not indolence, but the result of great energy well controlled. About the middle height, plump and well formed, he cannot help being graceful. His eyes are large and blue; his hair light and worn short; his cheeks as rosy and smooth as an apple; his forehead high, round and capacious, and his shoulders broad, strong and indicative of immense physical power.

Always courteous and always ready to smile, the next Comptroller has a good word for every one he meets, although he holds to his own views and purposes with singular tenacity. Instead of being all things to all men, he is the same thing to all men. His voice is sweet, mellow and not loud, but when he speaks, either in joke or earnest, what he says is sure to tell. His character is of the best Irish stamp, educated upon the best American models. He likes pleasant things, pleasant sayings, pleasant times, and pleasant companions; but under this enjoyable demeanor there is a reserve of force and courage which the thoughtless observer would hardly suspect. He is fond of smooth waters and plain sailing; but when the storm comes he is ready to meet it, to grapple with it, and to dare all the chances of the conflict. He takes all the turns of fortune easily, and laughs when other men begin to fear; but everybody knows that he can be relied upon in an emergency to fight his way sternly through.

One of the most prominent causes of Richard B. Connolly's success is his serene trust in Providence; but he backs this trust by the hardest kind of hard work, believing that Heaven helps those who help themselves. In seasons of political shipwreck, when all around are gloomy and desponding, his voice rings cheerily out, and his confidence in the future inspires all the rest with hope. For him each cloud has a silver lining, and he is never satisfied until he has turned the cloud inside out and rendered the silver lining visible to every friend. Ambitious, but not vain; energetic, but not restless; shrewd, but not calculating; bold, but never indiscreet, our next Comptroller knows equally well how to make friends and how to keep them. Political human nature has been his constant study, and he has mastered it completely. His financial ability is unquestioned. Socially he is the prince of good fellows; but he never carries his social likings into his business relations.

Among the traits which you will notice even during this brief inspection, is the inability of our next Comptroller to speak an ill word of anybody. He acts promptly and decisively when treachery has to be rebuked or crime punished; but he will not speak much, and what he says is generous and charitable. This characteristic, so seldom possessed by public men, may account for the thousands of devoted friends he possesses, in and out of politics and in all parties, cliques and factions. He can overcome all opposition, but he cannot abuse his opponents. Men of the most diverse views agree in admiring and supporting him. The mercantile and financial classes like him for some traits; the politicians find other qualities to attract them to him; the masses of the people are always ready to rally to his support. Sir Felix Featherly did not deserve the title of "Everybody's Friend" half so well as Mr. Richard B. Connolly, and had not done half so much to earn it.

In the present canvass our next Comptroller has not had an opportunity to display his finest powers. The talent of combination, for which he is so remarkable, has not been called out by so plain and straightforward a contest, in which all parties admit that he is beyond doubt the most acceptable candidate. Those who remember the campaigns which made Connolly our County Clerk and Senator will appreciate this distinction. But during the present canvass he has been a most indefatigable worker. At the commencement everybody appeared to be against him, and at one time nobody seemed to suppose that he would receive the nomination; but now his friends have turned out in immense numbers, his few enemies are silent or have been won over to his side, and his election is a certainty. The meeting at the Cooper Institute to-night will develop his strength to an extent which will astonish his opponents. The whole Democratic party supports him, and thousands of persons, independent of politics, who never attend political meetings and seldom go the polls, will give Richard B. Connolly their votes next Tuesday. Then in a most important office and at a most important crisis of our financial affairs, our next Comptroller will show the excellent stuff of which he is composed.

Book Gossip.

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

From Thanksgiving day to New Year's day is a holiday stretch of time which booksellers and furriers jointly desire. The latter prepare to warm the physical and the former make haste to warm up the intellectual faculties. The furriers never send to critics capes or wools for review, so we must turn attention to the publishers, who often get the authors (*videlicet* Charles Reade and Algernon Swinburne) into a muff and hoodwink the most noble army of Bohemians.

The week brings us two more additions to Bartlett's plethoric catalogue of war literature in "Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by W. F. G. Shanks; and "The Sanctuary," by Col. Nichols, who wrote so agreeable a story of Sherman's great march. There is an old proverb that if you wish to get true views of landscapes and their surroundings of men and manners, you must ride Shank's mare. The steed of Mr. Shanks is by no means a slow one. With many of his journeyings the readers of *Harper's Monthly* are familiar. There are more of them here, and described in a truly winning manner. No one can dissect individual peculiarities better than a trained reporter, such as Mr. Shanks is. Talfourd's success at the bar proceeded from his having sharpened his analysis and condensation powers whilst a press reporter. So, whilst Mr. Shanks, by familiarizing us with the "behind scenes" of the generals somewhat lessens the effect of their tinsel, his analyses of their personal and military qualities are probably quite correct. The book becomes, therefore, indispensable to every family of readers where photographs and hearsay of Generals were cherished.

With all due respect to Col. Nichols' apology, or rather explanation, for his title, we think it a very inappropriate one. Fortunately, his name will sell the book when the title will not attract. It is a story wherein Mars and Venus, in modern dress, play considerate roles. And it is as interesting as fiction can be into which threads of fact are interwoven. We have often thought that the reason why Americans prefer to read English novels are because even the details, which are common to the Londoner, are fresh upon this side of the Atlantic. The introduction of real personages with fanciful ones is somewhat repelling. Nothing so effectually contributed to damn Arditi's opera of "La Spia" as the introduction of General Washington for a musical recitative. Colonel Nichols shows considerable power here as a novelist, but his next essay should be wholly in the world of fancy if he desires great success.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton—truly aesthetical publishers that they are—dare to issue Lady Wallace's translation of Beethoven's letters, an undertaking in a pecuniary sense perhaps as odd as for music stereotypers to get ready new editions of his symphonies and sonatas. But they cannot fail to be rewarded for their taste and munificence in the issue. Two volumes contain the letters of the great inspired, beginning with his *eleventh* year (when he prepared three sonatas for the piano), and ending with the harmonious expressions of gratitude to Moscheller for benefactions in a forlorn old age. Beethoven is no more the fashion. But those in whom music, as well as tender rhetoric, controls heart-beatings as the breeze or wind moves the ocean, never forget the homage due to Beethoven when learning his music or reading these letters; letters that lay bare his brain, his heart, his emotion, his skill, his knowledge, his inspiration, and his wonderful victories of the affective qualities over the physical.

The novel market is like the Thanksgiving one—full of delicacies to suit every whim of palate. Leypoldt & Holt (who are effectually edging their way up the publishing table to a prominent seat) present us with a nicely bound copy of "Skirmishing," by the author of "Cousin Stella," etc. T. B. Peterson issues a new novel by Mrs. Ann Stephens, called "The Soldier's Orphans;" the Harpers enter "The Race for Wealth," by Mrs. Riddell, the authoress of "Phemie Keller," and the same publishers announce another from her pen as in press, called "The Rich Husband." Here are three novels of schools as wide apart as the Cornell University and Harvard College. "Skirmishing" will be delightedly hailed by a class who admire Miss Warner and Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Olyphant, but who would pronounce "Soldier's Orphans" as too curried a dish, and the novel of Mrs. Riddell as too confusing in its succession of incidents and clever didactics. Mrs. Riddell usually writes unevenly. Her "Phemie Keller" was an especial instance of this. But "The Race for Wealth" is written with more continuity of excellence. And under quite original treatment of old topics, she hides sundry old-fashioned moralizings that really seem new.

The "young folks" will rejoice to be told that Grace Greenwood and Mayne Reid are allowed by Ticknor & Field to make acceptable holiday visits to them. "Grace" has collected some of her sketches and charades into a book which she calls "Stories of Many Lands." The Captain has supervised the full installment of his "Afloat in the Forest," which has been running in the magazine and tantalizing the boys with its monthly breaks of stirring narrative at critical points of interest. Grace Greenwood's stories about the English, French and Italian children are only excelled when she stays at home and uncovers the tear-wells for even grown folks by "Bessie Raeburn's Christmas Adventure." As for Captain Mayne Reid, had Swift lived to read him he would have burned his "Gulliver's Travels" in utter chagrin. We wouldn't sleep under the same roof with such a romancer, not even with an accidental insurance ticket beneath the pillow!

The same Boston firm again pique the ingenuity of paper merchants, stereotypers, engravers and binders to give holiday suits to a dozen of Longfellow's latest poems that have been culled from the *Atlantic*. The first poem, "Flower de luce," gives the title. The illustration of the miserly skeleton amid his ingots and coin is so dramatic that alone it will reward the buyer. "Why expend so much money upon so small an edition?" some carper may ask. "Pray tell us," we answer (Yankeewise, question for question), "why you all love to spread ribbons and laces over your cherished babies?" H. W. L. is the pet of the Bostonians. They demand he shall not appear in public except as dressed for the christening!

No one can tell what the publishers may do in a similar direction, but Lee & Shepard have already prepared for 1867 a Lady's Almanac of bijou shape and binding, wherein the choicest of prose and poetry and suggestive wood cuts alternate with memoranda blanks and the usual references to days and seasons. The Almanac is fourteen years old. If it improves so every year, Mr. Compiler Coolidge, how gushingly gastronomical and astronomical it will become at sweet sixteen.

A Group of Great Men.

ANECDOTE OF BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham had on one occasion the fortune to read his own death and his life also in the same paper; an incident which happens to few men. His demise was reported in the London *Times* as the result of a railroad accident, and his obituary was forthwith taken from the columbarium of biographies which "the thunderer" always keeps on hand ready for any such emergency and printed. At the *table d'hote*, where this conversation took place, were several leading barristers and the ex-chancellor was well known to most of them. A neat little story was told of his canvass of Yorkshire for Parliament. This is one of the largest boroughs both in size and population, and as the candidate, then in his palmiest days, had but little time to spare, he made appointments to meet his constituents from place to place without regard to the hour of day or night. At one time he would address them at six in the morning, at another at twelve at night; and still at another perhaps at mid-day. He kept this up for several days, with but little rest, and only now and then snatching an hour's repose. During this period his toilette duties were somewhat neglected, and he was finally reminded of the fact in an odd way. He was in vigorous terms denying a charge of bribery, and at length with emphasis spread out his hands with the explanation, "These hands are clean." A loud laugh from his hearers led him to look at them, and they were very nearly a chimney-sweep's for blackness. He won his election, nevertheless, after a contest of unrivalled severity.

BARON ALDERSON.

"Do you recollect Baron Alderson and the neat way in which he was gored by Sergeant S——?" said Mr. A——. "Your story about Lord Brougham brings it to mind, as I was in court at the time, and remember what a sensation it made. It was thought quite a smart thing then."

"No, I don't; do let us have it."

"S. was making the closing argument in the case of—of—well, I forget the name, but it related to a collision between an omnibus and a brougham. The latter had brought an action against the former. S., in speaking of the latter, called it a brooghham, very much to the disgust of the Judge. At length his lordship could endure it no longer, and somewhat petulantly asked, 'Brother S., why don't you say brougham (broom) and you'll save a syllable each time?' S. went on without reply, and soon finished his argument. Baron Alderson proceeded to address the jury, and in the course of his charge often used the word omnibus. At length Sergeant S. rose and said, 'I beg your lordship's pardon, but if your lordship would only say 'bus instead of omnibus it would be a great gain, for your lordship would save two syllables each time.' Having made this point he sat down."

CAMPBELL AND SYDNEY SMITH.

"You knew Lord Campbell, did you not?" said some one. "I believe he was quite as sarcastic as Lord Ellenborough at times."

"Yes, he was. I once heard him say a pretty good thing, and, in my opinion, not undeserved. A member of the bar who was not very well up in his Latin, rose, as he remarked, for the purpose of moving that a *nolle prosequi* (accenting the second syllable) be entered in a certain case. 'As you please,' said his lordship, very quietly. 'Only remember that it is near the close of the term, and don't let us have anything unnecessarily long.'"

"We lawyers used to enjoy Sydney Smith's company very much," said Mr. D. "Though he was not one of us, all his tastes and acquirements fitted him for the bar, and I believe he was originally designed for that, as Henry VIII. was for the church, though, jovial as he was, he made a better churchman than that monarch. If ever there was a droll wag, he was one. The last time I met him he told me of an Irish gentleman—and I dare say he made up the story—whom he had invited to breakfast a few days before. Half an hour having passed without the arrival of the expected guest, the host at length looked out and saw him, apparently in a state of great mystification, on the other side of the street. Finally, as if unable to solve his bewilderment, he started to go away, when Mr. Smith ran over and seized him. It then appeared that the invitee had sought for the number 77, at the wrong spot. Not being familiar with the custom of placing all the odd figures on one hand and the even on the other, he had reached 76 in safety, but only to find himself suddenly switched off. The more he reflected, the more confused he became, and was about to sacrifice the expected breakfast and retire, when fortunately rescued. 'Once seated at the table,' said Mr. Smith, 'I tried to explain the matter in as clear language as I could command, but without much success, for his only reply was that he didn't like that style of thing, at all and he couldn't understand it, for when a man wanted to call on his next-door neighbor he had to cross to the opposite house.'"

"When you were speaking of Campbell and his sarcasm," continued Mr. D., "I thought of a remark I once heard Baron Maule make. It was at a dinner party, where a young man near him was making himself generally disagreeable by his officious observations and flippancy. He said to the Judge at length that really the only things he cared for were horses and women. 'Young man,' replied he, 'I advise you to go home and make your will; bequeath your skin to be made into a side-saddle, and in that way you can both make yourself useful and gratify the only tastes you have.'"

"Sydney Smith and Douglass Jerrold used to say terribly severe things at times. They were often perfectly 'crushing,'" said Mr. A. "Most of them have been made public in one way or another, and are well known. The latter was especially apt and quick-witted, and invariably equal to any call that was made upon him. One evening in a mixed company, we were playing a game to test our knowledge of Shakespeare. Each person was to name some object, it mattered not what, to the guest next to him, and the latter, under pain of forfeit, was to give some quotation from the poet to illustrate it. To Jerrold was given the word treadmill, and he hardly hesitated a moment before replying in the well-known language of Lear, 'Down, thou climbing sorrow!'"

ABOUT TALFOURD.

"Talfourd, I believe, in his day, served as a connecting link between the literary men and the lawyers, and performed the part well, too, did he not?"

"Yes, I knew him quite intimately, and used frequently to be at the great parties at his house in Russell square. They were entirely unique, and it was very entertaining to hear the strange medley of names that were called out as the guests entered. I have seen there on the same evening the Lord Chancellor, several of the judges, a number of peers of the realm, prominent statesmen, Thackeray, Dickens, the Keans, Faraday, Landseer, and a hundred other notabilities, and among them men who had been obliged to hire or borrow the coats they came in. Talfourd never forgot those with whom he had been connected when he was poor and unknown, and this was one thing that made him so popular and so universally lamented at his death. The entertainment on these occasions was always profuse, and it not unfrequently happened that some of those present, not being used to such luxury, altogether forgot themselves. I have seen Thackeray quite as badly off as any one, and his style of life at these London parties probably hastened his decease. Very few have the strength of constitution to endure it for any length of time. Talfourd himself used to drink a great deal of port, and finally died of apoplexy. He needed a perpetual stimulus of that kind in consequence of the demand upon both mind and body which his professional and other labors were constantly making. I have known him in the prime of his career at the bar to make an argument of perhaps three hours in an important case, another of an hour and a half, and still another somewhat longer on the same day. Between each two he changed his linen, drank a bottle of port and ate a hearty luncheon. He was so much fatigued with his exertions that he really needed powerful stimulants to keep up his strength, and yet no man could go through what he did without breaking down eventually. He was very eloquent, and could carry a jury with him to almost any point he chose. I heard him on one occasion make a superb argument in a case where his client was sueing a man who had injured his horse by hard driving and cruel treatment. He obtained ample damages, but I don't think he spoke ten minutes about the horse. By some strange deviation he soon wandered from the subject and for over an hour devoted himself to the horrors of African slavery. It was the most stirring, energetic and masterly speech on that matter which I ever heard.

"His income as a lawyer was enormous, and when he was removed to the bench it was £5,000; so that he was able to extend to all his friends the magnificent hospitality which was so much to his taste. His position was a splendid one, and he was a sort of Mæcenas to both literary men and lawyers. He was successful in each of those careers himself, and had not been obliged to 'bid farewell to his muse' like his great predecessor, Blackstone. In his early struggles when his father's ruin had blighted his prospects he had to depend upon his pen for support, and his literary reputation had kept pace with his legal progress. Any writer might be proud of his works. He was one of the very few men in modern times who were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient Greek poetry. He had a wonderfully delicate perception of its beauties, and in this respect his mind was touched to the finest issues. His tragedy of 'Ion' might almost have come from the hand of Euripides himself. He deeply sympathized with the hardships of those less fortunate than he had been, and was always ready to tender both purse and brain for their benefit. Haydon, the painter, once applied to him to relieve his impecuniosity with the loan of £20. This was in Talfourd's early days, when he had only toiled up the first few steps of professional success. He himself needed the money for hard-earned and much-wanted recreation, and had just laid aside that amount in order to take a pleasant trip with some friends to Margate. However, his charitable heart could not withstand Haydon's appeal, and he gave up his proposed excursion and loaned him the sum he asked. The next day he went to the steamboat on which he was to have abandoned his professional labors in order to take leave of his friends, when he was surprised to find there Haydon and his family, who were going on the very excursion he had given up, and probably with the aid of the very money he had sacrificed to aid what the painter fancifully styled his pressing necessities. Many men would have experienced a feeling of disgust to see the pertinacious advocate of 'high art' stoop so low, but Talfourd's was a noble nature and he was perfectly willing to regard it as merely an idiosyncracy of genius." A.

The "Almanach de Gotha."

There is consternation in the editor's room at Gotha.

Who has not on his library table, side by side with Burke and Dodd, that wonderful production, the "Almanach de Gotha"? It is the history of the genealogy of all the reigning families in Europe, the peerage of Germany. In this volume no illustrious Bug crawls up the tree of a Howard. Everything is pur sang. Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach and Saxon, ay, down to the reigning princes of Waldeck Lippe and Detmold and to the Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, all are given in the most accurate manner. The square little volume, with its four portraits of kings, queens, or statesmen, its excellent index, its carefully compiled statistics, its historical references, is a work of no common order. It is published simultaneously in French and German.

Yet, as we have said, there is consternation in the editorial room at Gotha. The Almanach for 1867 was almost ready to be launched forth into the world, when, lo! like the simoon, Prussia sweeps over the north of Germany, and kings and princes are carried away by the blast like so many reeds; even the stalwart tree of Austria has lost many of its branches, blown away by the storm, though the stem still stands firm on its deep-set roots. The hurricane has lulled; the treaty of Prague calms for a time the troubled elements; diplomacy has done its work! But it is a much easier task to sign a treaty and exchange ratifications than to rewrite a compendium like the "Almanach de Gotha."

"*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*" sang Arndt, and the editor of the "Almanach de Gotha" is at his wits' end to make it out. Is it Prussian land? Is it Bavarian land? Is it Saxon land? *O nein! O nein!* "*Das ganze Deutschland muss es seyn!*"

But now comes the dilemma. The whole German Confederation is extinguished, and Frankfort, the seat of the Diet, annexed; consequently the thirty-two States, including the Hanse Towns, must be struck out of the Almanach, and the North German Confederation above the Maine inserted instead. As regards the embryo Confederation of the Southern States, all is chaos. Then Austria has lost Venetia, Denmark has lost the Duchies, and, worst of all, no one knows whether the few remaining ninepins will not be bowled down by the strong arm of a Bismarck or of a Napoleon!

We are careful readers of the "Almanach de Gotha;" we venerate its pages; we look upon its volumes as so many mortuary tablets in memoriam of departed greatness and disappointed ambition. Death, as Horace tells us, knocks equally at the door of the palace of the king and of the cot of the peasant; but that is the course of nature. That is not the view we take. We believe in Nemesis, who strikes during lifetime. What an array of dethroned kings and princes might be marshaled forth since 1848! Under the head of France, we find in the Almanach of 1849 the Orleans family struck out, and the Napoleon dynasty in its place. But such an event is not of a nature to disturb the mind of the editor of the "Almanach de Gotha." It is easier to shoot a lion with a single bullet than to exterminate a nest of wasps. Saxony is not yet annexed, and may remain intact in the Almanach of 1867; but Hanover, Nassau, Hesse Cassel, Darmstadt and others must all have a pen struck through them, and be added to Prussia. Prussia is like the devil-fish described by Victor Hugo in his "Travailleur de la Mer." It holds in its strangling grip all the petty princes of Germany. We are in October; the continental arrangements are by no means settled, and the Almanach must appear on the first of January!

We have good reason for saying again that consternation prevails in the editor's room at Gotha.

A girl in Michigan was stung last summer by a honey-bee, and has just died from the effects of it. Too much honey there.

A novel of the war has just been published, entitled "The Sanctuary." It is by Col. Nichols, the author of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

Meats are really falling, but the retail provision dealers don't see it. If they were going exactly the other way—what then?

Under the main business street in Rochester has been discovered a peat bed. If it had been Peter instead of peat, it would be a *rock* bottom.

A slander case between a couple of ministers is on the docket in the New Haven courts.

Lord Clarendon, descendant of the great Earl, is to die in consequence of excessive smoking. A clear devotee.

The holders of Mexican bonds in France would be glad to sell out pretty low.

Cotton manufactories are going up in Georgia and Mississippi.

The meteoric display did not come off. It went off instead.

[For the Leader.]

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY EDWARD GRATTAN.

Oh! breezes of autumn, upon your swift tide,
The leaves we have loved in their glory and pride,
All folded, and faded, their loveliness flown,
Are sailing away to a harbor unknown.

Oh! river of Fate, on your swift-flowing stream,
The sweet hopes of youth, that filled life with their gleam,
All dimmed of the lustre that lit them before,
Are drifting away, to return nevermore!

But the trees that the breezes of autumn made bare
The spring will bring lovelier blossoms to wear;
And the heart whose fond hopes drifted out from its side,
With new hopes shall glow at the turn of the tide.

PAVED WITH GOLD

A STORY OF THE STREETS.

BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHILDHOOD IN THE STREETS.

CHAPTER I.

THE START IN LIFE.

"Here, my coveys," cried a suspicious-looking youth, as he entered the kitchen of one of the low lodging-houses near the Mint, "I've caught a young flat what's been and hooked it from the House at Nor'ud. He didn't know where to stall to in the huey. I found him out in the main toper, and told him to step it along with me, for I was going into a ken in the back drum. Just twig his bunch of fives, Conkey" (this was said to a gentleman with a peculiar bottle-nose). "S'elp me! if a mauley like that there ain't worth a jemmy a day to a kenobe at wiring. Why, they're just made for hooking a fogle out of a clye."

Poor Phil Merton, to whom the above unintelligible jargon referred, stood in the centre of the wretched room trembling with fright at the strange and dismal character of the place, as well as the savage-looking people he had just been introduced to.

The purport of the above communication, though incomprehensible to most people, was not so to one who was known among the gang as Van Diemen Bill, and who sat by the fire swathing his bare ulcerous feet in a long roll of rags. He, however, was sufficiently well versed in "cant" to know that it meant to say that the strange boy couldn't tell where to get a lodging in town, and that "Buck" (the name of the lad who had brought Phil to the house) had found him in the high road, and told him to come with him, as he was going to a lodging-house in one of the by-streets. He knew, moreover, that Buck had drawn his friend Conkey's attention to the delicacy of the boy's hand, declaring that such a one was worth a sovereign a day to a thief at picking pockets, and adding that Phil's fingers were made expressly for hooking out handkerchiefs.

The speech, however, had hardly been finished before Van Diemen Bill had suddenly slipped on the old shoes at his side, and, going towards Buck, said, as he folded his arms and looked at him surlily in the face:

"Shut up, will you—shut up, now! I tell you, you ain't a-going to make a gun (thief) of this here young flat; it's a bad game, you know as well as I do, and I won't stand by and see a mere kid like this here put in the way of being lagged or scragged (transported or hanged) as he is sure to be at last if he goes on the cross like us. You knows, Buck, as well as I do, that we leads the life of dogs. Arn't we all on us spotted (marked) here? and ain't the Bobbies at our heels directly we stirs a foot, so that we can't even do a kingsman (silk handkerchief) in a day, let alone a skin or a soup (a purse or watch)? Stand back!" he shouted, as Buck appeared to make an advance towards the lad, "and leave the kid alone, or I'll put out my Chalk Farm (my arm) and give you a rap with my Oliver Twist (fist) over your I suppose (nose) that'll flatten your chevy chase (face) for you!" he added, menacingly, between his teeth, as he shook his clenched hand in the air.

Then stooping down to the scared lad, he said, in as tender tones as he was capable of:

"Come with me, young 'un, this ain't no place for you; they're all on the cross here; and you must keep square, my lad—keep square, whatever you do!" And so saying, the old thief seized Phil by the arm and led him out of the house—much to the astonishment of the younger and less squeamish rogues infesting the place.

Nor was there anything very extraordinary in such an act; for let us say, to the honor of such characters, who are generally considered to be utterly dead to every kindly feeling, that we ourselves have had honest boys brought to us by old returned convicts, and that solely from a disposition to save the lads from leading the same life as their own, for none but the very basest of thieves seem to wish others to be like themselves; and it is by no means uncommon for a person to hear, when some one of the fraternity says he has made up his mind, and is "going to square it" (live honestly for the future), the others, one and all, exclaim, "Well, I'm glad on it; I only wish I could do the same!"

To say the truth, Van Diemen Bill had led such a life of suffering and crime that now, in his advanced age, when he found himself no longer capable of the daring exploits by which heavy "swag" (plunder) could be obtained, and too closely watched by the police to be capable of any of the minor thefts, he felt angry at the thought of any young lad being trained to a life like his. It was impossible, as he said, for such as him to get work, and neither could he steal—indeed, it was only by continued "friendly leads" (subscriptions) among his old pals, and the gathering of the few bits of rag and bones from the muck heaps in the streets, that he was enabled to eke out life at all.

Phil was no sooner in the street than the man led him hurriedly away to a low public-house in the neighborhood; and there, entering the little tap, that was so dark that the gas was always kept burning during the day time, he said:

"Come, lad, have a bit o' scran, and I'll stand a shant o' gatter, I've got a tevise here;" and then, suddenly remembering that he was no longer talking to one of his own fraternity, he added, "I meant to say, have a bit of this here vittals, and I'll pay for a pot of beer, I've got a sixpence. A party as is kind to me on my rounds gave me some broken bits and an old jacket this morning, and I sold the jacket to the dolly-man for a bob. So come, eat now, boy, you needn't be afraid of me; for, though I'm a thief, I wouldn't harm the hair of your head—that I wouldn't."

Phil looked up in the old convict's face, and in the corner of his eye he could see a bright tear drop shimmering against the swarthy skin. Had the boy been more knowing as to the lives and characters of such people, he might have guessed that some recollection of his early home, or a dead parent's advice, had suddenly flashed across his mind; but the soft thief's hand was rubbed hastily over the brow, and the ugly memory shaken out of the brain with a half shudder and toss of the head.

The sight of the tear, however, inspired Phil with some little faith in the humanity of his companion, and assured him more than any words could do that the man really had some feeling for him.

In a few minutes the handkerchief of broken victuals was spread upon the table, and Phil was eating heartily, for the first time that day, and sipping occasionally at the half pint of threepenny ale that his kindly, if not honest, friend had supplied to him. Nor was it long before the convict had learned from the runaway workhouse lad his whole history, and more especially how, as he stood loitering about the "Elephant and Castle," the lad Buck had accosted him, and finding him without a lodging, had promised to provide him with one if he would follow him to his home.

The story ended, Phil could hardly help giving way to his feelings, and sobbed aloud in his alarm at the danger he had been in.

"There, there, boy," said Van Diemen Bill, "you must keep up your pluck whatever you do. Come, now, I'll tell you what I mean you to try. All I can give you, my good lad, is a sixpence; and if it hadn't been for the old coat I got this morning I couldn't have done that. Howsomever, the sixpence you're welcome to, and thank God it was honestly come by for your sake. Well, you see, twopence of it will find your bed to-night, and the other fourpence you must begin a-trading upon. You may stare, but at the place where I'm going to send you to, there's many a poor soul whose stock money is only a penny, and yet they can manage to keep themselves out of the workhouse, or the jail too, by turning that small sum over and over again. Ah! in that place twopence is enough to keep a lad like you for a year or two, and there's many an old couple has lived on even less for a much longer time. Well, I'll tell you," said the man, "for I see you're all eyes to know what it is—it's the water-cress market I means to send you to. I'll get you an old tin tray at 'Dolly,' Tuses, and start you fair with this here sixpence; and mind you, if ever you touches your stock money, if you eats a farden of it, you're a lost mutton you are. Take my advice, lad—the advice of a man who has seen more trouble, perhaps, than any other cross-chap in London—and starve on and on rather than make your fourpence a farden less; for remember it's only by making it more that such as you can ever hope to keep out of a prison that has even now got its jaws ready wide open to receive you."

A few moments after the above scene had taken place the boy had been furnished with his tin tray, and was launched fairly into the wide world of London, with sixpence to trade upon in his pocket and an old thief's blessing on his head.

CHAPTER II.

THE WATER-CRESS MARKET.

The retail trade in water-cresses is followed by the very poorest of the poor, as the stock money for this calling need consist only of a few halfpence. This class of street sellers are generally honest, industrious, striving people, and consist of young children who have been deserted by their parents, and whose strength is hardly equal to any great labor, or old men and women crippled by disease or accident, who, in their dread of the workhouse, linger on with the few pence they earn by street selling. The children are mostly sent out by their parents "to get a loaf of bread somehow," and the very old take to it because they are unable to carry heavy loads, and anxious to avoid becoming positive paupers in their old age.

"I'll do anything," said one, "rather than go into the house. I'd sweep crossings, or anything; and I should have been there long ago if it hadn't been for my wife selling cresses."

The young boys and girls are said to be well behaved, and to be mostly the children of poor struggling people. The old young generally travel between nine and ten miles in the course of the day. They start off to market at four and five, and are out on their morning rounds from seven to nine, and their afternoon ones from half-past two till five in the evening.

At the lodging-house to which Van Diemen Bill had taken young Phil to get him a bed for the night, the boy met with an old woman, who told him all about the trade he was in future to live by.

She was sitting by the kitchen fire, toasting a herring for her supper, and seeing that Phil carried a little tin tray under his arm, she at once recognized the symbol of the water-cress trade, and said to him:

"I suppose you're at creases, young un

Done pretty well to-day? I'm in the line myself."

"I've never sold in the streets yet," answered Phil; and then he told her the story of the great peril he had just run, and how the old convict had behaved to him.

"Well, that Van Diemen Bill is a kind cretur, and bless him for it, though I ain't the pleasure o' knowing him," said the old crone. "And how much do you say he guv you? Fourpence! You ought to do uncommon well on that, for there's very few on us got more than twopence or threepence, and lots on 'em only a penny. Why, let me see, for a penny you ought to have a full market hand, or as much as I can take hold of at one time without spilling; for threepence you should have a lap full enough to earn about a shilling off; and for fourpence you gets as many as I can cram into my basket."

"Then I shall make a lot of money," smiled Phil.

"Well, my dear," she continued, "it ain't so easy to earn a mouthful of bread. Many a time I've walked through the streets, and when I've seed a bit of old crust, as the servant has chucked out of the door—maybe for the birds—thinks I to myself, 'I can enjoy that as much as the sparrers.' Besides, it takes a deal a larning to buy your goods properly. Ha! ha!" she chuckled, "the dealers can't take me in, though. When one on 'em tries to give me a small hand of creases, I says, 'I ain't a-going to have that for a penn'orth,' and I moves to the next basket, and so on all round; and that's what you must do, I can tell you."

"Oh! they shan't cheat me," said Phil, knowingly.

"Are you fond of getting up early?" asked the old woman; but without waiting for a reply, she went on: "It don't matter if you do or no if you wants to live by selling creases. I gets up in the dark, by the light of the lamp in the court, and ain't it cold in winter! It pains my poor hands dreadful to take hold on the creases, 'specially after we've pumped on 'em to wash 'em. You're a strong boy, and won't mind the cold so much as us old folk. Ah, it's the poor children, too, I pities in winter time. Poor babes, they make my heart ache to see 'em without shoes, and their pretty feet quite blue with the frost, so that many on 'em don't know how to set one foot afore the other, but stands still and cries with the cold, poor dears!"

Phil was beginning to get rather alarmed at the picture the old woman was drawing of the privations and sufferings connected with the business he was about to adopt.

"But I thought there was very few selling creases in the streets?" he interposed.

"Very few!" exclaimed the old thing—"very few! Why, where's the lad lived all his days? I tell you, the market's crammed with 'em of a morning buying their stock. In summer time I've seed 'em so thick that you might a'most bowl balls along their heads, and there they are all a-fighting for the creases, making a reg'lar scramble to get at 'em, so as to turn a halfpenny out of 'em. Why, I should think at this time of the year there's as many as four or five hundred on 'em down at Farringdon Market all at one time, between four and five in the morning, and as fast as they keep going out others keep coming in. Ah! if I was to say there's a thousand young and old folks in the street crease-trade, I should be under the mark."

"A thousand!" exclaimed Phil, with a downcast look. "I shall never be able to do nothing if there's such a lot as that."

"Nothin' like trying, my lad," continued the old crone, quite delighted to have some one to listen to her. "You must push along as all of us does. Now, I finds places where big buildings is going on very good for selling at, and you must hunt for them. When the carpenter and bricklayer goes to breakfast at eight o'clock, they enjoys a relish with their bread. Then again, courts and little streets is very tidy selling, but mews is the places. They're first-rate. Why coachmen's families should be so very partial to creases, I can't say, but they is. Perhaps its the smell of the horses does it."

"I thought everybody liked creases," ventured Phil, who, from having lived at a workhouse school all his life, had never tasted them, and, indeed, had rather a confused notion of what the vegetable was like.

"Thank Hevin!" answered the woman, "creases has their attractions. They're reckined good for sweetening the blood in the spring time, you see; though, for my own eating, I'd sooner have the crease in the winter than I would at any other time of the year."

Phil and his aged tutor were soon dead to all their troubles, and as happy in their slumbers as the richest and proudest of the land; and, leaving them there, we will close the old dame's account of the trade by a fact of our own gathering.

There are, we learned, from accounts rendered to us by the salesmen at the different green-markets of London, upwards of six millions and a half of bunches of water-cresses sold annually in London; and these, at the retail price of one halfpenny a bunch, gives a sum of nearly £14,000 for the amount spent annually in water-cresses throughout London; then, dividing this amount by the gross number of street sellers, it shows a weekly receipt of 5s. 5d., and a weekly profit of 3s. 3d. accruing to each individual—a fact which proves, not only how small is the capital required by this trade, but how terribly limited are the earnings of the poor creatures engaged in it.

