The New York Leader.

VOL. XI.—NO. 50. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Contents.

E. L. Davenport as Monte Cristo.
Police Sketches: The Sixth Precinct.
New York is The Eden, by S. R. Fisk.
To Persons About to Marry—Don't!
Captain Fremon, by Percy Fitzgerald.
A Model Funeral Sermon.
In the Clouds, by W. Thornbury.
Uncle Jacob's Deaf Wife.
Literary Feuilleton, by Ada Clare.
An Evening at a Workingman's Club.
Old Sports of New York, by Tom Quick.
Poor Men's Gardens.—Sambo's Glory.
A Paris Letter, by Spiridion.
The Philadelphia Actors' Art Union.
Dramatic Feuilleton, by Arle.
Our Washington Letter, by Romeo.
Legends from the Ardennes.
Out-Door Sports, Specially Reported.
The Price of Truth.—Heads and Hearts.
City Hall Gossip.—The Collectorship.
Editorials, &c., &c.

[For the Leader.]

Mr. E. L. Davenport

IN

"MONTE CRISTO."

Mr. Davenport does not appear to very decided advantage in the character of Edmund Dantes, the Count of Monte Cristo. Indeed, to speak plainly, his rendering of this role is merely "respectable" (as Mr. Leigh Hunt would say); that is, passing good, above mediocrity, yet below excellence. It is not at all suited to his style. Mr. Davenport, as we shall presently show, is hardly equal to the requirements of the role; but, being an adept at his art, he manages to achieve something of a success in this character, as in almost every one he assumes.

The character of Edmund Dantes is a strongly marked one; the leading passions are strongly portrayed. Joy, Despair, Hope and Revenge are all successively brought out in bold relief in this character. In the new version of "Monte Cristo" this role is tolerably, everything considered, well drawn, although the dramatization itself is a very poor, weak one. It is said to have been made from Dumas's novel, but we opine that it is nothing more nor less than a stage manager's version of the original dramatization of "Monte Cristo," by Mr. George H. Andrews, which was first, produced at the old Broadway Theatre, in 1847 or 1848, or thereabouts. But *n'importe;* we are not criticising the play of "Monte Cristo," but the player. It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the character of Edmund Dantes has been properly brought out in this the last version.

A lover about to be married; a state prisoner in the most harrassing position; a searcher after treasure; a "lord of all he surveys," rolling in the wealth of accumulated millions; a Count in the gay city of Paris, under the most peculiar circumstances—the role of Edmund Dantes affords fine scope to an actor of dramatic ability, with fire and force. It was in this character, at the old Broadway Theatre, at the period we have mentioned in the above, that Mr. Lester Wallack made one of his first and most decided hits, the piece running for some months.

Now, Mr. E. L. Davenport lacks the chiefest requisites of the role: fire and force. Artistic, correct, and natural, Mr. Davenport's personations display neither fire nor force. Whenever Mr. Davenport attempts to infuse power into his personations he is guilty of downright rant and exaggeration of nature; and fire he has none, but a *nonchalant* carriage and swagger of speech, which is sometimes made to serve its purposes. Yet Mr. Davenport is one of the most pleasing and popular actors on our boards. While by no means a great actor, he is among the first artists in the country. A sincere, accomplished and painstaking devotee of his art (which he properly appreciates), his conceptions evince thought and taste, and if not always original are never commonplace. We do not believe Mr. Davenport could do a positively bad piece of acting. We have never known him to slight a character unworthy as it may have been of his attention. His name is a guarantee of good, careful acting, at least. He is equally acceptable in tragedy, comedy, and melo-drama.

Mr. Davenport's range of characters is, perhaps, the most extensive of any of our actors. Indeed, we think his versatility, or rather adaptability, has been his bane; had he confined himself to a certain line of business it would have been better for himself and the stage. Playing almost every kind of character, Mr. Davenport is identified with none; he excels in few. He may be eminent in some characters, but he is not the representative of any. Perhaps, taken as a whole, Mr. Davenport's best character is his William in the beautiful drama of "Black-Eyed Susan." It is one of the most faithful and lifelike personations we have ever witnessed. Hard and plain in his style, and precise and pedantic in his reading as Mr. Davenport is, he manages to infuse into this character so much rollicking humor and genuine heartiness, and to give it such a free and easy sailor-like deportment, that it is sometimes difficult to think of it as mere acting. His Hamlet is a praiseworthy performance. His Captain Hawksley in Mr. Tom Taylor's "Still Waters Run Deep" is a very finished, well-conceived character. But unquestionably Mr. Davenport's greatest triumph, strange as it may seem, is his Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." This is a character requiring great power and fire; and unless properly sustained is at once "flat, stale and unprofitable." In this role Mr. Davenport recently made a decided hit; but his personation is amenable to severe criticism. Mr. Davenport in endeavoring to throw some fire and power into the role altogether overdraws it; yet, notwithstanding his many defects, he sustains the part with consummate skill. But he brings into undue prominence the old miser's leading foible, and neglects to shade and fully develop the character. But we must resume the subject-matter.

Although unqualified for the role of Edmund Dantes, Mr. Davenport's performance of it is nevertheless very acceptable. The part might be done much better, but as long as Mr. Davenport does it satisfactorily we should not complain. It is absolutely a pity, nevertheless, to see him struggling through it, when he might be doing a part much more in his line and in which he would appear to greater advantage. His personation of Edmund Dantes will not add to his reputation, nor is it likely to detract anything from it.

It is hardly worth our while, however, to criticise in detail Mr. Davenport's Edmund Dantes. Think of Mr. Lester Wallack's rendering of the role; then of Mr. Davenport's. As the immortal Shakespeare says: "Look upon this picture, and then upon that." We do not seek to draw a comparison between these distinguished artists; but the intelligent reader—the theatre-goer will at once see how the case stands. Mr. Davenport is deficient in the dramatic power, fire and dash required in the role of Edmund Dantes; but, possessing a thorough knowledge of the stage, its business, and its artifices, he manages to overcome or obscure in a measure this defect in his personation; he gives an air of force and dash to the principal scenes and passages by devoting his whole attention to them, the same as he does in Sir Giles Overreach. None but an artist such as Mr. Davenport could overcome these difficulties.

Mr. Davenport has evidently bestowed, or rather thrown away, considerable thought upon the character; and throughout the piece does some nice bits of acting. His representation of Edmund Dantes, the gallant sailor, is a pleasant reminder of his William in "Black-Eyed Susan." His interview with Villefort is rendered very naturally. The dungeon scene is altogether too studied and mechanical. As the Count of Monte Cristo Mr. Davenport's resemblance to Manager Wheatley in the dual character in "The Corsican Brothers" is very striking.

[For the Leader.]

Police Sketches.

THE SIXTH PRECINCT.

The records of the Sixth Ward or Precinct Police Station are as full of criminal life and complete as the history of the city itself. Ever since the organization of the Metropolitan Police—and, in fact, for years previous—the Sixth Ward has been noted for the vigilance of its officers, and the success with which they have carried out the law. Until within a few years past the position of policeman or constable in that locality was one of great labor and danger. The Five Points and vicinity was the refuge for criminals of all kinds and from all countries. The most desperate of offenders against the law sought protection and concealment within the hundreds of nooks and corners in and about the "Points," and considered themselves comparatively safe when within their boundaries. The efforts of the officers of the law to break up the dens in this ward were at last successful, but not until after years of hard and dangerous work. Their success was in a great measure owing to their perfect knowledge of the resorts of the thieves and murderers, and, in many cases, an acquaintance with criminals themselves, many of whom had grown up under the watchful eyes of the captains of the police. By degrees the ward was changed from one of the worst to one of the most quiet in the city. Thieves and prostitutes were so hunted that they were compelled to take up their quarters elsewhere, if they escaped conviction. Burglars and garrotters found no peace, and changed their haunts, while murderers trembled when they neared the borders of the ward under the surveillance of Dowling and Jourdan, and sought other localities, where they could hide with a better feeling of security.

The two great Captains of the Sixth Ward Police—Joseph Dowling, now Police Justice, and John Jourdan, who has charge of the precinct at this time—were brought up in the vicinity of their labors. They have both spent all their lives in hunting criminals, with a success almost unequalled in police history. Judge Dowling, while on the police force and in the discharge of his duty, has arrested thirty-five murderers with his own hands, many of whom were hung or sent to State Prison, while others escaped through the exertions of their counsel and defects of the law. Added to the list of murderers are over two hundred arrests to the credit of this extraordinary man for various misdemeanors from burglary to common theft. We have never heard of such a record, nor do we believe it can be equalled in the world. Nor is Captain Jourdan far behind the Judge in his services to the people and the Department. His perseverance and energy, added to a singular courage in this particular line of business, have made him as popular as a thief-taker as his predecessor in his position. When working with Dowling he had many opportunities to distinguish himself in his profession. They worked together in all desperate cases, and know that each could rely upon the other for assistance, no matter how desperate the encounter with the criminal. As a detective Captain Jourdan has but few, if any, equals. In the police record of the daily papers his name is as often seen in connection with arrests and convictions as a batch of trials appears. So well does he perform his work that but few escape through the loopholes of the law, and, when such an exceptional case does happen, the culprit, knowing the disappointment he has occasioned the officer, gives him a clear berth for as long a time as he can, yet at last takes the bait held out, and is fish for the Captain's net. There are many cases in which Captain Jourdan has figured that could be made interesting to the general reader—exploits where success was only attained after years of pursuit.

The Hefferman gang was one to which over three years of labor was devoted to convict the principal criminal. This man was both a thief and a receiver of stolen goods. He had around him a band that was completely under his control, and whom he managed with the adroitness of an able general. He also knew the workings of the law, and with the means at his command—for he was rich in money, houses and lands—contrived to escape conviction himself, and to get his followers safely away for a long time. But his time came, and he is now in State Prison. He cost the Captain many an anxious thought, kept him watching many long nights, and led him many miles of foot travel before he was convicted.

To keep the peace within the limits of the Sixth Ward required that the Captain of the Police, should know the people as well as the locality. This knowledge both Dowling and Jourdan possessed. By a constant watchfulness they were enabled to distinguish the workingman from the idler. Every street and alley—every house, front and rear, was carefully explored by some one of the force, and the habits of its tenants noted. This was a labor that required a great deal of time and judgment in discriminating, particularly as the great mass of the inhabitants belonged to the class who dwell in many-storied tenements. There were thousands of poor laboring men and women who were compelled to live in such places, and mingled with them were the many hundreds who lived on their gains from thieving. The rule adopted was to know what every man did for his support, and if it could not be ascertained that he worked in some way for a livelihood he was regarded with suspicion. By keeping constantly on the look-out for these people, the officers were enabled to judge who were most likely to commit a theft or robbery, and very seldom were they in error. So complete was their control over all evil doers that even when a chance offered to steal in the Sixth Ward they would pass it by, knowing that detection, and conviction were sure to follow. The men and women who followed pilfering for a living, and who lived in the ward, would go to other places to practice their nefarious business, hoping that as they had not broken the police rules of their own precinct they might be let alone. But even this did not follow, for they were so driven and hunted that the place became untenable and they were compelled to vacate. It has often happened that when a crime was committed, some one of the gang, already under suspicion, would go to the officers and inform on the guilty party, lest they might escape and the innocent—in that particular case—be arrested.

Much of the success of Captain Jourdan—and Judge Dowling before him—is to be attributed to the persistency with which they follow up their arrests by efforts to convict. In too many instances the officer supposes that when he turns the criminal over to the police justice and his own evidence is given, his duty is at an end; but with Captain Jourdan the work has just commenced. He follows his men to the police court, takes the papers to the District Attorney himself, and where a doubt exists as to conviction works up the evidence. Criminal lawyers do not hold him as high in their estimation as they do those who neglect this branch of their duty. They think him a hard customer to deal with, and prepare for an extra defence when their client has come to them through the cells of the Sixth Ward station-house. They know that the culprit is well tied and fast before he will come up for trial, and that their usual sharp practice must be set aside for a more legitimate defence. Whether the costs are increased from this fact we cannot determine, yet it is certain that a thief rescued from Capt. Jourdan's clutches may be thankful to his counsel for outwitting the officer of the law, and the pay should be proportionate.

Police Justice Dowling has carried to the criminal bench a practice in the profession that cannot but be beneficial to the people in ridding the city of every class of ruffian. Political influence, when used to screen a criminal, has but little influence with him, nor are there many who have been trained in the school of crime who can hide from his knowledge of their previous career. He is as fearless in carrying out the law as he was in arresting murderers. The first arrest for a capital crime which Judge Dowling made was in 1849. A man named Pierce had wantonly murdered a poor cripple who carried around a hand-organ—the poor victim's brains were beaten out with a club in the open street. The murderer escaped at the time, but after a month's hiding he was found through information given by an acquaintance, and brought to trial. When arrested he drew a knife on the officer, but the sight of a pistol made the cowardly villain succumb. This man was sent to State Prison, afterwards pardoned out, and then died a miserable death.

William Thomson, who killed a man in Anthony street, in presence of the officer, was arrested and convicted. The murdered man was talking to a woman at the time. The murderer was arrested at once. This occurred a few weeks after the first arrest, and was the commencement of the course of the Judge in extraordinary arrests. To give the whole list of his labors in hunting murderers would occupy more space than we can get for a single police sketch. The details of them would furnish material for the whole eight pages of the LEADER for a year. One case, however, in which the Judge earned for himself great credit we cannot pass. On the night of the 27th of August, 1858, a man named James Larkin deliberately shot a barkeeper in a groggery, on the corner of Mulberry and Park streets, named James Dowling. The police were quickly on the spot and made several arrests, but the murderer escaped. The man who fired the pistol was well known in the neighborhood, and all his friends were anxious to prevent his arrest. Every movement of Captain Dowling was known to them. As effectually as he had tracked murderers, this one in particular, still greater was the surveillance kept on him. He could not stir abroad but what the friends of the man he was after were following him, and thereby gaining information, in time to change the hiding place of the murderer. Several times he was on his track, and as often disappointed, until at last his game left the States and took refuge in Canada. The newspapers of the day were anything but complimentary to the Captain. It was charged that the murderer had been permitted to escape through the connivance of the police, as he was one of a gang known as the "Dead Rabbits," and had relatives in the ward. Captain Dowling was determined to arrest him, and although unable to go to Canada himself, had him well watched. Just a month after the murder, he received information that his man was in Providence, R. I. Knowing that he was yet watched, he started in the train for Philadelphia. The spies were out, and laughingly reported the false scent that the Captain had started. After riding as far as Newark, he left the train and came back to the city, and took the Fall River boat for Providence. Here he soon found out the whereabouts of the man he was after, and entered the room where he and a companion were fast asleep. Captain Dowling is a humane man, and knows how annoying it is to be awakened out of a sound sleep; therefore he was merciful in this case, and sat down on the bedside awaiting his awakening. In a few moments he opened his eyes and stared at the Captain. "Good morning, Mr. Larkin, how do you feel this morning?" "Why, is it you, Captain Dowling?" answered Larkin, reaching with his hand under the mattress. Hexapon a pistol was quickly pointed at the gentleman's head, and he withdrew his hand. A short conversation ensued, and he was handcuffed ready for transportation to the city. Beneath the mattress was found a large knife and a six-shooter. That he would have used them is certain, had the Captain not been cool and prepared. This man was sentenced to State Prison for life, but was pardoned by Governor Morgan after serving but four years. He has died since, and a death of misery.

It is a singular fact but true, that the Evening *Express* of that day contained an article complaining of Captain Dowling for not arresting this man, and on the same page is an account of the arrest. This act of Captain Dowling's was appreciated by the Police Commissioners, who adopted a resolution of "Honorable Mention," which was sent as a general order to the various police stations and read to the force. Dowling served as Captain from 1854 until he was elected Police Justice in 1862, by an almost unanimous vote of the people of the district composed of the Fourth, Sixth and Fourteenth Wards.

One of the best arrests of Captain Jourdan was that of William Jones, who killed a man named McGee in a den on the Five Points, for the sum of *four* dollars, which the murdered man had carelessly shown. The murder was committed quite early in the evening, and the man who did it escaped through a window. The only clue to him was that he had on a red shirt. There had been hanging around the place three men all of whom were missing when the police took charge. One of these men, named Gillen, was shortly after arrested, but denied any complicity in the affair. He was known to be acquainted with Jones, and Jones was ascertained to be the man who wore the red shirt. Gillen said that Jones was acquainted with some negroes in Philadelphia, but knew no one else in that place. With this slight clue Captain Jourdan started for Philadelphia. He had found out that Jones had been a boatman and was in the habit of frequenting the oyster boats. Keeping his own counsel he watched the oyster boats that came up the Delaware. For thirteen days he watched the river, and at the end of that time saw his man. The murderer was equally quick with his eye, and the recognition was mutual. Before the Captain could get to the boat the man had disappeared. Here was a dilemma. To get in sight of his man after so long and patient a search and then lose him! Knowing that he had left the docks, the Captain started for some negro quarters where he had learned that Jones was known, and, to his great joy, made the arrest. This man was sent to the State Prison for ten years, and is there yet.

A woman who committed murder was also one of the Captain's lucky arrests. Catharine Sheridan lived in Pearl street, and killed a man by stabbing him as he was going down a cellar. The victim dropped dead at the bottom of the steps. No one saw the act, except a girl, who stated it was done by a man, and named him. Search was made for the man, but no such person was to be found—he was a myth. While seeking for information concerning the murdered man, the officer learned that Catharine Sheridan had had some trouble with him, and that the man had at one time stolen seventy-five cents from her. Catharine had disappeared, and she must be found. All the information that could be gained was that she had gone to a "place." This meant "out to service," and he was at a loss to find her. A City Directory lying at hand, the list of "Intelligence Offices" was soon in the Captain's memorandum book. The next day every one was searched and inquiries made of such a woman. At last success came, and the woman was found to have been hired as a cook in a family at Yonkers. The consternation of the family at finding they had been eating of food prepared by the hand of a murderess, and sleeping under the same roof with her, is not to be described. Yet it was so, and she was brought to the city, tried and sentenced, after confession, to seven years State Prison.

In burglar hunting Captain Jourdan has been very successful; he has sent up many of the most noted and desperate in the profession. One of the most desperate arrests was that of Thomas Kelly, who, with a regular organized gang, had committed over twenty daring burglaries. He was well known to the police, but had managed to escape detection. Always well armed, and known as a hardened villain, it was not without preparation that his arrest could be effected; however, Captain Jourdan, in company with Judge Dowling, did bring him in, and sent him to State Prison for twenty years. His two principal accomplices, Thomas Hughes and John F. Gordon, were sent for a shorter term, and are now in the city. While in prison Kelly severely stabbed one of the wardens while attempting to escape.

Jourdan has furnished a full share of boarders to Sing Sing, some of them of the most villainous character, and to secure whom it required a man as fearless to carry out the law as the robbers themselves were ready to break it.

The large robberies, forgeries, and such cases, where large amounts were stolen, that have come under Captain Jourdan's supervision, and where he has recovered the stolen property—money, bonds and valuable papers—amount to over a million dollars. In the days of the old police, when officers were working for rewards, he could have made an independent fortune and retired on his gains, instead of, as now, being simply a Police Captain, with a salary just large enough to live. The great diamond robbery, where he secured all the property and returned it; the robbery of Claflin & Mellen, where over $30,000 were returned after being in the hands of the thieves; the St. Nicholas Hotel robbery, where bonds to the amount of $200,000 were taken from the thief, and a hundred other instances where goods to a greater or less amount have been recovered, should have made him rich.

However, the pride an officer takes in working successfully has been to him a good compensation. The quiet and comparatively good order kept in his precinct is no little part of his boast, and naturally so. When the whole city was trembling with fear of the rioters in July, 1863, the Sixth was as peaceable as it is to-day. Not a single act occurred out of the ordinary police business. Not a man was robbed nor a crowd of rioters allowed to assemble, although all about its borders mob law was, for the time, the ruling power. To change the name of the "Bloody Sixth" to its present fair name is deserving of all the commendation that can be bestowed, and that credit has been given them by the residents and business men of the ward.

The force of the Sixth Precinct consists of seventy men. There are four sergeants, all of whom are superior men in the force. They have had an excellent opportunity to become experts in profession under their experienced captains. We doubt if any precinct can make a better show of sergeants than the Sixth. One of these men is always at the desk, and another looking after the men on duty. Sergeants Quinn, Walsh, Kennedy and McCready are always at their posts, and the men under them are kept in discipline. Napoleon Wooldridge, an excellent officer, doing detective duty, is attached to this precinct. The patrolmen are well chosen, every man showing an intelligence and earnestness in his duty that is equally creditable to the Police Commissioners, who have the selection of the men, as to their immediate commanding officer.

AIR—"They May Rail at This Life."

NEW YORK IS THE EDEN.

BY STEPHEN R. FISK.

I.

O, New York is the city in which to be born,
Or to immigrate to just as soon as may be;
For sure you may travel until your life's gone
Without chancing another such city to see!
Across town, from South street way over to West,
And from Central Park down to the old Battery,
'Pon my soul I can't tell you which spot I love best!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

II.

Near the Battery—but there's no battery there!—
The Bowling Green, like an oasis, is seen;
But, should you inquire for the bowls, have a care;
It's you, not the grass, will be taken for green!
And there's Castle Garden (although, d'ye mind,
Neither castle nor garden remains for to see),
And hundreds of emigrants perfume the wind!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

III.

Then comes Wall street, where bulls and bears fight daily
And gold-gamblers poison with curses the air!
And foreninst it the tall spire of old Trinity,
As if for such wrong-doers pointing a prayer!
And still further up, on the narrow Broadway,
Is Barnum's queer palace of humbuggery;
And the hotels, where lovers of good living stay!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

IV.

But hold! I'm forgetting the fine City Hall,
Where the Aldermen prey and the Councilmen spree,
And that saucy jade, Justice, is stone-blind to all,
Unless she have golden spectacles to see!
Beyond that, is a five-sided place—Chatham square;
And the Bowery, which has not a single green tree;
And many things equally wondrous and rare!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

V.

But how shall I sing of the Bloomingdale road
And the thousand fast trotters that here show their powers?
The Park would require quite a separate ode;
And the ladies, whose presence outrivals the flowers;
And the beautiful boats on the beautiful lake;
And the swans, with their white plumage, sailing so free;
And the show which, in winter, the gay skaters make!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

VI.

O, this city she sits like a queen in her pride—
Her tiara the rivers that flash o'er her brow!
And, although the North River is on her West side,
That's as right as the round Union square, anyhow!
Her mansions and theatres, churches and press,
And her Fifth Avenue—it's the first that should be!—
Are unequalled, on this side the world, you'll confess!
'Faith, New York is the Eden for you, love, and me!

VII.

But, next to her women, just think of her men!
Her artists and artisans, doctors, divines!
Her judges, her lawyers, her merchants, and then
That large middle class which no one name defines!
To them and to you, love, I now give a toast,
And let it be hailed with a loud three times three;
And raise it and praise it and cheer it the most:
Here's to New York, the Eden for you, love, and me!

A GAY and festive Englishman paid a visit to Washington Market, and espied some water melons. "Aw!" said he, "cawn't you grow larger apples than those in this country?" "App'es!" exclaimed the vendor, "they are green peas I am selling."

To Persons about to Marry.

Gasping and tired after my late exertions—for I had just been cheering at the top of my voice, and committing all the madmanlike absurdities considered necessary now-a-days to the starting of a "happy pair" on their nuptial career—I leaned against one of the portico pillars of my friend's house for a moment's rest. My hand yet ached from the effects of the bridegroom's last spasmodic squeeze, my heart was warm, and my face, no doubt, beamed with the reflection of the universal joy. I envied immensely the glorious happiness of my old chum, and was lost in the wonder whether the day-dream of *my* life would ever come true, and the like happy fate be decreed me, when I was startled by a plaintive voice at my elbow saying, "Oh! poor things! poor *wretched* things! How I do pity them!"

I turned, and lo! the dejected speaker (than whom I never saw a blither, prettier specimen of feminine humanity, although at this moment both brow and eye were clouded by a melancholy quite incomprehensible to me) stood gazing with sad eyes after the retreating carriage, and murmuring to herself, "Poor things! poor things!"

"Good gracious, madam, what do you mean?" exclaimed I, startled out of delicious dreams and all my proprieties as well; "here I've been envying my old friend, and thinking him one of the luckiest dogs in existence! married to an uncommonly nice girl—possessing plenty of money, plenty of friends, and a nice place, and just off for his honeymoon! What can a man want more? And yet you lament over him and his wife as if they were the most miserable of mankind! Really, madam, I cannot see the need of so much commiseration!"

Perhaps I was rude for speaking so sharply to the fair lady; but I was an innocent young bachelor, just escaped for a day or two from those miserable dust-bins yclept "chambers," to act as best man and supporter to my oldest and greatest friend, and fully believing that nothing could be required to perfect human bliss beyond a nice wife and plenty of money; so that the shock to my feelings was great, and indignation mastered, for a second, that urbanity and extreme politeness for which I am in general so famous.

If I could but find words to express the pity in her look at the thought of my puerile delusion! the melancholy of her slow shake of the head as she answered—

"The plenitude of friends and riches, and the possession of a nice place, are doubtless chief ingredients in the cup of happiness; but, believe me, there cannot be a greater sarcasm—a more cruel quip—than calling the first short time of married life, 'a honeymoon,' and the victims to it a 'happy pair!'" Then with a retrospective sigh she added, "I'm sure *I never* was half so miserable in all my life, and I have heard many another say the same."

"My dear madam, you amaze me! and really—a—I can scarcely imagine it possible for a honeymoon to have been other than happy, when you were the fair bride! At all events, I'm sure your husband would not indorse that opinion."

"You are quite mistaken, sir," quoth a good-looking man who had lounged up to us, and evidently overheard my last speech, together with its elegant compliment—"quite mistaken. I entirely agree with what my wife says. I never in all my life was so utterly and truly miserable, as during that first hideous week of our married life."

"Week, sir? I thought a honeymoon was always a month?" was my quick and ardent rejoinder.

"A man must have much greater powers of endurance than I possess, if he could manage a month—we cut and run at the end of a week, didn't we, love?"

"At the *end* of a week? Why, Harry, we were only four days alone; don't you remember, Capt. ——, of the Thirteenth, dined with us on the Saturday, and then he came on Sunday and we persuaded him to breakfast and lunch with us on Monday, and between whiles to go to the Minster, although, poor dear, he was so seedy! Do you recollect what a frightful cold he'd caught when the window was open the evening before after dinner, and we were all as cold as charity, only *far* too polite to one another to ask for it to be shut? He really was quite a godsend, for you know we couldn't have survived if it had not been for him!

"It's perfectly true—I don't believe we could—it was awful!" said the ci-devant happy man.

"But excuse me!" interrupted I, aghast, "do you really mean me to understand that the scene of all this misery was that delightful old place, York, where I always fancy there is more amusement and interest than anywhere out of Town?"

"Oh, no, no; perhaps we could have endured existence there for a few days. But you see, sir, we had been unluckily victims to your delusion, and thought that because we were just married, we must perforce be happy, and in need of nothing to amuse us but our own charming selves. And so, we settled to go to a desolate, horrible place called Bolton Abbey" (it was just an easy afternoon's journey from where we were), "where we thought it would be heaven on earth, of course—to wander about enjoying the daylight of each other's society and—a—in fact, make fools of ourselves, as every one else does! I know one thing," added he, viciously, "I never was so sick of any one in my life, as I was of my wife all the time—never!"

The lady laughed, and seemed, by the rueful shake of her head, entirely to reciprocate this last piece of politeness; while I, intensely amused, and anxious at the same time to hear a man's real experience of what had always been to me the brightest possible day-dream, answered:

"Well, but I have always heard that Bolton Abbey is quite the reverse of desolate and miserable—a lovely place, with charming walks, and a nice old-fashioned inn and first-rate fishing—"

"Fishing!" cried both in a breath, "why, my good friend, who ever thinks of *fishing* on a honeymoon?"

"No," continued the gentleman, "it was an accepted fact that we were a 'happy pair,' and what further was needful? Besides, it was useless to think of out-door amusements, for we were married in the middle of winter, and the weather was cold and foggy; while as for the charming walks you talk about—the paths were one mass of clay and mud, and as the fashion of wearing very long dresses had just come in, and my wife considered it the proper thing to walk arm-and-arm, of course she couldn't hold hers up, and there it trailed, all draggled and dirty, about a yard behind her! If I'd only seen it before marriage instead of after, I should have declared off, for I don't think there is anything that disgusts me so much as that—but as it was in, 'our honeymoon,' forsooth, I didn't dare, for the life of me, utter a word of complaint."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk of *your* annoyances, dear! I wonder what mine were when I arrived at our journey's end and found everything I especially wanted, left behind! Yes! would you believe it, sir? Only married an hour or two, and the first thing he did was to forget to see my boxes put in, and so when we arrived, as I said, at Bolton Abbey, my sole possessions were a very small bonnet, and some cuffs and collars! Talk of my draggled dress, indeed!" (the poor lady was quite in a huff at the bare recollection), "what was that to a Bride without her Boxes?"

"Well, but, my love, I did telegraph for them."

"Certainly," was the unmollified answer; "what else could be done? and that was *my* idea. It's no use to try and get out of it, Harry. You lost your wits and head altogether that day, and never found them again the whole time we were there, to judge from appearances, for I never knew any one half so dull as you were!"

"And what wonder if I was dull! There wasn't, sir, a book to read, or a bit of work to keep her" (pointing to his wife) "out of mischief, or anything, indeed, but a *Times* a fortnight old, and a torn number of the *Illustrated London News*, with pictures representing the exodus of Noah and his family from the ark, or something equally ancient. No, there was nothing to be done but stare at my wife the whole day, and try to look affectionate; and when I could stand that no longer, to steal away and do my best to kill an hour or two with a cigar."

"And then, at your nice old-fashioned inn, too," chimed in the lady, "every one knew we were 'moons;' and if we but stirred out of our sitting-room, there were eyes without number peeping round every corner, and we heard the servants laughing, until we really felt as ashamed of ourselves as if we had been quite wicked! It wasn't very much better, either, when at last we fled to York; for on Sunday there were people that we knew in the Minster, and we could see them pointing us out to others of their friends, for they nodded and smiled, and made me feel so abashed, that, could I have made any one believe me, I would have vowed we had been married a dozen years at least!"

"But after this terrible week was over, madam," said I, when my mirth had somewhat subsided, "may I ask what became of you then? For I suppose you hardly dared run home again directly and confess the result of your 'trial trip?'"

"No, we didn't go home, although, oh! how I longed to get away and make an end of playing at matrimony. We went to stay with some friends, but it was almost worse here than ever for me—for Harry had made such a fuss about the quantity of luggage, that, thinking I could do without, I had amiably left my very swell things at home—so imagine my horror, when we arrived, to find I had been expected to be all *en grand tenu*, and there were all sorts of people invited to meet us, and dinner parties every night—and poor I had again to figure in the horrid character of a Boxless Bride! Certainly it was a dreadful time. But *he* was all right, as there was plenty of hunting and shooting, and we had had *quite* enough of the affections at Bolton Abbey to make us thankful to be rid of one another for a while!

"Ah!" she added, as I struggled to restrain my laughter within decent bounds; "it's all very well to laugh *now*, but *you* wouldn't have laughed if you had had all the *misery* to endure which we had"—(the emphasis on that *misery* was tremendous): then, after a pause, she continued with the greatest earnestness—

"But it is not only from your own sufferings that I bid you beware of entertaining any such delusive idea as that 'happy pairs' enjoy themselves. Ask any one who is not trammeled by sentimental nonsense, whether their honeymoon was not the most wearisome, detestable part of their lives, and I'm sure you will find we have not exaggerated the horrors of the institution at all. Why it is an institution, I cannot think. Why people cannot get married, and stay at home and have a merry time of it, like our neighbors in France, who see their friends and dance and amuse themselves, instead of being turned off, two poor wretches—into some out-of-the-way place to mope themselves almost to death! However, I suppose while it is the accepted mode of procedure, it is only the sensible few who will refuse to give in to it; only, my good sir, be advised by us, and when your turn comes to be married, don't be deluded into sacrificing yourself and your wife on the altar of popular prejudice! Don't you go for a honeymoon!"

With which solemn warning, my fair friend turned away, and, putting her arm within her husband's, strolled off, to revive their spirits and smooth down the ruffled feathers of their memory by recalling the satisfactory fact that they could not commit such a mistake again; and leaving me with the firm conviction that my pet day-dream is all moonshine—that marriage appears to be a very equivocal enjoyment, and a "honeymoon"—rank madness.

The touching recital of my friends' troubles floated not unheeded by. From the profound consideration of all I had heard, I evoked one fixed resolve. If ever I *do* marry, I will be one of the sensible few—I will *not go* for a honeymoon.

M. M. T. O.

ARTISTS may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they give things a coloring.

CAPT. FERMOR OR A SISTER'S REVENGE.

A NOVEL.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

NEWS FROM HOME.

"A letter from Charles," said Lady Laura, with something like enthusiasm; "now we shall see what he is to do."

"Well," said Sir Hopkins, glancing over the letter he also had received, "that is so far satisfactory. Old Seymour is likely to go—to move on, as he should have done long ago. What did I tell you? *I* know how to deal with these sort of people. Well, what does Mr. Charles say?"

The answer was something like a scream. The tall, gaunt woman, in all her finery, had fallen back on the sofa. For a moment he thought she was in a fit, but he was well accustomed to the Waipiti cries and war dances. With true diplomatic instinct, he went over on tiptoe—for which there was no need—and closed the door softly. He was more alarmed about the letter, for he was sure that Charles was dying or dead.

The next moment she had started into a sort of galvanic life. "Think of it!" she said, "only think of him; it is dreadful, isn't it? O, that such a blow should come upon me!"

Sir Hopkins made attempts to secure the letter for his own reading, but she was brandishing it hysterically. "Gambled," thought the diplomatist. "The fellow has gambled, and lost every sixpence. Shan't pay a florin for him, though."

"Such a disgrace to bring on us all! He must be mad. Does he want to ruin us? What have we done to him that he should degrade us in this way? One blow after another! I am sure we had troubles enough of our own without *that!*"

Again the diplomatist tried ineffectually for the letter. "Married an innkeeper's daughter," he thought, bitterly. "A fool! I have done with him. Let me see what he writes, Laura."

"*You know*," she said, swaying herself back and forward, "what we reckoned on from him! You know how we talked, and what we were to make of him. Now that these girls have failed so wretchedly, he was the only thing we had to look to. And the air with which he writes it to me, as if he were getting a princess!"

"*It is* the innkeeper's daughter," thought the diplomatist; and she now let him take the letter. He got out his silver double glass, which hung about his neck like an amulet, and read it carefully.

It was our friend's skillful composition, breaking the news of his proceedings. It is plain that he had sadly miscalculated its effect. Carefully worded as it was, it had not made this raging mother and cold diplomatist see the thing in the light he fancied it would. He thought his words were sure to be as soothing as drops of camphor-julep. Poor Fermor! so much rhetoric expended like blank cartridges.

Lady Laura waited while the diplomatist read, her sunk flattened chest heaving outwards like a decayed wall about to fall in. Into her worn and faded cheek color had actually forced its way, a visitor long estranged. Sir Hopkins read through Fermor's philosophical composition. The embossed and initialed document began:

"C. F."

"MY DEAREST MOTHER—I wish to communicate a little matter, which I dare say may surprise you. Not that there is anything very astonishing in what I am about to do, for it is a step which I and every man, who proposes seriously to take his proper station in the commonwealth, must eventually take. The idea, my dear mother, of a long life spent selfishly in administering to oneself, in doing nothing for others, and, above all, the notion of leaving no more mark of one's path behind than if it were made on the sea, this is what I never could bear to look forward to. I shrink from it, and always have shrunk from it. Your true gentleman will live for others as well as for himself, and will bequeath his name in trust to those who have a legitimate interest in guarding it free from speck or stain.

