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[For the Leader.]

Varia.

BY VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

"ONE WIFE TOO MANY; OR, RIP VAN BINGHAM." A Tale of Tappen Zee. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is a lively, entertaining story, told in lively, entertaining verse.

"In the olden days, when Jonathan
Was but an unweaned, feeble child,"

the heroic Rip, son of Dick Van Bingham, emigrated from Holland, to make a home for his young bride in the New World. The ancestors of brave Rip Van Bingham and sweet Katrine Berthold have been enemies, who many a time have engaged in desperate sea-fights, and legend affirms that the ocean will always prove disastrous to their descendants. In spite of these gloomy prognostications, Rip fearlessly embarks; nor does Katrine oppose his departure, although

"She always owned a dread, a strange commotion,
She knew not why, at sight or sound of ocean."

In spite of storm and wreck, the young Hollander reaches the Promised Land in safety. He stops at "Manhatta," goes up the Hudson by sloop, and is welcomed at Tappen Zee, a young colony where men were greatly in requisition, and where he finds the latch-strings all outside "because he was a man." Rip is energetic and prosperous. He makes friends, builds himself a house with the help of his neighbors, and sends for his beloved bride; but, alas! after his departure, love and grief, the fear that Rip may have perished on the stormy ocean, and loneliness in his absence, have preyed upon Katrine's mind, and she has fallen sick. Rip's messenger, Captain Van Dam, arrives only in time to learn that she is dying. The Captain stays his ship until he sees the signal agreed upon, announcing her death, and then once more crosses the ocean, bearing the heavy news to Rip. And now, with unrelenting dispatch, the disconsolate bridegroom is besieged by the widow of his friend Van Horn, deceased only a month. The fair widow Anneke proffers Rip her sympathy with so much assiduity and skill that he is fain to yield at discretion, remembering the old saying:

"If you don't court a widow, she'll court you;
And if she does, the man must be a dunce
Who tries to fly, and does not yield at once."

Rip's sun has gone down, and he reflects that even a rush candle may be better than utter darkness; and anyhow, since the candle is forced upon him so that he cannot escape it, concludes that he may as well make the best of the bargain; but he tells the widow, like an honest man, that he can never love her. This makes no difference. Anneke marries him, and, to do her credit, does her best to make him a good wife. All her arts and graces she employs to win his heart from brooding over his lost bride, when, to her utter discomfiture, who should appear but Katrine herself, alive and as beautiful as ever. Katrine, at the moment that Van Dam's ship was sailing, had fallen into a trance, that our friends had mistaken for death; but, having recovered, she has come to join her husband. Rip sees her, and learns the truth.

"They met, gazed in each other's face,
And in each other's arms were grasped,
In one long, breathless love-embrace;
Their very souls together clasped,
The twain were one;—heart grown to heart,
Flesh grown to flesh, and bone to bone;
Each of the other vital part,
Two beings swallowed up in one."

And now poor Rip, torn this way and that, loving Katrine, and afraid to show it, for Anneke "had vowed she'd have no partiality," finds himself in the unpleasant predicament of having one wife too many. The dominie who had married him to the widow, in view of the perfect good faith with which both knots had been tied, the newness of the country, etc., etc., decides:

"Rip, taking the whole of your case in view,
If ever man lived for whom it would do
To live with two wives, the man, sir, is you!"

—and leaves him to try the experiment of twofold connubial bliss. Nothing can be more disastrous than the result. Rip's house is haunted. Goblin's and imps have free play everywhere; ghosts wander about at night; strange noises are heard in the air; tricks are played on cattle, horses, sheep; the food vanishes or is spoiled; until finally, in their zeal, the goblins overdo their part:

"By breaking Katrina's spinning-wheel,
And whisking away her mother's reel,
And girdling her true-love cherry-tree,
While seeming so sweet on Anneke.

* * * * *

Nor could Katrine—do what she would,
With gentlest charm, and wisest skill,
And readiest hands to work her will,
And words as soft as softest silk—
Prevent the thunder from spoiling the milk,
Nor witches from spoiling the food!
'Twas then that Rip, not always suspicious,
Began, at last, to grow superstitious,
And to link his Anneke with the witches;
Especially as he found her in niches,
And hide-away places, ghosting about,
At hours when witches were always out.
At any rate, well he knew 'twas she
Who girdled Katrina's cherry-tree:
For he saw her do it!
And Anneke knew it;
And knew that the knife that cut the bark
Of the homestead tree, like a thief in the dark,
Cut more than she meant to sever—
Had clipped the cord, whate'er it might be,
That bound her to Rip forever!"