Next morning Phil and the old woman were up and out in the streets while the stars were shining coldly in the silver-gray sky. As they passed on their way the streets were all deserted, and the policeman, in his long great-coat, busy throwing the light of his bull's-eye on the doors and parlor windows as he passed on his rounds, making the panes flicker with the glare as if a jack-a-dandy had been cast on them. On the cab stands, as they went shivering along, they found but one or two crazy cabs left—the horses dozing, with their heads down to their knees, and the drawn-up windows of the vehicle covered with the breath of the driver sleeping inside. Then they encountered the early coffee-stall keeper, with his large coffee cans dangling from either end of the yoke across his shoulders, and the red fire shining through the holes in the fire-pan beneath, like spots of crimson foil. Next, a butcher's light chaise-cart rattled past, on its way to the early meat-markets, with the men huddled in the bottom of the vehicle, behind the driver, all with their coat collars turned up, dozing as they drove along. Then some tall and stalwart brewer's drayman walked by (for these men are among the first in the streets), in his dirty, drab, flushing jacket, red night-cap and leathern leggings, hastening towards the brewery; while here and there they came to a bone-grubber, in his shiny grimy tatters, with a lantern in his hand, "routing" among the precious mud heaps for rich rags and valuable refuse, before the scavengers were abroad to disturb them.

Strange and almost fearful was the silence of the streets at that hour; so still, indeed, that Phil could hear the heavy single knock, followed by the shrill cry of some distant chimney-sweeper, echoing through the desolate thoroughfares as the sooty lad waited at the door and shrieked "Swe-e-eep!" to rouse the sleeping cook-maid. At one house, by the way, there stood a man with dirty boots and loose, disordered hair, as if he had just left some saloon, giving sharp and loud single knocks, then stepping out into the road to look at the bedrooms, and see if a light was yet stirring within them.

On reaching the market, the shops all round about are shut. The gaslights over the iron gates burn brightly, and every now and then is heard the half-smothered crow of some cock caged in a neighboring shed or bird-fancier's back parlor.

By slow degrees the street sellers come creeping up in every style of rags, one after another, towards the gates. They shuffle up and down in front of the railings, stamping to warm their feet, and rubbing their hands together till they grate like hearth-stoning. Some of the boys have brought large hand-baskets, and carry them with the handles round their neck, so that the basket covers their head as with a wicker hood. Others have their "shallows" fastened to their back with a strap, the holes at the bottom of some of the baskets having been darned with rope or string, and others being lined with oil-cloth or old pieces of sheet-tin. One little girl, with the bottom of her gown tattered into a fringe like a blacksmith's apron, stands shivering in a large pair of old drab cloth boots, holding in her blue hands a bent and rusty tea-tray. A few poor creatures make friends with the coffee-man, and are allowed to warm their fingers at the burning charcoal under the can; as the heat strikes into them they grow sleepy, and yawn.

Phil and the old crone, with her rags and thin shawl drawn tightly about her, join in the crowd, the boy staring and being stared at by all around.

As the church clocks are striking five, a stout saleswoman, well wrapped in her shawl and cloak, enters the gates, and instantly a man in a wagoner's cap and smock sets to work arranging the baskets he has brought up to London. One dealer has taken his seat, and remains with his hands in the pockets of his gray driving-coat. Before him is an open hamper, with a candle fixed in the middle of the bright green cresses, and as the light shines through the wicker sides of the basket it casts curious patterns on the ground.

Now the business commences; the customers come in by two or threes, and walk about looking at the cresses or bending over the hampers, the light tinting their swarthy faces, while they jingle their halfpence and speak coaxingly to the dealer, to wheedle him into giving them good bargains. The saleswomen sit with their hands under their apron and their feet in an apple-sieve, talking to the loungers, whom they call by their names as if they had long known them.

Every one is now pushing about, the children crying as their naked feet are trodden upon, and the women hurrying off with their baskets or shawls filled with cresses, and the bunch of rushes for tying them up dangling from their hands. At one basket a street seller, in an old green cloak, has spread out a rusty shawl to receive her bunches, and by her stands her daughter, in a thin cotton dress, patched like a quilt.

"Ah! Mrs. Dolland," asks the saleswoman, in a gracious tone, "can you keep yourself warm? It bites the fingers like biling water, it do."

At another basket an old man, with long gray hair streaming over a rusty cape, is complaining "as to how he bought a lot of creases the other morning of one of the saleswomen, and found, when daylight came, they was quite white, so that he only made threepence on his very best day.

"Well, Joe, you should always come to those as knows you and treats you well," was the answer.

As the morning twilight came on, the pigeons began to fly about and walk along upon the more deserted parts of the market. At length the crowd thinned, and none but the very poorest of the cress sellers were left.

Many of these had come without money, while others had their one or two halfpence tied up carefully in their shawl ends, as though they dreaded the loss of their little all. A sickly-looking boy, hardly more than five years old, with the bare skin showing in gashes through the rents in his clothes, now crept forward, treading with his blue, naked feet as a cat does over wet ground. The wretched child stole up to the saleswoman and said:

"Give us a few old creases, Jinney;" and the moment after off he ran with a great bundle under his arm.

At another stall an old dame, who, from her rags seemed to be beyond the possibility of obtaining credit, was paying for some cresses she had long since been trusted with.

"Well, we couldn't lose much by giving credit, sir, if they was all of 'em to keep away," said the saleswoman, in answer to a question as to the honesty of the poor frequenting the market; "but they are generally honest and pay back, and even often remind us of trust we have given them and forgotten. Whenever we do lose anything it's mostly by the very poor ones; though it ain't their fault, poor things, for when they stops away from here it's either the workhouse or the churchyard that keeps them from coming any more."

To visit the Farringdon water-cress market is the best of all ways indeed to make oneself acquainted with the fortitude, honesty and perseverance of the poor. These wretched cress sellers belong to a class so terribly poor, that temptation must ever haunt them like an evil spirit; and yet they can be trusted without fear of their failing to pay the few pence they owe, even though they hunger for it. It must require, too, no little energy of conscience on the part of the boys and girls frequenting this market to resist the luring advice of those they meet at the low lodging-houses. And yet they prefer the early rising—the walk to market with naked feet along the cold stones—the ten miles' walk to earn the few halfpence, and the pinched meal when they are earned—to the thief's or wanton's easier life.

Verily the heroism of the unknown poor is a thing to set the dullest marvelling; and in no place in all London is the virtue of the humblest, both young and old, so conspicuous as among the water-cress buyers of Farringdon market.

After the street sellers have bought the cresses, they generally take them to some neighboring pump to wet them. This is done to make them look fresh all the morning, and so that the wind shouldn't cause them to "flag," for having been packed in a hamper all night they get dry; moreover, the "hand," or quantity in which they are bought, has to be parceled out into six halfpenny bunches. Some do this as they walk along, while others sit in one corner of the market upon the bare stones, with their legs curled up under them, and the ground round about green with the leaves they have thrown away. In the summer one may see hundreds of poor things, young and old, sitting, thick as crows in a cornfield, tying their bunches up in the market. Many, however, go and sit on the steps of St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn, and there make up their stock of green meat into "ha'porths." There are crowds of poor little souls to be seen there of a morning between five and six.

It was to this spot that young Phil, and the old dame who had undertaken to instruct him in the mysteries of the business, had betaken themselves. There they were, seated amid a bevy of old and young, all busy tying up their water-cresses, and chatting the while to one another over the gossip of the market and the trade.

"I didn't see little Mary M'Donald this morning," said one; "I suppose her father's gone back to 'bricklaying' again. Poor feller! it's a load upon a man having eight small children to feed, and out of work half his time. Mary's the oldest on 'em, and a very good girl she is to pick up ha'pence."

"And I ain't for a long time set eyes on Louisa as goes along with her," chimed in an old man, who had one side of his face paralyzed; "perhaps her feet's burst out agin. Let's see, she ain't got ne'er a father, have she? She's as fine a gal for twelve as ever I met with."

"I remember Louisa's father well," said an old seafaring man; "he was a carpenter by trade. It was he as put me up to this werry crease-selling when times was bad and he was obligated to turn to it hisself."

"Did you notice poor Mrs. Saunders a-crying this morning?" inquired a sickly-looking girl, who had evidently been a maid-servant, of the woman next to her; "the parish only buried her husband yesterday, and last night she was turned out of her lodging. Ah! it's hard upon a 'oman near seventy."

And so they went on chatting, the only subject they cared to talk about being their miseries. Many complained of their ailments, and described their pains and sores as minutely as if they were being cross-examined by a doctor. Sickness was a favorite theme with the aged, and they were evidently trying to outvie each other in picturing the acuteness of their sufferings. One declared he had been told at the dispensary that his case was the worst ever known, and he was quite proud of it. Another made herself famous by stating that she had been sent from the hospital as incurable. Others, determined to take some share in the general conversation, detailed their coughs, or the operations they had undergone, or the medicines they had taken for this or that disease. With the hale the discourse took a different turn, and was generally about "the days when they were better off." Mechanics, too old for work, moaned and sighed over the times when they could earn "their six shillings easy." And ruined dressmakers bragged of the number of hands they had once employed, and of the rich ladies for whom they had worked. The eyes of one crook-backed creature brightened again as he boasted of having "always lived as footman in the fust of families," and a reduced laundress, throwing up her head with pride, talked of the time when "she kept her cart, and bought creases 'stead of selling them."

The little children were the only ones who talked about water-cresses. With them "good bargains" and getting pennies for ha'porths, were what they best liked to chat over. If ever the theme was changed it was to gossip about eating, and then adventures were told of how "a big bit of pudding with gravy over it," had been procured through a very ingenious method of making somebody buy the stock of cresses at double their price.

When Phil, by dint of watching how the little girls twisted the rushes round each farthing bunch, had "dressed up" his tray as well as he could, he started off on his rounds to make his first attempt at street selling.

The lad, who was strong and healthy, startled the old people by the vigorous way in which he went to work, crying, "Four bunches a penny, water-creases."

"He's got a woice, ain't he?" said a broken-down coster, who had lost his own.

"Ah! creases 'll soon take it out on him," replied a wretched old crone, whose trembling hands were as transparent as smelts.

For the first day or two Phil only just managed to pick up sufficient halfpence to buy mere bread. At night he slept along with a number of other lads in a half-finished house. Many a time as he lay on the hard ground did he long for his soft bed at his old school, and wish that he had never listened to the wild dreams of Billy Fortune.

It was a little girl of eight who first taught Phil the knack of street selling, and how, if he would succeed, he must force people to buy his green meat. She was herself as clever a little saleswoman as ever made up a farthing bunch, but she was so small and weak that often the boys in the streets, half jealous of her success, would try to drive her from their quarter of the town; indeed it was in protecting her that Phil first made her acquaintance. She had asked him whether she might stop by him or even walk after him; for he seemed to her to be the kindest and bravest boy she had ever met with. She was a thin, stunted child, with a face white for want of food, and wrinkled where the dimples ought to have been, and she sighed continually, as if overwhelmed with trouble. She half frightened Philip by the calm earnestness with which she talked of the bitterest struggles of life, for she made him fancy that he, in his turn, would also have to endure them. This child-woman of the world soon saw that Phil was no adept at cress selling.

"I say," she cried, when Phil turned away from the shops at the first denial—"I say, you mustn't do that! You see I'll go and sell 'em a bunch!" And to work she went, begging and curtseying, so that at last the coin was given more in pity, or to get rid of her, than for the sake of her goods.

"Hard work to sell any, ain't it?" said Phil to her one day.

"Ah! it's nothing to what it is in the middle of winter," was the quick reply of the street baby; "then people says, 'take your creases away, they'll freeze our bellies.' I've had then to go so long without eating that I was ill one day in the puddin shop from the smell of the meat."

Phil felt horrified, and cried out: "You're always talking in that way, Ellen! It's enough to make a chap quite afeard of you." Then, in a reproachful voice, he added: "I never yet seed you laughing; why don't you?"

"Where's the good of laughing?" she replied.

"But don't you never play, nor nothink?" asked the lad.

"Yes, sometimes of an evening we has a game of 'honey-pots' with the gals in our court; but it don't make me laugh, cos going out with the creases tires me."

"Then why don't you go to bed if you're tired?" remonstrated Phil.

"Well, there's mother's room to put to rights," was the answer. "I cleans the two chairs, and I takes a flannel and scrubbing-brush, and does the floor."

"But you're a killing yourself," insisted the boy.

"Oh, no, I ain't!" was the calm reply. "It was much wuss in the winter, and that ain't killed me, you see."

Struggle as Phil would, he could never manage to put by anything out of his daily earnings. It is true, he had grown quite an adept at his work, and instead of sleeping under dry arches could now afford to return to his twopenny bed at the lodging-house, but he found it difficult to pay for his day's scanty food, and yet not draw upon his little stock money.

By dint of entering shops and following old ladies, as tea-time drew near, he could always get rid of the contents of his tray and so double his fourpence. But two-pennyworth of bread doesn't go far with a growing boy, and many a night he had gone to rest as early as the lodging-house keeper would let him, so as to sleep his hunger off, and avoid the temptation of spending the money that Van Diemen Bill had given him. Indeed, it was only fear of the old convict that kept him from "breaking into" his little bank, and ending his water-cress life with a good gorge of hot food.

But at last the day did come.

It rained when poor Phil trudged early to market, with his tray over his head in lieu of an umbrella. The wet seemed to have cast a chill upon all water-cress eaters, for though he walked about the entire morning, he had only sold four bunches, and that was to a man at a public house, who had drunk himself into a fever. He tried all his old "rounds," but everywhere he met with the same answer of "No! it's too cold to-day, my boy."

When, in the evening, he sat down in a gateway to count his "takings," he found that he had only fourpence in his pocket, the same as when he went to market in the morning.

Poor Phil's legs were aching with fatigue so severely, that he almost fancied the shin-bones had given way, and were bulging out with the weight of his body. Still he went to work again, hobbling and shouting out with all his might, and grew so energetic in his endeavors to get rid of his stock, that he made tempting offers to all faces looking over parlor-blinds, or full-length figures standing at drawing-room windows, or heads seen down areas. He even went so far as to attempt a sale with a footman cleaning some third-floor windows, but the man declined to purchase, shouting back in answer that he "always bought his creases wholesale—by the ton."

Determined not to give in until he was positively forced, Phil crept towards the mews at the back of the squares, hoping that he might be able to tempt the coachmen's wives with large pennyworths. He caught two or three women taking in for the night the linen that had been drying on the pole over the hay-loft door, but, though he increased his lots to five bunches a halfpenny, still they wouldn't listen to him. One, indeed, did look down to examine the contents of his tin tray, but it was only to abuse them by saying, "They were turned as black as tea-leaves, and he ought to be given in charge for trying to pisen people."

For the moment the idea crossed Phil's head that everybody had taken a sudden dislike to him, and was determined to crush him; but he wouldn't allow his courage to give way, but once more crawled back to the streets. He thought he would try what he could do by entering shops, and selecting one where an old lady was stitching behind the counter, he pushed back the door and nearly startled the dame out of her life by the suddenness with which he offered to let her have all his tray contained for the small sum of threepence.

"Drat the boy," cried the lady, still panting with fright, "and what do you think I'm to do with all that green stuff; I ain't a rabbit—am I?"

The lad, as it grew late, felt quite spirit-broken. He sat down on a door-step to rest himself and moan over his ill-luck. "Everybody can't have given up eating water-creases all of a sudden," he remarked to himself. No, it's luck that's agin me, and is breaking a chap down;" and as he, like most street venders, had grown to be a firm believer in the omnipotence of "luck," he felt convinced that he had better "give in at once, instead of tiring himself to bits and doing no good after all!" To make sure that his luck was really so resolutely opposed to his welfare, he took his fourpence out of his pocket and began tossing. He determined that if he won twice out of three throws, he would make one more attempt, but if he lost he would eat the water-creases himself and give over for the day. The trial ended with Phil jumping up with fresh hope in his bosom, and away he trotted, shouting, "Wa-a-ater-cre-e-ases, fine wa-a-ter-cre-e-ases!" as lustily as if he was making his first morning round.

He trudged down Tottenham-court road, and straight through St. Giles, up Drury Lane, as far as Long-acre, and yet his tray was not a bunch the lighter. He stopped at every pump to moisten the hanging leaves of his cresses into the semblance of freshness, but nobody would have anything to do with him or his goods. A kind of disgust for the world, and all the water-cress eaters in it, made Phil come to a sudden stand-still at a corner lamp-post, and, as he leaned against it, mutter out, "I wish I had never been born, nor nobody else neither."

He remained in this position some time, picking off the dead leaves from his little bunches, and ruminating on the enormous drawbacks there were against the chances of earning a comfortable independence by selling water-cresses, when, on raising his eyes and looking about him, he observed a crowd gathered round a shop-window on the other side of the way. The window-panes were covered with a mist that almost made them seem like ground glass; but the mob appeared to be very much interested in something that was going on within, and Phil, like a boy, in a moment forgot his sorrows in his curiosity, and crossing over made one of the lookers-on.

It was a cook-shop—not a fashionable eating-house, where there are separate rooms for ladies; where dead game and magnificent uncooked joints of the finest meat are tastefully arranged before the wire-blind in the window; nor was there a bill of fare framed and glazed at the door-post, with the dishes of the day written in a bold, round hand; no! it was a cook-shop with the long window-board lined with pewter, in which wells had been sunk like small baths to receive the puddles of gravy in which joints of meat were perpetually steaming. There anybody who had two-pence in his pocket could boldly purchase cooked flesh, only, instead of receiving it in a plate, it was handed to him in a piece of old newspaper, thereby combining intellectual enjoyments with animal indulgences, for the possessor, having eaten his dinner, might afterwards peruse a few of the events that happened the week before last. Behind the counter of this shop stood the cook himself, a sodden-looking man with a face like a washerwoman's hand. Philip gazed on him with admiration, as in his suit of white linen he turned from joint to joint, brandishing a carving-knife, long and elastic as a harlequin's wand, and whipping off a half-moon slice from this leg, or whisking out a clever morsel from that shoulder.

There was a pagoda of boiled beef, composed of some twenty pieces pegged into a pile with a metal skewer, till it reminded one of a file of receipted bills. There were legs of pork, from which the crackling was slowly barking off, peeling away with long steaming like the jacket of an over-boiled potato, and there were legs of mutton with the sides scooped out like the shape of a lady's collar, and from them all rose a dense steam like that of a fire made with green wood, which condensed on the windows, ceiling, and walls of the shop, and then trickled in snake-like rivulets towards the floor again.

Such sights as a cook-shop window may seem very sickening to those who have dinner always ready for them at six o'clock, but to poor Phil, who was so hungry with his sixteen hours' fast that he had been forced to drink cold water to allay the cramps in the stomach, the reeking steam that came up through the area railings and curled out at the entrance door, carried with it an odor which was perfume in his nostrils. The worst of it was that this smell of meat brought back the longing for food which he thought he had drowned at the pumps, and the terrible hunger cramps again began to lay hold of his stomach, graspnig it like a hand.

He felt in his pocket, and commenced turning over mechanically the fourpence, which was all he possessed in the world.

"I mustn't have anythink," he said to himself; "but I'll look at the meat, and perhaps the smell will make me feel 'sick, and then I shall be all right."

He watched everybody that entered. He saw one man buy a plate full of scraps of meat, which, after they were shot into his hankerchief, he commenced eating while his change was being counted out. Another, a boy, bought some fried potatoes and held them in the hollow of his hands, which he shaped like a basin, and eat from as a horse would. Then poor Phil examined all the hot joints one after another.

"There are some people eat meat like this every day," he couldn't help thinking, with envy.

Presently one of the women servants in the shop hurried from the back, carrying before her an immense iron tray filled with smoking pudding, which she placed on the window-board. This pudding Phil instantly recognized as being what lads call "plum-duff." The appearance of this favorite delicacy created an immense sensation among the crowd outside. It was brown as varnished oak, and divided into large squares, like a sample of tile-work. Several of the youths near Phil were struck with the size of the pieces, and openly expressed their approbation of the proprietor's liberality.

"Ain't they big 'uns," observed one boy; "and thick 'uns, too," he added, after taking another look.

"With gravy it is just prime," remarked another, "and wonderful filling at the price."

The rush which was made for this tempting pudding swept away all Phil's resolves to be prudent. He could not resist the temptation, but gently yielding himself a prisoner to plum-duff, he was soon struggling among the mob at the counter, calling out as loud as the others, "Me, master, I was first, please."

What are six inches square of savory pudding to a lad who was up at four, and did not breakfast? A pair of gloves in a carpet-bag, a baby in a railway carriage, a horse in a common! When Phil had devoured his portion, he stood still for a while, and watched those who were still munching. The sight was too much for him, and cost him another penny. When he had eaten that to the last crumb, it had almost the same effect upon him as drink, and made him feel merry, and think what a silly fellow he had been to feel so cut up at his bad day's work, and nearly break his heart with disappointment, when, after all, his only misery was that he wanted something to eat. It struck him that the best friend he had met with that day was "plum-duff," and, determined not to part with so encouraging a companion until he was forced, he continued crossing the threshold of the cook-shop until his fourpence was spent.

When the boy had finished his feast, he gave up his place on the steaming railings to those pushing behind him, and retired once more to the lamp-post over the way to digest his food and think upon what he was to do. His stock money was gone, and it was useless to think any more about water-cress selling. He had run through his little fortune, got rid of all his property, like a nobleman, by feasting, and now he must begin the world again. By the way in which he continued repeating inwardly to himself, "It can't be helped, it was no fault of mine," it would almost seem that Phil's mind was divided against itself, and that while one half was accusing him of extravagance, the other had undertaken his defence.

He looked at the few water-cresses that remained on his tray. "They had swollen and turned soft, so he leisurely tossed them bunch after bunch into the gutter. His greatest fear was lest Van Dieman Bill should by any means become acquainted with his banqueting excesses.

"He said he'd break my neck if I played him false, and I know he'd do it too," thought Phil. "Of course he'd never believe it was no fault of mine!"

To avoid the possibility of ever meeting the eccentric patron, he determined upon retiring for a short time from all kinds of street life that would be likely to bring him in contact with the old convict's powerful arm.

Where was he to sleep that night? He couldn't pay for a night's lodging, and he knew nobody who would shelter him till morning. But lads turned loose in the street are seldom, when the nights are warm, at a loss for some corner in which to double themselves up and sleep. Like a dog that had strayed from its master, Phil, when it grew late, sauntered along, examining every place that he thought would make a convenient temporary bedstead. By good fortune he wandered into a stable-yard, and found a cart half filled with hay. He soon jumped into it, and placing his old water-cress tray under his head by way of pillow, he was in a few minutes sleeping as soundly as if he rested on the softest feathers ever made into a bed, and dreaming that he was back again at his old school, walking round the playground arm-in-arm with Ned Purchase.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DISH OF SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boil'd potatoes, pass'd through kitchen-sieves,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon,
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavor'd compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious!—oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

[For the Leader.]

The Old Sports
OF
NEW YORK.

BY TOM QUICK.

Old Father Time rings down the "drop" upon the pretty life of Mrs. Mary Ewen—a few summers past the favorite actress, Mary Taylor. Death acts the gas man's part, and at his will dims the light, making all within the house, so lately gay and festive, dark.

Yes, old pitites who felt so home-like, seated beneath the dome of the "Old Drury," that with its square front stood stately and respected in the "Row," the blithesome young actress, our Mary Taylor, sings no more her song to you nor to those who shared her home. Join you now, all her friends, and send your memories back to the time when your hands gave her welcome as she flitted to and from the stage for your pleasure.

Peace, cry all of us to you, sweet maid, woman, and good wife, the happy, honored mother; peace and balm to your sorrows, you, her husband, and you, her son, for the blank Death has given you.

I have in my gossips from old memories which the LEADER has ever printed, often spoken of this most estimable lady actress, and doing so was a pleasure to even me, an old buffer of life.

The last time I saw the lady in life was on Broadway, some years since. I never had the honor of her acquaintance, yet I knew her, for her's was a face so grand and so bold with intelligence, and marked superiority over most faces, that the stranger with but one view, should claim no credit for remembering it; then how could a friend who has seen it come and go upon the stage for twenty odd years, and was one among that little band of idlers, who, on a wet dismal Saturday night at the old Park Theatre, when Simpson was its manager, Blake its treasurer, Povey and his sister, Peter Richings, Charles Mason, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Gurner, were its actors, and Fisher its comic man, fail to recognize her?

It had for months been a hard time with the old Park, when I first saw Mary Taylor. Its manager in distress could be seen at certain hours of the day, with hands clasped together behind his back, walking the quarter-deck of the granite painted long wooden stoop in front of the theatre, while Blake held his position at the centre door, twirling with his fingers the old seal of his fob-chain, wondering, no doubt, what had become of the old playgoers and patrons of the Park, who so used to crowd box and pit on comedy nights. Povey would come from behind the scenes in company with John Fisher, and with scarce a nod to manager or treasurer as they passed them, walk off L. H. towards Windust's cellar without a word. But the sight of the encased painted steak that hung at the entrance of that time-honored refrectory, with its reminding motto of

"If 'twere done, when 'tis done,
'Twere well it were done quickly,"

soon opened the comic man's lips to say, "Will it be ale to-day, John?" and without a sign of recognition to Hamblin, Rice, gentleman George Barrett, or James Wallack, or any other actor present, until the ale was drank.

I said the last time I saw the lady wife of Mr. Ewen, whom I recognized as Miss Mary Taylor of former years, was as I stood in front of Jacobs' show window star-gazing at the brass and glass he exhibits within and without, when, as I turned she passed, having a lovely boy by the hand—nature had given him mould—and in her promenade that day I warrant you many a kind friend recognized the favorite actress of earlier days. I never knew but one other lady player receiving and deserving the respect of our best people so much as she, and that was Miss Emma Wheatley, sister to Manager Wheatley of Niblo's, and she, dear woman, dead, too, like Mrs. Ewen, leaving dear friends in sad lamentation.

The first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing Miss Mary Taylor was twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. It was as one of the chorus of the Park Theatre, and it was the wonder of the house where the rich, round, full voice came from; it rolled out upon the audience so grand in tone that eager eyes ran through the crowd of singers, trying to discover to whom it belonged, and it was with some surprise that, in the play of "Ion," by Miss Ellen Tree, it was found that one so young and childish as Mary Taylor could compass such power with her voice.

I hardly think the *Tribune* writer is correct when, in speaking of her death, he says she made her first appearance at the old Chatham, in a very successful engagement, and then went to Mitchell's Olympic. I hardly think she was ever at any Chatham Theatre, old or new. She was a chorister at Wallack's National, and at the Park. There her great talent as an actress was discovered; not by critic, editor or press, and shoved on space by influence—not a bit of it.

From the year 1838 until the Park went out of sight, it was no seldom thing for the actors of that theatre to play to empty benches, and naught helped its treasury except English star or spectacle. One rainy Saturday night, as I said, the piece entitled "Brother and Sister," taken from the Spanish, I think, from the fact that Miss Mary Taylor wore a costume of pink silk trimmed heavily, Daisey says with black lace, denoting the Spanish. The lady who had been announced to play the principal part had become sick, from unknown cause, except that there sat thirteen persons in the pit, as many more in the boxes, as we called the first tier then—not a soul except Gordon, the saloon-keeper, and Sandy Welch, who had called to see him, held the second tier, while in the *third* were twenty courtesans, well watched by John Burley, the boss hackman of the Park. The gallery held on one side of its centre a few apprentice boys, a few private ladies with reed calashes, covered by green gauze veils, who either came to watch the walking gentleman or high comedy man or somebody else, while the other half went to the darkies, who filled their share of the gallery. Both Shakespeares, acting as right and left bowers to said gallery on crowded nights, held but a single couple, who had gone up there by special license of Jim Welch and Hays, special constables for the theatre.

Conklin, doorkeeper to the pit, had, in his "smile" next door, where we chaps used to congregate, said, as he wiped his lips to our invitation, "Come in, boys, bine by, there's lots of room," and gave us checks to that amount. We went in as the curtain drew up, and Peter Richings came to the footlights and commenced apologizing for the non-appearance of the lady announced to play Don something or other. We all thought this was a dodge to dismiss the house for its slimness, and we all started to go. Peter seeing this said: "But the manager, not wishing to disappoint his kind friends and patrons" (here Peter winked at De Luce, second violin, who smiled), "on this occasion will, by your kind permission, substitute in the place of Mrs. ——, now seriously sick at home, Miss Mary Taylor, a young lady attached to this theatre, and for her I ask your kind indulgence, from the fact that she has had but a very few moments to get ready for the part." Here Peter made his bow, walked backwards towards the prompter end of the drop, and with another bow slid behind it.

The play went on, and who should soon appear as Miss Mary Taylor, but the pleasing chorister, whose voice had pleased so greatly whenever heard, but who nobody supposed could act a bit. I own that I, as did several others who like me expected a failure, held down our heads, waiting for her to speak, and so break the ice, yet fearing it would not help us raise them again. If you have experienced the feeling that pervades the man when he says, "If he or she feels half so bad as I do, I pity him," so we, her good friends, I know felt for a moment. It was but a half second, for as her lips parted and spoke the first sentence, all was joy with us again. How we, her friends, brightened up with her gestures so proper, her walk so graceful!—and those enchanting smiles that played about each word she uttered, how they took the house! I'll admit there were not many by numbers in it, but, oh! how we did applaud, and in the proper places, too. The doorkeeper came to the box doors and stood with wonder and surprise, admiring little Mary Taylor act. The orchestra, instead of diving down to their ale and pipes beneath the stage as soon as the bell rang "up," sat and waited to greet each entrance she made. Scene-shifters, carpenters and painters, as well as ballet girls and supers, stood well forward between the wings as lookers-on, while all entitled to the green-room jammed up the first entrances, and you could hear their voices as they said to one another, "Mary Taylor's made a hit." And so she had. But when she, with wine cup or flagon (I think I'm right) in hand, came forward to the footlights and sang the song of the piece, we sent up such rejoicings, in the way of applause and triumph, that the old inside of the Park rattled again. Whenever after she came upon the stage there was always a round of welcome for her. The patrons of the Park made her their favorite; Simpson knew it and advanced her. And although Tom Quick tells this which others have forgotten, this it was that gave Mary Taylor her first start to be the favorite actress she became.

After this, but as to day or date I cannot say, James Wallack, or Dick Dashall, took under management the National Theatre, on the corner of Church and Leonard streets—went to London and brought back with him a talented company, among them the celebrated Robert Macaire Brown, Billy Williams of the Wells, and Mitchell. Williams was the first low comedy man, Mitchell was second. The Olympic Theatre, on the site of Tattersall's, had been built and opened by Tom Flynn and Willard with some success, but soon closed. Afterwards Miss Clara Fisher—whose personation of the Pretty Captain of the Invincibles is to our memory as fresh as the song of "The Dashing White Sergeant," she so prettily sang—as Mrs. Maeder, undertook its management as a Vaudeville Theatre, but not paying, she relinquished it, and its doors closed again. Others experimented with it from then until "Billy" Mitchell, then no longer a stranger to New York, having won fame and popularity from his great success at Wallack's National, became its manager. He understood what was wanted, and its doors under his management at once opened to permanent success. The moment it opened I had my cosy seat each evening either on the third bench in the parquette from the orchestra, or second seat in centre box, with Daisy by my side; or, if alone, sneaked up into the third tier, away along the narrow side seats to my coveted place close up against the proscenium; and what think you I chose that place for? Just because I wanted, from pure jealousy, to watch Pride, Bradish, Hone and a choice lot of city beaus get ready to throw wreaths and bouquets to the ladies on the stage. I and others thought we liked the players as well as they did, and because we could not afford it, imagined they had no right to thus honor them. I speak of this merely to show how much at home with Billy Mitchell were boss, journeyman and boy.

Miss Mary Taylor was the star of the Olympic, and her appearance was ever greeted with applause, showing what a universal favorite she was, and I join with the gentleman of the *Tribune* when he says so truthfully, that she had decided talent and a fine address. Her reputation once established, she industriously strove to maintain it; and, more than this, maintained an unblemished character. A marked favorite with the public, her farewell to the stage was received with deep regret, and the announcement of her death will cause sorrow to many friends.

Let her grave be where it may, and the husband cheery in the years to come, and the birds from their nests sing songs in summer, there will be one stranger friend in old Tom Quick who will ever wish the sod that hides her may be soft, mellow and green, as the husband's memory of her loss. Again a good woman has gone heavenward.

"Watchman, what of the night?" "Only this: the wires at each station-house tell us that Daniel Carpenter, our respected officer of police, is dead." "Then the gravediggers at Greenwood are turning up fresh sod?" "Yes, indeed." "But can you tell me when pick and spade will be idle for such work?" "Of course I can." "Then are you a man full of information, so tell me." "When Death comes not." "Well answered; yet, were it so, how terrible it would be for us that liveth." "How is that?" "Churches would decay, and nothing but blasphemy prevail throughout the land." "I never thought of that—good night, I must be moving; that's the rap of the roundsman." "Stay a moment: do you know that the great Watcher over all often signals for you to come to Him, and you show no haste. When next He raps, obey Him." "I'll think of that." "That's well answered, too."

We wonder not when the leaves fall as summer closes, and yet we wonder that men die. Daniel Carpenter was a good man. Then I will not sorrow that he is dead. "What?" "Nay, watchman; nay, don't be angry; bear with me until I tell you why I will not sorrow when a good man is dead." "Be quick, then." "The leaves in autumn wither, fall and decay, that the tree may find nourishment to live and flourish. We all believe that good men through death find God's right hand, and are born again. Bad men know this, and still linger in their wickedness. In spite of the home truths it brings to them, some as thoughtless will follow even among the mourners the good man to his grave, and while listening to the praises his neighbors tell of him, they (the wicked) promise themselves to do better on the morrow. It is the fact that my friend Carpenter is dead and is so praised as a man, that gives to their hearts this promise—which, in itself, is a gain even if they break it. Reading the fair report of the next good man that dies will remind them of their broken pledge, and send them hastening to find Christ. This is why I sorrow not when good men die." "You're a queer reasoner." "Ay, and a dull one, too. I would that I could find words to make it plainer. The learned must do that—I cannot."

Daniel Carpenter was my friend, and we never met unless his greeting came like this, with his face lit up with happy smiles: "How are you, Tom Quick, old Sport, how are you?" It was only the other day I met him at his post waiting the minute to come when Leonard would be sure to relieve him. Captain Walling was present, so was one of the learned reporters with his medal, who told funny stories, at which we all laughed where it came in; and I told one, which nobody laughed at except myself. Inspector Carpenter looked at his watch—two minutes of 1 P. M.—donned his overcoat. As the clock struck one, in walked "Leonard." I called "time;" out walked Carpenter, and that was the last I ever saw him alive. No doubt some one whispered, Farewell forever. Neither he nor I heard it. It was well we did not. Do not all things speak the wisdom of God? Will Walling now relieve Leonard, or will unfitness fill the vacant chair?

A FAMOUS place for cats in this country, is the City of Alexandria, in Virginia. Some years ago a youngster of that town wishing to have some fun, went through the market and privately engaged each market-man from the country to bring him a cat next day, as he said he wanted a good mouser. Every country house has a superfluity of cats, so the next morning each market cart carried a tom-cat into town. The joker did not make his appearance, of course, and the market-men, after waiting for him until they were ready to go home, indignantly turned all the cats loose in the market-house. Such a caterwauling as was heard that night was never heard before in the quiet streets of Alexandria. The cats lived on the offal of the market-house, and grew and multiplied until Alexandria became as famous for cats as Cincinnati was for hogs.

BEN. BUTLER has just closed negotiations for a valuable mill property on the James River, near Richmond, intending to erect extensive cotton factories. The Cox farm, containing two thousand eight hundred acres, through which runs Dutch Gap Canal, has been offered to the General, and he has in contemplation its purchase. New England families and mill operators will be settled upon it.

A WASHINGTON paper, in reply to a correspondent, who wants to know how a man should dress when he goes to the Presidential mansion, says: If the gentleman's clothes are whole and clean, and his face and hands are properly washed, he will no more be debarred from a dress reception at the White House than he would be from his nearest neighbor's residence.