"In these views, I now merely write to say I am about to marry. Ordinary boys would, of course, dilate on the charms of the person I have chosen. I know you too well to indulge in rhapsodies of that kind. But this much I may say: she will be no discredit to our family. She is a Miss Manuel, of a half Spanish family. I think her charming; but she will make an excellent wife, which is the point to look at. I do not enter into details now, as it is so late (or early, perhaps), but I lose no time in communicating to you news of this important step, which I almost *assume* you will approve of. You shall hear again to-morrow.

"Your affectionate son,
"CHARLES FERMOR."

"Well?" said Lady Laura, eagerly, when he had done. "Is not this charming news? It is deplorable! But I give up. I can't go on any more. I am sick and weary of the whole business. Let them all do as they please—marry out of the street, if they will." And the veteran lady, utterly beaten and baffled, seemed to bend up and collapse physically, just as all her hopes had done already.

The diplomatist got to the end of the letter much relieved, yet there was a shade of disappointment on his face at his divination having broken down. The penetration that had pierced to the bottom of the savage nature of the Waipitis, was infallibly certain as to the innkeeper's daughter. He shook his head slowly at it, as if it were the water-trough of his cage, then laid his head on one side, then on the other.

"Stupid fellow!" he said, at last, tranquilly; "I thought he had more sense."

"And what shall we say to him?" said Lady Laura, suddenly standing up, very fiercely. "Write to him and tell him never to come into my presence again? Tramp round, he and his low wife, from barrack to barrack until they starve! Not one farthing shall he ever have from me again! And I conjure you, Cousin Pocock, promise me that you will never let him have a sixpence of yours." For certainly a dozen years back Lady Laura Fermor had never been so excited.

Sir Hopkins was smiling to himself all this while. An idea had struck him. He seemed to have on his diplomatic uniform, its collar of deal board and all. His eyes twinkled as he thought of this prospect.

"Never see him again," he said. "We shall see him very often, I hope. No, no, things are not so bad. I don't take this gloomy view at all. A skillful negotiator would very soon restore the status quo ante."

"I don't want to restore anything," said Lady Laura. "You don't know him. He is so proud and stubborn. He will never listen to reason."

"Except to his own," said the diplomatist. "The most suitable disposition in the world for working on. I recollect the old Waipiti chief—"

"Yes, yes," said Lady Laura, a little impatiently. "I know. But it will be no use, I tell you, speaking or writing to him. As an infant, he was the same; as a boy, he was the same; he will always be the same. Let him take his own way. What does it matter? They talk of those women that make the shirts; but what has my life been? All disappointments and trouble, crossed in every way. I can do nothing with any of them, so I give it up now."

"That's the way with you women," said he, rubbing his hands, and looking into the stove; "you give up when we begin. This poor, foolish Charles! Never mind, we shall see what can be done to-morrow. Ah! here we come at last!" and the girls came "swelling" in like two yachts, with all their finery spread, and a maid coasting behind with a spare sail or so on her arm.

They did not notice their mother's shrunk and woful face; there were some final touches to be given. In the carriage she broke out with the story that night's mail had brought her. "Your brother is making a fine fool of himself! Go to somebody—I wish to Heaven you would—and leave me here. I am sick of you all. I am sick of the world. I have done what I could for you, and I am tired and exhausted. Only just let him write me one of his hypocritical letters when he wants money! I, that have always scraped, and pinched, and denied myself, to keep him up in his proper station!"

It was a dismal progress in that dark carriage. The girls had been a little excited by the hope of this party, though indeed, by this time, it should have been as monotonous as parade or drill. This news came on them like a chill, and made the opera-cloaks on their shoulders feel like palls. Their hearts felt tight even under the stiff silk armor, which the maid Jane had tightened with many struggles. Suddenly came the lights and the music of the "dance," seen and heard through the open drawing-room. As though the fashionable sergeant had called out "Attention!" they fell into regular line, fans were "ordered," smiles and general happiness mounted to their faces; they bent and swayed, shook kid-covered hands, were so glad, and so sorry, and so alarmed at being late; and were so smiling and delighted, that the idea was conveyed that by impediments they had been long kept away from this delicious retreat, and that they had given their jailers the slip, and were now finally got to the place for which their souls had yearned. They had put on their smiles with their gloves. The ugly family nightmare—just heard of—they thrust down, and shut the lid, up though it would fly open at times in the midst of a valse, like a jack-in-the-box. Lady Laura Fermor "taken down" for an ice by Shafto Lyons, M. P., who was getting his chest "shored up" at Nice, was rallied by her in the gayest manner, on a rumor of marriage. He was a tall, florid bachelor, very red, and much tightened about the throat, and, as he looked at her sideways with relish and admiration, his collar and necktie seemed to fit about his throat as a frill of paper does about a ham. In one of her laughs of appreciation the box flew open, and the sight of the "jack" almost sobered her, but she had him wired down in a second.

So, too, with her daughters. They ambled round in a galop and valse: the elder in the arms of a "delightful French officer," with a figure like an hour-glass. So with her sister, who did a little quiet, unostentatious work with a young English gentleman. They went apart from the world, and opened a little "store" in a greenhouse among the plants. Stupid single men who knew nobody, blundered on them here—in the desert, as it were—and hastily retreated, mentally whistling.

It came to the end when Lady Laura sounded the "rappel." Then came the gush of farewell smiles, general delight and grief: an evening to look back to. Shafto Lyons, M. P., took out Lady Laura, and looked fondly after her out of his paper ham frill, as she drove away. She shook her fan at him with gay menace. But when he was in the supper-room telling Fobley what "a fine woman" he had just taken out, all the springs had relaxed, and the "fine woman's" face had sunk, and dropped, and fallen into hollows. Not a word was spoken during that mourning-coach progress.

That very night, before she went to bed (a form she went through from habit), Lady Laura got out her desk and wrote to her son all in fact that had passed through her mind that night. He was to take his own way—ruin himself if he pleased, ruin them, ruin everybody. By all means take his own way. She was sick of the whole business. God knows, she had had a weary time of it with the whole set. However, this she begged, that he would never again trouble her by letter or otherwise. In short, a hot, passionate denunciation. She then read it over with satisfaction, as though she were delivering it to him in person, and went to bed. In the morning, when Sir Hopkins came, she took him aside privately, and showed it. "There," she said, "it will be a satisfaction to my mind to have sent him that."

He read it smiling, sat down, talked with her a good hour, talked of the Waipiti now and then, and finally wrote a short note, which she copied. Hers lay in pieces under the English grate. It ran:

"NICE.

"MY DEAR CHARLES: Your letter was indeed a surprise. I hope you have not been a little hasty. However, if you are irretrievably committed, you must of course go through with it. You shall see us before long, as the air of this place some way does not suit Alicia Mary. I shall let you know when we shall be in London, where I hope you will try and meet us.

"Your affectionate mother,
"LAURA FERMOR."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

AN INVITATION.

The lectures on Roger le Garçon were suspended by more absorbing matter. Fermor virtually put up "Relache" at his door. His head was full of the incidents of his new dignity; every one was carrying up, as it were, Addresses to the Throne, and he had to deliver Gracious Replies. His hands, too, were full enough, and he was very busy in the mornings writing prettily-turned notes to many acquaintance, male and female, and the turn was sometimes sad, sometimes humorous. "You will be concerned, dear Mrs. Fazakerly," he wrote, "to hear of my approaching dissolution." Which little metaphor was worked pleasantly to the bottom of the first page. "You have always, dear Miss Biddulph, felt such an interest in anything that concerns my happiness, I cannot let a post go by without, &c." This was the serious and plaintive style.

He was busy in this way one morning, some ten days after Major Carter's party, when his door was opened, and his cast-iron neighbor, cast-iron rod in hand, swung in—as a crane swings round—close on the servant, who would have announced him. "Sit down, Mr. Carlay," said Fermor, affably; "I am glad to see you."

"And I am glad to hear you say so," said the other. "I was thinking something had been done to offend you."

"Dear no! Quite gratuitous," said Fermor, "I must say. I hope there has been nothing in my conduct which a gentleman would not sanction. O! you are thinking of my unexplained absence? I see! Ah, there were reasons for that. I must tell you," continued he, with something like a simper. "By the way, Miss Carlay—I hope she is improving?"

"Better, thank you," said the other, rising suddenly. "I am not a man for seeing the world, or for managing it, and have no wish to learn how; therefore, if I do things in a rough, abrupt fashion of my own, you must excuse me."

"Certainly, certainly," said Fermor, smiling. "I have knocked about the world a pretty good time, and am used to that kind of thing."

"Because, if you would not mind taking us as we are, in the backwoods, as I may say, and putting up *with* roughness—in short, would you dine with us to-day?"

Fermor started. This was a true surprise. But in a moment he saw the secret springs that were working. It was very, very odd. This was always to be the result of his presence. He had not intended to be *more* than gentlemanly—his common manner—he had not, indeed. Could he help it?

Of a sudden he became gracious and courtly. He would have the *greatest* pleasure. He really liked that sort of thing, no fuss, or state; "provided," added Fermor, "you treat me as—one of the family, mind. There, at the mess, they have got a Frenchman, who lived with Count Walewski. I believe, in his own line, he is worth his weight in gold; but, on my word and honor," Fermor added, earnestly, "I would sooner sit down to a mutton-chop—a well-done mutton-chop—and a pint of sherry, than a dozen courses of his ragouts."

With this little profession of faith, which he threw in gratuitously, he sent away his visitor. During the day he thought pleasantly over the prospect, and laid himself out to amuse them by some new phenomena of his personality. He dressed himself with effect, set a freshly-pulled gentleman's bouquet in his coat, and at the fixed hour he and his *to ego* ascended the stairs together, and were announced.

He was astonished to see what an elegant looking room it was, and to find that the furniture was not of rude cast-iron, nor of unhewn wood. Miss Carlay was there, but not, as in the garden, propped up with pillows. Almost as soon as he had shaken hands, Fermor had started with his graceful garrulity.

"I can see a marked improvement," he said. "I am not at all surprised. The doctors, you know, are beginning to send people here. *I find* myself better. I am one of those people that feel every breath of air. In fact, I am an animated barometer, a human aneroid." As soon as he entered, Mr. Carlay, in a grim dinner coat cut out of sheet iron, and new black trousers like short lengths of an iron water-main, had drawn off, and was walking up and down at the other end of the room. In Miss Carlay a faint tinge of color, and the manner which is peculiar to delicacy, made her appear very interesting to Fermor.

They went down to dinner. A small round table, a little graceful silver, a little glass, as graceful in shape and pattern, and flowers. No iron ore, as Fermor had almost expected. It was surprising. Everything was good, and tasteful, and hot; with a bottle of claret, too, Fermor's favorite wine. He was much pleased, became much surprised, and to reward them put spurs to the *to ego*. "By the way," he said, "I have a little bit of news, which I dare say will take you by surprise. Perhaps it is no news, and perhaps you have heard it; and perhaps, again, it is not worthy of the name of news, and you would not care to hear it." He waited for deserved applause for this ingenious way of putting the thing—and got it.

The young lady welcomed everything he said; not indeed with words, but with silence, which to him was golden, and therefore far better.

"They are going to marry me!" he said, looking round and smiling.

Mr. Carlay gave a grim and sudden jerk, which in another would have been a start. Fermor, who had his eye on the daughter, saw, to his real astonishment, a flutter—not a start—and color. He really had the idea that he was giving them what the French call "a good mouth," and that, at the news, there should be illuminations generally, in all directions.

"Yes," said Fermor, speaking of himself as of another person, and as if he were helpless in the hands of some one else. "The thing, I believe, is appointed for every one, like death—it is only a question of time. My dissolution has been coming on a long time: so I only wrap my robe gracefully about my head, and fall down pierced with many wounds." He was immensely gratified at this effect, and felt compunction. "Of course I should be glad, and yet I feel sorry. I should like it to be delayed a little—perhaps not to come off at all. She is charming, and too good *for me*: but who can tell how these things turn out? It is quite a lottery—all a lottery."

This gracious apology—so considerately made—seemed to do little good.

But he could not but observe the confusion his sudden news had caused. Miss Carlay's eyes were on her plate, and she was making a pretence of eating very fast. For the rest of the time she scarcely spoke at all, and very early fled away. Her father rolled his eyes grimly, and gave out a word now and again, like the sound of rusty machinery in motion. But Fermor, in great spirits, let his talk whirl round like the fly-wheel of an engine; and perhaps the name of that fly-wheel was the *to ego*.

He said afterwards he never had such a dreadful duty cast on him as the struggling against the sense of that oppressive man, who would *not* talk. "I might as well have been in a room by myself," he said to Young Brett, "speaking to the epergne. Such a moody soul as it was." Finally, Mr. Carlay pushed back his chair roughly, and got up.

"Ah, join the ladies," said Fermor, washing his fingers, "or lady, eh?"

"We have ways of our own here," said the other, standing at the door. "We are early persons. We don't join the ladies, or carry out that sort of thing. My daughter is not nearly strong enough, so you will excuse us, please."

In fact, at that moment a maid came down with a message. Miss Carlay was not very well, and could not appear again. "You see," said Mr. Carlay, now in the hall. "We are not suited for company and its forms, and must take our chance of being considered, behind the times. So—"

He had opened the hall door. Fermor felt himself, in fact, morally taken by the shoulders and put out. He went down the steps chafing. "This is but the usual thing," he said. "I own I deserve it. This comes of going down into a lower rank. And really," he added, with a wounded air, to himself, "after all I said, and the way I exerted myself." Still, it was a grateful subject to think how oddly the news of his "happiness" had been received. That poor, soft, good-natured girl—it did seem as if it had overwhelmed her. As for her father, he was a common ploughman; but while he gave him up to the sword, he would mark a white cross on *her* door. In fact, he would go in and see her in the morning, encourage her, smoothe her soft hair (morally speaking, and console her.

The next morning, which was sunny and without a breath of air abroad, he looked out from his back window. The usual picture was not to be seen: neither the young girl, nor the arm-chair, nor the pillows, nor the maid holding the parasol like an Indian servant. Later in the day, he set his decorators and upholsterers to work, fitted himself up with great nicety, and went in to call. He had not lectured on Roger le Garçon for a long time.

"Miss Carlay in?" he said, almost passing the servant as a matter of course. But he was told "No." (This maid was not of the class who thought him "a lovely young man.") He retired much disgusted, and took down all his fine hangings and upholstery. Two days after he called again, feeling a strange longing to say something on Roger le Garçon, but was not admitted. Yet he had seen the young girl in the garden that morning. He was furious. It was all that low engine-driver, stoker, ploughman—that anything—her father. That poor soft girl was tyrannized over, and could not resist. However, now he had a fair excuse for "cutting the whole concern—toute la boutique." The course on Roger le Garçon was suspended, and the lecturer himself "interdicted," like M. Renan. He had a little mental slate, and he wiped their names off with his sleeve.

Fermor had, besides, laid out for himself the pleasant pastime of "forming Violet's mind." With this view he used to converse with her a good deal upon the phenomenon of his *own* mind. In this department of psychology he was very fluent. Violet, in a devotee attitude, with her soft eyes fixed on her master, tried hard to follow, and, curious to say, her lecturer seemed better pleased when he could *not* be followed than when he was suddenly halted and eagerly shown that he was understood. He did not, however, include the rest of the family in his lectures.

From the very first day after Major Carter's party, he had suddenly drawn the line, as he called it, and erected strong barriers between the rest of the family and himself. "Though I take the daughter," he said, "I do not, on that account, marry the whole family. She is absorbed into ours. I don't want her to bring *them* with her. No! No!" And to her he said privately, "My dear Violet, you are charming, as, of course, and what I think of you I have shown. But I must really protest against your relations—that is, against taking them en masse. It may be very well now, but I do sincerely hope they may be got to understand the footing I desire to have them on. Now I must say, coming home the other day and finding them all in a carriage at the door, and that wild brother of yours in the hall—"

"Indeed," interrupted Violet, piteously (she some way never could gain courage to call him Charles, and therefore never called him by any name), "*indeed* they meant it well, and Pauline and Louis were against it, but mamma said you would think it so rude if they did not call on you."

"And why," said Fermor, with a curious want of logic, "should they be so violent against so common an act of courtesy? To tell you the truth, my dear Violet, I don't like your brother, and you must not be angry with me for telling you."

"O no, no," said Violet.

"I can't help it, and I can't give a distinct reason for it, no more than I can for not liking cucumbers or beef, or any other of the strong things. *He* is the cucumber of your family," he added, smiling, and wishing to reward her attention by the present of a little jest.

She laughed and enjoyed it, as she enjoyed everything he meant to be enjoyed.

"Now," said he, "suppose we go back to lessons."

That is, to the personal psychology, and to the psychology they returned. He turned on a little jet, and the personal experiences began to flow on steadily.

"Many people say I have a cold manner, and farther think, *because* I have a cold manner, I must be cold. Does it follow? The fact is, I don't care to be enthusiastic, at least not about everything. It is not my nature, and yet—perhaps it is. Perhaps I feel that if I were to give way to it I would become all enthusiasm, and froth away like a bottle of champagne left open accidentally. Now, what would *you* say?"

A dreadfully embarrassing question for the shy little witness under examination. And, indeed, any expert even would have found it hard to have extracted any plain, positive theory out of Captain Fermor's contradictory speculation. Most likely he did not wish her, for he shook his head over her, smiling.

"No, no," he said. "It is not every one that can understand me. I am like a Chaldee manuscript. It would take years of patient labor to find the key." And so, with a hailstorm of "I, I, I," the personal narrative flowed on for twenty minutes more. Violet listened with soft and dilated eyes, trying hard to keep up with his broader stride, and, to say the truth, was a little fatigued. But all this while we can understand that her mind was being "formed."

Young Brett, that good boy, had been in and out with him all through—the most faithful of faithful terriers. Fermor really began to like him, and once or twice shifted a dreadfully sarcastic "snub" on to the head of his own man. With a little adaptation it did just as well. Young Brett had been up and down to Town with mystery and meaning, and finally burst upon Fermor with a superb fire-arm, breech-loading, silver mounted, with needle and the rest of it—reposing, too, in a luxurious couch of green velvet, where it would be exceedingly warm during the winter nights. Poor child, he had the Indian notion about a weapon of this sort, and would have given all the skins, furs, and cowries he was worth for a rifle and powder and shot, considering that human happiness, riches, comfort, and amusement, lay packed in a gun case.

Fermor received this marriage offering in a very kindly manner, turning it over graciously—after a short inspection, ringing for his man to take it away, into his bedroom. This was very much from him. For presents *were* one of his grievances.

"People encumber you with them," he said; and one of his comic pocket definitions, which he often took out and handed round the company, was that of a Present: "something you do not want, to be repaid by something you cannot afford. This is *my idea*," he said.

He took little Brett with him, as it were upon his staff, to see the Manuels pretty often, and sent that honest boy to them as often, when he was not in the vein to go himself. The family liked the sight of his white hair and his free speech. He secretly admired both, more particularly the elder girl, who was "splendid, by Jove!" He would have liked to have given her a gun. He saw they liked hearing about Fermor, and "rattled" away vivaciously on that pleasant theme. He spoke of him always with the deepest reverence and pride. "I believe," he said, "I am about the only fellow he likes among them all. He never told me so, but I *think* so. O, he is wonderful! *such* knowledge of the world, such quietness, such ease. I would give *anything*" (the image of his favorite breech-loader rising before him) "to have something like it! He says it is training; that he has trained himself. O, it is wonderful! He can do what he likes with people," he went on. "There is an old cynic next door to him, with a daughter—I should be afraid to look at him with an opera glass. But he has got round *him:* he has the run of the house, I may say. O, it is wonderful!"

The girls became interested. These were the times of the lectures upon Roger le Garçon.

"And who are these people?" said Pauline.

"O, a fellow like a tall schoolmaster. I know he scared me out of all my senses. But Fermor knows how to tame every one. He made Fermor dine with him the other day."

"And the daughter?" said Violet, anxiously.

"A nice, soft creature, that sits in a chair," said Young Brett, rapturously, as if this last attitude were one of her virtues; "so delicate and gentle, and, by Jove! so grateful when Fermor goes in to see her. He does it very often," continued Young Brett, with great seriousness; "out of charity, like visiting the hospitals, he says."

Pauline, glancing nervously at her sister, changed the subject, by asking Young Brett how he liked his new gun; and presently Violet, making some vain attempts at doing her work, got up with an impetuous rustle, and fled to her room. Her sister knew these signs of trouble.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Pauline found her in sore distress, with two red rims round her bright eyes. "O child, child!" said she. "I know you would be fretting yourself with these trifles."

"*I am a child*," said the other, bursting out afresh, "and I can't help it. And *he* knows it, and treats me like one. O, Pauline, you were wise and I was foolish. He just thinks of me as he would of his little dog—just to amuse him for half an hour. O, I am beginning to be very miserable."

And there was anguish and despair, and the good sister applied the usual soothing lotions, and tranquillized her, as she alone had the power of doing, with the weak liniment of reason.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

A LITTLE HEART IN TROUBLE.

Late in the afternoon arrived Fermor the Splendid. He came to "form her mind." He noted the faint red rings and the remains of the dejection. He was soothing and gallant, and encouraging. He comforted and petted with his noble and silvery accents. Her little soul was burning in her to bring him gently to account, but she stood too much in awe of him, and shrank into low spirits. He freezed down any hysterics in a second.

"A little frowardness," he thought. "Upon my word, I am sorry to see this. I must eradicate it gently but firmly. Violet," he said, gravely, "you are not in your usual spirits to-day, I fancy. No! You can't conceal anything from me. Somebody has put you out a little."

"No, no," said Violet, eagerly.

"My dear child, it is written there," he said, pointing to her face, "in text-hand. It is a great pity to let you really be put out by trifles, for in your little round of life *you* can only encounter trifles. Now, take me. In the larger tract of life through which *I* have to walk, what purgatory *I* should suffer if I let myself be disturbed. I might as well give up. Things must master me, or I must master things. I prefer the latter. You should make an exertion, Violet. It will come after a time."

Violet cast her eyes down, trembling a little. These "hortatives" always chilled.

"How will you face the world?" said Fermor. "How will you rough it? for rough it we must, to a certain degree. Or I must rough it for both, I suppose," said Fermor, resignedly. "It will all come on my shoulders."

"O!" said Violet, sorrowfully, "I would not mind—that is, I would do—I mean—anything, if I only thought—that is—"

"Really," said Fermor, "I do not quite follow. Your English, Violet, is rather unconnected. You should try and throw your words into the form of a sentence."

"But when—" began Violet, passionately; then stopped short, a little scared.

"Yes?" said Fermor, quite calmly, who thought, as he walked home, how he had played her skillfully, like a little perch at the end of his line. "Let us hear it."

"O, if I thought," said she again, becoming passionate, "that you really cared for me, and loved me! But you don't. No, you don't. *Do* you? Tell me now. Do you?"

Fermor was secretly pleased. She looked really beautiful at that moment. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes glistening, as if a shower were about to fall, and there was an imploring air about her, an acknowledgment of superior power, and an entreaty for mercy.

"My poor child," said Fermor, very tenderly, "what have you got into your little head? Something foreign, I know. Come, tell me. I am not to be taken in, you know. *Of course* I like you," he added, graciously.

"And nobody else? Do you like nobody else?" she said, plaiting the corner of her dress like a little girl stopped and questioned in the street.

"No one else?" said Fermor, a little surprised. "Why, of course not; at least, not in the same degree. These are very odd questions."

"I know, I know," she said, eagerly, "and I should not speak in this way. But you are so run after, and are so clever, it is only natural people should ask you into their houses, and listen to you—and—sit with them in the hospitals—whereas I am so foolish and so little sought, I have only *one* person to look to. I think of—"

The clouds on Fermor's face drifted away to the right and left. The sun came out.

"You little, absurd, ridiculous child," he said, with gracious vituperation. "So *that* is what you are coming to. Because I go in and see a dull old gentleman and a sick girl? Some of the gossips have been entertaining you, eh?"

Violet hung down her head and said nothing.

"And you have been inflaming your little jealous wits with their stories. Now, if I had not luckily hit on the true state of things, we should have had a combustion and explosion, perhaps, and possibly," Fermor added, with a climax, "a—a scene! As for having a special Act of Parliament passed forbidding conversation with ladies, or having a portable wall built round me," continued Fermor, with great humor, "and a sunk fence too wide to be jumped across by young girls, these things, my dear Violet, are not to be thought of in the nineteenth century. Even if they were, they would be absurd."

Violet smiled, not through tears, but through that little mist which was before her bright eyes.

"You *know*," she said, repeating her one idea, "you are so superior to me, and know the world *so* deeply, and *so* wonderfully. Still, as a favor to me, if you only *would*—"

"Put up the six-foot wall?" said Fermor, gaily, and with smiling encouragement. "Well, it is up. Consider it up from this moment. There!"

Overpowered by this generosity in impromptu masonry, Violet humbled herself at her lord's feet, and he raised her good naturedly.

"I shall take no more notice of them," he said. "They are scarcely, in fact, in our sphere. You well understand me, I fancy. A mere sick girl, and I, out of charity, went round the hospital."

Thus, in general effusions, and with fireworks and catherine-wheels flying round, the scene closed in.

But the little heart was restless and troubled; she was scarcely satisfied with the magnificent explanation and the metaphors of the stone wall and Acts of Parliament. Her instinct pierced through all the disguises of "sick girl," "charity," "hospital," and the rest of it." If a "sick girl," perhaps an interesting girl, and charity was terribly akin to warmer feelings. So, when her grand caliph was gone, she gave way to the gloomiest despondency. She was miserable, and there was no happiness on the wide earth.

She knew Fermor was gone down to the barracks "to be made a machine of," as he put it, and she knew where Brown's-terrace was pretty well. She presently got on her bonnet, the bonnet with the red flower, and that seemed to be made of spiders' webs, and with her little face full of care, tripped away in a guilty sort of fashion.

At Brown's-terrace she passed hurriedly before the house, scarcely venturing to look at it; then came back, reconnoitring it softly, like a vidette. Gradually growing bolder, she got courage for a steady look at the drawing-room windows on each side, but saw nothing. She went away, took a short walk, and came back timorously, and then saw at one of the windows a girl in an invalid's attitude, with a book which she had been reading on her lap; and this girl she saw in a second was not "a sick girl" in the sense described, but a very soft and interesting "delicate" creature.

The color came to her cheeks again, as, indeed, it did very often in the course of a day. She was *indeed* plunged into misery. She was thinking how it was now practically "all over," when she heard Young Brett's voice close beside her, telling her that she would be sure to find Fermor out now, but that if she had any message he would run up to the barracks for him.

He was at that moment full of the good nature which is troublesome. Should he knock at the door and see had he by any chance come in? Very likely he would have called at the Carlays', next door, with whom he was "always in and out." By the way, look! there was Miss Carlay in the window, and it was a great pity she was so delicate, was it not?

Violet, thinking she was now fairly embarked in diplomacy, thought timorously how she would examine this boyish witness. "But he never sees these people—latterly, I mean," she said. "I think he said he had given them up!"

Young Brett laughed with all the boisterous scorn of superior knowledge. "No, no," he said; "they are great friends. He is the best fellow in the world. He gives up hours of his time to sitting with that poor, pretty invalid. There!" he said, triumphantly, "there's her father!" And the grim figure stalked down the steps, shut to what was almost part of his flesh and blood—that is, the iron gate—opened the gate next door, and stalked up Fermor's steps.

In hopeless confusion she returned home, and spent a troubled night. Poor soul! she was a child, as Fermor had told her, and she tried hard to comfort herself with his assurance about the stone wall and the sunk fence. Though she knew so little of the world, she had her hurricanes in a Sèvres teacup, and a whole view of the whole world in a stereoscope.

When Fermor reached home, he found a letter and a piece of news waiting for him. The letter was from Lady Laura Fermor, and his forehead contracted as he looked at it. The piece of news was that Mr. Carlay had called, and his brow cleared again. "On his knees, it seems," he said, gaily. Before he had been in ten minutes, the human casting was stalking into his room once more. Fermor fetched out his coat of supreme indifference, and got into it as into a paletot.

"I was here before—to-day," said the other. "You were out, it seems."

Fermor shrugged his shoulders and the shoulders seemed to say in their own language, "Was our master obliged to wait at home? or to be in always, on the chance of *your* honoring us with a visit?"

"You have been busy all this week past," continued Mr. Carlay. "Your time has been taken up, I presume?"

"I generally contrive that it shall be," said Fermor, carelessly. "I have generally to compress two days' work into one. I like to be busy." This was the idea in his mind, but in reality he never had any of that trouble of compression. "Well," he continued, with a smile, "assuming this as a basis—that I have sufficient to keep me employed?"

The other looked at him steadfastly. "I think," he said, "what has once been begun should go on. There should be no interruption without cause. If one man cares to see another, and has been seeing another for a time, it seems unmeaning that he should suddenly break off without reason. Life is not to be a series of spasms."

Fermor followed him perfectly. "Of course not," he said. "I hope Miss Carlay is better to-day?"

Mr. Carlay rose a little hastily. "I don't know," he said, with really something like agitation; "she *was* better, and I thought she was mending. Sometimes I think it her spirits. I am too gloomy company. But what can I do? No one naturally cares to come to our gloomy house, and I have not the knack of giving a cheerful welcome; perhaps contrive to offend, besides. I don't mean it, God knows I don't."

"You should cheer her up," said Fermor, gaily.

"I!" said Mr. Carlay, grimly showing his teeth; then, with an almost painful effort to give flexibility to the iron about his face, "Ah! if you *would* be kind enough to look in at some spare time, and talk a little to her as people of the world do. She likes it, I think, and *I* have long since lost the trick."

Fermor smiled; first at the notion of his calling genius a trick; secondly, at the notion of *his* ever having had it. But the flavor of the homage in the whole transaction was so welcome, that the message from the throne came couched in the most gracious terms.

"Would Miss Carlay be able to see people to-morrow?" he said, as if a new idea had occurred suddenly to him. "Any rate, I will take my chance. I have just got some of Hachette's new things I should like to show her" (*i. e.* lecture upon).

Then Mr. Carlay went his way grimly rejoicing. And Fermor, stretching himself like a minister who had just given an audience, began to open his mail of letters. There were the usual elements—a circular, a bill, an application to be steward at the dinner for Charwomen's Orphans, and the domestic letter. They all received speedy and decent burial in a waste-paper basket under the table, with the exception of Lady Laura's. It was headed "London, Duke's Hotel, Dover street," which startled him a little, and ran:

"MY DEAR CHARLES—We are all arrived here safely, after a dreadful journey, which has turned Alicia and Blanche into perfect wrecks." (It was a little unjust laying this wholly to the account of the journey.) "We shall rest here until to-morrow, when we shall set off for Eastport.

"We are all in a fever of curiosity to see the girl you have chosen. At least, the girls are; for I, at this very moment, have a perfect idea of her before me. I always agreed with you in liking those high-bred, tall, classical creatures, almost cold in their manner, and as well trained in society as soldiers. You are a little cold yourself, my dear Charles, and run a little into the extreme. But it is de rigueur in a woman.

"Our relative, Pecock, is coming with us, and in his way is, I suspect, as curious as the girls. She must be careful before him, my dear Charles, for, entre nous, he knows men and women like his spelling-book.

"You will have apartments looked out for us in a genteel situation; three bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a parlor.

"Believe me, your affectionate mother,
"LAURA FERMOR."

He was chafed and "put out" by this letter. "Why should she take *that* into her head?" he said. "Does she suppose I am to marry a stalactite? Not one of them *ever* understood me. Women always take you literally in everything you say. Now, we shall have a regular exhibition, and I shall have them all staring with eye-glasses at my show." He got up disgusted and walked about. "I knew they would be making a fuss. I had an instinct of it. Coming this way in a mob! Really intolerable!" And he walked round and round with angry protest. "And *she*," he said, with a stamp, "to be 'cold,' forsooth, and exhibit training indeed!" He was now at the very pinnacle of disgust, but at the same time he felt a sudden uncomfortable chill as he thought of how "the girl he had chosen" would behave among these cold inquirers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
 Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
 Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
 Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
 Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
 Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Nor in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
 Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
 When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
 And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
 Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain;
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
 And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

A SHARP SELL.—Joe F., the model wholesale and retail family grocer, just round the corner there in W. street, is a professional wag, and occasionally does some selling not achieved by weights and measures. One day last week, Joe spent four hours elaborating in blue, black, and red ink, a fancy handbill, that he hung conspicuously on the outside of his door-post. In about an hour, Josh T., wholesale dealer in dried and salt fish down Delaware Avenue, who supplies Joe with all that sort of material, drifted along, saw Joe's fancy bait, and bit at it.

"Any party purchasing $10 worth of goods, shall be sold on more reasonable terms than at any other establishment in town. Any person dissatisfied with their bill, it will be given to them gratis—TERMS CASH."

Josh was pretty well posted in Joe's proclivities, and sharp as a razor himself, and had some diamond cross-cut with the grocer. "Now I'll take Joe on the wing," Josh said to himself; and he went in and ordered fifty odd dollars' worth of choice groceries.

"I'll protest against that bill when it's made out, paid, and receipted, and fall back on Joe's poster for protection," Josh argued. And he did protest, with good reason, too, for Joe had charged him about twenty-eight per cent. above current rates for every article purchased. The bill was paid, however, and then Josh put in his protest. "Look here, Joe. You advertise to sell, parties buying $10 worth of goods more reasonably than any establishment in town." "Yes; and live up to my profession. I don't charge you a single cent *for selling you*. If you can find any one to do it for less, give 'em your custom, neighbor." "O yes, I see that *sell* now. But then how about giving me my bill, as you agree to do? I am really dissatisfied with it." "All right, Josh. There's your bill, receipted. Take it along, sir—no use to me—you're welcome to it." "*Sold* all round. I say, Joe, when do you want those No. 1 mackerel?" Josh went out, and off down street, whistling very softly, "O, the tricks of trade."

SAMBO'S GLORY.

Chalk and ivory! Heels and shins!
Sambo's glory now begins!
Go 'way, white man! you don't know
How to vote right—dat is so!
Yaw, yaw, yaw! yaw, yaw, yaw!
De happiest day I eber saw!
War's de tickets! Fetch 'em straight!
I votes early, I votes late,
I votes often, I votes right—
I'se no ignoramus white;
Man and brudder, equal born,
De Maker's image (in a horn!)
De glory ob de risin' day,
De culled cuss from Africa!
Oh, kinkey, minkey, skunkey, oh!
If dis ain't glory, tell me so!

An Evening
AT A
WORKINGMAN'S CLUB.

BY HAROLD KING.

A few weeks since, I received a flattering invitation from a Working Man to spend an evening with him at his Club. The word Club sounded droll at first on my ear from a man in a labor-stained, corduroy suit; but a moment's reflection corrected the involuntary impression, and I cordially and gladly accepted the invitation. And why not? The Poor Man is equally entitled to his Club as the Rich, and more so. The Rich Man has a thousand ways of passing his time, a thousand distractions, which the Poor Man has not. The one need never be wearied or ennuied but from the excess of his leisure and opportunities, from an *embarras de richesse*; whereas the other has need of every kind of salutary amusement to keep alive in him that better part which is but too little thought of in the toil and drudgery of life. Gladly I accepted the invitation, especially as it promised to afford me an excellent occasion to study a new phase of my fellow-laborer's existence, and to note what were the practical results of a grand social movement with which I had heartily sympathized, but which I had, like many others, too little investigated.

