The New York Leader.

VOL. XIV.—NO 52. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1868. PRICE TEN CENTS.

[For the Leader.]

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Long years ago I wooed a maid
With tender looks and phrases sweet,
And heart and hand and fortune laid
An offering at her feet.

The heart and hand and fortune she
Refused, with just one little "No;"
Which left us, that small word, both free
Our separate ways to go.

I made so sure that she would say,
Instead of "No," the other thing,
That I had bought on that same day,
In my conceit, a ring.

Then was I at a loss to know
What use to make of it; since she
Had deigned to treat my offer so,
'Twas valueless to me.

And yet, I longed to have her eyes
The lustre of its gems behold—
Their carven shape, their perfect size,
Its round of glittering gold;
Although the hand my lips would greet
Its inner circle never pressed,
And of my own supreme conceit
I stood thereby confessed.

I drew it forth: I said, "Though strange
"It seem to ask so odd a thing;
"But if with time your mind should change,
"Return to me this ring."
She smiled and took it, with a glance
That oft had searched my face before;
And though we sometimes met by chance,
The ring she never wore.

But on one Christmas came a note,
A dainty, cream-laid, perfumed thing;
I knew whose hand the missive wrote—
And, lo! inside, the ring.
Oh, happy day, that brought me this:
Sweet day, that such new joy revealed;
Thy sun sank not till one long kiss
Our plighted troth had sealed!

[For the Leader.]

The "Devil's" Christmas Carol

BY SI SLOKUM.

Si wishes, to all the readers of the LEADER in a bunch, at one fell swoop, a Merry Christmas, and hopes if they can't be merry, they will be as merry as they can, if there is nothing to hinder; and if any of them, after wishing him the same—which of course they will all do, and that heartily—desire to express themselves more freely, they can do so without fear of giving offence. Anything addressed to him at this this office will be sure to be received, always provided the sending of the same is not omitted, in which case he is not to be held responsible, and will not receipt for the same. Carts and vans will enter Frankfort street from Printing House square, and after depositing their various consignments, pass into William street to the left, to prevent confusion, and after, go where they please. No Erie stock, unbaked peanuts, or Newfoundland pups desired.

Just as we had finished the above, we heard the voice of the "devil," who was ranging about seeking whom he might devour in the absence of the editor, saying: "Si—(he's a familiar youth, this 'devil' of ours)—"give 'em a Christmas carol this week, just for fun, you know."

Now the "carol" business being a little out of our line, we referred him (the devil) to Dick Carroll, but he gave us to understand, in an obstreperous manner, that it was a "Christmas carol," and not Dick Carroll that he wanted, and suggested that the scene be laid in the Carol-inas, or in Carolton, Va. As we had never seen either, of these localities, we should decline to lay the scene of the "carol" in either, even did we consent to "give 'em a carol." There was another reason, as we told the "devil," why we shouldn't lay the scene as suggested, and that was that we didn't intend to commit carolism at all. But the "devil," inexorable (this is a fault or peculiarity with devils, we think), got back at us with, "No carol no Christmas-pudding," and commenced to dance the *can-can* as *he* understood it; translated into French, it would have been no improvement on the original in grace, celerity of movement, or *poses;* but in *abandon* he certainly could not have been excelled by the most abandoned creature in France or elsewhere.

"You are quite a dancer," we remarked, as the "devil" *trapezed* about the sanctum.

"That's my name, every time—Dan, sir," he returned, with a leer that reminded us of King Lear. Did we say Leah, the bouffe Colonel might cry, "Abate, man; comparisons are odious."

"Where were you born, Dan?" we asked, thinking to divert his mind from the carol.

"Christmas Carol!" he sung out, loud as he could yell.

"Don't bawl so loud," we said.

"Ball's up, and good skating," he rejoined, imitating the movements of a skater on the carpet.

"Dan, have you been drinking?" we asked, amazed at his eccentricities.

"Yes, lots of sherry."

"Sherry, Dan?"

"Yes, and my fill."

"You are incorrigible, Dan," we said.

"Wish I was in carriage able to ride," he rejoined.

"We asked where you were born, Dan."

"Colleen Bawn," he roared out.

"This is too much!" we exclaimed.

"Take off two, then, and keep the balance," he said, wickedly.

"What's your family name, Dan?" we asked.

"Hood."

"Dan Hood. It should have been Tom."

"That's my brother," he said, *pirouetting* after the style of Sangalli—a long ways after.

"Does he drink, Dan?"

"Yes, and 'Old Tom,' too," he replied.

"Drinks gin, eh?"

"I didn't say he did. Old Tom's dad, you know."

"We begin to find you out, Dan. You have Hood-winked us heretofore."

"So did dad."

"What do you mean?"

"Got some pepper in his eyes."

"What then? What are you talking about? Pepper in his eyes."

"Hood-winked. I guess he did, some," replied the "devil," with a grin, diabolic in its expression.

"Young man, you are blind to your own interests if you keep on in this course," we said, in a serious and reproving tone.

"That puts me in mind of a conundrum," said he, putting the fore-finger of each hand into his ears. "Why is a 'poker' player like a man with good eyesight who goes into a blind asylum?"

We gave it up immediately.

"Because he sees the blind," roared he out, following it up with a burst of sardonic laughter.

"Wretch!" we exclaimed; "what do you know of 'poker?' Do you play 'poker?'" We felt convinced that he was capable of any atrocity after what he had perpetrated in our presence.

"Can't I?" he cried, seizing a poker that laid by the stove, and brandishing it furiously about him.

Fearing he might get dangerous, we sought to conciliate him, and remarked that he could fence very well. Asked him where he learned the accomplishment.

"Learned it of dad. He's always been on the 'fence' in politics, you know."

We didn't know it till then.

"Dan, you give us great offense by your conduct," we remarked.

"You'd ought to see old Clincher. He's the greatest 'fence' in the city. He's right on it every time."

"What color is a blind man?" he asked suddenly, as the thought struck him.

"Color! Why, if he's a white man, he's white; if a black man, black, of course," we said.

"No, he aint. A blind man's always one color," he said with a grin.

"Always one color?"

"Yes—blind man's buff, aint he?"

The wretched, abandoned youth undertook the "German" at this, but it not being the germane to his constitution, he miserably failed.

"Young man," we said, more in sorrow than in anger, "you remind us of a youth whose conduct was much like yours, and who met with an untimely end; and on Christmas day, too. Beware!"

"I've met with 'em often—untimely ends," he said, squirming about like a distressed eel in a frying pan.

"You met with untimely ends! That's good," we exclaimed.

"Yes—ropes'-ends," he yelled out.

"In your case, never untimely. You deserve a rope's end now," we said, exasperated.

"What kind of an end did the other feller come to? A waxed end?"

"Listen and take warning, Dan. This youth, when twelve years of age, was a bright, good-looking boy, a first-rate scholar, and gave great promise of usefulness in after life. His fond parents thought everything of him, as he was an only child—an only son."

"That wasn't his fault," exclaimed Dan.

"Time rolled on, and he began to develop the propensities that you exhibit to such an alarming degree. His teacher flogged, his parents wept and tried by every means in their power to break him of this deplorable habit, but all to no purpose. He went from bad to worse, and by the time he reached his nineteenth year, had become a wretched, malignant, remorseless and abandoned punster, detested and shunned by all. Living for ten years a roving life, he met, in his thirtieth year, with the fate he so richly merited for his inflictions upon a long-suffering community. In the morning of life, in the full bloom of manhood, he met his doom, and none mourned."

"'Gone in the box', eh? Was his name Dan Hood?" the "devel" inquired, with a quizzical leer.

"No, his name was King—Jo King."

"Always joking, eh? Well, he couldn't help it. If he'd been called Bill instead of Jo—then he would have been bilking everybody, I s'pose," the "devil" said in a thoughtful voice.

"Hush up!" we roared out.

Resolving to pay no further attention to his interpolations, we proceeded:

"While at school he set his teachers nearly crazy; and as he would pun upon any subject, no matter of what nature or how serious, the pastor of the church where his parents attended came to look upon him with feelings little short of horror, and discontinued his visits entirely to his father's house, which was well nigh a death blow to his mother.

"Tony Pastor wouldn't have been troubled that way," said the "devil," taking a huge quid of tobacco.

"Three months was as long as he could be endured in any store, in fact the longest, one week sufficing in many instances. Customers sickened of his abominable jokes, and proprietors swore, but he kept on regardless of everybody and everything. He last served in a store in the Bowery, where gentlemen's furnishing goods were sold. His employer put up with him ten days, but on the eleventh dismissed him, unable longer to endure his enormities.

"On the day of his discharge a letter was received from a man in Webville, ordering one shirt to be sent by mail—a singular mode of conveyance, considering the article, but the best, probably, or the man wouldn't have so ordered."

"He was a shiftless cuss, I guess," remarked the "devil," with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"Well, Jo, after reading the letter, which was passed to him to be attended to, remarked to his employer:

"'So this chap's going to dress in armor, eh?'

"His boss, already out of patience with him, savagely exclaimed:

"'No, you fool; there's nothing said about armor in the letter. He orders a shirt, don't he? Send it as he directs, and shut up!'

"'I tell you he's going to dress in armor!' said Jo, recklessly. 'He orders a shirt sent by mail. Won't it be a shirt of mail when he gets it?'

"Outraged, heart-sick and disgusted, his employed settled with him on the spot, and forbade him, on pain of arrest, ever to set foot in the place again."

"If Ben Butler was to wear armor it would be *plate* mail," said the remorseless "devil," with a wicked leer. Immediately he asked if we were posted on birds, which was answered in the negative.

"I was going to ask," said he, "what kind of birds the people of New Orleans could with propriety send to Butler? Can you guess?"

We couldn't.

"Why, 'spoonbills,' of course," he screeched out, a guffaw following. Without minding his wickedness, we continued our tale.

"Jo, now, with every man's hand raised against him, went to a seer to learn something of the future.

"Did he see her?" inquired the devil.

"He was told to beware of Christmas. He went to another style of fortune teller, and again he was told that Christmas threatened to be a dark day in his calendar. A third told him his star would set forever some Christmas; that the horoscope foreboded something terrible to him on that day; that it might occur the very next Christmas, or not for years, but when it did occur it would surely be on Christmas.

"On the first occasion of this holiday, which was about ten days subsequent to that time, he laid in bed all day, with his door locked and bolted, and two revolvers at hand, loaded to the muzzles. When midnight came he went to sleep, and not till then, and woke up morning uninjured.

"He felt safe for a year now, dressed and went out for a square meal, after having fasted for thirty hours or more. For a fortnight he tried in vain to get employment. Not one of his former employers did he dare refer to, and no one would employ him without reference, and he found himself one day without a cent in his pocket.

"If he'd only had a little musk, then," said the "devil," rather sympathetically, as we thought.

Forgetting ourselves, we asked him what good musk would have been to him.

"Well, he'd had a scent about him then, wouldn't he?"

"Wretch!" we exclaimed, "we have a good mind to strike you senseless at our feet."

"Go on with your Jo King," he continued; "I'm getting worked up about him, and want to see how he came out."

"Well, as I said, he could get no employment—was penniless, and in a great strait altogether."

"Some fellers like it."

"What?" we asked, savagely.

"A straight. I've seen 'em go four or five straights afore now—whiskey."

Scorning to notice him, we went on:

"A circus came along, and what does Jo do but let himself as a man of all work. Here he gets along better than he ever did before; and when the circus left the city, Jo followed its fortunes, and we lost sight of him until [illegible] when the Knights of the Sawdust returned to the city about the first of December. He had been promoted, and on the night we saw him, made his appearance as one of the "Knights of Malta," and rode round the ring in the brilliant cavalcade."

"Don't you mean the Sons of Malta?" inquired the "devil," with a wink of his right eye. "They were a healthy lot, they were."

"No; the Knights of Malta they were called on the bills."

"Go on," said our audience.

"Well, the days rolled on, Christmas was at hand, and Jo began to think of the fortune-teller's prophesies respecting that day, and got nervous.

"It came. Up to noon Jo hadn't made his appearance at the circus, something unusual for him. The manager inquired for him. There was to be an afternoon performance (there were no matinees in those days), and one of the clowns had been badly injured in the morning by an accident, and Jo was wanted to take his place, the manager thinking he could go through the part for a few performances. Jo was sent for, but he didn't come, as did Metamora when he was sent for. He was found in bed, sick, as he declared himself."

"Sick! Fudge! He must come," said the manager. "I'll bring him," he added; and being a man of action, he ordered a carriage immediately. Taking one of his men with him, he entered the coach, ordering the coachman to drive to the nearest physician's residence. Before the carriage arrived there, the manager took his watch and chain and placed them in the pocket of his pants, remarking, with a laugh to the other, that desperate diseases required desperate remedies. "He's got a foolish notion in his head that something is to happen to him on Christmas, and that's what's the matter with him. He can take Sam's place, and must."

A physician was found and taken along to the house where Jo lived. His room was forced by the manager, and he, the doctor, and the other entered, to find Jo in bed.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked the manager of the doctor, abruptly.

The latter felt Jo's pulse, his head, asked to see his tongue, and pronounced nothing the matter with the patient.

"All right, you can retire," said the manager.

"Get up, Jo. Sam has been badly hurt, and you must take his place this afternoon, and we haven't much time to spare, neither."

"I'm not going out of the house to-day," replied Jo firmly.

"Nonsense—get up," said the manager, and catching hold of the pillow, pulled it from under Jo's head, disclosing to view, as he did so, a handsome gold watch and chain.

The "devil" heaved a deep sigh here, and we couldn't help asking him why he sighed.

"It's a pain in my side," he replied. "But go on, it's better now," he added. We scowled.

"'Oh, ho!' exclaimed the manager; 'this is your sickness, eh? My watch and chain!' and he held the articles before the astonished eyes of Jo.

"'I didn't think to find these here, Jo,' he said, more in sorrow than in anger."

"He was a precious fraud," said the "devil," in a tone of condemnation.

"Jo protested he knew nothing about the watch—"

"Of course he didn't," growled the "devil," "how should he?"

"'It's no use, Jo. My watch and chain were stolen last night, and I find them in your possession. As long as I've got them back, I'll say nothing about the matter, if you'll go with me; otherwise, I'll have you arrested immediately for stealing them.'

"'It's a put up job, and I'll be hanged if I get up!' said Jo, doggedly.

"'You'll be jugged if you don't. Tom, go for an officer,' said the manager to the man who came with him.

"The man started off.

"'Hold on!' cried Jo, 'I'll go,' and he jumped out of bed. He reasoned that if he didn't go to the circus the prophecy would be fulfilled in his arrest for theft, and he knew the manager well enough to know that he would give up no point when he wished to carry his ends; and reasoning this way, he concluded to fly to ills he knew not of rather than endure those, he felt certain would be his did he remain; but he swore it was a put up job all the time he was dressing himself.

"The manager said nothing, but let him growl and swear to his heart's content."

"Heart's Content is in Newfoundland, isn't it?" inquired the "devil," anxious to be posted geographically.

"Oh, let us have peace," we cried, frantically.

"Go on!" said our tormentor, with a majestic wave of the hand.

"Jo appeared in the ring, as second clown, that Christmas afternoon, and acquitted himself very well; he made quite a hit."

"Anything hit him?" asked our audience.

"Nothing. He went through that Christmas unscathed, and, with the manager and some others, partook of a champagne supper that evening, when the cat was let out of the bag about the watch, the *ruse de guerre* or *ruse de* circus being exposed by the manager.

Jo said he was satisfied that it was a put up job in the first place, but that he (the manager) had him foul, and advised him to keep watch of his property thereafter.

Six years rolled on their course; six times the earth revolved about the sun, and Jo still lived, and was clown-in-chief of that circus. He had long since ceased to think of Christmas as a fatal day to him. No longer was that merry day peopled with grim terrors. For six years he had risen on Christmas morn as early as on any other morn, which was about eleven usually.

He laughed at his old fears whenever the day came round, and took no precautions whatever against accident or danger of any kind. Fatal negligence!

[illegible] as unfortunate man ever found himself. He loved a daring, dashing, dazzling and distinguished *artiste*, a member of the troupe, and a fearless bareback rider of the untamed steeds of the ring, who appeared as the "Evening Star," mounted on a fiery coal-black steed, as Mazeppa, Diana, and in several other characters. She was a gorgeous creature "under the gaslight" in the ring, when robed in the several bright colors of the rainbow.

"Did Jo reign beau over her?" asked the devil at this point.

"Jo loved, madly loved the 'Evening Star,' Mazeppa, etc. She was all the world to him—Esmeralda, that was her name—and Jo had offered her his hand and heart and fortune, the latter consisting of an unlimited stock in the pun line; but she had punished him by a flat refusal.

Jo determined not to give it up so, and did not let refusal dampen the fire of his love, or his ardor in pursuit of Mazeppa and happiness under difficulties.

In time "Diana" relented, or appeared to, as she suffered Jo to present her with numerous love offerings in the shape of broad ribbons, of scarlet hue principally; slippers of the same bright hue; gems, rich, rare and dazzling to the eyes of many of the audience by lamp light, but which never came from Tiffany's; and Jo, consequently, was supremely happy, as he should have been; but oh, what bliss was his when, one evening after the performance, she promised, after he had poured into her ear, both ears in fact, love's most burning eloquence, to be his "some time." She didn't want to, couldn't and wouldn't name the happy day, as, being something of a coquette, with several lovers at her feet, she wished to enjoy for some time to come the exquisite pleasure of reigning over several hearts at once, and make them all dance attendance around her footstool; and beside she had made the others happy with the same bright promise she had made Jo. All but one of her several lovers, feeling sure of the prize 'some time' or another, rested contentedly as men whose hearts are consuming with the fervent heat of impassioned love can rest. But this one was anxious, impatient of delay; he was afraid she might elude him, and thinking of the 'bird in the hand,' etc., he worried her unceasingly, and pressed her to name the happy day, when two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, should be united; but she wouldn't do it, and he fumed, and raved, and swore terribly, as did our army in Flanders. She would often cry, 'Let us have peace,' but there was no peace. He wouldn't let up in his persistings—never gave her a rest. She wouldn't discard him, as he was very liberal with his offerings, and she had an appreciative eye for silks, satins, and other things in the dry goods line; so she suffered because it paid, you know. But there came a time when these supplies stopped; her lover, importunate as ever, relinquished the gift enterprise business, and then forbearance, with her, ceased to be a virtue.

"It was Christmas—a bright, clear, charming day. The circus was in New York. Jo was comparatively happy, as, the night before, Esmeralda had again promised to be his, 'some day.' Christmas had no terrors for Jo now. He rose by ten that morn, and tried on a new suit of clown's furniture, which he was to appear in that afternoon. The new suit suited him to a T. He was joyous, Jo was. Felt considerably happy. 'And Esmeralda, Star of the Evening, is to be mine,' he exclaimed joyously. 'Mine! mine! some day! Would that I had a mine to lay at her feet, if but a coal mine. You will be bound, Mazeppa, in the bands of wedlock, till death do us part. Tender bonds, Beautiful Star, but stronger than the thongs that bind you nightly to the untamed steed of the desert!'"

"Divorce knocks 'em higher'n a kite," exclaimed the "devil," with a malicious laugh.

"Jo went to the circus that afternoon with a light heart in his bosom, and in the bosom of his shirt a twenty shilling pin flashed forth its brilliant scintillations, as if incandescent with the fires of love that burned within its owner's breast. For an instant only did the prophesies of years previous rise up before him. He laughed them down as idle words. But who shall laugh at—who shall defy the Fates? Had he remained in bed that afternoon, had he even tripped it over the Camden and Amboy Railroad, he would have escaped that which the vengeful Fates had in store for him. But it was not so to be. The Fates had marked him for a victim, and on that bright Christmas day he was sacrificed!

"It was a lovely afternoon. The circus was crowded from pit to dome, with the *elite* of the circus going public, but little they dreamed, the people there assembled, on the narrow board seats, of what they would witness that Christmas afternoon."

"It was ten minutes yet before the performances were to commence, and every seat in the house had been sold long before, and the audience were getting impatient of waiting, and indulged in the customary and various agreeable manifestations peculiar to circus audiences.

"In one of the dressing-rooms stood Jo and Esmeralda, his eyes looking love to eyes that in return looked love, and Jo was happy. Her importunate lover was mounted, and formed one of the brilliant cavalcade of knights that was to open the performance, and he fretted till his proud heart came near breaking, for he could see Jo with the object of his passion, and couldn't help himself.

"'You look charming, superb to-day, darling Mazeppa,' exclaimed Jo to his love, who was dressed in the costume she wore when personating the steed-bound hero.

"'Do I, Jo?' she queried, and laid her hand lovingly upon the arm of her lover, who was rigged out in his new clown clothes; and this laying on of hands sent the blood coursing at a fearful rate through the veins of Jo.

"'They will see something not in the bills this afternoon, Jo,' and she smiled sweetly a significant smile. Jo started. The prophesies flashed to his mind for an [illegible] Then immediately it occurred to him that he certainly could be in no danger from her, and he smiled and asked what she meant.

"'Tut! I shan't tell, Jo. But I'll astonish them all. I shall ride two horses in the Star of the Evening act. Watch me sharp near the close, that's all.'

"She left Jo in a brown study. He didn't know what to think, what to surmise, what to calculate upon. One instant he feared something terrible was intended, the next he discarded the thought. Did she mean to commit hari-kari in the presence of the multitude? Was she tired of life? No, no! Of course, he didn't know how or in what way she intended to 'astonish them' so he wondered and wondered.

"Had he left the circus then, just as he was, even in his clown's rig, it would have been well for Jo. But the Fates held him! He was doomed! He stayed, and was immolated!

"The performances went off as usual, or with rather more than the usual *eclat*, up to the time when the 'Star of the Evening' appeared on two coal-black steeds. Never looked Esmeralda so gorgeous, and as the band struck up 'Star of the Evening, beautiful star,' she commenced swinging round the circle.

"The audience cheered and clapped hands heartily. Bouquets by the bushel were thrown into the ring, and were trampled by her horse's feet into the sawdust, all that the clowns could not pick up. Jo kept his eyes on her, never for an instant taking them off. She swung round the circle a number of times, exhibiting her skill in riding to the utmost. Suddenly reigning her steed up, by a slight sign she motioned Jo to mount one of the foaming animals, which he did at a bound.

"Once they rode slowly round the ring, and she had time to say, 'Jo, I told you the people would see something not down in the bills.' Leaning towards him she whispered, in a quick, earnest voice, 'Jo, will you marry me now—here?'

"Jo was struck all aback, as a ship is sometimes struck by a head wind.

"'Now or never!' she exclaimed, her eyes flashing red hot fire as she looked into Jo's face.

"'Yes,' he answered, instantly, and seized her hand.

"Fatal word! He was lost. The horses were suddenly brought to a stand-still, the audience not dreaming but what they had witnessed was regular and according to Hoyle.

"A man dressed in black gets into the ring, quickly approaches them, and without one instant's hesitation, looking at Jo, he spoke:

"'Joseph King, will you take this woman for your lawfully wedded wife?'

"'I will,' answered Jo, decidedly.

"'Esmeralda, will you take this man for your lawfully wedded husband?'

"'I will,' she answered, firmly.

"'Then I pronounce you man and wife.' The audience were thunderstruck. For an instant you could have heard a pin drop in the sawdust.

"The Star of the Evening made a graceful obeisance to the spectators, Jo doing the same thing, when the people rose *en masse* and gave three rousing cheers for the happy couple. It was a new sensation, a marriage in a circus, and the situation—standing on horseback—of the bride and bridegroom, entirely original, and it was a success.

"When the cheers had subsided, a tall, dark man advanced into the ring, and looking at Jo, said, in a solemn tone, 'Seven years ago I prophesied that you would meet your fate on Christmas day. The prophecy is fulfilled! ha, ha!'

"Everybody laughed, and Jo and his bride rode away from sight into the regions rearward, and the Star of the Evening was lost to view."

"Well, go on," said the "devil," anxiously, as we ceased our relation.

"That's all there is of it," we returned.

"What!" he screamed. "Is that all?"

"All!"

"Why, the man only got married!" he exclaimed, his eyes sticking out some ways beyond his forehead.

"What worse would you have befal a man?" we asked seriously. "And it all came from his infernal punning. Had it not been for that he never would have joined a circus, and might, in all probability, have lived to a ripe old age of single blessedness."

The "devil," struck by the *denouement*, burst into an uncontrollable fit of derisive laughter and left the room, and we were congratulating ourselves audibly upon escaping the "carol," when he suddenly reappeared upon the scene exclaiming:

"That'll do for a carol, Si. I can remember the whole of it, and will set it up."

Reader, you may go to the "devil" for satisfaction if his "carol" is unsatisfactory; and if you find it, make a note of it at thirty days; get a good indorser, and send it to

SI SLOKUM.

[For the Leader.]

A FAREWELL SONG.

BY DE W. VAN BUREN.

The moments are flying,
The sad year is dying;
No more shall we roam over meadow and moor:
A wreck is the fountain,
Far over the mountain,
And dead are the lilies that flashed on the shore.

Beside the dark river
How vain the endeavor
To weave the bright web of a midsummer dream:
Dim, dim are the pinions,
In cloud-piled dominions,
And weird are the ghosts of the shadowless stream.

Again the winds rally
Round moorland and valley,
To send their loud shouts to the wild heaving main:
With meteors slanted
The dark tarn is haunted,
While stars fall and flicker and stud the wide plain.

The bare branches quiver;
The restless pines shiver;
And bend their rich plumes to the whip of the blast:
The skies have ceased sobbing,
No more is earth throbbing
With vigor and life, as it throbbed in the past.

The sunlight still flashes
On hopes turned to ashes,
And hearts that 'twere vain their emotions to tell;
So with the year's dying,
And sad moments flying—
I bid thee, thou fair one, a lonely farewell!

[From the London Tomahawk.]

A FALSE ALARM.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK: I ran over the other day to Paris with a charming young person who was in my charge. One of my duties, the morning after our arrival, was to give her a good look at the shop windows, and I was nowise averse from doing so. You know how extremely observant girls are; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world for her to exclaim to me, almost as soon as we were on the Boulevard des Italiens, "Look at that pretty face! And is she not handsomely dressed?"

I was at once all eyes, and was rewarded with a glimpse of certainly a very striking profile.

"Oh, what a pity!" I exclaimed. "See, poor creature, she is deformed; something is the matter with her spine."

My companion burst out laughing. I need scarcely say that I was disposed to regard her conduct as outrageously heartless, and of a kind that even the levity of youth could scarce excuse. Here was a lovely woman, born to dazzle and delight, afflicted by a cruel decree with a physical defect that marred all her charms, and doubtless embittered her life. Here was I, bleeding at every pore with warm human sympathy at sight of so sad a spectacle, and here was a giddy young monkey laughing, as if to kill herself, at both of us. I was about to remonstrate somewhat harshly, when she found words to say, amidst her tittering:

"She is *not* deformed, and her spine is as right as yours or mine. She has got one of those things on—don't you see?"

"What things?" I asked, beginning to be enlightened a little. "Panniers, do you mean?"

"You know, my dear cousin Tomahawk, that our common grandmother wore "panniers," for I remember once finding them, when we were children together, and having a tremendous bit of fun with them.

"No, not panniers," said my little friend, now beginning to blush. "Panniers are worn at the side, and that——." Here she pulled up.

"Is worn——." And here *I* pulled up.

"Precisely," she said, now both laughing and blushing. "I assure you, you may spare your pity, for she is dressed in the height of fashion."

Half an hour's more experience assured me that what she said was quite true. Every pretentiously attired woman we met had——"precisely," as my young friend expressed it. How otherwise am I to put it, unless I say that they had all spinal complaints? What it looked like I scarce know how to explain to you, unless I remark that it was uncommonly like laughter holding none of its sides, or a shrug of what I cannot, with physiological accuracy, call shoulders. But the thing must be seen to be appreciated; and I entertain no doubt but we shall soon see it in Piccadilly. All I can say *is*, that the Duke of Wellington's statue will then no longer be the most comical thing in that famous thoroughfare.

THE SCALPING-KNIFE.

Christmas Number Contents.

MR. CHANDOS FULTON relates the story of "My Bashful Friend," a charming Christmas serial.
HARRY POMEROY relates "How He Lost Fanny; A Story Told on Christmas Eve."
SI SLOKUM dilates upon "The 'Devil's' Christmas Carol."
N. G. SHEPHERD contributes a genial poem, "My Christmas Gift."
THE CAPTAIN furnishes "A Christmas Eve Reverie."
A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN CHRISTMAS TIME is a thrilling sketch.
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HESTER'S HISTORY is concluded.
AMUSEMENTS JOSSIP.
CAPTAIN'S POLITICAL GOSSIP.
ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.
EDITORIALS.
Etc., etc., etc.

(Written for the Leader.)

My Bashful Friend,

MARRIED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

A REMINISCENCE OF A CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

BY CHANDOS FULTON.

The Christmas fete at —— Manor was the occasion of a general rally of the family and its friends. The Colonel, its courtly and accomplished master, was wont to declare, with much emphasis, that families, like States, should never be separated, or they would ultimately fall and go to ruin; and, determined to keep his family united, he insisted that its members should congregate at the old homestead during the Christmas holidays. Like the Scotch, the Virginians are very "clanny," and, recognizing relationship to the remotest degree, the families are unusually numerous. From town and from country they gathered around the familiar old hearthstone, with its shining brass hand-irons and its blazing oaken logs. Married daughters and nieces, whose husbands were called to paternal homes, were excused; but sons and nephews were expected with their wives and children, and seldom failed to attend, for, as may be imagined, the annual reunion was very pleasant. "The more the merrier," argued the Colonel; and there was always a vacant bed (or pallet) and a spare plate for the latest comer. For weeks previous the field hands, as well as the domestics, engaged in the preparations for the fete, while corps of cooks and housemaids performed herculean tasks (don't laugh) in couch-making, baking molasses-cake (for the children to eat between times), and I know not what, under the supervision of Aunt Sallie; while the hands, directed by the Colonel himself, engaged in hog-killing, sausage-making, bacon-smoking, venison-packing, hominy-pounding, nut-cleaning, and such work. The week was also a holiday for the slaves, and every care was taken to make it such for them as far as possible. The old manor-house, a very formidable-looking edifice of stone, contained I don't know how many rooms up-stairs and down, yet it could not accommodate all who sought its shelter during the Christmas fete; and the spacious "store-house," adjoining the main building, was converted into a dormitory, and thither were consigned the young gentlemen and the youths. Nor was the weather-stained old barn equal to the demand either. Sheds were erected for the accommodation of the strange—no, not strange—well, visiting horses and carriages. Such a collection of vehicles have I seen at these gatherings! The old, old-fashioned, round carriage, with its semi-circular springs and high wheels, looked singular beside the modern barouche. The gig, with its calash top, held its place by the sulky. A long-tailed mountain wagon cheek-by-jowl with the four-seated roadster. The collection of stock was always very fine.

A few words now about the Colonel. He had been born and reared on the —— manor. So had his father before him. The estate had been settled by his grandfather, who was a playmate of George Washington. At the time I write of the Colonel was well advanced in years; but Time had been content with whitening his hair, and he was still hearty and vigorous. In youth his figure was elegant and stately, but now he was rather inclined to corpulency. He retained all the vivacity and humor of former days. The humorous propensity improves, I think, in some persons, with age, like wine. His rubicund nose, twinkling eyes, and laughing mouth were so many signs that conveyed a different meaning each time he slapped you upon the shoulder, grasped your hand, and addressed you something in this style: "How d'ye do, my boy? *(Slap.)* Glad to see you. *(Hand-shake.)* Welcome; always welcome! *(Knock-down slap.)* Well, eh? *(Hand-crush.)* That's good." *(Another knock-down slap.)* And in this style the Colonel would be sure to greet you, unless you happened to be aware of his foible, and expressed surprise that one so advanced in years should be so vigorous, for he did not want to be considered old. "Old!" he would exclaim, indignantly; "old! Humph! I'm not old. Never made a greater mistake in your life, my boy. I'm only sixty. Humph, sir! the old boy below is the only one who *is* old. That's why he is called the *old* boy. Oh, no! I'm not old!" The Colonel prided himself upon his family connections, his entertainments, his horseflesh, his game fowls. But this can hardly be called a foible; it was natural. The only foible he could be charged with was this fastidiousness about his age. Perhaps he was not so sensitive on the subject, after all, as he would have us believe; for, as his well-feigned indignation subsided, he invariably animadverted to the long-gone time when he was Colonel of the county troops, a period of his life he was never tired of talking of. When appealed to, Aunt Sallie protested he could not be very old, as he was her senior only by a few years. "And you know," she added demurely, adjusting her spectacles, "I have only just passed the three corners."

As far back as I could remember, I had always passed Christmas at the ——

minor; and I have been told that one year I was the youngest of those present.

The Christmas I have special reference to I was accompanied by my friend, Harry Harcourt; and before proceeding further I should like to speak of him. Harry's bashfulness in the society of ladies was really remarkable; indeed, it was an infirmity. Admirably educated and variously accomplished, he was handsome, wealthy, refined, and amiable. The ladies would have found him excellent company if they had only succeeded in engaging him in conversation. When by some ruse he was placed *vis a vis* to a fair one, he suddenly lost his speech, and the vaguest ideas possessed his brain. Perhaps his frame would be seized with a perceptible tremor. This was all the more aggravating because he was an ardent admirer of the sex, and was very ambitious to be considered a gallant. In his case, certainly, distance lent enchantment to the view. He gladly accepted my invitation to accompany me to the old homestead; "because," he added, "it was in the country, and out of the way." By "out of the way" he meant there would be few ladies present. He did not remember at the moment the many reminiscences of the Christmas fêtes at the —— manor I had time and again entertained him with, or he would not have formed such a conclusion.