THE papers nearly all over the West are discussing the questions how Western produce can be got out of the markets on the seaboard, and escape the impositions of the various monopolies. Sending everything by water would operate very much to their relief, to aid which one great canal should be navigated by steam, if that is practicable.

A SPECIAL train went through from Boston to Portland on Saturday, with a single passenger—a gentleman who had engaged his passage on the European steamer, missed the morning train, and paid three hundred dollars to reach the latter place in time.

TO ADELAIDE RISTORI,

ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1866.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Thy country's genius to the world revealed
Our western land, and here the name it bears;
Another bond thy Art's enchantments yield,
Another fame each nation fondly shares:
For while along the chambers of the sea
Electric voices call from shore to shore,
That Italy is harmonized and free;
In thy deep tones we greet her soul once more!—
That soul that triumphs o'er relentless Time,
Melodious breathes in Petrarch's tender lay,
Eternal lives in Dante's sculptured line,
And Venice thrills with Freedom's joy to-day:
How blest, Ristori, is thy welcome here!
Each spell the artist weaves, the woman doth endear!

The Common Sense

OF

GOOD DINNERS.

It is an acknowledged thing that for persons of moderate means to give a dinner-party is an act of tremendous audacity. How dare they do it? If they must do it, for hidden reasons known only to themselves, what fear and trembling, what fatigue of mind, what anguish of imagination is gone through! If the unhappy lady on whom the labor of ordering this dinner falls could only remember what Madame Bon Gout recommended, or one of the many wise directions in that invaluable paper, "Hints to Housekeepers." Alas! all resources fail. There is the inevitable blue frock-shirted John waiting for orders, and the blank face of the "good plain cook," with "whatever you please, ma'am," written on its vacancy, unaccompanied by the gleam of any suggestion better than one which we know to have been offered to a mistress in difficulties: "Please, ma'am, wouldn't you 'ave a 'are a boiled, and a goose for a side dish?" But even to experienced housekeepers—gentlewomen who conduct their home affairs in a laudable and not inelegant way—it has become a very awful thing to give a dinner. They rush here and there for ideas. They scheme some new creation in the way of ornament, which turns out a failure; and a thing that ought to be a pleasure from first to last, begins with a sacrifice and ends with a disappointment. And after money spent, thought wasted, "time neglected, talents misapplied," the host and hostess go to bed to sleep off the remembrance of their martyrdom; and if they are tolerably good-tempered, and very fond of each other, with mutual congratulations that things were no worse than they were.

Now we venture to say that all this is because the common sense of a dinner is not understood.

If you give a dinner, you give an entertainment; and an entertainment it ought to be, in the pleasantest sense of the word. It is false reasoning to say that people must come, not for the food, but the company; if you make the people the principal point, why do you mention the dinner, or give the dinner at all? People who say this are merely making an excuse for the bad dinner which they are sure they shall give, simply because they do not know what a good dinner is. And what is more, they are talking nonsense, which never seems to occur to them; for did any man ever pour forth brilliant utterances over a tough beefsteak? Did underdone veal, with oysters just warmed through, and served up with the sea-sand in them, ever suggest any thought sweeter than—well, we need not say what!

But there is nothing really alarming in a dinner. The history of dinners is the history of civilization; and if you, madam, are in difficulties over your intended little dinner, your difficulties arise from your civilized tastes having outstepped your knowledge. To supply the knowledge in which you feel yourself deficient, you think you must have a cook, who is an artiste, at enormous wages. But you cannot afford the salary, your means are not equal to such a cook's requirements, and so you think you must give up dinners, or undergo the mortification of giving at least a very imperfect one.

But you are wrong: all the necessary knowledge you can yourself acquire. You need not cook the dinner, but you must know what a dinner is.

Having made yourself mistress of this most necessary knowledge, your daily dinners may be the school in which your servant must learn to cook. You are not going to give immense dinners to a large number of people. The headwork, the invention, the divided attention, the great experience, the quickness of thought, the dexterity of hand, needed for a dinner when the variety is almost countless, the succession quick, and the cooking perfect throughout, are things to be paid for, and are undoubtedly worth a high price. But a good dinner for a few people—a perfectly agreeable entertainment—may be had at common wages, and with a fearless certainty, if the lady of the house only understands her own business. A good dinner must not be a perplexity to her, but a matter of mere common sense and educated taste.

We have done with our ancient cookery-books, with tortured poultry, and sucking pigs stuffed with Spanish nuts. We have no faith in "the milk of a dun cow" for our creams, neither do we watch to gather our mint at the growing of the moon. All that was before our time, and we only laugh at it. But we hold in real respect the veteran feeders of the days of our youth. We have heard of one that he always said grace as he conducted the lady of the highest rank to the dining-room—"For the food we daily receive may we ever be truly thankful—what a magnificent cod's head!—Amen." And another—when told by the master of the house, who was carving venison, that it was unfit to eat—uttered aloud an ejaculation of resignation, "The Lord's will be done!" Now if, after that, he told the anecdotes and made the *bon mots*, that were like a part of the good old dinners, over the cold mutton that took the haunch's place, we say he was a good old hero—as, indeed, he was. We sympathize with these solemn diners; but we never wish to see a cod's head, or even a haunch of venison, on any table, though we have not the smallest aversion to eating of either of them. Our own dinners are better, smaller, cheaper, and prettier. They are less of a business, and more of a pleasure. They are all that a dinner should be, and something more; a gay sight and scene, and an agreeable entertainment. All this we owe to our modern civilization, to our present-day appreciation of the beautiful. We think it is a result with which our readers are little likely to quarrel.

Common sense suggests, on the subject of good dinners, that your room must be well lighted. The light suspended from the ceiling is undoubtedly the best. The little difficulty that arises from the centre of the ceiling not always ranging with the centre of the table, is now met by the lamp being hung on a bar, on which you can run it backwards or forwards to the position required. Let the whole of the room be brightly lighted; that this should be is absolutely necessary to success.

It is well to have two waiters. Remember that we are considering the difficulties of persons whose means are not large, and so we pronounce in favor of "parlor-maids," only ruling that the dresses shall be soft alpaca, or some material that shall never rustle. Women wait with peculiar quickness and neatness when they have a turn for it, and have been well taught; and one woman, if she has an able handmaiden to take things away and bring things to her, may wait in the modern way on our modern "good dinner eaters," and neither be troubled herself nor mistress her employers. It is to be hoped that this will be received as good news. But our paragon of a waitress must never be asked to wait on more than six people, and there must be no lack of the things necessary to her work; and she ought never to leave the room. A screen, which will keep the wind from being felt, may also conceal a table, to which the active handmaiden may have access; this will reduce the difficulty to almost nothing.

The table must have spotless damask, of course, and the dessert must be laid upon it. A small party should never be annoyed by a great arrangement of flowers in the centre. The lights from the ceiling will enable you to have your flowers in the centre, but it is essential to keep them low, so as to have all faces easily seen. Plenty of green and scarlet, if possible, is required, on account of the white tablecloth. A low round glass dish, full of flowers dressed flat, and four little glasses, tall and thin, with drooping foliage, placed close to the low dish, so as to make four corners, has a very good effect.

The dessert should be plentiful, and arranged with attention to color; trimmed with foliage sparely, and distinctly; ferns, and ice-plants, with the foliage of the fruit in some instances, as with grapes and oranges, but no flowers, are wanted here. There should be no feeling of confusion when you look at your table; color at regular intervals, neatness, and even stiffness, is required to produce an abidingly pleasant effect. As to silver, china, and glass—of course our friends with moderate means must use what they have. They need not be afraid of common things, if they will so arrange them as to produce a pleasant effect; but our business at present is less with the furniture of the table than with the food.

As to food, a dinner may consist of three, four, or five parts. We will take the last. There is the soup and fish—there is something on which to employ the guests while the great substance of the dinner is dishing up; then comes this more substantial part; after which appears the game; and the concluding part is made up of sweets, puddings, and pastry. Here are two bills of fare. If you have two waiters, everything will be handed round the table; and if you have only one, and the good handmaiden, then the soup and fish and the substantial joint must be placed before the master and mistress, and helped by them on the plates, which will have to be carried around.

You must never omit to put your written bills of fare on the table. They may be written in the way shown here:

(1.) Gravy Soup.
Turbot.
Sweetbreads.
Curried Eggs.
Boiled Chicken.
Quarter of Lamb.
Partridges.
Scalloped Crab.
Baked Almond Pudding.
Jelly.

(2.) Ox Cheek Soup.
Fish.
Timbales.
Oyster croquets.
Mutton cutlets.
Boiled Chicken.
Haunch of Mutton.
Game.
Leveret.
Souflee Pudding.
Jelly.
Pastry.

My friend, the lady of the house, is not required to cook any of these things, but she must know how they ought to look and taste. She ought to possess an educated eye and palate; and, in our opinion, it is clearly her business to attain to such perfection as shall make her a safe and "knowledgeable" mistress. Until she has so educated herself, her friends had better not dine with her, and her husband is advised to take his friends to his club. But the knowledge is so easily gained, so almost impossible to lose, and so pleasant to possess, that we can hardly doubt its being properly sought after.

Two smaller dinners shall follow here:

(1.) White Soup.
Fried Sole.
Roll of Rabbits.
Loin of Mutton.
Partridges.
Pudding—Tartlets—Cream.

(2.) Carrot Soup.
Fish.
Calf's Head Hash.
Leg of Mutton.
Pheasant.
College Puddings.
Tartlets—Ramakins.

Our list of dinners shall close with one for a very small party:

Mock Turtle Soup.
Fish.
Stewed Beefsteak.
Hare.
Anchovy Toast.
Pudding.
Pastry.
Cheese Straws.

We have used, purposely, no fine names, nor any difficult dishes. Any variety can be made, according to the cook's ability.

You will observe that everything is to be so cooked as to be easily helped. There must be no cutting and carving with the dish held over the shoulder, at the risk of a thousand dangers, and with an awkwardness quite unpardonable.

In these small families common sense keeps tarts and pies for luncheon. Almost the same preparations may appear, as tartlets and patties at dinner, when a dinner-party is collected together. All things should look well. It is the eye that has first to be pleased. But the judgment so formed must never be disappointed.

Genius will suggest many excellent arrangements for supplying guests easily with all they want; for such is the aim and end of good waiting. A very pretty dish, representing three leaves of the water-lily, with a flower in the centre, has been lately used, when made of white porcelain, for handing round three vegetables at a time; and another of the same sort for handing round two sorts of cheese and biscuits.

Remember that every arrangement for the dinner-table should be made for one end—the comfort of the guests. Every one should have water, and dinner-rolls, and salt within reach. A dinner-table for ten or a dozen, with salt at the four corners only, is a melancholy spectacle. Green or rose-colored glass salt-cellars all down a table have a very bright and pleasant effect, and silver ones may still be at the corners if you like. Of course, if, with your one servant you have to place three dishes on the table, when their turns arrive, which require carving, you cannot have your top and bottom dessert-dishes there. They will have to be brought in at the last. As attention will thus be directed to them, they should be particularly pretty. The way of carrying out this suggestion may be safely left to the lady's taste.

And it should never be forgotten that no cook can dress even the simple dinners we have proposed unless she is daily accustomed to cook neatly and well. It is fair to the woman that it should be so. She has a right to expect, if she goes into however small an establishment, in a gentlewoman's house, that her education should go on, and that she should get the experience that is more valuable to her than wages. In larger houses it is almost a duty to a woman to keep her hand in what she has learned. "It is a good place, with next to nothing to do in it," was once said to a cook just engaged for a friend. "Next to nothing to do!" exclaimed the woman, taking her stand by the open door, out of which she was going; "then it won't do for me. I shall lose the practice of my trade!"

Nice cooking is economical. This we assert bravely, and after much thought, honest examination, and good experience.

The young matron who spent all the leisure moments of the honey-moon in writing down in a memorandum-book a list of the dishes that had the yolks of eggs in them, and those that only required the whites, in order to use them with economy and effect, has long before this made her husband's little dinners the envy of his friends.

But we have used a wrong word! Good dinners never made any one envious—they are all good, in fact and in consequence; spite becomes charitable under their influence, and envy only an eccentric form of good resolutions. When each dish is so cooked and so served as to make one wish to taste every one of them; when, instead of the old mutton-chop, we have offered to our gaze a circle of Reform cutlets so excellent that we are ready to vote for universal suffrage after eating them, then we know that good common sense has presided over the formation of the good dinner, and that our friend has pleased us because she—as this paper is on the cooking question we especially address the lady—she has wisely learned how to do it, and not given up her womanly studies till she has found out how to do it well.

DOMESTIC OPERA.

The opera here again, our friend Gamut was thrown into ecstacy. He had procured his ticket for the "Huguenot" night, but, detained at the store by a customer, arrived home to tea late, with the whole trouble of getting ready before him at half-past six. Gamut always had insisted upon it that twenty minutes was enough time for any one to get ready in; a thrust at Mrs. G.

SCENE.—*A chamber. Mr. Gamut discovered in his undersleeves. Mrs. Gamut at the mirror in full opera costume, having begun to get ready at four o'clock.*

Mr. G. Gracious goodness, Mistress G.,
You are ready first, I see.

Mrs. G., (*sardonically*).
Yes, my love, to keep you waiting
Would be far too aggravating.

Mr. G. Quite regardful that, my dear;
I'll be very late, I fear.

Mrs. G. No, my pet, please hesitate,
Only women folks are late.—

Mr. G., (*rummaging in a drawer, and throwing everything around in confusion*).
I will bet a silver dollar
That I haven't got a collar.

Mrs. G. There's your collar—where's the dollar?
Where's the dollar?—there's your collar.

Mr. G., (*looking everywhere*).
Where's my tie? oh, how provoking!
With impatience I am choking.

Mrs. G. Do be gentler, Mr. G.;
No one frets, at home, but me.

Mr. G. Do not vex me,
Help me find it,
Where 'tis I can't understand;

Mrs. G. What a searcher!
Don't you mind it?
There, you've got it in your hand.

Mr. G. My head is aching with the flurry.

Mrs. G. Do not worry; do not worry.

Mr. G. Don't sit there my misery mocking;
Have you seen my other stocking?

Mrs. G. Ha, ha, ha! you stupid coot,
You've got them both upon one foot.

Mr. G. Everything is topsy-turvy—
Nobody at hand to serve me—
Leaving room for anger wild.

Mrs. G. Do not fret yourself, my ducky,
With no worse than this you're lucky—
Pray to fate be reconciled.

Mr. G. Good heaven! it is half-past seven—
The opera begins at eight.
What a tussle, crowd and bustle
By crinoline when one is late!

Mrs. G. What a fuss you make, my dear,
And how your nerves do shake, my dear,
You frown and fret,
And storm and sweat,
As though your bones did ache, my dear.

Mr. G. Desperation seizes me,
My disappointment freezes me,
My boots are lacking
All their blacking,
My necktie how it squeezes me!
And then the worst of all the fix is,
These gloves are only number sixes.

Mrs. G. Banish your trouble,
Care is a bubble,
Let not despair your heart overcast;
I can relieve you—
The clock doth deceive you,
'Tis just a half an hour too fast.

Mr. G. Thus woman comes to soothe our sorrow,
Blessed boon to man bestowed.

Mrs. G. Do not care and trouble borrow,
Soon enough will come the load.

Mr. G.
Mrs. G. } There's the carriage.

Trundle Bed Chorus—Boys' voices, next chamber.

Isn't it jolly! hi for fun,
Up and at 'em! touch and run;
Now about the chamber spring,
Mother's shawl shall make a swing:
Who shall question what we're at?
Kate be blowed and hang the cat!
Thus around, around we go,
Nobody to say us no.

No man was more amiable at the opera that evening than Mr. Gamut, and Mrs. G. saw by the courteous manner in which he returned the bows of ladies, that he was disposed to follow her advice about care.

THE people of Sweden are very enthusiastic in their gratitude to their King for his projects of reform. When he left the theatre one evening recently the crowd wished to detach the horses and draw the royal carriage themselves. The King refused and exclaimed, "So long as I am King my people shall wear no bridles."

[From the Galaxy.]

Swinburne's Poems.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

The praise of Venus has been often sung, but never in any existing verse of high order with the unhesitating frankness and untempered fervor which distinguish Mr. Swinburne's last volume of poems.* Disdaining apology or subterfuge, he lifts up his voice, and with unfaltering tongue and unambiguous phrase he tells in the rich music of his verse the joys of Aphrodite. Of his capacity and his inclination to treat this theme in this manner every attentive reader of his last two poems, "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Chastelard," must be well aware. Both these poems were distinguished by a large simplicity and directness of utterance which showed that the poet had risen far above the plane of timid conventionality; and the latter showed a tendency towards an open recognition of the power of sexual love and an intense, if not an ideal, expression of its working. The promise of those two dramatic poems in this regard has been amply, but somewhat hastily, fulfilled in the present volume, which, as Mr. Swinburne of course expected, is loudly condemned by all that class of critics who are content to "dwell in decencies forever." We have heard of editors who have refused to notice the book even by way of condemnation, lest they should thus contribute to its notoriety. A weak, unwise, short-sighted policy. Poets of Mr. Swinburne's grade are not to be crushed by condemnation or extinguished by neglect; least of all when they find their inspiration in a passion which has stirred and swayed the world ever since it became the habitation of two sexes. If they do wrong, if they soil their plumes by too close a contact with unmitigated human nature, let them be convicted and condemned; but let us not fondly suppose, when one of them gives voice to the delight of men in the beauty of women and of women in the manliness of men that we can stop the world's ears by pretending that we don't hear him. No, Mr. Swinburne's book, like all books that, whether good or bad, are bold and high-toned, must be taken up and discussed and its place in literature decided by the general judgment of men, aided through, not controlled by, the decisions of criticism. The very fact that a large edition of the book was bought up here in three or four days, and that it is the subject of conversation among cultivated and thoughtful people, should of itself show critics that it is not to be ignored. We have called these poems high-toned; and this epithet against which some of Mr. Swinburne's censors would most loudly protest, is the one of all at our command which we regard as most particularly expressive of their distinctive character. Their subject we have stated in plain terms; and they present that subject unveiled, simply, without mitigation, as bare of concealment, as a naked, un-fig-leaved statue. Yet, in the very essence of their thought they are high-toned. They are filled full of the utterance of that joy which to gross souls is gross, but which to all others is mysteriously no less imaginative than sensuous; but there is in them not one passage that is vulgar, or coarse, or even immodest. There is in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," a poem which is within the reach of any girl who wishes to read it, a line of more immodesty than could be made of all Charles Swinburne's poems concentrated within the same compass. And by calling Mr. Swinburne's lyrics high-toned we do not mean merely that they are the product of genius. They are that indeed; but so is "Don Juan," a poem open to objection of the same kind as those which are urged against "Laus Veneris;" but "Don Juan," a work of genius although it be, is as low in tone, as light and as frivolous as "Laus Veneris" is high and impressive and serious. "Don Juan" was written to furnish amusement by the prurient treatment of forbidden subjects; "Laus Veneris" is the presentation in the naked ideal of an overpowering passion. It is not immodest, but like other things that are also not immodest, under certain circumstances it is indecent. The line above alluded to in the "Rape of the Lock" is immodest and under all circumstances indecent, because it belittles, and degrades, and treats with gross familiarity, and sets up for jeers and laughter, one of the most masterful of human passions, and one which more than any other sways, through soul and sense, the whole being of every perfect human creature. Mr. Swinburne writes with no such motive. He shows us the figure of Love stripped bare, but never grovelling. Yet, as we have said, his book is, or rather it becomes indecent under certain circumstances. The man who would read in mixed society, at this day, or read to a young woman, or, for that matter, to an old one, such a poem as Mr. Swinburne's sonnet, "Love and Sleep" would commit an act so indecent as to merit the immediate ejection from the house which he would probably receive. But so would he be indecent if he offered the woman a caress, which, under other circumstances, she would both desire and expect. So would he be if he read many passages in the "Song of Solomon," which are in every respect as plain-spoken and as fervid as anything that Mr. Swinburne has written, and certain others in the fourth and the eighth books of "Paradise Lost." And yet, the woman who cannot read any of these herself without harm, is already long past mental contamination. The question is plainly this: Is sexual love in itself impure? or is it in itself entirely without moral character, and under certain circumstances as rightful as it is joyful, and under others criminal, and in the end full of bitterness? Will men who have wives and mothers, and women who hope to be wives and mothers, decide for the former? And if it is not impure, filling, as it does, so large a place and having so important a function in man's life, shall it be excluded from the domain of art, of high art? No, but let it be draped, is the reply that will come from some quarters. Surely, let it be draped, except he comes who shows that he has the right to lift its veil. He will show his right by the way in which he exercises it. We do not go about unclothed. We do not put any undraped picture upon our walls, because there are few painters who have the right to paint nude figures for pure-minded people. But when one of those who have the right paints such a picture, then it hangs before our eyes, and we see that it is naked, and are not ashamed. What genius and high mental tone are in [illegible] art love, as well as in real life—so our poet says:

Behold my Venus, my soul's body, lies
With my love laid upon her garment-wise.

This is the key-note of his song. To a woman who loves, the love of the man she loves is as a garment. A modest woman never lays aside her modesty; but as to shame, one of the greatest of moralists tells us that that may be taken off, and put on like her petticoat. It is from this moral plane, and through this moral medium, that Mr. Swinburne contemplates his subject. We have said that his lyrics, under certain circumstances, would be indecent: more, to many people, they will be blasphemous. Take this passage as an example curiously framed to elicit both those epithets:

Lo she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,
Stained with the blood fallen from the feet of God,
The feet and hands where at our souls were priced.
Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair.
But lo her wonderfully woven hair!
And thou didst heal us with thy piteous kiss;
But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.
She is right fair: what hath she done to thee?
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see:
Had now thy mother such a lip—like this?
Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

Could the ingenuity of genius, taxed for the sole purpose, contrive to bring together within twelve lines anything more shocking to the ascetic religionist than this? Let every man who can see in this passage only blasphemy and impurity, let every man who measures a woman's innocence by her physiological ignorance and her bodily torpidity, exclude this book from his house and the houses of all those in whom he takes an interest, as he would keep poison from his table; for it swells to bursting with such venom. There will be others who, perceiving at once the dramatic spirit through the lyric form of these poems, will find in them neither blasphemy nor the intention of blasphemy, and who, breathing the same moral atmosphere as the poet, will find in his song impurity neither of word nor thought. To all such readers they will not only be harmless, but full of deep and strong delight. Their beauty, and the joy they give, is heroic, and will consume small souls. It is like the beauty of the poet's "Dolores," to whom he says:

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet.

His whole book is an expression of beauty and of passion in this fearless old fashion: naked, free and strong. Naked not for the sake of nakedness, but for the sake of freedom, strength and beauty. In this, as in the dramatic motive of these lyrics, and also in his way of not beginning at the beginning, but, as it were, in the middle, and implying what has gone before, Mr. Swinburne is very like the greatest dramatic poet the world has seen for two centuries—Robert Browning. A failure to perceive the purely dramatic character of almost all the erotic poems in this volume must lead to a very erroneous and unjust judgment of the poet. Thus, in "Before Dawn" the supposed speaker says, that amid the fierce joys to which he has abandoned himself, he is ready

To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it;
Of sin—we can but kiss it,
And it's no longer sin.

And of a beautiful woman it is said elsewhere:

All her body was more virtuous
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

These passages cause sentence to be pronounced upon him in various quarters for the crime of asserting that delight purges sin of wrong and that beauty makes vice virtue. But the poet is not preaching, he is painting. And the spirit, if not the very thought, of both these passages is expressed by Browning in one of his finest poems, "Pippa Passes." Lucca's wife Ottima is with her paramour, Sebald, to whom she says:

Sebald, as we lay
Rising and falling only with our pants
Who said, Let death come now—'tis right to die!
Right to be punished—naught completes such bliss
But woe?
. . Bind it [her hair] thrice about my brow,
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin.

True, Browning makes the voice of Pippa singing "God is in his heaven" rouse Sebald from his guilty trance, to loathe his paramour. But so Swinburne closes his poem thus:

Lost all who love and choose him,
See Love and so refuse him;
For all who find him lose him,
But all have found him fair.

Whoever will read this scene of Browning's—poet without reproach—will find in it an expression of delight in physical beauty and of abandonment to passion which it would almost seem that Mr. Swinburne had imitated and not surpassed. And in Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics," and in his "Men and Women," are other passages that glow with all the amorous fire that burns in Mr. Swinburne's pages. There is this great difference, however, among others, between the poets, that Browning has not published a volume devoted to the celebration of sexual love and fleshly beauty. But that Mr. Swinburne has done so is at once his sin and his salvation, as a poet writing for the general public. Whoever takes up this volume knows beforehand exactly the entertainment to which he is bidden; no reader finds himself betrayed into reading erotic poetry. For one of the poems in this book we can, however, find no excuse, even in its marvellous beauty, because its subject is without the pale of nature. True, it is purely dramatic; but why the poet should choose such a subject as that incomprehensible, monstrous passion known as "Sapphic love," and name his poem by the Greek word "Anactoria," i. e., sovereignty, we cannot conjecture. Had he exhausted nature and the love of man and woman for each other? Yet, in this poem, as we have already intimated, are some of the finest passages that he has written, some of the very finest in all modern poetry. We do not refer only or chiefly to such exquisite expressions of love as

The fervent under lid, and that above
Lifted with laughter or abashed with love,
Thine amorous girdle, *full of thee* and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.

The poem passes beyond these limits, and deals not reverentially with subjects higher and vaster than mere human passion. In a passage of this kind are the following lines, of strange power and awful beauty:

For who shall change with prayers and thanksgivings
The mystery of the cruelty of things?
Or say what God above all gods and years
With offering and blood and sacrifice of tears,
With lamentation from strange lands, from graves
Where the snake pastures, from scarred mouths of slaves,
From prison, and from plunging prows of ships
Through flame-like foam of the sea's closing lips—
With thwarting of strange signs, and wind-blown hair
Of comets, desolating the dim air,
When darkness is made fast with seals and bars
And fierce reluctance of disastrous stars,
Eclipse, and sound of shaken hills, and wings
Darkening, and blind inexplicable things—
With sorrow of laboring moons, and altering light
And travail of the planets of the night,
And weeping of the weary Pleiad's seven,
Feeds the mute, melancholy lust of heaven.

This may be frightfully impious, even when put into the mouth of the heathen Sappho; but it is not, therefore, one whit less grand. Has there lived more than one other poet who could think such thoughts and use language with such supreme mastery? We do not remember in all poetical literature a passage which expresses with such sustained power the vague terror and mysterious woe of the whole universe. It is in his daring use of language and his ability to justify his daring that half Mr. Swinburne's power resides. In the above passage this power is very striking. The very phrase "disastrous stars," against which the etymological criticism might be brought that it is tautological—'disastrous' having come to mean fraught with calamity because it first meant ill-starred—is yet evidence of the poet's rightful consciousness of a power which places him above all such pedagogic considerations in his choice of words. A scholar himself, he can yet leave his scholarship out of sight and out of mind, while yet with the trained skill of an intellectual athlete he does feats of language which to mere scholars would be impossible. He is the master, not the servant of words, and uses them for the service that they can do to-day, not for that which they could do in days gone by. Yet that he can use them thus, as if he had been born four hundred years ago, he shows in "The Masque of Queen Bersabe" and "St. Dorothy." And the name of the latter poem reminds us to mention it as one that for its spirit might have been written by a saintly nun. It is a poetic exaltation of the legend of the Christian virgin who died in Rome by the axe rather than enter the service of Venus, as that service was in the decadence of the Empire. There are other poems of like spirit in the volume. Such are "Itylus," one of the sweetest and tenderest, as well as most musical lyric poems in the language, "A Lamentation," and "Amina Anceps;" and although such as these are rare, those are frequent which tell terribly of the woes that wrongful love may bring. There is not a sadder, more remorseful poem to be read than "The Triumph of Time." But magazines have limits, and we must stay our hand. Mr. Swinburne's poems are not without faults, but these are trifling indeed compared with the strange, fresh beauty of the pages that they spot. One blemish of frequent occurrence we have noticed—the more because it should not have appeared in the work of a poet who is so fertile of fancy, so rich in language, and who has such a remarkable gift of rhyme. The kisses that, whether implied or named, must needs be plentifully scattered over the pages of an erotic poet, are too often used for sound as well as sense by Mr. Swinburne—who ought to be above making "kiss" rhyme to "bliss"—and, moreover, are incessantly represented as stings or wounds. The lips that give and take them are described as flecked with blood and very often with salt foam; so often, indeed, that it provokes the thought that Mr. Swinburne gets his lovers into a very sad pickle. This blemish is one symptom of the general evil of these poems—that they are overwrought and have too little of the repose which is a necessary condition of all high art. The turbulence is grand, the passion is real as well as fervid; but we do not like to live in a tempest. We cannot refrain from remarking that Mr. Swinburne has the high distinction of being the first poet since Shakespeare who has written lines that Shakespeare might have written. We do not mean to liken him to Shakespeare; and we refer not to his thoughts, but to his turn of phrase, which is sometimes like Shakespeare's in his sonnets. We can only quote as example these lines from the beautiful poem upon the myth of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis:

Where between sleep and life some brief space is
With love like gold bound round about the head,
Sex to sweet sex with lips and limbs is wed,
Turning the fruitful feud of hers and his
To the waste wedlock of a sterile kiss.

That last line Mr. Swinburne might have recovered from some lost sonnet of Shakespeare's; so might he this whole passage:

To what strange end hath some strange god made fair
The double blossom of two fruitless flowers?
Hid love in all the folds of all thy hair
Fed thee on Summers, watered thee with showers—
Given all the gold that all the seasons wear
To thee that art a thing of barren hours!

But wide as are the bounds of our admiration, our expression of it must be compressed within narrow limits. Let no one misunderstand us. These poems are of the flesh fleshly. They are not of the kind that "will not bring a blush to the cheek of innocence," and they should be shunned and execrated by all people who believe that a blush of awakened consciousness is the first warning of the flight of purity. Nor would those who do not so believe, and who think that these dramatic lyrics have their place in poetry, and that no mean one, be pleased to see any friend, young or old, male or female, choose them for frequent perusal. They are not written *virginibus puerisque*. Yet the spirit that animates them is not that of Aretino; the pictures that they present do not bring up those that Giulio Romano drew. The men and women who speak through them are such as Raphael painted after he had touched the lips of the Fornarina. Let every man avert his eyes who believes that there is sin in passion or pollution in beauty.

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* "Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Author's Edition. New York: Carleton. London: Moxon & Co.

THE citizens of Dartmouth, Mass., who a year or two ago subscribed to a fund to pay bounties to recruits and hire substitutes, and now want to get their money back, turned out *en masse* on Monday and carried a vote, by a large majority, to assess the amount on the rolls and estates of the town, and refund the subscriptions.

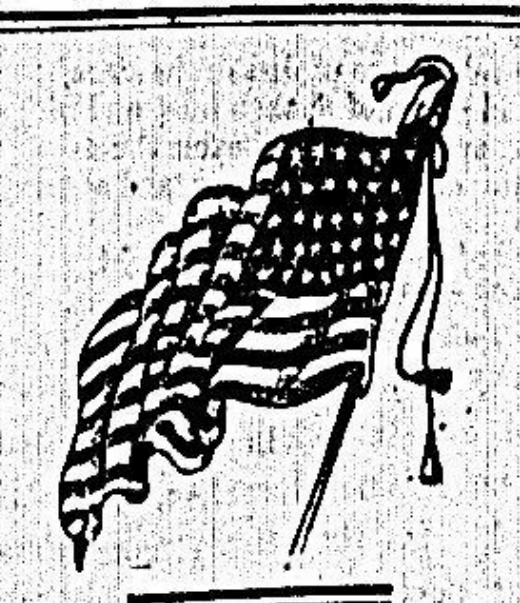
THE Rochester *Advertiser* says that belief has obtained credence in that city, that many cases of typhoid fever, in certain families in which that disease has raged, has been induced by old wall paper, one layer upon another having for years been pasted on.

THE London Saturday *Review* has an article brim full of points, showing how much afraid Napoleon is of the men of genius who write their books in exile. The fact is, the brains and soul of France are to-day outside of it.

NAPOLEON now pledges himself to defend the Pope against all comers.

New York Leader.

OFFICE, NO. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.



REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

FOR ALDERMEN.
FIRST DISTRICT:
JOHN MOORE.
THIRD DISTRICT:
MICHAEL NORTON.
FIFTH DISTRICT:
THEODORE ALLEN.
SEVENTH DISTRICT:
JOHN G. HAVILAND.
NINTH DISTRICT:
WILLIAM W. OWENS.
ELEVENTH DISTRICT:
JAMES G. DIMOND.
THIRTEENTH DISTRICT:
JOHN S. MASTERSON.
FIFTEENTH DISTRICT:
JAMES O'BRIEN.
SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT:
JOHN M'QUADE.

FOR COUNCILMEN:
FOURTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,
CORNELIUS FLYNN,
JAMES LONG,
BRYAN REILLY,
HUGH O'BRIEN.
FIFTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,
JOHN FLYNN,
PETER CAULKIN,
THOMAS LEVY,
WILLIAM LAMB,
PATRICK GIBNEY.
SIXTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,
JAMES G. BRINKMAN,
THOMAS DALY,
DAVID HOGG,
ANTHONY HARTMAN,
BERNARD KINNEY.
SEVENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,
OWEN GEOGHEGAN,
FRANCIS F. REYNOLDS,
JOHN MURRAY,
JAMES DONNELLY,
GEO. F. HALLER.
EIGHTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,
J. W. BENNETT,
JULIUS S. JOHNSON,
HENRY MURRAY,
THOMAS NOLAN,
JAMES McCLOSKY.

FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS:
FIRST DISTRICT,
OWEN HEALY.
SECOND DISTRICT,
PHILIP F. SMITH.
THIRD DISTRICT,
BENJAMIN B. MERRILL.
FOURTH DISTRICT,
JAMES McGOVERN.
FIFTH DISTRICT,
WILLIAM NEILSON.
SIXTH DISTRICT,
PETER H. JACKSON.
SEVENTH DISTRICT,
RICHARD T. LARREMORE.

RALLY AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

A grand mass-meeting will be held at the Cooper Institute this evening to indorse the nomination of Hon. Richard B. Connolly for Comptroller and to recommend him to all tax-paying voters, independent of party. The meeting will be addressed by His Honor Mayor Hoffman, Hon. James T. Brady, Hon. A. Oakey Hall, Oswald Ottendorfer, Esq., Judge Albert Cardozo, Recorder Hackett, Hon. Samuel G. Courtney, United States District Attorney, Hon. A. D. Russell, and other distinguished gentlemen. The audience will be treated to an oratorical display such as has seldom been equalled even in this city of great assemblages and eloquent speeches. A splendid rally will rouse the whole city in support of our next Comptroller, Richard B. Connolly, the People's candidate, and will give assurance of victory next Tuesday.

THE CANDIDATE OF THE PEOPLE.