Finally, the good old dominie hears of the woeful state of the household, and comes to their rescue. His first plan having failed, he proposes a second, viz.: that Rip shall be untied from one of his wives on condition that he alleviates the parting pangs of the discarded one by presenting her with his property. The choice is left to the ladies:

"And then, with wisdom to suit the time,
And a look that was grand to look upon,
The dominie almost grew sublime,
And seemed like another Solomon.

"'Now, ladies! your choice will simply be
Between the *man* and the *property!*
Your choice is now untrammelled and free;
The one shall have house and land, in fee;
The other shall merely possess the man;
That is, if Rip will agree to the plan.'

"'I do,' said Rip, 'most cheerfully,
Excepting but the cherry-tree,
Now wounded with Katrina's name;
Land or no land, that tree I'll claim.'
The dominie turned benignantly
His beaming eyes upon Anneke,
And asked her to freely take her choice.
And Anneke said: 'If she had a voice
At all in the matter, she'd take the *farm*.
'Twas easy enough,' she at once began'
(Her tongue was loose, and away it ran)—
'Twas easy enough to get a *man*'
(Sarcastic, curling her upper lip),
'And she didn't feel the least alarm
But what she'd get a *better than Rip!*
'*Twas harder she owned to get a farm.*

"Then dominie asked the fair Katrine
If *she* had a choice, what *her* choice would be?
With blushingest smile that e'er was seen,
She modestly answered, 'I do agree
To take what is left by Anneke:
My husband is all the world to me.'"

So the problem is solved to the satisfaction of all parties. Anneke storms a doughty Dutchman, Hank Lippencott, the old rival of her first husband, Van Horn, puts him to rout, and marries him "ere the month is out," and is settled for life. Rip and Katrine lived long, nor loved the less:

"But walked twin-hearted, all their days,
The path of pleasantness."

"One Wife Too Many" is eminently a readable poem. A fine vein of humor flows serenely through it, beneath a sparkling froth of satire, and the story is told with a careless ease and gayety that recalls Churchill. Saint Brigham Young, and the Sodom and Gomorrah over which he is ruling, are scourged in a few powerful lines, that will cause many to reflect upon the mystery of the iniquity that the United States has suffered to be established in the New World's New Salt Lake, to darken and corrupt the western portion of this continent.

"STORIES AND SIGHTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY." By Grace Greenwood. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This delightful little volume, written in Grace Greenwood's usual sprightly and graceful style, contains an account of what the authoress calls a *golden year of her life*, during which she visited the classical ground of France and Italy; intermingled with familiar but well-selected stories connected with the scenes that she describes. After glancing at the great centre of modern civilization, Paris, and giving a brief account of its history, and the sights that are regarded with most favor by tourists, the authoress invites her young readers to accompany her upon a delightful journey to Lyons, and thence to the gloomy old city of Avignon, where she leads them upon excursions to Vaucluse, the home of Petrarch, and to the Pont du Gard, a magnificent aqueduct of white marble, one of the greatest of those great works with which Rome, in the height of her civilization, marked her imperial progress in almost every quarter of Europe. From Marseilles the "lovely translucent waters of the Mediterranean" convey the travellers to the grand old city of Genoa, and thence they proceed over the Cornice road, the great coast road of Italy, and the "most lovely and picturesque highway in the world," to Pisa, and thence by railroad, steamer and *vettura* to Leghorn, Civita Vecchia and Rome. Rome and its wonders, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, St. Peters, the Catacombs, the Baths of Caracalla, and many of the beautiful villas and sites by which the city that once ruled the civilized world is surrounded, are described with graphic simplicity; while the great Rome of the past is presented vividly to the mind in the stories of Virginia, Lucrezia, Coriolanus, Marcius Curtius, etc. The book is unusually pleasing. Young people will find that it contains much valuable information, related in the simplest and most entertaining manner. It will familiarize them with scenes that they are undoubtedly curious to visit, and that they will enjoy all the more when they do visit them for having already seen them, by the aid of such writers as Grace Greenwood, with the eye of the imagination.