The guests began to assemble a day or two before Christmas. Harry and I arrived at twilight Christmas eve. A recent snow-storm had been succeeded by a thaw, and then there was a cold snap, and the familiar old place presented a very imposing aspect as we drove up the lane. Large pine flambeaus, stuck in the snow all about the grove, in the centre of which loomed up the mansion, shed the lustre of the sun upon a scene of inimitable splendor. Diamond-sparkling icicles, hanging in massive clusters from interlacing tree branches, formed a roof or dome over a sort of cave or grotto, the frozen snow, which covered all else, scintillating in the effulgence of light like stalactites. The music of the sleigh-bells contributed to the charm of the scene.

Ere we were aware of it, the massive old oaken door had rolled back on its ponderous hinges, and framed in a cluster of smiling faces, and a chorus of merry voices shouted "welcome!" while Pompey, the stable boy, held the mare as we alighted. "How d'ye do? Welcome!" and the Colonel gave me a salutatory clasp that almost crushed my fingers.

"Glad to see you!" "Didn't Aunty send me a package?" "Why, how stout you have grown!" "I do declare, you have raised a moustache?" "How did you leave them all?" "Did you receive my letter?" "Funny we did not meet on the road." "Don't you remember your baby cousin?" I was greeted by aunts, uncles, first, second and third, aye, and "forty-fifth" cousins—for, let it be remembered, in Virginia the most distant relationship is recognized and claimed.

Poor Harry! He was seized by the hand by all the girls and kissed by all the children. He did not utter a word for some minutes. He must have been in agony; indeed he afterward confessed to me that he once thought he should drop dead on the floor. I have no doubt he would like to have done so. The Colonel, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, remarked that it was a pity Harry was engaged to be married in the North, as he could easily win a wife in the South; and the little folks, as if actuated by the "old one" (*not the Colonel*) vehemently demanded the name of his "sweetheart."

The evening passed pleasantly. All retired rather early, as usual o' Christmas eve. Not the lark, but the children, aroused us "by times" in the morning. The mansion was thrown open from cellar to attic. The principal apartments and halls were found to be garlanded and decorated with the legendary mistletoe; every nook and corner bloomed with evergreens of some description. In the reception room, Santa Claus had placed a tree loaded with precious fruits. At breakfast table I presented my friend Harry to a certain little Miss Alice. This little Alice was just the companion for a bashful young gentleman. Petite and plump, the embodiment of grace and fawn-like agility, with a pair of most fascinating blue eyes, and a profusion (and confusion) of golden tresses, she was a very charming companion indeed. Attired in a close-fitting black silk, with rolling white collar and cuffs, she was decidedly loveable, her face being quite pretty when animated by conversation. Then, too, she was a desperate little coquette; and by her apparently artless manners and ways, her really remarkable conversational power, not to speak of those eyes and that dimple on each cheek, and a certain indescribable but decidedly interesting impediment in her speech, she completely and immediately fascinated all. She would archly rest her arm on one's side, and look up mischievously into one's eyes, and, playing with her curls, chat away by the hour, making every now and then the most innocent answers and questions.

Alice was, in fact, an inveterate talker—gossiper is perhaps a better word. Her conversation—piquant, eccentric and fresh—was ever entertaining. She rattled away at such a rate that Harry could not have got in a word edgewise, even if he had been in conversational mood. The Colonel, whom she fairly idolized, frequently declared with ill-feigned petulance that her tongue kept time with the pendulum of the big clock in the hall; to which she laughingly responded: "Why, of course it does, if I once start it. I wouldn't have a tongue that couldn't keep time with the pendulum of a clock. Would you?" and she laughed merrily.

At first I was apprehensive that Harry would consider her bold and pert. She was in a few minutes perfectly at home with him. I was, however, soon satisfied that my fears were groundless. Encouraged by the success of an effort at breakfast-table to utter a few words, he grew quite affable, and I am confident he whispered many pleasant things to her as they afterward, arm-in-arm, promenaded the various apartments, while awaiting the disrobing of the tree; albeit he preserved a stolid silence before all others.

Now, permit me to say in parenthesis, this was not exactly what the Colonel and I had expected or wanted. We had determined to quietly enjoy Harry's perplexities and mishaps; and here, at the outset we were disappointed.

"Leave them be," whispered the Colonel, moving towards the room containing the tree, followed by a throng of children and young people, conspicuous among whom were Harry and Alice.

The tree was a splendid affair. It stood in front of the fire-place; and when discovered, a funny-looking little old black man, curiously clad in fur, with a huge pack of switches on his back, and smoking a long, old-fashioned pipe, stood on the off-side.

"Santa Claus!" "Kriss Kinkle!" exclaimed many voices, and the little folks jumped about and clapped their hands, almost frantic with delight, though fortunately none of them endeavored to detain the curious old fellow, who scrambled away up the chimney.

"We took him by surprise," observed Aunt Sallie with much earnestness. "He was resting after a hard night's work."

"You see," observed the pastor, "Santa Claus loves good children; he has given you all of his toys, but none of his switches."

"There he goes!" exclaimed the Colonel, as a rolling sound, accompanied by a tinkle of sleigh-bells, broke upon the ear from above, and Santa Claus's sleigh, drawn by six reindeer, was supposed to be passing over the roof. No one thought of running out of doors and wishing him good-speed!

The work of dismantling the tree had been begun by the Colonel, when the arrival of Mr. B—— and his cousin, Miss M——, who came from the adjoining estate, was announced, and they joined the festive group. Now Mr. B—— was an old beau of Alice's; indeed, Dame Rumor had reported their betrothal. How true the report was I am not prepared to say; all that I know is that he left his cousin to the Colonel, and at once flew to her side. Alice happened to be away from Harry, being engaged at the time distributing *bon bons*; and while she affably exchanged the compliments of the season with Mr. B——, who was evidently deeply enamored of her, the Colonel sought Harry and placed Miss M—— in charge, alleging that Miss Alice had a prior engagement with the new comer. For a second or two—hours to him, doubtless—Harry seemed completely bewildered. He stroked one hand with the other, somewhat after the style of an effort to draw on a glove, and stammered out "yes" instead of "no;" made excuses when he should have congratulated. Having heard that he was wealthy and heart-free (so she thought), Miss M—— boldly took his arm, and began an account of her recent adventure on the Blue Ridge, and ultimately engaging him in conversation, the Colonel and I were unquestionably again defeated. I shall never forget the look the golden-haired, blue-eyed Alice gave me as she saw Harry led off by the swarthy beauty from the Red River, nor the glance she exchanged with Harry.

There was a present for every one. The domestics, who punctiliously kept aloof from the "hands," were congregated in a corner, and received bandana handkerchiefs, calico dresses, fancy turtle-shell combs, cord net collars, pinchbeck breastpins, and such articles of wearing apparel. "Dandy Jim," the waiter, was presented with a showy scarf and heavily jewelled pin. Aunt Suky, the venerable cook, was delighted beyond expression with a gaudy-colored bandana handkerchief. Aunt Suky enjoyed the reputation of being the best cook in the country, also of being the oldest thereabouts. Her age no one knew to a certainty. She did not herself know how old she was. She was a great grandmother. When a young woman, and before her "old man" died, she was cook on a plantation adjacent to Mount Vernon, and had often served up dinner for General Washington, with whom she once had a conversation on the subject of roasting pigs, and of whom she retained a distinct recollection. Seated before her fireplace, on a throne improvised out of the exhumed root of a tree, Aunt Suky would entertain you for hours with her reminiscences of the Washingtons, the Lees and the Custisses; or, she would initiate young wives into the mysteries of the culinary art, or would recite to the young folks countless ghost stories—pausing every now and then to poke the fire or turn the meat—provided her head was enveloped in a gaudy bandana, and a pair of large, round, brass-rimmed spectacles adorned her eyes. Samson is said to have lost his strength when shorn of his locks. Deprived of her bandana and her spectacles, Aunt Suky lapsed into a state of childish imbecility. The Colonel had passed his life among his negroes—indeed many of them had grown up with him—and he loved them and was beloved by them. The best of feeling thus perennially existing between master and slave, they were always brought in on all festive occasions, as well as at christenings, prayer meetings and funerals.

Suddenly the Colonel pronounced Harry's name. Miss M—— and Harry had retired to a sofa on the side of the room for the purpose of opening some "mottoes," and the Colonel spoke twice before he heard him. Walking up to the Colonel, who was mounted on a box beside the tree—which had now been robbed of almost all its precious fruits—he received a baby's frock, amid general laughter. This was almost too much for my bashful and modest friend. A deathly pallor settled on his features, and I believe he would have fainted had it not been for Miss M——, who passed the matter off with a joke.

"Never mind; our time will come yet," whispered the Colonel, with the suavity of a Mephistophiles; for Harry now took quite kindly to Miss M——, and it was evident that Alice had determined to abide her time, inasmuch as she no longer rose on tip-toe every five minutes to catch a glimpse of a certain young gentleman.

The presents distributed, the Colonel suggested that a party of us should accompany him to the "quarters," where the hands anxiously awaited his presence. Observing that Mr. B—— and Alice were in a throng that was moving towards the parlor, he invited Harry and Miss M—— to join him; and in a few moments, we were hurrying across the snow to the quarters.

Suppose we accompany them. We shall not be gone long. The quarters—generally a row of one-story log cabins, equi-distant and uniform—were located in a lot about two hundred yards from the mansion, and opposite the barn and stable, which stood in an enclosure on the other side of the lawn. In the spring time, these cabins, then neatly white-washed, stood in patches of luxuriant vegetation, and what with the groups of pickaninnies, broods of chickens, and bleaching-clothes plots which dotted the scene, the view was very picturesque. In different quarters of the miniature settlement rose three two-story frame buildings, viz., the kitchen, the nursery, and the hospital.

In the kitchen, which was tastefully garlanded, the slaves—the field hands and all those, in fact, not included in the list of domestics—were gathered to receive a Christmas present from the master and mistress. The presents were the same as those distributed among the domestics. The slaves having a holiday during the entire week (except a few, who were necessarily detained on duty, and who were, of course, rewarded for their services) generally passed the time visiting their relatives and acquaintances on the neighboring plantations; but no less than four colored marriages were announced at —— manor that Christmas, and the usual exodus did not occur. On the contrary, there was a rallying of the said relatives and acquaintances, who were sumptuously feasted on roast pig, several shoats having been donated for the purpose the day before by the Colonel. After the Colonel had distributed his gifts, these four couples received his sanction to be legally united in the bonds of wedlock. He remonstrated with one of the women, and advised her to avoid matrimony. She was too self-willed, headstrong and high tempered, he argued, ever to live happily with any man. But she declared she loved *him*, and would obey *him*, and *he* reiterated he would cherish and honor her. The woman, believing Harry and Miss M—— to be man and wife, caused considerable merriment by appealing to my bashful friend if it was not better to be married than single? Harry, although perceptibly embarrassed, "guessed it was," and the Colonel of course at once gave his consent to the marriage. We left them in high glee, some engaged in a dance that may be described as a species of *can-can*, while others sang impromptu songs adulatory of their master and mistress.

Harry and Miss M—— preceded us to the house. While promenading with the young lady in one of the numerous halls in the old mansion, a figure with a ghastly visage was discovered in a corner by the stairs, and Harry's fair companion fainted plump into his arms. I missed the scene, unfortunately; but Harry afterward told me he was about dropping her to the floor when several young ladies accidentally (?) came to his assistance. Miss M—— revived almost immediately after passing into the arms of her companions, and complained *sollo voce* (that is to say, just loud enough for him to hear her) that he had disarranged her hair. Harry was thinking of offering an apology—indeed, he was endeavoring to compose one—when they—those merry, pretty girls—all of a sudden ran away screaming their best; and, concluding that they had been frightened by the horrible figure, he followed them. He pursued them into one of the parlors, happily vacant at the time. Would you believe it, those girls actually accused poor Harry of trying to frighten them? He summoned sufficient courage to deny the soft impeachment, and they, after considerable debate, consented to dismiss the charge if he would remove the disgusting object. Of course he agreed. He rushed frantically from the room, upset a bowl or bucket, and just missed coming in contact with a brawny negro who darted past him. Need I say that the effect was produced by the negro standing behind burning brandy? When I arrived upon the scene, I found Harry surrounded by his fair tormentors, who were enthusiastic in their congratulations and expressions of regret at having involved him in such a scrape.

An attractive source of diversion, and, it may be added, instruction, was the very animated and faithful representation on the walls of the main hall of an English farmhouse. The representation was on a grand scale, and was quite a work of art. In the olden time this style of wall papering was very popular. The little ones, who of course congregated about this picture in large numbers, considerably embarrassed Harry by their frequent and persistent questions; and he had to explain the representation in detail before they would release him.

Gradually the company resolved itself into a *conversazione*, and the time passed pleasantly for an hour or two. As to the Colonel and I, we had been nonplussed, and the conversation afforded us little amusement. The ball in the evening might improve our prospects.

Suddenly somebody suggested there should be a marriage.

"Yes," exclaimed Harry, jumping up and advancing towards the Colonel.

"Then you must be the groom," quickly responded the Colonel.

Harry had not expected this, and a crimson blush mantled his cheeks as he answered, slowly, though rather archly, that he would if the Colonel could provide him with a bride.

"I'll be bride! I'll be bride!" exclaimed the golden-haired Alice, to whom Mr. B—— had excused himself to speak to Aunt Sallie.

Mr. B——, singularly enough, was selected to personate the reverend gentleman, because he was tall, slender, wore a white cravat, and had a deep bass voice. The mock ceremony was properly performed, and the happy two received the congratulations of their friends. Stories generally end with the marriage of the hero and heroine, but mine does not. Shortly dinner was announced, and in the joviality of the festive board the event was forgotten, though soon recalled to mind.

The table was placed in the grand old dining-room, and upwards of seventy-five persons sat down. The Colonel presided at the foot, while Aunt Sallie sat at the head. Cloth and plate that had been in the family for years, and which bore the armorial bearings, was called into requisition. A pleasant, old-fashioned dinner it was, and it was enjoyed by all.

Among the healths drunk was that of Mr. B——, "our worthy magistrate," added the Colonel. (Mr. B—— had become magistrate of the county a short time before. I believe the gentleman who was elected to the position died, and his appointment to the office was not yet a generally-recognized fact.)

Mr. B—— suddenly turned deadly pale, and fell back in his chair in a swoon. Until his recovery, curiosity was on the qui vive, as may be imagined. Restoratives were vigorously applied, and he soon revived. When he was restored he created quite a sensation by declaring the marriage of Harry and Alice legal! And so it was! A magistrate, as any number could testify, had pronounced them man and wife, and, in the eye of the law they were legally married. The truth flashed upon all minds in an instant. Harry looked very "sheepish" indeed; Alice did not exactly know how she felt.

Alice's parents had expected that she would marry her cousin, then attending college, but were not displeased at the turn affairs had taken. The Colonel earnestly advocated the endorsement of the bands. Harry seconded the motion, and their marriage was proclaimed. A bridal attire was hastily arranged for Alice for the ball in the evening.

A rather novel marriage this, was it not? Modest, bashful young gentlemen, don't despair; your turn may come next!

Alice and Harry have lived very happily. On Christmas mornings more than one "sweet, small voice" wake them from their slumbers by exclaiming, "Merry Christmas, papa! Merry Christmas, mamma!"

THE PROMISED HOME.

We were young and foolish, she and I,
As we roamed the summer woods,
Where the flowers grow and the breezes sigh,
And the pine tree gravely nods;
And I told her of a promised home,
Beyond a wide, troubled sea,
Where she and I together might roam
Into eternity.

And I held her own in my burning hand,
As we stood 'neath the nodding pine,
While I spoke of that far-off golden land
Which flows with oil and wine;
And I saw her face, like an angel's face,
And her blue eyes turned on me—
"I would follow you, love, from place to place,
Into eternity."

We were young and foolish, she and I,
As we roamed those summer woods;
And I think, with a weary, bitter sigh,
Of the place where the pine tree nods;
For the distant home that I told her of,
Across a wide, troubled sea,
Is the land where angels dwell in love—
Into eternity.

In my dreams alone I am with her there,
And I hold her patient hand;
But I still keep looking for my share
Of that long promised land—
Where once again on her angel face
That glad light I may see,
And by her side I shall take my place
Through all eternity.

[Written for the Leader.]

A Christmas Eve Reverie

BY THE CAPTAIN.

'Tis Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas morning. The chimings of the distant clocks have long since told the hour of midnight, and the noisy, merry din that has all the night risen and swelled upon the frosty air has gradually died away, and a solemn silence reigns supreme. The joyous, merry revellers, with their happy, cheerful laugh and boisterous pastime, have nigh all deserted the streets, and are, perhaps, dreaming happily of the pleasant scenes through which they have passed and of the coming morrow. The tired, weary urchin, whose almost cracked cheeks are swollen and distorted with his musical attempts to outdo his brother members of the "tinpanonium" band in producing the loudest blare upon his dearly-prized trumpet, has sank to a deep slumber, while the nervous, sulky old curmudgeon, who has long since outlived the memory of his boyhood days, and who has cursed the aforesaid youngster and his musical talents all night, lies groaning and tossing upon his uneasy pillow, with a wet napkin about his aching temples. Many little hearts that have palpitated with their yearning hopes of the morning's dawn, and what good "Santa Claus" and "Kriss Kringle" might bring to them, lie hushed in the peaceful sleep that wait only on happy, thoughtless childhood.

What joy this morrow will bring to some!—what bliss, what rapturous delight; and yet how many there will be in our wide, populous city, who, in some lonely, humble garret, or dark, dank, noisome basement, will mourn their hapless lot, and sigh in vain amid their squalid wretchedness! And yet these are happy, merry Christmas times; but not to the despairing and unfortunate.

'Tis late, past midnight, and I am sitting alone in my humble home. All else have gone to rest, and I am left in solitude to my meditations and reflections. I live not in the present, but in the far distant past. The scenes of my boyhood, the recollections of my manhood, and the delusive hopes I cherished—these all come back to me in this silent hour; and dear old faces, too, that have forever passed away, peer at me through the gloom of my dimly-lighted chamber, and speak to me of days I never can forget.

How fast and fleeting old memories, in this solemn hour of midnight, sweep across my mind! And how dear to me those old friends are! Sad or happy, they are welcome guests to my thoughtful feast to-night. Some are cheery, and my weary, panting heart, that has plodded so far along the slippery ways of life, forgets the pains and cares of the present and lives again in the well-remembered blissful hours of the past before the depressing mildew of grief and sorrow had settled upon it. And then, the sad ones too—though they call up many a painful sigh, they are none the less welcome. They will come back to us, those mournful memories, in passing years. And why not? The more we strive to forget them the stronger they cling to the mind. Their chastening influence, like angel monitors, leads the upright heart to holier thoughts and higher reflections, far above the meaner, fleeting shadows of the world.

'Tis strange, perhaps, and yet I know not why it is that I no longer feel in this happy season as I did in bygone years. And how often I wonder if any there be who share the gloom that will steal across my mind at Christmas times?

Why is this? Is it because I am older grown; and that the tinselled frivolities of life charm me no more? Is it because responsibilities and weighty cares that, with their grim teachings, surround me on every side, and with mocking voices admonish me to turn my face to the lessening glories of the setting sun of life, and leave the radiant beauties of its eastern glow to younger hearts than mine? Is it because gloomy forebodings of the future at this glad season of the year will assert a predominance in my mind that happier thoughts cannot control? May be it is so. And then, no doubt, thousands who have run the race of life as far as I have, and who have struggled with the same chilling vicissitudes as those that have marked my path, may feel the same to-night as I do.

I somehow love, in solemn hours like these, when none shall interrupt the musings of my mind, to again turn back through the dim vista of the past, and revisit the scenes of my early childhood, to many, perhaps, uninteresting, yet to me, though humble in their nature and circumstances, ever held sacred in my memory. I am there again beside my mother's knee. 'Tis Christmas time; the Holy Book outspreads its pages o'er her widening lap, while her silvery voice falls on my listening ear, imparting its heavenly precepts to my mind. 'Twas there I learned that reverence I have ne'er forgot. 'Twas there I heard the gladsome hope in the Redeemer's birth, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men," and my heart mounted upwards with a joy I was too young to fully comprehend. And then how pleasing were the simple tales of Santa Claus (when clustering around the generous fireside) who only loved but good, obedient children; and how, like a frightful ogre, he kidnapped bad ones; and how he clambered down the chimney's narrow way, and with rare and curious toys filled the good one's stockings that pendant hung around the hearthstone. All these are still remembered, and I often wish again to be a child.

And now a shadow flits across my mind, and leaves a sadness there. 'Tis Christmas time again, but oh, how changed our home! The sable token on my mother's cap bespeaks her love and affection of him that's gone, and who never will come to her again. The moistening tears are glistening in her eyes. A deep and heavy sorrow is resting on her heart. The early snow of winter has fallen on his grave—our father's grave—and all that's left to her is her helpless orphans. And then, too soon, she passed away forever.

These are the memories that come to me to-night, and every Christmas eve; and yet I wonder if such thoughts pervade this happy night another's breast than mine.

How quiet is this room! how silent and how lonely! The ceaseless ticking of the little clock upon the mantel shelf disturbs my mind. Its monotonous noting of the flight of time is painful to my senses. The beating of my own heart startles me, and banishes the past away, and I am brought back again to the present.

In a shadowy corner, promiscuously thrown, is a heap of little shoes and stockings, and near by are carelessly laid down some little dresses. The tired, weary ones who romped and played in them all day are slumbering in their humble beds. Even now I can hear audibly their dreamy murmurs, like angels whispering to them, as they their vigils keep around their pillows. Their warm and tender kisses are still moist upon my lips, and the cadence of their gentle voices, breathing their evening prayers to "Our Father, who art in Heaven," still linger in my ears. They have gone to rest early lest Santa Claus should be offended and stint them in their expectations. Ah, happy childhood!

Upon a table near by, arranged in pleasing order, are the gifts of Christmas. Not many, to be sure, nor costly, yet sufficient in quantity and richness for those for whom they are intended. Yes, here are two dolls for Carrie and Flora, with large china heads and bright black eyes that open and shut, and who cry like other infants when squeezed too tight. Then there's a jolly little Beelzebub in a box for Alida, with a terrible red nose and long beard, anxious to get out. He'll show himself in the morning, that's certain; but how long he will exist 'twould be hard to tell, poor d—l! Then there are tubs and pails, wash-boards, and miniature flat-irons enough to stock a juvenile laundry. Then there are horns of plenty, and plenty of them, tea-cups and saucers, tea-pot and sugar-pot, and a little table to stand them on, from which, no doubt, they'll all be dashed before New Year's day and rendered into fragments. Then there's a little bureau, so nicely painted and gilded, with three capacious drawers to hold the baby's clothes, and the baby too when sleepy. This is pretty, and may create a squabble or contention, the settlement of which may demand the dividing wisdom of a Solomon. Then there are cakes and apples and candies in profusion, and, last of all, the Christmas tree, with its little colored candles, blue, red and green, and glittering beads, and wooden birds and nests, and funny little men among its branches, and harps and hearts; and all surrounded by a neat white railing.

Ah me! I know I shall not get my full rest in the morning. Already I imagine the early din that shall greet my ears at daybreak. That devil will pop his fiery nose in my face most certainly, I know he will. I shall be the first assaulted. It will be no use playing possum. I have tried that too often to be successful in that line now. I shall have the whole laundry on my bed clothes—pails, pots, tubs, stove and all. Horns of plenty will be hung on my nose and stuck in my ears. I shall be made to kiss all the dolls and be pestered with their squeaking cries. I must drink out of every cup and saucer, after enduring several pokes in my "bread basket" from the confounded legs of the table, in the vain attempts persisted in to accomplish its equilibrium on my "meat tray." I shall be dragged out of bed in an undesirable state, regardless of decency, and made to crawl through every drawer of that bureau, I know. My breakfast will be spoiled by the many nips I must take of the cakes, the candies, and the apples, and I shall be compelled perhaps to clamber up the Christmas tree and straddle the top, in the danger of becoming impaled in a too hasty descent. These are the delectable pleasures in store for me. The contemplation of them makes me shrug my shoulders, and rejoice in the thought that Christmas comes but once a year.

The Late Artemus Ward.

From E. A. Head, Vice President of the Artemus Ward Monument Association—one of Artemus' bosom friends—we learn that when Artemus left New York he calculated his estate worth about $15,000 aside from his estate at Yonkers, on the Hudson, for which he paid $5,000. He went to London, but it was some time before he got fairly to work, and his agent, Hingston, says that it cost £700 for Ward to get started on a paying basis in a great city like London, notwithstanding he was known there. Gold at that time was ranging at about 185, which would make the amount in greenbacks about £6,500. This amount, with other contingent expenses, probably consumed more than half his available means before he opened at Egyptian Hall. That he made very largely by his writings and lectures in England, is true; that he had lived frugally is not so true; it was simply impossible for a genial, whole-souled, generous fellow like Ward, with such hosts of friends and such surroundings as he had, to live frugally; but that he did make money rapidly, and that there is no reason for believing that, after his funeral expenses were paid, there were no assets left to his estate, is correct in toto. Ward refused to make a will when first requested by his agent and friend, Mr. Hingston. After giving $500 to each of Hingston's children, and $1,000 to each of the children of another friend, beside some minor gifts, the balance (thought to be some $20,000) was to be put at interest for the benefit of his mother, and after her demise, the whole was to go to Horace Greeley to be invested in a Home for Aged and Indigent Printers. The very natural question is, now, what has been done with all this property? The correspondent says: "In the first place, Ward's sickness was attended with great expense, as he changed physicians as often as freak or fancy dictated; and they, of course, charged accordingly. Then his burial expenses in London were heavy; his interment in Kensal Green was taxed, and his disinterment and removal across the water to New York were expensive. Then there were some accounts to settle after his death, which took more money still. But more; after a strict observation of affairs on this side of the Atlantic and England, after conversations innumerable with Ward's friends in both countries, not excepting his executors and his own mother, Artemus Ward's property has not only not been economized, but it has been extravagantly drawn upon. This is the opinion of his most intimate friends, almost without exception, and also of his mother. Mr. Head says: 'I do not cast any reflection upon Mr. Hingston—I make no personal accusations; but I do say that there might and should have been more coming to Artemus Ward's mother out of his estate than will be realized.' Mr. Hingston took out the $500 apiece for his two children some time ago, as one of Ward's executors says, within ten days. Of course he took it in gold. Would those children on this side of the water have been paid in gold had the money held out? Mr Head further says: 'Notwithstanding Ward's executors were very reserved and reticent in regard to Ward's affairs when I was in London (one of them knowing of our intimacy, and of the fact of my having left Ward's mother shortly previous, and in an extremely anxious frame of mind in regard to her son's matters in England,) I saw and learned enough to convince me that the executors should have been assisted by an auditor. Bills were rendered against Artemus Ward's estate that were perfectly absurd and ridiculous in their extravagance; and I saw one of about $167 in gold, which I do not believe was just, or even contracted by Ward; and Mr. Hingston also expressed his doubts in regard to the matter. But Mr. H., I understand, has forwarded all papers and documents to Ward's executors here, and as figures won't lie, they may satisfy themselves and the public as to where the money has all gone. As far as all information goes now, there is not over $1,000 or $2,000 beside that real estate on the Hudson. There is neither a stake nor a stone to mark the place where poor Ward now sleeps; and more, the sexton is not yet paid for his services at Ward's second interment. Yet, in face of these, and other unfortunate facts, I tried to increase the small sum I have raised for the purpose of building a monument, by giving an entertainment, consisting of a short and humorous lecture on Ward himself, assisted by the Portland Band and some other of the best musical talent of the city, and the generous-hearted citizens seconded my efforts, and showed their affection for poor Ward by purchasing $57 worth of tickets, leaving me minus some $30 for expenses! It was saved from being worse by the generosity of the performers. I have only to say, in conclusion, that Ward's property, so far, only shows about $6,000. It may amount to more, and I sincerely hope, for his mother's sake, it will."

Hester's History.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

HESTER THE SPY.

The landing on which they emerged was in flames; also the staircase on before them. For those who had been ignorant of the planning of the castle there had been no hope. Sir Archie knew where to look for the small door which led to the narrow stair made of stone, which wound down, and down, all through the building, to the servants' quarters at the back of the castle. On the stone stairs they were safe, and in a few moments they were breathing freely in open air. That back door, through which Miss Madge's rebel had rushed one evening, was unfastened. Through this they passed out into a thick, lonely grove, near the small old-fashioned entrance. Then the ancient drawbridge was straight before them.

"My mother!" said Sir Archie, "I must return and look for her!"

"She's safe, sir—the family's all safe," said Pat, at his elbow. "It's you they're afther. It's yourself ye have to save! Cross the bridge, and get into the moat."

"You must not wait for me," said Hester. "I will run to the village, to Mrs. Hazeldean."

"I will not leave you till I leave you with her," said Sir Archie. "We will go on together."

Discussion could only waste time. Hester's fears put wings to her feet. The glare from the burning castle was all over the sky. They could hear the horrible roar of the flames, and the shouts of the soldiery. Showers of sparks fell about them as they crept along in the hollow of the moat, sheltered under the high bank, with its fringes of ferns, and its drooping bushes.

They ventured on the road at last. By-and-by they heard a group of soldiers coming noisily along, and hid behind some bushes in the hedge. One of the soldiers swore he had seen something moving in the ditch, and poked among the bushes with his bayonet. The bayonet grazed Hester's arm, as it stuck in the soft moss and earth by her side. Happily this soldier's companions believed he had been mistaken, and insisted on dragging him on. They were in haste to reach the scene of action.

After this little adventure Sir Archie kept clear of the road. It was safer, though slower, ploughing through the heather, with knolls and rocks for shelter at right and left. At some places he had to carry Hester, being deaf to her entreaties that he would go on without her. A gray lightness began to glimmer upon the air. "Oh God, keep it dark till we reach the bay!" prayed Hester. But the night was on the wane. The clouds quivered and parted, leaned together a while, then loosened their hold, and fell back to north and to south, to east and west, leaving the sky a sea of pallid green, with faint stars struggling and expiring in its depths.

The curve of the bay was reached at last, but a little distance from the village. The boat was still waiting, with the faithful boatman, who proved to be Madge's rebel, Polly's lover.

"I will not go," said Sir Archie, I leave you safe with Mrs. Hazeldean."

"Step into that boat!" cried Hester, most maddened by the thought of delay and its risk. "Do not lose an instant. When you are gone I shall be cautious, and take care of myself, but if you come a step further with me, I will th myself on the first bayonet I meet."

Sir Archie looked at her in amazement, the meek Hester quivering and glowi with passion.

"I cannot leave you to go by yoursel he said.

Hester was in despair; but a happ thought struck her, and changing h manner, she began to complain bitterly.

"Oh, why will you insist on destroyin me?" she said, wringing her hands. "Do you not know that I am only in dange so long as I am in your company? When you are gone I shall be safe."

"She's right, yer honor," said the boatman. "Ye'll only be the ruin o' her."

Sir Archie, with a shock, seemed to see truth in this argument.

"I have been mad," he said, "not to think of that." And he sprang into the boat. "Fly, in God's name, then!" he cried, as he saw her standing alone and defenceless on the shore.

"I shall be quite safe!" cried Hester, radiant, as she saw the boat move off, "Nothing can hurt me know."

Sir Archie, from the bay, saw her flying figure disappear among the houses of the village. Then he looked up his glen, and saw torrents of smoke and flame pouring and streaming above the trees, above the hills, into the pale green air of the dawn. He thanked God that those he loved were safe, and wondered bitterly about the helpless crowd that had taken refuge under his roof. But the boat sped farther and farther out to sea. A rival conflagration to that ghastly one of the hills burst forth among the clouds in the east. The sun rose, and Sir Archie was out of danger.

Meantime Hester sped on through the village. Not a living creature was to be seen. Heaps of ruins smoked on every side, and some of the larger houses still burned fiercely. Hester's heart died within her, as she thought that Mrs. Hazeldean's house might also lie in ashes. The doctor and his wife might be dead, buried under the ruins of their home. Why not, when fire was everywhere? The very air seemed blazing, as the red light of the rising sun strengthened, and came streaming from the east, glowing upon Hester's shoulders, falling before her on the road. Heaven and earth were burning. It seemed to her that she was flying through a wilderness of flames.

At such a time as this people think all of themselves or nothing of themselves. At the first news of the attack upon the castle Dr. Hazeldean had gone out from his house and taken his way up the glen. The husband and his wife had taken counsel together, and they had agreed that it was his duty to go and see to the wounded. So the doctor went forth, and Mrs. Hazeldean remained in her house.

She was on her knees in her parlor, alone, when she heard Hester's wild hands coming beating on her door and window. Her lamp was still burning, and her shutters closed. She had passed the long hours of the night in prayer, and she did not know the morning had all already arisen. The noise aroused her rudely. She arose from her knees, and went boldly to her door. She expected less gentle visitors than the worn-out fugitive that clamored for admittance. Why should she think to be spared in such an hour? The brave, ruddy sunlight poured in on her from the outer world, and Hester fell sobbing into her arms.

"He is saved!" cried Hester; "he is saved!"

"Who is saved?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Sir Archie," said Hester. "He is half across the bay by this time!"

She was a sorry figure for Mrs. Hazeldean's kind eyes to behold. Her face was blackened, her arm bled from the wound made by the bayonet, her clothes were scorched, her hand burned.

Happily it is not necessary to state here how many young babes and their mothers perished with the destruction of the Castle of Glenluce. In the morning which followed that woful night, it was found that a heap of ruins was all that remained of the home of the Munros. Then came the rebels mustering, blanching, and raving, and cursing deeply over the murdered wives and mothers, the old men who were no more, and the maidens whom yesterday morning had beheld in their bloom. They had doubted Sir Archie, and held aloof from him. Now that he had suffered, that he had perished, as was supposed, in the flames with their kin, they held him a martyr to their cause, and vowed vengeance on his destroyers. None could tell that Sir Archie had been saved, except the Hazeldeans, Hester, and Pat, the butler. And none of these chose to speak. It was well he should be thought to have perished, so long as there could be danger of his being pursued. For to be suspected in these times was to be held guilty, to be hunted with relentless fury unto death.