The following Address has been prepared and handed to us for publication by the Committee of arrangements for the great mass meeting of representative citizens, independent of party, to be held at the Cooper Institute this evening. We indorse it most heartily, and while we support Mr. Richard B. Connolly as the only regular Democratic candidate, we are glad to know that he is sustained by the taxpayers of the city, without reference to partisan distinctions and divisions.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The office of Comptroller of the City of New York is one of immense importance and responsibility. Having charge of the finances of this wealthy metropolis, the Comptroller stands as the representative of the people to protect the treasury from the assaults of peculators and jobbers, to practice and enforce economy in the municipal administration, to encourage public improvements by prompt payments of rightful claims against the city, to supervise the expenditures of various departments, to regulate and adjust taxation, to take care that the public money is not wasted, extravagantly expended or paid to illegal and unworthy claimants, and to see that sufficient funds are raised to carry on the government properly, and that these funds are judiciously invested. He is *ex officio* a Commissioner of the Sinking Fund and of the Council for the Revision of Assessments, and he has a revisory power over the taxes and the expenses of the departments, although the Legislature has unfortunately deprived him of any practical authority in regard to the so-called Metropolitan Commissions, which are notoriously the most expensive portions of our machinery of government.

To claim that the office of Comptroller is merely clerical in its functions may be considered in some quarters a good argument for the election of an incompetent candidate; but it is an argument totally destitute of truth. A dishonest or incompetent Comptroller will inflict the same (or even greater) injury upon the finances of the city as a fraudulent or ignorant cashier inflicts upon the finances of a bank. Other things being equal, the better Comptroller we elect the lower will be the rate of taxation and the more admirable will be the administration of our city affairs. For this reason the tax-payers of our city have always endeavored to secure the election of the most honest, practical and able candidate for the office, and have been especially anxious to avoid all partisanship in their selection. A partisan Comptroller, bound by partisan pledges and forced from the necessity of his position to look upon partisan projects favorably, whether they be for the interest of the city or not, is obviously to be dreaded by all independent citizens. If the City Treasury is to be made a mere fund for party purposes, there is an end of good government and the reign of corruption begins. An incompetent Comptroller and a partisan Comptroller are equally dangerous to the public purse, and to the public welfare.

To these considerations, axiomatic in their accuracy, must be added the fact that the State Legislature will regard the election at this time of an incompetent Comptroller, not in their political interest, as a fair pretext for seizing upon the office, and that this seizure will have the same practical effect as the election of a partisan Republican Comptroller. It will destroy that system of checks and balances which is the true theory of our government, and will bring the State and city finances under the control of the same party and the same persons, giving free scope to the wildest financial projects of Republican politicians, and depriving our taxpayers of the benefit of that supervision to which city officials are now partisanly subjected. Republican Legislatures do not scrutinize too curiously the actions of Republican officials. So long as an officeholder belongs to the dominant party it is the interest of that party to conceal his corruption and shortcomings, to the detriment of the public, lest the party should suffer in reputation and popular support on account of an exposure. Instances of this criminal concealment have not been wanting in the conduct of our national and State finances during the past four years. Since the State Legislature is now strongly Republican it is for the interest of every taxpayer that the city government should be Democratic. Groundless investigations into the management of the departments are better for the public, however unfair they may be to individual officials, than the corrupt indifference which partisan Legislatures display towards officials of their own politics.

With these principles to guide us, we have weighed the arguments for and against the three candidates for the Comptrollership now prominent in this canvass. Mr. Richard Kelly, the regular Republican candidate, is open to all the grave objections which we have urged against the election of a partisan Comptroller. With him in the office to which he aspires, the finances of the city would be completely in the power of Republican politicians, and the Republican State authorities, instead of being watchful to detect any corruption or incompetency, would be perfectly blinded to all his proceedings by the plea of party expediency. If this were a strict party contest for a political office, the adherents of Mr. Kelly's party might vote for him upon the ground that he is the regular Republican nominee; but no taxpaying Republican can afford to listen to such appeals in connection with a purely financial office. These general objections are strengthened by the well-known fact that Mr. Kelly has been concerned in certain financial operations which even the organs of his own party have been compelled to denounce. We refer particularly to his receiving a double salary as Police Justice by a singular construction of an act of the Legislature. Yet, although the public attention and the attention of the Legislature has been repeatedly called to this matter, no Legislative action has been taken to remedy the wrong, and Mr. Kelly continues to draw his salary, illustrating our argument that the Republican State authorities overlook the faults of Republican officials, and also demonstrating the unfitness of Mr. Kelly for the office of Comptroller.

Another candidate, also a Police Justice, has an irregular nomination for the Comptrollership. It is not necessary to discuss his competency for the position; but it is to be seriously considered whether the Republican Legislature would not find justification in the election of this candidate for an immediate seizure of the office, and whether this does not furnish a key to the assertions of Republican politicians that they control the actions of this candidate, dictating whether he shall remain in the field or retire, as their party purposes may be best subserved. Argument upon this point would be useless, however, since those concerned in the matter are of a class that cannot be moved by arguments. We address men who are independent of these small partisan tricks and schemes, and who vote conscientiously and intelligently. The people of his district have elected this irregular nominee to the office he now holds, and in that office he can serve them best. To surrender that for the Comptrollership is simply to give Governor Fenton an opportunity to appoint a Republican Police Justice against the wishes of those voters who elected this candidate because he was then a Democrat. Besides this, we find in a recent speech that this candidate declared that "it was easier to discharge the office of Comptroller than it was that of Police Justice," that the Comptrollership was "but a mere clerical office," and that "it was nonsense to say that a financier should be Comptroller." Can a person who thus signally fails to appreciate the importance of the office adequately discharge its varied and responsible duties?

The third candidate prominently before the people is the Hon. Richard B. Connolly, the regular Democratic nominee, who has been indorsed by the Taxpayers' Organization, the Constitutional Union party and by the thousands of merchants, bankers and business men of this city, who have called this public meeting to ratify his nomination. Richard B. Connolly has all those qualifications for the office of Comptroller which the opposing candidates lack. His integrity, his experience and his ability are undisputed. As County Clerk and as State Senator he has formerly served the people of this city, and his public and private records stand without a blot or blemish. Of late years he has been engaged in financial business as the manager of one of our leading banks. He is, therefore, fully competent for the position, and the financial and commercial classes of the community have pledged him their support. Always identified with the Democratic party, he will receive all the votes of that powerful organization, and his election will maintain that balance of power which is so indispensable to a judicious administration of our finances. At the same time, Richard B. Connolly is no partisan candidate, but the representative of the people and especially of the taxpayers. He will go into office with so general and powerful an indorsement that no Legislature will be bold enough to attempt to oppose the popular will by excluding him from the Comptrollership. His character, his capacity, and his financial ability have not been questioned even by his opponents, and there is not a single pretext to be found for his removal. On the contrary, his course in the State Senate during the war, his admitted ability, and his unsullied reputation have won him earnest friends, irrespective of party, who are ready to sustain him at the polls and to oppose any Legislative interference with him when in office. As the best candidate before the people, as an honest, able and experienced financier, and as an upright, patriotic and public-spirited citizen, we recommend the Hon. Richard B. Connolly for the suffrages of all taxpaying voters who are in favor of a faithful, economical and conscientious administration of the finances of the City of New York.

A QUERY.—If Judge Whiting had no animosity against Ex-Street Commissioner Cornell, and was only a ministerial referee, how does he account for his bitter and uncalled for *ex parte* speech in declaring the investigation dropped?

A RURAL EDITOR says that President Johnson is about to sell our national birthright for a pot of message. Not having been sober since he helped to count Hoffman out, he is excusable for transforming consonants and mixing his liquids orthographically.

HOLIDAY WEEK.

Despite the fog, mist, damp, mocking-sunshine, April rains, and un-Whiting-ed streets, the city has been exceedingly jolly through the week. Practically it is the week of four holidays: Evacuation Day, Thanksgiving, and a Sunday to begin and close with. Parades, serenades, target excursions, dinners, suppers, balls, opera and concerts have had their fullest share of attention. Evacuation Day dawned in sadness, because, for the first time, the troops were to parade without General Sandford; but toward midnight the troops were gladdened with bedtime, and "the honest Governor" had his eulogy pronounced at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in block letters, surrounded by blue, gold and crimson flame.

Thanksgiving Day was unmistakably disagreeable out of doors. Central Park riding was imperfect. Skating was as far off as midsummer. But indoors—excepting at Puritan churches—Thanksgiving was tolerably well observed. We say tolerably, because of late years the land has been rather thanksgivinged to death; and boys, girls, matrons and papas have rather given it the cold shoulder—almost the cold shoulder of mutton rather than the hot breast of turkey. The parsons of the Radical school had a field day, however. They placed on parade the bottled-up politics of a year and drilled their best troops, many of which were duly photographed in the dailies. Four holidays in one week prove too good a thing. They are rich with embarrassment, both to the industrial classes and to loungers. Yet more are coming. Theology and turkey will shortly be succeeded by merriment and mince pie, puddings, presents and purse-worship.

SOME LAWYERS are wasting much time in a Brooklyn court trying to prove that modern whisky is burning fluid. Why, a temperance jury would say so without argument!

ALMOST every Radical journal is debating the future of the Democratic party. The Rads and Thads wouldn't think of that "future" if they didn't fear it.

UNDER ECLIPSE.—Astronomer Loomis.

WE HOPE that rural Republicans, who are so fond of criticising alleged rows and primary outrages among city Democrats, and who are educated by the *Tribune* to believe that all the political virtue of the metropolis exists among its pet organizations, will read the report of a recent trial at which many Radical leaders, wirepullers and workers washed their dirty linen before Judge Jones and a jury. The police actually dared to arrest one of Governor Fenton's harbor masters for inciting a row. Whereupon the audacious Radical policeman was pitched into with a suit at law. Had such a row occurred among Democrats, all Radicaldom would have shouted out "shame!"

ETHICAL writers in Great Britain have long ago emptied their vials of argumentative wrath upon the internal revenue laws, and especially upon those which lay excise duties. They have insisted that the system of direct taxation engenders lying, stealing, and depreciation of public morals. All these evils are now upon this country. Distillers are especially racking their high-wines and their ingenuity, at one and the same time, to evade the duties.

NOW THAT newspaper readers have the map of the civilized world laid every morning upon breakfast tables by the instrumentality of the Cable, brain-work is fearfully intensified. Old-fashioned plodding is getting out of date. Knack and tact are becoming the best brain levers in Commerce and the Professions.

FRENCH officials have Maximilian under practical arrest at Orizaba. They demand from him an abdication in writing. They don't want him to sneak away. Max should know that he cannot catch Nap napping.

DON'T forget to send a Christmas contribution to the Five Points Mission, and send it soon, so that the managers may be able to give their fifteen hundred children a genuine Christmas dinner.

OUR LEADER cook prepared her Thanksgiving dinner under guidance of "The National Cook Book," issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia. If all the dishes garnished within its pages equal in excellence those whereof we had experience, then the book deserves its "national" title.

WHO is Charles L. Fleming? His banners for Comptroller flap very windily.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IMBROGLIO.

Some of the leading journals of the city seem to be in great trouble about the Associated Press. Mr. D. H. Craig, the former agent of the Association, has been dismissed and has started a News Company of his own. The result of this is that several new papers are projected. Two evening papers are talked about, and a great morning journal, owned by Stewart, Belmont and other capitalists, and managed by Mr. Frederick Hudson, with a capital of a million of dollars to operate with, is also announced by Madame Rumor; but we have the most positive and authoritative assurances that Mr. Hudson is not connected with this enterprise.

Looking upon this matter from an independent point of view, we congratulate the press and the public upon the quarrel between the Associated Press and its former agent. A short time ago it was impossible to start a new daily paper in this city, because the Associated Press refused to admit any more city papers to its privileges, and held a monopoly of the news. That was very well for the journals that belonged to the Association, but very bad for outside journalists with talent and capital who wished to undertake ventures of their own. It was also very bad for the public, who are always injured by monopolies and benefited by competition in newspapers, as in everything else. We do not approve of Mr. Craig's conduct towards the Association which employed him; but still his schemes will end in giving us better newspapers, although he may fail in his personal prospects.

The leading journals of this city ought not to fear competition. On the contrary, they ought to invite and encourage it. Their editors should have pluck, enterprise and public spirit enough to determine that they will not be beaten by any new-comers, and that their readers shall have the benefits of the profits of the press. There is plenty of room for good journals here, and the bad journals ought to be killed off by stronger rivals. The more papers there are, and the more independent these papers are of each other, the better it will be for the profession, for individual journalists and for the public. The Associated Press always was a public nuisance. It ought never to have been started. It has done more to cripple journalism than any other agency. Each newspaper should be an Associated Press in itself. If a newspaper is not rich enough and powerful enough for that, then it deserves to die. If Mr. Craig can get the news, why cannot Mr. Bennett, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Marble, Mr. Beach, Mr. Brooks, or Mr. Prime, each of whom has greater advantages than Craig? Must seven strong men unite to compete with one weak man?

At the beginning the Associated Press was a trick, got up by some poor papers, to secure all the news obtained by the superior enterprise of the only live journal of that time. The trick succeeded, and it has been played for many years. The weak sisters of the Association have profited by it; the real workers have been placed at a disadvantage. Step by step the Associated Press crushed out everything like individual enterprise, and finally made it an offence, punishable by a heavy fine, for any paper to publish special news. The consequence was that editors grew dull and indifferent, knowing that they were working for six other papers besides their own. The same news appeared in all the papers simultaneously, and no one of them could be very much ahead. How could a merchant conduct his business if he were obliged to share his purchases and investments with six opposition establishments? How could a jockey win a race if he were hauled back and fined every time his horse got ahead of the other racers? Thus, by crippling good papers, by keeping life in poor journals, by maintaining a news monopoly, by preventing new papers from being started, and by suppressing enterprising journalists, the Associated Press has been a public injury, which we have long desired to see abolished. Mr. Craig is fighting it, and we hope that he will break it down, although we hope that he will break down also, and not substitute an individual monopoly for an associated monopoly. What every independent journalist should desire is a fair field for each paper, so that the best may win. Combinations are always cowardly. The editor who is afraid to cast loose from other papers and collect the news for himself, has too little nerve or too little capital for this metropolis, and should either retire to the rural districts or adopt some business that requires less talent, skill and energy.

AN individual was refused registration recently on the ground that he was a negro. He denied the soft impeachment, and goes into Court to have his color tried by a jury. Justice Sutherland (according to a law report) thought the question one of law to be determined by his inspection. Would not this be what the lawyers call an act *colore officii?*

THE PROTECTIVE WAR CLAIM ASSOCIATION presented its final report and transferred its business to the Sanitary Commission on the first of November. Two thousand discharged soldiers have been furnished with employment, and forty soldier-messengers have been uniformed and stationed. A good work well done.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY (yesterday) was well observed at Catholic churches and at dinner parties among the Scotch. The St. Andrew's Society had a grand supper last night. The original saint suffered the mournful death of martyrdom, but his saintly descendants become in his honor the merriest Andrews.

HUSBANDS are getting cheap in this city. A jury on Wednesday gave a would-be bride $200 as the value of her loss.

FRIENDS of the two colored men recently elected Massachusetts legislators have signed a protest against this demeaning of the African paternity by hubnubbing with Bostonian whites.

EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

A Brooklyn ferry-boat takes fire, and the cities are in an uproar about the bad management of the ferries. But what are the accident statistics in the matter? How many mishaps do the boats have in a year? Are not the troubles in management infrequent? When one of a dinner party of thirteen dies, it is remarked about. If they all live for years afterwards, no account is made of it. One blunder leavens a great deal of success in this illogical world of rapid conclusions. However, there is now opportunity to agitate for a bridge. Let the Citizens' Association truly develop the resources of the two cities by obtaining from the Legislature a charter for a Bridge Company and subscribing for the stock. Let the bridge spring from the hill at Chatham square, and there can be a triumph of engineering which will allow navigation to be entirely unimpeded. Ten years hence the people will wonder that they ever submitted to ferry-boats.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

On the 11th of December the yachts "Henrietta," "Fleetwing" and "Vesta" will leave this port for an ocean race to Cowes, Isle of Wight, England. Each of the owners has staked $30,000 upon his boat, and the outside bets will amount to nearly $100,000 more. Mr. Leonard Jerome and other friends of the contestants will sail for England on the "Scotia" to see the yachts arrive. Commodore McVickar will be the judge of the race. No yachting event since the victory of the "America" has occasioned so intense and general an excitement.

It seems probable that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at whose table the sweepstakes was arranged, will be the only owner who will sail in his own vessel, the proprietors of the "Fleetwing" and the "Vesta" being detained by business engagements or family duties. The voyage will be very stormy and dangerous, unless the December winds belie their reputation, and the yachts will have a rough time of it, and arrive in the English channel, if they arrive at all, just in time to catch one of the holiday snow-squalls. If Mr. Bennett is the only owner who sails, he will of course be entitled to all the credit which will accrue to American yachtsmen from this race, and it is unfortunate for the owners of the "Fleetwing" and the "Vesta" that they will be detained at home and lose all the praises they would otherwise receive for their pluck and seamanship.

It is presumed, but is not yet definitely settled, that the winner of this ocean race will challenge the whole British squadron. We regard the race as an exceedingly venturesome undertaking, certain to result in the loss of at least one out of the three yachts; but American yachting has hitherto been so insipid and tame a business that it requires some such strong stimulus as this to wake up the members of the club, who have been sleeping too long upon the laurels won by the "America," and we therefore hope to see no change made in the day of starting, and all the arrangements strictly carried out as at first proposed. Any man can well afford to sink in such a cause; but let us hope that all concerned will pull through safely.

THE BIG JUDGE'S STUMP.

The friends of the "big Judge" have been trying watches against time for their candidate in the speaking line. They arranged meetings for the same evening at four or five places. The candidate would be driven from stand to stand as rapidly as possible, in order to fulfill the engagement. The ward politicians, from that point of view, call him their "hack" candidate.

As a specimen of the cheeky speeches which he makes, we clip the following from the *News* of yesterday:

"Justice Connolly, having been requested to speak, did not wish to sound his own trumpet. The office was one on which the amount of taxation depended; and he knew that by an economical and judicial administration of the office the taxes could be greatly reduced. Of late years our taxes had swelled from $7,000,000 to over $19,000,000, and yet our wharves and piers are in a shameful state; our public buildings are neglected, and in some of the courts they have not even the proper blanks for public use. In his own court, although he kept a debt and credit account with the Committee of Repairs and Supplies, the blanks were exhausted, and the clerks had to write out the documents required for public use. This took up public time, but when even a note was to be written he had to send to a grocery for paper. Men had combined together to make fortunes, nay, had made them, but he assured his audience that should he be successful he would stop a number of these leaks in the public treasury. He believed it was easier to discharge the office of Comptroller than it was that of Police Justice, for the former was but a mere clerical office, and wanted but a man of common honesty to attend to it. It was nonsense to say that a financier should be Comptroller. They had a financier once, and he threw the office into chaos, and had it not been for the late Comptroller, Robert T. Haws, it never would have been recovered. The Ring wanted Richard Kelly for Comptroller. He would appoint Matthew T. Brennan as Street Commissioner, and by the Radical and ring influence the Albany Legislature would not disturb them. He hoped that on Tuesday next his hearers would, by their votes, smash up the ring, and then the taxes of the city may be reduced."

The "Yorkville Court," no doubt, stands in need of paper. Both its Judges are candidates. But the voters will protect their paper. Each candidate is about town telling how unfit the other is for Comptroller. Having been associated together for years, they certainly ought to know each other. However, the people will, by electing Richard B. Connolly, allow the "courting" to continue.

MICHEAL RYAN, the Democratic candidate for School Trustee in the Eighteenth Ward, has long been identified with the common school interests in that section of the city. He has discharged the duties of both School Commissioner and Trustee with general satisfaction, and we commend him to the support of the Democracy of that ward at the approaching election.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the volume commemorating the obsequies of President Lincoln in the City of New York. The volume was compiled by David T. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council, and printed by Edmund Jones & Co. It is a most magnificent specimen of typography, and an historical record of incalculable value.

A GENTLEMAN has deposited five hundred dollars with the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots, to be paid for the best essay on Physiology and Hygiene, the essays to be certified by an incorporated medical society and sent to No. 49 Bible House, care of Dr. David P. Holton.

THE HACKETT ASSOCIATION had its annual dinner at "Old Tom's," No. 5 Thames street, on Thanksgiving day. Who does not remember that locality, so classical in remembrances of double XX and Welsh rarebits? Wallace's Band awoke the old echoes. The guests were obliged to make a speech, tell a story or sing a song. Among them—ready for all duty—were Congressman Fox, Judge Hogan and Judge Flynn. The affair was cleverly presided over by John Reed, Esq., Librarian of the Superior Court.

THE fifth exhibition of French, English, and Flemish paintings will shortly open at the Studio Buildings, West Tenth street.

THE LATE MR. AULD.

When we read the dedication of a clever novel by Cornelius Mathews, Esq., many years ago, "To my schoolfellow, Jedediah B. Auld, &c.," we wondered whether the friend merited such apparently extravagant eulogy. Subsequently we came to know him and to feel that it was entirely deserved.

The late Mr. Auld was a liberally-educated lawyer, a genial conversationalist, a keen analyzer of character, a profound thinker, and a versatile writer. But his nervous dread of publicity and his innate modesty prevented success at the bar or in private life. Nor was he—and the great class of scholars is like him—fitted for the very practical details of life. Although known to many citizens from his services as associate editor of the *News*, as clerk to several Mayors and to one of the Sheriffs, he was only thoroughly appreciated by the few personal friends who plunged below the surface of his modesty and fathomed the wealth of his generous heart and ripe brain. Finally the strain of public life became too much for him and that generous heart became diseased and at last broke beneath the pressure. He has gone to his tomb, without an enemy or a detractor!

SOME of the dailies are discussing the value of up-town lots. It has been a wonder to us that there should be any Central Park front lots in the market at all. There are only a thousand front lots—one hundred on the northerly, and the same number on the southerly sides, and about four hundred on each side of the Fifth and Eighth avenues. Allowing for extra lots for residences and for a few public buildings, there is only room for, say, eight hundred mansions. There are five times eight hundred rich men who will want the lots. They had better buy now and hold. By and by there will come a big competition.

EVERY VOTE FOR RICHARD B. CONNOLLY will help to make a good Comptroller, and to keep in office two serviceable Police Magistrates.

BY CONSENTING to take the risk of surrendering his Democratic office for one year, Michael Connolly is betraying his party to the Radicals.

ALEX. DELMAR has been appointed Director of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington, and solicits information as to the current prices of labor in different sections of the country.

ALDERMANIC application of an American poem:

"Forever float that 'standard' sheet
Where breathes the foe but falls before it, &c."

—DICK & FITZGERALD know how to illustrate holidays in a practical way. Here is another neat and portable volume called "Outdoor Sports for Boys," wherein are collected games and muscular fun enough to satisfy any urchin not thoroughly spoiled by concert saloons. Here also is the best collection of acting charades, proverbs and tableaux we have ever read. They are adapted for the dresses of to-day and require no expenditure except for a curtain. They are compiled, written and arranged by Miss S. A. Frost. They are not only clever but unexceptionable in plot and language even to a Puritan.

WE have received a copy of the Address delivered by Major General John A. Dix at the laying of the corner-stone of the Douglas Monument at Chicago. A superb oration, superbly printed.

DEMOREST has issued a new magazine for boys and girls, called *Young America*. It is smaller than, and hardly so attractive as, *Our Young Folks*. A handsome engraving is presented with the first number.

[From the Freeman's Journal.]

THE REGULAR NOMINEE.

Judge Brenann having definitely refused to be a candidate for re-election, Tammany Hall has wisely, and with much judgment, conferred the Democratic nomination on the Hon. Richard B. Connolly. Mr. Connolly has repeatedly been elected and served as County Clerk, and has shown large executive abilities. While serving as State Senator in the Legislature, he has improved the opportunity of conciliating respect and deference from our State members at Albany. While confidence can be reposed in his capacity for administering well the important duties of City Comptroller, we may entertain some hope that he will have personal influence with the powers at Albany to avert further tampering with our local affairs in this city. This is why we consider the nomination of him by Tammany as a wise and prudent act.

Michael Connolly, for many years a Police Justice of this city, has a large body of attached friends. It is said that he feels himself in some sort bound and pledged to these to run for Comptroller this year. We hope not. His promise to his friends, reasonably interpreted, can only have been a promise that he would run if supported by some powerful Democratic organization. The shape of politics has run otherwise. There is, this time, only one Democratic organization worth the name, and that is old Tammany. Judge Connolly owes a good deal to Tammany in the past. As a sagacious politician he must see that events are forcing all real Democrats to gather round the one Democratic stronghold. We do not belong to any special organization of the Democracy, but, following the general Democratic instinct, we rally at this time to old Tammany. If Judge Connolly holds his fire, and gracefully acquiesces in the decision of Tammany, he has claims of popularity that Tammany will be too wise to disregard in some coming time. If he makes a schismatical issue, this year, it will finish him as a candidate for any county office. The Democratic party of New York are going to vote Richard B. Connolly, if they vote at all. Judge Michael Connolly's personal adherents will vote for him, if he makes the mistake of running. But he has no organization capable of putting him through the canvass. The Radical Republicans will be glad to supply him with funds, but these will be wasted, not used, for want of a party organization. His running, on such terms, will utterly destroy him, as a Democrat, if he submits to it. If Michael Connolly runs, he will come in third in the race, and every vote given to him will be one taken from what ought to be the unbroken phalanx of the Democratic party, at this critical time, sustaining some shadow of local city government against State usurpation.

It is needless to advert to the certain fact that, were it even possible to elect Judge Michael Connolly as Comptroller, the Legislature would strip him of all his power, and make of the Comptroller a mere City Clerk of accounts.

We hope Judge Michael Connolly may do so winning an act toward his fellow Democrats as to retire from a candidacy that can only bring misfortune on himself and on his friends.

The Democratic candidate for Comptroller is Richard B. Connolly—and no other.

THE ruralities has finally essayed to capture our Metropolitan Holiday of Evacuation Day. The Governor and his Adjutant General reviewed the troop in the aristocratic realms of Fifth Avenue. The City Hall and the places wherein the real bone and sinew of the city reside were utterly neglected. And, undoubtedly by insulting design, not a municipal official was invited—not even the Mayor.

ELEVENTH ALDERMANIC DISTRICT.

James G. Dimond, Esq., has been nominated as the Democratic Union candidate of the Eleventh Aldermanic District, Twentieth Ward. Mr. Dimond is one of the oldest residents of the district, and has never before been a candidate for any political office. He is not a professional politician, but a skillful and industrious mechanic. He has been for many years a school officer in the Twentieth Ward, and is known to all the residents of that populous Ward. His character is above reproach and his qualifications unquestionable. He is indefatigable in the discharge of his duties; is thoroughly acquainted with the wants and requirements of the Ward, and will prove an invaluable representative in the City Councils.

He is nominated in obedience to the principle of rotation in office. Alderman Brice having been repeatedly honored by the suffrages of the Democracy of the Ward, has retired in favor of Mr. Dimond, a new man. John Hardy is again in the field for about the fortieth time, and is earning the title of "perpetual candidate." Can't any one else have a chance for public office in the Twentieth Ward but John Hardy? What is the utility of party organization or the reward of party service if one man is to be constantly thrust forward as the standing candidate for every post of honor, legislative or otherwise?

Let all who believe in giving every working man in the party a chance, initiate a much needed reform by electing Mr. Dimond. He is supported by taxpayers generally, and will be elected by a very large majority.

[For the Leader.]

Political Feuilleton.

BY MICAWBER.

Events, Mr. Editor, have brought us almost to the close of another political campaign. It is true that it is only local in its character and confined to this city, but it is, nevertheless, as interesting as though it extended all over the country. It is attracting general attention, leaving the inference that many important events hang upon the result, especially in the action of the Radicals at Albany this winter.

The appearance of Governor Fenton in the city on Monday last, and the pretensions put forth in his speech of a fatherly care over this city, may be considered significant of what may be expected. It would seem as though this Radical faction would get tired of meddling with matters in this locality, when they see that every move that they make only increases the majority here against them. But the fact that they are running counter to public opinion is nothing to them as long as they can obtain control of the offices and the disposal of the patronage through legislation. The offices are all they care anything about, and these they are determined to have by foul if not by fair means. These things, Mr. Editor, I mention for the reason that the Radicals are using the Legislative threat to intimidate voters at the polls next Tuesday.

On Tuesday next the last of the political races in this locality for the season closes. It is the final trial of speed and the end of this class of amusements for 1866. The track will then be closed, and remain so until next fall, when another series of races will be announced.

There are sixty-four prizes to be contested for in this closing race for the season, from that of Comptroller down to the Ward Trustee. As might be expected, there are numerous entries made to contest for all these prizes; and, what is more, every one who has been announced as a competitor for these premiums believes that he is sure to win, and that he has the prize already in his hands. It is strange how this infatuation often takes hold of parties when they become candidates, and what exalted opinions they have in regard to their powers and popularity just before election.

The grand prize for this occasion is the Comptroller cup. This is the only race that will take place on the general track; all others are mere side shows; while they have some incidental connection with the former, yet they are not wholly dependent upon it. A number of the entries made for the race for the Comptroller have been withdrawn after the preliminary trial of speed, and we have now only three candidates participating in the race that are in fact worthy of notice. These are the two Richards and Michael. They are now at the top of their speed, and each making very good time.

Richard B. Connolly has been groomed and prepared by the regular Democracy of the city. He is backed by the regular party organization, and has the machinery all with him. He has in the races which he has heretofore participated in exhibited the most extraordinary speed of any person in the city, always winning, even when the odds appeared to be against him. Fortune always favored him on such occasions, and the indications now very clearly are that the same result will follow this race. He is now a long way ahead of his competitors and appears more fresh and vigorous for the last part of the race than he was when he first took the field.

The other Richard, or the Radical entry for this prize, started out very briskly, but he does not seem to understand how to husband his strength, which he nearly exhausted at the commencement of the race. Imagining that he had no load to carry, his friends made a great bluster about his powers, but were soon surprised to see that he really had an enormous load on his back—one that is breaking him down and disgusting many of his former backers. The result is that he is lagging behind, and laboring like a horse out of wind. His Radical backers are trying to cover up this defect by getting together and passing resolutions declaring that they will stand by him. This is a very singular feature of the contest, and really looks as though the rank and file were deserting him. If they are not, why is it that the leaders feel the necessity of constantly passing resolutions declaring that they will stand by him? If they are all sustaining him, why is it necessary to keep resolving that they will? This is not the usual mode of expressing support after a candidate is put in the field. It is the custom of parties to show their support by deeds, not words.

While in this uncertain and unsatisfactory condition, the *World* has described the load which he is obliged to carry, which has created general consternation among his backers. This accounts for all his missteps in the race, and the poor time that he is making. Under the circumstances, he can hardly expect to come out more than third in the race.

Michael Connolly, who has been groomed and entered by the outside organizations, also expended the greater portion of his strength before the real test heat commenced, and is sorely troubled at his declining fortunes, and his backers are now simply figuring to see whether he will come out ahead or behind Kelly. They have, in fact, given up all idea of his outrunning Dick Connolly. Under these circumstances the floating tide is all turning in favor of Richard B. Connolly, who is now by general consent put down as sure of winning the prize.

It being a settled fact that Richard B. Connolly will be our next Comptroller, a few facts connected with his career will be interesting to the people of New York. He is a native of Ireland, and came to New York when a mere boy in 1826, and has resided here ever since. Soon after his arrival here he obtained employment in the well-known auction house of John Haggarty & Sons, and remained there some eight years. At the end of that period he was employed by Simeon Draper in the same line of business, and became almost indispensable to that house. He exhibited at an early day a fondness for politics, and began to play an important part before he was a voter. As a politician he identified his fortunes with Tammany Hall, and was sent as a delegate to the Nominating Convention as early as 1836. In 1839 and '40 he was Secretary of the Tammany General Committee, and in 1846 its Chairman.

In 1845, Cornelius W. Lawrence, then Collector of this port, appointed Connolly to a position in the Custom House, and subsequently placed him at the head of the statistical bureau. While in that position he was designated by the Collector as one of the three gentlemen to make up and revise the tariff of 1846, which was successfully prosecuted at Washington, under the auspices of Robt. J. Walker.

In 1849 Mr. Connolly left the Custom House, and was appointed to the position of discount clerk in the Bank of North America. He held this position until he was elected County Clerk by the Democracy of this city, receiving over eleven thousand majority. He discharged the duties of his office so satisfactorily that he was renominated by all sections of the Democratic party, and re-elected by an increased majority.

In 1859 he was elected to the State Senate to represent the Seventh District, and was re-elected in 1861, receiving about twice the majority that his opponent did votes. During his term as Senator he was looked upon as one of the most influential members of that body, active, industrious and popular. Although the political majority of the Senate was against him, yet he never failed to wield great influence and command the confidence of all around the Senatorial circle.

At the close of his second Senatorial term he retired in a measure from active politics, and became connected with the Central National Bank, of which Henry A. Smythe, the present Collector of this port, was President. It is supposed that he was one of the parties instrumental in securing the appointment of that gentleman Collector of the port.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Connolly has passed through the training that has specially fitted him for the position of Comptroller. His education has been practical, and the very kind that will be useful in the position for which the people will elect him on Tuesday next. No other candidate possesses the qualifications or is so well fitted for the position as Richard B. Connolly. He has discharged the duties of every position that he has held with eminent ability and satisfactorily to all concerned, whether that position was a clerk in an auction house, at the head of a bureau in the Custom House, discount clerk in a leading bank, County Clerk or State Senator; and we predict that he will make so popular a Comptroller that the Republican Legislature will not dare to run the risk of legislating him out of office.

ALDERMEN.

The regular organizations have made their nominations for Aldermen. There are a few good names among them, and others whose nominations will reflect no credit upon the conventions which brought them forward.

In the First District the contest has narrowed down to John Moore, the present representative of the district and the nominee of Tammany, and James F. Horan, the Republican candidate. Moore is too well known in the district to need any special notice. Horan, his opponent, is foreman in the compositor's room of the weekly *Dispatch*, and will poll a large vote.

Michael Norton, the Tammany candidate in the Third District, has a number of candidates pitted against him; but Norton is one of the active workers in that locality, and deservedly popular. No person doubts his success, and it is supposed that Terrence Duffy, John Shield, C. B. Woodruff and Robt. Harrison are all running for the purpose of seeing how it will seem to be defeated. There certainly can be no other incentive for their running under the present appearance of the district.

In the Fifth District the regular Democracy have nominated Theodore Allen, better known as "butt Allen." The Radicals have brought forward Eugene Ward, a butcher by trade, residing in the Ninth Ward. Some four or five other candidates are mentioned as the nominees of different cliques and factions. The district is in such a muddle that it is hard to tell how the contest there will terminate.

Charles J. Chipp has declined the nomination for Alderman in the Seventh District, and John G. Haviland, a builder by trade, residing in Charles street, has been brought forward by the Democracy. He has been several times member of the Council Board. His opponent is Wm. B. White, member of the Board of Councilmen, and a man of some popularity in the district, but not sufficient to overcome the vote for Haviland, although the district is close.

The Democracy of the Ninth District have united on Wm. W. Owens, a builder by trade. His opponent is Don Alonzo Cushman, a man of considerable wealth, who, in the days of the Whig party, was their candidate for Congress, Alderman, Assistant Alderman and School Officer, but never succeeded in being elected to any except the latter position.

The contest in the Eleventh District is every day becoming a more one-sided affair. James G. Dimond is receiving the support of all parties. John Hardy is his only opponent who will make any show in the race against him. There are one or two outside candidates, but they will not affect the result in the least.