PERIODICALS FOR DECEMBER.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December contains an unusual amount of valuable and interesting reading. There is not a poor article in it, and many of the contributions are of a very high character. "Literature as an Art," by T. W. Higginson, will be appreciated by all who appreciate the importance of elevating the standard of literary attainment in this country. It points out the direction in which the highest intellectual development must proceed, and prepares the way for the advent of a literature that will give the genius of this people a nobler and more truly artistic expression than it has yet received. E. P. Whipple, in "Minor Elizabeth Dramatists," ably treats a subject of the deepest interest, both historically and philosophically. The intellectual giants who composed the court over which Shakespeare ruled are important to us not alone for their individual achievements, but from their relations to each other and to the master mind in whom the genius of the age culminated. "Our Pacific Railroad," by J. K. Medbery, and "Among the Workers in Silver," by James Parton, give a vivid idea of what has been achieved from smallest beginnings in important manufactures during the last fifty years, by New England talent, perseverance and taste; and of the destiny that must be achieved by this country in the future, as the necessary result of the foundations now being laid. The Pacific Railroad is a sure foundation upon which the dreams of poets and enthusiasts, however fantastic they may now appear, will be rapidly reared into a solid and magnificent edifice. "Grandmother's Story: The Great Snow," is a beautiful story. "A Young Desperado," by T. B. Aldrich, is a capital sketch. "A Tour in the Dark" is graphic and entertaining; "Tourjours Amour," by E. C. Stedman, is a bright, sparkling poem. "Byways of Europe," by Bayard Taylor, is interesting in so far as it describes novel scenes. "The Guardian Angel," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is concluded in this number.

The *Galaxy* is largely taken up by the concluding chapters of "Waiting for the Verdict," by Mrs. Davis. In this serial Mrs. Davis has shown force and vigor, but her style is hard, crude, and unnatural, and necessarily therefore unattractive. The characters in "Waiting for the Verdict" are almost all of them overstrained and exaggerated, and the story, instead of becoming more pleasing as it has drawn to a close, has become more and more repelling. Mrs. Davis is certainly a writer of unusual power, but she has a mistaken idea of the means by which the true ends of fiction are to be attained. "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by Mrs. Edwards, on the other hand, improves constantly—the first chapters were rather dubious—and is really a charming story; the last number is unusually bright and interesting.

For the most part the contributions to the December number of the *Galaxy* are rather below the usual standard. Richard Grant White, however, is sensible and entertaining as usual in "Words and Their Uses" and "Nebulæ." "How the Spirits Tormented Me," by Richard Frothingham, is well written, but the subject is too worn out to be of the least interest. Walt Whitman, in "Democracy," reversing the picture of the future drawn by Carlyale in "Shooting Niagara," shows the grand development which, in this author's opinion, humanity is attaining. The paper is manly and earnest; and, although without any special originality, is written in straightforward, forcible prose that makes us wonder that the author should have consented to publish his thoughts clothed in the chaotic compilations of heterogeneous lines to which, for so long a time, he has chosen to give the name of poems. The engraving in the frontispiece, illustrating a scene in "Steven Lawrence," is well done, although the principal figure seems rather out of proportion; the head is too large.

In *Harper's Magazine* we find many articles of interest and value. The opening pages contain "A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands," narrated in graceful verse, and profusely illustrated. The "Nurseries on Randall's Island" gives an account of a charitable institution of which comparatively little is known to the public, although its importance cannot be too highly estimated, and the admirable manner in which it is conducted too highly praised. "A Day's Fighting in Queretaro" gives a vivid and exceedingly interesting account of the engagement that took place on the 14th of March (the history of which has not hitherto been told), during the late revolution in Mexico. "Mrs. Stanhope's Last Lodger" is, perhaps, the best of the stories. "The Love Romance of Benjamin West," the "Impresario," "Mocquard," "Rome," etc., are interesting contributions. "Editor's Easy Chair" corrects false statements that have been made in regard to Mr. Dickens's relations to Harper & Brothers, welcomes the popular novelist to this country, and comments with its usual good sense upon the affairs of the day.

Harper's Bazar can certainly boast of the best fashion-plates that are published in this country, and it has the additional attractions of an exceedingly melodramatic serial: "The Brandon Mystery," by the author of the "Dodge Club." Two such attractions should be more than enough to ensure its popularity.