So it was believed that Sir Archie had died among his people, his poor, whom he had striven so hard to save. Lady Helen Munro and Miss Golden had been rescued by Pierce Humphrey, and escorted to Shane's Castle, where Lord O'Neal lay dying. Miss Madge was also of this melancholy party.

When last we saw Miss Madge she was at work making bullets. Later she betook herself on a sad mission among the crowds of doomed fugitives. In the end she was dragged out of the flames in despite of her own recklessness, torn from an upper room, where she was scorching to death, throwing children out of the windows, with appeals to some soldiers not so fiendish as the rest. Poor Madge had been no beauty at any time of her life, in spite of her declaration made to Hester, that she had grown up well and astonished everybody. But she bore the scars of that night upon her face, till it was hid from public view in her coffin.

Soon it got abroad among the rebels that it was Hester Cashel, the spy, who had wrought all this mischief; who had burned the castle with Sir Archie and his people.

Towards evening on the day after the attack on Glenluce a crowd of rebels assembled on Dr. Hazeldean's lawn. The doctor was again abroad on his errand of mercy. Miss Hazeldean went out and parleyed with the ominous intruders. They were mad with untamed grief, savage with the thirst for vengeance.

"The spy!" they demanded. "The spy! We want the spy!"

"What spy?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean. "We have no spy here."

"The spy Hester!" they cried. "The cursed English spy, who burned our women, and our children, and our master."

"You are terribly mistaken," said Mrs. Hazeldean. She is not a spy. She had nothing to do with these horrors that have happened, beyond suffering in the midst of them, which she has done bravely."

"Bring her out!" they shouted, "or we will burn the house over her head."

"I will not bring her out," said Mrs. Hazeldean, gazing unflinchingly on the terrible band. She stood bareheaded and defenceless amongst them, in the sunshine of the bright June day. One of the men raised his pike at her with a menace, but was instantly struck down by his leader.

"Learn manners, you coward!" cried the leader, and then turned to Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Madam," he said, "we do not wish to hurt you; but you must give up Hester Cashel, or we burn down your house."

"I will not give her up," cried Mrs. Hazeldean, and turned and walked toward her door.

The rebels marched after her, and pressed into her hall. Then Hester, who was up stairs, heard them.

She was lying upon a bed in pain, having had leisure to suffer from her wounds. She sprang up, listened, and remembered Pat's warning. She understood the state of the case. She dressed in all haste. Her scorched gown was gone, and she seized a white wrapper of Mrs. Hazeldean's, which was hanging somewhere at hand in the room. She thrust her hands through her tangled golden hair, sweeping it from her face. She hastened down the stairs.

A group of rebels were in the parlor with Mrs. Hazeldean; she striving to pacify them, they chafing and threatening. When Hester appeared a thrill went through all present, for she looked like one risen from the dead. Her face was ghostly, in its ghastly whiteness and awful look of fear. With the unconscious gesture of pain, she stretched her burned hands piteously before her. But that thrill passed away, and the rage burst forth.

"Curses on her picture face!" cried one.

"A thousand deaths would be too little for her!" cried another.

"Let me die a thousand deaths in one, then," said Hester; "but do not hurt her," pointing to Mrs. Hazeldean.

The leader of the rebels looked at her with attention. Perhaps he had suffered less than the rest; perhaps for a moment he had doubts as to her guilt. He could feel admiration for her courage and her beauty, and pity for her youth. For a moment. Then the maddening recollection of last night's hideous deed returned.

"Why did you burn our women and children?" cried he, gnashing his teeth, and stamping.

"I did not burn them," said Hester. "I did what I could to save them."

"She lies, with her pale face!" cried some of the rebels. "Seize her, and have done with this!"

Two men laid hold of Hester's arms. She got dizzy, but strove hard to keep her senses and be firm. "I saved him," she thought, "and now I will save her."

"Do not kill me here," she said to one of the men. "Take me a good way off. It would frighten her."

She moved away with her captors, a step; but Mrs. Hazeldean threw herself on her knees before the door.

"Glensmen!" she cried, "for many long years I have loved you and worked among you. All the sympathy of my heart, all the help that was in my power, of my hands and of my purse, I have given you. If ever I have nursed your children, sat by your sick beds, prayed with your dying, and stretched out your dead, I call on you, in the name of the God who will one day judge me and judge you, to spare me that innocent girl. If not, you shall drag her hence over my corpse."

The men's countenances changed as they remembered her merciful deeds. Tears of anguish trickled down scowling faces, as other scenes arose before them, conjured up by her sudden impassioned words. And many of the fiercest hung their heads.

The leader looked suddenly up, and scanned them all. He glanced from his band to the two women, from the two women back to his band. Perhaps that suspicion of Hester's innocence grew suddenly within him to a conviction—perhaps Mrs. Hazeldean's words had a special force for him.

"After that, boys," he said, "we can do no more."

He caught Hester, gently enough, round the waist, lifted her in a twinkling, and laid her on a sofa at the other end of the room.

"It shall never be said," he went on, "that Glensmen shed the blood of their friends! Shall it, boys?"

"No," was answered sullenly, with groans.

"Back, then, boys—back! Rise, madam," to Mrs. Hazeldean, "and don't be afraid. We are not ungrateful. We bind ourselves from this moment to protect your sacred house. Do we swear, boys? Raise your pikes and swear!"

The pikes were raised amidst a gloomy murmur of obedience. And the terrible visitors went their way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW EVERYTHING ENDED HAPPILY.

All nightmares pass away. The morning dawns, and the terrible trouble is gone. Every one knows how the rebellion raged in Ireland in the year ninety-eight, but I will not say another word of its horrors in this tale. Glenluce had suffered the worst that could happen to it, and so was left in peace. The doctor's house remained unharmed, and the doctor and his wife pursued their mission of mercy among such of the poor people as survived, who came creeping by-and-by out of their hiding-places in the mountains, wandering back to look on the ruins of their homes, to weep on their blackened hearths, and call on Heaven to put an end to their sufferings. A temporary asylum was erected for the houseless, and nurse and physician were at hand.

By this time the North had become quiet, though war still raged in other parts of the country, and it was not certain what the issue might be. A heavy lonesome gloom overhung the glens that had been so happy and so homely. Some of the people were re-established in new homes, and some were assisted to emigrate. And it was formally made known that the estates of Sir Archie Munro, who had deservedly suffered punishment as a rebel, had been legally made over to Judith, Lady Humphrey, as a reward for her exertions in bringing treason to light.

Dr. Hazeldean urged his wife to leave the melancholy country, but so long as there was help to be given she would not quit her home. She looked upon herself as bound—by the mercy the rebels had shown her—to show mercy in return to their kin. Most of the men who had granted her prayer on that memorable day had died a death of torture. She would shield and succor the few they had left behind.

Besides, these good Samaritans had taken Hester under their care. After that terrible scene, when she had been rescued from the rebels, she had fallen into a fever. Her life had been hardly saved by Dr. Hazeldean. Thus had she been twice snatched from death by these friends.

It was not the old Hester who rose from her sick bed. She walked feebly into the glowing August sunshine, and looked upon the ruin she had made. She wondered why she had lived, and hoped to die before long. She was looked on as the spy, whose life had been hardly bought by Mrs. Hazeldean's exertions. She did not even know whether Sir Archie had been saved after all. No message had come from him, no news had been heard of his fate. His fishing boat might not have carried him to an opposite shore. Inquiry were dangerous. It was well, just at present, that the world should think him dead. So there was nothing for those who waited but patience and suspense.

Poor Hester little knew that she was yet to be a happy woman. Just at this stage of her life she had to battle through a period that was worse than any death. Fire and sword were always before her eyes. In her fever she had raved of them a hundred times a day, and in the nights offering her life to the soldiers, to the rebels, in exchange for the life of Sir Archie, or that of her watchful and tender nurse, Mrs. Hazeldean.

When able to move about, she would sit musing over all that happened, recalling every word which she had written to Lady Humphrey, wondering at her own blindness and simplicity. She accounted herself the murderess of all those people who perished in the castle.

"I did not do it willingly," she said; "but *I did it*."

When able to walk far enough, she would toil up the glen and examine the blackened walls of the castle.

"There is the wall of the tower," she would say, "where I used to write my letters to Lady Humphrey. Yonder black hole was the window from which we fired our guns."

She would shrink behind Mrs. Hazeldean when any of the country people met them on the road. She knew how they regarded her. The poorest creature would have shuddered at her touch.

"I ought to be put to death," she said once. "For taking one life people are made to give up their own. But I have taken the lives of near a hundred people."

This was a morbid frame of mind no doubt; but she had to live it through. All Mrs. Hazeldean's loving comfort and gentle preaching could not wear away this horror that kept preying on her mind.

"She will never know peace so long as she remains in this place," said the doctor. "We must take her away."

In the mean time letters reached them, letters written by Lady Helen, from London, where she was reposing after her terrible experiences, and rather enjoying, in a lugubrious way, her position as a heroine among wondering and sympathising friends.

"You know, dear Margaret," she wrote, "I always felt it my duty to look at your eccentric conduct from a charitable point of view. I have often passed over things when, as a sister, I might have advised you to think more of your own dignity. But I must say that I shall never feel obliged to forgive you, if it be true what people say, that you are harboring that hateful Hester in your house. The treacherous creature who has caused the ruin of your family! Of course, when they wanted to cut her to pieces before your eyes, it was natural you should interfere. Such an occurrence happening in one's parlor would be highly objectionable. But she ought at once to have been handed over to the law, like all other people who have been guilty of great crimes. For of course it is ridiculous to say that poor dear Archie was a rebel, though I am sure I always told him he was, and foresaw from the first what would be the end of it. They say that her employer, Judith Humphrey, has got possession of the estates, so doubtless the young wretch Hester will receive a handsome dowry as her reward for her services. She will not need to work any longer at her needle. And ah, dear me! how sweetly she could make a dress! I call it a melancholy thing to see such a genius led astray. As for the estates, I intend to go to law about them, as soon as I am strong enough. In the meantime it does not much signify, as there is no one left to pay the rent, and the country must be quite a waste. I'm sure I wonder how you can bear to live in it.

"Apropos of Lady Humphrey, I have another shocking piece of news to communicate. Janet Golden, that girl whom I have treated as a daughter, has had the cruelty and audacity to marry the woman's son. Not but what the young man behaved well in saving us from the fire; though I must say he gave my arm a terrible twist when I was struggling very naturally in hysterics, and he insisted on dragging me quite roughly from the room. I never can get over the feeling that he knew all about his mother's wicked plot, though Janet and he both declare he did not. It seems it is quite an old affair between them, and our poor dear Archie—it afflicts me even to mention his name—was only a cat's paw made use of by Miss Janet during a quarrel. I cannot understand it, I must own. The world must be coming to an end, *I say*. The conduct of people nowadays is to be accounted for in no other manner. When you and I were girls, young women did not burn down castles, nor marry the deadly enemies of the friends who had cherished them."

It is not necessary to give Mrs. Hazeldean's reply to this letter. It did not silence Lady Helen, who committed pages of her sentiments to the tender mercies of the post; but it would be tedious to quote further from her ladyship's correspondence.

Side by side with those of Lady Helen came other letters from the Mother Augustine.

"Let nothing," wrote she, "let no mistaken counsel induce you to believe evil of our poor, simple Hester. I must tell you that I have got Cousin Madge as a patient under my care. She arrived in London sadly burned and shaken about, and I advised her to come here into hospital, where I might be able to attend to her myself. She was very glad to come, and she already gets quite better. She has given me all particulars of the strange, sad events at Glenluce. She makes Hester a real heroine, and it is utterly impossible that the poor child could be guilty of the crime that is imputed to her. Lady Humphrey makes no secret of her share in the transaction. She has accomplished her work and she has received her wages. Let us hope that she will yet have the honesty to clear poor Hester's name. Her son, who seems a good-natured young man, came to see me the other day with his bride. He deplored his mother's conduct, and entreated me to believe that he had no share in, that he was completely in ignorance of, her plans. He swore that he would never own the estates of Glenluce. He had quarrelled sadly with his mother on the subject. She is an unhappy, old woman after all. The bride of this young man, little Janet of old times, joined her husband in assuring me of the innocence of Hester. Janet spoke very prettily of the girl's goodness and courage, and acknowledged, with regret, having annoyed poor Hester, on occasions, with her humors.

"And now I have reserved for the last a joyful secret, which I am almost afraid to commit to paper. Our dear Archie is alive and well. I dare not say more. Come quickly to London, and bring Hester."

Very joyfully was that journey to London performed. The mother received the travellers in her pleasant parlor, the room into which Hester had been ushered on that memorable morning after the masquerade ball. There were with her Miss Madge and Sir Archie. Of course each of this party had his own story to tell. But, after all the miseries had been disposed of, there was exceeding joy in the old convent of St. Mark.

Five years passed away before the next important events of this story took place. These years had made Hester a bright, healthy woman.

Only one thing was wanting to make her thoroughly happy, and this, when it was offered her, she had put aside. She had twice refused to be Sir Archie's wife.

"I do not pretend," she said, "that I could not love you well, if it might be; but it never can, so long as your mother and the world believe that I entered your house as a spy—that I brought ruin on your family."

Nothing would induce her to go back to Glenluce. Before the doctor and his wife returned to their home, they left Hester in France, established as teacher of English in a quiet convent school.

So the five years passed away. In the meantime Lady Humphrey had gone to Ireland, to take possession of her Irish estates; but she had been obliged to return very quickly whence she came. No one at Glenluce would touch her money; no one at Glenluce would till her ground. It was with difficulty she could procure for herself even the necessaries of life. She was hissed and threatened wherever she went. Her English attendants fled in terror from the place, and very soon she was constrained to do likewise.

So her ill-gotten possessions were not sweet to her ladyship. She returned to Hampton Court, a wretched old woman. She had bitterly alienated her son. The wife she had coveted for him was his, with her wealth; but husband and wife were as strangers to her now. She quietly settled down to sickness and despair. Old age came on her quickly. If ever she had a heart, it was certainly broken.

On her death-bed she cried out for people to come to her.

"They cannot be so cruel," she said, "as to let me die, with all this load upon my soul!"

Her son came to her then, and brought his wife. And then they wrote for Hester, whom Janet received kindly in her luxurious London home. These young women had not met since they sat together one night in a darkening tower room with an enemy at the gates, and a bridal dress between them. But they did not choose to talk of that time just at first.

Hester was more changed than was Janet. Mrs. Pierce was quite as wilful as ever—quite as pretty also, though much more amiable and happy. But Hester had grown taller, and was much plumper than she used to be. Her timid girlish shyness had passed away; so also had the morbidness and melancholy. She was a sweet loveable woman, with a bright winning "way" about her; with intellect and feeling in her tender, lovely face.

It was a strange thing to Hester to come again to Hampton Court; to see once more the well-known rooms which had been the centre of her fairyland. It was stranger still the standing by Lady Humphrey's dying bed.

She had been sent for, to stand there, while a tardy act of justice was accomplished and written down. In the presence of Pierce and the presence of Janet; of Lady Helen Munro, who had with difficulty been brought to the spot as the most necessary of the witnesses; of Mrs. Hazeldean, who had come from Glenluce; and of Sir Archie, who was no longer forbid to show his face in England. And never fear but our Honorable Madge was of the group.

Lady Humphrey gave up her claim to the estates of Glenluce, and returned them with compunction to Sir Archie. And Lady Humphrey declared Hester to have been innocent of all knowledge of any private plans of hers, whether at the period of the girl's residence at Glenluce, before that period, or since.

"Send your daughter Mary to me," she said to Sir Archie, when her mind began to wander, and she took him for his father who was dead. "I saw her in a pretty parlor, with a black veil upon her head. She had a crucifix hanging by her side. Send her to talk to me. And hark ye! *tell her to bring the crucifix!*"

"You are worthy to be a Munro, my dear!" said the Honorable Madge to Hester on the eve of her wedding-day. "And I don't know that I could say anything more, unless I said, you are worthy to be a M'Naughten. An Honorable M'Naughten. And of course you never can be a M'Naughten now, so there is no use talking about that. But you are going to be a Munro, and Munros don't grow under every hedge, I can tell you."

Lady Helen was present at the marriage; an unhoped for piece of condescension. The only thing she deplored in the whole affair at the last, was the fact that propriety would not suffer Hester to make her own dress for the occasion.

"Such a finish as she would have given to it my dear!" she said to Janet; to whom she had long been reconciled.

So Hester was married to Sir Archie, and they went bravely back to settle in their desolated glens. The village was soon restored to more than its former thriftiness. Cottages rose on the hill sides, and farm-houses in the valleys. Yellow thatches shone once more in the sun, and pigeons cooed again about the chimneys. A new castle was built, but its site was chosen far from the old one. The charred walls that recalled the dreadful past were cleared away, and the grass grows soft and green above its cellars and foundations. Only the ancient draw bridge and the moat remain to mark the spot where the former castle stood.

Lady Helen never returned to the glens. Her nerves had received a shock, she said, which would oblige her to live in London for the future. Not so Miss Madge, who consented with much joy to take up her abode with Hester.

Said Hester, speaking of the new castle to Mrs. Hazeldean:

"The best thing about it, in my mind, is, that it is nearer by half a mile, than the old one, to you."

Her arms were round Mrs. Hazeldean's neck. Sir Archie was standing by. It was the first day of their habitation of the new home of the Munros.

But Hester's grandson lives now in that castle, with his grandchildren.

THE END.

A Perilous Adventure

IN

CHRISTMAS TIME.

"The fog that last Boxing-day enveloped 'London and twelve miles round,' as the letter-box phrase has it, bore in the metropolis itself the usual pea-soup-like character, and caused, as we know, immense interruption even to the little business going forward on that general holiday. But I was only concerned with it as regards the country, where it was white and luminous, failing to obscure entirely an unclouded sun, yet was nevertheless so thick that shrubs, trees, and all objects were invisible until you were within half a yard of them, when they shot up, as it were, out of the ground, or from the dark, impenetrable veil in which the whole neighborhood was wrapped.

"As the evening drew on it gradually lost its vapory, ghost-like character, and silently settled into a pall of blackness inconceivably dense. If you had been in a coal-cellar, with your eyes bandaged with black velvet or crape, you could not have been more utterly in the dark than I was when I found myself half a dozen yards from my uncle's house on that fatal night.

"He lives in a suburb composed of the usual semi-detached villas, and within five minutes walk of a railway station, which stands at the bottom of a deep cutting, and is approached by a series of zig-zag stairways. Last Christmas-time, bricks and mortar were doing their worst with the locality; for fresh erections were in progress in all directions, the building of which involved many changes in the adjacent roads and lanes. Barriers were being broken down, fresh pailings were put up, bye-ways were being cut through hedges and meadows, until the whole place was wearing that tortuous aspect which is consequent upon the transformation of the country into 'suburb.'

"I have been in the habit of spending the so-called festive season with my uncle ever since he first went to reside 'a little way out of town;' but it so happened that I had not been down for twelve months before this particular visit, and these recent alterations had diverted the road to his house from the old direction, by which it now run parallel for some distance at the top of the cutting.

"A new row of houses was in progress facing the iron highway as if it were a river, or the sea, or some delightful prospect, which would necessarily enhance the value of rents, and I hardly recognized the spot (so altered was it since steam first placed this once rural district within twenty minutes of London) until I found myself in front of Burnside Villa.

"In company with my faithful little Scotch terrier, Bogie, who, like his master, was always grateful for a sniff of fresh air, I arrived there on the twenty-fourth of December, but certain important business engagements very early on the morning of the twenty-seventh, would compel me to return on the evening of Boxing-day.

"The members of our little family gathering, and especially my uncle, were greatly disappointed at the proposed curtailment of my visit, continuing to urge many reasonable protests against it. The festive season, the jolity of the party, the long time since we had met, and so forth, were all brought to bear as valid objections to my departure, and when the thick fog gradually increased in intensity, as the afternoon of the 26th drew on, it was naturally added as an overwhelming reason for my staying—at any rate, till the following morning.

"We had attempted a walk, but were driven home by the damp and discomfort. By four o'clock every semblance of light had disappeared from the sky, and I was pronounced little short of a lunatic to think of going out again that night. I was obdurate, however, for my business was imperative; no morning train would land me in London sufficiently early, and I determined to carry out my original intention, laughing to scorn the notion that I should not find my way.

"Dinner passed off rather gloomily, for my obstinacy, as it was called, had caused some show of temper. I was annoyed at the importunities of my relatives, when I had made it evident to them that it was really necessary for me to go, and when, at half-past eight, I rose to say 'good-bye,' my uncle met me this time with very angry remonstrances.

"Walking to the door, and peering out into the night, he exclaimed, whilst I was putting on my overcoat, 'Why, confound it, sir! you'll break your neck if you attempt it; you are a downright idiot to think of setting foot out of the house in this weather—you know we have no gas yet, and you can't see your hand before you!' 'Business,' I began. 'Business!' he interrupted sarcastically, 'you were not always so particular about being punctual, and this fog is sufficient reason for any delay.'

"'I can't help it,' I retorted, nettled still more at his ironical laxity in reference to my early laxity in sticking to work, always a sore point with me, 'I mean to go, and that's all about it.'

"Then there was a little further altercation, in which the rest of the party joined, a few sharper words were exchanged, temper increased on both sides; and at last, snatching up my carpet bag and umbrella, and whistling to 'Bogie,' I dashed out of the house, slamming the door behind me.

"The moment afterwards, I repented having done so, and not till then did I fully realize the state of the atmosphere. A petty and ridiculous pride, in spite of my strong inclination, prevented my knocking for admission. Tapping my way, therefore, with my umbrella, like a blind man, I managed with great difficulty to descend the steps and reach the garden-gate, though how I did this even, without accident, is a mystery, for the blackness was, as I have said, more intense than can be conceived. Once in the highway, I knew I had only to skirt the hedge for a short distance on my left, and I should strike the new road already referred to, by the side of the railway. It was now little more than half-past eight, the train was not due till nine o'clock, and as five minutes would amply suffice to bring me to the station, I had plenty of time before me. I walked therefore leisurely forward; but ere I had gone many paces, I suddenly slipped off what I supposed was the raised pathway, falling flat on the ground, my umbrella and carpet-bag spinning away into the darkness. For a few minutes I vainly groped about on all sides in helpless efforts to regain my property, and when at last amidst twistings and turnings I kicked against the carpet-bag, I had, of course, completely lost my reckoning. I had then no more idea than the man in the moon, in which direction lay the station or my uncle's cottage.

"I listened in the hope of catching some sound to guide me, but a death-like stillness prevailed, and it is needless to add that no semblance of a light anywhere could penetrate such intense obscurity. Do what I would, I could not find my umbrella, my only staff and guide against further pit-falls. Poor little Bogie kept close to my heels, evidently feeling sure, that in this, lay his sole chance of not utterly losing himself.

"My temper, ruffled at starting, had not been improved by what followed, and I am afraid the dog's assiduity met with but scant consideration at my hands, or rather feet. Again and again I groped in the mud and wet, but the umbrella was not to be found.

"I could not have been then very far away from Burnside Villa, and had I but hallooed, probably I should have been heard, and so escaped the further miseries of that eventful night; but again my stupid pride and irritable disposition held me silent, and instead, I inveighed inwardly against the selfishness and apathy of my relations in not so much as coming to the door to look after me.

"'The idea,' I perversely thought, 'of letting a man go forth in such a fog, and make no effort to see after him; it was absolutely brutal,' I said in my anger, 'No! I would not go back now, even if they did come out, no matter what happened.'

"Vexed with myself, and in a kind of rage at my own helplessness, and with them for what I most unreasonably called (considering what had passed) their inhospitality, I positively set off in desperation at a rapid walk. In such tremendous darkness, I need hardly say, this was simply the act of a madman!

"Strange to add, however, I went on for a considerable distance, in my blind impetuosity, without any mishap, and as I imagined in a straight line. Suddenly something struck me a violent blow on the head, which, knocking off my hat, sent me reeling. Then I slipped and toppled over, I know not where or how far! I was in a pool of water, out of which I could barely climb by a muddy bank and what felt like a half-built wall. Here my dog somehow contrived to join me. In this terrible plight I now put my hand out and caressed him. By degrees, as I somewhat regained my wits, I seemed to fancy that he wanted me to follow him. He whined and scratched and moved cautiously a little way from me along the top of the wall on which I was sitting. Then I began to crawl after him, which appeared to give him great satisfaction, though he went very slowly, hardly ever getting out of my arm's reach, his tail wagging the while in my face.

"Then there was a bank, green-tufted and muddy, up which on my hands and knees I scrambled after the dog, until I came upon a tolerably hard bit of level ground, which I guessed must be the road. Here I rested for some minutes, thoroughly cooled in temper, cut, bruised, and wet through, literally not knowing what I ought to do next.

"Not a sound could be heard; everything was muffled by the impenetrable pall! I shouted lustily for help—my voice did not seem to travel a yard.

"Things now looked really very serious; it was quite certain I could not stay on the ground all night, yet I was almost afraid to move after what had occurred. I shouted, and shouted in vain; for who should be abroad to hear me, in such a place, and in such weather? I could not tell in what direction I had steered, and I felt thoroughly disheartened. Stiff, benumbed, and inexpressibly miserable, at last I rose, hardly knowing with what intention, but incapable of remaining longer quiet, under such circumstances.

"I moved forward some little distance, but despite the utmost caution, proceeding at a snail's pace, feeling each piece of ground with the point of my foot before I ventured to rest my weight on it, I, notwithstanding, in a very few minutes again lost my footing, and before I was aware of it, was on the edge of another sloping, slippery bank. So suddenly did I come upon it, that I could not recover my equilibrium in time to prevent my involuntary descent; not this time losing my foothold entirely, but having nevertheless to run down, to save myself from falling, as one has to do when once in motion on the side of a very steep hill.

"The impetus, of course, increased every second; the weigh I had on me soon became terrific, and plunging forward in this horrible darkness, I caught my foot in something which threw me headlong forward on the ground. Then I rolled over and over two or three times, until at last my head struck with great violence against some hard substance, which stunned me, and I suppose arrested my further progress.

"My earliest sensation, after what I have described, was a sort of dreamy, droning sound of music in my ear, not altogether unpleasant, for the first moment or two of consciousness, but gradually increasing to a dull, heavy roar, which with a vague feeling of pain and apprehension, seemed by degrees to awaken my stunned faculties.

"What was my head resting on? What was the cold icy substance against which my benumbed ear was pressed down? Slightly raising myself, I involuntarily put out my hand to feel, and then, not all at once, for I was yet half stupefied, I began to realize where I was. Without a doubt, I was lying across the railway. The tremulous, Æolian-harp-like sound which had aroused me, was caused by a train which I could now distinctly hear, with its engine snorting and whistling, at no great distance, but whose first approach had been conveyed to me through the vibration of the metal, as I lay with the side of my head actually resting on the iron way itself!

"The fog was as thick as ever; still the same utter blank of darkness all around, and although I helplessly strained my eye-balls almost to bursting in the direction whence the noise came, no lights were visible; but one ray of thought flashed into my mind, sufficiently clear to show me the horror of my situation. Was I positively between the line of rails or on the six-foot way, as the space is called, which separates the up and down lines?

"I grew dizzy with the uncertainty, and unnerved, hurt and exhausted as I was, I felt for some seconds incapable of action. Yet the train was coming on nearer and nearer, and I must make an effort.

"I tried to rise, and as I did so, I immediately fell again in great agony! I then knew that my leg was broken! The danger whistle of the engine, ever increasing in volume, sounded to my now scared wits within a few yards of me; I fancied I could even distinctly hear the puffing of the steam and the rattling of the carriages, so close were they upon me.

"A frightful death appeared inevitable; for even then, in the midst of my bewilderment, I knew I was partially resting on the metals. More suddenly than I can describe, and as if by a miracle, my whole presence of mind and energy returned. I had only a minute or so to spare, but I deliberately felt up and down the rail as far as my arm could reach, and came to the conclusion that I was undoubtedly lying in the very track of the train.

"The level was somewhat lower than the six-foot space, as it always is; moreover, I could feel one of the chairs, or iron sockets, in which the rail rests, and is so secured to the sleepers, one of which was directly under me, thus leaving no doubt of my position.

"The ground trembled with the swift nearing of the engine and its load; just as, by a desperate effort with arms, elbows and shoulders (I hardly know how), I managed to half drag, half roll myself out of its way. In another second, with a frightful shriek, a momentary burst of light, a shower of sparks, dust and cinders, scorching me with its hot breath, and deafening me with the roar and rattle, the fiery monster, with its serpent-like tail, swept past me within an inch or two of my head, and almost grazing my shoulder, as I lay parallel to its death-dealing course!

"The whirl and clatter that succeeded in my brain again left me stupefied; but this time I was aroused by the friendly caress of poor Bogie, who had found me out, and was licking my face, barking and scratching at me with his paws.

"The faithful doggie had acted as worthily in this emergency as if he had been born and trained at the hospice of St. Bernard. I found afterwards that I had never been very far from the station, where 'Bogie' had eventually made his appearance, and was recognized by a porter who had noticed him with me on Christmas day. The animal's proceedings further attracted attention. He ran in and out of the door, barking and yelping piteously; then away into the darkness, and back again, until he induced the man to come out on the platform to see what was the matter.

"Struck by the dog's importunities, and not finding me there, he concluded naturally that I had lost my way. Hollo-ing from time to time, and getting no answer, he returned for a lantern, and, with one of his mates, was guided by the dog, to the spot where I lay.

"The fog lifting soon after the last up-train had passed—the one which nearly cost me my life—they had less difficulty in discovering the direction that 'Bogie' took. Finding that he kept straight along the line, and still getting no answer to their repeated cries, the porters imagined, when they came up to me, which they did almost immediately after I had been roused by the dog's caresses, that I had been run over and killed.

"I soon explained how matters were, and a shutter being procured, I not long after found myself in the station master's snug parlor.

"My leg is quite well now, and I have examined the zig-zag route which brought me to such terrible grief after I had left my uncle's cottage. Meanwhile I had been informed that there were unmistakeable evidences which showed distinctly that I had fallen in the first place into the foundations of the partly finished houses fronting the railway on the new road, and the blow I had received on the head was from a protruding scaffold-pole, against which I had deliberately walked, having by mere chance taken, in my bewilderment, the direct route to the station.

"In making my precipitate descent of the sloping railway cutting, which I had come upon through a carelessly left gap in the temporary barriers, I had been tripped up by the low wires running along the side of the line, by which certain signals, some little way down it, are worked from the station itself.

"The fog which had put me in my perilous position at the same time served to preserve me, for had not the up-train which I was going to catch been delayed by it for more than half an hour, the engine would inevitably have cut my head off as I lay stunned and senseless in its track."

A Duel in the Sea!—Duels have been of too frequent occurrence in Southern Italy for any fresh outrage of the kind to attract much attention, but of one so novel in its character as that which occurred a few days since in Torre del' Annunziata, we do not remember to have heard. Two sailors, stripping themselves completely, threw themselves into the sea, and there commenced their mortal combat. Swimming about, they fought with desperation until one was quite overcome and sank, when four of his companions rushed in to the rescue; but his life is despaired of.

The greatest man is he who troubles himself least about the verdict that may be passed upon him by his contemporaries or posterity, but who finds in doing good, honest work, to the best of his ability under existing conditions its own exceeding great reward.

[For the Leader.]

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING.

BY ELLEN M FERRIS.

O love, my love, I have taken the vow,
I may not linger or falter now.

For three years and a day my sword and hand
I have vowed to God in the Holy Land,

In the blood of the Paynim to wash away,
The stain that lies dark on my honor to-day.

Weary and long the years will be,
Fighting afar from home and thee.

But when they have passed the bells shall ring,
Wine shall flow and minstrels sing.

To welcome me back, and with thee, my love,
The tenderest joys of home I'll prove.

But if I should fall—nay, I did not speak
Of death, and the thought has blanched your cheek.

Yet listen calmly to me, I pray,
And hold in your heart the words I say.

Give me the ring and the scarf you wear,
And the plume that droops o'er your dusky hair.

That plume shall float at my helmet crest,
That scarf I will bind across my breast;

And plume and scarf, if I die, shall be
Laid in my foreign grave with me.

But my trusty page to you shall bring
The sign of your freedom, this golden ring.

Now, darling, be brave, for our parting is near,
And think of the future with hope, not fear.

So bid me "good speed," and God bless you for aye—
My page, I am ready. The knight rode away.

Dark night hung o'er the battle plain,
Where Turks and Christians lay mangled and slain;

There sorely wounded Count Ronald lay,
Slowly bleeding his life away.

Bent o'er him the page who loved him well,
To catch the words from his lips that fell.

"My page, my page, now listen to me,
I know you will serve me loyally.

When I am dead take the ring from my hand,
Haste you back to fair England.

Haste you back to my ladye,
Say, 'A ring and a message I bring to thee;

The ring from the hand of a knight that is dead,
The words in his dying hour he said.

Trailed in the dust is my helmet crest,
Sullied with blood is the scarf on my breast.

But the golden ring I send to you now
In sign you are free from your true love vow.

Say"—the knight's lips moved, but he did not speak
And a deadly pallor o'erspread his cheek,

The page bent lower. The lips were chill,
The hand dropped nerveless, the pulse was still.

The lady sits in her secret bower,
To wait, with her maids, the appointed hour.

The promised three years have not yet circled round,
But the old love's forgotten, a new love is found;

And the chapel is decked for her marriage to-day
With her kinsman and neighbor, the Knight of Armaye.

Comes a knock at the door where dame Margret doth stand,
"Here's a page craves admittance, from Palestine land.

He brings you a message." The lady blushed red,
Then pallid. "Bid him enter, and leave me," she said.

"O lady, dear lady, from far Palestine
I bring you a message, I bring you a sign.

In fight with the Paynim, Count Ronald was slain;
His helmet plume trails in the dust of the plain.

All sullied with blood is the scarf on his breast,
All silent in death is the heart that it pressed.

But the golden ring I bring to you now,
In sign you are free from your true love vow."

She took the ring with a sigh and a smile.
"Thanks, gentle page; you must bide here awhile,

Dame Margret, attend this good youth. A slight thing,
But I'm glad that Count Ronald returned me my ring!"