The note of invitation was accompanied by the following handbill, or circular:

WORKINGMEN'S CLUB,
——— STREET.
COMFORTABLE READING ROOMS.
Well lighted and supplied with Newspapers, the best Periodicals, and upwards of 100 Volumes of Books.
A Smoking and Coffee Rooms,
Chess, Draughts, Bagatelle, and Skittle-Ground,
EVENING CLASSES, AND LECTURES ON INTERESTING SUBJECTS.
Discussion Class on Tuesday evening.
Singing Class on Wednesday evening.
Geometry Class " "
Chess Class, Thursday evening.
Drawing Class, Friday evening.
A Free-and-Easy on Saturday.
TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.
2d. per week, or 1s. 6d. per quarter in advance.
No member admitted under 18 years of age.
Working Men are earnestly invited to support this Club, the management being in their own hands.
N. B.—House of Call for every class of Working Men.
Open on Week-Days from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M., and on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M., for Reading and Conversation only.
All who take an interest in this movement are invited to call and see the rooms.

The last sentence especially applied to me, and seemed to be a second invitation, indorsing that of my friend. Accordingly, one evening I set off to pay the promised visit.

Both time and place were remarkably propitious, and offered some touching contrasts. The night was wet, cold, and dreary, and made one long to be in-doors. The neighborhood, too, in which the Club had been established was squalid in the extreme. The gaslights at the low butchers' and green-grocers' shops flared through a dense mist, or steam, which was rendered lurid by the flare; the pavement was sloppy and slippery as I trudged along, while the pools of water in the streets and gutters appeared on fire as they reflected the fluttering flames of the tradesmen's burners. Every object was dripping with wretchedness. The pallid creatures who flitted by me in this rank atmosphere of discomfort, or grouped themselves for shelter beneath the eaves of the doorways, had a Dantesque appearance in their forlorn and soaking misery. It seemed to me that in the street, in which the Club was situated, Despair had established his head-quarters. A black banner might have waved across its entrance, inscribed with the motto, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." It was narrow, low, overhanging, dark, and dilapidated—the perennial den of suffering. Those who abode within its gloomy precincts partook of its grim character, and, as they passed, shook their drenched frames with a shudder that said, true as language ever conveyed the meaning of the heart, "This cannot last long; a few, a very few, years of neglect and disease, and then—Death," yes, Death the Rest-giver; Death the Comforter. Two women were lingering near a brilliantly-illuminated and gorgeously-decorated gin-palace. Taking some coppers from their pockets, they turned them over and over again in the palms of their hands, reluctant, apparently, to part with them, or calculating if they had enough for a quartern, and let us hope, to spare But such a night! they must have the burning solace, the hideous consolation of alcohol; so, after a moment's talk, they dashed into the splendid Hall of Ruin dazzling with light and color. Was not that shelter far less pitiless than the streaming skies and the nipping wind? Deplorable Refuge!—what a Circean stye the interior!—what men, what women, what language!

Opposite, exactly opposite, to this gilded sink of misery and sin was the Club—a neat, comfortable, corner house, well lighted from every window. What a contrast to the tumble-down tenements which stretched away right and left into the reeling darkness! The next house had many of its panes broken, and patched up with paper or rags; the shutters and window-sills were rotten and black with soot; the door was literally plastered with mud. Poverty—hopeless, degraded, prostrate poverty—was written in every feature of that forlorn building, the *home* of at least half a dozen families.

What a contrast, too, to the flaunting, flaring, blazing "public" on the other side of the way, was the Club.

I crossed over, knocked, and at once gained admittance. My friend and host for the occasion was, I learned, up stairs, presiding over a public debate, so was unable to receive me in person; but he had left word that on my arrival I should be shown into the Parliament Chamber.

A glance round into the passages and rooms, as I went up stairs, revealed an air of cleanliness and comfort, of peace and order, that told marvellously by the side of the scenes I had just quitted outside.

Well would it be for those who question the orderly disposition of the masses, their power of self-control, and their readiness to hear reason, to be present at such a discussion as I listened to that memorable evening. They would soon convince themselves of the patience, good-humor, and let me say, gravity, with which an English artisan and common laborer can conduct a debate. We do not expect to find their names and speeches recorded in the chronicles of Hansard; yet many of the observations thrown out on the occasion of my visit would not have been misplaced in the voluminous pages of that mysterious editor and publisher.

The room into which I was ushered was amply large for the purpose; in fact, it had formerly been two, but had been converted into one by the demolition of a pair of folding-doors, and a slight widening of the breach thus made. Forms were ranged along by the walls, while at the upper end, constituting a bench of honor, stood a table placed crosswise, behind which sat the principal speakers. The subject of debate was a well-worn one, "The American War, and the Justice of Neutrality," whether England had been right in remaining neutral. I forget the exact form of the proposition; but this was the sum and substance at issue: "Was England justified in remaining neutral? Was the North originally in the right or in the wrong?" Here was a pretty wide field, and the subject, I must say, was widely treated. I am not going to report the debate of that evening. I will, however, indicate a few of the chief features of the discussion, in order to show the manner in which it was conducted, and the style of the rhetoric.

I went prepared—I had been forewarned—to hear some forcible, not to say rough-hewn oratory. And to such I was treated, though in a mitigated degree. The want of polish and refinement was by no means so conspicuous as I expected to find it; curious, however, was it to notice how strong the ruling passion was in each speaker; how he made each subject turn upon some idiosyncrasy, and revolve around it, however unconnected or alien the train of argument. Thus one man—a deep, original thinker, who expressed his views boldly, not to say bluntly, made the "currency question" the pivot on which all his ideas moved. This style was somewhat novel to me; but not to the majority of the audience, who were amused with his ingenuity and good-humoredly put up with remarks, comments, and financial facts they had heard fifty times before. A second speaker took a politico-philanthropic view of the question, and nothing less than negro-suffrage would satisfy him; a third regarded the subject commercially and socially; a fourth took a historical and international survey of the question, and so on.

Of course, the speakers displayed a great variety of power and eloquence; as much, in fact, as the difference in the fashion, color and material of their clothes. Some were better informed than others, having read thoughtfully, if not largely; some had a natural fluency of speech, and a vivid imagination; some had had greater experience in addressing an audience. All, however, conducted themselves with decorum and confidence, every encouragement being given even to the weakest and most tedious to go on. What appeared still more striking was the serious demeanor of the assembly. Every one seemed to feel that he was taking part in a grave debate, and not in a mere desultory rhetorical display, started for the sake of an hour's amusement. An excellent regulation limited each speaker to ten minutes. A sand-glass stood on the table, and when the fountain became exhausted at one end, the President turned the crystal cascade upside down with a gentle tap. This is an unmistakable sign to the Demosthenes of the moment that his eloquence must cease. Should he, however, in the glow and excitement of his declamation, forget to notice the falling sands, or fail to hear the gentle tap, the company reminded him of the fact, either by a slight shuffle of the feet, or an appeal to the chairman. It was pleasant to witness how good-humoredly he who had the "ear of the house" submitted to the discipline of silence. "Time up," was a sore cry to more than one, but it was cheerfully obeyed.

As soon as the debate was over, my friend joined me. He was not only anxious to have my opinion, but evidently nervous, I could see, by the excuses and apologies he made about it.

"You must not look here for elegance of style, and I dare say the grammar was not to your ear altogether pure," was almost the first words he uttered.

"To say nothing," I interposed with a smile, "of the dumb 'h's' made to speak, and the bold ones burked."

"If you don't get elegance, grammar, or your 'h's,'" replied my friend, slightly annoyed, "you have strength of expression and sincerity. Every man spoke his convictions; what he said came from the heart."

"Don't mistake me, my friend. What I have seen and heard has delighted me exceedingly. The moral good effected I consider incalculable."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"I say so frankly, because I think so. To get laboring men in their every-day clothes, just leaving off work, to turn in and sit and listen to such a debate as I have heard to-night, is a great fact; then the opportunity so afforded of ventilating opinions among these workmen is a great gain; and I was pleased, also," I added, "to see so little of the 'stump' introduced by either of the speakers. Moderation in the views put forward struck me forcibly."

"If any one had ventured to express too broad an opinion," replied my guide, "he knew he would be warmly taken to task by probably the next speaker; he's free in every respect. You cannot imagine the good effected by the fact, that all are equal in this Wittenagemot."

I have dwelt longer on this phase of the Working Man's Club, as it seemed to me the highest and most remarkable. There were, however, other phases, each good in its way, which I will briefly note.

While the foregoing conversation was taking place, my friend had conducted me into other parts of the Club. On the story above the debating-room is the Library. It was in an incipient state; nevertheless, on the table lay several weekly and monthly periodicals, illustrated and non-illustrated, some newspapers, and a pamphlet or two. Thus any member, who felt so disposed, might come in and gather up the news and opinions of the day in what was verily a studious quiet. On the shelves were a few, a very few books, the gifts of friends. They were mostly of a miscellaneous description, and included tales and sensational novels, history, travels, &c. Although it must be confessed the majority like light reading—and why should they not?—many delight in scientific works, and the works of writers on political economy. This latter class of reading, however, belongs mainly to the skilled artisan. His strong mind, like his strong hand, must have something solid and tough to handle. There was also a feeble attempt at a natural history museum in the room. On the mantel-shelf were ranged—not, however, in complete order—several geological specimens, with the names attached to each of them; above the mantel-piece was a case of stuffed birds, and in a recess some dried plants and herbs. If I remember rightly, there was also a drawer containing a small collection of dried moths and butterflies.

"Our natural history collection, like our library," observed my friend, who, by-the-by, I found took a prominent part in the management of the Club, "is not large; but it will grow. Strange as it may seem, several of our members have already shown a deep interest both in geology and botany, and I have great hopes of before long being able to furnish them with a larger collection."

Thinking I had seen enough of the educational department, or apartment, my friend took me down stairs to the ground-floor. A delicious aromatic odor, which reminded one of Araby the Blest, or at least of the Mocha berry, filled the passages, which, I was told, proceeded from the kitchen, where tea and coffee were always kept hot, and could be had, at the "shortest notice," and at a "moderate price," in conjunction with bread and butter, toast, eggs, bloaters, a chop, or a rasher of bacon. The *cuisine* was not very spacious; it was originally the back parlor, and had been fitted up with a coffee-shop battery, or range, and decorated with cups and saucers, plates and dishes. The cook and her husband were installed in the house in the capacity of warders, and, in addition to the duties of the kitchen, had to keep the establishment neat and clean. Much of the comfort of the members depends upon them.

There were only two places more for me to visit—the bagatelle room and the skittle alley. The bagatelle room adjoined the kitchen; in fact, it was originally the front parlor. It was a good, commodious size, and here I found several young men standing over the game, some as players, some as spectators. They all seemed to take a lively interest in the stroke of the cue-holder, and its success. These young men were the same who, six months back, frequented the bagatelle rooms of public houses, played for pots of beer, and wrangled over the results of the game. Here there was the utmost order and good spirits; no gambling was permitted by the rules of the Club, or malt-liquor. Smoking, however, was not prohibited, and this luxury several of the young fellows indulged in with infinite zest. The skittle alley was a stage lower down. It had formerly been the courtyard and cellar. It was now thrown into one, and was nicely fitted up, and frequented by the more active and muscular of the members.

To one point I must draw particular attention, otherwise my account of the Club would do it signal injustice. The night I attended was a "parliamentary night;" had I visited my friend on a Tuesday or a Saturday, I should have been regaled with a discussion or a concert, known as a Free-and-Easy, according to the evening. The debate to me, however, was worth all the rest, for it told me more distinctly and emphatically into what these Workingmen's Clubs might eventually be developed; it showed me advantageously the class and character of the men who become members, and gave me a general estimate of their moral and intellectual calibre. These institutions, I felt convinced, as I left that night, will become colleges—if they are not so already—in which lessons of order, self-control, and true morality will become insensibly inculcated and permanently acquired.

A word in general about the Clubs. Will they endure, and wherein does their vitality exist? That they will last has become self-evident; the basis of their strength and growth lying in their constitution. They are *free* from what Charles Dickens happily terms "that grand impertinence—patronage." The first and essential principle of these Clubs is self government. On this rock they stand. They are managed and controlled by a body elected from among the members, and by themselves. That they have kind and influential friends who give them counsel, aid them with their experience, and sometimes lend them material support, is true; but these benefactors do not and cannot directly, without the franchise of the whole Club, interfere in its governance—least of all as patrons or sovereign directors. Naturally there are many details which the members, left to themselves, can scarcely be expected to carry out; but when once a Club has been launched and set afloat in the right direction, it is astonishing to find what marked administrative capacities its committee has shown. To the Working-men's Club Union much, too, is due; for it has done great things in extending the formation and consolidating the foundation of these Clubs, supporting them indeed, through the swaddling stage of their existence, until they had strength enough to stand alone. When, however, they have been cut adrift of the parent institute, they have, as a rule, thriven exceedingly well.

One good sign—and one my chivalric nature will not allow me to overlook—is the favor the Clubs meet with from the women. Enlist female influence on your side, and you are safe. Many a wife has already blessed the day her husband paid his first installment for admission.

"My husband," said one woman to the secretary of this very Club, "used to spend his week's earnings at the 'public' on Saturday night, except a little he brought home to me, and what could he do the other evenings? He would hang about after Monday outside, until some one asked him to take something, for he had a score there by Monday. Now he gets to his Club, as he knows he shall get good company, and a 'some ut' to amuse him; and he may smoke, though he cannot drink; however, he has his pint afore he goes in, and there is no more temptation. He comes back to me regularly, is at his work betimes."

Here is practical reformation. What occurs in one case will occur again, and in hundreds of instances. The good here effected, it may be said, is of a negative character; yet it can hardly be negative, when it drags a victim back from vice. Neutral ground is fallow ground, ready and waiting for the hand of the husbandman; so is it with the human heart and intellect; if you can draw them back from a false course of affection and argument, you have achieved a great work. Fortunately the Working-men's Clubs are calculated to do more than reclaim drunkards; they are prepared to elevate his tastes and habits, and to make each subscriber an eminently respectable member of society.

HEAD AND HEART.

BY J. B. C.

"Heart," quoth Head, "thou'rt ever fretting,
Panting evermore,
Beating like a netted linnet
'Gainst its prison-door.
Say, how can I give thee quiet,
All thy troubles say,
For this never-ceasing riot
Wears my peace away."

"Head," said Heart, "I'm very weary,
Living all alone,
Dwelling, like a sculptur'd maiden,
In a vault of stone.
Choose me some heart that will listen
To love's gentle lore;
Laugh and weep with, aye be near me,
Leave me nevermore.

"Heart," said Head, "I've cast about me,
Guessing at thy state,
Ransacked all the world of maidens
For thy fitting mate.
And, like hawk in air, I circle,
Watching how the shrike
Fears his victim, while I hover,
Doubtful where to strike.

"Now 'tis dark-eyed Leonora
I would win for thee,
Now 'tis thought of light-eyed Alice
Softly stirs in me.
So, like Mahomet, I waver
In the realm of love;
Shall I cage the soaring eagle,
Or the gentle dove?

"Juno-like is Leonora
In her haughty mien,
Flashing pride, and scorn and passion
Like the Ethiop queen.
Queen is she by beauty's birthright,
Cold as distant star,
Conqueror-like, with trains of captives
Following her car.

"But the simple-nurtur'd Alice
Comes like summer morn,
With a zephyr herald stirring
Fields of bladed corn.
Dewy fresh, with softened sunlight
In her guileless eye,
Trustful, truthful, daisy-natur'd,
Born to love or die."

"Head," said Heart, "with Leonora
Pain would come, and grief,
Pride and coldness soon would sere me
Like a winter leaf.
But with Alice twined about me
All my woes would cease,
And a wail of trouble never-
More should cloud my peace."

[From the London Saturday Review.]

A Model Funeral Sermon.

It must be particularly pleasing to a public man to reflect that, after his death, the question of his eternal salvation will be discussed in pulpits and freely advertised in the newspapers. Death may grin horribly a ghastly smile, but it cannot be other than a consolation to know that by the side, and in the style, of "Do you bruise your oats yet?" or, "Do you double up your perambulator?" will figure the rather more delicate question, "Is the great man's soul saved!" It keeps his memory sweet and wholesome among the survivors, and fills them with a pathetic concern for him. True, there has generally been a feeling, outside the Inquisition at least, that the state of a man's soul is a thing which concerns no human being but himself; that its salvation is a matter between himself and the Divine Judge; and that the rest of us, even if we had the wish to sit in the seat of judgment, can never by any possible ingenuity or labor be sure that we have the whole evidence in the case. Of course, this is a sorry squeamishness. Nobody but an indifferent and wicked Gallio could dream of allowing his neighbor to manage his own spiritual business, or, after that business was brought to its end for good or for evil, could refrain from pronouncing sentence of damnation or salvation. There are one or two injunctions in the Bible about judging another, but these, we presume, must be taken for the corrupt interpolations of a latitudinarian age. It is a very useful and interesting exercise to discuss the salvability of any common Tom and Harry of your acquaintance. It is even soothing to accost some chance person you may meet in a railway carriage or on the high road with the question, ingeniously framed on the playful mockery of the streets, "How's your poor soul?" But the golden opportunity is when some conspicuous public character passes out of the world. Here is a soul that is indeed worth talking about—a soul of quality.

It was not to be expected that Lord Palmerston's death would be allowed to pass without the occasion being improved in this delightful way. An Irishman of a certain sort would feel very uncomfortable if he allowed his friend to be buried in peace without the elegant ceremonies of the wake. And clergymen of a certain sort would feel that they had been shamefully wanting to their duty if they suffered an eminent man to die and be buried with merely a few words of decent regret. Hence the rather startling advertisement:

THE PATRIOT PALMERSTON; WAS HE SAVED?
BY R. W. DIBDIN, M. A.
London: Nisbet & Co.

Surely the most penurious person would not grudge his modest sixpence to ascertain the answer to this truly momentous question. Unfortunately, the pious and reverent orator is more skillful in composing sensation advertisements than in solving the problem which they state. As he most justly says, "It is a deeply interesting question. Is Lord Palmerston among *the few* worldly great men who, when the trumpet shall sound, will arise not to everlasting shame and contempt, but to glory, honor, and immortality?" But the modest Dibdin can give us no sure answer. "My brethren, I stand as it were upon a precipice." This is very ominous. It makes the heart of the faithful quake with anxiety. Only, who placed Mr. Dibdin on the brink of the precipice? "I cannot presume to judge the dead," he says. Then why have asked the question? As a matter of fact, however, he does presume to judge the dead. He offers a number of considerations which would lead us to hope and trust that the patriot is saved, but he does not scruple to deal faithfully with us, and to tell us what there is to be said on the other side. First of all, "like most of the great, he had sadly neglected the saving truths of the Gospel in his younger days." Secondly, there are to be remembered against him "the sins of his youth." But then let us look to the creditor side of the account. "Salvation is of grace, and not of works." Still works count for something. In grace it is to be feared the late lamented statesman was weak; but in works he was magnificent. His chief title to a mansion in the skies is "his bestowment of Church patronage." "Wisely and persistently he rejected all High-Church candidates for promotion." Though he may have behaved amiss about Popery itself, "he always acted well concerning Papists in the United Church of England and Ireland." "He never countenanced for one single hour Papists within the National Church. He treated them as traitors to the Protestant Church which gives them bread." Then, again, still on the credit side, are sundry deans and other smaller fry. "Such bishops and deans have been made by Lord Palmerston as recall the memory of Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford, who taught and flourished in the days of godly Edward VI." Precisely. Dean Close recalls Ridley, much in the same way as the name of Dibdin may for the future recall the notions of Christian charity, and modesty, and reverence, and good taste, and knowledge of Church history. But, unhappily, at least one deanery and perhaps one archbishopric are on the wrong side of the account. "Some of his appointments from *the Infidel or Broad Church* party are among the worst that could be made." But our magnanimous viceroy of the Supreme Judge "lays no blame on him for this." "We must make two excuses." The infidels came to preferment "under the mask of evangelicalism." They "disingenuously deceived *a man not over-critical in matters of divinity.*" Poor simple-minded, guileless, Lord Palmerston! In the second place, some infidels were appointed "by the favor of those whose wishes Lord Palmerston could not control, for though the Prime Minister has very great power, there are voices which must be heard even by him." Of course this must be the voice of the Sovereign. And so we are brought to this. The Supreme Head of the Church is a supporter of infidels. The Supreme Head of the Church abuses her influence to lavish its dignities upon men who abhor the Church, men "favorable to infidelity, and opposed to God's truth and to the very word of God itself." What a decorous and most seemly innuendo! However, the upshot is tolerably favorable. "We cannot but cling to the belief held by so many that the Lord had mercy upon him, though it may have been at the eleventh hour!" One item, by the way, ought not to be overlooked. "In his more private intercourse, *wherein I have had the honor of speaking with him,*" we find that he was always "good-tempered," &c. We devoutly trust that our friend did not omit to "deal faithfully" with Lord Palmerston, to speak "a word in season"—what worldlings call a word out of season—to him on this favorable occasion. There is something wonderful in the pains which the godly take to let us know that they have shaken hands with a great man, whom at the time they verily believed to be straight bound in the broad path that leads to destruction.

After cursing his enemies and calling them bad names, such as Papist, traitor, and infidel, Mr. Dibdin goes on very naturally to bless his friends and himself. This nation is "a most ungrateful and sinful nation." While professing to be Protestant, it "is continually encouraging and paying Popery, and now, furthermore, fostering infidelity and Sabbath-breaking to an extent unknown since the Reformation." The period of the Restoration, it would seem, is no exception, nor the era of the first two Georges. Then the nation is gracefully compared to Sodom; and, as Sodom might have been spared had there been ten righteous found there, "so may this mighty Empire be saved from its just degradation and ruin by the prayers of the remnant, the inconsiderable number of evangelical Christians, who form a faithful body in the Church of England." So modest, so free from spiritual pride, so little puffed up or ready to vaunt himself! Anybody can detect at once the genuine ring of Christian meekness and charity and brotherly good-will. Mr. Dibdin's followers must find Westminster Abbey the most dismal spot in the world. "Oh! my brethren, of that splendid array of names which cover the walls of that ancient abbey—kings, statesmen, warriors, divines, philosophers, and poets—it is a solemn thought how many, buried in honor and handed down from age to age for respect and admiration, must arise to everlasting shame and contempt!" Then, after refreshing himself with a text, he adds—"Seeing, then, that most of the inhabitants of that receptacle of the illustrious dead have been noble and mighty, it follows that by far the greater part have received all the honor they can receive to all eternity!" One would think this was enough, and that the wretches might be left to their doom. But no, we must be dealt faithfully with. "When they finished their brief and brilliant course upon earth, they came to the end of all their honors; for the future there is nothing but sorrow, anguish, remorse and agony, the blackness of darkness for ever, the just wrath of a holy God," &c. &c. "So it must be with *all but a comparatively few* of those who are buried in that national burial-place." Even now Mr. Dibdin doubts whether he has conveyed with sufficient clearness his blessed message of damnation. With pious rapture he goes on gloating over the notion of what destruction means, "Everlasting shame and contempt—fire that shall never be quenched—anguish that shall never be assuaged—and remorse that never shall cease to gnaw their hearts through the endless ages of eternity." Such are the sweet, tranquil thoughts with which the spectacle of death inspires this admirable divine. A man of common mould is filled with tender hope and brotherly love by the strains of the funeral march. An ordinary mortal is made softer and gentler as he thinks of the desolation of the hearth and the lonely stillness of the grave. But this is absurd weakness. Let us seize the occasion to remember that, though the body is still, the soul will be fiercely gnawed by remorse through all the ages of eternity in hell. Let us take the opportunity to denounce one set of men who differ from ourselves as traitors to their Church, and another as unbelievers and the foes of God. Let us menace our country with degradation and ruin. Let us do all we can to stir up the recollection of strife and division, of hatred and malice and cursings, in the world. O, incomparable Mr. Dibdin! O, most sweet-natured Christian!

A FEW weeks ago, the inhabitants of Boston were filled with conjecture at the following sign, painted in large capitals on the front of a house recently fitted up and repaired: "Mrs. Brown, Dealer in all sorts of Ladies." All was consternation. Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. Brown might be. But no one could tell; she was a stranger in Boston. Great anxiety prevailed as to the proclamation of the new establishment; and for two whole days all was surmise and consultation. On the third morning, behold! the mystery was unraveled. The house-painter, who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked with a fit of sickness, returned to finish his work, and concluded by adding, "And Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel."

"IN THE CLOUDS."

BY W. THORNBURY.

Sitting underneath a tree
I build airy castles,
While in every cloud I blow
Float my fairy vassals,
Dancing round me, dancing round me,
Circling in the vapor,
Like the midges o'er a pool,
Like the boys released from school,
Or moths around a taper.

Let me preach in playful tune
With the due inflation;
Pointing morals, sure as fate,
To my congregation.
"See this slender rod of clay,
White and frail and little,
Type of poor mortality,
(That Death snaps in cruel play,)
Life is no less brittle."

Thin and sharp and winding blue
Rise the clouds above one,
Lingering o'er the preacher's head
(How can such things love one?)
Half contemptuously I roll
Up my sermon paper,
"Riches, beauty, glory—all"
(Let the words like good seed fall)
"Vanish like a vapor."

[For the Leader.]

The Old Sports
OF
NEW YORK.

BY TOM QUICK.

The election is over, and again, as it ever will, the banner of old Tammany waves in victory. I beg pardon, good man Editor of the LEADER, but won't you let the Old Sport this week gossip a little on politics? It won't hurt anybody, although every word I say is the truth. I have been, man and boy, for ever so many years in New York City, and have in my time seen a heap of men go and come from the Old Wigwam, and I never saw one yet who did leave but was glad to get back. I don't know how it is that it is so, yet it is so.

Now, for instance, let us take Captain Rynders as our illustration, as the man that wood-cuts for *Harper's* would say when he wants a point to start with in the pictorial way. I have always said that there ain't a better friend in the world for a man to have than Isaiah, nor a worse enemy—that is, one who will do you all the harm he can and tell you so to your face. Having had so much to do with him I have learned some of his good deeds, and among them that of speaking as I think; it's nothing to do with the matter how long we do it.

I hardly know how many times the generous Captain has quit Tammany Hall in disgust, but he always comes back in the same humor—yet he comes back, which proves to me that his whole love is for the Sachem's bower, and that whenever he chooses to dance the war-dance or pitch into the Institution he don't want anybody to remember it, and wants it considered to be a private talk between him and the Chief; and while I dislike to see my friend talk bad as to the Council of Chiefs, I know he does not mean half he says, and Heaven bless the white man whom the Captain should hear say one word against Old Tammany. I hope, now that he is back in her praise, he will, like the rest of us, endeavor to calm the troubled waters the mischief-makers have created around the rock-bound Tammany, and like the whipped schoolboy, attend to his own lessons and endeavor to get up head as fast as possible.

What I say of Rynders, with all due respect for the good service he has done the Democratic party many times and oft, I say to goodly numbers of others who have done much wrong to Tammany Hall in return for the much good Tammany has done them.

No two Democrats ever slept better than I and Daisy after I hailed her with the good news that the estimable gentleman, Hoffman, was elected Mayor of our city by tens of thousands majority over Hecker and the Heckerites. I rejoiced at this for two things. One was that those who assembled in the old hall and gave him the nomination were true as steel in their advocacy of him after his nomination. You will ask, perhaps, how it could be otherwise when he (Hoffman) himself, knowing that men had belied their duties in nominating men only to turn against them after setting them up for office, had the manly courage to say to all who had assembled to greet him with Tammany's nomination if there was one among them who did not intend to support him on the day of election, he wished they might step aside, or ask him to decline the nomination, and he would do so, for he had not sought the honor; it was the wish of his party that he should accept, and he had consented.

It was well known that not one delegate cried nay against him, but all promised to work for victory over all the organizations of grumblers that made Tammany their venom.

But one day, near the election, I did fear that there was some treachery abroad or intended. First I would hear from one quarter that such an influential Irishman, who had so many men under his control, was going for Hecker; from another source, that the Fifth Ward was ready to sell out, and that Roberts' friends had succeeded in purchasing foot, horse and dragoons; again, that the Street Commissioner's Department were going in for Roberts; that Cornell had fixed things so that his Bureau would not be legislated out of existence. In a moment's reflection I forgot all this, still satisfied that Tammany must triumph; for I knew the handsome Senator who heads the Department I have named too well to believe for a moment that he would hazard the party that had given him honor and riches by whispering with its opponents.

But I did believe that there was a screw loose when I heard Gershome Cohen, of the Eighth Ward, with his own lips say to me that he did know men who were delegates to the Committee that nominated Mr. Hoffman for Mayor, that would not support him, and that he thought Hecker would be the man. This was no private conversation, but spoken in a public place; and while I said if there were such men they should forever be d—d, I now declare that Mr. Cohen should be asked to prove his words, and if there were such traitors in that assemblage they should be signalled out, and never again entrusted with such an office. Until that is done, every gentleman acting in that Convention is libelled. If Mr. Cohen cannot or will not speak the traitors' names, then I or you can arrive at but one conclusion, which is this—that he was not in favor of Mr. Hoffman's election, and used the declaration to undermine and deceive those who were.

Mayor Hoffman will welcome the citizens of the great metropolis at the City Hall on New Year's Day. Thousands will be there to shake his honest hand and say we are glad you are here, to give lustre once again to the roll that has upon it inscribed such names as Varick, Livingston, Clinton, Willet, Radcliffe, Holden, Allen, Paulding, and Hone.

The Old Park, the City Hall, Hall of Records, Mayor's Office, Fire Marshal's, Croton Board, Tax Commissioners, Police Precincts, &c., are all worth Tom Quick's gossiping about, and as I did say once upon a time I should tell you something of the kind of mortality that comes from the holes and burrows of our city as the sun seeks to make fresh shadow for a new day in some other land, I break that promise and chat a few words of those who do business in the Park, or have duties to perform within its railed bounds.

Mr. Mayor, or Godfrey Gunther, Esq., who honors that responsible position a this time, and whose theory as to the propriety of illuminating the city at a success over erring brothers, or men of the same nation, was cuffed severely, not only by the political editors of the opposition to Democracy, but not a few of his enemies took the occasion to peg at him. But to me it seems that his turn to laugh and win has come round, for to-day I find the great mass of the American people adopting his views, viz.: that it is cruel and unkind not only to rejoice over a fallen foe, but even to hang or punish the traitor leaders. That good preacher and every-day man, Ward Beecher, says that not even a taunt should be given to a rebel American when he is met, but rather we should take his hand and teach him by our gentleness and good sense that it is well for both of us that our side won. Had our war been with a foreign foe, like England, then I could spit spite on meeting one with true relish, and so would the many thousands of loyal men who now follow and acknowledge Mayor Gunther's sound views as to rejoicing over the mistaken Americans of the Southern States.

I have not much of a memory concerning the Mayors of our city. Cornelius W. Lawrence I knew well by sight, and that he was an easy-going sort of man, giving the office great respectability as well as pleasure to old New Yorkers that one of the old style should be selected. It's no trouble for such kind of men to perform its duties, for they leave the whole business of the office to their first clerk, when it's as capable a man as J. B. Auld—as he says they do, and will only sign such reports and papers as he pronounces correct. Men like Lawrence, Walter Bowne, Lee, Harper, Woodhull, Kingsland, Westervelt and Tjeman brought considerable dignity to the place as well as honesty, accepting the office more for the gratification of their lovely Daisies at home and their own pride than for political ambition. Of course, such renowned men as we who now live can read about have our respect and reverence; for what New Yorker fails to feel proud in knowing that Varick, Livingston, Clinton, Willet, Radcliffe, Holden, Allen, Paulding and Philip Hone have been Mayors of our city? When had we one who gave greater satisfaction to the citizens than Havemeyer? The day he took the required oath of office, he carried all his will with him from home, and locked it up in a drawer of his office desk—kept the place unlocked, so as to have it ever handy during office hours; these over, when you met Citizen Havemeyer you saw a good, old, staid, respected gentleman of Gotham. Had we the making of a good Mayor, he would now be our model.

Next Mayor Mickle—a capital Mayor to his friends; knew everybody—spoke to everybody, no matter where he met them, believing that as Mayor of the city it was his business to do it. Well, I don't know but what he was correct; for, as father of the city and servant of the people, he should be kind and affable to us all.

Aaron Clark was a shrewd Mayor, and accepted the office as a high prize in politics, and one that would wipe out the memory of many blanks sold in the way of business. Aaron sought the Mayorship with the same views that Wood went to Congress. I have paid Aaron Clark many a good dollar for a lottery ticket that sometimes had one number out, and others nary one. This was when he kept next door to the Hospital on Broadway. Many will remember the long strings of prize tickets that dangled from his cornice to the sidewalk.

Isaac Varian was a burly Mayor. Varian was honest and did as his party asked him to. Then the Mayor of New York had many a good gift to deal out.

Robert H. Morris was a most excellent political Mayor. He was all Democrat and all Party; hated a Whig with the same zeal that the Peace Party men hoped to see the Rebellion triumph, finding satisfaction in the fact that it was all owing to a Republican administration conducting it. Thank God, the Rebellion as well as their bitterness was crushed out.

To return to the matter that concerns our city most, is that so good a man as Recorder Hoffman has been elected Mayor, and that Tammany Hall is again the victor. And now that once again the General Committee that presides over its Ways and Means have been honored by having James T. Brady come among us, as in days of old, to talk what is right and what is just, let them act in the same fearless and independent way to all combinations outside of its regular organizations, as they did to Mr. Shea, of Mozart, when he came asking for a loaf or slice of political bread.

THE Boston *Post* says: "The essentials of a watering-place alliteratively summed up are thus: sea, salt, sun, sand, ships, shells, sailors, swimming; to which may be added, a thundering big bill and scandal enough to last for nine months.

OUT WEST the young ladies keep a light burning in the parlor to a late hour on Sunday night to "make believe" they've caught a beau.

TO DEFEND a political editor against abuse, is like holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

MOST men espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife—not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

WHY cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because nobody can make out his policy.

WHICH is the easier to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-de-dum? The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

IN spite of all that puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a merry-toe-rious arrangement.

AN unfortunate young man is searching everywhere for his sweetheart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

WHY is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every miss for a myth.

New York Leader

OFFICE, NO. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor of the LEADER requests the regular and occasional Contributors to this paper to send him their Post Office addresses during the coming week. At the same time he begs leave to notify them that hereafter all miscellaneous articles must be sent to this Office on or before Wednesday of each week in order to have any chance whatever of publication on the ensuing Saturday.

OUR PAPER.

The majority of our readers will doubtless join us in thanking the Fates that we are to have no more local politics for the present. In order to compensate them for the excess of political matter in our last three or four numbers, we make room for plenty of sketches, stories and poems, this week, and allow the writers who conduct our various miscellaneous departments to have full swing. The result is a paper which for variety and excellence has seldom been equalled. There is something for every taste, and the home-circle, to which the LEADER is universally welcomed, will find this number unusually attractive. Our theatrical and literary friends are especially taken care of, also.

Next week we shall issue a special Christmas Number. Advertisers and Agents will send us their favors as early in the week as possible, as a large extra edition will be printed. All the advertisements will appear in new type, and we shall commence the New Year with an entirely new dress. At no former period of its existence was the LEADER so successful as at present, and this fact justifies us in the heavy outlay which a new font of type, at current prices, requires. Our paper has established a reputation as the most handsomely-printed weekly in the city, and that reputation must be maintained. The special Christmas Number will hereafter be a yearly feature of the LEADER.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

The action of President Johnson since the convening of Congress has fully sustained our anticipations, and justified our confidence in his sound Democratic views. We were confident that he had sufficient of the old Hickory material in his composition to enable him to resist all the pressure which an overwhelmingly Republican Congress could bring to bear against him. The result proves that we were correct in our estimation of his character.