This number of *Our Young Folks* concludes the third volume of the best children's magazine that is published. Besides its usual contributions, it contains three beautiful engravings from the new illustrated edition of "Snow Bound," by John G. Whittier; and one from the new illustrated edition of Tennyson's "Complete Works;" and several pages of extracts and engravings taken from the new and best story books that have just been published. The engraving in the frontispiece, "In Times Swing," is exceedingly beautiful; the "Figures" are by Geo. G. White; the "Vignettes," by H. Fenn, and the "Ornamental Border" by C. H. Jencks. "Our Young Folks has never failed to offer its young subscribers, as they well know, beautiful and improving stories and articles by the best writers in the country, and pictures by the best artists; but good as it has been, it offers greater attractions than ever for the future. Among other things, Mr. Dickens is going to write a story especially for children, that will appear for the first time in this favorite magazine. The publishers request that every child who subscribes to "Our Young Folks" will try and obtain one other subscriber, as some compensation for all that they are doing upon their account, and we are very much mistaken if the great number of children who have read "Our Young Folks" during the last year, will not be as proud and happy at having such a request made them, that they will not rest until it is fulfilled.

THE STREETS IN JAPAN.—So exact is the control exercised by Japanese authorities over the whole people, that every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and keep an accurate record of births, marriages, and deaths. He is responsible for the good conduct of the street generally, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street; he is assisted in his duties by small companies of the principal householders, who also patrol at night.

THE road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

WHAT pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling it.

WE should more seldom take offence at each other if we looked oftener at the why than the what.

LIFE before marriage is romance—after that, reality.

THE only way to pass for anything is to be something.

How absurd to be afraid of death, when we are in the habit of rehearsing it every night.

[For the Leader.]

THE SPIRIT FLOWER.

BY A. JEFFREYS.

Along the road a wanderer strode,
His mien was stern and sad;
Some heavy grief, that scorned relief,
Had bowed his haughty head.
With bended eyes that shunned the skies,
He sought the darksome earth;
The bright sun brought to his lone tho't
No joy, nor hope, nor mirth.
And while he stood in weary mood
A lovely flower uprose,
Whose beauty stole into his soul
And smiled away his woes.
"This flower," he said, "shall lay its head
Upon my aching breast—
Assuage the wrong I've suffered long,
And soothe my grief to rest."
But with the word remembrance stirred,
And caused the smile to fade;
He turned his head in mortal dread,
His eager hand was stayed,
"Rest, lovely flower, I have no power
Thy parent stem to sever;
Thy tender bloom and sweet perfume
Should be a joy forever.
With love and truth, some gladsome youth
And thou shalt roam together;
But my cold breath would bring thee death,
And cause thy form to wither.
But thou shalt be, alway to me,
A spirit treasure solely,
And I will keep, till final sleep,
Thy memory pure and holy."

Sadowa Louise.

AFTER LEVER.

It was the morning of the 4th of July, 1866. The battle of Sadowa had begun; Fitz-Fulke's regiment, in which a number of his ancient brethren-in-arms rode as volunteers, had been appointed to hold the key of the Austrian position at Chlum.

A thick veil of smoke overhung everything. Russell, on the church-tower of Koniggratz, was wiping his eyes and trying to peer through it. Von Benedek was wiping his moustache, and trying to do the same. Both were swearing because they couldn't succeed.

The Maria-Theresa Regiment was being decimated by a hail of rifle-bullets. Its Oberst and his friends were calmly lunching on horseback, and *pate de foie gras* at the kettledrum-head.

Bertie Cecil was smoking a hubble-bubble. The correspondent of the *Illustrated* was sketching the scene. Everybody was laughing at the top of his voice, it was such tremendous fun, and they were all so brave.

Some one rode through the smoke into the centre of the hollow square. A woman in white, on a white horse, with a white mask upon her face.

"Valeria!" cried Fitz-Fulke, dropping his knife and fork, and spurring his Arab towards her.

"Valeria!" sneered Bertie, *sotto voce*, and without turning his head; "Pooh! Bah! Bosh!" But Valeria it was.

"You must get out of this, my darling!" Granville said, anxiously, when the first greetings had been exchanged; "you might get potted here!" Indeed, it seemed likely she might. She appeared to see the force of his remark.