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to the provisions of Article 1, Title 1, chapter 4, of Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled, "Of Limited Partnership," and the amendments thereof, that a Limited Partnership has been formed under the provisions of the Statutes above mentioned, in which Jehial Read, who resides in the town of Newcastle, in the county of Westchester, and State of New York; Nathaniel Norton, who resides in the city, county and State of New York; and Edwin B. Strange, who resides in the town of Greenburgh, in the county of Westchester, and State of New York, are the only parties interested. That the said Jehial Read and Nathaniel Norton are the general partners, and the said Edwin B. Strange is the special partner therein. That the said Partnership is to commence on the fifteenth day of December, in the year 1868, and to terminate on the thirty-first day of December, in the year 1871, and may be continued [illegible] notwithstanding the death [illegible] of the partners, general or special, [illegible] or legal representatives [illegible] conducted under the name [illegible] & CO.; and its business [illegible] and County of New York [illegible] the business intended to be transacted [illegible] Manufacturers of and Dealers in [illegible] Straw Goods, Umbrellas [illegible] manufactured by or dealt in [illegible] and that the said Edwin B. Strange [illegible] Partner, has contributed [illegible] said partnership the sum of [illegible] Dollars, in cash.

Dated New York, December [illegible], 1868.

(Signed) JEHIAL READ.
NATHANIEL NORTON.
EDWIN B. STRANGE.

de19 6t

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.—James B. Tyson against the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company.—Summons—For money demand on contract. [illegible] 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, [illegible] at their office, No. 69 Wall [illegible] twenty days after the service [illegible] exclusive of the day of such service [illegible] answer the said complaint [illegible] the Plaintiff in this action [illegible] you for the sum of seven thousand [illegible] $3,500 from 1st October, [illegible] first day of April, one thousand [illegible] sixty-eight, besides the [illegible] York, December, 1868. FOSTER & THOMSON, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint herein was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the [illegible] day of December, 1868.

New York, Dec. 17, 1868. FOSTER & THOMSON, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

de19 6t

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR a Discharge from arrest or imprisonment [illegible] Revised Statutes of the State of New York, [illegible] of the City of New York, an insolvent and imprisoned debtor.—Notice first published on the [illegible] day of December, 1868, [illegible] Hon. George C. Barnett, [illegible] New York Court of Common Pleas, [illegible] the City and County of New York, [illegible] said Court, held at the City Hall [illegible] 3d day of February, 1869, at [illegible] of that day, to show cause [illegible] insolvent should not make an assignment [illegible] of his creditors, and be discharged from arrest or imprisonment [illegible] charged from his imprisonment [illegible] Dated New York City, December [illegible], 1868.

H. C. SAWYER, [illegible] No. [illegible] Wall street, New York.

de19 6t

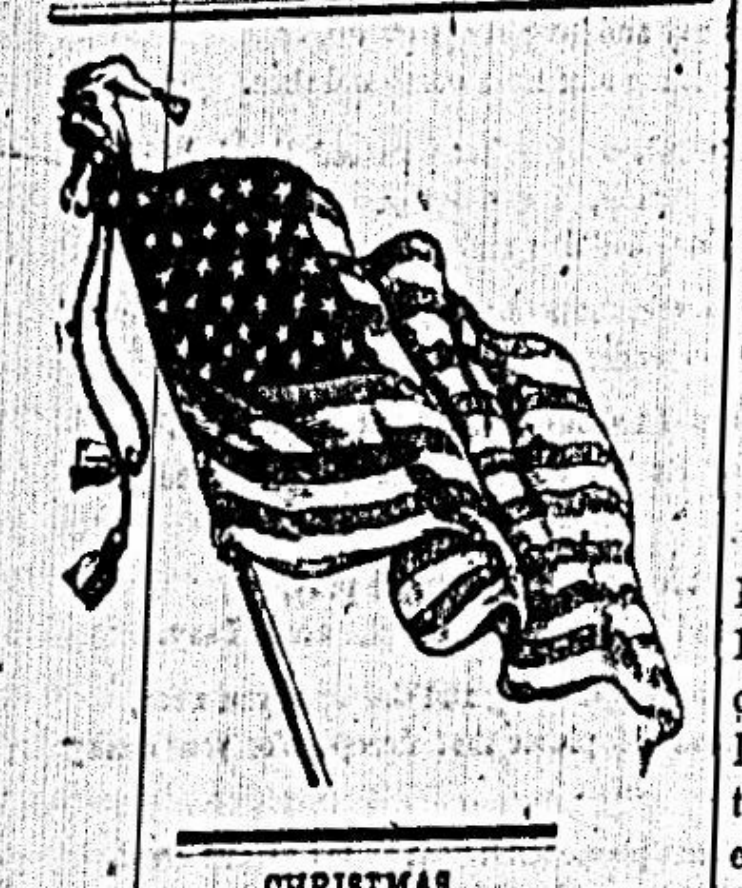
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—William Ohlmann, survivor of Meyer Lippman, [illegible] Heidenheimer. In pursuance of an order [illegible] cause at a Special Term of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the City and County of New York, held at the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the [illegible] of November, 1868, all the creditors of [illegible] Lawrence Ohlmann, [illegible] are hereby required to appear [illegible] and demands against the [illegible] man, and the individual [illegible] Charles Price, Esquire, the Referee [illegible] purpose, at his office, No. [illegible] New York, on or before Saturday [illegible] January, 1869, at two o'clock [illegible] creditors who shall not so come in [illegible] shall be excluded from the benefit [illegible] in this action.—Dated New York [illegible]

WALTON H. BROWN, [illegible]

New York Leader.

Published by the Leader Association,
No. 11 FRANKFORT STREET.
DE WITT VAN BUREN....... EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.



CHRISTMAS.

There is no day in the calendar except Christmas upon which the entire civilized or Christian world reposes from labor. There is no other day in the calendar around which so many memories cling for old and young, rich and poor, great and humble alike. There is no other day in the year when the heart, knowing no creed, should so naturally feel its weary burden lifted, leaving it fancy free to float over the flowery fields of the past, or draw inspiration from the teeming present and the far-off future. For eighteen hundred years the world has looked back to that humble manger in Bethlehem where the Child-Saviour was born, and the shimmering stars shone over the plain; and so, looking back with the eyes of faith and piety, there has come to most hearts a hope replete with soulful significance and satisfaction. Those glimmering Bethlehem stars which lighted the Magi to the Mecca of mercy have been steadily shining through all the ages, and are still the silent sentinels of the world's great field of action and interest. Years have come and gone, generations have been born and vanished, but the poetry and piety of that prayerful period have rung down the aisles of time like an exultant, mellifluous anthem of grateful praise and rejoicing.

But despite the happy and generous universality with which Christmas is observed by all creeds, opinions and beliefs, there are probably no two persons in the world to whom the occasion brings exactly the same emotions and impulses. The bright and sunny memories which cluster around one heart and hearth become in another home the cypress and the ivy of bitter, blighting remembrance. But however much pain the past may recall, the present offers little except positive pleasure or practical piety. The earth seems to feel that the dead fruit of the year has been plucked and ripely luscious has fallen into her widening lap. The same stars which chimed together at creation's dawn seem to be chanting a Christmas carol full of beauty, tenderness and angelic music. The air seems redolent with the melody of the spheres, and the great heart of the world seems throbbing with the religion of humanity and sounding the diapason of eternal progress and civilization.

In every heart there should to-day be ringing a pean song of glory and of gratitude. Upon every heart should be shining the light of those shimmering stars which guided the wise men of the East to the feet of the infant Jesus. For these be the stars of hope, and if the sainted anniversary bring no Christmas to the heart, the day is a mockery indeed. If we would beyond peradventure make this a Christmas of the heart, we must open it to God's sunshine. We must let Hope like a sweet linnet find a resting-place somewhere upon the ruined recollections and make her nest there.

So doing, Christmas day becomes the beacon light of human hope and aspiration; the day of rosy memories and delicious delights; the festival of happy, contented thought; the anniversary of noble deeds and genial goodness; in fact, a Christmas celebration characterized by wholesome enjoyment and good cheer. To-day, when the Christmas bells answer each other, cheerily from towering steeple to towering steeple, may we not learn a lesson in the reverberations of their iron tongues—a lesson of simplicity and sympathy, of truth and happiness; and so learning, will not the conviction be forced upon us that these Christmas bells indeed

"Ring out the false, ring in the true."

WE shall print in next week's LEADER a sketch of the Superior Court and the late Judge Robertson, by an O. K. pen.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The select committee of seven appointed by Congress to investigate the alleged irregularities on the New York elections is now in session in this city. Their deliberations are understood to be strictly private, and not to be promulgated until the committee has finished its labors; so that all reports pretending to embody even the spirit of the proceedings must be regarded as worthless.

The work before the committee is of the highest practical and political importance to the country, and we hope its proceedings will be conducted and consummated in a spirit of fairness and justice. The Chairman of the committee, Hon. William Lawrence, of Ohio, is a gentleman of high probity and judgment, and will reflect upon the body over which he presides a graceful dignity and marked experience of the highest value. The presence of Hon. Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, and Hon. Lewis W. Ross, of Illinois, both ripe lawyers and gentlemen of the most profound and penetrating ability, is an assurance to the Democracy that their interests will not be jeopardized by a worthless partisan investigation.

In regard to the probable result of this investigation, there is abundant reason to believe that the disclosures of fraud and irregularities practiced by the Loyal League in the late elections, will prove of the most startling and astounding character. We think it can be proved that never before was there such an unscrupulous use of money and honor as the Radicals exercised last Fall. The evidence will probably show that fully one million dollars were expended by Radical politicians in this city and State to carry them for Grant and Griswold.

Therefore, the Pharisees stand in danger of a severe shock to their sensibilities, one which will echo from the *Tribune* sanctum to the whitest sepulchre on Madison Avenue, and occasion more or less consternation throughout the State. For if the investigation proves anything, it will prove disastrous to the members of the moral-idea party. No party can stand up long under such an exposure of the nefarious frauds and excesses which that party is known to have committed in the late canvass. In this city alone the most ponderous and convincing evidence can be adduced to show the depth and extent of these frauds, and by means of which the most despotic power was exerted to deprive the Democrats of a fair election. If the result of the committee's deliberations justify our predictions, the Radicals will have to hide their diminished heads beneath the contempt and indignation of all honest and upright citizens.

JUDGE ROBERTSON'S SUCCESSOR.

The telegraph announces that Governor Fenton has appointed Freeman J. Fithian, Esq., of this city, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Anthony J. Robertson. Mr. Fithian was formerly District Attorney of Erie county; is the present Chairman of the Republican Central Committee; is a ripe lawyer, a courteous gentleman, not a fanatical politician, and who, as the Radical nominee against Judge Barnard, was entitled to the selection. Since by the fortunes and mutations of politics, the appointment has been made by the retiring rather than the incoming Governor, no selection from the Radical party could have been made which will prove more agreeable to the Democracy of New York.

GRANT is said to be constructing his Cabinet. It will probably be Mumm's Cabinet.

ON Christmas Eve the parlors of the Blossom Club were the scene of a happy reunion of the members of this popular social institution, the occasion being the presentation of a beautiful and costly testimonial by the gentlemen comprising the Club to their President, Owen W. Brennan. The tribute was one well bestowed upon an honorable and deserving gentleman—an offering of sincere and appreciative gratitude, showing alike the delight and pleasure of the participants.

THE FISK-BOWLES AFFAIR.

The newspaper comments upon the arrest of Mr. Bowles for libeling Mr. James Fisk, Jr., of the Erie Railway, partake to a considerable extent of acrimony and bad taste. The *Post* and the *Sun* are notable examples in this respect.

The facts simply are that Mr. Bowles published in his journal a most unwarranted libel upon Mr. Fisk—a libel not only upon his business connections, but upon his private character and relations. Mr. Fisk could not chastise Mr. Bowles upon the street, and his only resource was to have him arrested for libel. He applied to Judge McCunn for the warrant, which when issued was placed in the hands of the Sheriff, who was obliged to serve it. Judge McCunn was simply performing his judicial, and Sheriff O'Brien his official, duty in the matter.

Mr. Fisk is the responsible party, and whether he was justified in bringing the action against Mr. Bowles, the courts, not the newspapers, must decide.

In relation to the confinement of Mr. Bowles over night in the Ludlow street jail, the Radical journals are especially bitter and malignant. But with proper appreciation of the advantages of personal liberty and a free press, it seems to us that the temper and anxiety of these journals is to say the least, very untimely. The law by which prisoners arrested at night are refused bail until morning was suggested and framed by Radicals and passed by a Radical Legislature at Albany. Every year there are more than one thousand respectable but unfortunate persons confined over night in the station houses of New York, because the law will not permit them to be bailed until daylight. Yet there is no outcry against these outrages. Because Mr. Bowles happens to be the editor of a flourishing newspaper in Massachusetts, and have hosts of jolly good friends in New York, it does not seem to be a sufficient reason for ignoring the law in his case, when thousands just as respectable as he have suffered and continue to suffer the same indignity every year.

If the Radicals are not pleased with the law, why do they not repeal it? They have the Legislative power at Albany. Let them exercise it.

But it seems rather curious for the *Post* and *Sun* to appear as the champions of personal liberty when throughout the war the Radical infringements on personal rights and liberties were so numerous, glaring, and lawless. The *Post* had no complaint to make relative to the cases of thousands of Democratic citizens who were thrown into bastiles and prisons for mere expressions of opinion; and no doubt Mr. Dana can turn to his portfolio, as Assistant Secretary of War, and find records of outrages upon citizens in comparison with which the case of Mr. Bowles sinks into the most contemptuous insignificance. In those days Mr. Dana was not so strong an advocate of personal liberty as he is now. But we suppose it makes all the difference whose ox is gored.

This is one of the lessons of the great struggle. Perhaps the Radicals dislike to recall facts like these. They are to be pitied if they do not.

FORNEY AS A STORY-TELLER.

John W. Forney, ex-Secretary of the United States Senate, publisher of "my two papers, both daily," and general lobbyist to Congress, has written and published "A Christmas Story" in one of the aforesaid papers—both daily. Of course in the most prejudicial mind there could arise no objection to Forney writing a Christmas story, or any other kind of a story; in fact, it is quite natural that Forney should take kindly to stories, to call them by no other name; but that Forney after writing his story should deliberately dignify it with the immortality of print, seems to the ordinary mind at once a marvel and a mystery.

But the story is not only in type, but has been printed, and presumably is typical of the author's skill and talent at weaving romances. The story itself is commonplace enough to be rejected by Mr. Bonner if any unknown name were attached to it. Pretending to be a romance of the war, it is replete with all the sickening twaddle that has characterized Radical sentiment for the past four years. The story is calculated to disappoint all who know Forney's career. It is marked by none of his peculiar traits except that of falsifying—it partakes of none of his peculiar characteristics except that of revamping the stale gabble of the war to impress people with his self-importance and excessive loyalty. The career of Forney has proven him to be an adept at plotting mischief; yet this story has no plot. The same career has also furnished evidence that Forney, under certain circumstances, has succeeded as a descriptive writer, especially in describing his own condition, not in water colors, however; but this story is almost destitute of descriptive writing. In the celebrated Forrest-Jamieson letter Forney exhibited a talent for scandal and chicanery which we look in vain to find emulated in this Christmas story. His total failure to attractively work up the characters of his story we are not surprised at, inasmuch as Forney is supposed to know very little concerning character, especially the character of virtuous, respectable people.

Apart from being a Radical politician and lobby manipulator, Forney's chief aim, it seems, is to cultivate versatility of talent. For he passes with sudden, almost shocking, transition from the jobbery of the Alaska fund business to that of story-telling for the newspapers—and what makes the matter worse—Christmas story-telling. But no one could have doubted Forney's versatility had this story never appeared. There is no man in America who can, with more grace and conviviality, pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," than Forney. And this ought to establish his versatile talent.

The fact of Forney writing a story for Christmas may occasion surprise; but we suppose Forney, like his Radical contemporary, Greeley, no longer hesitates concerning the day upon which his stories are to be told.

But it is fortunate that my two papers, both daily, have a limited circulation, else novelist Forney's example might be imitated by Sumner, or Butler, or Wendell Phillips, or (Heaven [illegible] us!) Greeley. For the sake of humanity and the rising generation, we hope Forney will have no imitators, for his story is so weak and insipid that to imitate it would force the confession that other men exist as frivolous and foolish as Forney.

CHRISTMAS CANT.

There is a great deal of unwholesome cant promulgated about Christmas time. The cant of the philanthropist is perhaps the most glaring. He cants concerning the poor, and would impress us with the belief that the poor are never so poor as on Christmas Day, nor so much in need of charity at any other season. Here is a fine specimen of the Christmas cant of the philanthropist; "Of all times this is the time to help the poor; this is the time to show to the world that the world is not all bad. Let us remember that, in proportion as we are gay, others are sad, starving and freezing. Starving and freezing on Christmas Day! Little children like our own little children, as young, as innocent, dying for want of food, dying for want of fire, while with us is abundance, more than abundance." The Divine precept teaches us that the poor are always with us, but this Christmas philanthropy, in an effort to paint a wildly imaginative picture more from motives of self-satisfaction than real, charity, ignores Christian precept and principle alike. No doubt Christmas is an excellent season to assist the needy; but all seasons should be alike in that respect and no stinted charity or cold philanthropy can make it different.

The cant of old fogyism is almost intolerable. The representatives of this class are the especial abomination and horror of the children. The old fogy abominates all new things, and makes himself disagreeable by telling others why he abominates them. The end of it always is that we come to abominate the old fogy. The old fogy will tell the children that they must not eat candies on Christmas, because candies will give them the toothache. They must not laugh, because laughter will give them the headache. They must do nothing, in fact, that is not strictly what he chooses to call "proper and correct."

The cant of the ancient matron is equally antagonistic to the spirit and progress of the age. She objects to expensive and luxurious dinners on Christmas; objects to the children making a noise in the parlor; to the promiscuous visits of family friends; to attending the theatre in the evening; in fact to most of the features that distinguish Christmas from other days of the year.

The world contains many people whose cant at Christmas time ought not to be tolerated. They cant against amusement, books, and recreation. They cant against making presents and receiving them. They cant against the bright green boughs and the cheery Christmas carols of the churches. They cant against laughter and mirth of every sort. These are the people who have a holy horror of the holidays, who never yearn for a little folly, a brief holiday time, a season of misrule, and a burst of insignificant extravagance. They would never permit our halls and rooms to be decorated; would demolish the plum pudding and burn the Christmas tree; they would bring all life down to their own prejudiced views, to the pattern of their own narrow-mindedness, to the warp and woof of their own selfishness.

Heaven help the Christmas canters!

JOURNALISTIC CHANGES.

Ordinarily the writers in our city journals occupy positions of permanency from which they rarely seek to go. Mr. Putnam, for instance, has "been on" the *Herald* twenty-eight years. Some of the *Tribune* corps were first engaged in 1840. Several of the *Times* men date their beginning with the origin of that journal; and several instances of ten and fifteen years' employment on the daily and weekly press occur to us. But the close of 1868 dates an era of change. Revolution threatens in many of the city papers, and transfers in position vie with transfers in Erie.

In the *Tribune* office, Dr. Wood, the well-known night editor, leaves on the 1st prox. to take a similar position on the *Sun*. Mr. Cummings, the *Tribune* sketcher and city editor, has left that "Happy Family," and will assume the management of the *Sun* on the first of January.

Mr. England, for many years city editor of the *Tribune*, and at present managing editor of the *Sun*, on the 1st day of January relieves Mr. Byington of the business charge. Mr. Cummings succeeds Mr. England, and Dr. Wood takes the place of Mr. Cummings.

Our red hot friends of the *Democrat* are also on the move. We understand that "Brick" is in the city and is writing hard, and that Mr. Howard, at present the managing editor of the *Democrat*, will take charge of the *Star* on the 1st proximo. Mr. Ottarson, the night editor, is to be succeeded by some one from the West, while Mr. Armstrong will be the news editor.

The *Mail* has undergone a Sweetzerian change. Mr. Sweetzer, who has gone from place to place, has for some reason left the *Mail*, and will probably start something, backed by that "wonderful uncle." In the meantime, Mr. Johnson "goes it alone."

The *Star*, which has pegged quietly along since its start, and doing always well, seems to be on the verge of doing better. It is currently reported that Joe Howard has resigned his position on the *Democrat*, and having secured an interest in the *Star*, will take the chief editorship thereof on the 1st of January. Mr. Webb, for many years the leading man of the old *Sun*, and since the start of the *Star* the controlling spirit there, will become the business manager, and give Mr. England a close run. If these rumors are correct, we shall soon expect to see the *Star* in close and successful competition with the more ponderous dailies of the Metropolis. Mr. Howard is an able, trenchant and vigorous journalist, and is eminently capable of elevating the *Star* to a first class position in the newspaper world. Under his management it ought to become the bright particular *Star* of the journalistic firmament.

THE following poem is from the advance sheets of "The Light of Home," John Brougham's forthcoming Christmas story:

CHILDHOOD AND HOME.

Come from the glen, where in childhood I wandered,
When life was all sunshine and sorrow unknown;
Come from the scenes where my early thought pondered,
And I looked on the future with gladness alone.
Whate'er be our fate, whether sadness or splendor
Encircles our path wheresoe'er we may roam,
Oh! there cannot exist a remembrance more tender
Than that which still binds us to Childhood and Home.

Ah! who that was blessed with a mother's fond teaching,
And lisped at her bidding the accents of prayer,
But whose life, at the thought, the long past overreaching,
Returns to forget all its trials and care.
Then, no matter what fate; whether sadness or splendor
Encircles our path wheresoe'er we may roam,
Oh! there cannot exist a remembrance more tender
Than that which still binds us to Childhood and Home.

OUR ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.

—The only Boston wear—Motley.

—The most stirring food—lob-ster.

—The darkest day—the Dey of Algiers.

—The most gloomy lenses—condolences.

—A kitchen conflict—war between Turkey and Greece.

—Is it an actionable offence to "cut an acquaintance?"

—The place frauds would naturally come from—the *Knavey* Department.

—The song when rents are high—"The *dearest* spot on earth is home."

—When velocipedes come in common use every man will have his hobby.

—Greeley was a "lion" while in Canada, and therefore must be the king of beasts.

—The theatres ought to furnish good politicians—they all have leading men.

—Some clergymen might be accused of bigamy, or Brigamy—they marry so many people.

—The Grecian Bend has reached California, but there it should be called the Pacific slope.

—Ware, the supposed richest man in Chicago, turns out penniless. He was only plated ware.

—Bonner, having lost his Auburn horse, will have to confine himself to animals of another color.

—The handsomest man in New York is said to be a bar-keeper; but this may be spiritual admiration.

—The man who married a handsome but scolding woman calls her "a thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

—The horse named Admiral, which became vicious and kicked, had to be renamed Rear Admiral.

—Thad Stevens' old seat is now occupied by a Sypher. A trifling change from the last occupant—Butler.

—Boston is in ecstacies over the Elise Holt Burlesque troupe, which is regarded as Boston's best Holt.

—Why the Alaska corruption fund disappeared so rapidly—because it was manipulated by a Walker.

—Whipple, the essayist, is clearly in the interest of the bakers, for he is lecturing on "Loafing and Laboring."

—The *Tribune* prints a paragraph showing how "to purify a room," suggested doubtless by office experience.

—Grant's Cabinet, they say, is to be filled with Washburnes; but in that event the doors will never swing shut.

—Greeley is said to want a foreign mission, and if he does not get it he proposes to make another American conflict.

—The country is said to suffer from the "effects of hoarding gold." This is wherein the country differs from mankind.

—Mr. Tilton has been lecturing on prison improvement, which conclusively proves that he believes in future punishment.

—Thurlow Weed's pets are two small dogs, and in the past a good many partisan puppies have wanted to be his pets.

—A Washington correspondent characterizes Sumner's latest yawp as a "melange of dogmatism, didactics and ditch-water."

—The striking features of the Gladstone Cabinet are Lowe and Bright. The Liberal fires may burn *low*, but they will always be *bright*.

—Leonard Jerome is absurdly said to have gone abroad to import jockeys, as if there were not enough of them in Wall street.

—Anna Dickinson has been to Albany with her "Struggle for Life." There is constantly a struggle for life at some of the Albany hotels.

—The public Treasury will have to pay for 40,000 copies of the Congressional eulogies upon Thad Stevens. This is one example of Radical economy.

—There is a rumor that Greeley has been offered the Secretaryship of the Interior. He could best attend to Greeley's Interior Department.

—Somebody in Michigan advertises a large tame swallow for sale. It is generally supposed that Chandler has the largest swallow in Michigan.

—Some innocent Hartford folks presented a lady with a revolver, but this seems a dangerous present for a lady, for there is danger of it going off with her.

—Gough is going round the country lecturing on intemperance; but why don't he go to Washington and lecture Congressmen on their intemperate speeches?

—The phrase "to the pure all things are pure" may be well enough in the abstract, but it will not apply to Mocha coffee, most of which is a downright Mocha-ry.

—The next Radical scheme will seek to give the Indians the ballot. This would seem to be superfluous, for are not the savages in the habit of rushing to the polls?

—Although not in the laundry business, the police occasionally do something in the iron-ing way, and some of them in New York are quite familiar with the "mangling" of clothes.

—Forney is talking up Cuba, and it does not seem improbable, since the *expose* of the Alaska business, that Forney should be Cuba-cal, and insist upon multiplying his fortune by other chances.

—It is now said that neither Greeley nor Dana nor Stanton nor Adams will be Minister to England, but the man who first nominated Grant. He is to be advertised for in the *Herald's* personals.

—Horace Greeley says if his wife should go to the polls to vote and electioneer, he would stay at home to attend to the cooking and other household affairs. This is an additional argument in favor of woman suffrage, and especially in favor of Mrs. Greeley's immediate enfranchisement.

Amusements Gossip.

The "player folk" will, as usual, take little of the Merry with their Christmas.

The merry will belong to the audience. The audience get the piece on earth. The player folk get the good will of men and women.

They work hard during the Holidays. For roast beef they have matinees—for plum pudding evening entertainments in addition—and not a higher salary for presents.

Thanks, however, to the runs of pieces, they have little bother memorizing.

Niblo's, the Broadway, the Minstrels, the Circus, the French Theatre, the Olympic, continue into next year the "novelties" which close 1868.

Wallack's furnishes, however, a new cast of an old play—"Money."

Money! that mainspring of *every* dramatic novelty.

Money! which in a silvery sense is a great novelty—out of Canada.

Money! Bulwer's best comedy, wherein he has seized the characters and manners of the age and satirized society.

The satire, however, like that of the School for Scandal, belongs to a past very much.

It was written in 1840, and in this fast age twenty-eight years change the fidelity of the allusions. But in its general scope as a clever, compact and characteristic satire upon the power of money to bring out true character in the selfish and the generous, it is a comedy which will always receive its laurels a hundred years hence.

It is full of love as of money. Curiously enough, when the comedy opens not one character is married. There are widowers, widows, bachelors and maidens, but each unmated. The curtain falls on these couples, and no cards.

When first performed in New York, at the Park, the cast was very poor. Hield was the Evelyn and Mrs. Maeder the Clara; Chippendale as Sir John, and Fisher as Graves—he, of course, inimitable. But the other characters were only mediocre.

Graves was a favorite character with Burton. Evelyn was a favorite part with Macready, Anderson and Charles Kean. In the autumn of 1845, at the Park, Mr. Kean essayed Evelyn and his wife played Clara—a character which in the hands of a woman who has emotional countenance, emotional voice, emotional bearing, and who can infuse pathos into her tone, can be made a prominent and artistic one; but which, entrusted to one whose tones are monotonous and who has no breadth of sentiment, becomes very stupid.

One of the best casts we ever saw was at the Old Broadway in 1847. Henry Wallack took Sir John Vesey, and George Vandenhoff, Evelyn; Sir Frederick Blount was given to Lester Wallack, Graves to Vache, Smooth to Dawson, Glossmore to Fredericks, Stout to E. Shaw, Lady Franklin to Mrs. Winstanley, and Clara to Fanny Wallack.

Doubtless, remembering all these good casts, Lester Wallack has made a very unexceptionable one; and his company has been canvassed with that rare judgment he always exhibits. He, of course, plays Evelyn, and Miss Eytinge Clara; Mrs. Jennings takes Georgina Vesey; Gilbert, Sir John Vesey; Young, Graves; Mrs. Vernon, Lady Franklin; Fisher, Blount; Holland, Stout; Ringold, Smooth; and Peck, Glossmore. This is admirable.

In Miss Eytinge's personation the fine scenes between herself and Wallack, wherein love and pride strangely struggle, and a well-sustained equivoque gives scope for much cross purpose, will receive as much justice as we saw given them by Mrs. Kean. As for Mrs. Jennings, she cannot help identifying herself with the selfish and chattering daughter of fashion and scheming. Young will revive memories of John Fisher and Burton.

Such a cast should crowd the theatre every night, and run the piece for several weeks.

Manager Bateman has brought out at Pike's still another opera bouffe of Offenbach's—"La Chanson de Fortunio"—in which Mdlle. Irma takes the leading part, Valentin, a young man who is much in love with his employer's wife, and who wins her—platonically, of course—by means of a most charming song, by which same means the master, Fortunio, won *his* master's wife years before. That is the whole story of "La Chanson de Fortunio," only the effect of the song is manifest in a general love-making, which joins at least five more couples in the village, as well it may, for it unites the entire audience nightly in an enthusiasm of applause.

In no other part has Mdlle. Irma appeared to such decided advantage. She makes up charmingly as a young man, reminding us much of the Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) efforts in the same, and certainly she displays vocal powers of extraordinary ability, even for Irma. The song of Fortunio is already so popular that Mr. Bateman may be compelled to bring it in as a finale to "La Perichole," which is to be brought out week after next. The piece is beautifully put on the stage; Lambele has a delightful duett in it with Irma, and Leduc and Francis have characters therein which they play as they alone can play them.

Everybody sympathises with Tostee in her accident, which temporarily takes her from the stage at the height of the holiday season. But Irma came to the rescue Wednesday night, and has been doing Roland in "Les Bavards" most acceptably.

These two latest hits of Offenbach are quite as attractive as the more elaborate works he has given to the public, they are full of delicious music, and are absolutely faultless from anything which could possibly offend the most fastidious critic of the most moral family journal. Of course they are admirably put on the stage, and it is to be hoped that the presentation of "La Perichole" will not prevent the occasional introduction of both "Les Bavards" and "La Chanson de Fortunio" before the season closes. The two have drawn very full and fine houses every night.

The benefit to Mrs. Barney Williams at the Broadway on Wednesday evening was a notable success. The Emerald Ring never encircled a merrier nor more enthusiastic audience, and the applause had the ring of the true metal. If benefits were necessary to test the popularity of the Williamses (which they are not) there could be presented no better proof than that witnessed on Wednesday night. Mrs. Williams interprets the spirit of merriment in the Irish drama as no other actress can, and this is one of the great secrets of her success. The Christmas bells will send forth many a merry peal, but none more pleasant and jovial than the Emerald Ring, which will continue to resound over the city when Christmas has faded into the past.

Humpty Dumpty will continue to stand against the wall in his present garb until after the Holidays, when he will appear in new and attractive garments. An amusing burlesque of the famous litigated Railroad Scene in "After Dark" is now produced at the Olympic with great success. The Holidays would be unattractive indeed without Humpty Dumpty. His Christmas face will be wreathed with smiles and merriment.

Immense audiences at Niblo's is the nightly response to critical inquirers who cannot attend the theatre regularly. "After Dark" will prove a charming Christmas story to many a tempted and discontented heart, for "After Dark inculcates a better lesson than most sensational plays, because it is more like scenes that are constantly occurring around us. Therefore it is a gratifying success, and its popularity is likely to increase.

"The Man at the Wheel" is on his last revolutions. "Ixion," after attracting all New York, and a large portion of New Jersey to witness it, will be withdrawn on Saturday night to make place for a new burlesque of "Ernani," next week. But to the supremely jolly on Christmas, it is necessary to see "Ixion." The Museum curiosities at this place are a feature that will not be overlooked.

Hupla! who has not been to the circus these bright December afternoons or crisp evenings, and seen the rows of smiling faces encircling the magic ring in glowing tiers, like so many layers in an old-time Christmas cake? After all, there is much fascination in the sawdust ring for young and old. Here, also, everything and everybody is in holiday attire. The Franco-Mormon Christmas pantomime of "Blue Beard" has been played with marked effect during the past week, and its production will continue at every performance, afternoon and evening. Matinees will be given every day until after the Holidays.

At the Bowery Fanny Herring continues the bright particular star. Her versatility of talent pleases the east side amusement goers, as it should. Bob Butler's comicalities and Frank Gibbons's wonderful trapeze performances combine to render the Bowery an attractive holiday resort.

The merry minstrels are the monarchs of the musical situation. The "Gendarmes" at Bryants is a clever bit of burlesque acting, and successfully rivals the original performance. Christmas here, also.

The "Bone Squash Diablo" of the San Francisco Minstrels is one of the funniest hits of negro minstrelsy.

Parepa Rosa is announced to give a concert at Steinway Hall on the evening of January 8, the first since her return from California.

P.S.—The great banjo match takes place at the Cooper Institute on Monday evening next. It creates much excitement in the musical world. Messrs. Stopel, Burke, and Napoleon N. Gould comprise referee and judges. This trial of musical skill will be an exciting and novel exhibition well worth seeing. Most of the seats have already been sold.

At the Academy of Music, Monday evening, December 28th, those two renowned Knights of the Cue, Melvin Foster and Joseph Dion, will contest in the list for supremacy, playing the French game, 300 points up, $1000 a side. Both gentlemen are in excellent play, and some heavy scoring, and brilliant shots may be expected. See advertisement for prices of admission.

CHANGES IN THIRTEEN YEARS.