Never was there a man more strongly assailed, nor a majority more defiant than were the Republicans in the House of Representatives at the opening of Congress. In direct violation of all promises made to the people, they commenced at the very outset, and have continued up to the present time, to attack the policy of President Johnson, and in every way encompass the defeat of the most vital measures of his administration. They continue to manifest a disposition to ride rough shod over the Executive of the Nation and trample the Constitution under their feet, as if it were of no more account than so many Rebel bonds. Amidst all this fanaticism, Andrew Johnson has stood as firm as the everlasting hills. He continues his labors in reconstructing the Southern States as though Congress were not in session, and is not in the least disturbed by their fanatical ravings. Conscious that he has selected the only mode for restoring the country which it was possible for him to adopt under the Constitution, with abiding faith in the people, he moves on in the even tenor of his way without stopping for a moment to see whether Congress opposes or approves his course. The Republicans, on the other hand, perfectly aware of their weakness before the people, are endeavoring by legislation to secure an additional lease of power. The Wilsons, the Sumners, and the Wades in the Senate are presenting all manner of measures to degrade the whole people of the country to the level of the uneducated blacks. The Stevens' and the Kelleys of the House are daily attacking the policy of the President, and maturing their plans for the defeat of the restoration of the country, or at least its delay until some distant day in the future. They go upon the principle that this is the only way they can retain their power in the Federal Government. Thus they will sacrifice country for party.

Not satisfied with the disposition manifested by the Southern people to accept the result of the war as final and conclusive, forever setting at rest all questions at dispute between the two sections; not content with the ready acquiescence of the Southern States in the abolition of slavery, by the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment, the Republican majority are determined to strip the Southern people of all their rights, and, if possible, destroy their manhood. They tell us, too, that the battles which our gallant armies have fought, and the victories won on many a hotly-contested field, were all for the purpose of driving the Southern States out of the Union. That the gallant and brave men who gave up their lives on the Peninsula, at Antietam and Gettysburgh, at Shiloh and Lookout Mountain, all braved danger and left friends and home to force those States out. But, fortunately for the country, we have a Chief Magistrate who has not only the will, but the power and skill, to checkmate their movements and defeat their heresies. That he will be able to accomplish this in the end we consider as certain as the fact that the Democratic Representatives in Congress are now voting to sustain his policy.

While the negro worshippers in the Senate are concocting measures to confer the elective franchise upon their colored brethren, and force our courts to take one-half of each jury from the negro population—while the fanatics of the House are doing everything in their power to keep every Southern representative out of that body, the President is hurrying forward the work of reconstruction with all possible speed. In the face of the fact that the Republicans are manifesting a determination not to admit any Southern representatives, the President is urging the Southern people to elect Senators, and informing his Provisional Governors that the Government will sustain them in their work. President Johnson is not the man to make such promises without knowing his ability to make them good. He is no man of straw, nor is he given to visionary dreams. On the contrary, he has no doubt examined fully his position, considered and weighed all the obstacles that will be presented, and has become satisfied that with the people at his back he can defeat the schemes of the Radicals, and finally secure the indorsement of the measures vital to his administration, even in this Congress. His dispatch to Governor Johnson, of Georgia, leads us to this conclusion. His firm and unyielding tone, and the retention of the entire patronage of the Government which is at his disposal, all go to show that he is ready to meet the Republicans, and has made all the necessary preparations to enforce his measures at the appropriate time. His management of his case thus far gives us an assurance that the people can safely trust the great work of restoration in his hand, in full confidence that he will at an early day give us a country regenerated, reunited and on the road to greater prosperity than was ever known before.

THE HEAD SCENTER—Jaques, the perfumer. His establishment advertises in the New York LEADER.

STRONGER THAN EVER—That dreadfully Strong divorce case.

THE COLLECTORSHIP.

The Republican representatives in Congress from this State are making a great fuss about the appointment of a Collector for this port. They are annoying the President with their importunities one hour, and voting against the measures of his administration the next. They seem to act as though they considered the best plan to obtain that appointment was to play the part of a highwayman—hold one hand out for the purse of the traveller, and at the same time beat him with a club with the other. We imagine that they will find before they get through with Andy Johnson that this game will not win. He is not a man to be either frightened, driven or coerced to grant favors in any such way. Unless we are very much mistaken in his character, he has too much of the Andrew Jackson grit to yield under that style of pressure.

The candidates among the Republicans for this office are quite numerous. Each aspirant is busy circulating his petitions, flooding the Treasury Department and White House with all manner of missives urging his claims. A large number are presenting themselves in person at the Executive mansion. The old and the young, the lame and the blind, are joining in this throng, pleading for the Custom House crumbs. They had better save their money and spend their time with their families. The Republican members in Congress will also find it quite as profitable to correct their votes in Congress, as they will to hang about the White House, begging for the appointment of this or that man as Collector. The President very evidently intends to bide his time and select the successor of the lamented King at his leisure.

Sufficient has already transpired to plainly show that when Andy Johnson does name the man for that office it will be to please himself and not any of the men who are voting against his administration in Congress. The next Collector, like the last, will be a Johnson man, out and out. He will select some unswerving friend of his administration, and a man who is not bound down by the cliques and factions in the Republican party. Caucussing, importuning and threats will not change his determination. The Custom House in this city wields too great an influence in the politics of the State and city for the President to turn it over to his enemies and place a man in charge that he cannot fully trust in all particulars. Much less will he resign it to the control of the radical Republicans in Congress, who are opposing his policy and trying their best to defeat it.

The chances are decidedly against the President's sending the name of any person into the Senate for this office for several weeks. The Republicans will have plenty of time to repent of their folly in supporting the measures of such fanatics as Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and unite with the gallant Democratic column in support of Andy Johnson's policy before this appointment is made. Unless they do repent, and repudiate their record on the first day of the session, they may give up all hopes of sharing in the extensive political patronage of that branch of the Federal Government. President Johnson heartily indorsed the plan of insisting that no person should be appointed to office during the war except those who were in favor of its prosecution, and it will soon be found that he is equally persistent in requiring that every person holding a Federal office under his administration shall be in favor of an immediate restoration. When the present list of aspirants are pinned down to this test, their number will be very materially reduced, or else the actions of their friends in Congress do not correctly represent them. The treachery of the Republicans, in Congress makes it exceedingly doubtful whether he can find a person whom he can rely upon for Collector in the ranks of that party. Their promises are worth nothing, and they would sell out his administration any day for some trivial favor elsewhere. The President, as an old Democrat, knows very well that there is no reliance to be placed upon the Republican politicians, and will be apt to hesitate and deliberate some time before he gives them an opportunity to turn any of the patronage of the Executive Department against him.

INSTEAD of amending the Constitution the Radicals ought to learn to obey what there is in it already.

THE BEST MOTION yet made in Congress is the motion to adjourn.

CITY HALL GOSSIP.

The old Board of Aldermen are making up for lost time. They meet every day and go through an immense deal of business. In the hubbub and confusion among the outsiders, however, we see evidences of the movements of the new Board towards organization. Masterson, Flynn, Ryers and Brice are talked of for President. They are all veterans, and we would, be satisfied with any one of them. So would all those who desire a good presiding officer.

The old Board of Councilmen also have their coats off and are holding daily sessions, trying to finish up their business before Old Father Time comes along and cuts off their heads with his scythe. The Black Republicans will control the organization of the new Board. Green and Keech are the candidates for President; but an attempt is being made to induce them both to withdraw in favor of some new man—not yet named—who will be put up as a compromise nominee. They have the thing almost entirely their own way, and must settle their own differences.

From present indications Mayor Hoffman is going to be the most popular gentleman who ever held that position. One thing is certain: he will be able to write his own Message. This document will not be very long, but the general expectation is that it will be very strong. Our own opinion is that Mayor Hoffman will be non-committal in his inargural and will deal with events as they occur. His appointments have not yet been very generally discussed; but Mr. George Matsell appears to be the favorite for Mayor's Marshall. He is a sound and consistent Democrat, and no one can deny his ability for the position. Should Mayor Hoffman decide to appoint him he will be well received by the public.

The Recordership is as yet involved in mystery. We should not be at all surprised if Mr. John K. Hackett were the successful candidate. The Black Republicans seem disposed to make a party fight over this office. It is rumored that the Republican Executive Committee have held a caucus, instructed the Republican Supervisors to vote for no one but a Black Republican for Recorder, and recommended Mr. Charles S. Spencer for the nomination. We sincerely believe that the originators of this movement will come to grief. In the first place, such an office as that of Recorder ought not to be filled by a faction fight; and in the second place, there are some Republican Supervisors who are too independent to allow themselves to be dictated to in this imperial manner.

How wise it is to fight for four years to keep the Southern States in the Union and then pass a resolution to keep them out!

THE WHITE HOUSE and the Black House are at opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

FENIANS, BEHAVE YOURSELVES.

That curious old beast—the British Lion—is again in trouble. He has had a strong poke in the ribs with a sharp pike of Irish manufacture. This stirring up with a pole in the hands of people so near at home has caused him to change his mangy coat and with it his opinions. During the last five years he has been unbearable. Even those who fed him could not keep track of his many changes of mud and manner.

He has been a humano lion, complaining and grieving at slavery. Then he became an outraged lion at the thought of our daring to punish traitors. Then as a sympathizing lion, he aided our Rebels to escape from the thraldom of the Northern yoke. At times he was aroused to his natural disposition, and went in for general destruction of unarmed merchantmen. Then the penitent old sinner was sorry for letting his cubs loose. He cried over the disgrace of the commander of the "Alabama," when he was beaten, and sent out another gang of pirates to redeem themselves. But when the "Shenandoah" came back with her hold filled with the oily scalps of our harmless whalers, he had again changed his mind, and severely rebuked her Captain by telling him to "behave himself and not bring home trouble." The tears shed by this gravy-eyed old animal at the wrongs inflicted on his friends at the South were so oniony that he became blind to what was going on around him. He stretched and scratched himself into positive ill-nature. He became the chief growler of the world; over the whole face of the earth were heard his protests at the manner in which we carried on our war. He even threatened to interfere, and demanded retractions for supposed indignities to his honor. He had become pious, and lost the taste for human blood.

All these changes have been witnessed during the past five years. But now we see him in another character. He snuffs blood and gunpowder. He remembers how he lashed rebels to the mouths of cannon and scattered their bodies over the earth. He has found work at home and practice for his judges. In transportation for life he finds a means of colonizing more distant lands, and, forgetting his pretended sympathy with those who attempted to break down our Government with the cry of "Liberty and Slavery" for a watchword, sends his own victims, whose wrongs entitle them to the sympathies of the world, to twenty years of penal servitude for singing "The Green above the Red."

The perfidy, insincerity and treachery of the British Lion are so well known that not a nation on earth would sympathize with him in any misfortune that might befall the people he represents. There is not, nor has there been since he was a cub, a spark of honor about him. No game in shape of gold or lands ever came within his reach and escaped. His plan has been to get and to keep; and though some of his seizures have been made with a boldness that was commendable in his species, his treachery throughout his existence has made him contemptible in the eyes of honorable nations, none of whom would trust him, or themselves within reach of his claws.

When our Eagle had a shattered wing, he prowled about awaiting our fall, that we might be devoured when defenceless. We arose higher, further from his reach, and do not intend to come down. We can now rest safely in our eyrie and look quietly on while the old beast trembles. He has entangled himself in the meshes of an Irish net, and not a mouse will knaw him out. They know how greedy he is, and that he would repay a good natured act by destroying his benefactor. He has got a thorn in his foot and howls dreadfully, but Columbia, although a good-natured lady, knows too well his disposition to extract it. All others know him, and will not believe nor help him. They fear the contamination of the strength of his decay, not as formerly, the strength of his claws. Our turn has come to offer advice and we give it. Fenians, behave yourselves!

RETURNED CALIFORNIANS all go to see "Monte Cristo," at the Olympic, under the impression that it is monte of another sort.

GENERAL SICKLES.

We are glad to learn that this favorite son of York is in comfortable quarters at Charleston, and that he has been most favorably received by the citizens of his new Department. Next to being at home in this city, General Sickles would have preferred the high position to which President Johnson has appointed him, and since his friends cannot have him here for the present, they will be glad to learn that he is so happily located and so well satisfied with his surroundings.

NEWS FOR WALL STREET.—The Broker of Bogota is expected to arrive at Niblo's next week. How's gold?

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Council of Sachems of the Tammany Society, held yesterday, James B. Nicholson, Esq., Father of the Council, presiding, the following Committee on Invitations and Arrangements for the celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans was appointed:

JOHN T. HOFFMAN, JAMES T. BRADY,
JOHN VAN BUREN, EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
JOHN KELLY, MATTHEW T. BRENNAN,
ELIJAH F. PURDY, DANIEL E. DELAVAN,
ISAAC BELL, JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
CHAS. G. CORNELL, S. L. M. BARLOW,
E. B. HART, DOUGLAS TAYLOR,
JOHN J. BRADLEY.

This is an excellent committee, and we have no doubt that they will arrange for a magnificent celebration. Old Tammany has just won her battle of New York in the election of Hoffman, and we shall celebrate that and the victory of the Old Hero together. Whether we shall have a ball, or a dinner, or a grand oratorical pow-wow, the committee must decide; but the general sentiment seems to be in favor of something not of the terpsichorean order, for there will be dancing enough done at the balls of the Americus Club and the Brennan Coterie.

ROBINSON, the new star at Wallack's, asked to be taken to see the Chinese actor, a few evenings since. "What Chinese actor?" "Why, Chan-Frau," replied the blarsted Britisher.

SOMEBODY has offered a Congressional resolution to the effect that treason is a crime and ought to be punished. Hard on the Radicals, that!

THAD. STEVENS is now commonly called Mad Stevens.

CHRISTMAS COMING.

Thanksgiving Day was crowded so closely upon Christmas this year that most people can hardly realize that the day of peace on earth and good-will to men is so near at hand. But the gay shows in the store-windows and the holiday advertisements that begin to throng in upon us admonish us that in a week from next Monday we shall all be wishing each other Merrie Christmas, shaking hands, eating roast turkey and plum pudding, seeing what Santa Claus has done for us, giving gifts to relatives, friends and neighbors, taking extra care of the little folks and being as happy as possible. Christmas is the best day of the year. It cannot come too soon for us or for our readers, as they will see when they get our Christmas Number next Saturday.

UNION SQUARE—A misnomer for the location of the Fenian headquarters.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—No! The Robinson at the Circus and the Robinson at Wallack's are not the same person. They are twin—stars.

A LADIES' FAIR is being held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the erection of a school for the youth of the Church of St. Mary, "The Star of the Sea." The stalls of the ladies in attendance are beautifully ornamented and covered with elegant and useful articles, and the ladies themselves are worth going to Brooklyn to admire. The Fair will continue until next Wednesday evening, when the goods on hand will be sold at auction by the ladies. You will be welcome any evening, and can purchase all your Holiday gifts at this Fair, if you please. At the same time, you will be contributing towards a most worthy object.

KILLDUFF'S elegant new billiard saloon, corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street, was inaugurated on Thursday evening by a match game between Phelan and Carme, and will be formally opened to the public to-night. It is a credit to the metropolis.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, Dec 14, 1865.

This country village has undergone quite a change since the adjournment of the last Congress. Last season the principal avenues and streets were so many bridle paths, where blue-coat and shoulder-strap gentry were constantly performing equestrian feats. These horseback riders were continually racing up and down, trying the mettle of their steeds at a speed that endangered the lives of pedestrians. What earthly use there could be in this wild performance no person but the chief of the War Department could imagine, unless it was to enable a set of men to draw a snug salary from the treasury, and feed their nags at the expense of Uncle Sam.

But all this is changed now. Pennsylvania avenue has been converted from a bridle path to a business thoroughfare. Its quiet and stillness are no longer disturbed by those displays of equestrian feats. The military aspect has also almost entirely disappeared. The only points where sentries are seen stalking about, with bayonets fixed and muskets charged, are at the War Department and Secretary Stanton's house. The guards are all removed from around the White House. President Johnson has cleared away all vestige of war from that locality, and reinstated the customs of former days of peace. This is likewise true of the Navy, Treasury, State and other Departments, except that which Stanton presides over. The burly Secretary of War appears to be laboring under the impression that we are yet engaged in a mighty war, and is therefore guarded night and day by armed men. He can neither sleep, eat nor kiss his baby without armed soldiers to protect him. His imagination pictures to him assassins in every rustle of the leaves. Every breeze presents to his fancy furious Rebels ready to devour him. No person, not even the President of the United States, can approach the steps of his mansion without being confronted with a bayonet and ordered to halt. There he is obliged to stand, when it rains or hails as well as in fair weather, until orders are received from within for him to enter or pass on.

This may be very pleasant and consoling to the War Minister. It no doubt serves to quiet his conscience, make his slumbers sounder and his dreams less frightful. But when the hero, General Grant, does not deem it necessary to guard either his headquarters or residence, there is some doubt about the policy of keeping a man at the head of the War Department whom the country has to pay the expense of guarding night and day, to keep his conscience easy.

There was quite a consternation the other day among the press gang around Fourteenth street, over the discovery that Mr. Censor, Esq., had entered the office of Snyder (of course you know who Snyder is), and cut and slashed their despatches. All the important news, they claimed, was suppressed, making their communications dull and worthless. A wag looking over my shoulder suggests that they did not have any news, and originated the story about the appearance of Mr. Censor to cover up this fact. After mature deliberation, lengthy cogitation, and diligent enquiry, I have come to the conclusion that the aforesaid wag possesses uncommon wisdom, and the faculty for deep penetration into the whims and motives of the correspondents of many of the big dailies. I am impressed with the idea that there is something in the suggestion that these fellows had no important news, nor news of any other kind in their despatches, for the Censor to cut out. That is just where all the trouble lies. I tell you what it is, it is a grand thing to have Mr. Censor around, especially when there is lots of grand news and one don't get a smell of it, until it is published in all the other papers except the one which you are working for. How easy it is, when a person discovers that he is beaten by some other newspaper man, to stand on his dignity and assert: "I had that news, but Mr. Censor cut it out of my despatch." Now, if you fail to find any news in my letter, please consider that I had any quantity of that which was startling, but Mr. Censor suppressed it. Charge all such shortcomings to him, and not to me. I don't know where you will find him to present your bill, for he is about as mythical a personage as the ghost which raised such a bobbery around the church in Jersey City. His majesty is not to be seen by the naked eye, and you must excuse me for not describing his appearance. But suppose I did describe his looks; if he did not like the description he might suppress it, and then I should be put to the necessity of stating that Mr. Censor had been stopping my news.

Well, I haven't said a word about Congress yet. I was so much absorbed in contemplating the revolution that has taken place in this village, the change of the bridle-paths into roads, admiring the prim-looking guards around Stanton's house, with bayonets scoured and bright as the sun, that I almost forgot there was such a thing as Congress in session. There is something here which they call Congress. It is sitting in the big building called the Capitol, where Rogers of New Jersey declares they have put a negro wench on the steeple.

There has been such an infernal smoke fog, or something of that kind, hovering around there for several days, that I was afraid I might catch the black fever if I attempted to take a look at Congress. The fog is not quite as dense as it was, and I have at last concluded to venture. My precaution was wise, now I assure you. There was Mr. Raymond, of your city, a brother of the quill, too, who ventured to pass through this fog on Saturday night, and he has not been seen since. Weed has been here ringing the fog bells and blowing the fog trumpets, but no Raymond is to be found. His voice was heard once, and his friends thought he was asking, "Where is Tennessee?" But since that, no tidings, no sound can be heard, indicating his whereabouts, whether dead or alive. Weed still continues to blow his trumpets and ring the bells. He begins to have a suspicion that Raymond has caught the black fever and is a goner.

Now this smoke, or black fog, is not natural to this climate, and its cause was for a long time a mystery. It has now been ascertained that Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens have some kind of machinery made for the special purpose of manufacturing it. The machine is so constructed that it extends from one end of the Capitol building to the other, with a crank at each end. Stevens turns away at one end, Sumner at the other. They have a special patent upon the machine, but every person who will promise under oath that he will kiss the first negro wench that he meets, can have the privilege of assisting in manufacturing the fog. There is a lot of little short cranks for new beginners to commence at, and work until they get accustomed to it. I have a sort of impression that if Weed will look sharp, he will find Raymond tugging away at one of these little cranks, somewhere near Thad. Stevens.

This is the machine that is raising all this smudge here. A regular manufactory of smoke. They call the article made by it "radical fog." It has a very deleterious effect on some constitutions, especially those who have a weak spot in the upper story. I have been to the Internal Revenue Department to-day, to see if Sumner and Stevens have taken out a license as manufacturers. I find that they have not. As a taxpayer in this community, I shall enter my protest and insist that they shall be arrested for defrauding the Government, for engaging in the manufacturing business without a license. I guess if they have to put a revenue stamp on all the radical fog their machine turns out, it will reduce the quantity and enable some of the lost Congressmen to find their way out and give them an opportunity to recall the promises made to the dear people, before they left for Washington. There is no hope for Andy Johnson, or the indorsement of his policy by Congress, until this machine of Sumner and Stevens is stopped in some way. It has such an effect upon the atmosphere in these halls, that it operates like old fashion mesmerism upon nearly all Republicans. Under its effect, Stevens leads them around by their noses just as he pleases, and the joke of it is, they can't see it, they are so befogged.

I have a strong suspicion that our Southern brethren will be left out in the cold this winter. Your New York Republicans have all got such weak backs that they don't do as they promised in standing by Andy of the White House. Tennessee may be an exception, for Andy Johnson is inclined to raise a row if the representatives of his own State are kept out. He has the material to make the fight a hot one, if he once decides to commence it.

Speaking of fights, it reminds me of the fact that several Congressmen are getting quite belligerent in regard to Maximillian's performance in Mexico. They are preparing their paper bullets in the shape of resolutions, to throw at Maximillian's head one of these days. Who knows but that one of them will turn out a young David with a sling, and instead of confining his operations to resolutions, throw a smooth pebble at Imperial Max. They are getting in earnest now, I assure you. A Western member waited upon Gen. Grant as soon as he arrived from the South, and wanted to know if he could drive the French out of Mexico with one hundred thousand soldiers. "Why," replied the General, "twenty thousand will do it. You must understand that it will be altogether different than it was when General Scott marched to the City of Mexico. He traveled through an enemy's country, with the foe all around him. But in driving out the French, the moment that we touch Mexican soil the people will rally around us and rapidly swell our numbers. All that would be wanted would be an army large enough to gain a foothold, and then, with an extra amount of arms to supply the recruits, the game would be over." Who knows but that all this will be done some fine morning. The Lieutenant General is anxious to take a hand in, while the gallant Phil Sheridan has been begging for a chance for some time past.

You people in New York must not imagine that you have all the excitement and fun about the Fenians there. We have had a small specimen here, that came near producing a grand explosion. The English Minister, by some accident, found one of the bonds of the Irish Republic, signed by O'Mahony, with the broad seal of that Republic on it, in the possession of one of his servants. This bond revealed the fact that one of his family servants had invested $5 in this movement to overthrow his Government, or else to supply O'Mahony with drinks. Here was a row at once. Great consternation existed throughout the household. That such treachery should be found existing so near the power was too much for the endurance of Sir Frederick. It was not the $5 that he cared for, but the disposition exhibited in investing the money which was once his in such a cause. Sir Frederick found himself in the predicament of the boy who had lost his mother, and his father married a widow with a boy about his age. He soon noticed that his stepmother buttered her own son's bread on both sides, while his only had butter on one side. He immediately made a bitter complaint to his father about it. His father told him that it was a small matter. "Haven't you got as much butter as you ever had on your bread?" "Oh! yes," replied the boy, "there is butter enough on my bread, and all I want; I don't care anything about the butter, but the disposition of the critter is what I am down on."

The LEADER announced in its editorials last week that the President was pleased with the election of John T. Hoffman. Of that fact there is no doubt. Several of the officials took especial pains to detail the facts about the swindle upon the Government in the "Illinois" steamship affair, and to press upon New Yorkers the fact that Mr. Roberts was an officer in the Mexican Express Company, interested in grants under Maximilian, and pecuniarily interested in the success of his empire in Mexico. These facts were accompanied with the question, Will not these facts defeat Mr. Roberts if judiciously used in New York? This leaves no doubt as to the position of those high in authority here.

If I have omitted any news that you expected, please consider that the censor has been around and cut it out of my letter.

ROMEO.

A PARADOX—A *Daily News* with no daily news.

THE NEPTUNE CLUB BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., will be a rare evening for those of our fair readers who have been fortunate enough to secure an invitation to the ball of this renowned club. From the preparations which are being made, the event will be one of the most conspicuous among the many brilliant *fetes* which are promised for the winter. The liberality and characteristic vigor which distinguish the efforts of this club, warrant the opinion that their anniversary of a quarter of a century's existence will be unsurpassed by any similar event during the coming season. The scenic artist of the Academy of Music, Mr. Calyo, has finished an elaborate drop-scene of the Club House and grounds attached to their beautiful and picturesque location on the Shrewsbury River, near the Highlands, which, by the skill of the artist, will be so arranged as to represent a view both by day and night. Mr. Thomas G. Voorhies, the well known Broadway upholsterer, has charge of the decorations. The aquaria, globes filled with living fish, sea shells, marine plants, &c., tastefully distributed, will give a faithful representation of the patron deity of the club, "Old Neptune," seated in his sea chariot, and surrounded by naiads, &c., &c. Theodore Moss, Esq., of Wallack's Theatre, has charge of the private boxes; while the music, supper arrangements, &c., have been intrusted to the most skillful hands.

CITIZENS' ASS.—A popular abbreviation for Hecker since election.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR—The new star at Wallack's is one of the very best actors that I have ever seen.

He is as natural as Nature; his movements and gestures are grace itself; his voice is as sweet and clear as a silver bell; his pronunciation is most precise, without being affected; his elocution is perfectly faultless, without the slightest apparent effort.

Frederick Robinson, the new star, looks very much like the late Prince Albert and a little like the late Mr. Floyd.

You remember that he came over here in the cholera-ship, was detained a long while at Quarantine and was so long advertised that everybody began to believe him a myth.

I thought, and said, that he was being advertised too much. That is to say, that the public would be led to expect more than the young man could perform. But I made a great mistake. The public has not expected enough of Robinson. He is a head and shoulders above any actor recently imported.

We have not had a young man on the New York stage for some time, although we have had plenty of people who play young men.

Robinson fills this vacancy. He has all the fire, the fullness, the vigor, the elasticity, the inspiration of youth, and by comparison he makes Lester Wallack seem a century old and Mortimer an octogenarian.

During the past week Robinson has been playing in a couple of trashy little pieces, called "Dreams of Delusion" and "A Wonderful Woman."

I don't want to insinuate anything against the Wallack management; but I must say that these are precisely the pieces in which to cast an actor when you desire him to fail.

"Dreams of Delusion" is a complicated, nightmarish, horrible affair about a loving husband going mad, and it ends just as the audience are growing idiotic, tapping their foreheads, like Tremlow, and declaring, "We must not think of this."

"A Wonderful Woman" is even worse than the other dream of delusion. A leading actress wittily remarked when she saw it on the bills: "What! That piece! It's monstrous. The only time I ever acted in it I felt so woebegone and desperate that I went off and got married the same night."

In those two good-for-nothing plays Mr. Robinson has achieved a most decided and legitimate success. In better plays he will create a furor.

As Claude Melnotte—as Romeo—as Hamlet—he will set the town in a fever. Always providing that the management allow him to have the chance!

I sincerely hope they will. Lester Wallack can certainly afford it. He says that he is not going to act any more. And, even if returning health does restore him to the stage—and I trust it may—he will be all the better for a little rivalry and has laurels enough to spare a few for this stranger.

There is hardly a legitimate leading part of which Mr. Robinson will not prove an adequate representative. Those who have heard him talk the stiff sentences set down for him in his present characters long to listen to him as he reads Shakespeare's magic lines or expresses the fluent wit of the old comedies.

I assure you that Mr. Robinson conveys to his audience an entirely new idea of the melody of the English language. Charles Matthews speaks English as if it were French. Robinson speaks English as if it were Italian. Every word is full and round and sweet. Every syllable is distinctly pronounced. All the harshnesses and asperities disappear. The nicest shades of sentiment or passion are completely expressed. Our mother-tongue becomes really musical.

It is one thing to be a good actor and another thing to be a good elocutionist; but Mr. Robinson is both. He acts so well that he does not seem to act. Every look, movement, attitude and gesture is exquisitely artistic, but apparently spontaneous. His face mirrors his mind as accurately as his voice interprets his soul.

The first impression that Mr. Robinson makes upon you is this: He is a gentleman. Then comes the second impression: He is a great artist. Both are correct.

Yet there is nothing strikingly original about this young actor. He respects and observes all the traditions of the stage. He doesn't try to do anything odd or surprising or different from anybody else. He is simply natural all the time.

I ask any professional what he thinks of an actor who can draw tears from men and women alike in such a piece as "Dreams of Delusion," playing the part just as it is written, without addition or exaggeration? Frederick Robinson does that. More astonishing still, he makes people laugh in "A Wonderful Woman!"

Go and see him to-night, and then tell me if all my praises are not justified by his merits.

The audiences certainly think so; for such exclamations as "beautiful!" "bravo!" "a fine point!" "splendid artist!" "best I have ever seen!" "isn't he grand?" and "this is charming!" keep up a running commentary as the performance proceeds.

Stay: If I were you I would not go to-night. I would wait until another week, when "Love's Sacrifice" will be revived and Robinson will have a better opportunity to display his talents. Although, for that matter, "Love's Sacrifice" is a wet-blanket sort of a play to put upon a young fellow like this.

However, it will do for a beginning. Those who were foolish enough to admire Charles Kean in this play can now see it acted as it ought to be. But, we want "Claude Melnotte" and "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Wallack!

Chatting about Robinson, I had almost forgotten to mention that he is admirably supported by Misses Henriques and Burke, and Messrs. Gilbert and Ringgold, in "Dreams of Delusion," and that Mr. Norton is a worse actor than ever—if, indeed, that be possible.

Every other evening Mr. J. W. Wallack appears in "Lost in London"—a drama which is expected to take rank with "Camille," and is being purchased for all parts of the country.

Mrs. John Drew has secured it for Philadelphia, and will produce it in magnificent style.

Speaking of Philadelphia reminds me of John Brougham, who is dramatizing "Our Mutual Friend." Let us hope that he will take some pains with it. He spends too much time now-a-days in writing foolish puffs of himself for the London *Era*. So excellent an actor should be able to get along without such flummery.

Let me suggest that "Our Mutual Friend" could be better cast at Wallack's than at any other theatre.

Another link has dropped out of the Managers' Association. Henry Wood's lease has expired, and his establishment is to be superseded by the Broadway Theatre.

The present Broadway Theatre will soon become a thing of the past. After the 1st of next May it will be torn down to make room for stores.

Manager Wood, of the Broadway, announces his programme in a brief note, and will go to work to carry it out with his accustomed energy.

He will enlarge the present hall; transform it into a theatre capable of accommodating nearly two thousand persons; build a new stage; engage a new stock company, and christen the new establishment "Wood's Theatre."

Although there are some faults in Mr. Wood's management with which I am occasionally obliged to find fault, I must certainly acknowledge that he has enterprise enough for a dozen men.

He took his present house after it had been completely run down. Even a concert saloon could no longer flourish there. The prestige which the Veteran Wallack gave it had all been lost.

When it was announced that a new manager from somewhere out West was going to start a theatre at this old, used-up stand, all the wise-acres laughed and some pitied him.

But Mr. Wood went at the undertaking in an off-hand, popular way. He brought out some new stars. From the very first night he began to draw the people.

Then came John Owens' engagement, which stamped the Broadway with popular favor. The Keans followed and advertised the theatre everywhere. And now "Sam" has made the Broadway a household word.

I don't remember any managerial career in this city so uniformly successful as that of Mr. Wood, and heartily congratulate him upon his triumphs.

The company now at the Broadway is better than at any former period; but I defy you to find the secret of Mr. Wood's success either in his stars, his company, his scenery, or his plays. Somehow or other, everything he does is popular, and he is always doing popular things. That's the whole mystery.

No other theatre has been conducted so independently as his. He enters into no combinations, and forms no alliances. When the other managers raised their prices, he kept his at the old standard.

Yet the popularity of his theatre is not a matter of price; for during the engagement of the Keans he raised his tariff, and had the same crowds. When the Keans went away, down came the prices again, and the crowds were unchanged.

At his lower prices Mr. Wood realizes as much money as any other manager in town, because his theatre is filled every night, rain or shine.

"Sam" is a very attractive play. It has been performed nearly one hundred consecutive times and is still on the bill for every night and a matinee on Saturday. But when "Sam" goes away, Mr. Wood will have some other attraction just as popular, and continue his prosperity as usual.

If nothing happens—and I know of but one thing that can happen—his new theatre will be as successful as the present Broadway.

⁂

A change of programme at the Winter Garden is very welcome.

To-night and every night Mr. Clarke will appear as Beetle, in Tom Taylor's "Babes In The Woods," and also as Waddilove, in Boucicault's drama re-named "The Fat Boy."

It is hardly necessary to say that these are two of Mr. Clarke's best characters.

Beetle, the hen-pecked husband and lodging-house keeper, is a favorite part with Mr. Clarke, and he has elaborated it almost as carefully as his Major de Boots.

In these light, laughable, little plays Mr. Clarke appears to much more advantage than in such dramas as "The Octoroon" and "Our American Cousin," and the Winter Garden ought to be crowded for weeks to come.

Of course Mr. Clarke is retained for the Christmas and New Year bills; but after the holidays we are to have Edwin Booth.

— The Olympic people have a holiday piece in "Monte Cristo," which has been trimmed very skillfully and now runs smoothly and neatly.

Of Mr. E. L. Davenport's acting in this play another critic writes on your first page. I don't know whether I quite agree with him or not. His opinions require consideration.

But "Monte Cristo" is neither a one-man play nor a one-horse play. It is full of incident, full of fine scenic effects, full of glare and glitter, full of magnificent dresses, full of romance, full of people and full of attraction for the multitude.

Night after night I used to go to see the masquerade scene in "The Enchantress," and laugh at the funny masks and admire the graceful dancers; but there is a masquerade scene in "Monte Cristo" which far surpasses that.

Besides, the Olympic play has a real dramatic interest, which "The Enchantress" sadly lacked.

No words of praise can be too warm for the gorgeous scenery which Mr. Hayes has painted and which would have made the reputation of any other theatre than the Olympic—but the Olympic has its reputation in that line already.

There is a general desire to see Mrs. Wood during the holidays. Couldn't she oblige us with a matinee or two?

— I see by the *Herald* that the Dramatic Fund Benefit, at Niblo's, on Thursday afternoon, was a failure.

The other papers say nothing whatever about it, and the assertion that there were not over one hundred people in the house passes unchallenged.

I am very sorry for this failure; but it is not the fault of the public. It is the fault of the managers of the Fund.

On this occasion, for example, the Benefit was not properly advertised. Nobody knew when it was to come off. Nor was "Arrah-na-Pogue" the play for a benefit of this kind.

Manager Wheatley acted very liberally. He placed his theatre and his company at the disposal of the Managers of the Fund, and certainly nothing more could have been required of him.

But I object to the benefit system *in toto*. It is not the way to raise money for the Dramatic Fund. I wouldn't give two cents to attend any theatrical performance for such a benefit, much as I like the Dramatic Fund.

The London plan of a fair and dinner is the best plan, the most popular plan; and the only feasible plan for assisting the Fund, and I wonder at the lack of spirit displayed in not adopting it.

Now that the old mode has been tried and has failed, let the Managers get up a public dinner during the holidays and so revive the public interest in their association.

— It may be very truly said that Thursday afternoon was the only time during the week when Niblo's was not crowded.

"Arrah-na-Pogue" will be repeated to-night, and after next week its long career will be brought to a close.

"The Broker of Bogota" will be revived on Monday, and Manager Wheatley will make his only appearance this season as Antonio Caberero.

This part is a favorite one with the gallant Wheatley, and his predilection for it was strongly strengthened by an incident which occurred at the time of the fire at Niblo's.

All of Mr. Wheatley's wardrobe was burned at that fire, with the single exception of the dress for Caberero.

Mr. Wheatley took the hint, providential or otherwise. "Antonio Caberero," said he, "is the only part I will play."