"I *will* get out of it!" she whispered, energetically. "Let me ride on!" And she pointed forward into the sulphurous obscurity.

"Not that way!" he said, admiringly; "you'll be riddled!"

She smiled proudly.

"I bear a charmed life, my Granville! Don't *you* love me?"

He kissed her passionately through her mask. Again that strange flavor, that he thought he somehow recognized, about her lips.

"Let me go!" she said; "I shall return; *soyes tranquille!*"

"Go, then!" he replied, not exactly knowing whether he hoped she would return or not. *Ah! mes freres*, terrible is the love of men like Granville Fitz-Fulke!

"Open out, there!" shouted the Oberst to his troopers, in Czech, which language he, of course, spoke like a native. The troopers opened out. The White Mask cantered her horse between the ranks, and was swallowed up next moment in the smoke-cloud.

"What is she up to?" asked "the Seraph," scooping out the *terrine* of the *foie gras* with his knife, and sucking that implement afterwards, like the old campaigner that he was.

"How the devil do *I* know?" Granville said, severely. The other felt ashamed, in his generous heart, of his momentary suspicion.

"She ain't up to no good, *I* know!" the Hon. Bertie growled to himself, refreshing that self the while with a drain of laudanum.

So it seemed. The next moment the blue coats of the Prussians were distinguishable. Chlum was betrayed. By whom? A terrible thought stabbed Granville—Valeria!

The three troopers still alive of the Maria-Theresa Regiment were all shot dead at once. Only the officers were left.

"No matter!" shouted Fitz-Fulke, rolling over the first dozen of the enemy with his revolvers in quite his old fatal fashion.

"No matter! *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur! Occupel extremum scabis!* And, now, come on!"

They didn't understand exactly what he said; but they came on. The Prussians began to give ground before the onslaught of these dozen men. See, *ami lecteur*, what blue blood can do! A whole column of *canaille* held in check—nay, beaten back—by a handful of gallant gentlemen!

Suddenly a white horse rolled dead at Fitz-Fulke's feet. It was Valeria's. He caught her in his arms, and dragged her to that famous tree in the middle of the turned position of which so much has been said and written.

Holding her round the waist with one sinewy hand, he gripped his dripping sabre in the other, and set his back against the great gnarled trunk. The five other men had disappeared. The Prussians were coming on again with a harsh yell of rage. Around those two, under the big tree, whistled and shrieked a more awful hailstorm of lead than ever. Neither of them heeded it the least. She was apparently arranging her back hair. Granville had dropped his sabre a moment to blow his nose tranquilly, and stick his glass in his eye. When those operations were performed with the requisite amount of coolness, he picked up his weapon, uttered a mocking invitation to the *canaille* to advance, and then turned to his companion.

"And, now," he said, desperately, "perhaps you will tell me what all this means?"

She laughed. That horrid laugh again! He was sure now he'd heard it before. But where, oh! *where* was it!

"I'm going to tell you!" she screamed, above the screaming of the bursting shells; "it means that I'm revenged at last!"

She tore the white mask from her face as she spoke, and—

Horror of horrors! what lay upon the ground! A *perruque* of luxuriant chatain hair!

The face of the woman beside him was all seamed and scarred with the ravages of small-pox; her head, lately close-shaven to make her wig fit the better, bristled with stumpy black hair. She was so appallingly ugly that at first he actually didn't know her.

He soon did, though.

"Louise!" he gasped.

"Yes," she howled; "Louise, whom you treated so shamefully. But I am avenged at last. I've made you love me—*me*, ha! ha! I've made you betray your post—for *I*—*I*, do you hear? told the Prussians all about Chlum! And, besides this," she concluded, in the hissing whisper of a snake, "you'll be ridiculous, as well as disgraced, forever. *I've put you in a novel, and the novel will be out next week!* Ha! ha!"

He heard no more. A volley of bullets cut every button off his uniform at once. A round-shot smashed the tree over his head. A shell burst at his feet. He fell senseless to the earth.

And then!—

The Land of Backwards.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW.