In 1855 Mr. Buchanan was Minister to England. Captain George B. McClellan was detailed on secret service in the harbor of Cuba, under instructions from the Secretary of War. General Quitman, Lieutenant Beauregard and others were plotting filibustering raids against the island, for which the Government soon after made an offer of $100,000,000. Parson Brownlow had written a savage work in defence of slavery, and was challenging Northern clergymen to dispute its divine authority. Gerrit Smith, Dr. Howe, Henry Ward Beecher, and a few hundred others were doing a quiet and limited business over the underground railway. John Brown had not yet left his farm in the Northern wild. An obscure individual, remembered by a few as having once represented Sangamon District, Illinois, in the House, and opposed the Mexican war in an awkward, disingenious and extremely unpopular argument, received a few complimentary votes for Vice President, in competition with Mr. Dayton, the nominee. Captain U. S. Grant, hardly suspected of being an ex-army officer by those who bought molasses or cord wood of him, was generally taken for a steamboat captain temporarily stranded by a stress of ill-luck, or who hardly had the energy and pluck to succeed in any business calling, and therefore collapsed into a speculator in sundries. W. T. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana. General Sickles, Butler, and Logan were rough-and-tumble Democratic lawyers of some notoriety. Two of the most prominent and promising officers of our little army were Colonel Albert Sidney Johnson and Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee.—*Albany Argus.*

THE CAPTAIN'S POLITICAL GOSSIP.

CHRISTMAS WEEK AND THE STRIKERS—FOURTH POLICE DISTRICT—DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE—ALDERMANIC MATTERS—THE CONNOR COTERIE—MATT GREENE, ETC, ETC.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1868.

DEAR LEADER—This is Christmas week, and our politicians are acting upon their good behavior. They are running upon the holy precept of "Peace on earth," and I find that a general season of harmony and sociability prevails among them. What was a matter of contention to them a few weeks since, and over which they smote their breasts and tore their beards, they giggle and laugh at now, with the same glee and delight as a young hen chases a clover-fed grasshopper. But just wait until the New Year comes and is a few weeks old, and the boys have sickened with the genial influence of apple toddies and Tom and Jerrys. They will then experience again the exhilerations of their political oats, and there will be a visitation of a modern earthquake to the shanty of any one whose broad pedals shall contaminate the candle appendages of their "Benjamins." The "goose hangs high" now; but wait till the bird comes down a little, and impecuniosity hits the revellers between the fifth rib and their wallets, and you'll hear different music entirely. Something will then have to be done—and that's what will be matter.

My amusements have been varied this week, and I have been highly entertained by the ingenuity of the strikers, in their simple and innocent devices to raise the wind to propel their ragged-sailed barks happily through the enchanting realms of the holidays. What is Christmas to a striker with nary a cop in his pocket? What is New Year's without the greenbacks? Why, they would feel as miserable without these producers of the concomitants of sociability as they would in being struck with a new moon over their right shoulders without a solitary dime in their clothes. These are the lilies of the valleys we read of in Scripture, I guess, who "toil not neither do they spin," but who frequently run to obesity, fine linen and purple and "bittah beah."

A successful politician is indeed a miserable devil who has any of this tribe of lazzaroni barking at his heels. There is no refuge for him, no retreat from their rapacity, and he turns and dodges in vain to escape their importunities. They are, like Egyptian locusts, everywhere. They invade the sanctuary of the domestic circle. They greet you at the social gathering (God knows how they get there sometimes). They obtrude themselves upon you in your public walks; in the cars, stages, and in your private seat at the opera or burlesque. All seasons and places are propitious to the striker, and he never fails, not he, to make hay in the feeblest ray of sunshine.

The striker is a type of Liberty, and is a devout votary of that goddess of the "bonnet rouge." He goeth wherever he listeth, and although many may despise the freedom of his habits, yet none care to question his claims upon their admiration; that is, if he knows it. The striker is the very essence of independence (?) and highly colored, and sweetly flavored at that. He is independent of all men, but none are independent of him (?) He never gets in debt; he never contracts an obligation of that nature. It would be too weighty for his etherial spirit. His promises to pay are but the witty sparkle, the scintillations of his pungent, vivacious mind, only intended to delight and tickle the flats, like the baubles that charm the mind of childhood. He is a man of State; he makes kings and thrones, and overturns them with a breath. So strongly his influence permeates the sources of politics that our Mayors, Judges, Members of Assembly, and Aldermen are all subject to his potent will. I don't know whether he has ever tried his fist at President-making, as perhaps that game may be too far beneath his aspiration, especially the kind they manufacture now-a-days. He is a Warwick, the striker, and proposes and disposes of men's political destiny for good or evil, if you let him tell it. My thoughts have been directed into this channel by witnessing this week the tithe-collecting adeptness of a few of this *genus homo*, whom I ran across, and whom I saw with their never-failing lancet, their deceitful tongue, and admonishing and intimidating muscle, freely bleed those who feared and despised them; and then, after stuffing their victims' involuntary contributions into their vest pockets, they walked off with their cheeks swollen and inflated with suppressed laughter at the weakness of human nature.

I wonder when society will be rid of this infernal pest? When this political ghoul, who would cast his cankerous slime over the character of the honored dead, and tear them from their graves, to satisfy his lust for gain, may be known no more; when this miserable, lying, overbearing unprincipled scamp, may receive his true deserts, and every honest hand be raised against him? Let us hope the day is not far distant.

FOURTH POLICE DISTRICT.

My announcement of last week, that in all probability the Big Judge will continue Big Judge of the Fourth Police District, has created quite a stir among the politicians in that salubrious and roseate district. The Judge is ponderous enough to fill two places, but then, his determination does not sit well upon the minds of all those concerned. We certainly do not want a Radical there, and there is no fear of such a circumstance. There will be no obstacle in the way of Governor Hoffman's appointing a good Democrat as the Judge's successor, that is, if the urbane and kindly-dispositioned Michael will only "clear the way."

I hear that my sincere friend, John B. McKean, the energetic and valued Clerk of the Supreme Court, has been spoken of by his Democratic friends as the successor of Judge Connolly. With the vast experience John has had in our courts, and his acquaintance with the law, obtained by long and patient study, but few would excel him in the position; the prize awaits upon those who labor for it.

Billy Hitchman is not in the race. Bob. Gamble is "bobbing around," and you may *gamble* will win, if he can secure the cards. John Masterson is gathering all the strength he can, and may trouble some one to get the inside of him. Ex-Alderman Robert McGinniss has strong and commending papers, and I am told feels elated at his prospect of success. As matters look, I fancy the ex-Alderman is a long length ahead of the aspirants in this judicial contest, and may distance his competitors.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

The election of Gunning S. Bedford as City Judge will, upon the commencement of the new year, leave a vacancy in office of Assistant District Attorney, which will no doubt be filled by Judge Garvin upon his assuming the duties of District Attorney. As there are three assistants to aid the District Attorney in the prosecution of the vast number of cases rendered by the people into his hands, the election of Mr. Bedford leaves but two, Hon. Robert S. Hutchings and William M. Tweed, Jr. For the vacancy I have heard the name of George W. Blunt very prominently mentioned. Mr. Blunt is an able and carefully read lawyer, and in his connection with the District Attorney's office has acquired a knowledge and perfection of the criminal law seldom to be met with in one of his years. He has many warm and earnest friends among the higher members of the bar, who, appreciating his straightforwardness of character, wish him success in this particular.

ALDERMANIC MATTERS.

Our Aldermen, with the view of clearing their desks of all unfinished business, are using their besoms with some determination. They meet almost daily, and the way general orders, resolutions and ordinances are disposed of show a spirit of promptness and energy that only belongs to a New York City Father.

Our new Assistant Aldermen have all taken the "iron-clad oath," and must therefore be considered by our Radical rulers as worthy to be trusted. They are duly on hand at every meeting of the Councilmen, eyeing with pride and satisfaction the seats they are soon to occupy. They are like young kittens watching the process of old cats catching rats, and they will soon learn no doubt where the cheese is stored.

In the Board of Aldermen things will go along in the quiet, smooth rut in which they have run during the year past. As none of our Aldermen go out, and no new ones come in, there will be probably no change in the *régime* of the Board. This will be pleasant for those who are basking in the sunlight of Aldermanic favor, and they can easily calm the rising curiosity that would force itself upon their minds at the sight of a new face loafing about the offices under other circumstances. My good-natured friend Corney Callahan, from the rural district, will be found there with his cheerful smile and pleasant face, and Arch Fullerton, ever thoughtful and serene, will cast his benign benedictions upon the happy circle from the right hand side of the President's rostrum. Billy Walsh, of the First Ward, will continue to bear himself with the dignity belonging to a Sergeant-at-Arms, and Terry Smith still rejoice in the responsibility of custodian of the *small* key of the *big* safe. Uncle Joe Shannon will be the boss of the clerical department and subscriber to the warrants in the paying bureau, and Captain Twomey will be his right bower.

But it is slightually different in the lower house. In our new Assistant Aldermanic Board there cannot but eventuate some changes, and the boys there are getting a little restive. The new men are expecting an opportunity to reward some faithful supporters, who can be provided for as assistant clerks or messengers to the Board. There are twenty-one Assistant Aldermen, and about fifteen or sixteen places to be distributed. Under these circumstances all cannot obtain a position.

For the purpose of harmony, and that none may complain, it will be proposed that those be decided by lot, and drawn from a hat, the fortunate winner having the privilege of bestowing his prize upon whom he pleases. William Maloney will certainly be elected Clerk of the Assistant Aldermanic Board, and Johnny Towle will be his first assistant, as William, I believe, will have the power of appointing him as such. Richard Enwright will, beyond doubt, retain his well-earned place of Sergeant-at-Arms, at least, the Captain hopes so. With relation to the other comfortable "digs," nothing definitely can be known, until after the board shall organize, then look out for sweet and sour mugs around and about our City Hall.

THE CONNOR COTERIE.

On last Tuesday night I attended the Connor coterie, in honor of Alderman Thomas Conner, at Irving Hall, and met many a friendly familiar face there. The night was a pleasant and propitious one, and the ball was an imposing and delightful affair. The room was profusely and elaborately decorated with flags and banners, the most conspicuous of which was our own starry emblem, and over the orchestra flashed and sparkled like clustering diamonds, a beautiful gas jet, disclosing the letters, "Connor Coterie." The company was very select and *recherché*, and the ladies, with their rich and varied colored dresses and glistening gems, that dazzled in the gaslight upon many a fair bosom, added a beauty to the scene rarely surpassed in splendor; and yet amid all this grandeur and beauty, there was not that *banlier* that so frequently, in our fashionable balls, chills the warm currents of the heart, and transforms the company into conventional dummies and speechless automatons. The oscillating fan, with its wings of swan's down, behind which the heartless painted coquette, with assumed modesty, affects to conceal her blushes, while with a basilisk's eye she watches intently some victim, around whom she is weaving her web of deceit and destruction, was cast aside, and laughing brilliant eyes cast their warm and generous glances on all, while happy responsive hearts, enlivened with the delight of the enrapturing pleasures, forget all chilling formalities and repelling etiquette.

It would fill a volume to justly describe the affair, and tell of all whom I met there, and I must content, myself with speaking of a few that happily occur to my mind at present. The floor committee was under the charge of James J. McGiven, who is so much admired for his polite and gentlemanly deportment and polished manners. Then there was Ned Hare, with his kind word for everybody; Assistant Alderman John Reilley, bearing his new honors blushingly upon him, the admired of many a sincere and warm friend; the Adonis of the Stuyvesant district, Deputy Sheriff Hanbury, the magnet of many a bright glance; and Alderman Connor, the centre of a large circle of appreciating hearts earnestly devoted to him; Senator Charles G. Cornell, George Stephenson, like a butterfly continually fluttering around a beautiful blossom—(Ah, Dordy, those blossoms of nature! I shan't tell)—Frank Creamer, as gay and volatile as they make them; Assistant Alderman Tommy Daly, Peter Gillespie, Alderman Ed Cuddy, and Alderman George McGrath, Hon. Anthony Hartman, Tommy Brady, Jimmy Carey, Col. Mulligan, Col. Mooney, Col. W. A. Lynch, Andrew Jackson Plumb, with note-book, dotting down the thoughts that bubbled from the fountains of his brilliant mind; Wm. Maloney, Esq., Clerk of the Board of Councilmen; Ned Gale and Judge Gale, and that prince of good fellows, Capt. John Mount, of the Seventeenth Precinct, and my old friend of many years, Billy L. Proch. I was pained to hear Billy tell of the sad circumstances of my old friend, Mat Greene, who some years ago was struck with paralysis, and still lays a helpless sufferer with that disease. I am glad also to hear that poor Mat has not been forgotten by his many generous friends, but that kind hands and generous hearts have smoothed his pillow of affliction and softened the weary hours of his distress by their sympathy and Christian devotion to him. There are none who will read this, who have known the old Knickerbocker, but will say that a kinder and more feeling heart than his never throbbed in any breast. Generous to a fault, he never forgot his fellow man; and many there are to-day in our broad city who have in the past enjoyed his friendship, and whose sorrows have been alleviated by his unstinted bounty. How many an one will grieve to learn his sad condition now and his helplessness, and how many will hope for his speedy recovery! Billy tells me that Mat's purse is not so long as it might be and not so well filled as it ought to be, and that he and a number of friends intend getting up a testimonial for the kind-hearted fellow—a vocal and instrumental concert, at Irving Hall, on Saturday evening, January 16. Theodore Thomas, Miss Kempton, and generous-hearted Harry Sanderson have all volunteered for the occasion, besides a large number of other artists. The tickets are one dollar, and can be had of Wm. L. Proch, No. 20 Fourth avenue. Where is there an "old sport" who will not be there that night? Who is there one who will forget Mat Greene in his hour of sickness? If there is any, he is no company for

THE CAPTAIN.

[For the Leader.]

Varia.

BY VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS by Messrs. Field, Osgood & Co.

The brilliant series of books, appropriate for the holidays, that have been issued within a short period by this long established and long popular firm, calls for special remark. The dissolution of the partnership of Ticknor & Fields, for so many years household names in this country and England, and announcement of the new alliance between Fields, Osgood & Co., to which the public has already become wonted, has been attended and inaugurated by an unusual display of elegant liberality in the forthcoming books of the season. The Poets have been especially well represented, and with their earnest voices they contradict the assertion that we are living in a wholly utilitarian age. The age of Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Browning, Tennyson, cannot certainly be regarded as devoid of poetic inspiration. "Among the Hills," by Whittier, is equally remarkable for its noble and elevated sentiment and strong, choice, and musical diction. Whittier, among all our poets, is preeminent in having caught the spirit of the American people; and he is dear to them as their true representative. "Under the Willows," Lowell's latest volume, gives the public a collection of Lowell's poems, with most of which the *Atlantic Monthly* has already made us familiar, bound in an extremely tasteful and attractive volume. "The Book and the Ring," by Robert Browning, is somewhat formidable; but we must not forget that Browning has exerted a very great influence upon the poetic development of the age. His style is frequently hard and unpoetic; in avoiding the merely pretty and sentimental he has rushed into the opposite extreme, adopting as his favorite affectation obscurity and vagueness. But he has written magnificent passages, and is more intensely dramatic than any other living poet. As for Tennyson, his reputation is unassailable; and the exquisite edition of "Locksley Hall" published by Fields, Osgood & Co., is a fitting tribute to the perfection of his verse and to the popularity of a single one of his finest poems.

Among the prose works recently issued by this firm, works that will be read with delight by all who have any interest in literature, "Hawthorne's Note Book" is preeminent. Whittier's prose works, in two elegant volumes, have just been published, while Dickens's "Christmas Carol" is so admirably illustrated and beautifully bound that it has even more than the value of a new book. It gives us the pleasure of greeting an old and the excitement of being presented to a new friend.

The firm of Ticknor & Fields have achieved a great work in this country, in elevating the public taste, by refusing to publish any books excepting those of real merit. Their name upon any work is a certificate of its excellence. By pursuing this course they have gained wealth, distinction, and power; and it is the universal anticipation of the public that the firm, under its present representatives, will continue to exercise these high prerogatives with augmented liberality and enterprise.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS.

This is another Boston firm, whose course has conclusively proved the falseness of the assertions so often made that the public prefer frivolous, trashy reading to sound, elevating literature. The much-slandered public is always accused of liking what is poor by—by authors who can only write trash, by actors who rant and mouth, by painters ignorant of the resources of their art, by publishers who prefer bad books to good, and editors who have not the with to understand the true secret of success. The public may sometimes be misled by a shallow, flashy book, that may thus obtain a temporary popularity, but the frivolous intruder is soon forgotten, while the work of real merit is more fondly cherished as years pass. The American public is so intelligent and so well educated, and enjoys so many advantages through its direct connection (far more personal and immediate than would be possible under another form of government) with numerous publishers, animated by a liberal and noble spirit, that it will, before long, be as impossible to deceive it as to the character of a new book, as it now would be to deceive a select coterie of accomplished scholars.

To Messrs. Roberts Brothers we are indebted for a series of works of the highest value. Not so long established as Fields, Osgood & Co.—Roberts Brothers have been in active business for only five years—they have displayed scarcely less spirit and enterprise, and scarcely less wisdom in the selection of their publications, than this distinguished firm. By them the "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus" were introduced to the American public, books that created an immense sensation in the religious and literary worlds. "The Memoirs of Madame Recamier," and "The Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," are books of great interest, and we are glad to learn that to this series is to be added "The Letters of Madame Sevigne and of Lady Montagu." "Sainte Beuve's Portraits of Celebrated Women," and Mr. Alger's "Friendships of Women," have become eminently popular, while the "Layman's Breviary," from the German of Leopold Scheffer, has obtained a reputation in this country that will be enduring. It is to Roberts Brothers that the immediate recognition given among us to the works of Jean Ingelow and Miss Rosetti is due, and they have had the honor of introducing William Morris to the American public, the poet who has taught us that the delicious, sensuous, sweetness of poetry, and its child-like simplicity and directness, qualities that we had believed belonged exclusively to earlier poets, have found an exponent, even in this fevered, over-wrought nineteenth century, and who has taught us, also, that these qualities are not incompatible with the noble elevation of thought and sentiment characteristic of the genius of this age.

We have no time to refer to all the excellent books that Roberts Brothers have issued, particularly as their recent publications are of so marked a character as to invite special attention. "Painting in France," by P. G. Hammerton, and "The Women of the Old Testament" are two collections of photographic illustrations of such remarkable beauty that the works possess a unique artistic value. "The Women of the Old Testament" contains twelve photographs after the greatest masters of painting—Raffaelle, Guido, Guercino, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, etc., and is the most attractive holiday book that we have seen. Roberts Brothers' holiday books for children are unrivalled. Palgrave's "Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange" is extremely elegant. "Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World" and "The Little Gipsy" are as brilliant and gay and fascinating as the best productions of French genius should be; and Miss Alcott's "Little Women" gives true expression to the genius of this country, and is so good, and sensible and interesting that no child should be deprived of the pleasure and privilege of reading it. All these books, excepting the last, are bound with great elegance, and are beautifully illustrated.

NEW YORK PUBLISHERS.

Our attention has been particularly attracted, during the week, to the two firms that we have been writing about, but it would not be fair to refer to Boston houses alone (although Boston may be the Athens of America), as if our New York publishers did not vie with them in spirit and enterprize.

Harper & Brothers, who are so firmly established and so deeply rooted in the affections and confidence of the American people that they seem like a product of nature; this house, whose firm stability involuntarily suggests the idea to the mind that the complicated machinery of their immense establishment runs of itself, as the rivers flow and the forests wave, have not thought it worth while to make any special preparation for the holidays; but then, as they pour forth an uninterrupted stream of sound, healthful literature, as if Christmas was celebrated in every month of the year, this indifference of theirs to the Christmas that comes only once a year, is without importance. Their publications are habitually so excellent, and they follow each other in such rapid succession, that they can afford not to make an unusual effort for a special occasion. The last books received from them are "The Apache Country," by J. Ross Brown, and "Wild Life under the Equator," by Paul du Chaillu, a capital holiday book for the young people.

Scribner & Co. have greeted the season with many excellent books, and notably promise a series of the Erckman Chatrau novels, the first of which, "Madame Therese," has already appeared, that will, without doubt, be exceedingly popular. Leypoldt and Holt always publish good books. The literary world is recently indebted to them for Taine's "Ideal in Art," translated by J. Durand, a charming work that we shall have the pleasure of noticing next week. Hurd & Houghton send forth a rapid succession of admirable works, and have issued several charming children's books, appropriate to the season. "Christ in Song," published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., is one of the best compilations ever made of the *Lyra Sacra* of all nations and denominations. This volume, likewise, is very tastefully and elegantly bound. The "Indian Fairy Book," published by Allen Brothers, is a child's book of unusual interest and significance. G. B. Putnam & Son announce a new series of novels, under the general title, "The Standard Novelist." This series will contain only books of established literary character. Among the first announced are "Valerious," by J. G. Lockhart, and "Salathiel," by Rev. George Croly. This firm is also issuing a series of translations, under the general title, "Library of European Literature," and have published several tasteful and elegant holiday books.

MUSIC.

As for the amusements appropriate to the season we can recommend most warmly the delightful concerts of Theodore Thomas. The symphony soirée given on the 12th of the month was the greatest musical treat that we have had. This is the fifth season that Mr. Thomas has given his symphony soirés, and each year they have been received with increased enthusiasm, and have been executed with a higher perfection of art. On the 12th, one of Mozart's noblest works, in his last and best style, was rendered with admirable skill, as well as a piano concerts from Beethoven, a symphony of Schuman's, etc. Herr Frederick Von Inten, the new pianist, was warmly admired for his exquisite interpretation of Beethoven. Thomas's Sunday concerts are better than any sermons to rest and inspire and cheer the weary spirit.

Severini, the popular young tenor, is giving a series of morning concerts at the Steinway Rooms, on every Monday of the week. These concerts are very fashionable among the young and gay, and are exceedingly agreeable. A pleasanter mode of passing a few hours of the first day in the week could not be found. Severini, a host in himself, is supported in these matinees by the excellent pianist, J. N. Pattison, and the charming young violinist, Miss Matilda Toldt.

DEFERRED BOOK REVIEWS.

THE IDEAL IN ART. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York. Leypoldt & Holt.

In this admirable volume the distinguished author gives a remarkably clear and comprehensive view of art in general, and shows the principles by which we should be guided in assigning their respective rank to special works. The condition that gives value and permanence to a work of art in literature is that it should reproduce characters of elementary importance. The book that portrays characters whose qualities are superficial and external, whose traits are called into play by the temporary fashions and customs of special epochs, will be short-lived, like the interests by which it is inspired; while the author who paints a character whose qualities are elementary, belonging to human nature, to all men and all ages, produces a work of permanent importance. Apart from the genuineness of the character represented,—the first requisite in an ideal personation—its beneficence is to be considered, the elevating and ennobling influence that it is fitted to exert; and these two qualities—the genuineness and elevation of the character impersonated—indicate two scales by which we are to value works of art. When the author has selected the character that he intends to portray, it is his business to present it more clearly and powerfully than it can be manifested in nature, by making all the elements of his work converge to this end. The mode of presentation of characters gives a third scale for determining the relative importance of works of art. The great masterpieces in literature are the works in which characters of the greatest intrinsic power and nobility receive the most powerful and perfect artistic expression.

Among the authors of the present day who have written upon art Mr. Taine stands proudly pre-eminent. He is remarkable for his insight, his suggestiveness and vivacity. He is a thorough scholar; his mind is truly philosophical; his imagination is strong and well trained, and his style is glowing, eloquent and persuasive. He teaches the fundamental principles of criticism, and gives his criticisms the fascination of ideal productions.

The "Ideal in Art" is one of the most perfect and delightful of his works. In it he shows in what consists the essence of works of art, and teaches how their essential qualities are to be recognized. He describes admirably the rise, efflorescence, and decline of great artistic epochs, and applies his principles not only to literature, but also to architecture, music, painting and sculpture. This work is translated by J. Durand into clear, idiomatic English, retaining much of the charm of M. Taine's style. Mr. Durand's translation is admirable.

The "Ideal of Art" forms the substance of two lectures, delivered by M. Taine during the past year to the students of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. The subject is treated in accordance with the principles laid down in "The Philosophy of Art," and may be said to complete the theory propounded in that important work. The "Philosophy of Art" is now out of print in this country, but we are lead to hope that another edition will soon be published.

MADAME DE BEAUPRE. By Mrs. C. Jenkin, author of "A Psyche of To-Day," "Who Breaks Pays," etc., etc. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

In "Madame De Beaupre" the talented authoress displays her best qualities. The characters of the book have a clear and marked individuality, and it contains quaint and characteristic pictures of the various specimens of human nature congregated in an out-of-the-way French town, where oddities have room to thrive. The principal characters are impassioned and intense. The heroine, Madame De Beaupré, is a fascinating little vicountesse, portrayed with much artistic skill. The defect in the book is a weakness in the situation between Madame De Beaupré and her lover. She, a wealthy vicountesse, with the world of wealth and fashion at her feet, sacrifices all the prejudices entailed upon her by her birth and position to unite herself to a poor soldier whom she truly loves. He, the son of a Protestant English clergyman, who has been compelled to enter the army by a series of misfortunes, and whose true life has been completely sacrificed until he meets Madame De Beaupré, refuses to marry the woman whom he idolizes, because his father will not consent to their marriage. It is hard to imagine that a man of unusual force and character—and as such a man the hero, Raymond Savolsy, is represented—and a soldier who for eight years has lead an adventurous soldier's life, should be so subservient to parental authority, in a question of paramount importance to himself, and to one whom he loves better than his own life; and still more difficult to reconcile his filial obedience with the ardor of an impassioned lover. If his father persists in his refusal, Raymond's resolution is to go to Mexico and be killed; it would certainly have been more sensible, and more considerate to his lady love, to have resolved to marry her without his consent. The situation is forced and exaggeration, but it is very well "worked up," and the difficulties that it presents are happily solved by the denouement of the story.

For the benefit of our skating friends, we would state that Cammeyer's Union Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., is in most capital condition, and the lovers of this invigorating sport are to be seen there by hundreds daily, and during these fine moonlit evenings, gliding over the smooth ice, and the poetry of motion, as displayed by some of the fair skaters, is a far pleasanter study than any poetry found in our papers and magazines, and it is the poetry that thousands of the fair sex excel in. Skaters are conveyed from the ferries free of charge to the pond, and other liberal arrangements of the proprietors insure a good time to all who visit this popular resort of the skating public.

STANTON, E. M., late of the War Office, whom some of our readers may remember from having been introduced to "Lafayette" through his agency, has returned to the practice of law, his profession, and intends to "stick" to it till death. Our friend CHRIS. O'CONNOR, not succeeding in securing the billet of Corporation Counsel, has concluded to "stick" to billiards and Union square for the present, a most wise and sensible conclusion, we think. When elected Governor in 1870, Chris. will then resign his present position, and not till then. So mote it be.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

They are ringing, they are ringing,
Our merry Christmas bells,
In the village, in the city,
In the dale-church o'er the fells.

Be our ways of life so varied,
Be our fortunes poor or bright,
Hand in hand with all our brothers,
We are one *at least* to-night.

Nor the noble in the mansion,
Nor the sovereign on her throne;
Nor the beggar in his hovel,
Will enjoy themselves *alone*.

We all seek the kindly greeting
Of some dear, familiar face;
We all know that hermit feeling
For-to-night is out of place.

But *one* night! Why not for ever
Should we bind the golden chain,
That shows man his poorest fellow
Was not sent to earth in vain.

That each sorrow hath a purpose,
That each gift hath an alloy,
That ever finely balanced
Are the scales of grief and joy.

Spare a little, then, ye rich ones,
From your laden coffers now;
Bring to poverty a sun-ray,
Bring a smile to sorrow's brow.

Take it gratefully, ye toilers,
Toilers up earth's weary hill;
'Tis a green spot in your desert,
'Tis a good sprung from your ill.

Yes! be rich and poor united,
'Tis most grand in Heaven's sight,
And a blessing, not *earth's* blessing,
Is on all the world to-night.

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

A writer in one of the English magazines says: "The very rich people are to be pitied this Christmas season; with them turkeys, champagne, and all the other good things are ever matters of course; they can hardly know how to celebrate Christmas with any extra festivity. Even with the servants of the very rich the turkey, champagne, etc., have become mere dross from the superabundance."

The Christmas ceremonics of the Greeks are thus described: "Their churches are adorned in the gayest manner. I entered one in which a sort of raree show had been set up, illumed with a multitude of candles. The subject of it was the birth of Christ, who was represented in the background by a little waxen figure, wrapped up in embroidery, and reclining upon an embroidered cushion, which rested upon another of pink satin; this was supposed to be the manger where he was born. Behind the image, two paper bulls' heads looked unutterable things. On the right was the Virgin Mary, and on the left one of the Eastern magi. Paper clouds, in which the paper heads of numberless cherubs appeared, enveloped the whole; while from a pasteboard cottage stalked a wooden monk, with dogs and sheep, and camels, goats, lions, and lambs; here walked a maiden upon a stratum of sods and dried earth, and there a shepherd, flourishing aloft his pastoral staff. The construction of these august figures was chiefly Dutch; they were intermixed with China images and miserable daubs on paper. In the centre a real fountain, in miniature, jetted forth water to the ineffable delight of crowds of prostrate worshippers."

In *Niles' Register* of January 17, 1818, we find the following: "The different manner in which the anniversary of the Nativity is observed in different parts of the United States is worthy of remark. In Boston it seems to have been partially observed on the 25th ult., by a recommendation in the public papers to abstain from business, and some concerts of sacred music in the evening. In New York some of the stores were shut up, but the theatre was open in the evening, and Mr. Cooper played "George Barnwell." In Philadelphia about one-half of the people paid some attention to the day; but in Baltimore and to the southward of it, the stores were shut up, the banks closed, and business suspended as on a Sunday. The churches also were for the most part opened in the morning, and the afternoon was given to refreshment and mirth, being an almost universal holiday. The only daily papers published in the United States, northward of New York, are two at Boston, and they only, I believe, were published on that day."

At Selona, in Dalmatia, they elect a king at Christmas, whose reign lasts only a fortnight; but, notwithstanding the short duration of his authority, he enjoys several prerogatives of sovereignty; such, for example, as keeping the keys of the town, of having a distinguished place in the cathedral, and of deciding upon all difficulties or disputes which arise among those who compose his court. The town is obliged to provide him with a house suitable to the dignity of his elevated station. When he leaves his house he is always compelled to wear a crown of wheat ears, and he cannot appear in public without a robe of purple or scarlet cloth, and surrounded by a great number of officers. The governor, the bishops and other dignitaries are obliged to give him a feast, and all who meet him must salute him with respect. When the fornight is at an end, the king quits his palace, strips off his crown, and returns to his hovel. For a length of time this pantomimical king was chosen from among the nobles; at present his election has devolved upon the lowest of the people.

There is a custom practised in Sweden of hanging up, in front of every house at Christmas a small sheaf of wheat, for the winter provision of the birds, who would without this supply perish with cold and hunger amid the inclemencies of a Northern winter. In reference to the Christmas celebrations of that country, Longfellow tells us that "the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof the hall, and for every one that sticks in the crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls, and the great yule cake crowned with a cheese and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lunsbracker and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pigsdaka."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?" "Oh, yes, snug." "Don't you feel cold?" "Not in the least." "Does your window shut close?" "Yes, very, thank you." "Well, come, let us swap seats."

The way to be happy is not to try too much to be so. You can't catch sunbeams if you try; but you may enjoy their light and warmth by letting them shine unsolicited upon you.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Now, when ash-clusters blacken as they hang,
And brightly red the holly berries grow,
Christmas returns! His heralds are the winds,
And earth for him is tapestried with snow.

What though the silent woods are bare of leaf,
And not a blossom in the garden burns?
Christmas revives the year in joyous hearts,
And to delight the barren winter turns.

Ah give him warmest greeting: none so high,
So great, but welcome Christmas to their door;
And those whom genial word and kindly thought
Warm not at such a time, indeed are poor.

Season of generous acts and gracious words!
It well befits that now, as each extends
The hand to each, We should send forth once more
A cordial greeting to our myriad friends.

A merry Christmas to them one and all!
Warm from our hearts the words spontaneous flow—
A merry Christmas and a bright New Year
Wherever these our stately columns go.

Deep in the virgin forests of the West
The lonely settler's heart they will delight;
And his who sees the islands of the South
Eve after eve fade in the purple light.

Gladly the stranger of the under world
Will thus beguile his summer-Christmas hours,
While with strange viands they set forth the feast,
Garnished, and garlanded with unknown flowers!

In desert ranges and on nameless seas
The wanderer at our presence will rejoice,
And in the greeting of a stranger hear
The melody of a remembered voice.

And well we know, in many a genial home,
At many a fireside of the dear old land,
Our greeting will waken a response!
Warm as the living touch of hand to hand.

Once more then, in the old familiar words,
("Age cannot wither" them, "nor custom stale,")
To each a merry Christmas, and may all
An opening year of happy omen hail!

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TO-DAY, Christmas, begins the gay winter holidays, which many have looked forward to with "great expectations," and anticipation has held high revel in their hearts; and if but half these anticipations are realized, those who indulged in them will be merry as mortals well can be. Most everybody will make some sort of a present to some one or more of their friends, as is customary during these holidays, and consequently most everybody will feel more or less gay or festive, the giver as well as the receiver. To buy or not to buy is not the point; what to buy, that's the question. If this or that thing, well. If books, better. And if books, THOS. O'KANE & Co., 136 Beckman and 11 Nassau streets, are the gentlemen to call upon before purchasing elsewhere. Of holiday gift books they have a fine assortment, from the plainest to the most elegant, which they offer at astonishingly low prices. Make a note of their place, and call upon them.

ONE of our dailies is stirring up the grocers in regard to short weight and adulterations, and many of them, no doubt, well deserve this exposure of their dishonest practices. ALBRO & BROTHER, the widely-known grocers, at 156 Bowery and 254 Grand street, guarantee their customers honest weight in articles free from the villainous adulterations of the period, and people may rest assured that they will not be victimized when trading with this well-known and popular firm. The choicest of wines and liquors, in wood and glass, they also keep constantly on hand, and their reputation in this line is unexcelled by any other house in the city. Try them, and you will find this reputation well deserved.