⁂

On Thursday next Miss Lucy Rushton will open her New York theatre, opposite the New York Hotel.

Miss Rushton is the star who came over from England and appeared at the Olympic in "Lolah"—a piece which, to put it mildly, did not make the hit anticipated by its author.

This being the case, Miss Rushton's engagement came to an abrupt termination, satisfactory neither to the public, the critics nor herself.

Under these circumstances, she resolved to ask for another hearing. But unfortunately there was no opening for her at any of our theatres. Consequently, with a pluck and a spirit that we must all respect, she determined to open a new theatre of her own.

This scheme grew upon her, until from a mere personal matter it was developed into an artistic affair, and a practical plan of operations was matured.

A. T. Stewart's church on Broadway, recently called the Broadway Athenæum, was leased, a competent architect employed, and scene-painters and decorators set at work.

The result will be revealed to the public on Thursday. Miss Rushton has a pretty little theatre, capable of seating about two thousand persons, and fitted up regardless of expense.

A very popular feature will be the division of a part of the balcony into small, open boxes, holding four person. The decorations are light and pleasing.

The expense of the theatre may be judged from the fact that the drop-curtain is of heavy crimson reps, lined with white satin.

Mr. James Schonberg has been engaged as stage-director. A large stock company has been secured, and the names of the artists will be shortly announced. No stars will be presented. The specialty of the theatre will be first-class stock-acting.

The opening play will be one of the old comedies.

I know you will join me in wishing Miss Rushton success in her new enterprise. The more theatres we have the merrier will be this metropolis.

⁂

Several improvements have been made in the interior of the New York Circus, on Fourteenth street.

The dress-circle has been enlarged, and a number of reserved seats added, in order to accommodate the numerous patrons of the establishment.

Next week the bill of fare will be changed, all the company appearing in new acts, and the juveniles being especially provided for.

Mr. James Robinson, the star of the arena, will ride his dashing and daring hurdle act on a bare-back steed. This performance is even more thrilling than those which he has hitherto offered to the public.

For the girls and boys, who are home for the holidays, the management have procured the smallest ponies in the world, and comical monkey jockeys.

— Barnum is up and doing, with a heart for any fate and an eye on the holiday crowds.

He has a circus at his Museum, led by the celebrated Eaton Stone, and he guarantees that all the circus horses are thorough-bred. This is of especial interest to horsemen.

"The Queen's Page, or the Idiot of the Castle," is the dramatic feast prepared for next week. Remember that you can see the circus and the play for the same money.

One dwarf lady, two dwarf men, three giants and three pretty Circassian girls are on exhibition. One ticket pays for the circus, the play and the natural curiosities.

Then there are the Bohemian glass-blowers; the living skeleton; the fat woman; the horned bull; the Albino boy; the learned seal; the happy family; the million of other varieties. Thirty cents admits you to them all.

Where can you get so much show for so little money? Verily, it is cheaper to go than to stay at home.

— The minstrels are full of life, fun and variety, and the three troupes which have permanently established themselves in public favor improve weekly.

George Christy has settled down in his new hall, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, for life. He leads twenty-six Ethiopian artists in a grand performance every evening.

Thoughtful of the children's pleasure, George has engaged the Infant Ravel, who will appear every night and at a matinee this afternoon.

Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel the Californians have located themselves, and are coining money. Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus do the heavy work.

The burlesque of "L'Africaine;" the scenes in a Police Court; the startling effects of Kehoe's Clubs, and Charley Backus' living photographs are among their latest novelties.

As for the Bryants, they have renewed their youth, like the Scriptural eagles, and are ready for anything or anybody.

Next week they advertise "Ici On Parle Français," by an original native French dramatist; "Black Eyed William," by the author of "Susan Douglass Jerrold;" "Lord Dundreary on a Lark," by our American Cousin, and other healthy, moral and vigorous plays and things.

— Mr. Henry Morford, one of the most prolific writers of this or any other age, announces a course of three lectures, on things across the water, at Dodworth's Hall, commencing next Saturday evening.

— Mr. C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Times* of this city, has perpetrated a burlesque upon "Arrah-na-Pogue," which has been produced at San Francisco and has made a decided hit.

— Miss Jean Hosmer has achieved a perfect triumph in "Camille," at the Academy of Music, Albany. She is becoming one of the best stars in the country.

— The Twenty-second Regiment give a promenade concert at the Armory next Saturday evening, and an entertainment in aid of the gymnasium fund to-night.

— Madame Methua Scheller has starred at Wheeling and Dayton and is back again at Cincinnati, playing Cinderella.

— Mr. Burton Hill is starring at Dayton. Forrest, with Madame Ponisi and McCullough, will follow him. Yours, &c.,

Ariel.

In these days, when such extortionate prices are charged for cotton goods, it is clearly the duty of discreet housekeepers to substitute linen for cotton in the manufacture of all household articles. Linen at present ranks scarcely higher in price than cottons; its immense superiority over the latter, as well in durability, beauty and washing qualities, is a fact patent to all. In this view of the case, it is no fiction to state that the linen depot of Mr. Milliken, at No. 918 Broadway, is a positive blessing to feminine human nature. He does not make any show, but his stock is singularly complete, always having on hand a most complete assortment of table and bed linens, printed linens, towelings, handkerchiefs, shirt bosoms and collars, stair linens, &c. Two years ago we purchased, at a moderate price, some linen towels from this establishment; at this moment they flourish in all their pristine perfection, while cotton towels purchased at the same time have faded away and vanished like the visions of a dream. For aught we can see to the contrary, those towels are destined to outlast us, and perhaps to attain to the good old age of Methuselah. It is impossible to enter No. 918 Broadway without having a home-like feeling of confidence. It is not necessary that goods should be warranted there; there is an air of substantial merit about them which speaks for itself. In conclusion, it is but just to say that no amount of money spent at Milliken's can be better invested, for his articles are as useful as bread, and so may be considered the staff of the toilette.

Jaques' Exquisite Perfumes for the Handkerchief.—The following is the report of the Committee on Perfumery at the last great Fair of the Mass. Mechanics' Association: "'Jaques' Extracts' (Perfumery). A very valuable and meritorious article, comprising eight different perfumes. We consider it the *ne plus ultra* of American perfume." The highest medal awarded.

[For the Leader.]

Literary Feuilleton.

BY ADA CLARE.

"Life and Letters of Frederic W. Robertson." Published by Ticknor & Fields.

At first sight the appearance of the two substantial volumes which compose this work, is actually terrifying to the reader, accustomed to the ordinary type of parsonic memoirs; visions of self-righteousness, cant, and ceaseless, solemn commonplaces rise with all their dismal accompaniments to deter such a reader from attempting to grapple with its contents. But the reader is not compelled to advance far into the heart of the book before he discovers that Frederic Robertson does not belong to the platitudinarian school; moreover, that his humanity is not sunk in his parsonship. A little further on he discovers him to be not only a man, but one of the noblest ever sent into this world to suffer and die by it. In the light of his pure, self-sacrificing life, his indescribably tender conscience, his inexhaustible charity and loving kindness, his unworldliness and the intensity of his mental labors, the most hardened reader will stand self convicted. I do not know any man of modern times whose life and writings teach a higher lesson to the world than his, especially in regard to the large charity which actuated him in every deed as in every thought of life; that charity which taught him how to put himself in the place of those holding contrary beliefs to his own, with a full comprehension of the mental state leading to such beliefs. Rancor, hatred, bigotry and persecution had no place in his pure heart. To heal dissensions, and not to create them, unlike most theologians, was the aim of his life. It is a disgrace to a civilized country and an enlightened age, to find that such a man was met on every side with misconception, mistrust, contempt, and even reviling, especially from the religious newspapers, which of all organs are generally the most *unchristian*. His own words are applicable to his case when he says of the Church of England:

"We bear nothing but sober, prosaic routine; and the moment any one with heart and nerve fit to be a leader of a forlorn hope appears we call him a dangerous man, and exasperate him by cold, unsympathizing reproofs till he becomes a dissenter and a demagogue. Well, I suppose God will punish us, if in no other way, by banishing from us all noble spirits, leaving us to flounder in the mud of commonplace, unable to rise or sink above the dead level."

God certainly punished that church when He took him away from it at the early age of thirty-seven, before the fullest powers of his mind were developed, and in the midst of a career of unbounded usefulness.

The two extracts appended from Robertson's letters are intended more to convey an idea of his excessive earnestness and sense of justice, than of his intellectual gifts.

On the subject of capital punishment he says: "I declared for it, wishing it should be abolished for murder, and inflicted only on those guilty of wrongs to women. For murder is a trifle—life is not of so much value—and the tenderness for human life is not one of the noblest signs of the times, for it is not commensurable with a hatred of wrong; whereas, in the other case, society is worse than unchristian; that which is wrong in a woman is doubly so in a man, because she does with personal risk what he does in risk to another, *in personal security and damnable selfishness.*"

One day a lady assailed him for "heterodox opinions," and threatened him with the consequences, both in this world and the next, which would follow on the course he was pursuing. He replied, "I don't care." "Do you know what don't care came to?" "Yes, madam, it was crucified on Calvary." Let us hope that his shallow opponent for that once, was able to comprehend him.

"Guide to the Great West." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Edward C. Hall, the author of this volume, condenses into its less than two hundred pages information sufficient to stock many ordinary volumes. It passes rapidly through the Territories and many of the Western States, summing up their peculiar historic, geographic and climateric features in as few words as possible, and giving the most concise and yet exhaustive directions to travelers. The book is further enriched with agricultural, mining and legal details, and carefully prepared tables of the different routes of travel available at present, with the details that belong to them.

"Miss Carew," by Amelia B. Edwards. Published by Harper & Bros.

It is somewhat of a disappointment to the admirers of Miss Edwards to discover that the volume entitled "Miss Carew" is simply a group of minor stories, collected from the English periodicals. With most of these stories the American reader is familiar; as they have been almost without exception copied into our own journals. I do not mean to censure the author for her compilation, as she is only following in the steps of her predecessors, such as Dickens and Wilkie Collins, in doing so. I only speak of it as a disappointment.

The stories are nearly all able and ingenious, and the link by which they are bound together is graceful as well as clever.

"Allworth Abbey." By Emma Southworth: Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This last story of Mrs. Southworth's is boldly treated in England, by which circumstance we may suspect she has exhausted the sensational resources of her own country. "Allworth Abbey" contains the trial for murder, conviction and escape of Eudora Seaton, a half Asiatic girl, and the heroine of the work. A number of characters are introduced of more or less truth to nature, and the intricacies of the plot are manœuvred with some skill. The main thread of the story is rather dark and gloomy, but the sun of happiness is wisely permitted to break through the clouds at last. On the whole, "Allworth Abbey" is more calculated to attract favorable attention than Mrs. Southworth's preceding works.

"Erring, yet Noble." Published by John Bradburn.

This is a work founded on a necessarily painful subject, and one which scarcely admits in this column of detailed criticism; but it seems to be written in an earnest and Christian spirit, and will, therefore, probably meet its reward.

"Little Foxes." By Harriet B. Stowe. Published by Ticknor & Fields.

This series of articles has been very widely read and favorably noticed during its publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It contains the peculiar virtues of Mrs. Stowe's latter-day style, and has the value of a domestic gospel for families.

"The Earl's Secret." By Miss Pardoe. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

"The Earl's Secret" is not a new novel by Miss Pardoe, but the return of an old friend. The fact of its republication by the same house proves its claims to popularity, I take it for granted.

Work and Win, by Oliver Optic. Published by Lee & Shephard, Boston.

Oliver Optic is a perfect Oliver Cromwell among the juveniles, that is, he revolutionizes the nonsense and affectation which has heretofore reigned supreme over their literature, and gives them a rule founded on common sense and just appreciation of their rights and needs instead. "Work and Win" is no exception to the general run of this writer's productions, it is as full of merit as a squirrel is of vivacity.

Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures, by Edmund Kirke. Published by Ticknor & Fields.

This volume aims to introduce into the juvenile mind many of those feelings of malice and self-satisfaction, which works of the same class intended for older minds, have so well succeeded in doing. Under the circumstances, it is not to be regretted that the volume is totally devoid of interest.

"Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple," "Little Prudy's Story Book," by Sophie May. Published by Lee & Shephard.

These two volumes form a part of a series entitled "Little Prudy's Series," by the same author. They are sweet little books, interesting without affectation, simple without nonsense, and instructive without cant. They are issued in an elegant form by Messrs. Lee & Shephard, who seem at present to wear the belt, in the publication of delightful books for children.

"Melodies and Madrigals." Published by Bunce & Huntington, New York.

This collection of love-songs and lyrics is probably the most complete and the most beautiful that the language can show, containing selections from all the great names which make the glory of our literature. The happy possessor of this exquisite volume will, however, not be inclined to read it for a week or two after possessing it, for it has so much to please the eye, that it will be regarded as a gem instead of a book until the novelty has worn off. It is bound heavily in scarlet and gold, printed on cream-colored paper, with a delicate flame-colored line running round each page, and thus framing the songs like pictures. Messrs. Bunce and Huntington may be congratulated as having issued (thus far) the most tasteful and elegant book of the season, and the one which from its peculiar combination of external beauty and internal æsthetic virtue, is best calculated for a delicate and complimentary gift.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Rationalism in Europe." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Treasury of Travel and Adventure." Same press.

The important moment has now arrived when every lady must choose the garment in which she will be beautiful for the opening of the glad New Year. In consideration of this fact, we believe it to be our duty to point out the superior advantages to be obtained from making a choice from the wonderfully rich and splendid assortment to be found on the endless counters of Messrs. Lord & Taylor, of this city. Every lady is not gifted with good taste, but the temptations at 463 Broadway are all towards everything that is delicate and lovely in the range of the wardrobe. It may not be amiss to state here to those gentlemen who long to endow their lady relatives with holiday presents, and are only embarrassed by the difficulty of a choice of gifts, that in this establishment will be found a solution of their difficulties. Gentlemen have an idea that ladies are displeased with useful presents, such as dresses, and prefer knick-knackery and gilt ornaments. They are mistaken; almost any lady would prefer some lovely article of toilette wear. It is of consequence for gentlemen so situated to know that in an establishment like Messrs. Lord & Taylor's they can purchase what pleases the eye in full confidence that there are no illusions and deceits there. In regard to specialties, we would mention the assortment of ready-made garments, including dresses, sacques, cloaks, and under-garments for ladies and children. In passing through this department, we noted sacques for girls and boys of velvet and cloth of all kinds, trimmed and buttoned and tasselled to a jauntiness not easily described in mere words. A wonderful array of ladies under-garments also charmed our eye. One morning-robe, made with an intricately-inserted skirt and Spanish jacket, was a perfect model of elegance. Infants' cloaks, gloriously embroidered, also claimed our admiration; also, ladies' coquettish dressing-robes and night-dresses. But to attempt to enter into any kind of description of the bewildering beauties that meet the eye at every turn there would be more than our space would allow. But, in conclusion, we feel it to be an act of justice to call attention to the uniform courtesy and good-breeding which prevails among the attendants at this delightful establishment.

Jaques' Famous "Raven's Wing" Blacking.—The Committee on Boot Blacking at the last great Fair of the Mass. C. Mechanics' Association, composed of gentlemen of the highest scientific ability, report as follows: "'Raven's Wing' Blacking.—This blacking contains no ingredient injurious to the leather. It produces a brilliant polish quickly and easily, and after most careful comparative trials, it has been decided that it is in every respect equal to the *best* European blacking. That an American should succeed in producing so desirable an article is a matter of congratulation. In consideration of the great improvement effected by the manufacturer, the Committee award a Silver Medal.

Young gentleman, do not let the beautiful custom of making New Year's calls gradually die out in the city. On the contrary, go to T. B. Baldwin's splendid clothing establishment, Nos. 70 and 72 Bowery, provide yourself with a suit of his unrivalled clothing, and go and keep up the good old custom with all your might. But do not fail, at any rate, to be clothed by T. B. Baldwin. Such is the elegance of the style of his cut and material, that the worst figures are rendered also handsome by them. Broadway misfits have become proverbial, but at Baldwin's there are no misfits, owing to the earnest and conscientious care invariably bestowed on all work coming forth from 70 Bowery.

Perfect Tables.—Ladies, your holiday tables are incomplete without pickled oysters. Get the best. Dorlon & Shaffer, Nos. 243 and 244 Fulton Market, always did furnish the finest ones. Give your orders now.

The pleasantest place in which to give a ball in this city is, in many respects, the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. This is owing to the fact of their new and handsome decorations and furniture, together with the convenient way in which they are arranged. But such is the apparent merit of these rooms, that they are eagerly sought for; therefore, parties desirous of engagement must make very early application to Mr. E. D. Lawrence.

The Season of Joy—Christmas Presents.—Musical instruments are gifts always acceptable, and are sources of enjoyment to all persons. J. Bauer & Co., 650 Broadway, will retail, *for the Holidays*, from their immense stock of domestic and foreign musical goods. Anything in their line, from a Knabe Grand Piano down to a child's accordeon, can be found at 650.

[From the New York Sunday Times.]

THE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

To understand the value of the Sewing Machine, and the happy changes which it has effected in the social and family relations, one must be familiar with the quiet households, scattered throughout the East and West, the North and South, of this great and thriving country.

The interior of a country house, at this season of the year, is as pleasant as can be imagined; and it is made so, in a great degree, by the presence of the Sewing Machine. An hour's work in the afternoon, upon a bright, rapid, wonder-working Grover & Baker, will accomplish more than could be done by a weary hand working almost into midnight. It will not only finish the dozen shirts "in less than no time," but it will tuck drawers and chemises, ruffle nightgowns, stitch trowsers, quilt linings and coverlids, and all this, and much more, with such strength, beauty, and precision, as would throw the neatest hand-work into the shade.

A Sewing Machine needs only to be purchased once in a lifetime, it is therefore of the greatest importance to get the best; the one which, all things considered, is most perfectly adapted to meet the requirements.

This we sincerely believe, and the opinion is corroborated by the highest authorities in the community, is the Grover & Baker Machine making the celebrated "Grover & Baker" stitch, the only stitch as far as we know, sufficiently elastic to be adapted to all kinds of family sewing.

The peculiar qualities of the Grover & Baker Machine, are strength, beauty, elasticity, and versatility, or adaptation to any kind of work. It compasses the whole range of family sewing completely, and without any of the vexatious delays in rewinding, fastening, and finishing, which are common to other machines, and which occupy so much time, and waste so much material. It makes a beautiful, smooth, elastic seam upon cloth or cambric, which *gives* when it is washed or stretched without breaking, and in which every stitch is so firmly *locked*, that the seam can be cut off between every half dozen stitches without impairing its strength.

Testimonial letters from ladies and housekeepers all over the country, speak unitedly of the beauty and superior elasticity of stitch. One lady says, it is the only machine that can "quilt;" another, that it is the only one "fit for boy's trowsers;" and a third, that she is particularly delighted with the way in which it makes "woolen drawers and flannel garments."

The Grover & Baker stitch is the only one that can be properly used upon *bias* seams, and is therefore adapted to an immense variety of garments containing such seams, and also seams that are subjected to much stretching and wear. In addition to the fact that no rewinding and no fastening is required, a great deal of time, and temper, too, is saved to the operator by the simplicity, regularity and ease of the various movements, the adjustment without change of tension to different kinds of work, and the method by which it is thrown from the machine, without delay or embarrassment, and also in such way as to enable the operator to maintain a pleasant and graceful position.

For dressmakers, the Grover & Baker is the only suitable machine; it is the only one that will accomplish satisfactorily, and with an immense saving of time, all the plain sewing, stitching and quilting which they have to accomplish.

For the heads of families it is equally valuable. *It will do everything.* It is simple, reliable, perfect in its operation, easy to be understood, not easy to get out of order, and gives such thorough satisfaction as to leave no room for complaint.

The following table shows the advantages of purchasing coal from the Globe Mutual Coal Company of this city, by investing in shares of stock, supposing you consume five tons of coal a year:

DEALER.		
5 tons of coal at $12½ per ton	62,50	
5 years at the same rate		312,50
GLOBE COMPANY.		
5 shares Globe stock	50,00	
5 tons coal at $8,50 per ton	42,50	
5 years at the same rate	212,50	262,50
Balance in favor of Company		50,00
Add anticipated dividend of 25 percent		50,00
Total profit of investment		$100,00

If you will read the advertisements of this Company as they appear from week to week, look at the names of the stockholders and of those shareholders who are now using the coal, you will readily see your way to a great saving in the cost of fuel. The Company's offices are at No. 61 Broadway, New York, and at No. 16 Court street, Brooklyn.

The season has now arrived when a gentleman's attire is no longer complete without a scarf; and scarfs have this advantage, they are not only necessary to comfort, but they are the most elegant things a gentleman can wear. At Mr. Ward's establishment, No. 387 Broadway, a wonderfully complete and beautiful assortment of scarfs are to be found, ranging from the finest French embroidered ones to the most useful articles in raw silk, which are reversible, not capable of being creased, and are subject to washing like a handkerchief. All varieties of plain colored silk scarfs are also to be found at Mr. Ward's, and singularly reasonable in price, considering the qualities of the materials. Mr. Ward has also on hand a fine choice of scarf pins, adapted to the articles he sells. A visit to his establishment will be profitable.

The superb billiard rooms of C. O'Connor, Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, opposite Union Square, are nightly crowded with the most celebrated billiard players in this city. Since the weather has become seasonable for billiards, the twenty-two tables in the establishment fail to accommodate his customers, and it has been suggested by those who have had to wait for their turn to play, that the Union Place Hotel next door be added. The popularity of these rooms is entirely owing to the excellent management of their proprietor. The attendants are courteous, the guests gentlemen, and the appointments of the rooms superior to any in the country. No wonder his customers wait for an opportunity to play, in preference to going to any other saloon.

For the Holidays.—Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Full Jewelled Lever Watches, $35. Original L. Jacobs, 407 Broadway.

For the Holidays—Ladies' Solid Gold 18 Karat Full Jewelled Levers, Frosted and Enamelled, $55. Original L. Jacobs, 407 Broadway.

For the Holidays—Ladies' Solid 18 Karat Gold Full Jewelled Levers, Enamelled, and set with Seal Diamonds, $75. Original L. Jacobs, 407 Broadway.

It is frequently asked why the young ladies of New York are so unexceptionably beautiful? The answer to the question lies in the fact that they take Turkish Baths at No. 13 Laight street. The fact that these Baths cause the skin to rival ivory for fairness and softness, and that it brightens the eyes and lips was soon discovered by our ladies, and having availed themselves of it, they have perceptibly benefitted by it.

The Secret Sign!—See this week's New York Dispatch. Out and for sale by all news agents, early on Sunday morning.

We noticed the distinguished tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth, sauntering down Broadway, in one of Knox's hats. It was so becoming that we advise all men, young and old, to follow his example, and beautify themselves with a hat from No. 533 Broadway. It is a conceded fact that Knox has reached the highest *acme* of perfection as a hattist.

"I buy my house-furnishing goods at Bassford's, under the Cooper Institute," said a lady, the other day, "and I find that his prices are very reasonable, and that his goods last forever." This is the universal testimony.

Francis & Loutrel, of Maiden lane, have an assortment of Stationery which our readers would do well to examine before making holiday purchases. See advertisement next week.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CONTRACTION.

CONTRACTION OF CURRENCY.

PRICES DOWN.
PRICES DOWN.
PRICES DOWN.
PRICES DOWN.
PRICES DOWN.
PRICES DOWN.

In view of the expected contraction of currency,

CLARK, TRAPHAGEN & HUNTER,
398, 400 AND 402 BOWERY,
(Opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory),
have reduced their prices
20 PER CENT.

OVERCOATS.

USUAL PRICE $60, NOW $48.
USUAL PRICE $55, NOW $44.
USUAL PRICE $50, NOW $40.
USUAL PRICE $45, NOW $36.
USUAL PRICE $40, NOW $32.
USUAL PRICE $35, NOW $28.
USUAL PRICE $30, NOW $24.
USUAL PRICE $25, NOW $20.
USUAL PRICE $20, NOW $16.
USUAL PRICE $18, NOW $14.

BUSINESS COATS,
PANTS AND VESTS,
AT THE SAME REDUCED RATES.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite.

They are an antidote to change of water and diet.

They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.

They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.

They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.

They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

They cure Diarrhoea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.

They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. Drake & Co.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.

It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.

It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.

It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.

It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.

It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

Demas Barnes & Co.,
Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

A Household Necessity Exists for the Use of DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,

Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic—Headache, Hoarseness, Diphtheria and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Bad Taste and Smell being the result of Catarrh. This snuff removes and prevents all these, and insures a healthy Head. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Snuffles.

It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by Mail to all parts of the U. S., for 30 cents for One Box, or $1 for Four Boxes.

Address, Jas. Durno, P. O. Box 1,235,
New York.
Wholesale, by D. Barnes & Co.,
21 Park Row, N. Y.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Prizes paid in gold; information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver. Taylor & Co., Bankers,
No. 16 Wall street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
585 BROADWAY.—Commencing at quarter before 8.
The public voice proclaims this
THE BAND OF THE WORLD.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'S
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
BURLESQUE CIRCUS.
BILLY BIRCH'S Police Court Scene.
L'Africaine or Gambrinus' Opera of Lager Beer,
By WAMBOLD, RICE and BERNARD.
CHARLEY BACKUS'S Living Pictures of Great Artists.
Startling Effects of Kehoe's Clubs.
Triple Clog Pedaliz. Nancy Fat.

BRYANT'S.—MECHANICS' HALL,
No. 472 BROADWAY, above Grand street.
MONDAY, Dec. 18, and during the week,
IMMENSE SUCCESS. EVERYTHING NEW.
ICI ON PARLE FRANCAISE.
Dan Bryant's Stump Speech. Mischievous Monkey.
In and Out of Place. Lord Dundreary on a Lark.
BLACK-EYED WILLIAM.
William Henry, a weather-beaten tar......Dan Bryant.
Parquette, 50 cts.; Family Circle, 30 cts; Private Boxes, $5.

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON.—THE GRAND ANNUAL FETE and RE-UNION SOIREE of the NEPTUNE CLUB, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 20th, 1865.
Tickets Three Dollars. To be had at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, and of Theodore Moss, Esq., at Wallack's Theatre; or of the following Committee:

Thomas G. Voorhis,
R. Litchenstein,
Jos. Forsyth,
John R. Johnson,
John T. Henry,
William Hoagland,
Henry Grippen,
Edward Reed,
Wm. Manson,
A. H. McGarren,
Jas. D. Hall,
T. F. Weaver,
J. J. Carrick,
Jas. E. Nolan,
John Taylor,
Chas. Riley,
Alex. Mathew,
W. S. Lawrence,
Thos. Lawrence,
A. D. Taylor,
Geo. Quackenbush,
Hale Kingsley,
C. V. Lewis,
Wm. H. Taylor,
Wm. Harris,
W. B. Rankin,
Thos. Barclay,
Lewis B. Ryers,
H. R. Bredway,
U. P. Ward,
R. Edmonson,
John McCool,
Lawrence Fitzgerald,
Wm. Runnett,
J. Thompson,
Jacob DeHaven,
Robert Struthers,
David McLellan.

JOS. B. TAYLOR, President.
C. C. MARTINDALE, Vice President.
Thos. Flender, Wm. H. Dusenbery, Secretaries.
J. S. Cooley, Treasurer.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—
Lessee and Manager..........WM. WHEATLEY.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, Dec. 16, 1865,
LAST NIGHT BUT TWO
of the grand Spectacular Drama, in three acts, by Dion Boucicault and E. H. House, entitled
ARRAH-NA-POGUE;
Or,
THE WICKLOW WEDDING.
Mr. T. H. GLENNEY..........as..........SHAUN THE POST.
Mr. J. G. Burnett, D. E. Ralton, J. W. Blaisdell, J. Nunan, W. Scallan, E. B. Holmes, George Becks, W. Danvers, Readie, Neel, &c., &c., Misses Agnes Perry, Mary Wells, Maria Maeder, &c., in the cast.
ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY and SCENICAL EFFECTS, MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES, APPOINTMENTS, and CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES.
On MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS, Dec. 18 and 19,
EDWIN FORREST
will appear in his great part of
PEDRO, THE BROKER,
in THE BROKER OF BOGOTA.
WM. WHEATLEY, his only appearance this season, as
ANTONIO DE CABERRO.
WEDNESDAY, LAST TIME BUT ONE OF
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle (entrance on Crosby street), 30 cents.
Seats secured six days in advance.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.—
HIPPOTHEATRON, Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..........Manager.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
In consequence of the frequent disappointment of PARTIES DESIRING CHOICE SEATS, resulting from the crowded audiences at this establishment, the management, with a view to the better accommodation of its patrons, have greatly
INCREASED THE SEATING CAPACITY
of those parts of the house known respectively as the DRESS CIRCLE AND "RESERVED SEATS," and in the future trust to be able to furnish all visitors with places which will be found desirable and satisfactory in every respect.
MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 18th,
First appearance of
THE CHAMPION HORSEMAN,
MR JAMES ROBINSON,
IN HIS TERRIFIC HURDLE ACT,
executed upon his splendid Kentucky bred
RACE HORSE GLENCOE.
AN ENTIRELY NEW PERFORMANCE,
THRILLINGLY EXCITING,
AND STARTLING BEYOND PRECEDENT!
First time of the
PONY AND MONKEY RACES.
Introducing the SMALLEST PONIES IN THE WORLD,
RIDDEN BY MONKEY JOCKEYS!
FRESH NOVELTIES IN THE CIRCLE,
introducing the entire strength of the
MAMMOTH STAR TROUPE,
EVERY NIGHT AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM,
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
AFTERNOON AT 3, AND EVENING AT 7½.
The talented
CIRCUS TROUPE
WITH THEIR THOROUGH-BRED HORSES,
including the celebrated
TRICK PONY, "WILD BILL,"
whose intelligence is surprising, appear in the most daring acts in the
BEST ARENA IN THE WORLD.
Previous to Circus, the great Drama of the
QUEEN'S PAGE; or, THE IDIOT OF THE CASTLE,
by the
BEST DRAMATIC TALENT.
W. B. HARRISON, Best Extemporaneous Singer.
MAJOR COLVIN, aged 11 years, 18 inches high, and weighing only 12 pounds, the smallest Dwarf living.
Miss LIZZIE READ, The Miniature Lady.
GEN. GRANT, Jr., aged 11, 23 inches high, 16 pounds.
THREE OF THE LARGEST GIANTS IN THE WORLD, and prettiest CIRCASSIAN GIRLS ever seen.
BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.
TWO STEAM GLASS ENGINES IN MOTION.
John Battersby, the LIVING SKELETON, weighing 67 lbs. His wife, MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN, nearly 700 lbs.
THREE-HORNED BULL. ALBINO BOY.
COSMORAMAS, STEREOSCOPTICONS, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

WINTER GARDEN.—
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE.
A DOUBLE LAUGHING BILL!!
MR. J. S. CLARKE
To-night and every evening in two of his
GREAT COMIC CHARACTERS.
As
BEETLE,
in Tom Taylor's laughable Comedy of
BABES IN THE WOOD,
and as
WADDILOVE,
in Boucicault's highly comic drama of
"THE FAT BOY,"
which will present Mr. Clarke in
TWO
of his inimitable broad comedy personations.

WALLACK'S.—
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. Lester Wallack.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
OPEN AT HALF-PAST SEVEN—BEGIN AT EIGHT.
SATURDAY,
(Third time here), Palgrave Simpson's celebrated drama in one act,
DREAMS OF DELUSION.
To conclude with the charming comedy, in two acts, by Charles Dance, entitled
A WONDERFUL WOMAN.
MONDAY—19th night of LOST IN LONDON.
TUESDAY—DREAMS OF DELUSION and A WONDERFUL WOMAN.
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY—20th and 21st nights of LOST IN LONDON.
THURSDAY and SATURDAY—DREAMS OF DELUSION and A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—
George Wood..........Manager.
UNABATED TRIUMPH OF SAM.
OVERWHELMING AUDIENCES.
CROWDS DENIED ADMISSION.
A WONDERFUL SUCCESS.
EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
The great character actor,
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU,
supported by
MRS OLIVE LOGAN and A GREAT CAST,
will repeat his marvellous personation of
SAM,
in which he has delighted the town for nearly
ONE HUNDRED CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 1½ P. M.
A GRAND MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY.
ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—
Sole Lessee and Directress.......Mrs. John Wood.
Stage Manager..........J. H. Selwyn.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
The Great Spectacular Romance, in five acts, entitled
MONTE
CRISTO,
with the favorite and eminent artist,
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT.
Doors open at 7¼; curtain rises at 7¾ precisely.
SEATS SECURED THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.

A NEW THEATRE ON BROADWAY.—MR. GEORGE WOOD respectfully announces that he has effected arrangements with the present proprietor of the building known as Wood's Minstrel Hall, on Broadway, directly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, by which he has secured the control of that spacious and popular resort for a term of years, and will shortly offer it to the public patronage as a first class theatre, under the title of WOOD'S THEATRE, managing it in connection with the Broadway Theatre. The new theatre—already noted as the largest and most elegant establishment of its kind in the country—will be entirely remodelled, after the most approved designs of modern theatrical architecture, elegantly frescoed and redecorated throughout, and liberally equipped with every essential requirement of a first class metropolitan theatre.
Mr. Wood will avail himself of the great dimensions of the building (which extends from Broadway to Crosby street, and is one hundred and twenty feet deep by seventy-eight feet wide within the walls of the theatre proper) to so enlarge its auditorium as to make it equal in capacity to the Broadway Theatre, which has seated, under its present management, upwards of one thousand nine hundred and sixty persons, or $1,210 at its current prices.
The stage will also be enlarged, and will afford ample space for the effective performance of any class of dramatic productions. The location of the theatre (as the remarkable success of the Broadway Theatre, situated but a few yards distant from it, has conclusively proven) is most admirable, being directly opposite to one, and within ten minutes' easy walk of nine other of the chief hotels of New York, and within yet more convenient distance of eight of the principal lines of city passenger cars. Due notice will be given through the press of the date of the opening and other particulars.
Offers of engagements for the Stock Company, commencing about January 6, 1866, are invited from artists of acknowledged ability. Address (without inclosing stamp) the undersigned, who respectfully requests that silence may be accepted in all cases as a negative reply.
GEORGE WOOD Broadway Theatre, New York.

MISS LUCY RUSHTON'S NEW YORK THEATRE,
728 and 730 Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel.
This elegant building will shortly be opened to the public with a
FIRST CLASS COMPANY
OF NEW YORK FAVORITES.
The decorations of the house are of the richest description, while every accessory to the proper comfort of the audience has been carefully attended to. The stage is so arranged as to insure a perfect preservation of artistic effect, while every seat in the auditorium will command a view of the whole extent. The entrance and exit passages and doorways are ample and unobstructed, and the stairways and corridors large and easy of ascent. Great attention has been paid to warming, ventilation and lighting, for which latter purpose a patent sun light is used.
The pieces to be presented will be of the highest order of merit, and will be put upon the stage with every attention to detail. The prices will be graduated to suit all classes. In future advertisements fuller particulars will be given, as well as the exact date of opening.
December 11, 1865.

MR. HENRY MORFORD'S
THREE LECTURES
ON
"THINGS OVER SEA,"
BY SPECIAL INVITATION
of the
BENCH, BAR, AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF NEW YORK,
will be delivered at
DODWORTH'S HALL
(Broadway, above Tenth street), as follows:
SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23d. Subject: "Old Things Around London."
SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30th. Subject: "Three Days in Scotland."
SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th. Subject: "Over to Paris."

GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS—at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, adjoining Fifth Avenue Hotel. Modest, Refined Ethiopian Minstrelsy, illustrated in all its brightest phases by twenty-six brilliant artists, headed by the inimitable comic genius, George Christy, the pioneer of the metropolis, who most respectfully submits his fifth programme to the careful perusal of his friends for MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 18. Monday, second appearance of the INFANT RAVEL, only 2½ years old. Grand Matinee every Saturday at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 7; commence at 8. Parquet (Opera chairs), 75c.; balcony seats, 50 cents.