The regular Democracy of the Thirteenth District appear to have a fancy for the name of Masterson. The district is now represented by Peter Masterson, and they have nominated John S. Masterson as his successor. His principal opponent is Nathan C. Ely, the Radical candidate. He is a man of position, put down in the Directory as President in the Third Avenue Bank and as resident in West Forty-second street.

The district is largely Democratic, and it is only by running two or three candidates on the Democratic side that a Republican stands any show for an election. All wings of the Democracy are united on Masterson. His election is a foregone conclusion.

James O. Brien and Christopher Pullman are contesting the Fifteenth District. The former is the present representative of the district, and the latter is a member of the Common Council.

John McQuade is making a vigorous canvass of the Twelfth Ward as its regular Democratic candidate. The Republicans have made no nomination, but it is generally understood that they will support Michael Halloran, a stump Democratic candidate. McQuade holds the winning cards in his hands this time and will carry off the prize.

COUNCILMEN.

To undertake to ascertain who all the candidates for members of the Councilmen Board are and where they came from, live and do, would be an endless task. There are a few names familiar to most of our citizens who have taken any interest in the political affairs of the city. The Tammany list in the Fourth Senatorial District is headed by an ex-member of the Legislature. There are others who are members of the present Board. The Tammany candidates will be found as a general thing to be of full as much intelligence and ability as that of the nominees of any other faction. All that I have got to say is, they should all be elected.

SCHOOL OFFICERS.

The contest in the several districts for members of the Board of Education is attracting considerable attention, and great interest is taken in the result.

In the First District, Smith Bloomfield and Owen Healy are the competing candidates. Smith Bloomfield is the present representative, and has been nominated by the Republicans and one of the outside Democratic parties. Owen Healy is the Tammany candidate; he is a liquor dealer in the Fourth Ward.

Henry P. West has withdrawn from the race in the Second District, and the Democracy have united upon Philip F. Smith, a prominent lawyer and a man of great popularity in the district. He has always taken a deep interest in educational matters, and will make one of the most useful members of the Board of Education. The Democracy are very fortunate in securing so strong, popular and meritorious a candidate in this district.

Otto H. Coop, a dealer in groceries, is the Radical candidate.

Benjamin B. Merrill, a tailor by trade, has received the nomination of the regular Democracy for School Commissioner in the Third District. His opponent is Jacob C. Bogert, a mason by trade, residing in Bank street.

George Kuster, it seems, declined to be a candidate for re-election in the Fourth District, and the regular Democracy have nominated James McGovern. His opponents are Samuel Patterson and Robert Bang. Mr. Patterson is well known in the District, and made a formidable run there last year, while the name of Mr. Bang is not to be found in the directory, nor is he known to the leading men of the locality.

In the Fifth District, William Neilson is the regular Democratic candidate. He was formerly member of the Board of Education for several years, and was considered one of the most efficient members. His nomination at this time is indicative that the people are determined to remember and reward a faithful officer. Otic D. Swan, a Wall street broker, is the Radical candidate.

The Democracy of the Sixth District have united on Peter H. Jackson, an iron man and one of the most prominent citizens of the district. The Radical candidate is James Underhill, a Wall street lawyer.

The regular Democracy of the Seventh District have very wisely settled on Richard T. Larremore for School Commissioner. Mr. L. has had considerable experience in the Board of Education as a representative of the Eleventh Ward, and while there made one of the most influential and useful members of that Board. No better nomination could have been made. His opponent, Joel W. Mason, is a furniture dealer in Pearl street.

This, Mr. Editor, brings me to the close of my report on this canvass. Before another week rolls around the election will be over, the prizes awarded by the people, the successful men full of joy and happiness, while those who have lost will be disappointed and in many instances out of humor. Such is the fate of all contests. All who want to be cannot be elected to office, for the reason that there are not offices enough for them. It is a pity that it is not otherwise, but such is the fact.

But now that the political contests are over for this year, I shall no longer be required to watch the movements of the politicians here, and I propose to visit Washington and see if I cannot prevail upon the Radicals who have such a great desire to amend the Constitution, to incorporate another amendment among their number for the special benefit of candidates for office. And that is that every candidate for office shall be provided with an office to suit his taste. This will relieve us of a great deal of trouble and will be unanimously indorsed by every legislature as a compromise on the restoration question.

MICAWBER.

FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT there is nothing so satisfactory as a bundle of shares in the Crosby Art Association. The recipient is sure to secure a splendid engraving, and may receive the Chicago Opera House, worth half a million of dollars, or a magnificent painting, worth ten thousand dollars. Let Santa Claus think of this when he makes his purchases.

THE Artists at the Studio Building will receive their friends and invited guests this afternoon, from 12 to five o'clock.

S. D. KEHOE—the king of clubs among the sports—has in press an illustrated manual of exercises. As his clubs are in every gentleman's dressing-room, it follows that his manual will have an extended sale. The diagrams and directions unfold a surprising number of interesting, novel and peculiar feats for muscular exercise. Under favor of this book the owner of clubs has a complete gymnasium at home!

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY ARIEL.

Our managers have been for a long while in search of something wherewith to offset the immensely popular "Black Crook" at Niblo's, but none of them has succeeded so well as Manager Stuart, who has gone back to first principles and given us Shakespeare.

The immortal William has survived many rivals in his day, and did not flinch before Barras and the French ballet. The moment "Hamlet" was announced at the Winter Garden, with Booth as the hero, seats began to be secured for weeks in advance, and on Tuesday night, when the tragedy was performed, the theatre was overcrowded.

Mr. Booth has introduced some more new "business" in "Hamlet," and plays it more elaborately than ever. He looks the very *beau ideal* of the melancholy Dane, although some critics assert that he ought to wear a flaxen wig. When criticism degenerates to this hair-splitting business count me out. There is no reason why a Dane should not have dark hair that I am aware of. If Mr. Booth should don the flaxen wig, these same critics would abuse him for imitating Fechter.

A correspondent writes me that Barton Hill is a most fiery Laertes, and rivals Booth in manly beauty. That is true; but I don't think I should have mentioned it had not my correspondent nudged my elbow. You see it has become unfashionable for critics to mention anybody except the star actors. The public laugh at this and make fun, in the *Times*, of those fellows who represent Booth as playing the whole drama alone by himself; but it is the easiest way to get along, and everybody will adopt it, I suppose.

Madame Methua Scheller's charming impersonation of Ophelia has escaped critical attention on account of this new fashion; but certainly the sweetness, modesty, gentleness and quiet grace with which she plays her part, and the superb voice which she displays in her snatches of song ought to have recommended her as an exception to the rule. In "Richard the Third," Miss Cushing will play Lady Anne in order to give Madame Scheller time to prepare for "Richelieu" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan," which will be revived next week.

For the rest, Leffingwell plays the King; Miss Ida Vernon the Queen; Davidge takes Polonius and surrenders the Gravedigger to Andrews. The scenery is as magnificent and the costumes are as rich and appropriate as during the famous season when Manager Stuart astonished the weak nerves of the profession by running "Hamlet" one hundred consecutive nights.

The opera I have not attended as yet, but Nicholson, who ought to know all about it, says that the house is filled with the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, that the singers are the best we ever had in the city, that Ronconi is the greatest buffo the *World* ever saw, and that the whole thing is a crowning triumph for Mask Maretzek and the Winter Garden. I take Nicholson's word for all this. It is Nicholson's duty to know, and I charitably presume that he does his duty.

It is said that there is a project in progress to produce "Othello," with Dawison as the Moor, Booth as Iago, and Madame Scheller as Desdemona. The plan is—and it is serious—to have Dawison speak in German, Booth in English, and Madame Scheller in both languages, as the necessities of the dialogue dictate. How enjoyable such a performance would be I leave you to imagine. It would be perfectly unparalleled. The sensation would not only be immense but peculiar.

But I shall oppose the whole arrangement unless Signor Glech be allowed to play Cassio in Italian, and Miss Olive Logan be let in as Emilia in French. This would complete the polyglot performance, and render it even more enjoyable, unparalleled and sensational. Pray, who is *au fait* in all languages, ancient or modern, living or dead, would gladly consent to act as prompter and translate the book of the play.

The fact is that Miss Logan's successful debut in French, last Saturday evening, has set everybody wild about foreign parts and outlandish tongues. Every actress now wants to be a Ristori or a Logan, and every actor a Dawison or a Fechter. But, setting Ristori aside, it is not every play-acting lady who can come up to Miss Logan. To write novels, produce plays, make dramatizations, play in English and bring down the house in French are no small undertakings, even for lovely woman, who, we are told, was made a little lower than the angels.

Of course the critics found fault with Miss Logan's French accent. I knew that they would and intended to do it myself. How else can a critic show his knowledge? It is true that Juignet declares that the accent was perfect, and that two French gentlemen, who sat next to me, insisted that Miss Logan spoke better French than one of the French actors; but that goes for nothing. What is the use of being a critic unless you criticise something?

Seymour, who must be a French scholar, because he is going to the Paris exposition; Daly, who understands the language so well that he pays a man $9, after a lawsuit, for translating a French play for him; Winter, who is as well posted in French as in the "high mor-r-ral tone" humbug; Schwab, who speaks French like a native German; Morford, who writes better French than English—these are the boys to detect errors in accent for you! I am glad to add that they are to have another chance to distinguish themselves; for Manager Juignet has engaged Miss Logan to appear again.

Next week, however, this versatile lady will meet Daly upon his own ground, producing a dramatization of "Armadale" at the Broadway to match "Griffith Gaunt" at the New York. "Armadale" is a very dramatic novel; the only trouble is to decide what can be left out. Carefully put upon the stage, the drama will run a year. I see, however, that it is only to run a week, and am afraid that everything about it will be carelessly done.

Of late so many changes have taken place in the Broadway bills that the actors have been unable to commit their parts to memory, and the most ridiculous blunders have occurred. Manager Wood ought not to relinquish his successful system of long runs; but I suppose he is casting about to find something that will go.

To-day the "Artist of Florence" and "Richelieu at Sixteen" will be performed at the matinee, and "Richard the Third" and "The Maid with the Milking Pail" in the evening, with Dillon and Miss Kate Reignolds in both programmes. On Monday Miss Reignolds, who is one of the most beautiful and most clever actresses upon our stage, will appear as Miss Gwilt in "Armadale." Mr. E. L. Davenport will commence an engagement on the 10th of August.

At the Olympic "The Long Strike," with "Jem Baggs" as an afterpiece, will be repeated this afternoon and evening, Mr. Stuart Robson appearing in the farce. "The Black Crook" will be given this afternoon and evening at Niblo's Garden. "Griffith Gaunt" will be performed this afternoon and evening at the New York. These three plays still hold the town as completely as ever. Miss Eliza Newton and Mr. Lanergan will join the New York company next Monday.

Wednesday and Saturday matinees and evening performances for every day of the week, except Sundays, are announced by the New York Circus, with Mlle. De Berg, Robert Stickney, and a full troup of equestrians, acrobats, gymnasts, clowns, contortionists and athletes.

The Masonic Fair, in aid of the Hall and Asylum Fund—to which I am decidedly opposed—will open next Wednesday evening, at the Presbyterian church, corner of Grand and Crosby streets.

Yours, as ever,
Ariel.

Our Philadelphia Letter.

BY ELLIOT GREY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29, 1866.

Your election comes off on Monday, my dear Mr. Editor, and knowing that you will be head over ears in political matters and have but little room for gossip, I will not intrude upon you at any length, but content myself with scribbling you off a comparatively brief epistle. I would not burden your columns at all, until next week, had I not distinctly promised in my last to tell you something about our theatrical affair of the week. But before I get on that inexhaustible theme of discourse, I may crowd in a few of the little gossiping *morceaux* that have particularly delighted our Club *habitues* during the last few days.

You have heard, no doubt, of the brilliant intellectual communities that inhabit that part of Pennsylvania known as Berks County, and have probably been regaled with the familiar legend of their still voting every year for their old political idol, Andrew Jackson, in entire ignorance of his having either died or vacated the Executive mansion. With the incredulity that editorial life is very apt to develop, you probably disbelieved the story and put it down as the weak invention of some penny-a-liner. But that such ignorance does prevail has been forcibly demonstrated, during the last few days, by an incident for the truthfulness of which I can unhesitatingly vouch. Of course you know Dan Dougherty, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, and "the prince of hale fellows well met." He is so fond of fastening jokes on everybody else, that when we succeed in fastening one on him we enjoy it to the utmost. It appears that the Counsellor took a little trip up into Berks the other day, and on his return rode a considerable part of the distance in a carriage, in order to fully enjoy the natural beauties of our grand old State. He is a wonderful talker, and the driver, a Pennsylvania Dutchman "to the manor born," was seen to several times gaze upon him with open-mouthed astonishment. At length the honest-hearted fellow, unable to longer contain himself, beckoned his employer to one side and inquired, "Ish dat Dan Webster?" On being assured that it was not, he replied, "Vell, I heard you call him Dan, and I thought as he was such a big talker it might be Dan Vebster who had come up about election time." He could not be convinced that the great statesman was really dead, for he said he thought somebody in his neighborhood would have heard of it. Chief Justice Chase was by when the story was originally told, and laughed most heartily over the mistaken identity of our "great Oirish orator, last of his race, full of poetry, pathos, wit, motions and grace." We have an even better "fun" on genial John Brougham, who passed through our city about ten days since *en route* for Boston; but I am filling up space so rapidly that I will have to let it lie over until next week.

Just after the termination of the war, you will remember that we had Enoch Arden cases springing up all over the country, and innocent wives with two husbands became so common as hardly to be looked upon with any great degree of curiosity. We have just had brought into legal cognisance, however, a story so remarkable as to merit a mention in your columns. A young Philadelphian by the name of Arnold entered the army or marine corps in 1861, leaving behind him a wife and child. He accompanied the first expedition to Texas, and was taken prisoner in that State. He was then reported as dead, and, after mourning him for nearly two years, his wife married again, becoming this time a Mrs. Rand. But her connubial happiness was destined to be short-lived. In less than a year her second husband (who had been a widower with two children) died intestate. The Auditor appointed by the Court to settle the estate assigned the widow a third of the large property of the unfortunate Rand. About three months ago the first husband (Arnold) turned up, it appearing that he had escaped to Mexico and had since been living out there a precarious existence, unable to reach, or communicate with, his friends. The other heirs of the Rand estate now contend that Mrs. Arnold was never entitled to the "widow's third" assigned her, as her marriage with Rand during the life of her first husband was illegal. The whole matter now comes up for settlement, and constitutes a most peculiar complication, the heirs suing Mrs. Arnold for a restitution of her "third."

The "critical dramatic review" I talked about in the last LEADER will have to submit to the exigencies of the occasion, and, like the John Brougham story, go over for the present. At the Chestnut, Boucicault's "Long Strike" has drawn crowded houses, with John E. McDonough as Moneypenny, Geo. H. Clarke as Jem Starkie, F. F. Mackay as Noah Learoyd (so admirably played by Wheatleigh in New York), Josie Orton as Jane Learoyd, Walter Lennox as Johnny Reilly, and S. C. Dubois as Radley. Mr. Clarke's acting as Jem is particularly fine. By the way, Manager Sinn has adopted a suggestion which Ariel made a short time since to Manager Grover. In the telegraph scene of the fourth act, he has all the Associated Press dispatches furnished to the newspapers up to 9:30 P. M. read to the audience. The idea meets with considerable popular favor, for which Mr. Sinn may thank the LEADER, from whose columns he got the idea. At the Arch Street Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have been drawing fair houses. At the Walnut, the stock company have played "Jessie Brown," "Pocahontas," "Fanchon" and the "Invisible Prince." The first two pieces went off with considerable *eclat*, but the two last have been too lately played here by favorite stars to meet with much favor when played entirely by the stock. Of course Maggie Mitchell will always be *the* Fanchon, though in Philadelphia the young and gifted Noemie de Marguerittes meets with almost equal favor from both the critics and the public. Then the "Invisible Prince" has just been done by those especial pets of the Philadelphia public, the Worrell Sisters. Sophie, Irene and Jennie all have their hosts of admirers, and the people don't care to see anybody else in their pieces. By the way, this unexpected digression about the Worrells reminds me that they are to commence on the 14th of January another engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

At the Walnut, "Pocahontas" was rendered by Charles Walcot as Powhatan, Owen Fawcett as John Smith, W. A. Chapman as the Dutchman, and Effie Germon as Pocahontas. At the American, the "Black Crook" is still the card.

But I am just struck by the idea that my epistle is getting extended very considerably, and with the little item that Edwin Forrest has reached home in improved health and taken up his quarters at his elegant mansion on North Broad street, I will bid you "good-by" for the week, which will be an additional item of enjoyment for your "Thanksgiving Day."

Out-Door Sports.

BY C. A. P.

AQUATIC.

Single Scull Race.

On Thursday, November 29, Messrs. George Roahr and Alden S. Swan, of the Atalanta Boat Club, had a single scull race, in working boats, for two prizes, which were presented to the club by Mr. David Banks, Jr., an active and influential member of the club. The prizes consisted of a gold watch and a handsome signet ring. It was expected that more of the Atalanta members would compete, but at half-past two P. M., when the start was made, the two we have named came into line. The course was from off the club-house at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, one and one-half miles up the river and return. At the start Roahr went in front and kept there for perhaps half a mile, when Swan passed him. The latter maintained his advantage, and came home a winner of the first prize by several lengths in 29:35.

Mr. Swan is the esteemed President of the club, and Mr. Roahr is the well-known stroke oarsman. The race was witnessed by a good number of spectators, and the Gulick, Columbia and Atalanta's barges added to the handsome display. Referee, David Banks, Jr.

Convention of Rowing Clubs.

The increased interest which has begun to manifest itself in aquatic sports has been responded to by an unusual interest of late among the various rowing clubs in and about New York. Nearly all of them have been holding a series of meetings during the past few weeks, with a view towards a united organization, with uniform regulations governing them all. As the result, a convention was called, to assemble in this city, to which each club voted to send three delegates.

The Convention met on Monday evening last, at the house of Atalanta Boat Club, of this city, at the foot of Christopher street. The following associations were represented by their appointed delegates: Atalanta, Waverley, Gulick, Alcyon and Columbia Boat Clubs of New York; the Atlantic of Hoboken; the Hudson of Jersey City; the Essex and Nereid Clubs of Newark; the Palisade of Yonkers, and the Mutual Boat Club of Albany. The clubs represented possess property, in boats, houses, &c., valued at over $30,000.

A constitution was adopted, as well as a series of by-laws, to prevail throughout the association, and governing regattas, races, &c.

The following were chosen officers of the Association, to serve for one year: President, Benjamin F. Brady, of the Waverley Club of New York; Vice Presidents, B. Wallis, of the Hudson Club of Jersey City, and D. W. Merchant, of the Mutual Club of Albany; Recording Secretary, J. McNulty, of the Alcyon Club of New York; Corresponding Secretary, C. Tate, of the Columbia Club of New York; Treasurer, Charles B. Tuthill, of the Atlantic Club of Hoboken.

Mr. Wallis was one of the famous Yale crew of 1865.

Benjamin F. Brady, the well-known ornamental penman, and for several years President of the Waverley Boat Club of this city, has received the handsome and well-merited compliment of an election to the Presidency of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, a body composed of all the principal rowing clubs in New York, Albany, Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken and Yonkers, and will, in a brief period, include many others. As this association is the largest of its kind in the United States, composed of gentlemen of intelligence, and possessing property of immense value, Mr. Brady should be justly proud of the distinguished honor conferred upon him. A gentleman in every sense of the word, we, in common with his vast circle of friends and acquaintances in this city, offer him our hearty congratulations.

Columbian Boat Club.

The annual ball of the Columbian Boat Club will take place on Friday evening, December 14, 1866, at Irving Hall. The Columbians are noted for being one of the best rowing clubs in the country, and they have always been, from the day of their organization, a credit to the aquatic escutcheon of the Empire City. We know that the assemblage which will convene at Irving Hall on the night of December 14, to honor the gala night of the Columbians, will not be surpassed by any similar gathering of the winter season.

The Nautilus Branch.

Thomas C. Burns, a gentleman whose name is familiar as a household word to all the boating boys and lovers of good oarsmanship in the United States, is now at home and once more "on deck" at the Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street. Mr. Burns' place is named after the old Nautilus Hall at Staten Island, from off which place the Richmond County Regatta Club annually arranged the best boat-rowing contests ever witnessed in American waters. Friend Burns is always on hand "to see the boats row," no matter whether it is in Charleston, S. C.—*vide* his trip there with our New York boats in 1851—Pittsburgh, Pa., the Boston Fourth of July regattas, or any other. If you want to talk about our old-time yachts' pilot-boats or shell-boats, drop in at the Nautilus Branch.

NEWS ENTERPRISE.—Nothing in the history of news progress is marked by more enterprise and energy than their distribution throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a business by itself quite separate and distinct from the making of newspapers. At the very head of this branch of industry is C. A. WALLEN, of Newark, New Jersey, who supplies the whole country on the line between the two cities. During the past week he has excited the astonishment and admiration of all who have seen it, by his new and conveniently arranged news wagon, and the dashing team with which he travels the route.

How Phil Considine
MET THE BANSHEE.

"Did your honor ever hear tell," inquired Darby, as we emerged on the direct highway to that portion of her Majesty's dominions called Cahirciveen, "of how Phil Considine met the Banshee?"

"Never!"

I leaped off the car as I answered, glad of the opportunity to stretch my aching limbs. I had penetrated so far into Darby's idiosyncrasy as likewise to know that whenever he volunteered a yarn commencing with, "Did you ever hear tell?" it was an unmistakable signal that the "baste" wanted a rest.

The shades of evening were rapidly descending, the black of night clothed the rugged fastnesses we had left behind us, mists rose in curling wreaths from mountain-moss and lowland lea, the last faint pencilled rays of day were glinting up the far western wave, and the plaintive lowing of the kine mingled with the distant moaning of the ocean; it was just that hour of the evening when the imagination feeds on the marvellous and supernatural. And as Darby threw the reins to his tired steed and strode alongside of me, I could scarcely restrain a wandering glance to each lichen-covered crag or yellow-blossomed furze-brake, momentarily expecting that his wild legends would become realized by the appearance of some one of the strange beings with which he had peopled the romantic West.

"Well, thin, your honor must know," continued Darby, "that the Banshee is a quare sort of spirit, and always appears before a death in a family; it is a woman, your honor, and generally appears in the gloom of evenin', and keens to herself like a child singin' a wailful, purty, little song; and more times whin she's angry like, you could hear it risin' up in the air, fearsome to hear, fitful and heart-wringin', just like the screech of a dying hare. Arrah! sure, your honor, there isn't one of the raale ould stock at all that hasn't a Banshee in the family, sometimes appearin' for misfortin', and more times, whin the corpse candles are lightin'; but, bedad, if she spakes to you, ye may lave yer clothes wid the first respectable naybour, and just lie down in the most convanient spot, for go you will, and the less throuble ye give yer relaytions the aisier they'll pray for the repose of yer sowl.

"Phil Considine was a rovin' sort uv blade—a regular sporther, and never could settle down to a day's mowin', rapin', or turf-cuttin' in his life; but if there was a haro to be so-ho'd, or a main uv cocks to be fought, or a salmon to be coaxed in sayson or out uv sayson, sure Phil, the darlin', was the boy to do it; and he had as many pets, betune dogs, and badgers, an' saaless, an' game cocks, as id set up a thravelin' showman. He was a hardy crayture, too, an' would as lieve sleep out on the side uv a mountain as on the best feather bed in the barony; ye'd know Phil a mile off by his shamblin' gait—half throt, half walk—his ould caubeen stuck on the back uv his head; an alpeen uv the raale mountain-ash always unaisy in his fist, and the neck uv a black bottle peepin' out uv his coat, in which, he said, he carried holy water to defind himself agin' the good people! but, bedad, it was so often impty that people began to think at last that he used to meet whole regiminte uv them; anyhow, there ye'd see Phil goin' along, and divil resave the bush or tuft that the alpeen wouldn't be shoved into, lookin' for hares' forms and the like; and see him settin' a trout or a salmon—oh! musha! it was a picthur intirely. There he'd stand away back from the bank uv the river, shadin' his eyes wid his left hand, the alpeen in his right, held in the middle, as if it was the butt uv a fly-rod; his back doubled up like a rapin' hook, and his knees thrimblin' backwards and forwards wid every move uv the fish; an' often if you watched him close from a hidin' place, he'd get so wake in himself that he'd forget, maybe, and take a pull at the holy wather bottle, all by mistake, uv coorse.

"Well, wid all, Phil was a mighty dacent poor chap, and never a crayture was lyin' sick bud Phil id have a nice leveret, or maybe a young grouse, or a dawshy silvery salmon, an' he'd lave it quiet and easy like at the door early uv a mornin', so that nobody id know where it kem from; and sure if he did snare a hare of an odd start, or run a salmon by the light uv a bog dale, divil a one was the worse of it.

"However, sheep begun to go, an' fowl roosts wor found impty uv a mornin', and tho' there was a load uv thravelin' tinkers about the country, yet the sthrong farmers all about wor down upon poor Phil. Now, Phil was a poor divil that had a conscience, an' let the thruth be towld, he had nayther hand, act nor part in the sheep staylins or fowl sackins that was goin' on, for it was an ould thief uv a horse docther, who more betoken got seven years for the same—divil's cure to him!

"Well, Phil was himself again, and wint on wid his ould capers, an' people liked him all the better, when the times all of a sudden fell hard—raale famine the poor craytures wor sufferin' in these parts, and Phil was put to his wits' ends to keep starvation from the doore an' the life in his poor famishin' gorsoons. There was a great big-gomersal of a farmer lived down there by the river, over where yer honor sees the big white house beyant!"

"Ay, Darby—I see it!"

"His name was Pat Flaherty, yer honor, an' he was cousin german uv that same poor Con. Flaherty that I remimbered yer honor uv a while ago!"

"Anan?"

"He was a cruel, selfish bosthoon; he hadn't an Irish heart about him, at all at all; an' tho' he had bread, butther and tay, full an' plinty, he'd grudge a crumb the size of a midge's wing.

"One evenin' Phil was womasin home sad and weary enough, for the childher hadn't tasted a maal's-mate for two days, an' a couple of his naybours wor almost in the dead grips for fair want of food; just as he kem down the boreen by the ind uv Pat Flaherty's house, out jumps an ilegant, bewtifully fat hoorisheen uv a pig; Phil's heart lepped into his mouth, an' his teeth began to wather, an' bits uv pork wid a selvage uv cabbage begun dancin' before his eyes, an' every grunt the pig id let as he capered on, stickin' his snout first in one sod and thin in another, and thin kicking up his crubeens, an' gallopin' like mad, med Phil fairly beside himself wid timptation; so Phil repated the Pather, and an office agin the snares uv the evil one; but begor, it was all up with the poor fellow, for the pig kep' at him, and squintin' quite knowin' like wid his gruntin' little gray winky eyes, until, at last, Phil whips off his coateen, and 'hoorishes' to the pig.

"Grunt—grunt—squake—squake! says the pig, and, bedad whilst ye'd squeeze a gooseberry Phil whips the coat round his head, claps him unther his arm, and away wid him down along the river, and across the bog, runnin' like a thoroughbred at the Curragh, an' dodgin' like a rat in a haggard.

"Oh faix, it was short work wid poor squakeen whin onst Phil had him housed; he was kilt, an' divided betune the childher an' the starvin' naybours, an' divil as much as a bristle or a bone, a tail or a tusk, ever told who tasted the pig.

"Och! ye may be shure, your honor, there was Millamurther at Pat's whin the pig was missed; the whole barony was sarched, for Flaherty was cruel vindictive in his way; but sight nor light uv the grunther never was found.

"Phil, as I said before, yer honor, had a conscience, an' id was very sorare on him; divil a sod he could pass that he didn't think he saw the pig's snout sticking out uv id, an' every moan on the breeze seemed like a dyin' grunt; for ye see it was the first civilized animal he ever come by in an untherhand sort uv a way; oh, no, yer honor—Phil was very high in that respect; I wont say the same uv the wild bastes uv the field; for, shure, as he used to say, 'God Almighty gave them for every body's use;' an' as to a pack uv grouse, or a whisp uv snipe, or snarin' a scutty tail, begor, he'd sweep 'em the same as a live coal would a turf clamp.

"Phil daren't go to Father Doolin, for Pat Flaherty was great in the dues, and the fat goose, or the tindher turkey, much less a goolden crock of butther, or a creel of the raale red-bog turf, was never wantin' whin the coadjuthor gev the wink; so he was afeared to say boo to a bulrush, for he knew that 'Paudeen More' had his suspecs uv him, and that the fate uv the horse-docther was nothin' to the transportation that my poor Phil id get, if he was found out.

"One evenin' just like this, yer honor, Phil was comin' down by the ould castle uv Rosscarberry, a great ould sthronghould, too, an' a bad spot to be near at nightfall; for the ould chieftains, they say, walks about there still, and many is the quare sight and sound I heerd tell uv the same spot. Well, yer honor, as I was sayin', Phil was comin' along purty brisk, whin just as he got near the stile by the ould tower, the sight left his eyes a'most; for there, sittin' unther the withered branch of the eldther three, was—divil resave the doubt—the Banshee herself; ay, thrue enough; dusky white, and croonin' away, as she rocked backwards and forwards, with her arms restin' on her knees.

"Phil's heart was goin' thump—thump—thug—thug that you might hear it a mile off, his jaw hung loose and thrimblin' like the dewlap of a cow, every bone in his body shook and rattled like a bladder full uv pays, an' his knees wer playin' hide and go seek wid one another.

"'Phil Considine!' says the Banshee.

"'Poo-ho-ooh!' blurted out Phil, fallin down on his marrow-bones.

"'Phil Considine!' says the Banshee.

"'Holy Mary uv Aigypt!' began Phil.

"'Howld yer tongue,' says the sperit, 'an' attind to me.'

"'Y—y—yis, Mam!' says Phil, takin' a pull at the holy wather bottle.

"'Phil Considine!' says the Banshee, 'I've been watchin' yer goin's on.'

"'Seven Pathers and eight Aves for the repose uv yer poor sainted sowl!' whimpers Phil.

"'Phil!' says the sperit, 'I've been watchin' ye, an' there's something heavy on yer conscience.'

"'All the way to the Cross uv Coppla, wid pays in my brogans!' groans Phil.

"'Confess at onst!' says the Banshee, wid a screech that made the ould tower rock agin', whilst the leaves on the eldthers shook and rattled like tundther, an' a big white owl flew out, wid a whoop that made the hair of Phil's head stand uv an' ind.

"'Whoo-o-o-o!' cries Phil. 'I stole a pig!' says he.

"'Ye stole a pig, ye murtherin' vagabond!' says she.

"'I did, ma'am, av ye plaze, an' be marciful—marciful—an' give us a long day to repint uv the same.'

"'Oh—hoo—hoo!' says she, wid a wailful croon, 'an' who did ye stale the pig from, ye misfortunate craythur?'

"'Pat Flaherty,' moans Phil.

"'What! ye stale a pig from Pat Flaherty? The good, pious Pat Flaherty, that attinds to his devotions, and takes care uv his clargy; go directly and restore the dacint man his pig.'

"'Begor, I can't,' says Phil, gettin' bould wid another swig of the holy wather. 'Begor, I can't, mam,' says he, 'for we ate the pig!'

"'Oh, ye haythen sinner!' says the sperit, 'ye onlooky thievin' naygur! See here, now, Phil Considine,' says she, and she lifts up her hood, an' her eyes glowered out at him like two stars in the middle of a winnowin' sheet; 'mark my words,' says she.

"'Yis, ma'am!' says Phil.

"'The day uv judgment 'ill come!' says she.

"'Thrue for you, alanna!' answers Phil.

"'I'll be there!' says she.

"'More glory to you, ma'am!' says Phil, taking another throw uv the black bottle.

"'An' you'll be there!' says she.

"'Id's myself 'ill be proud to meet you, anyhow—hic—hic—hiccup!' says Phil.

"'An' Pat Flaherty 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Ugh, the dirty b—b—baste!' says Phil.

"'An' the pig 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Whoo—be jabers! Banshee, jewel, I have id!' yells Phil, flinging the alpeen and the bottle. 'I'll say, there, Pat Flaherty—there's yer pig!'"

THANKSGIVING AT THE UNION HOME SCHOOL.—The little orphans of our fallen heroes now domiciled at this institution had a glorious time last Thursday, the Board of Managers having provided them, through the generous donations of the public, with a dinner "fit to serve a King," and in addition had a very liberal collation for the invited guests and members of the press, at which quite a distinguished company sat down, after the ceremony of serving the little ones was attended to, and an interesting sight it was to see aged matrons and sires, and some of our most wealthy citizens, serving the children of those brave fellows who had fallen while serving them and their country. "A fit tribute to departed worth." During the dinner, several of the gentlemen, among whom were Judge Daly, General Van Vliet, Dr. Driscomb, and others, made very appropriate speeches, while the children did their part in singing and recitations. In all it was a very interesting affair, and afforded the public an excellent opportunity of judging of the "soundness" of that institution, which is now before the public in the shape of a Presentation Concert (see notice elsewhere), gotten up by the managers for the purpose of enlarging the school, so as to accommodate a greater number of applicants. From all we could see the institution is a worthy one, and we trust it will be successful in the undertaking.

THE only place in New York where you can purchase a hat that will suit your head at a price that will suit your purse is at KNOX'S famous emporium, No. 212 Broadway. Other hats may be too large or too small, unbecoming or uncomfortable; but Knox's hats are always just right, and they are so cheap that you can afford to keep up with the fashions, of which Knox is the acknowledged leader.

IF you desire to have a day's pleasure that will more than repay you for the very little trouble involved, take the cars of the LONG ISLAND RAILROAD and try a trip to any one of the charming little villages that dot the line of route, like diamonds in the emerald setting of the fields. No other road in this vicinity affords such facilities for travelers.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—*To the Editor of the Leader*: On Monday next I shall issue the first number of my paper, called the *Gravedigger*. Appropriate name!

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A. MACMILLAN,
SOLE AGENT FOR
NEW YORK CLUB SKATES,
575 BROADWAY, N. Y. Wholesale and retail.
Season Tickets for Fifth Avenue Skating Park for sale here.

OLD EYES MADE NEW *easily* and without doctor or medicines. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1,130 Broadway, New York.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED.—Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1,130 Broadway, New York.

CONFIDENTIAL information for the married sent in sealed envelopes on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, author of Medical Common Sense, 1,130 Broadway, New York.

THE GAMBOLIER TO HIS DARLING.

Sad was our parting, and my sad heart
Still sadly sighs for thee,
(I'll take three cards, Mr. Dealer,)
As I glide o'er the moonlit sea.

And the moon's sweet rays set the sea ablaze
With a blaze that points to thee,
(I straddle—it takes ten to come in)
As I skim the azure sea.

Perchance, dear love, thou'rt gazing now
At this moon that smiles on me,
(Steward, please push the spittoon this way)
As I fly o'er the deep blue sea.

Sweet zephyrs play o'er our foamy way,
And they waft my sighs to thee
(I see that, and go fifteen better)
As I float o'er the deep, dark sea.

Then weep not, dearest; this fond heart
Still wildly worships thee,
(I've got an ace-full—the pot's mine!)
As I ride this glorious sea.

Good-night, sweet love, I'll now to rest,
And pray for dreams of thee
(A whiskey-toddy for me, Mr. Barkeeper,)
As I glide o'er the moonlit sea—
The sea, the sea, the sea—
As I glide o'er the moonlit sea!