MR. JOHN MCAULIFFE, the importer of the best Irish whiskey in the city, and of other liquors of prime quality, has obtained a just pre-eminence in his branch of business. Those who are desirous of spending the holidays in an elysium of happiness, and all who rejoice, will not fail to give him a call. He is continually receiving Wise's Cork whiskey and large quantities of the best Scotch brands. Any connoisseur of ale and porter will find in his stock of Scotch, Irish and English manufacture a drink rivalling the nectar which was quaffed by the gods on old Olympus. You will find him at 41 and 43 Nassau street.

IT is a pleasure to eat, drink and play billiards in a first-class place; that, nobody will deny. 202 Broadway is just that place, and PATSEY knows how to keep it. At this "billiard parlor" you will find excellent tables, cues in the best of order, and balls that will roll straight and not wabble about. Of wines and liquors Patsey has the best to be procured; and at the "Parlor" you can get a capital lunch and a fragrant Havana. Give Patsey a call.

The Broadway Bridge was taken down
By KNOX, the stylish Hatter;
The photographic man will weep,
But Knox, he says, "no matter."
No more he sighs, no more he frowns,
212 Broadway is rising,
And Hats and Caps and Furs are sold
In quantities surprising.
'Twill pay to walk a dozen blocks
To buy your hats and furs of Knox.

WATERS vary. There are "still waters that run deep," mineral waters, Cologne waters, and various other waters; but the most popular Waters with New Yorkers is HORACE WATERS, at 481 Broadway, dealer in new and second hand pianos, for rent and for sale. These instruments, together with Melodeons and Organs of the various makes, he offers during the Holidays at greatly reduced prices. For Christmas or New Year's a piano makes a first-class present. Call on Horace.

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WINTER'S HARVEST.

Pure and blue is the broad, broad sky,
Cold and dark as a sapphire stone;
The flowers are all of them frozen and black,
And we seem left alone.
Now Summer's toil
Is Winter's spoil,
And the leaves are gathering.
The poplar's turned to a pillar of gold;
The alder's crimson and dead;
The beech is crimson and glowing;
The sycamore's rusty red.
The glory's gone;
The year fades on;
And the leaves are gathering in.
In the cold and peaceful sunshine,
The dead leaves fill the skies,
Floating, floating, drifting,
Like golden butterflies:
For Summer's toil
Is Winter's spoil;
Time's harvest is gathering in.

[Written for the Leader.]

How He Lost Fannie.

A STORY

TOLD ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY HARRY POMEROY.

Christmas Eve! and a party of eight gentlemen were seated at a table in the elegant dining-room in the mansion of Frank Harrison, at Washington Heights. Half an hour previous, and a dozen ladies had graced the board, adding to the recherche entertainment served by the host the delightful charm of lovely woman's presence; but they had retired, while the gentlemen lingered for a time over their wine and cigars. Two of the party were elderly gents, one, the father of the host, the other, of another gentleman present, a fine-looking man of about thirty years, a bachelor, and the only one present, but who had but a few hours of single blessedness before him, as at midnight he was to be wedded at the house of his friend and host. His married life was to commence with the earliest moments of Christmas; and, to witness the bridal ceremony, a small and select party had been invited to be present on the evening in question; and a gayer one, for the number, never met within four walls.

Mr. Somers—to witness whose nuptials at midnight the party had assembled—was, as under the circumstances to be expected—the target at which his friends aimed their wit-pointed shafts, and he was not spared. But, quick at repartee, he held his own long and well against the combined assaults of the Benedicts, and bravely withstood the sharp fire directed upon him, many of his return shots, point blank or richochet, telling upon the opposing batteries with great effect.

"A truce, gents," said the host, at length, as three or four well-directed shots had been hurled against the Spartan bachelor at the same instant.

"A truce! a truce! This is hardly fair, gentlemen—four or five against one. Ned has fought us well, and let us now make honorable terms with him."

"The 'Old Guard never surrenders,'" said Ned, laughing.

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the 'Old Guard,' and wish him a pleasant voyage, when launched at midnight upon the sea of matrimony," said the host, rising, the others following his example. The glasses were filled, and each gentleman gave utterance to his own good wishes, and the sparkling wine was drank off, as if to seal the expressions kindly uttered.

"Gentlemen, I thank you heartily," said Ned, in a tone of mock earnestness, as he bowed low. "I can appreciate your good wishes, believe me," he added in a tone of raillery. "On the principle that misery loves company, you would like to see every one married——"

"I'll report that to Miss King!" exclaimed one of the gents, in a tone of banter, breaking in upon Ned.

"And I!" said another.

"Misery! indeed!"

"He don't deserve her."

"I shouldn't wonder if she broke off the engagement, even at this hour," said one of the party.

"I'll forbid the banns," said another.

"Verdict—Served him right," said another; and all had something to say.

"Gentlemen," said the host, "your indignation is natural and just, and he deserves the worst; but let us give him a chance for his life upon one condition. First, however, let me make a few remarks. Ten years ago to-morrow the culprit, who so outrageously expressed himself just now, lost a Fannie, whom he dearly loved—she was wedded to another. To-morrow he is to marry a Fannie——"

"If she consents after this," broke in one of the party.

"The coincidences are somewhat singular," continued the host. "One Fannie lost on Christmas Day; another he is to wed (provided) on Christmas Day. I expect he resolved not to wed until he found another Fannie to his mind. He has found her in the person of Miss Fannie King. Now what I propose is, that we adjourn to the drawing-room all, and that, as a penance, he shall relate the story of his early love, and how he came to lose Fannie the First, which is very affecting, I assure you. If he refuses, we are to expose him and his seditious language, and his path then will not be strewn with roses, even if he does not lose a second Fannie. What say you, gentlemen? It is only nine o'clock, and there is plenty of time for the relation."

"Agreed! agreed!" all exclaimed.

"You hear, Mr. Somers. Do you accept the only condition that will admit of your escape from consequences that may prove serious to your future prospects?"

"If you will all promise not to expose my sinning, for which I am truly sorry," said Ned, in a voice of mock humility and sorrow, "I will accept the situation."

"Done!" exclaimed the host.

"'Oh no, I'll never mention it,'" said another, in a serio-comic tone.

"To the drawing-room! *En avant!*" exclaimed a third, and the party left the table, and proceeded, in the gayest of spirits, to the room where the ladies were assembled.

The host announced immediately that Mr. Somers would favor the company with a tale of love, founded on fact, in which he was a party concerned. "And, Miss King," he said seriously, turning to a beautiful woman of twenty-five, splendidly attired, "lay not the flattering unction to thy soul that thou art his first love; for you will hear how he loved and lost a former Fannie, once upon a time."

The ladies were all in a flutter in an instant, and anxious to hear the love story which had a real, live hero, and that hero in their midst.

A circle was formed, and without any preliminaries, *a la* Dickens, Ned Somers, in the most serious manner possible, commenced his recital, the hostess exchanging significant glances with two or three ladies and gentlemen of the company, while her husband wore an expression of the utmost gravity on his face; the faces of the others betrayed curiosity and interest as Ned very gravely commenced the story of his love, as follows:

"Fannie was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughing girl of seventeen summers. Of course she wasn't always of seventeen summers, but at the time I lost her she was, and a little more. She had nice, clean, white teeth, handsomer than any pearls I ever saw; and rich, red, ripe lips, luscious as strawberries to the taste. She wasn't tall nor short, fat nor lean, but just right in length and breadth. Her hands weren't diminutive, thin, delicate, white, aristocratic hands, showing the blue veins beneath the transparent skin—they were nothing of the sort—but plump, well made hands, that could box a saucy fellow's ears roundly, as they often did mine. Her feet could not vie with those of a Chinese belle (she wore number three boots); but I never saw feet that could pick themselves up faster or carry their owner in a more graceful manner in the ball-room.

She was a pert—not impudent—lively, good-natured, frolicsome, talkative, and withal modest girl, with no touch of the prude about her. Altogether, she was a loveable creature, whom no one could help loving. I couldn't, and didn't try. I loved her from her birth, for I saw her soon after this important event occurred, and I love her now, and so does another man, who carried her off from me. I didn't shoot him, nor take poison myself, and yet I felt very bad when he took her away; but she chose to unite her destiny with his, and, loving her as I did, I offered no opposition. I wish, and have always wished them all the happiness this world affords. Her husband is a passably good fellow, loves her, perhaps, better than I did—though I don't see how that could be; and when I call upon her, as I often do, notwithstanding I am yet a lover, and always shall be, as long as life lasts, and for the sake of old times, old joys that were once ours, claim a kiss, I get it, with a warm embrace beside. His brow doesn't darken, nor does he order me from the house and threaten to shoot me if I come there again. He believes me honorable, has the most unlimited faith in the love of Fannie for him, and on this account is not in the least jealous. And yet Fannie loves me to this day, I am satisfied; but loves her husband better, as she should.

"We were children together, Fannie and I. We played, romped, roamed, picked blackberries, chased butterflies, gathered wild flowers, rolled hoop, jumped rope, and flew kites together. We didn't play at marbles, leap-frog, or base-ball, nor did we play with her doll together. We chased the lambs (we hadn't ought to have done it, perhaps, but we did), played with Carlo (that was our dog—my father's), tumbled about the hay in the barn, carried in the eggs, fed the chickens (sometimes the pigs), rode old "John" (that was my father's horse), threw stones at the birds (that was naughty, but we never hit a bird), went to school, studied, sung, read, ate, drank (nothing but water or milk, no "cobblers"), cried (often), went to meeting and to the circus when it came to our town, coasted in winter, snow-balled (we didn't skate), popped corn and made molasses candy together. If we threw stones at the birds, we never troubled the little busy bees when improving each shining hour, but kept away from their hives altogether. We never robbed them of the honey, gathered all the day from every opening flower, not in the least. Perhaps, had we not been afraid of them, we might now and then have 'just tasted' the honey, you know; but as it was, we never molested them. To this day I never trouble a bee, when it is busy. I prefer to let it be.

"After all these things that we did and did not do together, why should I not have loved Fannie? She was so good, too—I could not help loving her. And yet for all, I used to tease her, too much, sometimes, perhaps—I was four years older than she—and then she would cry and I would cry; then we would make it all up, kiss, and have such fun afterwards. It was wrong to tease her, but boys always will tease girls, you know; but later in life the girls make them pay for it; they learn them 'a new way to pay old debts,' and give them 'measure for measure,' though this may sometimes raise a 'tempest;' it is generally 'much ado about nothing,' and the boys generally being the suppliants, the fair sex kindly say, 'as you like it,' and so no 'love's labor's lost,' but 'all's well that ends well;' and after that there's a house furnished and beefsteak purchased daily for two.

"With Fannie and me it was a case of love at first sight (no, not with Fannie, but with me), for when I first saw her her life had not run into a week; she was only six days old, and I was four years, and how well I remember the time. How well I remember going with my mother to the house where Fannie (she had no name then) was born; and how well I remember the surprise they had in store for me—the plump, sleeping baby. How well I remember the kiss I gave the little thing, and the question I put to my mother: 'If ever I was as small as that?' for I was four years old, and felt that I was of some weight and account in the world; but I have got bravely over that. I remember it as well as though it were but yesterday; while many things that have transpired years since, yes, only months ago, I have forgotten. For instance, I forgot to—but no matter; it would take me a week to tell what I have forgotten, even if I could remember it all.

"Young gentlemen of four years are not usually smitten with young misses of the tender age of six days, but, on the contrary, as far as my observation has extended, rather ignore them, paying them but very little attention; but with me, it was, as I have said, 'love at first sight,' and all through our school days, and up to the time when she left me for another, I loved her, and I love herstill—Fannie, dear Fannie."

At this flat-footed confession, all eyes were directed at Fannie King, but her gaze was fixed on the carpet at her feet, while a shade of melancholy seemed to settle upon her beautiful features. Several epithets and allusions far from complimentary to Ned were uttered *sotto voce* by both gentlemen and ladies, such as 'The wretch!' 'How dare he?' 'Base man!' 'I pity Fannie King!' 'Did you ever?' 'Perfidious man!' and other expressions of like nature; and the glances that shot forth at their remarks was scornful and malignant, but, unmindful, he continued his recital in the same serious manner he started off with.

"Fannie was about ten years of age when her father's household was increased by the birth of four infants of the genus Felis; three of these met with an untimely end, by being suddenly plunged into a pail of cold water beyond their depth, and not being able to keep their heads above water, they perished. The fourth, at the intercession of Fannie, was saved participating in the fate of her brothers or sisters, I don't know which, but perhaps both, and lived to a ripe old age, dying at last of catalepsy."

"Under the fostering care of Fannie, the kitten grew apace, and was named 'Picture' by its savior and protector, who said forty times a day, perhaps, 'she was pretty as a picture; and she was a picture, so she was;' and so Fannie called the kitten 'Picture.' A picturesque name for the kitten, wasn't it!'

"For a time she fondled her pet as tenderly as ever a mother fondled her child. She 'thought everything of it;' but I didn't. I never took to cats or kittens, and I know they all detested me. We had a cat at our house, but it never came near me, and if I went near it, it immediately got its back up, or else removed itself from my presence, under cover of delay on my part to assist in its departure with the toe of my boot. It never liked me, that cat didn't; but there was no love lost between us. Now, I always liked dogs, and they all liked me, and as for 'Carlo,' he liked me always, from a pup up."

"I will acknowledge that I *did* like to tease cats and kittens; it was wrong, no doubt, but perhaps when engaged in this amusement, it kept me out of mischief—who knows? Now Fannie's kitten was no exception; it didn't like me; it shrunk from me when a month old, and at two months would spit spitefully at me, and scratch to the best of its ability. My manner of handling it was not so agreeable as that of Fannie's. I generally stroked it the wrong way of the hair, pulled its whiskers, pinched its tail, to make it sing, as I said; would drag it by the tail across the carpet, or hold it up by that appendage, all of which was interesting to me, but, no doubt, disagreeable to 'Picture.' I am sorry to say that I did not always heed the remonstrances of Fannie. I used to say 'you can't hurt cats; they like it;' but I never could make her believe that cats liked these attentions."

"I can account for my perverseness in the case of Fannie's kitten only upon the hypothesis that I was born to torment cats, irrespective of owners. One day, when over to Fannie's house, she being out, I took an old looking-glass frame and tied the kitten by the four feet to the four corners of the frame. Fannie coming in soon after this somewhat difficult feat was accomplished, wanted to know 'what, for mercy's sake, I was doing!' 'Only framing a picture,' I replied, and then held up the frame with 'Picture' in it, struggling fearfully to unframe itself. She declared it was a shame (and it undoubtedly was), but the ludicrous position of 'Picture' was too much for her, and, she burst into a hearty laugh for a moment, then repented, got a pair of scissors, and released her pet from durance vile, and by all manner of endearments sought to soothe the outraged feelings of the kitten. I escaped with being called a 'good-for-nothing torment,' which, no doubt, was censure just and well deserved. On one other occasion only did I torment poor 'Picture;' but that was a most outrageous act. I put a small pinch of salt in poor kitten's mouth. The effect was electrical. It noticed it in a moment; and it was very evident it didn't like salt—not so much at a time, at least. It tore round the room, with its hair on end and eyes glaring like green fire balls. Its tail would have answered capitally for cleaning lamp chimneys, and it spit and coughed and yelled, when it could yell to advantage, but it was too busy coughing to accomplish a round, unbroken yell. I was convinced that salt was distasteful to 'Picture' by the unreasonable course it pursued, and the pickle it was in, or its tongue, rather.

"Rest assured, my friends, there was trouble immediately on account of this little circumstance; for I had committed the fiendish atrocity in the presence of Fannie and her mother, but unbeknown to them. Said the latter sharply, 'You've been up to some mischief again with 'Picture.' What have you done?'

"I didn't reply, for I felt guilty and somewhat frightened. As for Fannie, she upbraided me dreadfully, and was crying her eyes out, while trying to catch her pet, which evinced no disposition to be caught, for it knew neither friend nor foe at that moment, but only thought, if it thought at all, of the extreme saline properties of salt. It continued to trapeze about the room for several minutes, Fannie doing her best to catch it, and all the time bitterly reproaching me for my perfidy.

"'You're a great ugly brute, a wicked torment, and you've set poor 'Picture' into a fit. I don't want to speak to you again,' and then she would cry bitterly.

"This last remark cut me to the quick, and I tried to say something to allay her anger and soothe her grief, but all to no purpose; she refused to be comforted by me.

"Finally 'Picture' was caught, after taking refuge under the sofa from exhaustion and utter inability to pursue further its erratic and tortuous meanderings.

"'You did something to that kitten; now what was it?' said Fannie's mother again, somewhat sharply, to me.

"Already sorry and ashamed, I stammered out the truth, and the first lame excuse I had for doing as I had done, which was that father always gave his horse and cattle salt. I don't think that excuse had great weight, for I caught a lecture, with an admonition never to give little kittens too much salt at one time.

"As for Fannie, she would have nothing to say to me, except to upbraid me, as she endeavored to soothe the irritated and suffering kitten by fondling, kissing and pressing it to her face.

"I suggested giving it water as a means of cure, in as kind, gentle and penitent tone as I was capable of, but she spurned my suggestion until her mother advised her to follow it.

"'You needn't never come here again, you're always tormenting poor 'Picture,' and now you like to have killed her.'

"'Poor 'Picture!'' she exclaimed in sympathizing tones, as she went out of the room.

"I ran out of the house immediately, crying, and ran home—our two houses were not more than forty rods apart—went up to my room and took from my box a silver quarter (start not, ladies and gentlemen, this was years ago), and ran to my mother for a piece of ribbon, which she got for me—red the color was—and I run it through a hole in the coin, and started back on the run for Fannie's house, to make all up with her if I could; for I couldn't bear the thoughts of an estrangement on account of an experiment with salt. I found her with her mother and kitten, her tears dried, though her face bore the traces of the bitter drops that had coursed down her cheeks; but the kitten was fast convalescing to its usual serenity; and her eyes, that were but a few moments ago in one frenzy rolling, seemed inclined to close from languor, after the unusual excitement and exercise their owner had experienced a short time before. Water no doubt had assuaged its sufferings—proved the antidote, as, in case of its kin, it had proved the bane.

"I spoke not a word to Fannie, but went right up to her with the red ribbon by which hung the silver coin, and without opening my mouth tied it round the neck of 'Picture,' and then, falling on my knees, told Fannie I would never torment her kitten again as long as I lived (and I didn't up to date of its demise); that I was very sorry and ashamed of myself, and hoped she would forgive me; and then I hugged and kissed her, and she did the same to me, and we were friends once again; and from that day to this we never had any serious misunderstanding, though I have often asked her if she thought kittens partial to salt.

"Two days after this occurrence, I saved the life of that kitten at the peril of being bitten by a big dog, just about to seize it, while taking a morning ramble out of doors. When I carried the trembling form in safety to Fannie, she said, I was a real good boy, and that she loved me ever so much, and always should."

"From that hour, there were "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," in most every particular, except that I, perhaps, wasn't so firmly fixed in the belief that a little salt, judiciously administered, was hurtful to members of the feline race, as was she. But from that hour, we were all in all to each other, and dearly we loved one another; but this did not prevent me from endeavoring to ascertain the effect of salt on our cat, at home. Securing the services of another boy, we caught old 'Tom,' and while the other boy held him, rolled up all but his head, in an old bag, I administered, while he was in the act of yelling, a spoonful of salt. The other boy then "let the cat out of the bag," and the animal retired from the premises in great disorder and confusion, and I have seen nothing of him since. I am partially convinced that cats don't appreciate salt, though two experiments may not constitute a fair trial; but I don't know as the interests of science require further trials."

"But, to Fannie. I have told you of the sports we enjoyed together, of the pleasures and troubles shared, before and during our school days, and for some time after I had resigned the position of school boy, and you can judge of our extreme intimacy. "Well, we always were on the closest terms of intimacy, up to the day of her marriage. As she grew into the teens, towards womanhood, the same intimacy existed, there was no coyness on her part, no holding aloof from me, as she grew up, but our intercourse was as free and unrestrained as that of brother and sister. We enjoyed ourselves together just as heartily as when she was eight, and I, twelve years of age. To be sure, we didn't chase butterflies, throw stones at birds, roll hoop, nor do a hundred other things that we did then, but there were other pleasures we indulged in together, to our heart's content. We rode and rambled together, in summer, and enjoyed all the summer sports; we went sleighing in winter, to singing school, lectures, and many other entertainments, including dancing school and parties, until she was seventeen and a little more, and I had never once asked her to be mine. Had you seen us, and not thought us brother and sister, (and you wouldn't as the latter are never as intimate nor love one another as we did) you would have concluded the matter was all settled, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

The summer she was seventeen, she, with her father and mother, visited Saratoga, the White Mountains, Newport and other places of fashionable resort, and their absence from home extended to a period of three months. To say that these three months were months of intolerable uneasiness, dejectedness, to me, would be stating it mild, very; they were extremely unhappy months to me—months of misery. But all things have an end, except organ grinding, and the end of their tour came at length, and with it, an end to my term of suffering."

"I cannot describe the meeting between Fannie and myself, or the joy I felt at her return. You have read a thousand times of such meetings, and perhaps experienced the joy of folding to your breast some loved one whose return chased away the bitterness that absence entailed upon you; if you have, you may judge of the pleasure I experienced when I folded Fannie to my throbbing breast. I was happy again, for my darling was near me.

"One morning, about a week after the return, my mother said to me at breakfast:

"'Well, Ned, we are going to lose Fannie pretty soon, I suppose you know.'

"'Mother! what do you mean?' I excitedly exclaimed, dropping my knife and fork to the table. I was thunderstruck.

"'Why, she's going to be married next Christmas, and going to New York to live.'

"'Mother!' It was all I could say. Had a thunderbolt struck me, it probably would have killed me, but I should have experienced no such feelings as I did at this unexpected and, to me, startling information. My heart beat in my breast like a trip-hammer. I shook like one with the ague. The blood left my face, and rushed to—I don't know where—it was frozen. I looked at my mother, then at my father, and, without another word, left the table and the house. I can't describe how I felt; some of you may know all about it. I went toward the house of Fannie, zigzagedly. I know I staggered like one drunk. But I got there withal. It flashed to my mind, though before unnoticed, that Fannie, since her return, had been just in the slightest degree reserved at times; that a peculiar smile and expression would now and then, with a flush, appear on her features—for the secret she kept back from me. I went into the house, saw Fannie, and called her into the sitting-room. She came right up, took my hand and kissed me. For the first time in my life I forgot the return kiss, and didn't respond to her sweet saluta.

"She knew there was trouble by my looks and strange manner, and she asked the matter, while a deep blush overspread her countenance.

"'Fannie,' I said, almost choking, 'I hear you are to be——' I had to choke down the feelings that rose to my throat—it might have been the breakfast, possibly—'I hear you are to be married, Fannie!' I gasped. There it was out, and I felt a certain sort of relief, perhaps like that of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"'Yes, I am to be married next Christmas, if nothing happens,' she said, in a voice low and tremulous, a deep blush mantling her cheeks.

"I pressed her to my bosom, but couldn't say a word for a moment, but at length I managed to say:

"'Well, Fannie, I hope, though I am loth to give you up, you have chosen wisely and well.' Much as I loved her, I couldn't upbraid her for the course she had taken. She, and not me, must be the arbiter of her life's destiny. She told me then all about it. It was the same old story. She met him—Frank Harrison—at Newport."

All eyes were turned upon the host at the mention of his name, and from him to his wife.

"'Yes, that's the man who robbed me of her,' said Ned, in the most serious tones, and with a look of terrible ferocity.'

"He was smitten. She was not inimical. He became attentive, then pressed his suit (I had a suit pressed last week, by a tailor), was accepted, and the engagement ring presented.

"'It will be hard to part,' she said, 'but you know I shall always remember and love you,' and she gave me a kiss, and this time I returned it with interest.

"'You wouldn't kiss me the first time,' she said, archly.

"I protested it was not pique but temporary aberration that caused the neglect, and she accepted the apology on the spot.

"'But what do you think? He is coming here this morning, and it is most time now,' she said, a little excited.

"'You wait till he comes, and be introduced to him who is to be——'

"She paused. She didn't like to say 'my husband'—as if anything more could have augmented my sorrow at losing her.

"But asking me to stay for an introduction to her affianced! Wasn't that cool, refreshing, very consoling to me, don't you think? But I waited. He came in, a tolerably good-looking fellow, and I thought to myself if he was as good as he looked she had chosen wisely and well. He has proved to be so—the villain!

When he came, and the first greetings with Fannie and her father and mother were over, the former presented her lover to me, saying, 'Frank, Mr. Harrison, this is my uncle Ned, Mr. Somers, and the best, very best uncle in the world, and you must love him for my sake.'

"'He is my brother,' said Fannie's mother, 'and the very best brother in the world,' she added; and I blushed very red at being so highly complimented before a stranger, believe me.

"'He never had but one serious fault,' continued Fannie's mother, 'and that was he formerly liked to tease cats and kittens in all manner of ways, even to giving them salt, but he always said it was because these creatures didn't like him.' There was a hearty laugh and hearty handshaking between Frank and myself. We became friends on the moment, and have remained so ever since, which has been for years.

"They were married the next Christmas, and I 'stood up' with them, a happy yet sad bridesman—happy that her lot had fallen to one so worthy of her, yet sad withal at the thoughts of parting with one who had been a playmate for years, a loving companion and true friend.

"They left immediately, on a bridal tour, and that is how I lost Fannie—that is, her every day companionship. But we often meet; and there is a little Fannie now who calls me 'grand uncle' Ned—another Fannie who calls me simply Ned."

"And so you *are* my grand uncle Ned," said the musical voice of a little girl of eight or nine years, as she ran from her mother to Ned Somers, who caught her up and heartily kissed her.

"Yes, Ned, and Mary, or Fannie, as you always will call her, and myself will 'stand up' with you, as you did with us, only I'll not feel as bad about it as you did," said Frank Harrison, laughing.

But two or three of the company were aware that Fannie was the name of Mrs. Harrison, as her husband always called her by her first name, Mary, and consequently, not until her daughter's demonstration and her husband's words, were they aware that she was the heroine of Ned Somers's love story, the recital of which pleased all, except one gentleman, who insisted that the company had been imposed upon, that it was no "love story" at all, that a base deception had been practiced upon them, and then and there proceeded to state that Ned was of the opinion and belief that the married state was one of misery; that he had so expressed himself in the dining room, and wound up by advising his betrothed to retract and retreat while yet there was time. One by one the gentlemen joined with him, but the ladies reasoned from an opposite standpoint that he deserved nothing less than to experience the misery of married life; and they being in the majority, it was decided that the bridal ceremony should take place, Fannie, his fiancee, voting in the affirmative; and the clergyman arriving soon after, at the midnight hour the ceremony was commenced, and before the hour hand of the clock had described quarter of a circle Ned Somers and Fannie King were man and wife.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York. That the name or firm under which such Partnership is to be conducted is FREDERIC ZEREGA. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such Partnership, is dealing in general Merchandise and Exchange. That the names of all the General and Special Partners interested in the said business are Frederic Zerega and Rufus R. Graves. That said Frederic Zerega is a General Partner, and his place of residence is in the city of Savannah and State of Georgia; that the said Rufus R. Graves is a Special Partner, and his place of residence is in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York. That the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the fifteenth day of November, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the fifteenth day of November, 1871. Dated New York, Nov. 14, 1868.

FREDERIC ZEREGA.
RUFUS R. GRAVES.

n21 6t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street. Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of JOHN PLATT, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate are in the hands of the Public Administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 28th day of January next. Dated New York, Dec. 4th, 1868.

HENRY R. DAVIES, Jr.,
Public Administrator.

ROBERT D. LIVINGSTON, Proctor. d5 4t

CITY GOVERNMENT.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

[OFFICIAL.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

STATED SESSION.

SATURDAY, Dec. 12, 1868.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment, in their chamber, 16 City Hall.

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

Aldermen Moore, Cuddy, O'Brien, White, Connor, Repper, Coulter and McGrath—9.

The reading of the minutes was dispensed with.

On motion of Alderman Moore, the Board took a recess for half an hour.

AFTER RECESS.

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

Aldermen Moore, Cuddy, O'Brien, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter and McGrath—9.

The minutes of December 9 were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

By Alderman Coulter—

Petition from the Committee of the McClellan Legion to assist in defraying expenses of the reception of Gen. George B. McClellan.

Which was referred to the Committee on Donations.

By Alderman Moore—

Petition of the Union Home and School for donation to pay taxes.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That the time for the completion of the contract for the work of regulating and grading Sixty-fourth street, from the Eighth avenue to the Hudson River, be extended to the first day of May, 1869; the changes made in the grade of the said street by the Central Park Commissioners rendering this extension of time a matter of justice to the contractor.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

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

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That Sixty-sixth street, from Tenth to Twelfth avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space of four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By the President—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Mrs. George W. Roome, for the sum of five hundred dollars, as compensation for services rendered to the Mayor and Common Council of the City during the year 1868, the amount to be charged to the appropriation for "City Contingencies," or any other appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of George W. Roome, for the sum of five hundred dollars, as compensation for extra services rendered to and incidental expenses incurred in behalf of the Mayor and Common Council of this City during the year 1868, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the appropriation for "City Contingencies," or any other appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Whereas, By certain resolutions passed by the Board of Aldermen and Councilmen on the 9th of November last past, and approved by the Mayor on the 13th of November last past, the Street Commissioner was ordered to remove the "Loew Bridge," at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, within five days after the service of a copy of said resolution, and

Whereas, By inadvertance no appropriation was made to pay the cost of such removal; and

Whereas, In default of such appropriation the said Street Commissioner has given a written permission to one Charles Knox to remove the same;

Resolved, That the action of said Street Commissioner is hereby approved, and the said Charles Knox is hereby authorized and directed to remove said "Aerial or Loew Bridge," and to render his bills for the cost and expenses of such removal to the Comptroller, who is hereby ordered and directed to pay the same out of any money in his hand.

Resolved, That the Comptroller of the city be and he is hereby directed to petition the Legislature to place the cost and expenses of the removal of said bridge in the Tax Levy for the coming year.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Connor—

Resolved, That two gaslamps be placed in front of the Fourteenth street Presbyterian Church, corner of Fourteenth street and Second avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Moore—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the Rev. William Quinn, Pastor of St. Peter's Church in Barclay street, for the sum of four hundred and seventy-eight dollars and eighty cents, as a donation in aid of funds of said church, the amount to be applied by the said Rev. William Quinn in payment for taxes on the church property for the year 1868, and to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Which was laid over.

By the President—

Resolved, That gasmains be laid in Sixty-fifth street, from Fifth to Madison avenues, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Sixty-fifth street, from Fifth to Madison avenues, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

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

Which was laid over.

By Alderman McQuade—

Resolved, That 123d street, from Eighth avenue to Mount Morris square; also 136th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 138th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 140th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 142d street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 144th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 148th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 150th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River, be severally opened according to law, and that the Counsel to the Corporation is hereby directed to take the proper legal measures to carry this resolution into effect.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That 100th street, from Fifth avenue to Fourth avenue, and from Third avenue to the Harlem River; also 102d street, from Fifth avenue to the Harlem River; also 103d street, from Fifth avenue to the Harlem River; also 105th street, from Third avenue to Fifth avenue; also 111th street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River; also 117th street, from Fourth avenue to Eighth avenue; and also 121st street, from Eighth avenue to the Harlem River, be severally opened according to law, and that the Counsel to the Corporation is hereby directed to take the necessary legal measures to carry this resolution into effect.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman McGrath—

Resolved, That Avenue A be opened according to law, from 100th street to 125th street, and that Avenue B be opened according to law, from Seventy-first street to Eighty-third street, and from Eighty-sixth street to its northerly termination at Harlem River; and that the Counsel to the Corporation is hereby directed to take the necessary legal measures to carry this resolution into effect.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Ward—

Resolved, That Sixty-fourth street, from Third avenue to the East River; also Sixty-fifth street, from Third avenue to the East River; also Sixty-eighth street, from Fifth avenue to the East River; also Seventy-third street, from Fifth avenue to the East River; also Ninety-fifth street, from Fifth avenue to the East River; and also Ninety-eighth street, from Fifth avenue to the East River, be severally opened according to law; and that the Counsel to the Corporation is hereby directed to take the necessary legal measures to carry this resolution into effect.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Moore—

Resolved, That Park place be extended westerly in a straight line to West street, by widening Robinson street, on the northerly and southerly sides thereof, from College place to West street, so as to make the said Robinson street of a uniform width of sixty-five feet throughout from College place to West street, in accordance with the red lines and figures on the annexed map, made by Edward Ludlam, City Surveyor, bearing date December 1 1866; and that the Counsel to the Corporation is hereby directed to take the necessary legal proceedings to carry this resolution into effect.

Which was laid over.

REPORTS.

The Committee on Finance presented a report in favor of donating Church of St. Paul the Apostle a sum sufficient to pay an assessment.

Which was laid over.

The Committee on Finance presented a report in favor of remunerating Knickerbocker Ice Company for loss of horse.

Which was laid over.

MOTIONS.

Alderman O'Brien moved that the Committee on Street Openings be discharged from further consideration of resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Counsel to the Corporation be and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause Sixty-ninth street, from Broadway to the North River, to be opened according to law.

The motion to discharge the Committee was carried.

And the paper was laid over.

Alderman Hardy moved that the Committee on Arts and Sciences be discharged from the further consideration of resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to procure a new stand of colors for presentation, on behalf of the Corporation of the City of New York, to the battalion known as the Washington Gray Cavalry, National Guard, State of New York.

The motion to discharge the Committee was carried.

And the paper was laid over.

Alderman Coulter moved that the Committee on Roads be discharged from the further consideration of a resolution as follows:

Resolved, That permission be and the same is hereby given to Rev. Robert Howland to erect bay windows on his house, now in the course of erection, on the northeast corner of Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

The motion to discharge the Committee was carried.