THE 37TH ANNUAL BALL OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of DECEASED FIREMEN, will take place on MONDAY EVENING, January 22, 1866, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The price of tickets will be $5 admitting a gentleman and two ladies; extra ladies' tickets, $2 each. Tickets may be procured of the Managers, or of the following officers:
C. GODFREY GUNTHER, President,
No. 46 Maiden lane.
JAMES F. WENMAN, Secretary,
No. 16 Pearl street.
ALBERT J. DELATOUR, Treasurer,
No. 25½ Wall street.

POOR MEN'S GARDENS.

No waxen blossoms stained with rainbow hues,
No crimson flush of petals, heaven-dyed,
No spoils of distant zones and eastern shores,
Snatched from the poisonous woods to feed man's pride;

No spiked and spotted aloes, dagger fenced,
No lilies floating on their leafy raft,
No air-plants dappled like great butterflies,
Spice odors from the Orient isles to waft;

But just one little bush of southernwood,
Fragrant and evergreen as honesty,
And clumps of purple hearts-ease rarely found
In rich men's gardens where'soe'er they be.

A tufted rod of hollyhocks, with rosettes,
For flower-pot or for posy; or a bed
Of blood-red scented cloves, so jagged and quaint,
To deck a Sunday coat with tuft of red.

A plant of marigold, with golden glow,
To spread perennial sunshine o'er the plot,
A winter rose, to bloom when summer's gone,
And cast a gleam of hope when spring's forgot.

Yes, in the poor man's garden often grow
Far more than herbs, or fruit, or pleasant flowers,
Kind thoughts, Contentment, Gratitude, and Love,
And balms and anodynes for weary hours.

Uncle Jacob's Wife.

We were sitting round the breakfast table, my father, mother, brother Tom, two sisters, and myself, one winter's morning, when the letters came in, nearly an hour late, for, contrary to the custom of many country places, we had an eight-o'clock delivery.

"Postman says, sir, that the roads are frozen so slippery, that he had to leave his horse at a farm-house and walk over with the bag," said James apologetically, as he laid the letters by my father's plate.

"There's always something wrong," said my father with a shrug, "when I am expecting important letters."

"Give the man a glass of beer," said my mother, as James left the room.

The girls smiled to each other at the lofty sound, "important letters," though, to be sure, the prices of oats, wheat-straw, and potatoes were very important matters in our father's eyes. We, however, cared little whether sheep ruled at heavy rates, pigs were lively, or turnips dull, for it did not seem to make much matter to us whether the markets were up or down, my father never making money in either case. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we should have lost our interest in farming details.

My mother used to take these little misfortunes very quietly. "Your father will never make his fortune, my dears," she would say with as pleasant a face as possible. "He isn't the man to do it, even by accident; but as long as he gets enough out of the farm to let us live comfortably and want for nothing, I think we ought to be content; and then, you know, there's Uncle Jacob to fall back on."

"If my father would just pitch that scientific nonsense of his on one side, he would soon make the farm pay: I wish chemistry had never been invented," was Tom's irreverent opinion; and as far as regards my father's application of science to the working of our farm, Tom was practically right. My mother supported my father's views with all her might, but as Tom said: "My mother would be ready to see snow in August, if my father saw it." And this was as it should be, and she and my father had the full comfort of their unanimity.

"Tom, my dear," said my mother one day, when he was trying to persuade her to give her voice against one of his father's newest notions, "I would not oppose your father's opinion for almost any consideration. We should save twenty pounds, you think, on the five-acre field, if we were to—"

"Yes, certainly; quite twenty pounds," interrupted Tom.

"But your father would not be pleased, and I would pay twenty pounds any day (if I had it), rather than have him vexed."

"The day will come, mother, when you won't be able to afford it: it's quick work going down-hill. One comfort is, however, if the worst come to the worst, we have Uncle Jacob to fall back on some day."

But we have wandered from the breakfast-table. My father glanced through a couple of letters, which didn't seem to please him much.

"Read that from Jacob," said my mother, pointing to one.

"How do you know it's from Jacob?" asked my father, always a little jealous if he thought his letters were in any way scrutinized, even to the reading of a postmark.

"I see his writing across the table," said my mother, meekly. Here she touched another weak point of my father's: he was the slightest bit envious of her better sight.

"It will wait," he said, and chipped at his egg. But the touch of spleen was but momentary, and he presently broke Uncle Jacob's red seal.

"He is coming here," he said, without looking up.

"He will be welcome," said my mother, and my father read on. He always read straight through a letter before enlightening us. Suddenly his face changed. He turned pale, absolutely white, he whose complexion was like that of one of his own ruddy apples; his hand shook, too, and he threw down the letter.

"What is it? Is he dead?" asked my mother in her fright, forgetting that she was looking at his writing.

"Worse than dead!" said my father.

"What has he done?" we three girls exclaimed in a breath. "Is it very bad?" for my father's face was a picture.

"Pshaw!" said my father, and his color came back as he spoke; "he's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Married!"

"Married!" We all pronounced the dreadful word, and then there was silence, and we thought much and said little. The matter, in fact, was beyond speech.

"There go your fortunes, girls!" said Tom, breaking silence, with a look that reminded me of his old, mischievous, school-boy days.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" thundered my father.

"I must say I think it inconsiderate of Jacob, highly inconsiderate," said my mother, but something in her voice pleaded for Uncle Jacob as she spoke; she was such an unreasoning sort of woman, my mother, in her habit of leaning to mercy's side.

"Inconsiderate? Disgraceful!" said my father.

"Yes, my dear Charles, very disgraceful," said my mother; but I caught the same tone of appeal in her voice.

"Shameful! Ridiculous! Unheard of!" My father was given to the piling of epithets. "Pitiable in a man of his age!"

"He is old to marry," said my mother.

"Old! Only think of it. I am sixty-seven, and he is not two years younger."

"I suppose he was very lonely."

"Why could he not have come here, then?"

"His business, my dear," said my mother. "I suppose he cannot leave his office in town for long."

"Why not have asked one of the girls to go and live with him? if he was lonely. Lonely! nonsense! The man has no more feeling of loneliness or anything else than a dried stick. Lonely!"

"It seems a pity," said the gentle voice of the gentlest of all gentlewomen.

"You don't appreciate the case at all, Mary! The old goose! So, nothing but marrying will serve his turn—and all out of spite, too! Well, he is bringing a fine lot of cares on his shoulders, and so he'll find. There's an end to his quiet life now. The trouble of a wife—" Here my father checked himself, seeing something perhaps in my mother's face.

"No, Mary; I didn't mean that! You know I did not. You and I have pulled together without a rub for five-and-thirty years. Why, Polly, what are you thinking of?" She did not speak, but I always thought my mother's smile was better than words. I am sure my father thought so too. Her smile was known to us all to be the sunlight under which the sour parts of his nature ripened to sweet.

"I wonder what she is like?" queried Tom, unluckily giving utterance to the thought that was seething in our girlish minds.

"Stuff, sir! What does it matter?" said my father, effervescing again. "A designing woman, no doubt: designing women are all alike."

"She must be uncommonly sharp," said Tom.

The moment my father left the table, our pent-up feelings had free play, and we relieved ourselves by much conversation, my mother playing the part of moderator.

"I think your uncle has a right to please himself," she said as she left the room to attend to her household duties. Perhaps he had. People are not to be deprived of this right because they are old and rich, and have a circle of nephews and nieces expectant of solid remembrances in their wills. No—certainly not; but still it cannot be denied but that this news fell hardly on us; we had made so sure, you see. But I have not described Uncle Jacob. This is easily done, though, there being very little of him to describe. He was a little man, not over five feet six, certainly with a little neat small figure, surmounted by rather a long head. Uncle Jacob was a long-headed man, in every sense of the word. His features were hard and small. I mean that they looked physically hard—wooden, for the expression of the face was good. His hands were hard and small too; in fact, the second finger of the right hand, where the pen leans, seemed turned to very bone. He was my father's only brother, and had been sent out early in life with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket to make his own way in the world, when my father, as the eldest son, had inherited the freehold farm we live on.

With my father, time had stood still, so to speak; he was no richer and no poorer now at sixty-seven than he had been forty years before, but things had been different with my uncle. He might sit down at the ink-stained desk in the little mouldy office in Mincing lane, and take his hard pen into those small hard fingers of his, and write his hard name in the crabbedest of hands, and the cheque he wrote it on would be worth three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. So Mr. Sneck, his clerk, would say with a triumphant look to his familiars. As for Uncle Jacob, he never spoke about the state of his affairs: his mind was tight and trim, and self-contained like himself.

Now, Uncle Jacob had never spoken a word of leaving us sixpence, but we built our hopes on the circumstances of the case, and very reasonably so, I think. He had not a single relation in the world outside our house. He had always been kind to us in his way, paying Tom's school bills, and sending my mother presents of the quaintest ornaments that could well be seen. He was really fond of her, in his undemonstrative way, and had told my father confidentially several times that she was an "excellent woman." On one occasion, too, my father had been lamenting in his presence that we girls could have no fortunes.

"Tom must have the farm, of course, and then if he marries?" my father had said; and Uncle Jacob had said: "Don't fret yourself about their fortunes."

There was no promise in the words certainly—that is, no promise expressed—but did not an implied one lurk there so slightly hidden as to be seen? We thought so, and rejoiced and made merry over it, and made sure of our fortunes from that day forward.

"I wonder if he will ask us to the wedding?" said Nettie, the youngest and liveliest of us all, as we sat together over the fire in the work-room.

"He may spare himself the trouble," said Jane.

"In any case, it would not be wise to offend him," I observed.

"It doesn't signify whether he is offended or not," said Jane with a toss. "His wife will take care of him now."

"I should dearly like to be asked," said Nettie.

"Why?"

"Why, Kate, it would be such rare fun."

"Fun?" said I. "I do believe you think of nothing but fun, Nettie; and, after all, it will be very poor fun for us, this marriage."

"He will look so odd! Think of the little wee man in his green coat, with his shining bald head, with his bridegroom's white gloves on, and a rose in his buttonhole, putting the ring on her finger (he must have his spectacles on to do it properly), and saying all those things he will have to say. Oh, how romantic he will look! How ever can she find it in her heart to marry him!" And Nettie broke into one of her merry peals of laughter. "Such an old fright! How can she!"

"She sees him through a golden mist," Jane said.

"I should so dearly like to see it!—the wedding!"

"If you go, you may go by yourself," said Jane. "I do think you are like a child in some things still, Nettie, and yet you are twenty-two."

"I shall never forget that fact, dear, you remind me so often; but when I think of your age, I feel quite like a child; thirty-five sounds quite important after my two-and-twenty. No, Jane, never mind, I'm sorry I said it; it was spiteful of me. Don't be vexed this time, and I'll never say a word about your age again." And Nettie put her mouth into such a pleading shape, that Jane could not have been angry if she had tried. A late learned prelate tells us, in an erratic offspring of his genius, that a little *nez retrousse* has had power before this to reverse the destinies of an empire. I wonder what his verdict on Nettie's mouth would have been. I know she ruled us like a little queen—my father included; and I think her power was in her mouth. There was silence for a while, and our needles sped fast.

"I wonder if she is young or old?" Nettie broke out.

"Young, of course," said Jane. "Silly old men are always taken in by girls young enough to be their grand-daughters. Do you suppose he is going to marry an old woman?"

"Of course she's young," I said.

"I shouldn't have thought he would have noticed one way or the other," said Nettie laughing.

"Hush!" said Jane; "here's my father coming."

"Nettie," said my father entering, "come into my writing-room; I want you to copy me some letters—I am going out."

"Very well," said Nettie; "only mind, papa dear, you are not to be cross if I make mistakes. That's to be your part of the bargain. Now, come and show me."

Before a week passed, my father had another letter from Uncle Jacob, naming the wedding-day, but not asking any of us to be present.

"Although he invites himself here, in the coolest manner possible, the fortnight after," said my father.

"I would fill the house, sir; ask the Jenkinsons and young Clive here, and tell him there wasn't room," was Tom's sapient rejoinder.

"And make his wife an enemy for life," said Jane.

My father shortly enjoined Tom to keep his ideas to himself—so he had evidently decided to receive the visit.

The next question mooted was, whether Uncle Jacob would expect wedding presents to be sent by his only relations. After much argument, it was decided that he would, so we set to work at once. I worked a most elaborate handkerchief for the future Mrs. Jacob, and enclosed it in the most perfect of sachets. Tom rode into Worcester, and bought a case of prettily cut and topped scented-bottles—a gem of its kind—for her toilet; into which piece of complaisance, however, it took us a whole morning's work to persuade him. Jane shone conspicuous in the manufacture of a workbag; but Nettie, naughty Nettie, set to work on the braiding of a most striking waistcoat for Uncle Jacob himself. In vain we pleaded that he could never be induced to commit himself to the wearing of so ornamental an article.

"He shall wear it," she said: "he ought to be gay on his wedding-day. This will smarten him up from a dingy old moth to a butterfly. He won't know himself."

My father saw her at her work, and asked who it was for.

"Uncle Jacob," said Nettie, boldly; and when my father looked amazed, she fairly laughed in his face. "He will look very nice in it." My father was not equal to the occasion, and turned away. As to commanding or exhorting Nettie, when she was minded to go her own way, he would just as soon have thought of using his loaded stick to flip a butterfly off one of his roses. Nettie knew this, and when we threatened her, she would laugh, and say: "No, he won't! He won't say a word; he'll lift his eyebrows at me—so—and that's all."

What my father's present to Uncle Jacob was, we never knew, as he has been grimly silent on the subject from that day to this.

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honeymoon passed, and the bride and groom were to be with us the next day (roads permitting). It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it—not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, nay, nor even her name. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to these matters, "to show just a little kindly interest," she said, but had not done it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

My mother, in her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

"She is sure to be nervous, poor thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it."

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of wheels, and we went in a body to the hall—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage wheels, and we opened the hall door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, bay horses, and yellow postboy came to the steps. She was tall—the bride—inches taller than Uncle Jacob, tall and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil down that we could not even make a guess at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again. She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

"Come in, dear aunt, by the fire."

"You must both be half frozen."

"You are an hour later than we hoped you would be."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat." Civil things we said of that sort, and finally marshalled our dear relatives to the fireside in the morning-room.

"Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs," said my mother to the maid as she left the room, "and take up the spiced negus when I ring. It is a great preservative from cold, negus as we make it," said my mother, turning to our aunt, in an explanatory manner.

"Thank you," said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the meantime had taken the poker in hand, and was "mending the fire," as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-brown face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backwards half a foot at a time.

"Yes," he said, replying to my mother; "it was" (poke), "it was cold" (poke). "The roads were" (scrape of the lower bar) "like glass" (crash of the upper crust), "and we crept along slowly."

"Will she never lift her veil?" pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the mythical "Pig-faced Lady," and her rich veil, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—a what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness, my aunt raised her veil, and I came back to everyday life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse, and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think even my mother was startled by the swarthy, gaunt face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy were almost caricatured, they were so strongly pronounced. The high cheek-bones might have belonged to a Tartar.

"Are you warm enough to go up stairs?" my mother asked her, with a tremor of surprise in her gentle tones.

"You must speak out to her," said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth.

"Out?" my mother asked.

"Yes, loud;" and again the quiver. "Janet!" and he moved closer to his wife, "Mary wants to know if you are ready to go up stairs?" He spoke in loudest tones.

"What?" she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing's. "Up stairs?"

"Yes. Will you go and take your things off?"

"Yes, I am ready, quite ready, thank you," and she turned to my mother, and rose from her seat.

"Ring for the negus," my mother bade me. "Janet, let me carry your cloak," she said in a desperate voice; but Aunt Janet was evidently dubious of her meaning till my mother had taken possession of that article.

"Uncle," said Tom, "I'll show you your dressing-room."

"What on earth can he have done it for?" whispered Tom as he passed me.

Jane and I were left together, and Nettie came back when she heard them pass up stairs.

"O Nettie, why did you laugh in the hall?" I asked.

"She wouldn't hear it," said Nettie; "and you know Uncle Jacob's always a little deaf."

"You will be getting us into a scrape, indeed, if you don't take care."

"Not I. Oh, what a bride!"

"She is an odd-looking creature," said Jane.

"Fifty at least."

"We shall be as hoarse as rooks with shouting to her, if they stay for a week," said Jane.

"What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed: the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it!" and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

James and the parlor-maid waited on us at dinner in a state of much amazement. Their eyes seemed to be fascinated to her, however much they might try to look the other way. James was quite nervous, too, poor man, and absolutely jumped every now and then when my father roared out a piece of politeness to the lady by his side; but he did his best. He did not attempt to shout to her, for he was so proper-minded a footman that he would have died rather than lift his voice and bellow in the unseemly manner required; so he employed dumb-show—lifting up her wine-glass to her notice first, and then holding sherry and Sauterne before her in a beseeching manner, that she might elect between them. Nettie watched him gravely, but unluckily her eyes caught mine, and a spasm of silent laughter passed over her face. She did not laugh, however, and her potato did not choke her, so all was well. The evil moment was only deferred, however, for Aunt Janet bethought herself of the bag that hung by her side, and drawing thence a tube with bone ear and mouthpieces fitted thereto, she said to my mother: "Please use my tube, and I shall hear you;" and uncoiled it as she spoke.

"Take that end to your mistress," said my father to James; but never did tyro taking electric wire in hand look more uncomfortable than did James as he handled the unknown instrument. He seemed to expect a shock as he half dropped it by my mother's plate.

"Gently!" said Aunt Janet, with the other end in her ear, and James started worse than ever. No help for it; Nettie must laugh; but with great skill she succeeded in producing a violent fit of coughing that made the tears run down her cheeks.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

"She was Samuel Marten's only child," he began.

"His partner's?" said my mother.

"Yes. When he told me that much, I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home."

"That makes her so brown," said Nettie. "I thought she had an Indian sort of look."

"Her fortune, of course, is very large; and not knowing into what hands she might fall, he thought it would be well to marry her; and she, as a woman of sense, saw the wisdom of the step. Jacob has acted a very sensible part; so now all that remains for us is to be civil to her: she deserves it."

"Did he say anything about her deafness, papa?"

"No, child. Why should he?"

"Did you?"

"Nonsense! What does it signify? He'll only lead the quieter life for it. A wife's tongue— Now, Mary," said he, looking at my mother—"now, Mary, you know what I mean."

"I was not saying anything, dear," said my mother; she led my father in a chain of silk, that was as strong as iron. What a wonder it is that women should ever be ignorant as to where lies the secret of their strength. How few men can resist the might of gentleness! My mother's gentle craft was partly natural, partly won loyally from the Holy Book that teaches so fully of the "soft answer" that is stronger than triple shield against the thrust of wrath.

After a day or two, Aunt Janet took up the habit of coming to the morning-room directly after breakfast, and spending the whole forenoon there. At first, we were rather a silent party after she appeared. No matter how deaf your companion is, it is generally some time before you can cast off the mistaken idea that half of what you say is heard; and Aunt Janet had such a sharp sort of look about her—unlike the patient, waiting look that deaf people usually acquire—that we were absurdly silent in her presence for a while.

Nettie broke the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell idly alike on those dead ears of hers. "Do you know I like her," said Nettie abruptly one morning, when my mother was urging us to be more attentive. "Of course, she's the greatest old fright that ever was seen; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure."

My mother looked pained. "Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks: she cannot help them."

"I suppose she cannot, mamma, and yet a sort of instinct makes me blame people for being ugly."

"It isn't her face I mind," said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; "but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is like the tearing of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge." Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

"She cannot help her voice," said my mother; "you should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane."

"I don't think she has a pleasant side."

My mother made no answer, but turned and shouted a little of the morning news from the paper, to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

"Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me?"

"Yes; only come closer. Now, stand still—do stand still, Tom, dear—I am pricking my finger."

"How long is she going to stay?" asked Tom.

"As long as she pleases," my mother replied.

"How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls, shut up in a room with her morning after morning, for something. She would mesmerize me."

"You pain me, Tom, when you speak so. There is nothing attractive about your aunt; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect," said my mother.

"What! for hooking the old gentleman?"

"Tom," said Nettie, "do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig?" (in a confidential tone.)

"A wig, to be sure," said Tom, determinedly.

"I cannot bear it, Tom," said my mother; "you must really go out of the room. Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of your water-colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings."

"She looks like a judge," said sarcastic Jane.

Nettie went to the piano after a while, and sang a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch airs, which she sang uncommonly well. I was watching Aunt Janet's uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Nettie struck the first bar of "Ye Banks and Braes," and a change swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard—at least, I mean that for a second I fancied so, for as I looked, the face was dull-deaf as ever.

"Poor thing!" said my mother, "how I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!"

"I should not think it would make much difference to her," said Jane. "I don't suppose she is inclined to be romantic."

Two or three days afterwards, my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and, seeing Aunt Janet, was about to withdraw. "I wanted to tell you"—he said to my mother.

"Tell me what, dear?"

"Nothing—but that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting fidgety at being away from the office so long."

"Janet spoke about going to me this morning."

"Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any cost. We must have them again soon, though I hate the sight of her. I really cannot enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But it cannot be helped."

"I like her," said my mother; "she is quiet and sensible," as my father moved back out of the doorway.

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was particularly kind in his manner to us all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house in Hyde Park Gardens."

"You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage," he said kindly, and we thanked him as in duty bound; but I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on our new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet, to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed, she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother as she did so that she never gave visitor's money to servants.

"Nor to anybody she can help," said Jane.

"There you mistake me," said our aunt, turning round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. "I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed."

"How ever did she hear me?" gasped Jane in a lower tone to me.

"As I hear other people," said my aunt, quietly. "Good-bye, dear Mary" (and she turned to kiss my mother). "You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think me a beauty, you know; you gave me credit for being 'kind-hearted and sensible'—I think that was it—and that is all I want from you. Believe me, I think all the better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth."

"Why, Janet! then you're not deaf after all?"

But what she answered, or what my mother said after that, I don't know, for we beat a hasty retreat from the room. We could not even bring ourselves to go down and say good-bye when we heard my father and Tom shouting last words at the carriage-door. I do not think we broke silence for some minutes, till Nettie said: "We have done it now! How she must hate us!"

"For what?" asked Tom, suddenly appearing; and then we told him all.

"You don't mean it!" and then he gave vent to his feelings in the longest of whistles.

What my father said on the subject we never knew, nor, indeed, guessed, for his face was a sealed book, when he so pleased it, but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently.

"It was the meanest trick!" said Jane. "Impossible to defend ourselves against such low cunning."

"No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so."

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter. "You must forgive me, Mary," she said, "I allow I was wrong—very wrong, if you will; but when you understand all, you will allow that my temptation was strong to see you all as you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my dread of designing people is a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over until you forgive me."

"You have saved us, mother, I do believe," said Tom. "She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake."

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. "Bring the girls with you when you come, Mary," he said. "Don't let them be vexed with their aunt for her whimsies—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie."

"Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness," said Tom. "Mother, look at your letter again, and see if there isn't an invitation for me."

Legends from the Ardennes.

Among the crowd of English who annually visit Spa, there are but few who explore much of the adjacent country. The Salles de Jeux, the daily concerts, the water-drinking and baths, the breakfast at the Barisart, and dinner at the Rocher de Cancale, present too engrossing and too frequently recurring attractions to permit the passing visitor to extend his excursions beyond the surrounding walks, or a few hours' drive in the neighborhood. Yet he would be amply repaid by a week or a fortnight's tour on foot, or on horseback, through the ever-varying scenes comprised within the provinces of Liege, Namur and Luxembourg. Sublimity and magnificence he certainly must not expect; but contrasts the most lively and agreeable continually present themselves. The wind-swept heath, the shadowy forest glade, the bushy slope, the sheltered valley, always enlivened with its rapid stream or tiny purling brook, awaken sensations as advantageous and pleasurable of their kind as the imposing grandeur of Switzerland and the Scotch Highlands. There he will come in contact with an intelligent and hospitable peasantry, always repaying civility with civility. Outside the circle, too, within which visitors at Spa generally move, Spa prices dwindle away. At the little town of Laroche, for instance, equally remarkable for its beauty and for its exclusion from popular guide-books, the writer, after a week's sojourn, was agreeably surprised to find himself charged at the rate of three francs per diem for lodging and good substantial board! Here, then, we have the combination, so rare in these days, of a salubrious climate, varied and often beautiful scenery, and cheap living.

But there are other attractions to be found in the Ardennes, besides those already mentioned, and which will prove more alluring to many minds: the numerous legends, namely, which still cling like moss and ivy to many an ancient church and ruined chateau seen by the tourist as he traverses the country. If any of our readers should think of visiting Spa, it may prove interesting to them to be made acquainted with some of the quaint legends and fancies which yet linger in the surrounding district.*

I. Few who make any prolonged stay at Spa fail to visit the grotto of Remouchamps. On the roadside, about half a mile beyond the grotto, may be seen the Church of Dieupart, the architecture of which is superior to that of most of the country churches in that district. The following legend is connected with its erection, about 500 years ago:

At that time there stood upon a height, above where the church is now seen, a chateau, the lord of which, at the date of our story, was a bold and wicked man, the terror of the neighborhood. He had lived there for about fifteen years with his wife, who had borne him no offspring, and who had come with him from some foreign land, where he had spent his youth, rumor said, in a most disreputable manner. One day there came to the gate of the chateau a youthful Minnesinger, one of those minstrels who passed from town to town, from castle to castle, delighting the ears of their denizens with romantic ballads, sung to the accompaniment of the harp, and receiving in return bed and board for a short time, and wherewithal to support them on their journey to their next halting-place. He was admitted to the presence of the lord and lady of the castle, and forthwith began his lay. At the first stanzas a deadly pallor overspread the features of the baroness, and with a trembling voice she demanded whence he came, from whom he had learned that ballad.

"I come from Treves," was the reply, "and the ballad was taught me by an aged man with whom I dwelt, and who, when I was sufficiently well skilled in the art of music, sent me forth, and bade me sing it in every town and castle which I should enter."

The seigneur of Monjardin, observing that his wife's emotion was becoming more and more visible and intense, ordered the minstrel to quit the chamber, but to await in the castle his further orders. When he was gone, the baroness exclaimed:

"Those words! that air! methought they were known but to myself and my father."

"The minstrel is without doubt a spy," said the suspicious baron, "whose object it is to discover our abode, and give information thereof to some enemies; but he shall not return to give intelligence to those who have sent him."

"Oh! slay him not," said the baroness; "add not the murder of this innocent youth to a list of crimes already too long."

"Well, well," answered the baron, "I shall not deprive him of life, but it were dangerous to give him his liberty; I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle." So saying, he went forth to execute his design, but the Minnesinger had disappeared, and could not be found. A few days elapsed, and the young minstrel again appeared at the castle. He was taken by the baron to a secret chamber known only to himself, in a remote tower, far from the inhabited portion of the chateau.

"Now," asked the baron, "tell me wherefore thou hast come to the castle? I know well that thou art here on some secret errand, and if it be not revealed thy days are numbered."

But the minstrel gave no other answer than that which he had given before.

"Thou art obstinate, then? 'tis well that thou shouldst know the punishment that awaits thee: neither food nor drink shall pass thy lips until thou shalt tell me all I desire to know. The place whence thou comest, the ballad thou hast sung, are tokens that some hidden design brings thee here; 'tis my will that thou disclose it. I will return to-morrow, and give thee one more chance for thy life; if thou art still obstinate, I will leave thee here to perish."

The baron then departed, carefully fastening the door as he left the chamber.

The next day found the brave minstrel as determined as before to make no further revelations, and so the cruel baron left him to his dreadful fate, informing his wife that he was merely keeping him in custody, as he was more than ever convinced that the minstrel plotted mischief.

Three days had elapsed since he was imprisoned, when an aged man arrived at the chateau, wearied and footsore, and having craved and obtained an audience of the baron, demanded if he knew aught of a youthful minstrel, who, he had heard, was last seen at the castle.

"Thou dost not remember me," continued the stranger: "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off, at the head of thy robber band, my daughter from her home at Treves, and ever since I have made fruitless efforts to discover thine abode. At length I bethought me of a means which has proved successful: I knew a sweet ballad which my daughter had composed in her youth; this I taught to a boy, who, neglected from his infancy by his own relatives, lived under my care. Him I bade go forth, and sing this lay in every town and castle until he should find my daughter, and then send me intelligence where she lived, that I might see her ere I die. This youth came here; thou didst not recognize him, doubtless: he is thy brother—"

The baron stayed to hear no more; he hastened in an agony of terror to the secret chamber, flung open the door, and beheld extended on the ground the lifeless body of his brother. He caught up the motionless form in his arms, intending to convey it where remedies might be applied; but—horror!—in his confusion he had closed the door from within, and it could not be opened but from without. His cries were unavailing: none knew of the chamber but himself.

For some time the disappearance of the baron caused the greatest excitement; but at length, while some repairs were being executed in the masonry of the castle, the workmen discovered the secret chamber, the half worm-eaten, yet still recognizable, corpses of the two brothers, and a written document containing the confession of the baron.

The lady of Monjardin, struck with horror, caused the chateau to be pulled down, and the present church of Dieupart to be built with its stones.

II. The traveler towards Prussia from Liege may see, at the distance of about three miles from that town, on the summit of a mountain on his left hand, the walls of a little chapel peering through the foliage of a grove of ancient trees. It is the Chapel of Notre Dame de Chevremont. Within it stands a miraculous image of the Virgin, and hither, every Sunday and holiday, and especially at Whitsuntide, flock crowds of pilgrims from the surrounding villages, with the twofold object of devotion and amusement. There is nothing in the chapel particularly striking or interesting to the artist, but an inscription over the altar-piece will at once arrest the attention of the English visitor; it is: "S. Maria ora pro Anglia, 1688." The following legend accounts for the erection of this chapel:

The Bishops of Liege, as is well known, were, previous to the French Revolution, temporal as well as spiritual princes. In the latter part of the tenth century, the diocese was governed by Notger, an able prelate, it is said, but one who seems to have been better fitted for his civil than for his ecclesiastical position. At that time a strong keep crowned the hill of Chevremont, and thence the lawless baron to whom it belonged was wont to sweep down with his numerous retainers, and despoil and terrify the dwellers in the beautiful valley of the Vesdre. Numberless complaints of the outrages committed by him were poured into the ear of the Bishop of Liege, but all the efforts of that prince were unavailing either to punish or convert the hardened sinner—his heart was as impregnable as his fortress.

When his wife gave birth to her first-born son, the Baron of Chevremont, with the shamelessness which arose from his sense of perfect security, invited the Bishop of Liege to his castle to baptize the infant.

"I will come," answered Notger, "and as a token of my respect for so high and mighty a seigneur, I will bring all my chapter with me."

Great preparations were made at Chevremont for the due reception of the prince-bishop, who, on the day appointed, arrived at the castle, accompanied by his canons, all arrayed in splendid ecclesiastical vestments. They were admitted into the castle hall, and, the baron was preparing to welcome them in pompous terms, when, on a sign given by the bishop, the pretended canons doffed their copes and cassocks, and presented to the gaze of the astonished criminal a band of steel-clad men, all armed cap-a-pie. The wily Notger, finding impossible all other means of chastising the robber-baron, had seized this opportunity of introducing his soldiers into his keep. We need not add that the baron received the due reward of his misdeeds; and the victims of his cruelty, grateful to heaven for their deliverance from its scourge, erected the chapel which stands close to the site of the destroyed castle, remains of which may still be seen; and in the museum of Liege are preserved various coins, arms, &c., which have been found among the rubbish.

III. The Cascade de Coo is well known to visitors at Spa, not so much because of the waterfall, which is not striking, as for the beautiful scenery which all along follows the course of the river Ambleve, and which at the above-mentioned locality is perhaps seen at its best. Half an hour's walk from this well-known spot brings one to the hamlet of Trois-ponts, on a hill rising above which stands the solitary Church of S. Jacques. A strange belief, which he who is anxious to dispel the misty wreaths of fancy might easily verify or destroy, but which the artist and poet will leave untouched in its awful beauty, is attached to this lonely edifice. Here, it is believed, among the peasants, every Good Friday at midnight is celebrated what in their dialect is called "la peineuse messe," that is, the sad mass. No earthly congregation assist thereat; no mortal priest performs the doubly mystic function. As midnight strikes—as that day passes away on which alone, according to the Roman ritual, the sacrifice of the mass cannot be offered—the windows of S. Jacques suddenly flash with light, the doors are opened by unseen hands, and misty forms—the souls of those who sleep in the adjoining churchyard, and who have not yet passed through the purifying flames—flit into the church. The last parish priest officiates, and he must be served by a mortal acolyte, the only being of flesh and blood amidst that ghostly throng. Due warning is given beforehand to the person chosen to fill this office, and woe betide him if he shrinks from it!—his affairs will never prosper, no enterprise of his will be blest; if, on the contrary, he have sufficient courage to be present at that awful mass, he will evermore be remembered by those whom he has assisted, when they pass from the gloom of purgatory to the golden halls of Paradise.

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* See, for fuller information on this subject, a collection of legends, entitled "Le Val de l'Ambleve," published at Liege.

IV. There is, or was, a curious belief in the Ardennes, respecting a strange being, invested with mysterious powers, named Le Toucheur, which the following narrative, told more at length by the author of "Le Val de l'Amblève," well illustrates.

Marie Henrard, the wife of a substantial bourgeois in the village of Basse-Bodeux, not far distant from the hamlet of Trois-ponts, mentioned above, entering her room one morning, in the year 184-, was beyond measure surprised to find it occupied by an individual, anything like whose dress she had never seen. When she first saw the figure its back was turned towards her, and it seemed to be examining minutely the various objects that hung on the wall. It was clothed in a long tunic of sheepskin, resembling in shape the chasuble worn by Roman Catholic priests; yellow hose, and shoes of rough leather were seen below, and on its head was placed a hat with widely-extended brim; its hair was long and tangled, and its apparel was worn with age, and bespattered with mud. On seeing this strange intruder, Marie Henrard uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, which immediately caused the figure to turn round, thereby revealing the bearded visage of a man seemingly of five or six and twenty years of age. His surprise at seeing the mistress of the house was apparently no less than hers at seeing him.

"Pray, madam," he said, "what may you want here?"

"Want here! a strange question to ask me in my own house."

"Your house! it is my mother's, madam, and this is my chamber; though, parbleu! it is changed wonderfully since yesterday evening."

Thinking that she had to do with a fool or a knave, Madame Henrard bade him quit the house, otherwise she would be under the necessity of calling for assistance.

"Pardon me, madam," answered the stranger, "you seem to labor under some delusion. This house belongs to my mother, Annette Grisart, widow of Henri Grisart, the late censier of the Baron of Rahier."