As Prince Goet was riding one day up a mountain road, he came to the statue of a horse, so perfectly cut out of stone, that he was seized with a strong desire to mount it. He thought it a ridiculous desire; but seeing nobody to laugh at him, he tied his own horse by the bridle, and sprang on the stone horse's back. The instant that he touched the saddle, the stone horse rose in the air, and passing with the swiftness of lightning over mountains and valleys, and even the sea, finally came to an island, where he landed the Prince, half dead with terror.

The Prince looked all about him, but saw nobody; but as the sun beat down fiercely, he hurried towards a little grove that was just ahead of him, and sat down in the shade; but, to his surprise, the sun beat down on him as before. He walked out from under the trees towards a bare spot to learn what was the meaning of this, and getting there, struck his head violently against what he felt was a great tree trunk, though the trees still seemed to stand where he saw them first.

"A very queer country," said Goet to himself.

Just then he spied a party of monstrous men coming towards him. They looked so horribly, that he ran away from them with all his might; but, instead of getting away from them he ran plump into them, and almost knocked his brains out on one of their clubs.

One of the men picked him up in his large fingers.

"Here is a new kind of monkey," said he; "I will take him home." And throwing him up in the air, Goet found himself in the large man's pocket.

He then observed that they went ahead by walking backwards, and understood he ran at instead of away from them.

On getting home, the big man poked Goet very far down in his pocket, and in this way took him out.

Goet was very thirsty, and seeing a cup of water, tried to drink it, but the more he brought it to his lips, the further he put it away from him. By and by he thought to put it away from him, and doing it quick, brought the cup up against his lips with such a smack that the water splashed all over him.

"What a curious monkey is this!" said the big men one to another. "He does everything backwards."

"I think *you* do everything backwards," thought Goet.

Then they got a pole, and called all the people together.

"We have found a wonderful monkey," said they. "See him eat."

And they gave Goet some meat, which he found the same trouble with as with the water.

"See," said they, "when he tries to eat he puts food towards him, instead of moving it away from him, so he cannot eat at all. Now see him walk! Come to this pole, monkey. Do you see, when he tries to come he walks towards the pole, instead of away from it, and yet he understands all we say, and can answer us."

Then all the other big men and women were greatly astonished, and they said to their children: "See, now, you ought never to be discontented; you might be a wretched creature like this, and do everything backwards."

"It is you who do everything backwards!" screamed Goet, in a passion.

But they only laughed, and kept him walking about, and trying to eat and drink till he was tired out. Then they brought him a bed, but he could not get near it till he remembered to walk away from it; and, after he got up to it, the more he tried to lie down on it, the more he stood; till he thought to jump up in the air, when down he came flop on the bed.

Then he shut his eyes to go to sleep, but he was wider awake than ever, till he opened his eyes, when he fell asleep in a moment.

And now you are wondering how he ever got out. Well, this is the way: he opened his eyes, and found his horse standing near him on the mountain, and all his limbs aching from sleeping on the ground. The country of Backwards was only a dream.

[For the Leader.]

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

IN ST. PAUL'S, ON BROADWAY.

BY JOHN M. E.

I wander where the worshippers
Of fifty years ago—
The men and dames of high degree,
Patrician and the low,
Who gathered in these oaken pews
In that far distant time—
Are worshipping this autumn night
Beneath some other chime?
Not many gather as of yore
In oaken pews or home,
And most are gathered in the dust
Beneath the grave-tree's moan.
Some sleep to-night—have slept long while
Around these ancient walls,
And close beside their clayey hands
Mould hands that bore their palls.
Some far away in ocean beds
Have dreamed for many moons,
Where the vast organs of the sea
Play out their sounding tunes;
The gray old men who gathered
In that far-distant time
Have changed these earthly courts and bells
For praise of holier shrine.
The children, gay and blithesome then,
And full of early dreams,
And whose sweet locks were golden then
As summer's slanting beams,
Have had their wealth of sunny curls
Changed by the snow of years,
And by this altar and its priests
Have stood their silent biers.
Some weep—some smile in distant shores,
But all are aged and worn—
Some bosoms filled with happy hours—
Some hearts with sorrows torn.
And thus in life, and thus will be
With those now here to-night,
When on the lapse of fifty years
These stars shall fling their light.
And whether graves be in these seas
Or in the blue sea's deep—
Or stranger shores shall give sweet rest
To those who palely sleep—
The same clear trump will ring along
The graves of all now here,
When God's strong angels lift the pall
Above the earth's great bier.