Alderman Coulter moved that the resolution be adopted.

Which was lost by the following vote:

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter and McGrath—8.

Negative—Ald. O'Brien—1.

Alderman Moore moved that the vote just taken be reconsidered.

Which was carried.

And the paper was laid over.

PAPERS FROM THE BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of John Houghtalin, late Clerk of Arrears, for the sum of four hundred and twenty-five dollars and ninety-four cents, the same being for errors and deficiencies paid by him while Clerk of Arrears during the year 1866.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the crosswalks across Fifth avenue, between Washington square and Twenty-seventh street, be relaid where necessary, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid on the north side of Clarkson street, across West street, to pier No. 48 North River, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the trustees of the St. Joseph's Church, corner of Ninth avenue and 126th street, for the sum of two thousand and seventy-one dollars and ninety-one cents, for the purpose of paying assessment for sewer in Ninth avenue, from 125th to 126th street, and sewer in 125th street.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the salary of the Official Reporter of the Board of Councilmen be and it is hereby fixed at the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars, that being the salary for the same position in the Board of Aldermen, the increase to be taken from the appropriation for "Salaries—Legislative Department;" and the Comptroller is hereby directed to pay such increase in accordance with the terms of this resolution.

Which was laid over.

Report of Committee on Belgian Pavement, with resolution as follows:

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

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Avenue A, from Fourteenth to Twenty-fourth street (except the space between the railroad tracks), be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

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

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Fifty-eighth street, between Third and Fifth avenues, be curbed and guttered and the sidewalks flagged, where not already done, a space of four feet wide through the same, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the Rev. Eugene McGuire, for the sum of one hundred and sixty-eight dollars, with interest, to be applied in payment of assessment for regulating One Hundred and Eighteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, against St. Paul's Church, also for the assessment for Central Park extension, and charge the same to account of "Donations."

Which was laid over.

Resolution of the Board of Aldermen as follows:

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

(In Board of Councilmen, November 23, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted November 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement."

Which was laid over.

MOTIONS RESUMED.

Alderman Hardy moved that when the Board adjourns it do so to meet on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

Which was carried.

On motion, the Board then adjourned.

And the President declared the Board adjourned until Tuesday next, the 15th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH SHANNON, Clerk.

[OFFICIAL.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

STATED SESSION.

TUESDAY, December 15, 1868.

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

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

Aldermen Moore, Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

The minutes of December 12 were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

By Alderman Ward—

Petition of Isaac Hartley, Pastor of Union Reform Church, in Sixth avenue, for donation to pay taxes.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Alerman Coulter—

Petition of residents and property owners on Fifty-first street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, aginst paying the street with Belgian pavement.

In connection therewith, Alderman Coulter offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed not to make any contract for the paving of Fifty-first street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, with Belgian pavement, until such time as the sewer in said street is completed.

Which resolution was adopted.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Alderman Connor—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of A Mansell, President of Congregation Shadich Bemhok, for the sum of forty-six dollars and seventy cents, to enable him to pay the taxes on said church for Croton water for the years 1865, 1866, 1868 and 1869; said congregation better known as the Sixth street Presbyterian Church—and charge the same to the account of "Donations."

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Alderman Coman—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Jeremiah O'Brien, William Piggott, James A. Monaghan, George W. Ivans, Thomas Canary, John Hampson, John Mack, William Lamb, Joseph Hoffman, Jr. Hulet Odell, Edward Welch, George H. Heinrich, Michael Fay, Edward Brucks, James Thompson, Florence Scannel, Bernard E. Murphy, John O'Brien, James Cunningham, Edward Galligan, John Reynolds, Charles Feitner, andrew C. Perley, each for the sum of five hundred dollars, the same being to reimburse their expenses incurred in contesting their seats as members of the Board of Councilmen for the year 1868, and charge the same to any unexpended account.

Which was laid over.

By the President—

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid from No. 67 James street to the opposite side of said number, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By the President—

Resolved, That a lamp post and lamp be placed in front of No. 11 Madison street, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By the President—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the persons, and for the amounts respectively as passed by the Board of City Canvassers, December 14, 1868, for services to said Board, the amount to be charged to the appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Cuddy—

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to audit and pay the bill for refreshments furnished the Board of City Canvassers for the year 1868, upon said bill being certified as correct by the Chairman and Secretary of the Board of City Canvassers, and charge the same to the appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Coulter—

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Fifty-sixth street, between Seventh avenue and Broadway, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That gas mains be laid and street lamps lighted in Fifty-sixth street, between Seventh avenue and Broadway, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Alderman Connor—

Resolved, That the sum of five thousand dollars be and is hereby appropriated for the payment of expenses contingent upon the inauguration of Governor John T. Hoffman, including the cost of transportation of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York State National Guard, who intend escorting the Governor elect to the Capitol at Albany.

Which was laid over.

REPORT.

The Committee on Lamps and Gas presented a report in favor of granting permission to Paul D. Reed to place a gas lamp in front of his premises, No. 56 Chatham street.

Which was laid over.

INVITATIONS.

An invitation was received from the Mutual Base Ball Club of New York, inviting the members of the Board of Aldermen to attend their Annual Ball, to be held at Irving Hall, Friday evening, December 25, 1868.

Which was accepted.

An invitation was received from the "Connor Cotelle," inviting the members of the Board of Aldermen to attend their reunion, at Irving Hall, December 22, 1868.

Which was accepted.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Communications were received from the Street Commissioner in relation to the following assessments:

For Seventy-fourth street sewer; Church street extension; "Public Drive;" paving West street; Fifty-seventh street sewer; Seventy-fourth street sewer; Third avenue sewer, between One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Sixteenth streets; Tenth avenue sewer; Seventy-third street paving; paving, curbing, guttering, and flagging West street.

Which were ordered on file.

MESSAGE FROM HIS HONOR THE MAYOR.

A message was received from his Honor the Mayor transmitting a letter of the President of the Board of Trade of Marseilles, asking for a colored drawing of the coat-of-arms of this city.

Which was referred to the Committee on Arts and Sciences.

PAPERS FROM THE BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to have the rail tracks of the New Haven Railroad Company now laid in Franklin and White streets, between Centre and Elm, removed forthwith, the same being a public nuisance, preventing free access to the City Prison, and is a serious impediment to the free and unobstructed uses by the public of said Franklin and White streets.

Which was concurred in.

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

Which was laid over.

Report of the Committee on Roads of the Board of Aldermen with resolution as follows:

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

(In Board of Councilmen, Nov. 23, 1868, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted Nov. 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "And that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of George G. Hallock, President of the Board of Trustees of the Willett Street Methodist Episcopal Church, for the sum of three hundred and sixteen dollars and sixteen cents, including interest, to pay assessments against said church for building a sewer in Willett street, from Grand to Houston street, and charge the same to account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

Which was laid over.

Resolution of Board of Aldermen as follows:

Resolved, That Fifty-ninth street, from Third to Fifth avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Councilmen Nov. 23, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted Nov. 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid in Twenty-fifth street, from Tenth avenue to the Hudson River, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That 109th street, between Third avenue and Harlem river, be curbed, guttered, and flagged through the sidewalks of the same, a space of four feet, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Fifty-sixth street, from Eighth avenue to Broadway, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of John W. Quincy, President of the Board of Trustees of the Mercer street Presbyterian Church, in Mercer street, for the sum of twelve hundred and eighty dollars, to be applied by said John W. Quincy in payment of assessment on their property for the work of Church street extension and the paving of Mercer street with Nicolson pavement, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the Rev. William Quinn, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street, for the sum of four hundred and seventy-eight dollars and eighty cents, as a donation in aid of funds of said church, the amount to be applied by the said Rev. William Quinn in payment for taxes on the church property for the year 1868, and to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Mrs. George W. Roome, for the sum of five hundred dollars, as compensation for services rendered to the Mayor and Common Council of the City during the year 1868, the amount to be charged to the appropriation for "City Contingencies," or any other appropriate account.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of George W. Roome for the sum of five hundred dollars, as compensation for extra services rendered to and incidental expenses incurred in behalf of the Mayor and Common Council of this city during the year 1868, the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the appropriation for "City Contingencies," or any other appropriate account.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid in West street, opposite No. 32, to Pier No. 5 North River, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Concurred in by the Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868.

Approved by the Mayor, Nov. 18, 1868.

Three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof.

In Board of Aldermen, Dec. 3, 1868, amended, on request of Croton Aqueduct Department, by striking out the words "Street Commissioner," and inserting in lieu thereof the words "Croton Aqueduct Department."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That two gaslamps be placed in front of the Fourteenth street Presbyterian Church, corner of Fourteenth street and Second avenue, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby directed to procure a stand of colors for presentation, on behalf of the Corporation of the City of New York, to the battalion known as the Washington Grey Cavalry, National Guard, State of New York.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

And the same was directed to be sent to the Board of Councilmen for concurrence.

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

Which was concurred in by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—13.

Resolved, That Sixty-third street, from Ninth to Tenth avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space of four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That Sixty-sixth street, from Tenth to Twelfth avenue, be regulated and graded, curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space of four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Alderman Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolution of the Board of Councilmen as follows:

Resolved, That Fifteenth street, between Fourth avenue and Avenue B, be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Mary Hastings, Directress for the New York Magdalen Benevolent Society, for the sum of two thousand dollars, as a donation, in order to enable the said Directress to pay the assessment now due on their property for the work of building sewers in Seventy-fourth street, and for setting curb and gutter stones and flagging in Eighty-ninth street, the amount to be charged to the account of "Donations."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the Rev. H. Glackmeyer, Pastor of the St. Lawrence Church, for the sum of $1,500, as a donation in aid of the funds of such church, the amount to be applied by the said Rev. H. Glackmeyer in payment for taxes and Croton water for the years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, and to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That the pier at the foot of Twenty-eighth street, North River, be repaired without delay, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was concurred in by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Ald. Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That the pier foot of Twentieth street, North River, be rebuilt, and made fifty feet in width, and that the mud be excavated and removed therefrom, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was concurred in by the following vote (three-fourths of all themembers elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Ald. Moore, the President, Aldermen, Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Petition of Charles Curtis for pay for loss of horse from pier No. 31, East River, with resolution as follows:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Charles Curtis for the sum of $560, to reimburse him for the loss of horse caused by the string-piece of the dumping-board at the foot of Roosevelt street, East River, giving way, and precipitating horse and cart into the water, from which said Curtis's horse was drowned; the Comptroller to charge the same to the account of "City Contingencies."

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Ald. Moore, the President, Ald. Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Conner, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to draw his warrant in favor of Michael McDermott, for the sum of $250 as compensation for loss of horse and harness from dumping-ground at foot of James street, by reason of said ground being out of proper repair, and charge the same to its appropriate account.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Ald. Moore, the President, Ald. Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

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

Which was adopted by the following vote, (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, that Thirty-ninth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, be paved with Belgian or trapblock pavement, and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That two gaslamps be placed in front of Grammar School No. 17, in Forty-seventh street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Cushman, Connor, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

Resolved, That two gaslamps be placed in front of Grammar School No. 28, in Fortieth street, between the Seventh and Eighth avenues, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was adopted by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Alderman Moore, the President, Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Connor, Cushman, Hardy, Repper, Coulter, McGrath, Farley and McQuade—14.

MOTIONS.

Alderman Farley moved that when the Board adjourns, it do so to meet on Monday next, the 21st inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

Alderman Hardy moved to amend by striking out "Monday, the 21st inst.," and inserting "Thursday, the 17th inst."

Which was carried.

On motion, the Board then adjourned.

And the President declared the Board adjourned to Thursday 17th inst., at two o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH SHANNON, Clerk.)

[OFFICIAL.]

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

STATED SESSION.

THURSDAY, December 17, 1868.

The Board met, pursuant to adjournment, in their chamber, 16 City Hall.

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

Aldermen Cuddy, Ward, O'Brien, Miller, Connor, Hardy, Repper, and Coulter—8.

The minutes of December 15 were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

By Alderman Farley—

Petition of the German Hospital and Dispensary for donation to pay assessment.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By the same—

Petition of the Ladies' Union Relief Association for donation.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By the President—

Petition of the Old Dominion Steamship Company to have Pier No. 37 North River widened and strengthened.

In connection therewith the President offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to advertise for proposals, and contract with the lowest bidder, as provided in the amended Charter of 1857, for the work of widening and strengthening Pier No. 37, North River, as shown in the annexed diagram accompanying the petition of the "Old Dominion Steamship Company," the work to be undertaken and completed without any unnecessary impediment or delay.

Which was referred to the Committee on Wharves, Piers and Slips.

By the President—

Petition of the Erie Railway Company for exclusive use of pier foot of Fortieth street, North River.

Which was referred to the Committee on Wharves, Piers and Slips.

By Alderman Ward—

Petition from the Trustees of the Third Universalist Church for donation to pay taxes for Church street extension.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

GENERAL ORDERS.

A resolution of the Board of Councilmen, as follows:

Resolved, That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertise for bids for paving John street, from Broadway to Pearl street, and Burling slip, from Pearl to South street, with wooden pavement (McGonegal patent); and also crosswalks be laid or relaid at the intersecting streets; and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense therefor does not exceed $5 a square yard; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, Nov. 9, 1868, amended by striking out all from and including the words "that the Croton Aqueduct Department," down to and including the words "square yard," and inserting in lieu thereof the following: "That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertise for bids, and contract for paving John street, from Broadway to Pearl street, and Burling slip, from Pearl to South street, continuously (except where now paved with Belgian or wooden pavement), with wooden pavement known as the "improved pavement" (McGonegal patent), in accordance with the specifications for said pavement now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Common Council, and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense does not exceed $5 per square yard.)

Alderman Hardy moved to further amend said resolution and ordinance, by inserting after the words "Clerk of Common Council" the following:

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

Which was carried.

And the paper as amended was again laid over.

A resolution of the Board of Councilmen, as follows:

Resolved, That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertise for bids for paving Fourth street, from the Bowery to Sixth avenue, with wooden pavement, known as the "improved pavement" (McGonegal patent), and that all crosswalks parallel with the line of said pavement at the intersecting streets, and transversely therewith, at the commencement and termination thereof, and also at all intersections now paved with the Belgian or stone-block pavement, be laid or relaid, and that a contract be awarded therefor, provided the expense thereof does not exceed five dollars per square yard; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Aldermen, November 9, 1868, amended by striking out all from and including the words "that the Croton Aqueduct Department" down to the words "square yard," and inserting in lieu thereof the following:

"That the Croton Aqueduct Department be and they are hereby authorized and directed to advertize for bids, and to contract for paving Fourth street continuously (except where now paved with Belgian or wooden pavement, and also excepting the space between rail tracks), with wooden pavement, known as the improved pavement (McGonegal patent) in accordance with the specifications for said pavement now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Common Council, and that a contract therefor be awarded, provided the expense does not exceed five dollars per square yard."),

Alderman Hardy moved to further amend said resolution and ordinance by inserting after the words "Clerk of the Common Council" the following:

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

Which was carried.

And the paper as amended was again laid over.

MOTIONS.

Alderman Hardy moved that when the Board adjourns, it do so to meet on Monday next, the 21st inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

Which was carried.

On motion the Board then adjourned.

And the President declared the Board adjourned until Monday next, the 21st instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

JOSEPH SHANNON, Clerk

[OFFICIAL.]

BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

STATED SESSION.

MONDAY, December 14, 1868,
2 o'clock P. M.

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

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

Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—24.

The minutes of meeting held Dec. 10 were read and approved.

PETITIONS.

By the President—

Claim of James Fitzgerald in the matter of the extension of Church street.

Which was referred to the Committee on Finance.

By Councilman Murphy—

Petition of German Catholic Church for a donation of money sufficient to pay assessments.

In connection therewith, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of the trustees of the German Roman Catholic Church in Thirtieth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, for the sum of five hundred and Eighty-six dollars, for the payment of assessment for flagging Thirtieth street, from Seventh to Eighth avenue, for opening One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, from Hudson to Harlem River; for widening Seventh avenue, from One Hundred and Tenth street, to Harlem River, and opening One Hundred and Thirty-third street to Harlem River.

Which was laid over.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Councilman Daly—

Resolved, That a sewer be laid in Avenue B, from Third to Fourth street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department and an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Cunningham—

Resolved, That a pier of the usual dimensions be built at the foot of Forty-seventh street and East river, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By the same—

Resolved, That a pier of the usual dimensions be built at the foot of Forty-sixth street, East river, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Culkin—

Resolved, That the salaries of the women employed in cleaning the offices of the different departments of the City Government, be increased from one dollar and fifty cents per day, to take effect from the passage of this resolution.

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Hampson—

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

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Daly—

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

Which was laid over.

By Councilman Culkin—

Resolved, That the name of Chatham street be changed to that of New Broadway, and the Street Commissioner is hereby directed to carry the same into effect immediately.

Which was referred to the Committee on Streets.

By the President—

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to have the rail tracks of the New Haven Railroad Company, now laid in Franklin and White streets, between Centre and Elm, removed forthwith, the same being a public nuisance, preventing free access to the City Prison, and is a serious impediment to the free and unobstructed use by the public of said Franklin and White streets.

Which was adopted.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Communications were received from the Street Commissioner transmitting apportionments of assessments in the following matters: Seventy-fourth street sewer; Church street extension; Public Drive; West street trap-block pavement; Fifty-seventh street sewer; Third avenue sewer, between 115th and 116th streets; Tenth avenue sewer; West street, curbing, flagging and guttering.

Which were ordered on file.

MOTION.

Councilman Culkin moved that the Committee on Finance be discharged from the further consideration of resolution of Board of Aldermen as follows:

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of James L. Hodge, Pastor of the First Baptist Mariners Church, situated in Oliver street, for the sum of six hundred and seventy-four dollars 96-100, being the amount of assessment, together with interest, levied against said church for building sewer in said street, between Chatham square and Madison street and that said sum be charged to account of "Donations."

The motion to discharge the Committee was carried.

And the paper was laid over.

GENERAL ORDERS.

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

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

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

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

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner, and Perley—23.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of Joseph Shannon, Francis J. Twomey, Isaac J. Drake, Archibald J. Fullerton, George W. Betts, George Boucesin, Henry O'Neil, John H. Munn, John Donohue, James Barclay, William Welsh, Cornelius Callaghan, Cornelius Cassidy, James H. Clark, Terence P. Smith, Charles Baulch, Edward Kennedy, Bryan McMahon, William Maloney, John A Towle, George S. Byrne, James McMemoney, John Grady, Thomas Fox, Richard Enright, Cornelius Carson, Dennis Kane, Patrick Devereaux, Constantine Donohue, Patrick Sullivan, C. E. Mansering, Thomas and John Halloran, for the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars each, for extra services rendered to Committees of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen during the year 1868; and charge the same to the appropriation for "City Contingencies."

The President put the question whether the Board would would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

Resolved, That 110th street, from First to Fifth avenue, be paved with Belgian pavement, the same to be done under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

(In Board of Councilmen, November 23, said resolution and ordinance amended under operation of resolution adopted November 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues, crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

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

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote, (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner, and Perley—23.

Resolved, That the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to procure a new stand of brigade colors for presentation, on behalf of the Corporation of the City of New York, to the First Brigade Cavalry, National Guard, State of New York.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

Resolved, That Forty-second street, from Tenth avenue to the North River (except the space between the railroad tracks), be paved with Belgian or trap-block pavement, and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department, and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

Councilman Gibney moved that said resolution and ordinance be referred to the Committee on Belgian Pavement.

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

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of George G. Hallock, President of the Board of Trustees of the Willett street Methodist Episcopal Church, for the sum of $316 16, including interest, to pay assessment against said church for building a sewer in Willett street, from Grand to Houston street, and charge the same to account of "Donations," or any other appropriate account.

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

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

Resolved, That gasmains be laid and street lamps lighted in Fifty-ninth street, from Third to Fifth avenue, the same to be done under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien Stacom, Piggot the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

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

(In Board of Councilmen, November 23, 1868, resolution and ordinance amended, under operation of resolution adopted November 23, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following:

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

The President put the question whether the Board would agree with said resolution and ordinance as amended.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

Resolved, That gas mains be laid in Twenty-fifth street, from Tenth avenue to Hudson River, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Kenney, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner, and Perley—23.

Resolved, That One Hundred and Ninth street, between Third avenue and Harlem River, be curbed, guttered and flagged through the sidewalks of the same, a space of four feet, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Commissioner; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

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

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner, and Perley—23.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Fifty-sixth street, from Eighth avenue to Broadway, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

(Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner, and Perley—23.

Resolved, That a crosswalk be laid in front of No. 2 Ann street, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department; and that an ordinance therefor be adopted.

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

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

(In Board of Aldermen, Nov. 23, 1868, said resolution and ordinance amended, by inserting after the word "pavement" the words following: "and that at the several intersecting streets and avenues crosswalks be laid where not now laid, and relaid where those now laid are, in the opinion of the Croton Aqueduct Board, not in good repair, or are not upon a grade adapted to the grade of the proposed new pavement.")

The President put the question whether the Board would concur with the Board of Aldermen in adopting said resolution and ordinance as amended.

Which was decided in the affirmative by the following vote, (three-fourths of all the members elected voting in favor thereof):

Affirmative—Councilmen Jeremiah O'Brien, Stacom, Piggott, the President, Councilmen Ivans, Culkin, Hampson, Mack, Gibney, Lamb, Daly, Hoffman, Welch, Heinrich, Fay, Brucks, Thompson, John O'Brien, Cunningham, Hart, Reynolds, Feitner and Perley—23.

MOTIONS RESUMED.

Councilman Brucks moved that the Board do now adjourn.

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

Which was decided in the affirmative.

Whereupon the President declared that the Board stood adjourned to Thursday, 17th instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. MOLONEY, Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICES.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a Limited Partnership has this day been formed between the undersigned, pursuant to Title 1, Chapter 4, Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the several acts amendatory thereof, under the name or firm of BALLARD, HALLEY & CO. The general nature of the business to be transacted is Importing, dealing in and jobbing Silks, Ribbons and Millinery Goods generally, to be carried on in the City of New York.

All the general partners interested therein are William J. H. Ballard, who resides in the City, County and State of New York; William Halley, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York; William A. Butler, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York.

The only Special Partner interested therein is Lucius Moore, of the City of Hudson, County of Columbia, State of New York.

The amount of capital which Lucius Moore, as such Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock is Twenty-five Thousand dollars ($25,000) in cash.

The period at which the partnership is to commence is the 5th day of November, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the 31st day of December, 1871.

Dated New York, the 5th day of November, 1868.

WILLIAM J. H. BALLARD,
WILLIAM HALLEY,
WILLIAM A BUTLER,
n14 6t LUCIUS MOORE.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Harris Pardee, Levi M. Bates, Tracy R. Roberts, Lansing C. Moore, Jacob B. Croxson, Amos C. Greenleaf, and James H. Sahler, Plaintiffs, against Thomas C. Summers, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.—Com. not served.

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 251 Broadway, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Nineteen Hundred and Six Dollars and forty-one cents, with interest from the 10th day of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated Nov. 7th, 1868.

J. N. LAKE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 10th day of Nov., 1868.

J. N. LAKE, Pl'ffs Att'y,
n14 6t 251 Broadway.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charles Niebling, Plaintiff, against Jane Niebling, Defendant.—Summons.—For Relief.—(Com. not ser.)

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the city and county of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 2 Dey street, in the city of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October 30, 1868. JOHN C. CLEGG, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the city and county of New York, on the 13th day of November, 1868.

n14 6t JOHN C. CLEGG, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Mary P. Agnew, Plaintiff, against Samuel J. Agnew, Defendant.—Summons—For Relief.—(Com. not Ser.)

To the Defendant, Samuel J. Agnew: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, Number 21 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 9, 1868.

ASHLEY, TURNER & KIRKLAND, Jr.,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in said City, on the 14th day of November, 1868.

ASHLEY, TURNER & KIRKLAND, Jr.,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Eleanor F. Peirson, Plaintiff, against John H. Peirson, Defendant—Summons—For relief (Com. not served)

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the offices of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the Court House in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, number 39 Park row, New York City, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated New York City, December 1, 1868.

EDWARD C. RIPLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, State of New York, at the Court House in said city, on the third day of December, 1868.

Dated December 3, 1868

EDWARD C. RIPLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
d5 6t 39 Park row, New York.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL F. BARRY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Sterling & Walden, No. 3 Pine street, in the City of New-York, on or before the twenty-sixth day of May next.

Dated New York, the 20th day of November, 1868.

n21 6m MARTHA L. BARRY, Executrix.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Charlotte B. Nichols, Plaintiff, against the Bridgeport National Bank, Defendant.—Summons for relief. (Com. not served.)

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, on the 17th day of December, 1868, and to serve a copy of your answer on the subscribers, at their office No. 82 Nassau street, (law building), 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 complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated December 17th, 1868.

SHELDON & BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
d19 6t 82 Nassau street, New York.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, IN pursuance of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, and according to law, to all persons having claims against ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH JONES, late of the City of New York, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at the subscriber's office and place of transacting business, No. 74 (seventy-four) Broadway in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-second day of May next.

Dated New York, the 11th day of November, 1868.

n14 6m JOHN M. KNOX, Executor.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, No. 115 and 117 Nassau street.—Notice is hereby given to the Relatives and next of kin of EDWARD HARVEY 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 18th day of January, next.—Dated New York, December 19th, 1868.

HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr., Public Administrator.
R. D. LIVINGSTON, Proctor. d19 4w

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Asa White, Plaintiff, against Mary White, Defendant.—Summons for Relief. (Com. not Ser.)

To Mary White: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 341 Spring street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated November 9, 1868.

J. W. HARDMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

This complaint in this action was filed in the Clerk's office, as above, on the 12th day of November, 1868.

n14 6t J. W. HARDMAN, Pl'ff's Att'y.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have formed a limited Copartnership under the name of firm of CORNELL, WATSON & CO., to transact the business of manufacturing, buying and selling iron work for buildings and other purposes; that Ludlum Cornell and George D. Watson, of New York city, and Charles Delapierre, of Brooklyn, New York, are the General Partners, and C. B. Delapierre, of Brooklyn, New York, is the Special Partner in said firm, and has contributed the sum of five thousand dollars in cash to the common stock of the firm, and that the said copartnership commences on the second day of November, 1868, and terminates on the first day of November, 1873.

LUDLUM CORNELL,
GEORGE D. WATSON,
CHARLES DELAPIERRE,
n14 6w C. B. DELAPIERRE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ROBERT McCOSKRY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Hayward & Coursen, No. 241 Broadway, in the City of New-York, on or before the twenty-third day of January next.

Dated New York, the 17th day of July, 1868.

jy18 6m THOMAS T. READ, Executor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.—Henry A. Richardson, Nathaniel A. Boynton, H. B. Richardson and P. V. Boynton, Plaintiffs, against David Findlayson, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—(Com. not Ser.)

To the Defendant above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the said city and county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, number 229 Broadway, in the said City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Eight Hundred and Seventy-four Dollars and sixty-eight cents, with interest on $378 75-100 from August 4th, 1868, and on $379 7-100 from October 4, 1868, and on $119 50-100 from the first day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.—Dated New York, October 10th, 1868.

M. P. BESTOW, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
229 Broadway.

The complaint in the above action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, upon this ninth day of November, 1868.

M. P. BESTOW, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
n14 6t 229 Broadway.

SUPREME COURT IN AND FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Jacob Mayer and Selig Maas, Plaintiffs, against Louis H. Leon, Zadlich H. Leon, and W. R. Robinson, Defendants—Summons—For a money demand on contract.—(Com. not ser.)

To the defendants above named and each of them: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court in and for the City of New York, at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, at No. 39 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of six hundred and twenty-one 12-100 dollars, with interest from the [illegible] day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated September 4th, 1868.

KAUFMANN, FRANK & WILCOXSON,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

The complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the city and county of New York, at the City Hall in said city, on the 26th day of November, 1868.

KAUFMANN, FRANK & WILCOXSON,
d5 6t Plaintiffs' Attorneys, No. 39 Nassau street.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Louis D. Passano and Hamlin Magruder, Plaintiffs, against James A. Higgs. Summons.

To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 137 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred and ninety-two dollars and fifty-two cents, with interest from the 15th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

EUGENE H. POMEROY,
Plaintiffs' Attorney,
137 Broadway, corner of Cedar street.

To James A. Higgs, Esq., defendant:

Sir: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 21st day of November, 1868. Yours, &c.,

EUGENE H. POMEROY, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
nov. 28 6t

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Michael Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Mary Murphy, against William O. Dickinson, Robert J. Gamble.—Summons—For Relief. (Com. not ser.)

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 61 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated October 24, 1868.

DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
61 Wall street, New York.

The complaint herein was duly filed in the office of the City and County of New York on the 2d day of October, 1868.

DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
d5 6t 61 Wall street.

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Michael Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Mary Murphy, against Frederick A. Wheeler, Robert J. Gamble,—Summons—for Relief. (Com. not Ser.)

To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 61 Wall street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October 2, 1868.

DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
61 Wall street, New York.

The complaint herein was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 2d day of October, 1868.

DAILY & REYNOLDS, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
d5 6t 61 Wall street.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.—IN the Matter of the Application of the Trustees and Directors of the New York City Mutual Coal Company, for Dissolution.

The Trustees of the NEW YORK CITY MUTUAL COAL COMPANY having duly filed a Petition for a Dissolution of said Corporation, together with an account, inventory, and affidavit, as required by statute, all persons interested in said Corporation are required to show cause, before Andrew J. Smith, Esq., Referee, at his office, No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on the 16th day of December, 1868, at 10 A. M., why said Corporation should not be dissolved.

ALBERT CARDOZO, Justice.

EDWARD VAN NESS, Att'y, etc.,
54 Wall street. n14 3t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against MARIA MONTGOMERY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 32 East Ninth street, in the City of New York, on or before the fifth day of June next.

Dated New York, the thirtieth day of November, 1868. WM. F. CHRYSTIE,
c5 6m Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM POST, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Messrs. King & Lathrop, Attorneys at Law, No. 38 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the first day of September next.

Dated New York, the 11th day of February, 1868.

WILLIAM POST, Jr.,
f15 6m JOHN S. GILES. } Executors.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELIZA MOTT, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of Mr. William Underhill, No. 133 Water street, in the City of New York, on or before the 30th day of January next.

Dated New York, the 23d day of July, 1868.

WILLIAM UNDERHILL,
6mos WILLIAM H. ONDERDONK, } Executors.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against THOMAS L. BRAYNARD, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Pinckney & Spink, attorneys at law, No. 5 Beekman street, in the City of New York, on or before the [illegible] day of May next.

Dated New York, the 20th day of October, 1868.

o31 6m ELIZA BRAYNARD, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANTHONY J. HILL, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 11 West Ninth street, in the City of New York, on or before the thirteenth day of May next.

Dated New York, the fourth day of November, 1868.

n7 6m JOHN D. VAN BUREN, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES HOPPER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Brady & Traphagen, No. 37 Park Row, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of July next.

Dated New York, the 27th day of December, 1867.

d29 6m ELIZABETH WILEY, 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 CHARLES BEARDSLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at their office, corner of Broadway and 37th street, in the City of New York, on or before the 27th day of February next.

Dated New York 17th day of August, 1868.

GEORGE BEARDSLEY,
au22 6m HOMER S. BEARDSLEY, } Execut'rs.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ANSON HERRICK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 16 Spruce street, in the City of New York, on or before the 14th day of March next.

Dated New York, the 5th day of September, 1868.

s5 6m CARLETON A. HERRICK, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against E. BYRON CHRISTY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of C. Bainbridge Smith, Esq'r, Att'y at Law, No. 157 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of April, 1869.—Dated New York, the 18th day of April, 1868.

HARRIET E. CHRISTY,
o17 6m ELIZA A. BRECK, } Executrices.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER ANDERSON, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Silliman & Anderson, Counsellors at Law, No. 61 Wall street, in the City of New York, on or before the twelfth day of January next.

Dated New York, the 2d day of July, 1868.

jy4 6m RAUILLEA B. ANDERSON, Executrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of New York County, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against KIERAN HORAN, of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at the place of Robert D. Livingston, No. 115 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 28th day of January, 1869.

Dated New York, Aug. 15, 1868.

jy18 6m THOMAS F. ROWE, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of Law York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against WILLIAM MESLER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers, at the office of Edwin Mesler, Esq., No. 115 McDougal street, in the City of New York, on or before the 15th day of July next.

Dated New York, the 8th day of January, 1868.

EDWIN MESLER,
ja11 6m GEORGE W. WILSON, } Executors.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.......................Director.
EXTRA HOLIDAY MATINEES.
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.

First week of the
GRAND COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
GRAND COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
which has been produced with new and magnificent costumes and appointments, entitled
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE-FRANCAISE;
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE-FRANCAISE;
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE-FRANCAISE;
which will be found overflowing with the most
ABSURD ADVENTURES, ODD SURPRISES,
LUDICROUS INCIDENTS,
LAUGHABLE SITUATIONS,
Magic Tricks and Transformations, and
Furious, Rollicking Fun!
MR. NAT AUSTIN.......as..........CLOWN
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE-FRANCAISE
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE-FRANCAISE
will be performed, until further notice,
EVERY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT,
in conjunction with a diversified programme of
SPIRITED ACTS IN THE CIRCLE,
introducing all the leading artists of the
GREAT NEW YORK CIRCUS TROUPE.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
Admission, 50 cents.

"As honest doctors observe, a hearty laugh is the best medicine."—Herald, Dec. 21.

THIS THEATRE IS NIGHTLY CROWDED TO REPLETION WITH LAUGHING FACES.

CHRISTMAS DAY (Friday), Dec. 25, 1868.
"The true temple of Momus," and the greatest Holiday attraction in the city.
TWO PERFORMANCES, MATINEE AND EVENING.
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
THE EMERALD RING.

A GRAND MATINEE PERFORMANCE. ROSINA MEADOWS.	EVENING, MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS. JOHN BROUGHAM'S EMERALD RING.