Madame Henrard vouchsafed no answer to what seemed to her the words of a real or pretended madman, but going without called lustily for help. Her husband and two or three other men responded to the appeal, and the so-called son of Henri Grisart, shouting for his mother, and denouncing his captors as brigands and assassins, was carried off to the awful presence of M. le Bourgmestre. Here, in presence of a crowd of villagers, he was closely interrogated, and all that could be gathered from his statements, confused and bewildering in the extreme, may be summed up in a few words. The evening before, he said, he had gone a short distance to pay a visit to Clotilde Lemaire, whom he was about to marry. While returning home, he was met by a sturdy mendicant who begged for an alms, and who, on being refused, raised his staff, and struck him on the back. He felt himself suddenly overpowered by a feeling of faintness, and was sensible of rolling down a ravine which was bordered by the path along which he had been walking. He had remained, he supposed, all night in a state of insensibility, for when he awoke he found himself lying at the bottom of the ravine, deeply imbedded in the long herbage, and the morning sun shining upon him; if any doubted the truth of what he said, let them go to a spot which he described, and they would see the form of a man distinctly visible on the soft, spongy ground where he had lain. A deputation immediately set off for this purpose, and those who remained behind laid their heads together—the *conseil communal* officially, the rest officiously—to determine whether the scared prisoner before them were rogue or fool. What puzzled these wise-heads, and would have puzzled the wisest, was that he spoke of persons and of a state of things long since past away, as if they were present realities. He demanded to be brought before the Baron of Rahier, he threatened to appeal to the Abbot of Stavelot, and even to the Prince-Bishop of Liége—dignitaries unknown for the last sixty years. He was unacquainted, too, with any one familiar to those around him. While their perplexity was at its utmost height, one of the oldest villagers present asserted that during his youth he had heard of the sudden disappearance of the intended husband of a girl named Lemaire, who, after making another marriage, had lately died a widow at an advanced age. He had scarcely made this statement, when the assembled villagers were startled by hearing the prisoner exclaim, "Le voila, le voila! there is the man who struck me!" Having uttered these words, he fell down in violent convulsions, his face suddenly assumed the aspect of an old man's, and he expired. The person to whom he directed their attention was apparently a sturdy beggar, who, on being interrogated, denied having ever seen the unfortunate man who now lay a corpse on the floor. He had just entered the village, he said, on his way to Stavelot; he was a licensed mendicant, as his papers testified, and he was therefore allowed to proceed on his way without molestation. To complete the mystery, the party which had set out to discover the place where the dead man had spent the night—or about seventy years—returned, fully confirming what he had related: at the exact spot described by him they had found the form of a man distinctly traced out on the ground.

The aged villager before mentioned now gave out as his decided opinion that Grisart had been struck by Le Toucheur, who, according to the local tradition, was a deathless wanderer on the earth—an instrument in the hand of Providence for recompensing the charitable, and for taking vengeance on the cold-hearted, and that, under the influence of a spell, he had lain in a lethargy for more than seventy years.

A LADY must think she has something very valuable in her head, if we may judge from the number of locks she keeps upon it.

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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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

GAS FIXTURES.

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

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

KAVANAGH AND DECKER
BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 225 CANAL, CORNER CENTRE STREETS.

Dudley Kavanagh having associated himself with Levi Decker for the manufacture of billiard tables, and all articles connected therewith, the firm are now prepared to execute orders to any extent. The great want—a perfect billiard cushion—has at last been secured, in Kavanagh & Decker's patent, the best players pronouncing it the most perfect yet introduced. The choicest materials are used, and no pains will be spared to render the fullest satisfaction to purchasers. A large stock of tables, cues, balls, &c., constantly on hand, to meet the demands of the trade.

KAVANAGH & DECKER,
225 Canal, corner Centre street, New York.

A USEFUL AND VALUABLE NEW ART.
DECALCOMANIE.

It brings to every house embellishments of your own handiwork.

By this very simple process anybody with taste can become an artist in imitating the finest oil paintings, &c. ORNAMENTS on all articles of luxury, such as WOOD, PORCELAIN, METALS, IVORY, LEATHER, GLASS, COTTON, SILK, VELVET, etc.

A fine assortment of fancy articles, ornamented, constantly on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Materials and pictures sent everywhere on receipt of $2 50.

P. E. VACQUEREL, Patentee,
No. 811 Broadway and No. 35 Maiden Lane, New York.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP with B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

SHIRT FACTORY—20 BOWERY.
HENRY HUGHES
is offering at most reasonable prices his large stock of
SHIRTS OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE.
Also, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, and every description of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Parties favoring him with a call cannot fail to be suited.
Shirts made to order and warranted to fit

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.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
ALL THE BEST MAKERS,
AT
W. J. SYMS & BROTHER,
No. 300 BROADWAY,
New York.

LEGGETT'S HOTEL
AND
DINING SALOON,
(on the European plan,)
Nos. 2 and 4 CHATHAM STREET,
Near Chambers, N. Y.

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

UDELL'S SALOON,
206 WEST STREET.
(Cor. Harrison.)
The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
MINT. UDELL. THEODORE UDELL.

FIRE ENGINES.—
C. E. HARTSHORN,
Formerly of the firm of
PINE & HARTSHORN,
119 and 121 Walker street,
is prepared to execute orders from City or Country, for every variety and style of Fire Apparatus, with promptness and dispatch.
New and Second Hand Apparatus on hand.
New York, August, 1865.

CITY AND COUNTRY ADVERTISING AGENCY,
LEADER BUILDING,
No. 11 Frankfort street,
P. C. LEAMY.

ORIENTAL BATHS.—NOS. 6 & 8 FOURTH AVENUE (near Cooper Institute).
Plain Vapor, Electro Vapor and Magnetic Baths and Fumigations. SEPARATE ROOMS FOR LADIES.
Hours, 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.; Sundays, 8 A. M. to 12 M.
THOS. CULBERTSON, E. J. FRENCH.

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.:

1. For laying crosswalks across Macdougal street, opposite Minetta lane.
2. For laying crosswalks at intersection of Avenue A and 117th and 119th streets. Also, at the intersection of First avenue and 119th street. Also, at the intersection of Second avenue and 123d and 124th and 125th street.
3. For setting curb and gutter and flagging in Sixtieth street, from Lexington to Fifth avenue.
4. For setting curb and gutter and flagging in Lexington avenue, from Fifty-seventh to Sixtieth street.
5. For flagging in 129th street, from Tenth avenue to Hudson River.
6. For paving the following streets, viz.:

Fifty-seventh street, from Eighth avenue to Hudson River.
Forty-sixth street, from Eleventh to Twelfth avenue.
Avenue C, from Sixteenth to Seventeenth street.
Thirty-seventh street, from Lexington to Third avenue.

The limits embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on all the lots on both sides of Macdougal street, from Minetta lane to the distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet toward Bleecker street. All the lots on both sides of the streets and avenues, to the distance of one half the block from the following points of intersection, viz.:

Avenue A and 117th street.
Avenue A and 119th street.
First avenue and 119th street.
Second avenue and 123d street.
Second avenue and 124th street.
Second avenue and 125th street.

Also, all the lots on both sides of Sixtieth street, from Lexington avenue to Fifth avenue.
Also, all the lots on both sides of Lexington avenue, from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-sixth street.
Also, all the lots on both sides of 129th street, from Tenth avenue to Hudson River.
Also, all the lots on both sides of Fifty-seventh street, from Eighth avenue to Hudson River.
Also, all the lots on both sides of Forty-sixth street, from Eleventh and Twelfth avenues.
Also, all the lots on both sides of Avenue C, from Sixteenth to Seventeenth street.
Also, all the lots on both sides of Thirty-seventh street, from Lexington to Third avenue.
For paving Fifty-second street, from Seventh to Eighth avenue.
All the lots on both sides of Fifty-second street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues.
Also, one-half of the blocks between Fifty-first and Fifty-second, and Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, on Eighth avenue, easterly side.
Also, one-half of the blocks on Broadway, both sides between; also on the westerly side of Seventh avenue.

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

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

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW COURT HOUSE, Nov. 14, 1865.
n28 6t

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF THE WAR.

Consecutive Views of the leading Scenes and Incidents of the War are now offered the public, consisting of Photographic Pictures, unequalled in beauty and fidelity, taken by corps of trained Artists, which have accompanied the great Union Armies in their several campaigns. Perfect transcripts have thus been obtained of the Armies, Fleets, Marches, Fortifications, Hospitals, Encampments, and Battle-Fields, which have constituted the Scenic History of this thrilling era. Each picture is complete in itself; the whole forming a series of inestimable value.

BRADY'S INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

FIRST SIZE, 16x18 inches..........$1 50 each.
SECOND SIZE, 8x10 inches..........1 00 each.

Mounted on fine plate paper, suitable for the folio of the connoisseur and the art lover, represent a great variety of the most interesting Scenes and Events of the War.

THE PLAIN OF MANASSAS.
THE FORTIFICATIONS OF WASHINGTON.
SCENES ON THE PENINSULA.
GROUPS OF OFFICERS.
ENTIRE REGIMENTS AND BRIGADES
ON THE MARCH OR IN REVIEW,
and many others of surpassing interest and value.

IN BRADY'S ALBUM GALLERY

(Mounted on Cartes, for Albums, at Twenty-five Cents the Picture)

are exhibited those earlier Panoramas of the War, of which these views are already the most truthful record. Through their aid the friends of those who were first to defend their country can see the

VISTAS OF WASHINGTON,
ARLINGTON DEFENCES,
REBEL WORKS AT CENTREVILLE,
BATTLES OF BULL RUN,
SCENES AT HILTON
VIEWS OF THE UNION ENCAMPMENT,

GROUPS OF FEDERAL AND REBEL COMMANDERS and the countless minor Tableaux, Movements, and Legendary Spots, which have picturesquely marked the progress of the conflict.

An enlarged series of Views (mounted on cards, 4½ by 6 inches, at 30 cents the picture) portrays

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

Constantly improving with experience, the artists were enabled to secure exquisite delineations of the

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

in the splendid and arduous progress of its grand Peninsular Movement. Among these are included groups of Distinguished Officers; Portraits of Gen. McClellan and his Staff; of the French Princes and their comrades of the Light Brigade; Views of the Embarkation, the Debarkation, and the Forest Marches; of the gigantic Siege Guns and Mortars, Batteries and Rebel Works, illustrating the

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF YORKTOWN,
AND THE
INVESTMENT OF RICHMOND.

In this collection are separate reproductions of scenes attending the Battles of Williamsburg, West Point, Fair Oaks, the Swamp Encampments, and the immortal

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES

along the CHICKAHOMINY, from GAINES' MILLS to the HEIGHTS OF MALVERN. No less true and beautiful are the impressions of the "MONITOR," the "GALENA," of FORTRESS MONROE, FORT PULASKI, and the hundred

NAVAL AND MARINE VIEWS

which form so conspicuous a portion of the scenery the times.

Aside from the associations of these Photographs, which create for them a demand among all interested in our devoted army, their beauty appeals to each art-lover, making them the fit ornament of every

LIBRARY AND CENTRE-TABLE.

Their value cannot be over-estimated. The scenes which they portray are passing into history, leaving these, their "spectra," behind them. Their number is daily increasing, as the strife progresses, and will be continued to its end. Over a thousand pictures are already obtained, from which choice selections can be made.

Reference is invited to the following passages from appreciative articles, descriptive of Brady's Photographic Views of the War, which have appeared in leading journals.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

[From the London Times, Aug. 30th.]

We have before us a collection of photographs by one of the best known of American photographers, Mr. Brady, of New York, which includes, however, not merely the war scenes to which we have alluded, but a number of interesting portraits of the most eminent Americans and of some strangers. First, there are two plates of the "Monitor," one showing her deck, which seems raised a vast distance above the water, whereas it is only a few inches, and the cupola or revolving tower, with the shot-marks upon it from the "Merrimac's" guns. The other represents the crew on deck in easy groups, which are creditable to the skill of the artist—a set of stout, brawny fellows, in no particular uniform, and rather unkempt—of whom a few have the air of the genuine "old salt." For guns and the like the lens is well adapted in experienced hands, and here we have a striking "picture of the effect caused by the bursting of a 100lb. shell" on board the Confederate gunboat "Teazer," which was captured by the Federals, deck stove in, iron stanchions gone, a great crater in the hold, machinery torn into ribbons; but at best the craft, with its engines exposed on deck, and frail scantling, was a perilous thing to put a gun into.

Mr. Brady's artist went down to Richmond, and has sent us some views which are of interest, but generally the sun of Virginia was too powerful, and the appearance of snow is produced on most of the photographs, and an excessive whiteness of color diminishes the effect. Groups of wounded out in the open sun at Savage's Station, on the railroad to Richmond; "the house where Washington wooed his Martha," burnt by the Federals when they abandoned the line of the Pamunkey; Virginia farmers' wooden houses; the balloon and its modus operandi; the Confederate works at Yorktown; the ruins of Hampton destroyed by Magruder with its venerable—for it was the oldest edifice of the sort in the States—church, batteries of artillery, horses and all, which would be a very curious subject of study to our Horse Guards, as they might get an idea of what the Federal cavalry are like by examining the appearance, seat, equipments, and horses of the field artillery, which are unquestionably the best part of the Federal army. These, and the like, are all very worthy of attention. The most agreeable subject in the volume, perhaps, is one of a Confederate lieutenant of the Washington family and name—for all the representatives of the Pater Patriæ are all Secessionists—who was taken prisoner, sitting beside his college friend and relation, Capt. Custis, of the United States army, while a negro boy, barefooted, with hands clasped, is at the feet and between the knees of his master, with an expression of profound grief on his shining face. The Confederate, in his coarse, gray uniform, sits up erect, with a bull-dog, fighting face and head; the Federal, a fair-haired, thoughtful looking man, looks much more like a prisoner; the terrima causa belli, who appears to think only of his master, is suggestive enough. We can see here that the houses in which the better sort of people live in this part of the Old Dominion would not content the humblest of our tenant-farmers or yeomen; that the Federal soldiery do not improve in appearance during the war; and that their attention to uniform is of the smallest, and we form some idea of the difficulties of fighting in such a country when we observe that every view is fringed by woods.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

Among the many sun-compellers, Mr. Brady deserve honorable recognition as having been the first to make Photography the Clio of the War. * * * The enterprise which begets these battle-pictures is worthy of support, as well as of praise. Appealing as they do to the popular heart, they can scarcely fail of success. In one point of view their value can scarcely be overrated. They present a Panorama of the War, faithful as is everything that comes from the studio of the Sun, that impartial artist, whose only study is truth. From these pictures the historian will gather material for his pages; for the embrasures of earthworks and the walls of fortresses will crumble and resolve themselves into dust, while the colors of their photographic counterparts will only have deepened and fastened with time. And here a wonder suggests itself, that the substance should fade and the shadow imperishably remain.

[From the New York World.]

Mr. Brady's "Scenes and Incidents," of which a year's product is now offered to the public, are inestimable chroniclers of this tempestuous epoch, exquisite in beauty, truthful as the records of heaven, appealing with ever increasing interest to the art-lover, the historian and the patriot—to the eager delight of childhood and the memories of age. The projector has gone to his work with a conscientious largeness becoming the acknowledged leader of his profession in America. * * "Brady's Photographic Corps," heartily welcomed in each of our armies, has been a feature as distinct and omnipresent as the corps of balloon, telegraph, and signal operators. They have threaded the weary stadia of every march; have hung on the skirts of every battle-scene; have caught the compassion of the hospital, the romance of the bivouac, the pomp and panoply of the field review—ay, even the cloud of conflict, the flash of the battery, the after-wreck and anguish of the hard-won field.

For sale by the Trade throughout the North.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

MESSRS. E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS,
No. 501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
PRINCIPAL RETAIL DEPOT.
BRADY'S GALLERY
785 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Business letters relating to the Series of War Views should be addressed to

M. B. BRADY,
BRADY'S GALLERY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

THE COMMITTEE ON REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on TUESDAY, Dec. 19,
At 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
To consider all papers before them. Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON WHARVES PIERS AND SLIPS, of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

JOHN HOUGHTALIN,
JOHN STACOM,
WILLIAM JOYCE,
Committee on Wharves, Piers and Slips

THE COMMITTEE ON DONATIONS AND CHARITIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet
MONDAY, Dec. 18, at 2 o'clock P. M.,
In Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties having business before the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON SALARIES AND OFFICES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
MONDAY, Dec. 18,
In Room No. 5, City Hall, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
All parties having business before them will please attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON MARKETS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
MONDAY Dec. 18, at 2 o'clock P. M.,
In Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON SEWERS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
At 1 o'clock P. M.,
To consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON OPENING STREETS, of the Board of Councilmen, will meet on
MONDAY, Dec. 18,
At 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee, are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON CROTON AQUEDUCT of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
SATURDAY, Dec. 16,
at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in papers referred to the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ROADS OF the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting in Room No. 5, City Hall, on
WEDNESDAY Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M.
Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON PRINTING and ADVERTISING of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee, are invited to be present without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ORDINANCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
FRIDAY, Dec. 22,
at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee.
All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON LANDS AND PLACES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS of the Board of Councilmen will hold a meeting on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
In Room No. 5, City Hall, at 1 o'clock P. M.
Parties having business with the Committee are invited to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
In Room No. 5, City Hall, to consider all papers before MONDAY, Dec. 18, at 2 o'clock P. M.,
them.
Parties desiring to be heard before the Committee will please to be in attendance.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON BELGIAN PAVEMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20, at 1 o'clock P. M.,
in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All persons interested in papers awaiting the action of the Committee are requested to attend.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON STREETS OF the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 10 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them.
All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC HEALTH of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
FRIDAY, Dec. 22,
at 2 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5 City Hall, for the purpose of considering all papers referred to such Committee.
All persons interested will please attend without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON FERRIES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M., to consider such papers as may be before the Committee.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ARTS AND SCIENCES of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All parties interested in matters pending the action of the Committee are invited to be present without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON ASSESSMENTS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20,
at 1 o'clock P. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall, for the purpose of investigating all papers referred to them.
All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

THE COMMITTEE ON LAMPS AND GAS of the Board of Councilmen will meet on
MONDAY, Dec. 18, 1865,
at 11 o'clock A. M., in Room No. 5, City Hall.
All persons interested are respectfully requested to appear before the Committee without further notice.

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

NATURAL FLOWERS PRESERVED.—FUNERAL WREATHS, BOUQUETS, &c., at the Looking-Glass and Picture Store, No. 77 THIRD AVENUE cor. Twelfth street.
WM. K. O'BRIEN & BROTHER.

LEGAL NOTICES.

WE, THE SUBSCRIBERS, ANTHONY OECHS, of the City, County and State of New York, and ADOLPHUS OECHS, formerly of the said City, County and State of New York, but now of the City of Mayence, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, Germany, do certify that we have entered into a "Limited Partnership," under and in pursuance of the laws of the State of New York allowing and regulating Limited Partnerships, and do declare that:

Firstly. This partnership shall be conducted under the name or firm of ANTHONY OECHS.

Secondly. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted by this partnership is the transacting of a general importing and commission business in the City of New York.

Thirdly. The name of the general partner in this partnership is the subscriber, Anthony Oechs—he being the only general partner, and alone interested therein as such—the said Anthony Oechs residing in the City of New York, in the County and State of New York, and the name of the sole special partner in this partnership is Adolphus Oechs, formerly of the said City of New York, but now residing in the City of Mayence, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Germany.

Fourthly. The amount of capital which the said Adolphus Oechs hath contributed as said special partner to the common stock is the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

Fifthly. The period at which this partnership shall commence is the eighth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five; and the period at which it will terminate is the eighth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

In witness whereof we have hereunto respectively set our hands this eighth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

ANTHONY OECHS.
ADOLPHUS OECHS.
n11 7t

LIMITED COPARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, JAMES D. SPARKMAN, JAMES H. TAYLOR and JOHN L. YOUNG have formed a Limited Copartnership, pursuant to the provisions of Article First, Title First, of Chapter Fourth, of Part Second of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled "Of Limited Partnership," and the acts amendatory thereof.

That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "Taylor & Young."

That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by the said partnership is the manufacturing and selling Soap, Yeast Powders, and other commodities.

That James D. Sparkman, who resides in the City of New York, is the Special Partner; and James H. Taylor, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, and John L. Young, who resides in the City of New York, are the General Partners.

That the amount of capital contributed to the common stock by the said James D. Sparkman is the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

That the said copartnership is to commence on the twenty first day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and is to terminate on the twenty-first day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight.

Dated New-York, November 21, 1865.

JAMES D. SPARKMAN,
JAMES H. TAYLOR,
JOHN L. YOUNG.
n25 6t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, according to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the laws amendatory thereof, have duly formed a Limited Partnership, and that the terms thereof are that the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is GEORGE J. FERRY & CO.; that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is "manufacturing and selling at wholesale, hats and hatters' stock, materials and trimmings;" that the names of the general partners interested therein are George J. Ferry, who resides in Newark, in the State of New Jersey, and John B. Solley, who also resides in said Newark, in the State of New Jersey; that Robert White is the special partner, and resides in the City of New York, in the State of New York; that the amount of capital which the said special partner has contributed to the common stock is twenty-five thousand dollars, and that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of November, 1865, and the period at which it will terminate is the first day of November 1868.

Dated New York, November 9th, 1865.

GEO. J. FERRY,
JOHN B. SOLLEY,
ROBERT WHITE.
n25 6t

SUPREME COURT.—ROBERT A. Hardwick against James A. Fort.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.) [Rev. Stamp 50 cents, cancelled.]

To the Defendant above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, 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. 72 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of $1,000, with interest from the 27th April, 1859, and for the further sum of $1,650, with interest from 1st January, 1860, and for the further sum of $204 54, with interest from the 30th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the costs of this action.—Dated New York, Nov. 17, 1865.

OWEN, GRAY & OWEN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in this action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 20th day of November, 1865.

New York, November 20, 1865.
n25 6t OWEN, GRAY & OWEN, Pl'ff's Att'ys.

SUPREME COURT.—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Harry Pinckney Northrop, Plaintiff, against Lucius Bellinger Northrop and Rosine C. Northrop his wife, John Bellinger Northrop, Claudian Bird Northrop, Emily Constance Ryan, wife of Thomas P. Ryan, Thomas P. Ryan, Andrew Northrop, Anna Mary Skottowe Northrop, Daniel Devlin and Augustus H. Longley, Defendants.—Summons for relief—(Com not ser.) [U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled.]

To each of the Defendants above-named: 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, in the State of New York, at the City Hall in the said city, on the 17th day of November, 1865, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 3 Pine street, in the City and County of New York, in the State 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, November 17th, 1865.
n25 6t W. B. WINTERTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK—James Leach against Sarah Ann Leach—Summons—For relief. [U. S. Int. Rev. stamp 50c cancelled.]

To the above-named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 52 Wall street, in said city, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated Nov. 16th, 1865.

GEO. H. GRANNISS, Plaintiff's Attorney,
52 Wall street.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 20th day of November, 1865.
n25 6t GEO. H. GRANNISS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Isaac T. Carpenter against Job L. Black and Frances his wife, George W. Abbe and Charlotte his wife, Charles H. L. T. Putner and Ernestine Dorothea his wife, I. Frederick Oert and Margaret his wife, Edward Roberts and Irena R. his wife.—Summons—For relief. (Com. not served.) [U. S. Int Rev. stamp 50 cts cancelled.]

To the above named Defendants: 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 said city, on the 16th day of November, 1865, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, number 77 Cedar street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 16th, 1865.
JUDAH, DICKINSON & GOLDSCHMIDT,
d2 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—James E. Hunt against Sarah F. Hunt—Summons for relief. [Rev. Stamp, 50 cts.]

To Sarah F. Hunt: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed December 1st, 1865, 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., December 1st, 1865.
d2 6t O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that CHARLES D. DAVIS and SIMON SALOMON, both of the City and County of New York, have formed a Limited Copartnership pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the transaction of a Pawnbroking business, in which all the parties interested are Charles D. Davis, who is a general partner, and Simon Salomon, who is a special partner. That the said business is to be carried on in the City and County of New York: that the said Simon Salomon has contributed the sum of five thousand five hundred dollars as capital towards the common stock, and that the said partnership is to commence on the first day of December, 1865, and is to terminate on the first day of May, 1871.

Dated New York, November 25th, 1865.
CHARLES D. DAVIS,
SIMON SALOMON.
d7 6t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of HENRY MIKKELSEN, late of the City of New York, a native of Denmark, 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 twenty-sixth day of December, 1865.

Dated New York, December 1st, 1865.
ROBERT B. BRADFORD, Public Administrator.
HENRY RICHARDSON, Proctor. d2 4t

SUPREME COURT.—HENRY C. Hunt and Chester K. Mix, Plaintiffs, against Oscar F. Himes, John Linsey, Ezra Post and Joel Stratton, Defendants. [U. S. Internal Revenue Stamp, 50 cents; R. & W.] Nov. 17, 1865.)

To each of the above-named Defendants: 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, on the 17th day of November, 1865, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 9 Pine street, in the City of New York, in the State of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated November 17th, 1865.
n18 6t STERLING & WALDEN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys

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 BRADLEY, deceased, late of the City of New York, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 167 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of April, 1866.—Dated New York, the 28th day of September, 1865.

WM. H. INGERSOLL, Attorney for
ELLEN BARNUM, Administratrix,
a30 6m Office 167 Broadway.

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 FEITNER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Stephen Pell, No. 21 John street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-first day of December, 1865.

Dated New York, the 15th day of June, 1865.
STEPHEN PELL,
ANN ELIZA FEITNER, Executors.
je17 6m

J. STOLTS,
WHOLESALE COFFIN MANUFACTURER,
AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
No. 237 BOWERY, opposite Prince street.

LEGAL NOTICES.

N. Y. SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Solomon Hellman and George Semel, Plaintiffs, against S. Mosauer, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.) [50 cent Internal Revenue Stamp cancelled.]

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court 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. 25 Chambers street, in said city, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand one hundred and three dollars and thirty-nine cents, with interest from the 26th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, September 26th, 1865.
WM. H. NAFIS, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in this action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, on the 11th day of November, A. D 1865.
n18 6t WM. H. NAFIS, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Anna A. Saxton against Joseph A. Saxton.—Summons—For Relief.—[Rev. Stamp 50c]

To Joseph A. Saxton: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed November 20th, 1865, 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 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, Nov. 20th, 1865.
n25 6t O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Eliza Rallings, Plaintiff, against William Rallings, Defendant—Summons for relief. [U. R. S. 50 cts., cancelled Oct. 7, 1865.]

To the Defendant, William Rallings: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 119 Nassau 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 complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October 7th, 1865.
JOHN F. GRAY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
119 Nassau street.

The complaint in this action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 11th day of October, 1865.
o14 5t JOHN F. GRAY, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WHEREAS ON THE SEVENTEENTH day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, at the City of New York, the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, granted an order on the petition of James Gill, of the City of New York, an Insolvent and Imprisoned Debtor, for the creditors of said insolvent to appear at the chambers or office of said Judge, No. 82 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on the 17th day of January, 1866, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, of that day, to show cause if any they have, why the said insolvent should not make an assignment of his property for the benefit of all of his creditors, and thereupon be discharged from imprisonment, as by the statutes of the State of New York in that behalf is made and provided. Notice first published on the 18th day of November, 1865.

Dated at New York, Nov. 17, 1865.
n18 14t JOHN H. CROSS, Attorney, &c.

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 SCHMITT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Philip F. Smith, Esq., No. 69 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of July, 1865.
jy15 6m CATHARINE SCHMITT, 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 LAWRENCE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 69 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the 12th day of February next.

Dated New York, the 3d day of August, 1865.
au5 6m ADRIAN VAN LINDEREN, 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 DAVID P. BRAMHALL, late of the City of Bombay, East Indies, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 23 Old Slip, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of January, 1866.

Dated New York, the 30th day of June, 1865.
jy1 6m MARCUS HUNTER, 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 E. STORMS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 117 Leroy street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of March next.

Dated New York, the 25th day of August, 1865.
au26 6m HENRY H. STORMS, 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 MARGARET GEER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 174 Canal street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of January next.

Dated New York, the 24th day of June, 1865.
je24 6m HIRAM GEER, 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 ANN MARIA FORMAN, 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 first day of May next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of October, 1865.
o21 6m ENOS B. FORMAN, 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 LOUIS P. BARRE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of R. S. Emmet, Esq., No. 54 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of May next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of October, 1865.
JAMES H. BARRE,
o14 6m Administrator with will annexed.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against EMMA F. LEWIS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 161 Front street, in the City of New York, on or before the 26th day of December next.—Dated New York, the 16th day of June, 1865.
je17 6m LEWIS P. BATTELLE, 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 HORACE HUNT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 83 Pearl street, in the City of New York, on or before the 12th day of April next.

Dated New York, the seventh day of October, 1865.
o7 6m JOSEPH O. AVERILL, 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 LOUIS WHILEY, late of Allentown, Lehigh County, Penn., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Wright & Merrihew, No. 52 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the sixteenth day of April next.

Dated New York, the sixteenth day of October, 1865.
o21 6m WILLIAM WHILEY, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted by the Hon. John Dikeman, Kings County Judge, Notice is hereby given of application for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of article three, title one, chapter five, part two of the Revised Statutes.

Valentine Stratton, of Kings County. Notice first published November 11th, 1865. Creditors to appear before the Hon. John Dikeman, Kings County Judge, at his chambers, in the Court-House, in the City of Brooklyn, on the 23d day of January, 1866, at 10 o'clock A. M.
n11 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 OWEN THOMPSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the residence of John Coates, No. 663 Third avenue, in the City of New York, on or before the 11th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of November, 1865.
ANN POWELL,
JOHN COATES, Administrators.
n11 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 FERDINAND A. DE MEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, No. 132 Water street, in the City of New York, on or before the thirtieth day of April next.

Dated New York, the 26th day of October, 1865.
FRANCIS HIGGINS,
Administrator, with the will annexed.
SICKLES & COLEMAN,
o28 6m Attorneys for 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 SAMUEL N. DODGE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at the residence of Philetus H. Holt, Esq., No. 237 Madison avenue, in the City of New York, on or before the 25th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of November, 1865.
PHILETUS H. HOLT,
EDWIN P. GIBSON, Executors.
n18 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 JOHN G. BAUM, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 29 Dominick street, in the City of New York, on or before the 24th day of April next.

Dated New York, the 21st day of October, 1865.
o28 6m SAMUEL C. NOTT, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted by the Hon. John Dikeman, Kings County Judge, Notice is hereby given of application for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of Article three, Title one, Chapter five, Part two, of the Revised Statutes. George Parsons, of Kings County.—Notice first published November 11th, 1865. Creditors to appear before the Hon. John Dikeman, Kings County Judge, at his Chambers in the Court House, in the City of Brooklyn, on the 27th of December, 1865, at 10 o'clock A. M.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of OTTO KRUSE, late cook on board ship "Milton," of London, a native of Germany, 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 26th day of December next.

Dated New York, November 24th, 1865.
ROBT. B. BRADFORD, Public Administrator.
HENRY RICHARDSON, Proctor. n25 4t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CATHARINE A. CHARLES, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Samuel F. Barger, Esq., No. 111 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 24th day of November, 1865.
n25 6m EDMUND L. HEARNE, Executor.

[From the Boston Gazette.]

A Paris Letter.

BY SPIRIDION.

We still carry our phial of laudanum in our pocket, and the most prudent draw it out in café and restaurant and take four drops before touching anything else. Absinthe is completely abandoned. Nevertheless, the divorces between body and soul continue at a fearful rate. Staticians mix every morning calming portions of figures (every way inferior to laudanum, except as narcotics), and would have us believe that if we swallow them no evil cholera is master of can befall us. But as these statistics only amount to this: cholera takes a great many people, but the buried bear a very small proportion to the quick, and do not pretend to guarantee any of us that we may not be draughted among the former, our nerves refuse to be quieted. I should like to lay hold of a statician, if I had thirty legions at my back, on some jail delivery by the gallows, and make him draw his lot with the rest. I'd see if the canons of the theory of probabilities kept his cheek unblanched, his nerves strung, his pulse unquickened They haven't that effect here, and the sight of one coffin proves more disastrous to our nerves than paragraphs of comforting calculations. I have counted 45 several specifics for the cholera in our newspapers, but the only one in which I was disposed to place implicit confidence, was published by an inkeeper at Riom, who declares he has good chambers and good eating, and that the cholera has never made its appearance in his department. If I were sure of nerves in respect to draughts, I should have discharged one payable in gold at you, and retired till the disappearance of the cholera into the mountains of Auvergne. It seems to me this innkeeper gives guarantees which St. Thomas himself would have relied on; for if that inquisitive, restless cholera of 1832, and 1849, which went everywhere, did not so much as leave a single card in Auvergne, one may reasonably conclude that the timid, slothful, uncurious cholera of 1865 has no mania for mountain climbing.

Besides the cholera we have had little new, except Mons. Rochefort's duel. In Tigara he ventured to laugh at the discreet distance Her Majesty of Spain keeps from the cholera, as if she were distrustful of the efficiency of that "divinity doth hedge around a king," or was indisposed to believe the reading "queen" admissible. A young Spaniard (it is to be hoped he is not passed the age when wisdom teeth may be out) who was lounging here took offence at the laugh (Spanish royalty is no laughing matter), and challenged Mons. Rochefort to sustain his laugh with sword or pistol—being incapable himself of sustaining laughter by witty repartee, the true way of sustaining it, he tried arms. Don't blame him too severely—a fellow, even a nobleman, can only use the instruments he has at command; if he hasn't brains, he must use lead. He is not master of the choice. To this singular invitation Mons. Rochefort very properly replied he could not, for the peace of the press, admit that anybody could take up arms for the Queen of Spain, and therefore declined the duel on this ground; but, as the Spaniard's letter was offensive, he asked satisfaction. After some correspondence the terms of the meeting were accepted, and both parties went to Meudon (which is becoming the favorite dueling ground in Paris) and exchanged shots. Honor was satisfied. No blood was spilt. No bones were broken.

Besides this duel (and a duel is always interesting, for there isn't a heart which does not throb: "Fee, Faw, Fum, I smell the blood of a duellist with gusto"), we have had the Prussian Musicians, that is, the best band in the Prussian army. They play very well, but to our ears they don't throw life enough into their performance. We feel we are at a concert given by undertakers in some great Capulet's vault. They play a waltz as if it was the Dead March in Saul, and Offenbach's sprightly drollery, as if it was a De Profundis. In fine, we want to find the man under the Prussian uniform; scrape as we may, we can find only the Prussian soldier. Well, for a mere machine he'll do. The history of their journey here is quite curious. A German speculator, thinking them the most perfect band of music in the world (there is no end to the illusions of patriotism! there are people in Boston who think the east wind as it blows up State street the most agreeable breeze on earth; Mr. Josiah Quincy wouldn't "swap" the Lower Boston Light for St. Peter's and the Vatican!), applied to the French Government for permission to bring them. The French law allows no foreign soldier to enter the country without permission of the authorities—or some Waterloo. The leave was bluntly refused. He then went to Baron Taylor and proposed that the latter should ask the permission, and make the band play for the Musicians' Charitable Fund. This is the Baron's pet, and he instantly set to work and obtained the permission. As the Baron was their protector he was invited to dine at Court the day they gave their concert before the Emperor. The Baron was a good deal embarrassed to decide what costume he should wear to do them most honor. He was a member of the Institute and might wear its costume. He had half a dozen civic costumes to choose from. None of them would do—his clients were soldiers. He thereupon remembered that he had an old costume of staff officer, which was made in 1826, and this he put on; but when he was on the eve of getting into the carriage for St. Cloud, he found he had no hat. Time pressed, so he clapped on his head the uniform hat of member of the Institute, and in this odd attire proceeded to the palace, where he was rewarded with smiles from the whole company.

Another object which makes us smile is the crowd of applicants to figure in the new fairy spectacle at the Theatre de la Chatelet. The manager advertises for three hundred young, well-made and beautiful girls, and every day on the quay we may see the group of candidates. There are some as old as fifty (what woman ever knew her age?), there are some as ugly as sin (penitentiary-punished sin; there is sin which is anything but ugly), and there are some pretty enough to lead the best anchored heart astray. Jaques has not a greater assortment of perfumery in his shop than the quay holds of women. The costumer of the theatre is the judge. Among the applicants was a girl who was just turned seventeen, but she had not even that evanescent attraction which is but youth's gloss, nor did her figure attempt to make amends for her homely face. She said: "I know I am neither well made nor beautiful, but I have thought you might have [illegible] obscure corner of the stage patience and zeal might compensate the absence of more brilliant qualities." The humility of the tone in which she preferred this request, the painful confession (so humiliating to a woman!) and the look of poverty she wore touched the costumer's heart, and he said: "I'll introduce a negress into the piece, and give you the part; will you accept it?" She replied: "Gladly," and was at once enrolled on the list from which more than one beauty had been excluded as deficient in charms or graces. Humility is a powerful talisman in humbleness's hands.