A Long and Strong Swim.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead."

"What! your cousin the parson?"

"No, no!"

"Not Jones of the 99th?"

"No. Jones of the 'Saragossa.'"

"You don't say so. Which of them?"

"Peyton Jones."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Stunning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones."

"Influenza."

"No! You don't mean to say that influenza killed Jones? Gad! fancy a man who'd had yellow fever three times dying of influenza!"

"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle."

"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a boa-constrictor round his neck."

"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it; for, but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the 'Briareus' when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbor of Antigua. I was out there at the time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West Indies, I think; so I must explain that outside the regular harbor of Antigua there is a sort of second harbor—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one fine day it was arranged that we should have a pic-nic; so four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and, three men, sailed out of the harbor and across the bay to an eligible spot on the opposite shore, and there picnicked to our hearts' content. The doctor was an invaluable man at festivities of this kind. His tales used to follow one another like a string of sausages; the head of one joined to another by a 'Faith, and that reminds me'—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second.

"On the occasion I am speaking of, he kept us in roars of laughter all day; telling stories and singing songs incessantly till it was time to think about returning. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were afloat. No sooner were we under way than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering; and in a short time, requested, on the ground that illustration was necessary to render his views clear, to be allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. This Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving this feeling voice with a force and eloquence peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was that he was soon seated comfortably at the helm, singing the 'Groves of Blarney.'

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as O'Grady was in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between Arion, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam-ends.

"'Port your helm!' shouted Jones, jumping up, and making for the tiller. 'Port, O'Grady! Port!'

"'The same t'you, and plenty of it,' replied the doctor, still facetious, though a thought flurried. 'Port it is!'

"But, unfortunately, port it wasn't. By a little error of the doctor's, it was starboard instead; and the result was in another moment we were all struggling in the water, and the pinnace was keel uppermost. As several of the party could not swim, the first thing to do was to look after them, and help them to scramble up on to the keel. Peyton Jones, who was a magnificent swimmer, and all of us who could swim, worked zealously at this, splashing as much as possible the while, in order to keep the sharks away; and in a very short time, a long row of moist, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capsized boat.

"'Are we all here now?' cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. 'One, two, three— Good Heavens! where's the doctor?'

"'Help!' shrieked a man who was at the other end of the boat—'help, help! Here's a shark at my leg. He's got my foot in his mouth.'

"'Faith, and if it is a shark,' said the voice of the doctor from the water, 'ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Irelander, fortunately for you, Thompson. Lend a hand, bhoys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful baste'—apostrophizing the boat—'what did ye go turning over in that way for, afther I'd been steering ye so carefully, and all?'

"'By Jove, I thought we'd picked all up,' said Jones. 'I'd forgotten you, O'Grady.'

"'Upon my conscience,' said the doctor, frankly, 'and you were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mighty pleasant, would have turned suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungraceful fashion?'

"'I did not know you could swim, doctor,' some one said.

"'I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer,' O'Grady returned; 'but if it's diving ye want, I'm the bhoy. Bedad, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped.'

"'Well, we're all here now, at any rate,' said Jones; 'but what's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?'

"'And is it suggestion you mane?' said O'Grady; 'then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy flask, let him pass it down here.'

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we.

"'Bad luck to the hamper!' said the doctor; 'and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen.'

"'Stop fooling, O'Grady,' said Jones. 'The business is very serious.'

"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsized boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that it made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and, as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go.'

"'By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow,' said the man next to him.

"'Just what I shan't do,' said Jones; 'I shall think of them as little as possible. There's no help for it, you know; some one must go.'

"It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him.

"'It's better for two of us to go,' said Knapton; 'for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now.'

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy nowadays; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men—some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account—two could be found to go in for such a very forlorn hope as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the less luggage you take on a journey of this kind, the better—and dashed into the water; and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched, as long as the falling light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet.

"'Kick well,' Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew what cowards sharks are, and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them—'kick well; make as much splash as possible; it's your only chance, if they get a sight of you.'

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for heroes they were, if there are such things at all: first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet; and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming along in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dead of night through a valley set everywhere with snares and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while, for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might happen at any moment down below. Some men—I among them—have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, who would snip off my leg in a twinkling, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not operate so with them, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three-quarters of a mile—we could not see them, of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards—they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that distance, Knapton began to drop gradually behind. He had either overrated his powers, or exhausted himself with kicking too vigorously; at any rate, from whatever cause, when they had gone about a mile, he cried out to Jones: "I can go no further. I must shut up. You go on. Never mind me—go on.' Jones, however, was the last man in the world to desert a man in difficulties; he turned, and swam back to him at once.

"'Are you done up, old fellow?' Jones said to him.

"'Yes,' said the midshipman; 'I can't go on any further. But you go on; you'd better leave me.'

"'Not I,' said Jones; 'we set out together, and we'll finish together, or not at all. Now, look here. Don't you grasp at me, and cling to me; you're too good a swimmer not to know that that's raving madness. Rest your hands upon my hips; let your body float quietly out; and I'll see what I can do.'

"Knapton did exactly as he was bidden; Jones stretched himself out before him; and with more than ever resting upon him now, in every sense of the term, struck out again for the land as resolutely as before. Who was that rusty old hero? Æneas, wasn't it? pious Æneas?—that they make so much fuss about, because he carried his father on his shoulders out of burning Troy, all the while in mortal dread that Greeks would pop out upon him at every corner? Well, he was not a bit more of a hero than Peyton Jones. In fact, give me Jones for choice; for, reckoning the elements as about equally nasty, who would not sooner have to deal with a Greek than a shark? In the first case, you might drop the Governor, and go in at the Greek, without fearing to find the old gentleman a cinder when you turned round to pick him up again. But with Jones it was quite different. If he left Knapton, the poor fellow must have drowned; and as far as the sharks were concerned, he had nothing for it but to swim on, and if the enemy chose to bite his legs off, why they must. Besides, there is another thing to be said for Jones's case—it is perfectly true; whereas, as regards the feat of Father Æneas, it is—to put it in the mildest way—open to question.

"This is, however, rather a trifling way of speaking of what was no trifle to Jones. As he was swimming on, toiling along with Knapton, more dead than alive, hanging on to him, he suddenly became aware that *one of them* was after him. The demon had found them out at last. It was a sickening moment that; yet, determined never to say die, swimming vigorously to the last, and kicking and splashing with all his might, Jones pushed his way through that awful sea. The shark kept close to them; now on this side, now on that, now diving beneath them, and—'I give you my honor, sir,' Jones said to me himself, 'that once I distinctly felt the beggar's infernal nose touch my thigh, and the horror of that nearly finished me.' Heaven knows how he reached the shore a whole man, but he did reach it at last, and brought Knapton with him, too, fainting certainly, but without a limb short.

"Well, he had got to the land, and that was the principal thing. After struggling through two miles of sea, dragging a half-dead man along with you, and dodging sharks, any land would seem a paradise; but still it is not exactly the thing for a gentleman in these days to make his appearance on *terra firma* in the very same costume as that in which Adam first made his. In his joy at reaching land, and bringing his friend safely with him, Jones had forgotten his state of undress; but when he had carried Knapton in his arms up the beach, and had laid him out, as if to dry, well above high-water mark, then, as he was starting off at a run in the direction of the harbor, the full conviction of his absolute clotheslessness came over him with crushing force. How on earth was he to make his way to the harbor, and to appear on the deck of H. M. S. 'Briareus' without a single thing to cover him except his own confusion? It was a dreadful dilemma, and for a moment Jones almost regretted that the sharks had not delivered him from the difficulty; but a moment's thought, and the recollection of the miserable plight in which his friends on the capsized pinnace were, from which nobody but himself could save them, restored his resolution. Muttering to himself that he'd by odds sooner repeat the first part of his undertaking than carry out the last, he set off running towards the harbor. But he was to be spared the horrors of having to give such a bare recital of the calamity as this. His Good Fortune came to his aid—Fortune, being blind, could do so, of course, without shocking her sense of decency—and helped him at his need. He had not run far before he saw a big negro coming towards him. The big negro had on a shirt and a pair of trowsers. Now, a shirt and a pair of trowsers are not generally considered a lavish superfluity of clothing; but in Jones's naked condition they seemed nothing less than a monstrous piece of extravagance.

"'A shirt and trowsers!' said Jones to himself, as if such a combination had never come beneath his notice before—'a shirt and trowsers! He can't require both of them. He must lend me one or other. He shall keep whichever he likes, but one of them I must have. Here, you!'

"And Jones walked solemnly up to the black, and stated that, situated as the negro could see that he was, he was under the necessity of requesting the negro to resign the moiety of his wearing apparel. He added that he was an officer on board H. M. S. 'Briareus,' and would trouble the negro to look sharp. The negro, not unnaturally, declined to part with either shirt or trowsers. It certainly was rather hard lines for him, when you come to think of it—when you put yourself into his position and garments. That a gentleman, of however high a standing in her Majesty's service, and giving references however unexceptionable, should make his appearance in a state of nature, walk up to you in a lofty manner, and coolly demand a most important part of your clothing, was rather hard lines; and the negro thought so. He flatly refused to consent to the arrangement, and not without having some reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give the alarm, and he must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him; 'to do a great right,' he must 'do a little wrong.' It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides, nothing but might can settle it. It is not every man who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"'Look here, you rascal,' said Jones, 'I must have your trowsers.'

"'Yah, yah, yah!' laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"'I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel,' said the gentleman in buff.

"Yah! yah! let massa put him hand in him pocket, den, yah, yah!" said the gentleman in black.

"'If you don't give them to me I shall take them,'" said Jones.

"Yah, yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro, as if the joke had been a good one all along, but here was the cream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force," thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are, as everybody knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trowsers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the *sansculotte* on the ground, ran off to the harbor, reached his ship and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. 'Briareus' were turned up instantly; boats were sent out and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapton had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us not only of our own deliverance, but of the safety of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that confounded keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one cast more, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, "just in time" is better than "too late;" relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark. And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it."

Mr. Bright at Dublin.

That a man who wields so great a power as Mr. Bright does over the multitude should delight in any occasion for exercising it is not unnatural. That an orator who has that poetical temperament without which great oratory cannot exist, and that sympathy with numbers which belongs to a leader of the people, should embrace the opportunity of addressing a society of Irishmen on Irish subjects in the Irish capital, is reasonable enough. Mr. Bright's presence in Dublin was the legitimate deduction from his own previous career and the existing state of Irish politics. Mr. Bright is the O'Connell of England. He is the vent-piece of proletarian discontent; and more than its vent-piece, often its creator. Endowed with a voice that can discourse the most eloquent music, and with a speech that can equally sound the depths of pathos or scale the heights of indignation, in England he is often driven back on the resources of an ample but unscrupulous imagination to find materials for his pity or his invective. But in Ireland the material abounds. Facts there are in plenty. He has to color them indeed for his purpose, though not to invent them; but every Irish politician does the same. He has not to invent and then to describe a past epoch of constitutional history in which every occupant of a house, who paid no contribution to his borough or his king, enjoyed the privilege of helping to elect those who were to fix the contributions payable by others. He has not to imagine a condition of men at once virtuous, intelligent, patriotic, and deprived of a natural right because they do not live in a £10 house. He has not to represent the men who are already threatening physical force as the oppressed innocents of contumely and slight, or to exhibit those whom the Alliance brands as drunkards in the light of temperate and trodden-down Pariahs. He is saved by the amplitude of his subject from an unreality which is more than half ludicrous. Ireland, fertile in much besides, is fertile of nothing so much as of grievances. There they are—*jamdudum nota*—trite as the sea, the sky, or the stars; but, like sea, sky, or stars, lending themselves with plastic mobility to the power of the poet or the orator. A people vanquished but never subdued, irritated but never crushed, maimed and scarred but never extirpated, mixed but never fused, conciliated but never reconciled, caressed but never soothed, coaxed to forget injury but resenting imaginary insult even more than remembering actual injury, more impatient of tardy amends than of long oppression; two races on one soil mutually repulsive, two creeds of incompatible character, two Churches of irreconcilable antagonism, two classes dividing the land, the one animated with the jealousy which possession, the other with the anger which exclusion, inspires; in a word, all but two hostile armies in two contiguous camps. With such a theme, it is almost wonderful that Mr. Bright was as moderate as he showed himself. Probably the very inconsistency of the evils which he denounced deadened the ardor which their magnitude might otherwise have kindled. As it was, he fell back on the stale grievances which have formed the staple wares of politicians far inferior to himself—the Irish Established Church, and the tenure of land.

Of course little was to be said on either of these topics but what has often been said by men of Mr. Bright's school, though he could say it better than any. And we suspect that he, as well as they, knows that it is easier to talk than to act on either subject. The Church is a badge of English supremacy, therefore it galls the mass of the people who do not belong to it. Few persons will deny that this is a grievance, and few sensible persons will assert that it ought to be disregarded merely because it is a sentimental grievance. Its destruction might probably gratify the Romish priesthood and their flocks. No one can dispute that it would be worth while to gratify them if there were any likelihood that their gratitude for the boon would be lasting. But suppose the Irish Church abolished, what is to become of its revenues? Are they to go to the support of the popular Church? Its clergy have made no sign. The prelates of that Church were conspicuous by their absence from Mr. Bright's dinner, and it is not very unfair to infer that they shirked the embarrassment which the suggestion of this proposition might have caused them. Suppose, however, the Establishment gone. What is to become of its revenues? They must go somewhere. If they are handed over to the Roman Catholic priest, there is a grievance there also. The paymaster is the landlord; and the landlord is, four times out of five, a Protestant. It may be hard to force Peter to pay Paul; but is it a whit less hard to force Paul to pay Peter? Are the tithes to be transferred to an Education Board? Then comes the question, What is the education to be provided? Mixed education? The Romish clergy, in their ascendancy, are not likely to countenance a system which as yet, in their weakness, they denounce. There is but one of two alternative courses which remains open. The education which is to be furnished out of the spoils of the Protestant Church, and through the agency of the Protestant landlord, must be Romanist. We do not say that this would be wholly unjust, or at all inexpedient; but we do say that it would contain so large an ingredient of injustice as to excite a strong indignation, and make a wary statesman pause before he ventured on such a course. There is another point which Mr. Bright overlooks in his denunciation of the Protestant Establishment. Ireland enjoys a greater freedom of speech and thought than any European Catholic country, except Belgium. How much of this freedom is due to the influence of Protestantism, which is not confined to Protestants, but permeates all society and leavens every sect? How much of this would survive the humiliation of a Church which is built on the assertion of the right of free reason and free preaching? How long would it be tolerated by that Church which knows that, in matters of faith, the sentiments of the people correspond to the teaching which rests upon authority and appeals to the imagination? This is a subject which equally concerns educated Protestants and educated Catholics, many of whom have their own ideas about the new *regime* inaugurated by the Dublin Cardinal. We mention the dilemma, not because it is serious enough to prevent all future statesmen from grappling with the question, but because it illustrates the wide difference between the power of declaiming on a grievance and the power of finding a remedy for it.

Then as to the land. Mr. Bright had there a theme worthy of his tenderest pathos—a people without a heritable interest in the soil which they occupy, visited by famines unknown to other lands in modern times, and by evictions unmatched in any lands at any time, looking with blank despair on the land of their birth, and yearning with resentful hopefulness for the blessings which they may find in their future home beyond the Western wave. Who does not recognize the aptness of the subject for the tongue of such a master? But who does not also repine that the sorrows of a people, and the mischiefs of a policy, or the decrees of destiny, cannot be assuaged and corrected by the honeyed accents of an after-dinner speech? When Mr. Bright averred that the land of Ireland was the spoil of the conqueror, he asserted a fact which was fatal to the purpose of his speech. Does he not see that the consciousness of masterdom and the consciousness of defeat have poisoned all the relations of the modern Irish landlord and the modern Irish tenant? When the landlord speaks of his rights, he confounds the rights of a modern proprietor with those of a feudal chief over a subject race; when the tenant speaks of his rights, he is thinking of his own ancestral claim to supersede his landlord in the lordship of the land he cultivates. This double interpretation colors the plans and hopes of both. It runs through their every spoken and unspoken thought. How can any act of Parliament cure this? At the Dublin dinner, and again in receiving a deputation of Cork farmers, Mr. Bright propounded his scheme for giving the Irish tenant a more enduring interest in the soil. And, strangely, he expressed his belief that the Scotch and English tenant farmers would join in pressing this reform of Irish tenure on Parliament. But the sober sense of the Scotch and English tenant repudiates such fixity as Mr. Bright would make a statutable obligation. The fixity of tenure which in his heart the Celtic tenant really longs for is a fixity coequal with that of his landlord. The fixity which the landlord dreads is a tenancy which he foresees that no default could void, no artifice could terminate; which would in time make the country one dreary potato farm, profitless alike to the nominal owners and the un-ousted tenants. Enact this fixity by law, and you open the first scene of a conflict which might end in war. As for the wonderful proposal for buying out absentee proprietors and partitioning their estates among their tenantry, it is difficult to imagine that it can have been put forward seriously. It is unfortunate that the most conspicuous novelty in Mr. Bright's speech should be almost too extravagant to admit of sober criticism.

Mr. Bright recalls the Ireland of 1848. If he remembers it well, he cannot but see how much more prosperous is the Ireland of 1866. There is more industry, more comfort, larger exports, and far less beggary. The population has dwindled, and has enriched America at the expense of the United Kingdom. This is the ugliest feature of the case. A less gifted orator than Mr. Bright might dilate effectively upon the folly or the misfortune which drove the sons and daughters of a nation to seek refuge and happiness in a foreign land. But when he ascends from oratory to statesmanship, would he—or would his hosts—willingly see Ireland crowded with a population which the native produce of the soil is both unfit and insufficient to support? How can a country of the size of Ireland, with few and exceptional manufactures, with a damp soil and humid summers, afford constant subsistence to eight million inhabitants? And how can you prevent people reared in such a country from flocking to a land which could double its population to-morrow without fear of their being starved?

We are not resisting Mr. Bright's suggestions because they are Mr. Bright's; the occasion is far too serious for that. With him, we feel that there is a discontent deeply rooted in the Irish breast, and almost ineradicable. We have no faith in the abolition of the Establishment, or the fixity of tenure, as the panacea of Ireland. The first might pacify Munster and Meath, but it would drive Ulster to the borders of rebellion; the second would introduce an amount of strife and discord which could only end in war. Neither are we depreciating the grievance, when we say it is mainly sentimental. The grievances which the Irish nature most keenly feels are sentimental. And Irishmen feel these the more keenly now that they have emerged from the slough of persecution, poverty and famine. It is our fate to be united with a people the majority of whom are wholly different in sentiment and sympathy from ourselves. What they prize we do not care for. What the greater number of them regard with indifference, we regard with respect. They are imaginative, reverential and loyal. We are positive, practical, commercial. We give them a Church which discards all appeals to the faculty of imagination and the feeling of obedience; we sequester them from the sight of the sovereign whom they would be disposed to idolize; and we consign them to the vicarious superintendence of a tinseled delegate. They are fond of praise and fond of glory. We merge the fame of every distinguished Irishman in the name of Englishman, and we give Ireland the credit of having reared only the men whom we gibbet on the scaffold or in the press. We are so commercial in our tone of thought, and so proud of our economical science, that the generous indiscretions of Irishmen are the theme of our satire and derision. Is it a wonder that they should more than dislike us? Would it be wonderful if, chafed and goaded by a contumely more intolerable than taxation or penal laws, they employed the wealth which we have communicated to them to wound us in a mortal part? If Mr. Bright, or any one else, will soberly teach us how to govern the two portions of Ireland so that the Northern Protestants shall not be angered nor the Southern Romanists aggrieved, he will deserve to be remembered with a reverential and enduring gratitude which mere oratory never yet earned, and which would be more valuable than any power, influence, or fame. But he and his may rest assured that something quite different from statutable alteration of land tenure and the abolition of a Church is required to unite an imaginative, sensitive and ardent nation to a sober, practical and calculating one.

GENERAL ELECTION—1866.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT AND DECLARATION.

STATEMENT OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY CANVASSERS of the County of New York, in relation to votes given for
Governor,
Lieutenant Governor,
Canal Commissioners,
Inspector of State Prisons,
Representatives in Congress for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Congressional Districts,
And relative to the Act providing for submitting to the People the question "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?"

The Board of County Canvassers of the County of New York, having met at the office of the Clerk of said County, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d days of November, 1866, to canvass and estimate the votes given in the several election districts of said County, at the General Election held on the 6th day of November, in the year aforesaid, do certify as follows:

That it appears on such estimate and canvass, that the whole number of votes given for the office of Governor was one hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five......114,255
Of which John T. Hoffman received eighty thousand six hundred and seventy-seven........80,677
Of which Reuben E. Fenton received thirty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two..33,492
Of which there were blank forty. 40
And of which there were scattering forty-six........ 46
—114,255

The whole number of votes given for the office of Lieutenant Governor was one hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and twelve..............114,112
Of which Robert H. Pruyn received eighty thousand three hundred and eighty-one.......80,381
Of which Stewart L. Woodford received thirty-three thousand six hundred and seventy-nine..33,679
Of which there were blank thirty-four........ 34
And of which there were scattering eighteen........ 18
—114,112

The whole number of votes given for the office of Canal Commissioner was one hundred and fourteen thousand and seventy-seven..............114,077
Of which William W. Wright received eighty thousand three hundred and twenty-one......80,321
Of which Stephen T. Hayt received thirty-three thousand seven hundred and one........33,701
Of which there were blank thirty-five........ 35
And of which there were scattering twenty........ 20
—114,077

The whole number of votes given for the office of Inspector of State Prisons was one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight..............113,888
Of which Francis B. Gallagher received eighty thousand and thirty-eight..............80,038
Of which John Hammond received thirty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-two.33,772
Of which there were blank forty-four........ 44
And of which there were scattering thirty-four........ 34
—113,888

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Fourth Congressional District was seventeen thousand eight hundred and forty-five........ 17,845
Of which John Fox received fourteen thousand and three....14,003
Of which Horace Greeley received three thousand seven hundred and forty-three........ 3,743
Of which there were blank twenty-five........ 25
And of which there were scattering seventy-four........ 74
—17,845

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Fifth Congressional District was eighteen thousand and twelve........ 18,012
Of which John Morrissey received nine thousand one hundred and sixty-two........ 9,162
Of which Nelson Taylor received six thousand five hundred and three........ 6,503
Of which Eneas Elliott received two thousand two hundred and ninety-three........ 2,293
Of which there were blank fourteen........ 14
And of which there were scattering forty........ 40
—18,012

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Sixth Congressional District was seventeen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine........ 17,159
Of which Thomas E. Stewart received nine thousand four hundred and fifty-two........ 9,452
Of which Charles S. Spencer received six thousand nine hundred and fifty-five........ 6,955
Of which George Stevenson received seven hundred and eleven........ 711
Of which there were blank three. 3
And of which there were scattering thirty-eight........ 38
—17,159

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Seventh Congressional District was eighteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six........ 18,336
Of which John W. Chandler received eleven thousand five hundred and three....11,503
Of which George F. Steinbrenner received six thousand seven hundred and forty-three........ 6,743
Of which there were blank seven. 7
And of which there were scattering eighty-three........ 83
—18,336

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Eighth Congressional District was twenty-two thousand one hundred........ 22,100
Of which James Brooks received thirteen thousand eight hundred and sixteen........13,816
Of which Legrand B. Cannon received eight thousand two hundred and ten........ 8,210
Of which Elizabeth Cady Stanton received twenty-four........ 24
Of which there were blank eighteen........ 18
And of which there were scattering thirty-two........ 32
—22,100

The whole number of votes given for the office of Representative in Congress for the Ninth Congressional District was seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight.... 17,728
Of which Fernando Wood received nine thousand six hundred and five........ 9,605
Of which William A. Darling received seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-five...... 7,995
Of which there were blank thirty. 30
And of which there were scattering ninety-eight........ 98
—17,728

The whole number of votes given indorsed "Convention" was eighty-one thousand four hundred and four..... 81,404
Of which there was "For a Convention to Revise the Constitution and Amend the same" thirty-five thousand and fifty-five..35,055
Of which there was "Against the Convention to Revise the Constitution and Amend the same" forty-six thousand one hundred and ninety-three..........46,193
And of which there were blank one hundred and fifty-six...... 156
—81,404

We certify this statement to be correct, and have caused the same to be attested by the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary of this Board, this twenty-third day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

ANDREW BLEAKLY, Chairman.
JOSEPH H. TOONE, Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE.

I hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing with the original statement remaining on file in this office, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the City and County of New York, this twenty-third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WILLIAM C. CONNER,
Clerk of the County of New York.

STATEMENT OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY CANVASSERS of the County of New York in relation to votes given for Members of Assembly:

The Board of County Canvassers of the County of New York, having met at the office of the Clerk of said County on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d days of November, 1866, to canvass and estimate the votes given in the several Election Districts of said County, at the General Election held on the 6th day of November, in the year aforesaid, do certify as follows:

That it appears upon such estimate and canvass that the whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the First Assembly District was six thousand one hundred and fifty-six.......... 6,156
Of which Michael C. Murphy received three thousand eight hundred and twenty-six........ 3,826
Of which Michael J. Cowan received one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five........ 1,765
Of which Michael Doran received five hundred and nine.......... 509
Of which there were blank two... 2
And of which there were scattering fifty-four.......... 54
—6,156

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Second Assembly District was five thousand three hundred and ninety-nine.......... 5,399
Of which Constantine Donoho received three thousand one hundred and fifty-six........ 3,156
Of which Bryan Gaughan received one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one.......... 1,721
Of which George Ross received four hundred and fifty-two..... 452
Of which there were blank two.... 2
And of which there were scattering sixty-eight.......... 68
—5,399

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Third Assembly District was four thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.......... 4,788
Of which Daniel O'Rielly received two thousand three hundred and seventy-three.......... 2,373
Of which John Hayes received one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.......... 1,891
Of which James L. Costello received three hundred and twenty-four.......... 324
Of which William H. Ballard received ninety-five.......... 95
Of which William O'Brien received four.......... 4
Of which there was blank 1...... 1
And of which there were scattering one hundred.......... 100
—4,788

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Fourth Assembly District was five thousand five hundred and sixty-five. 5,565
Of which John J. Blair received three thousand one hundred and seventy-one.......... 3,171
Of which John Galvin received two thousand one hundred and sixteen.......... 2,116
Of which Frank Duffy received two hundred and fifty-nine.......... 259
Of which there was blank one.... 1
And of which there were scattering eighteen.......... 18
—5,565

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Fifth Assembly District was six thousand three hundred and eight.. 6,308
Of which Charles Blauvelt received four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven.......... 4,237
Of which John J. Shaw received one thousand nine hundred and eighty-six.......... 1,986
Of which there were blank four.. 4
And of which there were scattering eighty-one.......... 81
—6,308

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Sixth Assembly District was three thousand nine hundred and seventy. 3,970
Of which John Sigerson received two thousand five hundred and ninety-two.......... 2,592
Of which Jacob Seebacher received one thousand three hundred and forty-four.......... 1,344
Of which there were blank five... 5
And of which there were scattering twenty-nine.......... 29
—3,970

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Seventh Assembly District was four thousand four hundred and six. 4,406
Of which Frank A. Ransom received one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six.......... 1,936
Of which Edward Mitchell received one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.......... 1,842
Of which James Riley received four hundred and eighty-seven. 487
And of which there were scattering one hundred and forty-one. 141
—4,406

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Eighth Assembly District was seven thousand four hundred and fifteen.......... 7,415
Of which James Reed received three thousand six hundred and fourteen.......... 3,614
Of which George W. Anderson received one thousand nine hundred and forty-one.......... 1,941
Of which Henry Zeimer received one thousand five hundred and eight.......... 1,508
Of which Reuben C. Mills received one hundred and sixty-two. 162
Of which there were blank fifteen 15
And of which there were scattering one hundred and seventy-five.......... 175
—7,415

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Ninth Assembly District was six thousand one hundred and thirty-seven.......... 6,137
Of which Henry Rogers received two thousand nine hundred and one.......... 2,901
Of which Norman Stratton received two thousand three hundred and twenty-two.......... 2,322
Of which Charles T. Polhamus received seven hundred and thirty-three.......... 733
Of which there were blank two... 2
And of which there were scattering one hundred and seventy-nine.......... 179
—6,137

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Tenth Assembly District was five thousand three hundred and thirty-five.......... 5,335
Of which Owen Murphy received two thousand seven hundred and seven.......... 2,707
Of which John J. Dimond received two thousand four hundred and ninety-seven.......... 2,497
Of which there were blank three. 3
And of which there were scattering one hundred and twenty-eight.......... 128
—5,335

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Eleventh Assembly District was five thousand one hundred and sixty-two.......... 5,162
Of which John Y. Gridley received two thousand one hundred and eighty-three.......... 2,183

Of which N. Hill Fowler received one thousand five hundred and fifty-two.......1,552

Of which John Kelly received six hundred and ninety-seven....... 697

Of which Thomas B. Van Buren received five hundred and seventy-six....... 576

Of which there were blank twenty-two....... 22

And of which there were scattering one hundred and thirty-two 132

5,162

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Twelfth Assembly District was five thousand two hundred and forty-three....... 5,243

Of which Henry Woltman received two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five....... 2,865

Of which William A. Lynch received two thousand three hundred and seven....... 2,307

Of which there were blank three. 3

And of which there were scattering sixty-eight....... 68

5,243

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Thirteenth Assembly District was five thousand and ninety-two....... 5,092

Of which Bernard Cregan received two thousand six hundred and twenty-four....... 2,624

Of which Benjamin C. Wandell received two thousand three hundred and eighty-one....... 2,381

Of which there were blank thirty 30

And of which there were scattering fifty-seven....... 57

5,092

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Fourteenth Assembly District was four thousand and sixty-six....... 4,066

Of which Thomas J. Creamer received three thousand and twenty-six....... 3,026

Of which Alexander H. Mulligan received eight hundred and seventy-five....... 875

Of which there were blank three. 3

And of which there were scattering one hundred and sixty-two. 162

4,066

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Fifteenth Assembly District was five thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight....... 5,978

Of which Alexander Frear received two thousand six hundred and seventy-one....... 2,671

Of which Martin Wellinghoff received one thousand six hundred and twenty-three....... 1,623

Of which Francis M. Curry received one thousand five hundred and thirty....... 1,530

Of which Enos McMullen received twenty-nine....... 29

Of which there was blank one... 1

And of which there were scattering one hundred and twenty-four....... 124

5,978

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Sixteenth Assembly District was five thousand six hundred and nine.. 5,609

Of which James Irving received two thousand and fifty-five... 2,055

Of which Michael N. Salmon received two thousand and thirty-nine... 2,039

Of which Henry Beeny received one thousand four hundred and eighty-six....... 1,486

Of which there were blank four.. 4

And of which there were scattering twenty-five... 25

5,609

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Seventeenth Assembly District was six thousand one hundred and ninety-seven... 6,197

Of which Wilson Berryman received two thousand one hundred and seventy-one....... 2,171

Of which Alexander Ward received two thousand one hundred and fifty-six....... 2,156

Of which George W. Plunkitt received one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight....... 1,858

Of which there were blank two.. 2

And of which there were scattering ten....... 10

6,197

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Eighteenth Assembly District was five thousand one hundred and five....... 5,105

Of which Leander Buck received two thousand five hundred and ninety-one....... 2,591

Of which George F. Noyes received one thousand six hundred and seventy-one....... 1,671

Of which John J. Duffy received eight hundred and nine....... 809

Of which there were blank seven. 7

And of which there were scattering twenty-seven....... 27

5,105

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Nineteenth Assembly District was two thousand three hundred and seventy-six....... 2,376

Of which John E. Develin received one thousand five hundred and ninety-three....... 1,593

Of which Samuel D. Brooks received four hundred and eighty-six....... 486

Of which Charles H. Kitchell received two hundred and sixty-seven....... 267

Of which there were blank two.. 2

And of which there were scattering twenty-eight....... 28

2,376

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Twentieth Assembly District was four thousand six hundred and ninety-nine....... 4,699

Of which Patrick Russell received two thousand five hundred and fifty-five....... 2,555

Of which Adolf Levinger received one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one....... 1,761

Of which Frank McElroy received three hundred and thirty-two.. 332

Of which there were blank nine.. 9

And of which there were scattering twelve....... 12

4,699

The whole number of votes given for the office of Member of Assembly for the Twenty-first Assembly District was four thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight....... 4,728

Of which Henry W. Genet received two thousand six hundred and forty-five....... 2,645

Of which William H. De Camp received one thousand eight hundred and eighteen....... 1,818

Of which Henry Arcularius received two hundred and forty-nine....... 249

Of which there were blank nine. 9

And of which there were scattering seventeen....... 17

4,728

We certify this statement to be correct, and have caused the same to be attested by the signature of the Chairman and Secretary of this Board, this twenty-third day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. ANDREW BLEAKLY, Chairman.

JOSEPH H. TOONE, Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } s.s.
COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE.

I hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing with the original statement remaining on file in this office, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the City Hall, in the City and County of New York, this twenty-third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WILLIAM C. CONNER,
Clerk of the County of New York.

DECLARATION OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY CANVASSERS of the County of New York, in relation to Members of Assembly.

The Board of County Canvassers of the County of New York, having canvassed and estimated the votes given in the several election districts in each of the Assembly Districts of the said County, at the General Election held on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1866, do hereby certify, determine and declare:

That MICHAEL C. MURPHY, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the First Assembly District in said County.

That CONSTANTINE DONOHO, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Second Assembly District in said County.

That DANIEL O'REILLY, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Third Assembly District in said County.

That JOHN J. BLAIR, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Fourth Assembly District in said County.

That CHARLES BLAUVELT, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Fifth Assembly District in said County.

That JOHN SIGERSON, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Sixth Assembly District in said County.

That FRANK A. RANSOM, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Seventh Assembly District in said County.

That JAMES REED, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Eighth Assembly District in said County.

That HENRY ROGERS, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Ninth Assembly District in said County.

That OWEN MURPHY, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Tenth Assembly District in said County.

That JOHN V. GRIDLEY, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Eleventh Assembly District in said County.

That HENRY WOLTMAN, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Twelfth Assembly District in said County.

That BERNARD CREGAN, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Thirteenth Assembly District in said County.

That ALEXANDER FREAR, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Fifteenth Assembly District in said County.

That JAMES IRVING, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Sixteenth Assembly District in said County.

That WILSON BERRYMAN, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Seventeenth Assembly District in said County.

That LEANDER BUCK, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Eighteenth Assembly District in said County.

That JOHN E. DEVELIN, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Nineteenth Assembly District in said County.

That PATRICK RUSSELL, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Twentieth Assembly District in said County.

That HENRY W. GENET, by the greatest number of votes, was duly elected Member of Assembly in and for the Twenty-first Assembly District in said County.

We certify this declaration to be correct, and have caused the same to be attested by the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary of this Board, this twenty-third day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

ANDREW BLEAKLY, Chairman.
JOSEPH H. TOONE, Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
County Clerk's Office,

I hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing with the original declaration remaining on file in this office, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the City Hall, in the City and County of New York, this twenty-third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WILLIAM C. CONNER,
Clerk of the County of New York.

STATEMENT OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY CANVASSERS of the County of New York, in relation to the votes given for Recorder, Surrogate, Register, Coroner and Supervisor.