ON SATURDAY AT 1½ O'CLOCK,
The usual Fashionable Family Matinee.
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS' MATINEE.
AN EMERALD RING MATINEE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
JAMES E. HAYES, Lessee and Manager.
C. W. TAYLEURE.........Business Manager.
EVERY NIGHT, AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
325th to 333d Performance of G. L. FOX'S Pantomime.

41st week. 41st week. 41st week.	HUMPTY DUMPTY	41st week. 41st week. 41st week.

The Inimitable Comedian and Pantomimist,
Mr. GEORGE L. FOX, as CLOWN.

"Brilliant Kaleidoscope of Fairy Marvels and Enchantments, comic tricks gorgeous scenery, great dancing, bubbling fun."	333 333 333 333 333 333 333	"There never was a piece so unexceptionably cheery, bright, and innocent as this beautiful production."

Mlle. SANGALI and the ITALIAN BALLET.
GREAT HIT OF G. L. FOX'S
LUDICROUS "RAILROAD SCENE,"
a la "AFTER DARK," nightly encored.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
H. D. will shortly be entirely reconstructed.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.
Eighth avenue, cor. Twenty-third street.
H. L. BATEMAN.......Lessee and Director.

In consequence of the unfortunate accident to Mlle. Tostee, she will be unable to appear for the present.

EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
(Except Saturday), and Saturday Matinee at 2.
LA CHANSON DE FORTUNIO
and LES BAVARDS.
MLLE. IRMA........as..Roland and Valentin
MLLE. DE ROSA IN A NEW BALLET.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 26,
LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
Mlle. DUCLOS.....as the...Grande Duchesse
NO CHRISTMAS MATINEE.
IN ACTIVE PREPARATION, THE GREAT PARISIAN SENSATION, and OFFENBACH'S LATEST SUCCESS,
LA PERICHOLE.

Seats secured six days in advance at the Box office, Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and at Delmonico's, 22 Broad street.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
Broadway, corner of Thirtieth street.
Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M.
TWO PERFORMANCES IN THEATRE.
Afternoon at 2 o'clock. Evening at 7¾ o'clock.

Continued success of the LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE. One hundred and first performance of the greatest success ever made in this country, and most positively last time but three—withdrawn in the height of its popularity, to make way for a new burlesque, ERNANI, on MONDAY, Dec. 28. Performance commences with the QUIET FAMILY. Afternoon—Dramatic Spectacle and Farce by the company.

At all hours—Commodore Foote, Miss Nestelle, and a host of Living Human Phenomena; Menagerie of WILD ANIMALS and Wonders of Wood's Museum.

CHRISTMAS DAY, three performances—11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7¾ P. M.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessees and Managers....Jarrett and Palmer.
Doors open at 7½; begins 8; concludes 10:45.
SUCCESSFUL AND TRIUMPHANT!
NO MATINEE TO-DAY.
THIS SATURDAY, DEC. 26TH, 1868,
will be presented, for the forty-first time,
AFTER DARK;
OR,
LONDON BY NIGHT.
The cast to the strength of the company.
THE GREAT RAILROAD SCENE TILL FURTHER NOTICE.
In addition to BLACKFRIARS, TEMPLE BAR, VICTORIA STATION, VILLA OF LILACS, GREEN DRAWING ROOM, LONDON CONCERT HALL, Etc., Etc.
SINGING, DANCING, NEW MUSIC AND APPOINTMENTS.
Seats secured six days in advance.

GRAND BILLIARD CONTEST
FOR
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE,
BETWEEN
JOSEPH DION, OF MONTREAL,
AND
MELVIN FOSTER, OF NEW YORK.
FRENCH CAROMS, 800 POINTS UP.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28TH.
ADMISSION.........................ONE DOLLAR.
Reserved seats, 50 cents extra. Private boxes (to be had on application at the Academy) $5 and $10.

PAREPA ROSA'S
TRIUMPHANT
RETURN TO NEW YORK,
By overland, from her successful Operatic Season in the Pacific Coast.
Her REENTREE at STEINWAY HALL, January 8.
Return from England and reentree of Mr. J. LEVY, the King Cornet-player.
Full particulars in future advertisements.

THE GREAT BANJO MATCH
BETWEEN
DOBSON AND PLUMER,
FOR
$1,000 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP,
TAKES PLACE AT THE
COOPER INSTITUTE,
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28.
Preceding the match there will be a grand Olio Entertainment.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....Wm. B. Freligh.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
FAREWELL BENEFIT
OF
MISS FANNY HERRING.

The Carpenter of Rouen. Ballet Troupe. Busy Bob.	Miss Herring as the Dumb Boy of Manchester. Frank D. Gibbons.	Matinee at Two O'Clock. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Songs, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
NO. 585 BROADWAY.
Great success of the far-famed and inimitable
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
IMMENSE HIT.
EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE
The original Ethiopian Opera of
BONE SQUASH DIABLO,
With all the original music,
Played so successfully many years ago by the late T. D. Rice. Terminating with the New Scene
PANDEMONIUM—PANDEMONIUM.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager...Mr. Lester Wallack.
FRIDAY, Dec. 25th—SPEED THE PLOUGH.
SATURDAY, Dec. 26th—THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH and WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME.
MONDAY, Dec. 28th—MONEY.
TUESDAY, Dec. 29d—TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, and THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30th—MONEY.
In preparation,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
14 St., Adjoining the Academy of Music, 14St.
CROWDED HOUSES.
THE GREAT HIT OF THE SEASON.
Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour as
THE
GENS D'ARMS in GENEVIEVE DE BRYANT.
Immense success of Unsworth and Eugene's Burlesque Opera: ILL-TRUE-BAD-DOER, The Grand Tower, Miserere Chorus, Castle by Moonlight, Dan Bryant's wonderful imitation of Gabel, the Gens d'Arms.
Saturday Dec. 26th. Last Grand Matinee.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS 14th ST. OPERA HOUSE.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.
Last and Eleventh Week of
GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT.

The opera, notwithstanding its great success must be withdrawn on account of the novelty of Herves' celebrated opera-bouffe, L'OCIE CREVE, which will shortly be produced. This week, every evening, first act of BARBE BLEUE, with Desclaux—Boulotte; Corina—Barbe Bleue, and the first two acts (7 tableaux) of GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, with the usual immense cast and splendor of mise en scene.

FIRE DEPARTMENT BALL.
THE FORTIETH ANNUAL BALL
IN AID OF THE
WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND
of the late New York (Volunteer) Fire Department,
AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
MONDAY EVENING,
January 25th, 1869.

Tickets, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, $5. Extra ladies' tickets, $2. Can be obtained from the members of the Committee or from the officers.

JAMES F. WENMAN, President,
140 Pearl street.
ALONZO SLOTE, Treasurer,
120 Fulton street.
JOHN J. WESTRAY, Secretary,
1 William street.

Proscenium and Dress Circle Boxes can be secured on application to James F. Wenman, President.

AMERICUS CLUB

ANNUAL BALL,

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1869.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM,
TWELFTH ANNUAL
BALL
IN AID
OF THE
NEW YORK
R. C.
ORPHAN ASYLUM,
AT THE
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
TUESDAY
EVENING
JANUARY 19th, 1869.
under the direction of
THE
YOUNG MEN'S
ASSOCIATION.

FERRERO'S
APOLLO HALL
AND
LECTURE ROOM,
BROADWAY,
CORNER
TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET,
FOR
BALLS,
CONCERTS,
LECTURES,
FAIRS,
PUBLIC MEETINGS AND DINNERS,
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES, &c.
Apply in the
BILLIARD ROOM,
No. 1,193 Broadway,
or on the premises.
The above establishment is
THE LARGEST
in the United States—160 feet front on Twenty-eighth street, and 220 feet on Broadway—will be fitted up in
THE MOST ELEGANT STYLE,
with every convenience imaginable.
COMMITTEES
are invited to call and judge for themselves.
E. FERRERO,
No. 1,193 Broadway.

RAILROADS & STEAMERS.

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

Leave Pier 28 North River, foot of MURRAY street.

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

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

These steamers are fitted with commodious staterooms, and every arrangement for the security and comfort of the passengers, who are afforded by this route a night's rest on board, and, on arrival at Newport, take the 6 A. M. train to Boston, connecting with Eastern and Northern trains; or, they may breakfast on board, and proceed to Boston in the quarter before 8 A. M. train.

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

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

E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent, [illegible] Broadway.

GROCERIES, ETC.

ALBRO
AND
BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR,
AND
FINE WINES.

OUR present stock of TEAS comprises some of the VERY FINEST that have been IMPORTED THIS SEASON.

The following are the RETAIL PRICES of a few of these TEAS, to which we invite particular attention:

OOLONG TEA.

GOOD QUALITY	68 cents per pound.
FINE QUALITY	80 cents per pound.
CHOICE QUALITY	92 cents per pound.
BEST QUALITY	100 cents per pound.

YOUNG HYSON TEA.

FINE QUALITIES	80 cents and 92 cents per pound.
CHOICE QUALITIES	100 cents and 120 cents per lb.
EX. CHOICE QUALITY	140 cents per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.

GOOD QUALITY	72 cents per pound.
FINE QUALITY	84 cents per pound.
CHOICE QUALITY	100 cents per pound.
EXTRA CHOICE QUALITY	120 cents per pound.

HYSON AND IMPERIAL TEAS.

FINE DRAWING	84, 92 and 100 cents per pound.
CHOICE QUALITY	120 cents per pound.
EXTRA CHOICE (best in market)	143 cents per pound.

UNCOLORED JAPAN TEA.

FINE quality	92 cents per pound.
CHOICE do	100 cents per pound.
BEST in market	120 cents per pound.

MOHEE OOLONG TEA.
A LIGHT DRAWING
BLACK TEA,
possessing a peculiar sweetness and delicacy of Flavor not found in any other Black Tea.

CHOICE quality	120 cents per pound.
BEST QUALITY	140 cents per pound.

GREEN AND BLACK MIXED TEAS.

GOOD QUALITY	84 cents per pound.
FINE QUALITY	100 cents per pound.
CHOICE QUALITY	120 cents per pound.
BEST QUALITY	140 cents per pound.

☞ We take great pleasure in offering these TEAS, as they are all NEW, SWEET and FRAGRANT, and SURE TO PLEASE. They are from 25 to 50 per cent BETTER in QUALITY than TEAS usually sold at the above-named prices.

OLD JAVA COFFEE,
THE FINEST IN MARKET,
40 CENTS A POUND.
CHOICE OLD COFFEE,
30 CENTS A POUND.
FINE FAMILY COFFEE,
20 CENTS A POUND.
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18 CENTS A POUND.

WE HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
WINES AND LIQUORS.
THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE OLDEST AND FINEST:
OLD OTARD AND HENNESSEY BRANDY,
OLD JAMAICA RUM,
MEDER'S SWAN GIN,
MORTON'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY,
IRISH AND SCOTCH MALT WHISKEYS,
SANDEMAN'S OLD PORT WINE,
And the most Celebrated brands of
SHERRY, MEDEIRA, AND CHAMPAGNE WINES.

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FOURTH DOOR ABOVE BROOME STREET
AND
NO. 254 GRAND STREET,
CORNER OF CHRISTIE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MYSTERIES
OF THE
SHRIEVALTY;
OR,
BEHIND THE SCENES,
is the title of an article of absorbing interest that will appear in the
NEW YORK DISPATCH
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DEC. 27th.
Also,
POLICE AND EXCISE TRIALS,
LODGE ELECTIONS AND OTHER
MASONIC INTELLIGENCE,
SKATING, THE BALL SEASON,
TALES, SKETCHES, ETC.
AFFAIRS IN THE METROPOLIS,
AND NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
THE DISPATCH IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MANUFACTURERS' STOCK AT RETAIL.
WM. H. SCHAFFER,
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Between Houston and First streets,
Owing to the decline in wholesale trade, offers his entire stock of
PARLOR,
CHAMBER,
DINING-ROOM,
LIBRARY,
AND HALL
FURNITURE AT RETAIL,
AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.
Solid Walnut and Mahogany Parlor Suites, in reps, seven pieces, from $85 00 upward.
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ANTIQUE PARLOR FURNITURE,
In Reps, Brocatelle and Plush, at prices correspondingly low.
ALL GOODS MADE FROM THE BEST SEASONED MATERIAL AND WARRANTED.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS, of six first-class makers, at greatly reduced prices, for cash, during the Holidays, at WATERS'S, No. 481 Broadway. Fifty New and Second-hand Instruments for Rent, and rent money applied if purchased; monthly instalments received for the same. Instruments Tuned and Repaired. Cash paid for Second-hand Instruments.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES,
Were awarded at the Paris Exposition the first
Grand Prize,
THE LEGION OF HONOR
AND A
GRAND GOLD MEDAL,
Making 63 First Premiums during the past
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Complimentary Resolutions, Charters, Diplomas, and every variety of Ornamental Penmanship, executed from plain to the most elaborate style of the art.
BENJAMIN F. BRADY,
No. 21 AMITY PLACE.

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Bright, pithy, and piquant books, that serve to while away an idle hour with pleasure and profit. Railroad Travellers are delighted with them. Wherever they are known, they become at once established favorites, and the new issues are eagerly looked for.

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319 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

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VAN DYKE HOUSE,
NOS. 26 AND 28 BOWERY.
Messrs. VAN DYKE & LEECH having purchased the above house, have had it thoroughly renovated and is now open for the reception of guests.
The Bar is stocked with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
ISAAC VAN DYKE and GEORGE LEECH, Proprietors.

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AND
DINING SALOON,
(on the European plan)
Nos. 42 and 44 CHATHAM STREET,
Near Chambers, N. Y.

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THE LEADER has unusual advantages in its advertising columns, it being sought after by all classes in relation to the official proceedings of the Common Council, which are published in a manner peculiar to this paper alone. Its literary character and its circulation are alike unequalled by any paper of its class in the country.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
JOHN McAULIFFE
OFFERS
IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY
of that ripe age and flavor for which his house is so celebrated.

10,000 BOTTLES READY FOR THE PRESENT SEASON. He has lately received from the London Docks, Hennessy & Co. and Dodard & Co.'s Brandy, bottled in France; Port Wine bottled in Portugal; superior Amontillado Sherry (with a bouquet); Jamaica Rum (London Dock); real Madeira Wine, London Old Tom Gin; finest brands Holland Gin. From Kentucky, Old Bourbon Whiskey that will bear a test.

JOHN McAULIFFE,
41 and 43 NASSAU STREET,
13 FULTON STREET,
331 BROOME STREET,
62 AVENUE C,
121 AVENUE D,
357 CANAL STREET, CORNER OF WOOSTER,
886 THIRD AVENUE, CORNER OF 54th STREET.

A parcel of Old Irish Whiskey (Wise's), in quarter sherry casks, suitable for the trade, just arrived per steamer Queen.

Also, received Guinness's Dublin, Barclay & Perkin's London Porter and favorite brands of Scotch Ales. d19 2t

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW
AND
SECOND-HAND BILLIARD TABLES,
with our
IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS,
which have been proved to be the most correct and durable cushions ever made.
Specimens of our Tables that have been in constant use for many years may be seen in the principal hotels and saloons in this city.
Parties intending to purchase will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, which is the largest and finest in the world.
BOYS' BILLIARD TABLES.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
63 to 69 Crosby street, New York.

CARPETS, FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
Housekeepers supplied with the above
ON EASY TERMS.
Payments taken
WEEKLY OR MONTHLY.
D. KELLY & CO.,
Corner Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

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

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

CORPORATION NOTICES.

CITY OF NEW YORK—DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE—Bureau of the Receiver of Taxes, Court House, Park, 32 Chambers street, December 17th, 1868.—NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.—Notice is hereby given to all persons who may have omitted to pay their taxes, to pay the same, at this office, before the 1st day of January, 1869. On and after that date, interest at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, calculated from October 7th, 1868, to day of payment, will be added.
On the 15th day of January, prox., warrants will be issued for the collection of all Personal Taxes remaining unpaid on that date.
d19 2t BERNARD SMYTH, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE SURVEY AND INSPECTION OF BUILDINGS—Office No. 2 Fourth avenue.
NEW YORK, October 10, 1868.
The attention of the proprietors or managers of theatres and other places of public amusement in this city is particularly called to the following extracts from Chapter 839, Laws of 1867:
Section 12. * * * * In all buildings of a public character already erected, or hereafter to be built in said city, all aisles and passageways in said buildings devoted to purposes of amusement, shall be kept free from camp stools, chairs, sofas, and other obstructions, during any performance, service, exhibition, lecture, ball, or any public assemblage, under the penalty of Fifty Dollars for each and every violation.
The above provisions of the law must be complied with and will in all cases be strictly enforced.
JAMES M. McGREGOR,
Superintendent of Buildings.

NOTICE TO THE OWNERS OF Tenement Houses requiring "Fire Escapes" under chapter 359, 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."

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale at Public Vendue, on SATURDAY, 6th day of February, 1869, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall, all the right, title, and interest of JOSEPH HIRSCH, which he had on the 16th day of November, 1864, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following-described property, to wit: All that certain lot of land, situate, lying and being in the 7th Ward of the City of New York, on the southerly side of East Broadway, late Harman street, between Pike street and Market street, and known and distinguished on a map of the estate of the late Heinrich Rutgers, deceased, dated November 15th, 1813, made by Bridges & Poppleton, and filed in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, as lot number 117. Bounded northerly in front by Harmon street aforesaid, southerly in the rear by the rear of lot number 212, easterly on one side by lot number 116, and westerly on the other side by lot number 118; and also the rear or northerly part of the said lot number 212, which said rear or northerly part is bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said lot number 117, and running thence southerly along the easterly side of lot number 211, 15 feet; thence easterly and parallel with Harmon street to the westerly side of lot number 213, 25 feet to the southwesterly corner of said lot number 116; and thence westerly to the place of beginning, which said lot number 117, and the above-described part of lot number 212, taken together, contain one lot of land, containing in breadth in front 25 feet, in rear 24 feet 6 inches, and in depth on each side 90 feet, be the same more or less, being the same property conveyed to the said Joseph Hirsch by James Woods and Rosanna his wife, by deed bearing date Sept. 8, 1864, and which was recorded in the office of the Register of the City and County of New York, Sept. 22, 1864, in Liber 912, page 479.—Dated New York, Dec. 22, 1868.
JAMES O'BRIEN, Sheriff.
JAMES GUMBLETON, Deputy Sheriff. d26 7t

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—This is to certify that we, the undersigned, have formed a Limited Partnership, to be conducted in the City of New York, upon the terms, with the rights and powers, and subject to the conditions and liabilities prescribed in Part Second, Chapter Fourth, Title First and Article First of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, entitled "Of Limited Partnerships," and of the acts amendatory thereof.
That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is CHAPMAN, LYON, SMITH & CO.
That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted thereby is the importing and selling, at wholesale and retail, staple and fancy goods, their own, and on commission.
That the names of the General Partners are George Chapman, who resides at Madison, in the State of New Jersey; Robert S. Lyon, who resides at Morrisania, County of Westchester, and State of New York; and Charles A. Smith, who resides at Summit, in the State of New Jersey, and Benjamin F. Britton, who resides at Morrisania, in the County of Westchester, and State of New York.
That the name of the Special Partner is James Winslow, who resides in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, and State of New York.
That the amount of capital which the said James Winslow, as such Special Partner, has contributed to the common stock of said Copartnership is One Hundred Thousand Dollars in cash.
That the period at which the said Copartnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirty-first day of December, which will be in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy.
In witness whereof we have severally subscribed our names this 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.
GEO. CHAPMAN, } General
ROBT. S. LYON, }
CHAS. A. SMITH, } Partners.
B. F. BRITTON, }
JAMES WINSLOW, Special Partner.
$5 U. S. Int. Rev. Stamp cancelled. d26 6t

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Benjamin Lehmaier, Plaintiff, against Lazarus J. Leberman, Defendant.—Summons.—For Relief. (Com. not served.)
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 above-named Court, at his office in the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 200 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 New York, November 17, 1868.
LAUTERBACH & SPINGARN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, No. 200 Broadway, New York City.
The complaint in the above action was duly 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 19th day of December, 1868.
LAUTERBACH & SPINGARN,
d26 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE, Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau st.—Notice is hereby given to the relatives and next of kin of CHARLES MURK, 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 some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased, by the 25th day of January, 1869, next.—Dated New York, December 26th, 1868.
HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr.,
Public Administrator.
ROBERT D. LIVINGSTON, Proctor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that SAMUEL W. HEYMER, who resides in Jersey City, Hudson County, in the State of New Jersey, and HENRY H. B. BLOOMFIELD, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, and State of New York, and ELLIS S. BLOOMFIELD, who also resides in the City of Brooklyn, Kings County, in said State of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, in accordance with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the business of buying and selling of Ready-made Clothing, said business to be conducted in the City of New York. That the above-named parties are all the parties who are interested therein; that the said Samuel W. Heymer and Henry H. B. Bloomfield are the General Partners, and the said Ellis S. Bloomfield is the Special Partner: that the said Ellis S. Bloomfield has contributed and paid in cash the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars as capital towards the common stock; and that the said partnership is to commence on the 2d day of November, 1868, and is to terminate on the 2d day of November, 1870.—Dated New York, November 2, 1868.
SAMUEL W. HEYMER, } General
HENRY H. B. BLOOMFIELD, } Partners.
n23 6t ELLIS S. BLOOMFIELD, Special Partner.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Louis D. Passano, Plaintiff, against James A. Higgs, Defendant.—Summons for relief.
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 137 Broadway, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred and thirty-three Dollars and sixty-four cents, with interest from the sixteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated September 28, 1868.
EUGENE H. POMEROY, Plaintiff's Attorney,
No. 137 Broadway, corner Cedar street.
To James A. Higgs, Esq., Defendant—Sir: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the twenty-first day of November, 1868. Yours, EUGENE H. POMEROY,
n23 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Rosalvo F. Cole, Plaintiff, against Hellen M. Cole, Defendant.—Summons for Relief. (Com. not ser.)
To Hellen M. Cole: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 861 Third avenue, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.—Dated Nov. 24th, 1868.
CHARLES S. McKAY, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed in the Clerk's office as above on the 27th day of November, 1868.
n28 6t CHARLES S. McKAY, Pl'ff's Att'y.

LIMITED COPARTNERSHIP.—We, the subscribers, do certify that we have formed a Limited Copartnership, pursuant to the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, relating to Limited Partnership, and the several acts and parts of acts amendatory thereof, as follows, viz:
First, The name or firm under which such Copartnership is to be conducted shall be and is FLANNERY & GRIFFITH.
Second, The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be and is the buying and selling of Dry Goods at retail in the City of New York.
Third, The names of all the General and Special Partners interested therein shall be and are William Flannery and Owen Griffith, who each reside in the City, County, and State of New York, are the General Partners, and George H. Stone, who resides in the City, County, and State of New York, is the Special Partner in said business.
Fourth, The said George H. Stone, as such Special Partner, has contributed the full sum of Four Thousand Dollars ($4,000) cash as capital to the common stock of said Copartnership.
Fifth, The said Copartnership is to commence on the eighteenth day of November, in the year 1868, and continue to and terminate on the eighteenth day of November, 1871.
Made and subscribed at the City of New York this 18th day of November, 1868.
WILLIAM FLANNERY,
OWEN GRIFFITH,
General Partners.
GEORGE H. STONE,
Special Partner.
State of New York, City and County of New York, ss: On this 18th day of November, 1868, before me personally appeared William Flannery, Owen Griffith, and George H. Stone, to me personally known to be the persons described in, and who made and signed, the preceding certificate, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same.
J. M. TIGHE,
n21 6t Notary Public, N. Y.

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Richard M. Nichols, Plaintiff, against Mary T. Fowler, Caroline Halsey, George Harris and Maria his wife, Elizabeth Fowler, De Witt Mildeberger and Martha Jane his wife, Edward M. Fowler, Charles N. Fowler, William W. Fowler and Extissa W. his wife, Eliza Fowler, wife of James F. Fowler, and the said James F. Fowler individually and as executor of the last will and testament of James Fowler, deceased, defendants.—Summons for Relief.
To the defendants Charles N. Fowler, Eliza Fowler and James F. 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 City and County of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 47 Wall street, in the city of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated October 1, 1868.
M. H. TOPPING, Plaintiff's Attorney,
d12 6t 47 Wall street, New York.

SUPREME COURT.—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Nicholas C. McCallan against George J. Gordon.—Summons—For money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
[illegible] and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 53 Exchange Place, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of twenty-one hundred and eighty-four 63-100 Dollars, with interest from the 6th day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.
Dated November 6, 1868.
THOMAS D. HALL, Plaintiff's Attorney,
53 Exchange Place, New York City.
The complaint in the above-entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, on the second day of December, 1868.
THOMAS D. HALL,
d3 6t Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUPREME COURT.—GOTTLOB Haussmann against Theodore Fels, Seyffert and J. C. Korch, composing the firm of Fels, Seyffert & Company.—Summons for money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
To the Defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in the city of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 41 Wall street, in said City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of two thousand two hundred and forty-seven and eighty-three-one-hundredths dollars, with interest from the 30th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.—Dated New York, Nov. 10th, 1868.
JAMES K. HILL, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall in said City, on the 5th day of December, 1868.
JAMES K. HILL,
d5 6t Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPERIOR COURT—CITY OF NEW YORK.—William R. Preston, Catlin Preston, George R. Preston and Frederick A. Preston, Plaintiffs, against Thomas C. Summer Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not Ser.)
To 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 Superior Court of the City of New York, at the Court House in said City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 15 Nassau st., New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars, with interest from the 11th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.
Dated November 9th, 1868.
CONVERS & LYMAN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
The complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City of New York, at the City Hall in said City of New York, state of New York on the 4th day of December, 1868.
CONVERS & LYMAN,
dec.11,6t Plaintiff's 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 JOEL CONKLIN, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Wetmore & Bowne, No. 9 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of January next.
Dated New York, the third day of July, 1868.
j7 6m MARY A. CONKLIN, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PETER A. MESIER, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof at the office of A. V. W. Van Vechten, Esq., Attorney at Law, No. 46 Pine street, in the City of New York, on or before the tenth day of April, 1869.
Dated New York, the 28th day of September, 1868.
o3 6m JAMES LEE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against PATRICK FOLEY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 772 Washington street, in the City of New York, on or before the 20th day of March next.
Dated New York, the 17th day of September, 1868.
s19 6mo BRIDGET FOLEY, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against FANNY CLARK, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Messrs. Marsh, Coe & Wallis, Attorneys at Law, No. 170 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of June next.
Dated New York, the sixteenth day of December, 1867.
d26 6m FREDERICK A. COE, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ALEXANDER ROSS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Andrew J. Smith, Esq., No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the 5th day of February next.
Dated New York, the 28th day of July, 1868.
au1 6m JAMES ROSS, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES J. FOX, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Andrew J. Smith, Esq., No. 132 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the [illegible]
Dated New York, the 20th day of July, 1867.
[illegible] JOHN FOX, Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN PARTITION.—SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Sarah A. Whiteford and George A. Whiteford, her husband, Plaintiffs, against Edward A. Bush, Ferdinand H. Bush, Mary L. Bush, an infant, and Mathew D. Bush, an infant, Defendants.—Pursuant to the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided, and of an order of this Court made in the above-entitled action, notice is hereby given to all persons having any general lien or incumbrance on any undivided interest or share in the lands described in the complaint, and hereinafter mentioned, and of which partition or sale is sought thereby, or any of them, by judgment or decree, to produce to me, on or before the 1st day of February, 1869, at my office, No. 42 Pine street, in the City of New York, proof respectively of all such their liens or incumbrances, and the amount due thereon; and that they specify the nature of such incumbrances, and the dates thereof; which said lands described in the said complaint are as follows, viz: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Eighteenth Ward of the City of New York, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street, distant two hundred and ninety-five feet westerly from the intersection of the westerly side of First avenue with the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street, and running thence westerly along the northerly side of Twenty-sixth street twenty-five feet, thence northerly and parallel with First avenue ninety-eight feet nine inches, thence easterly and parallel with Twenty-sixth street twenty-five feet, thence southerly, parallel with First avenue, ninety-eight feet nine inches to the place of beginning, which said lot, piece or parcel of land as by map or survey of real estate made by John J. Serrell, City Surveyor, dated New York, January, 1848, now on file in the Comptroller's office of said City of New York in tin case No. 61, and known and designated on said map as Lot No 13, on Twenty-sixth street, will more fully appear with the one story brick dwelling house thereon.
Dated December 11, 1868.
JOHN McG. SUTHERLAND, Referee.
GLEASON & BADCOCK, Plaintiffs. d19 6t

OUR MR. HENRY I. BARBEY BEing desirous of retiring from active business, our firm is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Dated New York, November 30, 1868.
HENRY I. BARBEY,
A. RICHARD,
WILLIAM BARBEY,
Composing the firm of Henry Barbey & Co.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a limited partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York: that the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "HENRY BARBEY & CO.;" that the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the importing of dry goods, and the general dry goods business on commission or otherwise; that the names of all the general and special partners interested in the said business are Auguste Richard, William Barbey, Henry I. Barbey, and Adrian Iselin; that the said Auguste Richard is a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city of Hoboken, in the county of Hudson, and State of New Jersey; and that the said William Barbey is also a general partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the said Henry I. Barbey is a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; and that the said Adrian Iselin is also a special partner, and his place of residence is in the city and county and State of New York; that the amount of capital which each of said special partners has contributed to the common stock of said partnership is as follows: the said Henry I. Barbey has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; and the said Adrian Iselin has contributed the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; that the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of December, 1868, and the period at which it will terminate is the thirtieth day of November, 1871.
Dated New York, December 1, 1868.
A. RICHARD, } General
WILLIAM BARBEY, } Partners.
HENRY I. BARBEY, } Special
d10 6t ADRIAN ISELIN, } Partners.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—National Patent Wood Preserving Company, Plaintiff, against Charles D. Hubbard, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (Com. not ser.)
To Charles D. Hubbard, 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 subscribers, at their office, No. 137 Broadway, New York city, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of 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 twelve thousand five hundred dollars, with interest on the sum of five thousand dollars, part thereof, from the 18th day of December, 1867; on five thousand dollars, other part thereof, from the 14th day of November, 1867, and on the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, the residue thereof, from the 16th day of November, 1867, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, November 27th, 1868.
COX & RISLEY, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
To the above named defendant: Take notice that the complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the city and county of New York, on the 16th day of December, 1868.
COX & RISLEY, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
d19 6t No. 137 Broadway, New York City.

SUPREME COURT.—SAMUEL A. Jones, Thomas Barnes and S. Lehman Smith, Plaintiffs, against David France, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 25 Pine street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of seventy-one hundred and thirty-five 92-100 dollars, with interest from the sixth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, Nov. 11, 1868.
CLARKE & MORGAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
25 Pine street, N. Y.
To the Defendant: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York this 14th day of December, 1868.
CLARKE & MORGAN,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—ABRAham Leggett and William A. Leggett, Plaintiffs, against Jacob P. Zolser, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract.—Com. not served.
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, at No. 165 Broadway, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service: and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred and sixty-one and nine one-hundredths dollars, with interest from the 26th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, besides the costs of this action.
Dated January 7th, 1868.
D. C. WILD, Plaintiffs' Attorney.
The complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 14th day of December, 1868.
d19 6t D. C. WILD, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

SUPREME COURT.—GEORGE E. Snewell, Plaintiff, against David France, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, Number 25 Pine street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of three thousand thirty-three one-hundredths dollars, with interest from the fifteenth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.
Dated New York, November 11th, 1868.
CLARK & MORGAN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, 25 Pine street, N. Y.
To the Defendant: Take notice that the complaint herein is not herewith served, but was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York this 14th day of December, 1868.
CLARK & MORGAN,
d19 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPREME COURT—NEW YORK.—Charles Waite, Jr., Plaintiff, against John Garvin, Defendant.—Summons.—For a money demand on contract. (Com. not served.)
To the Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Two Hundred Sixteen 56-100 Dollars, with interest from the 14th day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, besides the costs of this action.
Dated December 11, 1868.
PINCKNEY & SPINK, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
The complaint in the above cause was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, December 12, 1868. PINCKNEY & SPINK,
d19 6t Plaintiff's Attorneys.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, IN pursuance of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New York, and according to law, to all persons having claims against ESTHER SMITH, late of the City of New York, widow, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of the deceased, at the subscriber's office and place of transacting business, No. 74 (seventy-four) Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 13th day of June next.
Dated New York, the 12th day of December, 1868.
d12 6m JOHN M. KNOX, Executor.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—This is to certify, that the subscribers have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of Title 1, Chapter 4, Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and of the several acts amendatory thereof, for the transaction of mercantile business within the State of New York; to be conducted under the name or firm of "J. EAGER," in the City of New York; the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the General produce Mercantile Business, and on Commission, the names of all the general and special partners interested therein, and their respective places of residence, are as follows: General Partner, Jennison Eager, of the City of New York, in the State of New York; Special Partners, John J. Roe and Francis Whittaker, both of Saint Louis, State of Missouri; the amount of capital which each Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars in cash, making together One Hundred Thousand Dollars. The Partnership is to commence on the first day of December, 1868, and will terminate on the first day of December, 1869.
J. EAGER, General Partner.
JOHN J. ROE, } Special
FRANCIS WHITTAKER, } Partners.
5 ct. Int. Rev. Stamp cancelled. d12 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 MILLS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his office, No. 59 Beekman street, in the City of New York, on or before, the 14th day of June next.
Dated New York, the 9th day of December, 1868.
d12 6m CHARLES MILLS, Administrator.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES C. WILLET, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 365 Broadway, in the City of New York, on or before the 1st day of February next. Dated New York, the 30th day of June, 1868.
jy4 6m JAMES S. WILLET, Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that JOHN D. HAMLIN and CHAS. A. HINCKLEY have this day formed a Co-partnership, under the name and style of J. D. HAMLIN & CO., for the purpose of carrying on the Carpet business at 496 6th ave.
JOHN D. HAMLIN,
CHAS. A. HINCKLEY.
New York, Dec. 8th, 1868.