We have had a trial this week which has amused all of us, except fifteen hundred victims. A vile adventuress, hard pressed for money, put this advertisement in the newspapers: "Mlle. A. C., aged twenty, an orphan, the mistress of $400,000, desires to find a husband; she would prefer a poor man. Address, letter postpaid, to Rue du Vaubourg Montmartre, No. 112." No less than fifteen hundred persons applied for the hand which held so much money. All classes of society, even the best, had their representatives. In reply to their love letters, Mlle. A. C. informed them that in the multitude of rivals she found great difficulty in making an election, but she was about to publish a newspaper and she would announce in it the name of the man preferred, and no one would be considered a candidate unless he was a subscriber to her paper. The silly people sent in their subscriptions, but the paper did not appear, and they laid information against her. Justice at once discovered there was no such person as Mlle. A. C., and that the advertisement was the fraudulent scheme of a miserable wretch who had already fallen under the condemnation of the law. It was highly amusing to see the figure made by the witnesses as they appeared before the court. It was evident that an adventurer who uses millions as bait will always find schools of gudgeons to swallow it.

All of our danseuses are turning actresses. A danseuse's career is a short one, because she must be in good condition or she will not please, and if she is in good condition she is in danger of an invasion of obesity, which is at once fatal to her career in the ballet corps. Besides, if from any cause she is unable to practice the fatiguing gymnastics of an opera dancer every day, obesity sets in with frightful rapidity, and the danseuse looks like an itinerant bag of jelly animated with quicksilver. The subscribers to the ballet vote her unbearable, and she is dismissed. The stage is under all circumstances as averse from grease as a Brahmin; but the dramatic stage is less intolerant than its sisters, and, provided good condition does not run into hyperbole, it allows people "who sleep o' nights" to cultivate laurels on its fairy ground. This is the secret of the transformation of so many danseuses into actresses. There are now no less than eleven studying for the dramatic stage.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.]

The Philadelphia Actors'

ART UNION.

The actors, who have been consulting in this city upon their interests, if we can judge properly from the announcements made on their behalf, have abandoned all thought of forming an association of the character of a trade society designed to control the interests of the profession as against the tyranny of managers. Either it was a misrepresentation that they intended to do so, or they have upon second thought arrived at the conclusion that to gain the unanimity necessary, and to effect the objects designed, would be impossible. They have resolved to call their association the "Actors' Art Union," and desire to establish a library and reading-room, so that the members of the profession may be brought into closer social intercourse with each other, that they may help thereby to elevate the drama and all that pertains to their calling. The following gentlemen were chosen officers of the Art Union: President, F. Mackay; Vice President, Alexander Fisher; Treasurer, Owen Marlowe; Secretary, Augustus S. Pennoyer; Librarian, Charles S. Porter.

This is a movement which, if properly carried out, may be of great advantage to members of the theatrical profession. Some better place of resort than the barroom of the tavern, where most of them meet when not in the theatre, would be agreeable for the growth of friendship and social intercourse. We scarcely suppose that the movement would produce much more. As for the "elevation of the drama" by such conferences, we have no idea that anything of the kind is expected. Actors play for the public; and as long as the public will crowd the theatres to see the trashy and immoral plays which are now in vogue, and refuse to come when something of a high order is presented—as long as managers are not actors, having some respect for their art, but are mere speculators in what they desire to make a profitable business—much cannot be done for the elevation of the drama. Indeed, we imagine that the elevation of the drama is hopeless in this generation. We have seen it go down, down, in our time—its audiences growing less and less refined—so that the classes who formerly filled the galleries come down into the boxes.

When managers cater for the tastes of the half educated, and actors have to lower their performances so that they are but a few degrees above those of the concert saloon, it is folly to talk about "elevating the drama." It is rarely possible now to draw together in any theatre audiences of the refinement, intelligence and respectability of those which filled the old Chesnut street Theatre from its opening night down to 1830, and even as late as 1840. Since the latter date the standard of intelligence among theatrical audiences has been very much lowered, and of necessity the drama must be lowered to meet the capacities of its patrons. We are afraid that the Actors' Art Union will be able to do but little for art. But if the members really intend to try, all success to them say we.

The present attempt may be considered the third, perhaps the fourth, made in this city to unite theatrical performers socially in an association. The old "Theatrical Fund," which was finally merged in the "American Dramatic Fund" of New York, was preceded, we believe, by a social theatrical club. The "Actors' Order of Friendship," which succeeded the "Fund," may still exist, although about that association not much has been heard lately. The "Art Union" may combine some of the more pleasant features of its predecessors. We hope to hear that it has really effected all the objects intended. It may be of much benefit to the profession, even if it does not "elevate the drama."

JUST OPENED, A CHOICE STOCK of STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS and POCKET-[illegible] De La Rue & Co., London, at GIM-

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEADER.]

Out-Door Sports.

SKATING.

Where to Skate—The Union Pond.

MR. EDITOR—I have visited all the ponds for the last five years, and am satisfied that the Skater's Paradise is the "Union Pond," Brooklyn, E. D. For the residents of the east side of New York City, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, its advantages are unsurpassed. The Roosevelt, Grand, Division avenue and Houston street ferries take you to the cars, and fifteen minutes' ride to the pond (which is less than a mile from the ferries, and two blocks south of the East New York track). Owing to its advantageous natural position (being protected on three sides by the banks of the avenues and fences from high winds, and being very level, so that it has a uniform depth of two feet of water), when ice once forms, it is kept in excellent order the season through. The record shows for the last six years many more days of "ball up," than any other pond.

I visited the pond this week, and was delighted and surprised at the treat in store for all who delight in this beautiful and popular sport. The water was on, and ice half formed; the fences snow-white; the Pagoda beautifully repainted and decorated with reflecting lamps and flags, and all the outbuildings enlarged and improved. The "put on" and "take off" sheds housed in and made comfortably warm; the same with the visitors' seats. But surpassing all is the elegance in which the ladies' grand promenade and refreshment saloons are fitted up—satin papered, crimson-curtained, chandeliers, evergreens and flags, transform these spacious rooms to beautiful banquet-hall and promenade. The cost of these improvements has been $1,000 this season. The Association pay the Water Commissioners $1,000 each year for water. The average expense for each skating day is $100. This is for band, fireworks, oil, fuel, a large force of men to clear the snow, plane the ice when rough, etc. The police regulations are ample, and the rules of the Association, admitting only members, or strangers when vouched for by a member, insure more select company than can be found on the public ponds. Indeed, the rules of the Association are very stringent as to conduct, and the first infringement forfeits a ticket.

The prices of tickets are $1 for men, $2 for ladies, and $2 for boys and girls under $15. The opening night is celebrated by a promenade concert, speaking and singing. Each fair night, music, fireworks, calcium lights, etc. During the season a number of fancy dress balls on ice, and two days and nights are reserved for *the* Grand Carnivals and Masquerades. Any respectable person can obtain single admission, by giving reference, for twenty-five cents. The whole is under the supervision of President Cantmeyer, to whose tact and judgment the Association are indebted for the best management and most amusement ever had on any public or private pond in the country.

No liquors are sold in the saloons, and the pond is closed on Sundays.

Yours truly, OUTSIDE EDGE.

Now is the Time for Skates.

The boy who is without them is either very unfortunate or very foolish. But the main question is, or ought to be, where shall we purchase our skates? To that question we emphatically reply, at MACMILLAN'S celebrated depot, No. 916 Broadway. Macmillan's skates are not only beautiful in appearance, but they are also the most convenient we know of. If there is any article in which a really superior make tells it is the one of skates. Therefore, it is wise to select such a depot as Macmillan's, where none but the best can be procured. Physicians have universally agreed that no exercise gives so healthful a tone to the system and so free a circulation to the blood as that of skating. For this reason no holiday present to a boy can equal in suitability that of a fine pair of skates. They not only give pleasure, but they will build the foundation for future health. Parents and friends desirous of purchasing these articles, had better seize hold of time by the forelock, and call on Mr. Macmillan at once, before the great rush commences just before Christmas day. It will be easier to make a good choice on Monday, for instance, than Saturday, at No. 916 Broadway.

AQUATIC.

Columbia Boat Club.

On Thursday, Dec. 5th (Thanksgiving day), the members of the Columbia Boat Club—one of the most popular rowing clubs of which New York can boast—had a single scull rowing contest among themselves, which proved, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, an interesting aquatic affair.

Three members entered for the race, which was a two-mile one, on the usual course upon the Hudson River, starting from a stake-boat moored off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. At about 12:30 three boats came into line, rowed by Messrs. James Hutchinson, J. P. Bolen and P. McIndoe. At the signal a good start was made, Hutchinson obtaining the lead. The race was a close one for about half the distance to the upper stake-boat, after which Hutchinson gradually evinced his superiority, and maintained a handsome lead on the entire course, coming home an easy winner in 17 minutes 53 seconds. Bolen's time was 18 minutes 25 seconds; McIndoe's time, 20 minutes 5 seconds.

All three of the competitors exhibited first-rate and creditable oarsmanship, such as the Columbia or any other club ought to be proud of. It affords us great pleasure to make this brief record of the Columbia Club's rowing festival, as, although they date in organization among our latest clubs, they have the material, spirit and vim to win for themselves at no distant day a front-rank position among Gotham's amateur oarsmen.

The day's pleasure terminated very happily in the boat-house, where a Thanksgiving dinner was duly attended to, and mirth, jollity, and social enjoyment ruled the hour. An interesting episode of the dinner was the presentation of an elegant and costly gold-lined silver cup to Mr. G. T. Woglam, the president of the club, a gentleman who richly merits this refined token of the esteem, respect, and appreciation of his associates in the promotion of boating pastime.

If space permitted, we would gladly give a short history of the early struggles of the "Columbia boys" to win a place among the rowing clubs of Manhattan's waters: how a mere handful of young men, some half dozen all told, fought the good fight with a perseverance and determination worthy of the highest eulogy, and how, at last, their efforts having been crowned with glorious success, the Columbia's colors are waving proudly mast-head high, not to be lowered so long as any of her blue jackets are on deck to be hailed at roll-call.

BASE BALL.

The Base Ball Convention.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Base Base Ball Players took place at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, December 13, the convention being the most numerously attended and influential of any previously held. Over ninety clubs were represented, the assemblage including delegates from organizations from such distant points as Portland, Me., Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo., and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. A club, too, has been organized at Chattanooga, Tenn., called the "Lookout Club," and this was also represented in the convention. New York State sent representatives from 44 clubs; Pennsylvania sent 14; New Jersey, 13; Connecticut 5; Massachusetts, 2, and Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Kansas 1 each. Among the important reports of the committees was that of the Committee on Rules, whose amendments and suggestions were unanimously adopted. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen: President, Mr. John Wildey, of the Mutual Club, one of the Coroners; First Vice President, Mr. Mortimer Rogers, of the Lowell Club of Boston; Second Vice President, Mr. Sexton, of the Empire Club, of St. Louis, Mo; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. S. Page, of the Active Club; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. A. H. Rogers, of the Resolute Club; Treasurer, Mr. P. J. Cozans, of the Eagle Club. The three latter gentlemen being unanimously re-elected. The action of the convention was marked by the utmost harmony, and the proceedings reflected credit on the fraternity at large. When the convention adjourned, it did so to meet in a larger hall, and at 3 P. M., instead of 8 P. M., on the second Wednesday of December, 1866.

Base Ball in Connecticut—Stamford vs. Norwalk.

The game of base ball between the Norwalk nine and the Stamford nine was played on Saturday, Dec. 2d, at Stamford. The attendance was large. Stamford's loveliest maidens and women, gave their countenance to the brave boys who were to contest for the victor's trophy. Like the day, there was no jar in the game, nothing to mar the beauty of the scene. The players were manly, earnest and gentlemanly, and members of the club studiously polite to the guests of the occasion. The Stamford nine bore off the honors, easily and modestly.

Hatch, of the Norwalk nine, did some strong batting, and also made a fine fly-catch in the field. A. C. Gruman made a handsome fly-catch in the centre field. Mr. Hoyt had sharp work between the first and second bases, but succeeded in making the run.

Of the Stamford nine, Ebbets and Botts did the heaviest batting. Glendining made the most runs with the least number of outs; thereby winning the prize of a bunch of cigars offered for the best playing on his side. Mr. George Ebbets pitched in splendid style and fully sustained his established reputation as one of the most expert players in the country. As one of the first nine of the Active Base Ball Club of New York, Mr. Ebbets is favorably known to all of our base ball readers.

After the game the Norwalk nine were invited to a supper at the Stamford House. The table was spread with all the good things of the season, of which the boys partook with a hearty relish after the exciting and healthful sport of the day. The best of feeling prevailed, and the Norwalk boys went home much pleased with the handsome manner in which they were entertained by the Stamford nine.

STAMFORD.	O.	R.	NORWALK.	O.	R.
G. Ebbets, p.	2	5	R. E. Gruman, c.	2	3
L. A. Valentine, c. f.	2	4	G. Harrison, 1st b.	3	2
C. H. Gaylor, c.	3	4	C. Jennings, 2d b.	3	2
Glendining, s. s.	1	6	A. C. Gruman, p.	5	1
H. S. Daskam, 1st b.	3	3	T. F. Fox, l. f.	5	0
D. Starr, 3d b.	2	3	Jos. Hatch, c. f.	2	3
M. Morris, 2d b.	2	3	Geo. Tracy, 3d b.	0	4
J. Botts, r. f.	2	5	M. Hoyt, s. s.	1	4
A. Minor, l. f.	4	2	Fred. Camp, r. f.	2	2
Total	21	38	Total	21	23

INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.
Stamford	8	11	3	3	1	7	5—38
Norwalk	3	8	3	7	6	1	1—23

Umpire—R. M. Decker.

Scorers—Theo. Wardwell, Stamford; Geo. Jennings, Norwalk.

☞ The Monroe Doctrine.—REPUBLICANISM AGAINST MONARCHY!—In view of the recent aggressions of Spain on our sister Republic of Chile, and the continued assaults of France on the Independence of Mexico, all citizens of New York who are in favor of the full vindication of the Monroe Doctrine in all parts of America, are invited to meet

[TIME AND PLACE TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THE DAILY PAPERS]

and by their voice of sympathy and cheer, encourage the defenders of American Independence in Chile, Peru and Mexico, and wherever else Republicanism and Free Institutions are imperilled on this Continent, and at the same time enter their determined protest against all attempts to restore or extend in America monarchical systems of Government.

WM. H. WEBB,
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS,
PETER COOPER,
JAS. W. BEEKMAN,
MAJ. GEN. L. WALLACE,
J. DE LAMATER,
ALLAN CAMPBELL,
E. S. DODGE & CO.,
JAMES BISHOP & CO.,
SINCLAIR TOUSEY,
SIMON VAN WINKLE,
FRANK W. BALLARD,
WM. J. EMMETT,
AMORY EDWARDS,

LEON'D W. JEROME,
EDWARD E. DUNBAR,
CHAS. J. ANTHONY,
A. H. ALMY,
MERCHANT & GARMAN,
JOHN E. WILLIAMS,
CHAS. P. KIRKLAND,
J. J. RIBON,
FELIX M. GARCIA,
JUAN N. NAVARRO,
HON. H. WALBRIDGE,
H. F. YELVERTON,
JOSHUA LEAVITT,
And over 2,000 others.

HON. E. GEO. SQUIER,
GEN. E. L. VIELE,
HON. CHAS. D. POSTON,
COL. A. H. DUGANNE,
J. B. WHEELOCK,
C. K. GARRISON,
HON. ELIJAH WARD,
GEORGE WILKES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COAL AT $8 50 PER TON

GLOBE
MUTUAL COAL COMPANY.

COAL AT ACTUAL COST TO SHAREHOLDERS.

Which is now being delivered at their residences, from the Yard of the Company, West Thirty-seventh street.

SHARES, TEN DOLLARS.

Which entitles the party to one ton of coal per year, at the actual cost, for every share subscribed.

See Prospectus of the Company.

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GLOBE BUILDINGS, 64 BROADWAY,
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Let the people say with one voice
DOWN WITH THE PRICE OF COAL.

☞ The following are among the many stockholders who have received and are now using the coal supplied by the above Company at $8 50 per ton:

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HENRY KLINKER, No. 8 Pearl st., N. Y.
J. F. SCHULTHIES, No. 20 Stanton st., N. Y.
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HY. SIMMONS, No. 3 Front st., N. Y.
HORATIO HOWARTH, No. 166 Washington st., N. Y.
JOHN RENEFER, No. 44 Greenwich st., N. Y.
W. J. F. PRELLE, No. 467 Greenwich st., N. Y.
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CHR. ROSS, No. 244 Cherry st., N. Y.
JAMES COSTELLO, No. 510½ Pearl st., N. Y.
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JOS. SLOPER, No. 133 Marshall st., Brooklyn.
M. MORROW, No. 273 Fulton st., Brooklyn.
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COUPON GOLD BONDS,
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SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST
PAYABLE IN GOLD.

FIRST YEARS' INTEREST GUARANTEED.
PRESENT PRICE OF BONDS
SIXTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR,
IN UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

THE MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT EVER OFFERED.

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JOHN W. CORLIES & CO.,
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TO PRINTERS.—SECOND-HAND
TYPE FOR SALE.

From 600 to 800 lbs. BREVIER.
About 300 lbs. AGATE.
About 300 lbs. NONPAREIL.
About 150 lbs. MINION.
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.

ARMS, CRESTS, AND MONOGRAMS. Illuminated in Colors. a new specialite, just introduced by GIMBREDE, 588 and 572 Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADIES' COLUMN.

The following sparkling gem is by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens:

"During the last six months we have had in our parlor, and among its most elegant adornments, too, a very beautiful sewing-machine, from the establishment of Messrs Wheeler & Wilson, on which it has become our ambition to become a proficient, when this well used pen has given us a moment's time for the needle. But, for the life of us, we cannot get over the idea that there is some fairy work growing under our fingers whenever we get a moment of that most delightful occupation. To see neatly-stitched seams glide through our fingers at the rate of a yard a minute; to see a shirt made in less time than is necessary to cut it out—and a shirt-bosom covered with tiny plaits, exquisitely stitched, completed almost while a lady could sew out a needle-ful of thread, partakes absolutely of the marvellous. One feels as if performing some beautiful magic, while sitting so quietly before that dainty machine, with the pedals just touched into motion by the feet, as our old-fashioned flax-wheels were set in motion—and the pretty array of spools, and silver wheels and sharp needles, performing their regular music under your fingers.

"Then the swiftness of it—the satisfaction and glory of having all your sewing done up in a few hours—of seeing your pretty rosewood case shut up, covered with bijouterie, and turned into the most charming bit of ornamental furniture—all this is making play of work, and making usefulness an elegant accomplishment. Our machine now will make three dresses—no matter how heavy or how fine—in far less time than the dress-maker requires to fit one. It will hem handkerchiefs, do all sorts of fancy stitching, and rival the daintiest work of the whitest fingers with magical neatness. What the steam engine proves compared to horse-power, this beautiful machine is when set in opposition to the slow, patient progress of the ordinary needle. It only requires a little care, a drop of oil now and then, touched to the delicate mechanism, and you have the motive power of fifty seamstresses doing ornamental duty in your parlor, while out of active use, eating nothing, asking nothing, and never singing the mournful Song of the Shirt—'Stitch, stitch, stitch.'"

This has found a response from the other side of the Atlantic in the following eloquent tribute from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt, a name familiar to lovers of humanity and truth wherever the English language is read.

WEST HILL LODGE, HIGHGATE, LONDON.

GENTLEMEN: I have very great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the value of your sewing-machine, which I can do conscientiously. To say that it is a wonderful invention is saying little, for there are many wonderful inventions now-a-days; but this I can aver, that it is the realization of all our imaginings of household fairies and good hard-working brownies that ask for no payment. It is an ever-ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eye-sight over the most delicate work; nor ever, in fact, can be overworked. If a son be going suddenly to the Antipodes, or a daughter to be married, or if your benevolence longs in the cold Winter weather to clothe the poor in warm garments, you need not hesitate as to who shall do this sudden accumulation of needlework. There stands the good genius of your household with her silver arms extended, and her ever-threaded needle ready to do your bidding. Sit, then, down beside her, converse pleasantly with her, lay your hand delicately upon the outspread work before her, and like a dream of enchantment the requisite work will pass under your eye completed.

Such has been the experience in our family. Need I to say more? Yes, I must answer that warm remonstrance on behalf of the poor needle-woman, who otherwise might have profited by all this necessary work. What is to become of them if the fairy of the sewing machine is to do all M—'s work, as by magic? Be not alarmed, kind-hearted philanthropists, for never did any real good can ever ultimately produce evil. It is the sewing-machine which will compel our Senators and philanthropists to consider seriously the cause of our sisters of the needle, and to legislate wisely for them. It is the sewing-machine which will, in the end, emancipate miserable women from the slavery of "gusset and band," which will open to them wise and safe paths of emigration, which will convey thousands of blameless, suffering women into new lands, and for new homes of peace and plenty, where women's time will be valuable, and where, consequently, the sewing-machine will be again a household blessing, a household necessity.

I am, gentlemen,
Yours, very sincerely,
MARY HOWITT.

MESSRS. WHEELER & WILSON.

FROM MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine we can speak with entire clearness and confidence, after the use of one eight years or more in our family. We look upon it as one of the benefactions of the age, and one which will constitute an era in the history of women. Its song should be:

Click! click! click!
While the cock crows loud and free,
And click! click! click!
Is a merry round to me.
With bodice trim and neat
I seam, and gusset, and band,
With my dainty slippered feet,
And a small white-fingered hand;
Stitch to the click of the steel,
And never an aching head,
While I turn the gliding wheel,
With the gleaming silver thread,
Oh, woman! no more a slave
To seam, to gusset, and band,
Shall beautiful grow and brave,
In the light of our happy land.

FROM MRS. SARAH J. HALE, EDITOR OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE WHEELER & WILSON SEWING-MACHINE.—The benefits of this wonderful invention increase every year of its trial. There are no dangers attending its use, but real pleasure as well as profit in its results. Indeed, it seems to realize the power of good fairies, such as children love and believe in—their elders often regret that they have outlived this pleasant faith—more than any other of the labor-saving inventions. The sewing-machine comes into the heart of home; it helps in the domestic circle; it has an important influence on family comfort and social happiness. No wonder that good men are willing to sound its praises, that "poets, orators, divines, philosophers and economists have descanted upon its bearings on social interests and the destiny of woman." It is worthy of this praise.

This household helper—such a one as comes from the manufactory of WHEELER & WILSON, in the perfectness of finish and performance of all kinds and varieties of stitching—is the QUEEN of sewing machines, which we wish could be introduced into every home where women are found.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
No. 200 Mulberry street, New York.

Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren respecting sewing-machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in conjunction with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the WHEELER AND WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, No. 625 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend. Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

ABEL STEVENS, THOS. CARLTON, DANIEL WISE,
JAMES FLOY, J. PORTER, DAVID TERRY,
J. BENJ. EDWARDS, WILLIAM A. COX.

FROM REV. DR. FRANCIS VINTON.

Mrs. Vinton desires me to express to you her entire satisfaction with your sewing machine. I may add that, judging from the frequency of the rapid tick of this machine it promotes both industry and pleasure. My purse bears witness that the sewing-machine, among its other excellencies, is a household economy.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Your admirable Needle Woman is the only seamstress that defies extortionate men. They cannot cheat it nor starve it, nor deprive it of sleep, nor tire it out, nor make its hands weary. It is a worker that is a match for the most unwearied and avaricious manufacturer. At last I am thankful that there is a machine-woman that cannot be oppressed nor kept in suffering.

FROM REV. DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

I take pleasure in saying that the Sewing-Machine purchased of you by me for a dressmaker has been wholly serviceable, and seems to have put a new face upon the health, comfort and prosperity of the family.

REPORT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—John S. Heard and Daniel Lord, Executors of the last Will and Testament of James Heard, deceased, and trustees of Cornelia M. Henry, Joanna Heard and Maria Chalmers, deceased; appointed under the will of said James Heard, against William Heard and Caleb S. Henry, individually, and as executors of the last Will and Testament of the late Maria Heard, deceased, James Heard, Cornelia M. Henry, Charles H. Henry, Maria Louisa Henry, Francis A. Henry, Joseph L. Frame, Joanna Heard Frame, Joseph L. Frame, Jr., Edward Heard Frame, Caroline Heard Frame, Thomas C. Chalmers, Julia Chalmers and Robert Squires, administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of the late Maria Chalmers, deceased.—Summons. [U. S. Rev. 50c. stamp cancelled.]

To the Defendants above named: 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 said city, on the 24th day of November, 1865, and of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 45 Exchange place, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, 24th November, 1865.
GEORGE DE FOREST LORD, Plaintiffs' Att'y,
d16 6t 45 Exchange place, New York.

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Abraham O'Brannin against Mary E. Ross (sued by the name of Mary L. Ross) Administratrix, &c., of Michael Ross, deceased.—Summons for money demand on contract.—(Com. not ser.)

To the above-named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 15 William 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 Forty-two hundred dollars, with interest from the 6th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the cost of this action.

Dated New York, November 27th, 1865.
GEORGE DOUGLAS, Plaintiff's Attorney,
15 William street.

The complaint in the above-entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, on the 12th day of December, 1865.—Dated New York, Dec. 13, 1865.
d16 6t GEORGE DOUGLAS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—William H Baldwin, Plaintiff, against John Finlan, Defendant.—Summons—For a money demand on contract.—(Com. not ser.) [50 cents U. S. Revenue stamp cancelled.]

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 128 Broadway, City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred (310) dollars, with interest from the 28th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, October 13th, 1865.
D. S. RIDDLE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in the above action was filed with the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at his office in the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 11th day of December, 1865.

Dated New York, December 11th, 1865.
d16 6t D. S. RIDDLE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—James Turner and Alfred W. Turner, Plaintiffs, against Washington Smith and Samuel Bliss, Defendants.—Summons for a money demand on contract. [By publication.] (Com. filed.) [U. S. I. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts. cancelled.]

To the above-named Defendants: 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, on the 8th day of December, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 41 Park Row, N. Y. 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 one hundred and thirty dollars and seventy five cents, with interest on the above-mentioned sum of one hundred and thirty dollars from the 27th day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, besides the costs of this action.—Dated New York, Dec. 8, 1865.
d16 6t AMOS G. HULL, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—KINGS COUNTY.—Laurence R. Fitzgerald against C. W. Lubick.—Summons for a money demand on contract—(Com. not ser.) [U. S. Inter. Rev. 50 cent stamp.]

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and 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, Nos. 82 and 84 Nassau 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 hundred and eighty-two dollars, with interest on one hundred and thirty dollars from the 30th day of June, 1865, and interest on one hundred and fifty-two dollars from the 17th day of May, 1865, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.—Dated Dec. 15, 1865.
d16 6t EDWARD GEBHARD, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—John A. Liddell, Plaintiff, against Martha Liddell, Defendant.—Summons for relief.—(Com. not ser.) [Rev. stamp &c. cancelled.]

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said City and County, 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. six (6) Centre street, in said city, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint—Dated November 21st, 1865.
G. BURLING, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this cause was filed in the County Clerk's office of this County, Dec. 12th, 1865. d16 6t

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Josephine A. Fowler, Plaintiff, against Charles G. Fowler, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not served.) [Int. Rev. Stamp 50c. cancelled, W. J. F.]

To the Defendant, Charles G. Fowler: 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 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. 13 Chambers street, in said City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York, November 11th, 1865.
WILLIAM J. FISHER, Plaintiff's Attorney,
d16 6t 13 Chambers street, N. Y.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of MARY ANN ROONEY, a resident of New York 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 16th day of January next.

Dated New York, December 12, 1865.
ROBERT B. BRADFORD, Public Administrator.
HENRY RICHARDSON, Proctor. d16 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 HORACE S. JONES, late of the City of Elizabeth, N. J., deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, Elizabeth, N. J., on or before the 6th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 6th day of July, 1865.
jy8 6m RACHEL JONES, 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 HENRY F. DEVITT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 99 North Second street, Troy, New York, on or before the 11th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 10th day of November, 1865.
n11 6m ANN QUINN, Administratrix.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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"THE LITTLE JOKER."

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Publishers of daily and weekly papers will find it to their advantage to send specimen copies and advertising terms to above address.

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162 Broadway, New York.

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." my13 tf

1865. BALL SEASON. 1866.
EVERETT ROOMS,
Broadway and Thirty-fourth street.

The above have been HANDSOMELY DECORATED, REFURNISHED, &c., making the most ELEGANT and CONVENIENT BALL-ROOM in the city.

As the rooms are already engaged for many evenings during the coming winter, early application is necessary. Apply to E. D. LAWRENCE, Under the rooms.

AT GIMBREDE'S, THE ILLUMINATED MONOGRAM just introduced, Rich and Elegant Styles. 588 and 572 Broadway.

LEGAL NOTICES.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York; and that,

First. The name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is ROLFFES & PFAFF.

Second. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted is importing and dealing in Tailors' Trimmings, and the principal place of business of said partnership is in the City of New York.

Third. The names of the General Partners interested in such business are John F. Rolffes, who resides at Hoboken, in the County of Hudson, and State of New Jersey; and Frederick Pfaff, who resides at the City, County and State of New York; and that the name of the Special Partner interested therein is Henry Becker, who resides at the said City of New York.

Fourth. That the said Henry Becker, the Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock of the said partnership the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

Fifth. That the said partnership is to commence on the second day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and to terminate on the first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

Dated New York, December 2d, 1865.
JOHN F. ROLFFES,
FREDERICK PFAFF,
HENRY BECKER.
d9 6t

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.—Jacob Bamberg, Plaintiff, against J. M. Ridgway, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—(Com. not served.) [U. S. Inter'l Revenue Stamp, 50 cts cancelled, November 30th, 1865.]

To J. M. Ridgway, Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 15 Nassau 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 four hundred and seven dollars and seventy-eight cents, with interest from the twentieth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, with two dollars and twenty-eight cents, costs of protest, besides the costs and disbursements of this action—Dated November 30th, 1865.
CARPENTIER & BEACH, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in the above action was filed with the Clerk as above stated, on the first day of December, 1865.
CARPENTIER & BEACH,
d9 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Margaret J. Westcott against Cornelius Ryan, Frederick W. Coman and Lena his wife, David Carr, Patrick Cassidy, David Levy, William F. Gray, Alex. Oppenheimer, Adam Dippel, Bernhard Asmers, Charles H. Kaldbfleisch, George M. Lewis, The Chatham Bank.—Summons for Relief—(Com. not ser.) [U. S. I. R. Stamp, 50 cents, cancelled.]

To the Defendants and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office, No. 110 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October, 1865.
LOCKWOOD & OVERFIELD, 110 Broadway,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said city, on the 20th day of October, 1865. LOCKWOOD & OVERFIELD,
d9 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, WILLIAM F. WEST and WILLIAM P. ROBESON, who respectively reside in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, State of New York, and MARCUS SPRING, who resides at Eagleswood, County of Middlesex, State of New Jersey, have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, under the name WEST & ROBESON, for the buying and selling Hat, Cap and Fur materials, and such other articles as are usually dealt in in connection with said materials; to all which the parties interested are the said William F. West, William P. Robeson, who are the general partners, and the said Marcus Spring, who is the special partner; that the said Marcus Spring has contributed the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars as capital towards the common stock; and that the said copartnership is to commence on the first day of December (1865), eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and is to terminate on the thirty-first day of December (1868), eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

Dated New York, December 1, 1865.
WM. F. WEST,
WILLIAM P. ROBESON,
MARCUS SPRING.
d9 7t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that NATHANIEL WATSON, ALBERT UNDERHILL and ALEXANDER UNDERHILL, all residing in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, under the name and firm of Watson & Underhill, for the transaction of the business of Commission Merchants and Dealers in Country Produce, in the City of New York, in which all of the parties interested are the said Nathaniel Watson and Albert Underhill, who are the General Partners, and the said Alexander Underhill, who is the Special Partner, and who, as such special partner, has contributed the sum of ten thousand dollars in cash as capital towards the common stock; and that the said partnership is to commence on the first day of May, 1865, and is to terminate on the first day of May, 1868.

Dated New York, December 4, 1865.
NATHANIEL WATSON, | General Partners.
ALBERT UNDERHILL, |
ALEXANDER UNDERHILL, Special Partner.
[U. S. Int. Rev. 5c stamp.] d9 6t

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE undersigned have, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York formed a Limited Partnership under the name of J. V. E. SWART; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is the buying and selling of Drugs, Medicines, and such other articles as are generally dealt in by retail druggists, and that John V. E. Swart, who resides in the City of New York, is the general partner, and Charles J. Chipp, who also resides in said City of New York, is the special partner; and that the said Charles J. Chipp hath contributed the sum of $6,500 as capital towards the common stock, and that the said partnership is to commence on the 15th day of November, 1865, and is to terminate on the 15th day of November, 1868.—Dated the 15th day of November, 1865.
J. V. E. SWART,
n18 6t CHARLES J. CHIPP.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted on the 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, by the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, Notice is hereby given of the application for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of this State. James Gill, of the City of New York, Insolvent, individually and as a member of the late firm of James Gill & Co. Notice first published on the 18th day of November, 1865. Creditors to appear before the above mentioned Judge, at the office or chambers of the said Judge, No. 82 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on the 3d day of February, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why said Insolvent should not be discharged from his debts, as prayed for in his said petition.

Dated New York, Nov. 17th, 1865.
n18 11t J. H. CROSS, Attorney for Petitioner.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charles F. Schnabel against Theresa M. Schnabel—Summons—For relief. (Rev. Stamp, 50 cents.)

To Theresa M. Schnabel: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed November 8th, 1865, 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 8th, 1865.
n25 6t O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Samuel M. Van Clief against Maria M. Van Clief.—Summons—For Relief. (Rev. Stamp 50c.)

To Maria M. Van Clief: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed December 8th, 1865, 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., December 8th, 1865.
d9 6t O. A. HOUSE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes. Insolvent, Simon Leerburger. Notice first published 25th of November, 1865. Creditors to appear before the Hon. Albert Cardozo, or ——, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York, at the Chambers of the said Court, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 17th day of January, 1866, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.
A. J. DITTENHOEFER, Attorney for Insolvent,
n25 6t Nos. 293 and 295 Broadway.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER granted on the 16th day of October, 1865, by the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, notice is hereby given of the application for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of this State. NEWEL BLISS, of the City of New York, Insolvent individually and as a member of the late firm of N. Bliss & Co. Notice first published on the 21st day of October 1865. Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New York, at the chambers of said judge, No. 82 Nassau street, in said city, on the 30th day of December, 1865, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.—Dated New York, Oct. 16th, 1865.
o21 10t NEWEL BLISS, Petitioner.

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. GLENN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 13 Seventy-third street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of February next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of July, 1865.
jy22 6m ESTHER A. GLENN, 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 JOHN A. WHITE, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of G. Van Cott, Counsellor at Law, No. 6 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-ninth day of December next.

Dated New York, the 21st day of June, 1865.
je24 6m CATHARINE WHITE, 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 DIEDRICH FUSELEHR, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 13 Jackson street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of January next.

Dated New York, the 30th day of June, 1865.
jy1 6m GASENA FUSELEHR, 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 LOGAN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Messrs Mann & Parsons, No. 64 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of February next.

Dated New York, the 14th day of July, 1865.
JANNETTE LOGAN, | Administrators.
6m JOHN E. PARSONS, |

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HANNAH M. CAPP, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of B. W. Floyd, Esq., Nos. 84 and 86 Allen street, in the City of New York, on or before the 9th day of June next.

Dated New York, the 8th day of December, 1865.
BENJAMIN W. FLOYD, | Executors.
d9 6m EDWARD W. BURR, |