The Board of County Canvassers of the County of New York, having met at the office of the Clerk of said County, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d days of November, 1866, to canvass and estimate the votes given in the several Election Districts of said County, at the General Election held on the 6th day of November, in the year aforesaid, do certify as follows:

That it appears on such estimate and canvass, that

The whole number of votes given for the office of Recorder of the County of New York, was one hundred and nine thousand two hundred and forty-five....109,245

Of which John K. Hackett received sixty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-six....61,576

Of which John Sedgwick received forty-seven thousand five hundred and four....47,504

Of which there were blank sixty-three....... 63

And of which there were scattering one hundred and two..... 102

109,245

The whole number of votes given for the office of Surrogate of the County of New York was one hundred and nine thousand and fifty-seven.......109,057

Of which Gideon J. Tucker received sixty-one thousand two hundred and eighty-eight.....61,288

Of which James M. Smith received forty-seven thousand five hundred and fifty-six.........47,556

Of which there were blank ninety-six....... 96

And of which there were scattering one hundred and seventeen 117

109,057

The whole number of votes given for the office of Register of the County of New York was one hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and forty-two....109,942

Of which Charles G. Halpine received sixty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-one....64,741

Of which John McCool received forty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-nine....44,439

Of which there were blank one hundred and sixty-one....... 161

And of which there were scattering six hundred and one...... 601

109,942

The whole number of votes given for the office of Coroner of the County of New York was one hundred and nine thousand six hundred and sixty-three....109,663

Of which William Schirmer received seventy thousand eight hundred and fifty-four....70,854

Of which Louis Naumann received thirty-eight thousand and forty-nine....38,049

Of which there were blank one hundred and eighty-three.... 183

And of which there were scattering five hundred and seventy-seven....... 577

109,663

The whole number of votes given for the office of Supervisor of the County of New York was one hundred and eight thousand six hundred and seventy-nine....108,679

Of which Gerson N. Herrman received forty-six thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine....46,799

Of which Alexander Shaler received thirty-two thousand nine hundred and forty-seven....32,947

Of which Joseph B. Taylor received seventeen thousand three hundred and twelve..........17,312

Of which Patrick J. McAlear received eleven thousand three hundred and eighty-six........11,386

Of which there were blank ninety-two....... 92

And of which there were scattering one hundred and forty-three 143

108,679

We certify this statement to be correct, and have caused the same to be attested by the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary of this Board, this twenty-third day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

ANDREW BLEAKLY, Chairman.
JOSEPH H. TOONE, Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
County Clerk's Office,

I hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing with the original statement remaining on file in this office, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the City Hall, in the City and County of New York, this twenty-third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WILLIAM C. CONNER,
Clerk of the County of New York.

DECLARATION OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY CANVASSERS of the County of New York in relation to Recorder, Surrogate, Register, Coroner and Supervisor.

The Board of County Canvassers of the County of New York, having canvassed and estimated the votes given in each of the several election districts of the said County, at the General Election held on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1866, do hereby certify, determine and declare:

That JOHN K. HACKETT was, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected Recorder of the County of New York.

That GIDEON J. TUCKER was, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected Surrogate of the County of New York.

That CHARLES G. HALPINE was, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected Register of the County of New York.

That WILLIAM SCHIRMER was, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected Coroner of the County of New York.

That GERSON N. HERRMAN was, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected Supervisor of the County of New York.

We certify this declaration to be correct, and have caused the same to be attested by the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary of this Board, this twenty-third day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

ANDREW BLEAKLY, Chairman.
JOSEPH H. TOONE, Secretary.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.
COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE,

I hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing with the original declaration remaining on file in this office, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original.

Witness my hand and official seal, at the City Hall, in the City and County of New York, this twenty-third day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WILLIAM C. CONNER,
Clerk of the County of New York.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That George B. Goldschmidt be, and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds, in place of John Gumbleton, resigned.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 24, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to H. W. Spears to erect a bay-window in front of the premises on the north-west corner of One Hundred and Eighteenth street and Avenue A, the same not to interfere with the public travel, and to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and to remain only during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Sept. 24, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a free drinking-hydrant be placed on the east side of Third avenue, between One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Eighth streets, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the name of John Flynn, of No. 90 Broome street (rear building), be added to the list of blind persons who are to receive the sum of fifty dollars from the Common Council.

Which was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

By the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the name of Edward Davin, who was recently appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the City and County of New York, be changed so as to read "Edward A. Davin," the same being a clerical error.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Croton water be introduced through Sixty-fifth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, under direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Ebenezer B. Shaefer be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the City and County of New York, in place of Thomas Flynn, who has failed to qualify.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That One Hundred and Thirtieth street have gas-mains laid and the street lighted with gas, between the Third and Sixth avenues, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 26, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby given to Leonard W. Jerome, Esq., to erect a portico and veranda on building corner of Twenty-sixth street and Madison avenue, used by the American Jockey Club, the same to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 26, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to William Moller to pave the sidewalks in front of his premises, Nos. 81 and 93 Vandam street; the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Seventy-eighth street, between First and Second avenues, be laid with gas pipes and lamps placed therein, under the direction of the Street Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw a warrant in favor of Julia Doyle, a blind person, residing at No. 23 Mulberry street, for the sum of fifty dollars, and charge the amount to the account of "Donations," her name having been inadvertently omitted from the list of names of blind persons heretofore passed.

Which was referred to the Comptroller.

By the Board of Aldermen, Oct. 8, 1866.

By the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause four street lamps to be placed on the west side of West street, at equal distance apart, and between the northeasterly line or side of Pier No. 14, and the southerly side or line of Pier No. 15.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Washington Jackson be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds, in place of Thomas I. Flynn, who has failed to qualify.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Benjamin Buchanan be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in place of Thomas McFadden, who has failed to qualify.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Oct. 26, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby granted to the owners of property in Thirty-fourth street, between Tenth avenue and Hudson River, to extend the sidewalks in front of their said property, to be on a line with the balance of the sidewalk on said Thirty-fourth street.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 19, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Fourth avenue, from Seventy-eighth to Seventy-ninth street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 8, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 20, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed opposite premises situated about fifty feet east of Broadway, in Thirteenth street, south side, and the same lighted with gas, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 20, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That First avenue, from Thirty-sixth to Thirty-ninth street, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 21, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 20, 1866, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Thirty-eighth street, between the First and Fourth avenues, be paved with Belgian pavement, one half of the cost of the same to be borne by the owners of property, and the remainder by the city, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 21, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 20, 1866, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and it is hereby given to Edward Wesley to pave with Belgian pavement one half of the street in front of his premises on the north-west corner of Irving place and Sixteenth street; the same to be done at his own expense, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Oct. 26, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the name of Matthew Mulvihill, residing in Third avenue, between One Hundred and Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fourteenth streets, be placed upon the list of blind persons who are to receive a donation of fifty dollars, the same having been omitted from the list through a clerical error.

Which was referred to the Comptroller, with power.

By the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

By the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Charles Ruston be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the City and County of New York, in the place and stead of George McKay, resigned.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Ann Maria Barton to curb, gutter and flag sidewalks in front of her premises, on the south side of 109th street, between Second and Third avenues; said work to be done at her own expense and under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-lamps be placed in Eighty-eighth and Eighty-ninth streets, from Fourth to Fifth avenue; and in Fifth avenue, from Eighty-eighth to Ninetieth street, and the same lighted with gas, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Ninety second street, between Second avenue and East River, have gas-mains laid and the street lighted with gas immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid in Forty-eighth street, from First avenue to the East River, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Michael McGuire to set curb and gutter stones and flag sidewalk in front of his premises on northwest corner of Avenue A and Ninetieth street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; said work to be done at his own expense.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid and street lamps erected in Seventieth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That J. Tracy Langen be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds, in place of Patrick Dougherty, resigned.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a free drinking hydrant be placed corner Third avenue and One Hundred and Ninth street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid in Fifty-second street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid in Seventy-seventh street, between the Fourth and Fifth avenues, and street lamps lighted therein, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Benjamin Buchanan be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds, in place of Charles McFadden, who has failed to qualify.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, that Croton water-pipes be laid in Eighty-fifth street, from Avenue A to First avenue, immediately, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid and lamp-posts set and lamps lighted in One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, for the distance of two hundred and fifty feet west of Eleventh avenue; also, on One Hundred and Fortieth street, two hundred and fifty feet west of Eleventh avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid and lamps lighted in Fourth avenue, on both sides, from Seventy-seventh to Ninety-seventh street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to John Vance to regulate, grade, curb, gutter, and flag in front of his premises, corner of One Hundred and Twelfth street and Fourth avenue; the same to be done at his own expense and under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas mains be laid and street lamps lighted in Fifty-eighth street, from Avenue A to First avenue, and on First avenue, from Eighty-fourth to Eighty-sixth street, immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby given to Michael McCann and Francis J. Tuomey to regulate, grade, set curb and gutter-stones, and flag the sidewalks in front of their property on Ninety-sixth street, north side, between the Third and Fourth avenues, at their own proper cost and expense, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

PERMIT.

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby given to Trustees of the Union Dime Savings Bank to lay a cross-walk opposite their banking-house in Canal street, at their own expense, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Board.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That two gas-lamps be placed in front of the main entrance to Castle Garden (one on each side) under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the sidewalks on the north side of Canal street and in Spring street, between Washington and West streets, be flagged and reflagged where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

WARRANT.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw warrant in favor of Patrick McKeon, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, to be in full for loss of horse from the dumping-board at the foot of Sixteenth street, East River, on the fifteenth day of May last, the amount to be charged to the account of "City Contingencies."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 23, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 21, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 23 Mott street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866, without his approval thereof or his objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed in front of No. 301 East Twelfth street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Received from his Honor the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866, without his approval or objections thereto; therefore, under the provisions of the Amended Charter of 1857, the same became adopted.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Seventieth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, immediately, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the name of James Connor, residing at 38 Vandewater street, be added to the list of blind persons to receive the sum of fifty dollars; and that the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to pay the same from appropriation for "Donations and Charities."

Which was referred to the Comptroller with power.

By the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

By the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That George W. Keyser be and is hereby appointed a Commissioner of Deeds for and in the City and County of New York, in place of James Burns, who has failed to qualify.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That John Cantrell be and he is hereby appointed a Commissioner in place of Michael C. Murphy, resigned.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Seventy-seventh street, from the First to Second avenue, be regulated and graded under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that the accompanying ordinance be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 15, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 23, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Avenue A, from One Hundred and Fourteenth to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, have gas-mains laid and the street lighted with gas, the same to be done immediately, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, Nov. 19, 1866.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 22, 1866.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 26, 1866.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk Common Council.

SUPREME COURT.—ARTHUR Irvine against Lucretia C. Irvine.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not Ser.) (Rev. Stamp 50c.)

To Lucretia C. Irvine: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed October 23d, 1866, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 102 Broadway (room 11), New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated N. Y., October 23d, 1866.

n10 6t J. GRAVES, Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MANUEL J. DE PUMAREJO, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Dallett Bliss & Co., No. 19 Beaver street, in the City of New York, on or before the seventeenth day of May next.

Dated New York, the 16th day of November, 1866.

JUAN C. DE MIER,
DALLETT BLISS, } Executors.
n17 6m

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of several writs of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of CHRISTIAN WILDBERGER, which he had on the eighth (8th) day of August, 1865, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit: All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of ground, with the buildings thereon, situate, lying and being in the Seventeenth Ward of the City of New York, on the northeasterly corner of Fifth street and Second avenue, bounded together as follows: Commencing at said northeasterly corner, and thence running easterly along Fifth street one hundred feet; thence northerly parallel with the Second avenue forty-eight feet six inches; thence westerly parallel with Fifth street twenty-five feet; thence southerly parallel with Second avenue twenty-three feet six inches; thence again westerly parallel with Fifth street seventy-five feet to Second avenue, and thence southerly twenty-five feet to the place of beginning.—Dated New York, August 3d, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. au4 ?t

The above sale is postponed until the 26th day of September, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, September 19th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 3d day of October, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, September, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th day of October, 1866, at same time and place.

Dated New York, October 3d, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 27th day of October, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, October 20th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until November 10th, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, November 3d, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until December 1st, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, November 17th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

THOS. DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, under and by virtue of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed the 17th day of April, 1822, entitled an act relating to partnerships with and singular the supplements thereto upon the terms, liabilities and conditions hereinafter set forth, to wit: The name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is WAINWRIGHT, CAMBLOS & CO. The general nature of the business to be conducted by said partnership, is the general Stock and Exchange Brokerage Business. The names of the general partners therein are: CHARLES A. WAINWRIGHT, WILLIAM P. CAMBLOS and EDWARD HENRY SHAW, all of whom reside in the City, County and State of New York. The name of the special partner therein is EDWARD T. SHAW, of the City of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania. The amount of capital contributed by the special partner, is one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000), which has been paid in cash. The period at which the partnership is to commence is the fifth day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and seventy.

New York, Nov. 3, 1866.

Office of Wainwright, Camblos & Co., is at No. 35 Wall street.

CHAS. A. WAINWRIGHT,
WM. P. CAMBLOS,
EDWD. HENRY SHAW, } General Partners.
EDWD. T. SHAW, Special Partner. n10 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SYLVESTER O. POST, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber at the office of William Colt, Esq., Attorney at Law, No. 3 Court street, in the City of Brooklyn, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of February next.—Dated New York, the 10th day of August, 1866.

au11 6m JARED W. POST, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN O'NEILL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of John Hardy, Esq., No. 243 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of March next.

Dated New York, the seventh day of September, 1866.

s8 6m ELLEN O'NEILL, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against NOVAZEMBLA JOHNSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Owen, Gray & Owen, No. 72 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the eleventh day of February next.

Dated New York, the second day of August, 1866.

au4 6m ADAMANTINE JOHNSON, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN W. HAWKES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the residence of Mr. M. F. Hawkes, No. 130 West Tenth street, in the City of New York, on or before the 2d day of March next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of August, 1866.

s1 6m BENJAMIN S. THORNE, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the City and County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EDWARD WINTHROP, late of the City of New York, and formerly of Highgate, Vermont, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Henry R. Winthrop, Esq., No. 102 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 17th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of November, 1866.

n10 6m MARIAN J. WINTHROP, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against DAVID S. CONANT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Messrs. White & Soule, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 163 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of November next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of May, 1866.

CHESTER C. CONANT,
my26 6m Surviving Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HOLLAND L. KNIGHT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Townsend, Dyett & Morrison, No. 247 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 2d day of February next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of July, 1866.

ADELAIDE M. DE LAVALETTE,
jy21 6m Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against REBECCA REILLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of D. E. Wheeler, No. 205 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of May, 1867.

Dated New York, the 19th day of October, 1866.

JOHN NEBAUER,
SALLY ANN NEBAUER, } Executors.
o27 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 67 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of March, 1867.

Dated New York, the twenty-first day of August, 1866.

au25 6m ANDREW LAWRENCE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM S. VAN HANSWYCK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Stallknecht & Hall, Counsellors at Law, Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of May next.

Dated New York, the 26th day of October, 1866.

o27 6m JOHANNA G. H. WIESE, Administratrix.

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Henri A. R. Moen against William H. Grenelle, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract. [50 cent Int. Rev. Stamp, cancelled.]

To the Defendant above-named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 33 Pine street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of six thousand three hundred and twenty-three dollars, with interest from the seventeenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the costs of this action.

Dated October 5, 1866.

CHURCHILL & WOODBURY, Plaintiff's Att'ys.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, on the twelfth day of October, 1866. n10 6t

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PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFfice, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of BRIDGET CARR, a native of Ireland, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said Intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 10th day of December next.

Dated New York, November 15th, 1866.

HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr., Public Administrator.
HEZEKIAH WATKINS, Proctor. n17 4t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of K. H. SCHAULAND, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said Intestate in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 8th day of December next. Dated New York, Nov. 8, 1866.

HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr., Public Administrator.
HEZEKIAH WATKINS, Proctor. n10 4t

SUPREME COURT.—NANCY Bell against James H. Bell.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.) [Rev. stamp, 50 cts.]

To James H. Bell: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed October 30th, 1866, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 77 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated N. Y., October 30th, 1866.

n10 6t JAMES G. McADAM, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Albert Storer, Insolvent. Notice first published October 6, 1866. Creditors are required to appear before Albert Cardozo, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the chambers of said Court of Common Pleas, in the City Hall, New York City, on the 18th day of December, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M.—Albert Storer, Insolvent.

Dated New York, October 2, 1866. o6 10t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN A. CURTIS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 122 Duane street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of February next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of August, 1866.

au11 6m JAMES W. SMITH, Executor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date May 1st, 1863, Georgianna P. Boury, wife of Edward A. Boury, and the said Edward A. Boury, and Martha J. Collins, wife of Noah E. Collins, and the said Noah E. Collins, sold and conveyed to Henry A. Barling and Abner H. Davis, as Executors of the last Will and Testament of Edward Mott Robinson, deceased, certain premises described in said Mortgage as follows, to wit: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, with the building thereon erected, situate in the First Ward of the City of New York, known and distinguished by the street number 10 (ten) Cedar street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Cedar street, distant one hundred and forty-eight feet eleven and one half inches westerly from the southwesterly corner of Pearl and Cedar streets; running thence southerly partly through the centre of a parti-wall, and nearly parallel with Pearl street, fifty-nine feet nine inches; thence westerly and nearly parallel with Cedar street fourteen feet five inches; thence northerly and nearly parallel with Pearl street four feet four inches; thence westerly again and nearly parallel with Cedar street five feet four inches; thence northerly again and nearly parallel with Pearl street, and partly through the centre of a parti-wall, fifty-four feet eight inches, to the southerly side of Cedar street, and thence easterly along the southerly side of Cedar street twenty feet and two and one half inches to the place of beginning, as appears by a map of said premises made by John J. Sewell, City Surveyor, dated February 25, 1863, be the said dimensions and distances more or less."

Said Mortgage with the power of sale therein contained was duly recorded in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, on the 27th day of October, 1863, and was by the said Henry A. Barling and Abner H. Davis, by an instrument in writing, duly executed under their respective hands and seals, bearing date the 27th day of September, 1866, duly assigned and transferred to Joseph Boury, who thereby became the lawful owner and holder thereof; that afterwards the said Joseph Boury, by an instrument in writing, duly executed under his hand and seal, bearing date the 28th day of October, 1866, duly sold, transferred and assigned the said Mortgage to Amelia Keller, who thereby became and still is the lawful owner and holder thereof.

The amount due on said Mortgage at the time of the first publication of this notice is the sum of Fifteen hundred and sixty 83-100 (1560 83) dollars. And default having been made in the payment of the sum secured by said Mortgage to be paid;

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that the said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 5th day of February, 1867, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Rotunda, in the City Hall, in the City of New York.

Dated New York, Nov. 2d, 1866.

AMELIA KELLER, Assignee.
BROWN & ESTES, Attorneys. n10 12t

SUPREME COURT.—ANTHONY Yeoman against Charles N. Yeoman and Sarah Frances his wife, Anthony Yeoman and Jane his wife, William Meighan, Mary E. Meighan wife of said William Meighan, Ellen Cochrane, and Luke Mullen, The People of the State of New York and persons unknown.

Take notice: All persons having any general lien or incumbrance or any undivided interest or share of the premises in the complaint described by judgment or decree are hereby required to produce the same and proof thereof, together with satisfactory evidence of the amount due thereon, to Edwin R. Meade, Esq., the referee, to whom this cause is referred, at his office, No. 63 Wall street, New York, before or on the 11th day of December, 1866. The said premises are: All those four lots of land in the City of New York, which taken together are butted and bounded as follows: commencing at the northwest corner of Eightieth street and Eleventh avenue, running thence north along Eleventh avenue to the centre line of the block between Eightieth and Eighty-first streets, 100 feet 11 inches; thence west along said centre line 100 feet; thence south and parallel with said avenue 100 feet 11 inches, to the north side of Eightieth street, and thence east along Eightieth street 100 feet to the point of commencement, said measurements being more or less, together with one-half the street and avenue in front of said lots; said lots being known as Nos. 1,104, 1,105, 1,106, 1,107, parcel 253, on the map of the Bloomingdale Tract, on file in the Register Office, New York.—Dated October 18, 1866.

o27 6t E. R. MEADE, Referee.

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charles Seitz, Plaintiff, against Henry Wibben, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on Contract. (Com. not served.) [50 ct. U.S. Int. Rev. Stamp, cancelled.]

To the Defendant above-named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, City and County of New York, at the City Hall, City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 6 Centre street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, with interest from the 14th day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, Sept. 20th, 1866.

o27 6t SAMUEL HIRSCH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GEORGE ARMSTRONG, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Gregory, No. 295 Henry street, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of April next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of September, 1866.

ALEXANDER BRANDON,
DAVID ARMSTRONG,
MARY GREGORY,
MARGARET SUTTON, } Executors.
s29 6m

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Eben S. Stephenson, Insolvent. Notice first published October 6th, 1866. Creditors are required to appear before the Hon. John Dikeman, County Judge of Kings County, at his Chambers, in the County Court House, in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, New York, on the 19th day of December 1866, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1866.

o6 10t EBEN S. STEPHENSON, Insolvent.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WALDEN PELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at No. 109 Pearl street, in the City of New York, on or before the 22d day of May next.

Dated New York, the 9th day of November, 1866.

JAMES K. PELL,
O. R. E. PELL,
n17 6m Surviving Executor and Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against LAWRENCE NICOL, late of the City of New York, grocer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the residence of Thomas Nicol, No. 240 Avenue A, in the City of New York, on or before the 3d day of January next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of June, 1866.

THOMAS NICOL,
HENRY KINSY, } Executors.
j30 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROBERT DIEDERICHS, late of the City of New York, merchant, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at their counting room, at No. 15 South William street, in the City of New York, on or before the eleventh day of March next. Dated New York, the 17th day of August, 1866.

RICHARD P. CHARLES,
ALFRED PEUGNET, } Executors.
aug18 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HENRY H. SCHIEFFELIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the residence of Samuel B. Schieffelin, Esq., No. 16 East Twenty-sixth street, in the City of New York, on or before the 3d day of December next.—Dated New York, the 1st day of June, 1866.

HENRY M. SCHIEFFELIN,
SAMUEL B. SCHIEFFELIN, } Executors.
je2 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM BROUGH, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the store of Gilman Collamore, No. 677 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the seventh day of December next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of May, 1866.

GILMAN COLLAMORE,
SERENO D. BONFILS, } Executors.
je2 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SARAH S. MARCHER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 34 West Twenty-ninth street, in the City of New York, on or before the twelfth day of March next.

Dated New York, the fifth day of September, 1866.

CAROLINE MARCHER, Administratrix, &c.,
s15 6m Of Sarah S. Marcher, deceased.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GEORGE S. ROBBINS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the office of Messrs. G. S. Robbins & Son, No. 54 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the third day of May next.

Dated New York, the third day of November, 1866.

GEORGE A. ROBBINS,
SAMUEL H. ROBBINS,
FRANCIS BACON, } Executors.
n 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES DICKSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Robert Gillen, Esq., No. 80 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixth day of May next.

Dated New York, the 1st day of November, 1866.

n10 6m REBECCA DICKSON, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOSEPH McKEE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, No. 292 Broome street, in the City of New York, on or before the 29th day of April, 1867, next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of October, 1866.

n3 6m JOSEPH McKEE, Jr., Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANN DUNN, otherwise NANCY DUNN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Wilson & Clarke, Counsellors at Law, No. 8 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of May, 1867.—Dated New York, the 27th day of October, 1866.

o27 6m ROBERT PRIOR, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL DICK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of the undersigned Charles M. Hall, No. 21 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-sixth day of May next.

Dated New York, the tenth day of November, 1866.

CHARLES M. HALL,
JOHN DICK, } Administrators,
with the will annexed of Samuel Dick, deceased.
n17 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ISAAC FORSTER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 341 West Fourth street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 1st day of June, 1866.

je2 6m MARIA FORSTER Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROBERT CLAY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 305 West Twenty-fifth street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 9th day of June, 1866.

WILLIAM H. ROOME,
je16 6m Administrator with the will annexed.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

In aid of the Maintenance and Education of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our Fair and Grand Presentation Festival, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. Gen. ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Maj.-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, First Vice Pres't.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, Second Vice Pres't.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WILLIAM S. HILLYER, Cor. Sec'y.
Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. JOHN H. WHITE, Manager.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street, New York. To be concluded by the GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL to be held at COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 22, under the musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq. On which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award $100,000 IN PRESENTS, in such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued 200,000 TICKETS AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, AND 00,000 PRESENTS, BEING ONE TO EACH TICKET HOLDER.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED:

1 Present in United States Greenbacks	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 Corner house and lot, Jamaica, Avenue E.	4,000
1 House and lot, adjoining above	3,000
1 House and lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1,500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds—Ring, Ear-rings and Pin	1,000
1 Paid-up Policy of Life Insurance, for	5,000
1 "Ellis' Patent Hot Water Apparatus," for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $125	1,875
1 Elegant First Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, on exhibition at their warerooms, No. 616 Broadway	7,500
000 Copies (2 vols. each) being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann Stephens	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils and Sleeve Buttons, at $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, at $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemen's Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gentlemen's Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, valued at	$100,000

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all booksellers, druggists, music dealers, hotel keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 each, or in quantities at the club rates. Subscription lists are now ready, for soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the tickets. Circulars, giving full directions, and terms to agents, will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us, inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter, at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in drafts or by express at the following

CLUB RATES.

5 tickets to one address	$4 50	40 tickets to one address	$35 00
10 " " "	9 00	50 " " "	43 00
20 " " "	17 50	100 " " "	85 00
30 " " "	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School, 616 Broadway, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by Empire Sewing-Machine Company, of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Donations to the Fair will be gratefully received and acknowledged at this office.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.

L. B. Lent.................Manager

PRICES.—Dress Circle, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 75 cents; Children under ten to Dress Circle, 25 cents; to Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

MATINEES AT 2½.
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8,

will be presented a most varied PROGRAMME OF NOVELTIES, introducing M'LLE CARLOTTA DE BERG, whose unprecedented and UNAPPROACHABLE FEATS OF EQUITATION have won for her, beyond the possibility of question, the position of PREMIERE EQUESTRIENNE OF THE WORLD! ROBERT STICKNEY, CHAMPION PAD RIDER OF THE GLOBE, who, in his peculiar style of horsemanship, stands WITHOUT A RIVAL ON EARTH, together with THE GREATEST FORCE OF DARING RIDERS, ACCOMPLISHED ACROBATS, GYMNASTS, CLOWNS, CONTORTIONISTS AND ATHLETES ever combined in one company on this continent, who will appear in A MARVELOUS DISPLAY OF INTREPIDITY, MUSCULAR POWER and SKILL, comprising every variety of DASHING HORSEMANSHIP AND STARTLING ATHLETIC EXPLOITS!

To conclude with an entirely new comic ballet pantomime, entitled THE THREE SIMPLETONS.

MATINEES AT 2½
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.................Wm. Wheatley

Doors open at 7. Commence at 7¾.

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON, UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF THE BLACK CROOK, introducing Jarrett & Palmer's GREAT PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE, together with THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE. Seats can be secured six days in advance.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
GRAND MATINEE THIS WEEK:
SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK,
on which occasion the prices will be ONE DOLLAR to all parts of the house.
No extra charge for reserved seats.

WINTER GARDEN.—

MAX MARETZEK'S GRAND ITALIAN OPERA.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 3, at 8, Second and last night of Meyerbeer's celebrated GRAND SPECTACULAR OPERA, STAR OF THE NORTH, with its great cast, including MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, MISS A. M. HAUCK, BARAGLI, BELLINI, ANTONUCCI, FLEURY, RICARDI.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—THE HUGUENOTS.
FRIDAY, Dec. 7—FAUST.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON—GRAND OPERA MATINEE.
IN PREPARATION, Herold's opera, ZAMPA.
EDWIN BOOTH'S PERFORMANCES.
TUESDAY NIGHT, Dec. 4—RICHELIEU.
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 5—GRAND BOOTH MATINEE.
EDWIN BOOTH in two pieces, THE STRANGER AND DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.
THURSDAY NIGHT—EDWIN BOOTH RICHELIEU. SATURDAY NIGHT—EDWIN BOOTH in THE STRANGER AND DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

NEW YORK THEATRE.

Opposite New York Hotel.

Managers.................Lewis Baker and Mark Smith.

TO-DAY, at 1 o'clock, Extra Performance of "GRIFFITH GAUNT." Admission $1; children half price. Doors open at 12½. Also, TO-NIGHT, at 8 o'clock, the new, picturesque, thrilling and romantic Drama of the Passions, by Augustin Daly, Author of "Leah, the Forsaken," &c., founded on Charles Reade's great Novel, entitled GRIFFITH GAUNT; Or, JEALOUSY, which has received the stamp of immediate success from overflowing and enraptured audiences, which are moved alternately to smiles and tears, or are spell-bound with interest, or excited to unbounded enthusiasm. Seats may be secured six days in advance for GRIFFITH GAUNT.

MISS ELIZA NEWTON, the favorite Comedienne, and MR. LANERGAN, the popular Tragedian, will appear on MONDAY EVENING.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—ADMISSION 50 cents.

LAST APPEARANCE of the GREAT ACTOR, MR. CHARLES DILLON.

The charming comedienne, MISS KATE REIGNOLDS, also appearing.

SATURDAY, Dec. 1, TWO PERFORMANCES.

MATINEE.	EVENING.
ARTIST OF FLORENCE and RICHELIEU at 16 YEARS OF AGE.	RICHARD III, Last time, and the MAID WITH THE MILKING PAIL.

MONDAY, Dec. 3, Miss KATE REIGNOLDS will present a dramatization in Prologue and 4 acts, by Miss Olive Logan, of Wilkie Collins's great novel entitled ARMADALE.

MONDAY, Dec. 10, the great American actor, MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, will appear for six nights only.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

LEONARD GROVER.................Director

Last nights positively of THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE DRAMA. Also performed SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FOR THE GRAND FAMILY MATINEE, THE LONG STRIKE. THE LONG STRIKE. In addition, the famous Farce of THE WANDERING MINSTREL. JEM BAGS, with songs, STUART ROBSON.

For the Matinee, 50c. to all parts of theatre; children, 25c.; children, 25c.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 BROADWAY.

The trouble commences at 7¾.

THE FAR FAMED, INIMITABLE AND ONLY BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'S SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, whose success has NEVER BEEN EQUALED by any SIMILAR ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD! New and cheerful Burlesques every week. Meteoric Showers, or Falling Stars. First appearance of W. P. Grier, Basso. Trouble at the Metropolitan Hotel. Two Members of Legislature from Massachusetts. Norma and Greasy. Black Cook and African Ballet Troupe.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, ALL THE BEST MAKERS, AT W. J. SYMS & BROTHER, No. 300 BROADWAY, New York.

CROSBY OPERA HOUSE.

THE DATE DETERMINED!

THE DAY ON WHICH THE FINAL DISTRIBUTION WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE IS JANUARY 21, 1867.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed to conduct the awarding of Premiums to the members of the CROSBY OPERA HOUSE ART ASSOCIATION, have been authorized by the management to announce MONDAY, Jan. 21, 1867, as the time when the FINAL AWARD of all the premiums shall be made, without further postponement.

In order that Mr. Crosby may realize the full benefit of his enterprise, and that the certificates may be held by bona-fide purchasers, and not by him, it is necessary that the remaining certificates should be speedily disposed of. The Committee assure all parties interested that every care will be taken to secure perfect fairness in awarding the Premiums.

WILLIAM T. COOLBAUGH, President Union National Bank.
AMOS T. HALL, Treasurer C., B. & Q. R. R.
E. G. HALL, Hall, Kimbark & Co.
CLINTON BRIGGS, Ewing, Briggs & Co.
J. C. DORE, President of the Board of Trade.
JAMES H. BOWEN, President Third National Bank.
JAMES C. FARGO, Sup't American Express.
FRANCIS A. HOFFMAN, Ex-Lieut. Governor.
I. Y. MUNN, Munn & Scott, Elevator.
J. A. ELLIS, President Second National Bank.

THE SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS WILL BE CLOSED WHEN THE SALE OF CERTIFICATES SHALL HAVE BEEN COMPLETED WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE!!!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR PARENT
ONE CERTIFICATE,
WITH "THE APPLE GATHERERS,"
AND THE CHANCE OF A PREMIUM WORTH $600,000!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR SISTER;
ONE CERTIFICATE,
WITH "THE LITTLE WANDERER,"
AND THE CHANCE OF PREMIUMS WORTH FROM $500 TO $600,000!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR BROTHER!
ONE CERTIFICATE,
With the new ENGRAVING "WESTWARD, HO!"
AND THE CHANCE OF POSSESSING THE CROSBY OPERA HOUSE!!!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR WIFE!
TWO CERTIFICATES,
With "IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS,"
AND TWO CHANCES OF PREMIUMS WORTH FROM $500 TO $600,000!!!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER!
THREE CERTIFICATES,
WITH HUNTINGTON'S "MERCY'S DREAM,"
AND THE CHANCE OF BECOMING WORTH MORE THAN HALF A MILLION!!!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR SON!
FOUR CERTIFICATES,
WITH THE CHROMOGRAPH, "THE AMERICAN AUTUMN,"
AND FOUR CHANCES OF PREMIUMS WORTH FROM $500 TO $600,000!!!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE DEAR ONE
ONE OR TWENTY CERTIFICATES,
WITH ONE OR TWENTY CHANCES OF MAKING HER ALMOST A MILLIONAIRE!!!
As well as chances of becoming the possessor of
A BIERSTADT, WORTH $20,000!
A CONSTANT MEYER, WORTH $5,000!
A LEUTZE, WORTH $1,000!
A CROPSEY, WORTH $6,000!
A GIGNOUX, WORTH $4,000!
A HART, WORTH $5,000!
A SCHUSSELE, WORTH $5,000!
A BEARD, WORTH $4,000!
VOLK'S BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Worth $2,000!
OR HUNDREDS OF OTHER PICTURES, BY THE LEADING ARTISTS IN AMERICA!!

CERTIFICATES..........FIVE DOLLARS.

Remit, if possible, by Draft or Post-Office Order.

☞ Register all letters containing currency.

Direct to U. H. CROSBY, Actuary.

PRINCIPAL EASTERN AGENCY,
THE ART INSTITUTE, No. 625 BROADWAY.
BRANCH AGENCIES,
R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY & CO., No. 21 NASSAU-ST.
W. K. O'BRIEN & BRO., 77 THIRD AVENUE.
BROOKLYN AGENCY,
J. MORRIS & CO., No. 194 FULTON STREET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. J. GARVEY, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERER, No. 53 THIRD AVENUE, above Tenth street. Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings.

WALLS AND CEILINGS REPAIRED AND KALSOMINED.

WORK DONE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

A large number of first-class standard Billiard Tables now ready for delivery. We have greatly increased our facilities, and having three large manufactories in operation, fitted with the most improved machinery, we are now enabled to sell first-class tables, complete with balls, cues, &c., at $550 each. We have also some good second-hand tables, at low prices. Our stock of Cloth, Balls, Cues, &c., is the largest and finest in the world, and we guarantee all articles sold by us to be first class.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63 to 69 Crosby street, New York.

WM. D. ROE & CO.,

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

WILLIAM D. ROE,
PETER MONEGHAN.

J. HUNT, 430 & 829 BROADWAY.

Fine Dress French Calf Boots, $6 00 and $7 00.
Patent Leather Boots, best quality, $7 00 and $8 00.
English Lace Gaiters, $4 00 to $5 50.
Ready made or to order.

RAILROADS & STEAMERS

FOR BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT,

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

Leave Pier 28 North River, foot of MURRAY street.

The NEWPORT, Capt. Browne, leaves on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 P. M., landing at Newport.

The METROPOLIS, Capt. Simmons, leaves Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 P. M., landing at Newport.

These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms, and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and, on arrival at Newport, proceed per steamboat train, reaching Boston early on the following morning, or may remain on board, and take the accommodation train at 6½ o'clock A. M., and reach Boston about 8¾ A. M.

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

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

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

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

E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,
No. 72 Broadway

AMUSEMENTS.

GREAT MASONIC FAIR

IN AID OF THE HALL AND ASYLUM FUND, will open on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 5th, at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Grand and Crosby streets.

The display of goods will be unusually attractive, and presents advantages for those wishing to purchase for the Holidays.

ANNUAL BALL OF COLUMBIA BOAT CLUB OF NEW YORK,

will be held at IRVING HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, 1866. TICKETS TWO DOLLARS.

To be obtained at the principal hotels; and boat-house, foot of Christopher street; or of H. G. HASHAGEN, Chairman, No. 30 Broadway. Music by Wallace's Band.

CLEVER FELLOWS' CLUB 5TH ANNUAL BALL,

at Irving Hall, on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 1866. Tickets $3 each.

Committee of Arrangements.
ALEXANDER WARD, J. W. LINGARD,
ROBT. BEATY, M. U. FORDHAM,
MICHAEL TUOMEY,
W. C. CONNOR, President.
A. MILLER, A. KENNEDY, } Secretaries. A. A. FLACK, Treas.

POLITICAL.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We, the undersigned, Taxpayers, Merchants and Business Men of the City of New York, irrespective of party, cordially recommend to our fellow-citizens, MR. RICHARD B. CONNOLLY for the responsible and important office of COMPTROLLER OF THIS CITY.

Bred to commercial life, and for many years disconnected with local politics, and engaged in the discharge of extensive financial trusts and duties, Mr. Connolly is practically qualified for the office beyond comparison with any other nominee now before the people, while his public and private character is above reproach, and is of itself a guarantee of an honest, faithful, conscientious and economical administration of the financial department of our City Government. We therefore believe that it is the duty of all tax-paying citizens, without regard to party, to devote themselves to securing Mr. RICHARD B. CONNOLLY'S election!

H. B. Claflin & Co.,
Wm. A. Wheelock, President Central Bank;
James Redmond,
Charles Fowler,
N. A. Baldwin,
S. T. Lent,
R. T. Woodward,
D. A. Gillies,
Robert Schell,
S. Churchill,
Edey, Furmore & Co.,
Thomas S. Negus & Co.,
S. Wiltheimer,
J. & J. Stuart,
J. S. Winslow,
Bardett, Jones & Co.,
Plum & Lamont,
Wm. Bradhurst & Son,
Dubois, Vandervoort & Co.,
Beebe, Fox & Co.,
Warren, Mix & Son,
S. Munn & Son,
Kirtland, Benson & Co.,
Carter, Kirtland & Co.,
Eastman, Bigelow & Dayton,
C. H. Bowman & Co.,
Field, Morris & Co.,
Wright, Brinckerhoff & Co.,
S. D. Bradford,
Bowers, Beekman & Co.,
Lycurgus Edgerton,
Garbutt & Black,
D. M. Hildreth,
George A. Robbins,
Carhart, Whitford & Co.,
William H. Black,
Palmer & Co.,
Weekes & Higbie,
Stearns & Beall,
Fithian & Co.,
C. F. Hunter—Pres't People's Bank,
Valentine Kirby,
Udolpho Wolfe,
White, Morris & Co.,
Garner & Co.,
Sprague, Cooper & Colborn,
John Graves,
David Wagstaff,
Rogers & Bamber,
Wm. J. Schwab,
J. Lathrop & Co.,
Hoover, Calhoun & Co.,
J. M. Bradstreet & Son,
T. B. Woodward,
M. R. Rowe,
Wm. H. Peck,
David Pringle,
Sprague & Fauell,
Rich & Suell,
Place & Seaman,
A. Baldwin & Co.,
J. S. & W. Brown,
A. Frazier,
Henry A. Smith, Collector of the Port;
Charles G. Landon,
Owen Byrne,
Peace & Seaman,
J. B. Hawkins & Co.,
Garthwaite, Lewis & Stuart,
John W. Cox,
C. H. Bowman & Co.,
Green & Lasher,
Jenkins & Babcock,
Geo. Burrill,
John T. Harris,
Fithian & Co.,
Eugene Kelly & Co.,
Wright & Mitchell,
Joseph W. Robb,
S. Munn, Son & Co.,
A. Barmore,
Connolly & Co.,
George W. McLean,
Wm. Edgar, Bird & Co.,
James Hoy,
Tefft, Griswold & Kellogg,
Dunspaugh, Stillwell & Pearsall,
Cox & Smith,
Anthrop, Taylor & Co.,
Campbell, Maghee & Co.,
W. T. Hatch & Son,
Kobbe & Corlies,
William K. Belcher,
William Young & Co.,
Ballins & Straus,
Benjamin Babcock,
Dowd, Baker, Whitfield & Co.,
Kitzinger, Rosenback & Co.,
Solmson, Meyer & Co.,
Parker, Brooks & Co.,
F. L. Talcott,
Matthias Clark,
C. & A. O. Poillon,
John T. Yelverton, Pres't Bank of N. America.
Wm. J. Peake & Co.,
John F. Seymour & Co.,
Bernheimer Brothers,
Babcock Brothers & Co.,
P. J. Rink,
Pattee, Burbanks & Drew,
Meier & Schmid,
J. H. & J. T. Edwards,
T. & E. Barlow & Sons,
A. Baldwin & Co.,
John J. Hannahs,
Edgar Skinner,
Alex T. Groser,
John Graves,
John Buck,
John O. Steppen,
A. H. Van Pelt,
White, C. Breuning,
Porter & Hisby,
Demarest & Wygant,
L. Weltheimer,
And over 6,000 others.

GRAND MASS MEETING OF THE People of New York in favor of RICHARD B. CONNOLLY for Comptroller,

will be held at COOPER INSTITUTE, THIS SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 1, at 7½ o'clock. The following eminent speakers will positively address the meeting:

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN,
Hon. JAMES T. BRADY,
Hon. A. OAKEY HALL,
Hon. OSWALD OTTENDORFER,
Hon. ALBERT CARDOZO,
Hon. JOHN K. HACKETT.

Rally! Citizens! for our honest, energetic and competent candidate.

By order of the Executive Committee.
UDOLPHO WOLFE, Chairman.
GEORGE W. McLEAN, Secretary.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS,

SEVENTH SCHOOL DISTRICT,

12th, 19th and 22d Wards,

RICHARD L. LARREMORE.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS OF SECOND SCHOOL DISTRICT,

Comprising 7th, 10th, 13th and 14th Wards,

PHILIP F. SMITH.

P. H. KEENAN, Chairman of Convention.
WILLIAM H. GOVER, OSCAR H. BOGART, } Sec'ys.

COMMISSIONER FOR THIRD SCHOOL DISTRICT,

including Ninth and Sixteenth Wards,

BENJAMIN C. MERRILL.

22D WARD.—AROUSE, DEMOCRATS, AROUSE!

MASS MEETING.

The Democratic electors of the Twenty-second Ward friendly to regular nominations and usages of the party are requested to meet at STRADELBERGER'S HOTEL, On SATURDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, To ratify the nomination of JOHN S. MASTERSON FOR ALDERMAN, And all the Tammany Hall candidates.

By order of the WARD COMMITTEE.

TAMMANY HALL

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER, RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

E. B. HART, Chairman.
WM. HITCHMAN, S. T. WEBSTER, } Secretaries.

MOZART HALL DEMOCRATIC

CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER, RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

EDWARD B. BERRIAN, Chairman.
LOUIS B. MAIRES, ED. B. HEATH, } Secretaries.

THE PEOPLE'S AND TAXPAYERS'

CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER, RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

UDOLPHO WOLFE, Chairman.
GEORGE W. McLEAN, Secretary.

CONSTITUTIONAL UNION

CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER, RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

DANIEL B. NORTHRUP, Chairman.
H. S. BANKER, C. L. THATCHER, } Secretaries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT DECLINE IN THE PRICE OF CLOTHING.

On account of the recent decline in the price of WOOLEN GOODS, we now offer to sell a large portion of our superb Winter stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, REGARDLESS OF COST.

DEVLIN & CO.,
BROADWAY, COR. OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, COR. OF WARREN.

GAS FIXTURES, &C.—STEPHEN PHILBIN, No. 107 Broadway, offers for sale, at reduced prices, a splendid assortment of GAS FIXTURES. FRENCH BRONZES (direct importation), consisting of Mantel Ornaments, Statuettes, Groups, Inkstands, &c.

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

LEGGETT'S HOTEL AND DINING SALOON,

(on the European plan)
Nos. 42 and 44 CHATHAM STREET,
Near Chambers, N. Y.

POWER & DRADDY,

MODELLERS AND SCULPTORS,

No. 73 W. Thirty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue, N. Y.

Monuments from original designs, in all styles, executed in Marble, Freestone, Granite and Bronze.

THE HORACE WATERS' GRAND square and upright Pianos, Melodeons, Harmoniums and Cabinet Organs, wholesale and retail; to let and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Sheet Music, a little soiled, at 1½ cents per page. Pianist in attendance to try new music. Factory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NOTICE

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

1st.—For paving with stone blocks Worth street from Broadway to Baxter street.

2d.—For paving with stone blocks Thirty-ninth street between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

3d.—For filling sunken lots at northeast corner of Fifty-fourth street and Broadway.

4th.—For regulating and grading Fifty-eighth street between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

5th.—For setting and re-setting curb and gutter stones in Fifty-ninth street from the Fifth to the Tenth avenue.

6th.—For building a sewer in Spring street, between Elizabeth street and the Bowery.

7th.—For building a sewer in Twenty-fourth street between Lexington and Third avenues.

8th.—For building a sewer in Bleecker street between Charles and Perry streets.

9th.—For building a sewer in Madison avenue between Fifty-third and Fifty-fifth streets, and basin on S. W. corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-fourth street.

10th.—For building a sewer in Fifth avenue, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets.

11th.—For building a sewer in Sixth avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-second streets.

12th.—For building a sewer in Christie street, between Delancey and Broome streets.

13th.—For building a sewer in Cliff street, between Fulton and John streets.

14th.—For building sewers in Essex street, between Stanton and Rivington, Delancey and Broome and Hester, and Division streets.

15th.—For paving with stone blocks Twenty-seventh street from First to Fifth avenues.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on

1st.—Both sides of Worth street, from Broadway to Baxter street, and to the extent of half the block either way on the intersecting streets.

2d.—Both sides of Thirty-ninth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue, and to the extent of half the block either way on Fifth and Sixth avenues.

3d.—Five lots on the easterly side of Broadway, between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth streets.

4th.—Both sides of Fifty-eighth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and to the extent of half the block on said avenues.

5th.—Both sides of Fifty-ninth street, from the Fifth to the Tenth avenue.

6th.—Both sides of Spring street, from Elizabeth street to the Bowery.

7th.—Both sides of Twenty-fourth street, from Lexington to Third avenue.

8th.—Both sides of Bleecker street, between Charles and Perry streets.

9th.—Both sides of Madison avenue, from Fifty-third to Fifty-fifth street; also, the northerly side of Fifty-third street and the southerly side of Fifty-fourth street, from Madison to Fifth avenue; also, the easterly side of Fifth avenue, from Fifty-third to Fifty-fourth street.

10th.—Both sides of Fifth avenue, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets; also the southwesterly corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street; also the southerly side of Thirty-seventh street, between Madison and Fifth avenues.

11th.—Both sides of Sixth avenue, from Twentieth to Twenty-second street.

12th.—Both sides of Christie street, between Delancey and Broome streets.

13th.—Both sides of Cliff street, between John and Fulton streets.

14th.—Both sides of Essex street, between Stanton and Rivington streets; also, both sides of Essex street, between Delancey and Broome streets; also both sides of Essex street, between Hester and Division streets.

15th.—Both sides of Twenty-seventh street, from First to Fifth avenue, and to the extent of half the block either way on the intersecting streets and avenues.

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.

JACOB F. OAKLEY,
JOHN D. OTTIWELL,
ISAAC O. HUNT,
Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, Nov. 17, 1866.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NOTICE

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

1st. For regulating, grading, curb, gutter and flagging 119th street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

2d. For building a street basin at the south-west corner of Fourth street and Avenue D.

3d. For building a street basin at the south-west corner of Baxter and Worth streets.

4th. For setting curb and gutter and flagging in Eleventh avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets.

5th. For building a street basin at the north-west corner of Baxter and Worth streets.

6th. For paving with trap-blocks Twenty-fifth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

7th. For paving with stone blocks Forty-ninth street, from Fifth to Eighth avenue.

8th. For setting and resetting curb and gutter stone in Thirty-fourth street, from the Third avenue to the East River.

9th. For flagging at the south-west corner of Charlton and Varick streets.

10th. For paving with stone blocks West street, from Battery place to Chambers 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

1st. Both sides of 119th street, and to the extent of half the block on the intersecting street, from Third to Fourth avenue.

2d. On the south side of Fourth street, from 453 feet 3 inches west of Avenue D and to the extent of half the block on the west side of Avenue D south of Fourth street.

3d. On the south side of Baxter street, between Park and Chatham streets.

4th. On the east side of Eleventh avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets.

5th. On the north side of Worth street, 150 feet west of Baxter, and the west side of Baxter, 35 feet north of Worth street.

6th. On both sides of Twenty-fifth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenues, and to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets.

7th. On both sides of Forty-ninth street, from Sixth to Eighth avenue, and to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets.

8th. On both sides of Thirty-fourth street, between Third avenue and East River.

9th. On the south-west corner of Charlton and Varick streets.

10th. On both sides of West street, including piers and bulkheads from Battery place to Chambers street, and all the lots on the intersecting streets to the extent of half the block from Battery place to Reade 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.

JACOB F. OAKLEY,
JOHN D. OTTIWELL,
ISAAC O. HUNT,
Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS, NEW COURT HOUSE, November 6th, 1866.

OFFICE OF THE STREET COMMISSIONER,
No. 237 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO CONTRACTORS.—PROPOSALS

inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed with the title of the work, and with name of the bidder written thereon, will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, November 28, 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M.

For regulating, grading, curb, gutter, and flagging Seventy-fourth street, between First and Second avenues.

For regulating, grading, curb, gutter, and flagging Seventy-seventh street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

For curb, gutter, and flagging Ninety-second street, between First and Second avenues.

For flagging Twenty-sixth street, between Second avenue and East River.

For flagging Twenty-seventh street, south-west corner of Second avenue.

Blank forms of proposals, together with the specifications and agreements, can be obtained at this office.

Dated Street Department, New York, Nov. 17, 1866.

CHARLES G. CORNELL,
Street Commissioner.

NOTICE TO THE OWNERS OF

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

JAMES M. McGREGOR,
Superintendent of Buildings.

Extract from chapter 356, Laws of 1862:

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

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OFFICE NO. 12 WALL STREET.

Cash Capital increased to	$1,000,000
Surplus, Dec. 1st, 1864	200,000

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

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in 13 years, 232 per cent.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

COMMONWEALTH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NEW YORK CITY,
NO. 151 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, OVER $300,000.

FIRE INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JOSEPH HOXIE, President.
GEORGE T. HAWS, Secretary.

DYSPEPSIA,

RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, SWOLLEN GLANDS, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties.

USE STRUMATIC SALTS,

Prepared for bathing purposes from the Mineral Springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

The chemical properties of these Salts make them specific for the cure of the above-named diseases.

No more swallowing of drugs and quacks.

USE STRUMATIC MINERAL BATHS!

For sale at every respectable drug store.

TO PRINTERS.—SECOND-HAND TYPE FOR SALE.

About 300 lbs. AGATE.

Also, a lot of good second-hand cases.

The above type is good, and will be sold cheap for cash, if applied for soon.

Specimens sent, by addressing

J. B. ADAMS,
No. 11 Frankfort street.

LEGAL NOTICES.

THE LIMITED PARTNERSHIP OF A. PERSON & HARRIMAN expires this day. New York, November 30th, 1866.

THE UNDERSIGNED, AUGUSTIN E. PERSON, CHARLES HARRIMAN, V. MUMFORD MOORE, LOUIS KLEIN and FRANCIS COTTENET, being desirous of forming a Limited Partnership in accordance with the provisions of the laws of the State of New York in that behalf, do hereby certify as follows:

I. The name or firm under which said Partnership is to be conducted is A. PERSON, HARRIMAN & CO.

II. The general nature of the business to be transacted by said Partnership is mercantile, namely: the business of importing and dealing in Dry Goods.

III. The General Partners in said firm are Augustin E. Person, residing in Paris, in the Empire of France; Charles Harriman, residing in the City of New York; V. Mumford Moore, residing at Ravenswood in the Town of Newtown, in Queen's County, in the State of New York; and Lewis Klein, residing at Paris, in the Empire of France. The Special Partner in said firm is Francis Cottenet, residing in the City of New York.

IV. The amount of capital which the said special partner has contributed to the common stock is Fifty Thousand Dollars.

V. Said partnership will commence on the first day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and will terminate on the thirtieth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

Dated September 18th, 1866.

A. E. PERSON,
By his Attorney, F. Cottenet;
CHARLES HARRIMAN,
V. MUMFORD MOORE,
LS. KLEIN,
By his Attorney, F. Cottenet;
F. COTTENET.

[U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp 50 cts., cancelled.] d1 6t

SUPREME COURT—KINGS COUNTY.—Lewis O. Wilson, Plaintiff, against Joseph C. Tiffany, Amanda C. Tiffany, his wife, William Hayes, Administrator of James Hayes, deceased, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief.—(Com. not served.)

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, County of Kings, at the City Hall, in the City of Brooklyn, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 37 Park Row, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York City, November 7th, 1866.

WM. C. TRAPHAGEN, Plaintiff's Attorney,
37 Park Row, New York City.

The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of Kings, in the City of Brooklyn, on the 26th day of November, 1866.

—WM. C. TRAPHAGEN,
d1 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Albert H. Hatch, Plaintiff, against Allan Hay, Isabella his wife, John Gladstone, Albert A. Thompson, Defendants.—Summons—For Relief.—No. 1. [U. S. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled.]

To the Defendants severally: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall of New York, November 14th, 1866, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 114 Fourth street, Williamsburgh, City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 14th, 1866.

d1 6t JOHN M. STEARNS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Albert H. Hatch, Plaintiff, against Allan Hay, Isabella his wife, John Gladstone, Albert A. Thompson, Defendants.—Summons—For Relief.—No. 2. (Com. not served.) [U. S. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled.]

To the Defendants severally: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, November 14th, 1866, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 114 Fourth street, Williamsburgh, City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated November 14th, 1866.

d1 6t JOHN M. STEARNS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES FLYNN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Wm. H. Tracy, Attorney at Law, No. 79 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 10th day of June next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of November, 1866.

d1 6m JAMES D. FLYNN, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES B. MURRAY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Murray & Miller, No. 17 Broad street, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of May next.—Dated New York, the 5th day of October, 1866.

o6 6m WASHINGTON MURRAY, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against FELIX McCAUSLAND, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Charles E. Miller, Esq., No. 62 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 13th day of April next.

Dated New York, the 15th day of October, 1866.

o20 6m BERNARD QUINN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN HUNTER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Wm. L. Morris, No. 52 Grove street, in the City of New York, on or before the seventh day of December next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of May, 1866.

je2 6m MARGARET HUNTER, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELIZABETH BALDWIN, late of the City of Newark, New Jersey, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of A. D. Ditmars, Esq., No. 61 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the second day of May next.

Dated New York, the 24th day of October, 1866.

o27 6m GEORGE E. BALDWIN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOHN LYNCH DENNIS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Crosby, Ostrander & Jones, No. 25 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-second day of December next.—Dated New York, the 31st day of May, 1866.

je2 6m ANNA M. DENNIS, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER ROSENBROCK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her place of business, No. 31 Crosby street, in the City of New York, on or before the seventh day of December next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of May, 1866.

je2 6m ANNA K. ROSENBROCK, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANN ELIZA NICHOLS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of William Bunting, No. 260 Pearl street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixteenth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 11th day of June, 1866.

je16 6m WILLIAM M. VALENTINE, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES DENISON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the store of Wm. H. Burr & Co., No. 228 Fulton street, in the City of New York, on or before the 17th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 5th day of June, 1866.

LUTHER DENISON, HENRY E. BURR, } Administrators.
je9 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against William H. Leary, late of the City of New York, sea captain, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 72 Madison street, in the City of New York, on or before the twelfth day of December next.

Dated New York, the fourth day of June, 1866.

E. D. MURPHY, Executor, &c.,
je9 6m Of WM. H. LEARY, dec'd.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARY WALLACE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 8 Trinity place, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fourth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 22d day of June, 1866.

je23 6m WILLIAM L. WALLACE, Executor.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent Debtor, for the purpose of exonerating his person from imprisonment, pursuant to the provisions of the fifth article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Gabriel Gernshym, an Insolvent and imprisoned Debtor. Notice first published September 29th, 1866. Creditors to appear before the Hon. Abram D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, at his chambers, No. 82 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on the 14th day of November, 1866, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and his person thereafter be exempted from arrest or imprisonment by reason of any debts arising upon contract previously made, and if in prison, why he should not be discharged from his imprisonment.

Dated New York, September 26th, 1866.

s29 6t J. F. MILLER, Attorney for Insolvent.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANTHONY SCHEITLIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 20 Warren street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-ninth day of March, 1867.

Dated New York, the 21st day of September, 1866.

s22 6m EDWARD SCHEITLIN, Executor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINE FANCY FURS.—

CHAS. A. HERPICH is now offering, at his spacious FUR WAREROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY, near the St. Nicholas Hotel, the extensive and elegant stock of FINE FURS, At lowest wholesale prices, the same as charged at his old stand, No. 37 Maiden lane. This stock consists of the very choicest varieties of Ladies', Misses' and Gents' FURS, all of his own importation and manufacture.

CHAS. A. HERPICH.
No. 497 BROADWAY, and No. 37 MAIDEN LANE

EDMUND JONES & CO.,

STATIONERS, PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, &c.

Dealers in all kinds of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STATIONERY.

Proprietors of the Celebrated GOVERNMENT WRITING FLUID.

Black and Carmine Inks, Steel and Quill Pen

Claremont Mills Writing Papers, &

No. 26 JOHN STREET

LEGAL NOTICES.

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—George F. Bradford and John E. Cowles, survivors of the firm of Bradford, Wells & Co., Plaintiffs, against E. H. Young, —— Young and —— Young, Defendants.—Summons—For a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.) [U. S. Rev. Stamp, 50 cents, cancelled.]

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 180 Fulton street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of fifteen hundred and fifty-one and 10-100 dollars, with interest from the 10th day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, July 31, 1866.

IRA O. MILLER, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 26th day of July, 1866.

n17 6t IRA O. MILLER, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Daniel Adams, Jr., Plaintiff, against C. A. Bosworth and H. A. Eastman, Defendants.—Summons—For a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.) [Rev. Stamp.]

To the Defendants, C. A. Bosworth and H. A. Eastman: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. One Park Place, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two hundred and seventy-nine 98-100 dollars ($279 98-100), with interest from the sixth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, Nov. 7, 1866.

SAMUEL BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorney,
One Park Place.

The complaint in this action was filed with the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said City, County and State of New York, on the 10th day of November, 1866. n17 6t

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SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—David Dudley Field, Plaintiff, against Josiah W. Howard and Sarah C. his wife, Ellen Burt, Francis Andrew and Dara his wife, John B. Haskin as Receiver of the property of Francis Andrew, Robert Bilsborrow, Joseph G. Hanson, William Sanderson, Henry Sanderson, Herman Boker, Herman Funte, Herman A. Sahlelcher, Abraham B. Tappan, Edwin S. Chapin and the Manhattan Building Association, Defendants.—Summons. [50c. Rev. stamp cancelled.]

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 4 Pine street, City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated July 23d, 1866.

DUDLEY FIELD, Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the Defendants: The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 2d day of October, 1866.

Dated New York, October 18th, 1866.

o20 7t DUDLEY FIELD, Plaintiff's Att'y.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of title I., of chapter IV., of part II. of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York. That the name or firm of the said partnership is A. L. LUYSTER. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the importation and sale of printed books, prints, engravings and manuscripts, upon partnership account and on commission. That the names and places of residence of all the general and special partners interested in the said copartnership are as follows, viz: Albert L. Luyster, who resides in the City of New York, is the general partner, and Mary Jane Reeve, who resides in the said City of New York, is the special partner. That the special partner has contributed to the common stock of the said copartnership the sum of three thousand dollars in cash actually paid in. That the said partnership is to commence on the first day of November, 1866, and terminate on the 30th day of April, 1869, and that the partnership business is intended to be carried on in the City of New York.—Dated New York, Nov. 1, 1866.

ALBERT L. LUYSTER, General Partner.
n17 6t MARY JANE REEVE, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT.—JOHN C. Lamb against Ann Gennett Lamb.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.) [Rev. stamp, 50 cents.]

To Ann Gennett Lamb: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed, November 10th, 1866, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 102 Broadway (Room 11), New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated N. Y., Nov. 10th, 1866.

n17 J. GRAVES, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Dudley G. Culver, Insolvent. Notice first published September 8, 1866. Creditors to appear before Hon. Albert Cardozo, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the chambers of said Court in the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 4th day of December, 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M., and show cause why an assignment of said Insolvent's property should not be made, and said Insolvent discharged from his debts, pursuant to the Statute. Dudley G. Culver, Insolvent.

NELSON SMITH, Attorney for Insolvent,
s8 10t 208 Broadway, N. Y. City.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. William Konrads, of the city of York, Insolvent. Notice first published September 29, 1866. Creditors to appear before Hon. Albert Cardozo, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the chambers of said Court, at the City Hall in said city, on the 14th day of November, 1866, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to show cause (if any they have), why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and he be discharged from his debts.

H. STEINERT, Attorney for Insolvent,
s29 6t No. 5 Tryon Row, New York.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN IN pursuance of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, and according to law, to all persons having claims against JAMES BOORMAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof to the subscribers, the acting executors of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at the subscribers' counting room and place of transacting business, No. 90 (ninety) Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of February next.

Dated the 18th day of August, 1866.

ADAM NORRIE, JAMES B. JOHNSTON, } Acting Executors.
au18 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM E. COLLIS, late of Chester, Morris Co., N. J., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the place of business of Joseph M. Price, Oriental Bank, corner of Bowery and Grand street, in the City of New York, on or before the 18th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 16th day of June, 1866.

MARY C. COLLIS, JOSEPH M. PRICE, } Administrators.
je16 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EDWARD MOTT ROBINSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their office, No. 70 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 17th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 15th day of June, 1866.

HENRY A. BARLING, ABNER H. DAVIS, } Executors.
je16 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EDWARD BOONEN GRAVES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Richard S. Emmet, Esq., No. 64 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of January next.—Dated New York, the fifth day of July, 1866.

MARY A. GRAVES, RICHARD S. EMMET, JOSEPH W. HARTLEY, } Executors.
jy7 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOSEPH SCHUMPF, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Messrs. Egan & Gross, No. 3 Chambers street, in the City of New York, on or before the twelfth day of February next.

Dated New York, the seventh day of August, 1866.

MARY TONIA (formerly Schumpf), MICHAEL C. GROSS, } Executors.
au11 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against THOMAS J. MARTIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the store of Mr. Peter Lynch, at No. 41 Vesey street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifteenth day of April next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of September, 1866.

PETER LYNCH, FRANCIS BYRNE, } Executors, &c.
o6 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HENRY L. BURR, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., Nos. 111 and 113 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of December next.

Dated New York, the 15th day of June, 1866.

je16 6m ALFRED S. BARNES, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARY MORRELL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 3 Gilford place, in the City of New York, on or before the sixth day of March next.

Dated New York, the 29th day of August, 1866.

s8 6m GEORGE W. MARTIN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL MILBANK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscribers, at the office of Charles E. Milbank, Esq., No. 70 Madison street, in the City of New York, on or before the eighteenth day of February next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of August, 1866.

SAMUEL W. MILBANK, CHARLES E. MILBANK, } Executors.
au18 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MYNDERT VAN SCHAICK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Reynolds & Van Schaick, No. 69 Liberty street, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of March, 1867.

Dated New York, the 14th day of September, 1866.

HENRY VAN SCHAICK, PHILIP REYNOLDS, } Executors.
s15 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES BENKARD, late of the City of New York, Merchant, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the Subscribers, at the counting-room of Benkard & Hutton, No. 144 Duane street, in the City of New York, on or before the eleventh day of March next.—Dated New York, the 11th day of August, 1866.

BENJAMIN H. HUTTON, HENRY E. BENKARD, } Executors.
au18 6m

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose for sale at public vendue on TUESDAY, the 31st day of July, 1866, at 12 o'clock M., at the Rotunda of the City Hall of the City of New York, all the right, title and interest of JOHN R. ROBERT, which he had on the 9th day of April, 1866, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain house and lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the easterly side of Thompson street, in the Eighth Ward of the City of New York, which is bounded, described, and contains as follows: Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Thompson street, distant ninety-five feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly side of Prince with the easterly side of Thompson street, and running thence easterly and parallel with Prince street ninety-five feet and four inches; thence northerly and nearly parallel with Thompson street twenty feet; thence westerly and parallel with Prince street and through the centre of a parti-wall ninety-five feet and six inches to the easterly side of Thompson street, and thence southerly along the easterly side of Thompson street twenty feet to the place of beginning.

Dated New York, July 9th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff. jy 11

The above sale is postponed until the 28th day of August, 1866, at same time and place.

Dated New York, August 31st, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 8th day of September, 1866, at same time and place.

Dated New York, August 28th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 22d day of September, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, Sept. 8th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 13th day of October, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, September 22, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 13th day of November, 1866, at same time and place.

Dated New York, October 13th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th day of November, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, November 13, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

The above sale is further postponed until the 3d day of December, 1866, at the same time and place.

Dated New York, Nov. 20th, 1866.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
THOMAS DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Horace B. Claflin, Edward E. Eames, John J. Donaldson, and Horace B. Claflin, Jr., Plaintiffs, against Bernard Stevens, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on Contract. (U. S. 50c. Rev. Stamp cancelled.)

To the Defendant above-named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, in the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 271 Broadway, in the said city, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Two thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars and sixty-four cents, with interest from the eighteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.—Dated New York, October 19th, 1866.

BROWN, HALL & VANDERPOEL,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys, 271 Broadway.

The summons and complaint in the above-entitled action were duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 22d day of November, 1866.

BROWN, HALL & VANDERPOEL,
n24 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Willoughby H. Reed against William I. Gordon.—Summons for money demand on contract. (Com. and ser.) (Rev. stamp 50c.)

To the above Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the said City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 6 Hanover street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of twenty-one hundred and seventy-two 64-100 dollars, with interest from the tenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, besides the cost of this action.—Dated October 18th, 1866.

C. VAN SANTVOORD, Plaintiff's Attorney,
No. 6 Hanover street, N. Y.

The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 19th day of October, 1866.

n17 6t C. VAN SANTVOORD, Pl'ff's Att'y.

SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK.—Sarah E. Hindman against Andrew Hindman.—Summons for Relief. (Com. not ser.) (Rev. stamp, 50 cents.)

To Andrew Hindman: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed November 17th, 1866, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 78 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated N. Y., November 17th, 1866.

n24 6t T. P. BURGER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

BY ORDER OF HON. ALBERT Cardozo, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of the statute authorizing attachments against absconding, concealed and non-resident debtors, that an attachment has issued against the estate of JACOB J. NOAH, a non-resident of the State of New York, and that the same will be sold for the payment of his debts, unless he appear and discharge such attachment, according to law, within nine months from the first publication of this notice; and that the payment of any debts due to him by residents of this State, and the delivery to him or for his use of any property within this State belonging to him, and the transfer of any such property by him, are forbidden by law, and are void.

Dated the 12th day of June, 1866.

PHILIP J. JOACHIMSEN,
Attorney for Attaching Creditor,
je16 1f No. 240 Broadway, New York City.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers, JAMES P. BURTON, of Orange, in the State of New Jersey; ROB'T LEWIS, of the City of New York, and LEWIS MAY, of the said City of New York, have formed and entered into a Limited Partnership (pursuant to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the several Acts of the Legislature of the said State, now in force, relative to Limited Partnership), for carrying on the business of manufacturing and selling Fur and Wool Hats, in the City of New York, under the firm of "Burton & Lewis." That the said Limited Partnership is to commence on the fifteenth day of November, 1866, and is to terminate on the fifteenth day of November, 1871. That the said James P. Burton and Robert Lewis are the General Partners therein; and that the said Lewis May, as such Special Partner, has paid in and contributed in cash, as capital, the sum of ten thousand dollars to the common stock of the said partnership.

Dated November 14th, 1866.

JAMES P. BURTON,
ROB'T LEWIS,
LEWIS MAY.

n17 6t

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Peter Zeglio, of the City of New York, an Insolvent Debtor. Notice first published November 24th, 1866. Creditors to appear before the Honorable Charles P. Daly, First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the chambers of the said Court, City Hall, City of New York, on the 19th day of January, 1867, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment should not be made of said Insolvent's estate, and he be discharged from his debts. n24 6t

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NOTICE OF THE APPLICATION for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York. Salvador Gomez, of the City of New York, Insolvent. Notice first published on the 24th day of November, 1866. Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, at the office or chambers of said Judge, No. 82 Nassau street, in said city, on the 12th day of January, 1867, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

Dated New York City, Nov. 23d, 1866.

HENRY C. SAWYER, Attorney for Insolvent,
n24 6t 16 Wall street, N. Y.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against GEORGE PHILLIPS WETMORE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 59 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23d day of May next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of November, 1866.

n17 6m SAMUEL WETMORE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARY A. KEARNEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 10½ Grove street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23d day of May next.—Dated New York, the 16th day of November, 1866.

JOHN KEARNEY,
n17 6m Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against THEODORE R. CLUTE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 112 Bleecker street, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 27th day of July, 1866.

jy28 6m ANN E. CLUTE, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against AUGUSTUS FLEMING, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 945 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of June next.

Dated New York, the 19th day of November, 1866.

n24 6m LEWIS C. POPHAM, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARY ANN MONEYPENNY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Francis Tillou, No. 1 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 28th day of March next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of September, 1866.

s15 6m JOHN MONEYPENNY, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JOEL CONKLIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Wetmore & Bowne, No. 8 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of January next.

Dated New York, the third day of July, 1866.

jy7 6m MARY A. CONKLIN, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM O. I. LOUGH, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. G. J. & E. De Witt, No. 88 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 27th day of November next.

Dated New York, the 19th day of May, 1866.

my26 6m WILLIAM S. BARR, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES F. ELBERT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Ten Broeck & Van Orden, No. 127 Greenwich street, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January, 1867.

Dated New York, the 27th day of July, 1866.

jy28 6m THEODORE W. MARSH, Executor.