The Murdered Orderly.

There was a Hungarian in my staff, a man closely bordering on middle age, and of extraordinary intelligence and information. He spoke five languages: his native tongue, English, French, German and Spanish; and possessed an extensive knowledge of the history of many lands. My first encounter with him in Australia was rather curious, and shows what singular coincidences will occur in life.

I had camped one evening, after many miles of travel, near a welcome water-hole, and was sitting on a log wearily waiting for the "billy" to boil, when a man rode up driving three horses before him. He saluted me in a slightly foreign accent, and was proceeding further on, when I told him that as tea was nearly ready he had better halt there. This is customary. God bless the gallant, the generous pioneer squatters of Queensland! I say it, not so much on account of their kindness to me, for they might be supposed to bestow it on account of the office I fill; but the weary traveler, high or low, is sure of a shelter and a hearty welcome to every comfort the station can bestow.

After he had unsaddled and let his horses go loose, our dialogue commenced.

"You look ill. Have you fever and ague?" I asked.

"Very bad, sir. I am on my way to town for advice and change of air."

Here he commenced shivering violently, and I gave him a strong dose of quinine, which, with a cup of hot tea, gave him speedy relief. I sat up till a late hour that night, hearing passages of a life full of adventure and of struggle.

He had been an officer of cavalry, and had taken an active part under Kossuth, for whom he had boundless enthusiasm. My men had withdrawn to their own campfire, out of hearing; so his only auditors were myself and my boy. He was consequently unreserved in his communications. After describing a cavalry skirmish in which he had been wounded and taken prisoner, he proceeded to tell me he escaped in a manner almost miraculous, and landed on English soil without a sixpence in the world.

"Never shall I forget," he said, "the crushing feeling of loneliness which came upon me when night arrived, and when I saw others hurrying, after their daily business, to their happy homes in the crowded city. Weak and hungry, I knew I could not last long, and I laid myself down in an archway to die. The pangs of hunger, however, soon roused me, and I went to a shop and disposed of some of my clothes, whereby I was enabled to live for some days. I went everywhere seeking employment, as teacher of languages, as writing master, as clerk, as porter, but all in vain. No one would believe my story—no one would employ me without a character. I showed my wounds. I asked shelter until I could produce credentials from Hungary. Fruitless. At last, when literally starving, I roamed into the country. I had never yet begged. I had always offered my services; but now pride began to break down, and I determined to become a mendicant. I approached a country-house, and saw a very young man reading in a bow-window which was partly open. Three times I went within a few paces of that window, and three times I turned away, despairing. The young man, meanwhile, never raised his head, being absorbed in his book. Hunger spurred me on. I advanced, and said:

"'Help a poor man, Von Germaner?'

"The youth looked up and said, hastily and angrily, 'No.' He was very handsome, and the angry look did not become him.

"Slowly and mournfully I retired; and, I think for the first time since my exile, tears flowed from my eyes. Hardly had I walked a hundred yards, when I heard a hasty step behind me, and, on turning, I met the young man running without his hat.

"'Stop!' said he; 'I was infernally busy with a choral ode when you spoke to me. Are you really in distress?'

"'I am a beggar,' I said, bitterly, 'and my words are hollow, of course. The poor are always impostors—in the eyes of the rich.'

"'There is no of course in it,' he replied; 'hollow! Why, God knows, your cheeks are hollow enough. You are a real foreignor, too, and have read English authors, or you never would have used that word hollow as you did. Are you hungry?'

"'I have not tasted food for three days and three nights.'

"'Here!' exclaimed the young fellow, 'wait till I get my hat! Don't move from the spot!' And away he ran towards the house, leaving me wondering at his strange manner.

"In a few seconds he returned, breathless, and led me, with amazing rapidity, to a handsome hotel in the suburbs of the town. With wonderful speed a substantial meal was spread before me, and he made me swallow a tumbler of excellent sherry before he would allow me to say a word. Evening set in. We drew our chairs near the fire, and I told him the sad history of my country and my own. Never shall I forget the manly sympathy of that noble fellow. When I opened my closely-buttoned coat, and showed him the newspaper I wore next my skin to serve as a shirt, he complained that he had got an infernal cold in the head, and commenced poking viciously at the coals in the grate. After a long pause, he said:

"'Do you know any person in England who would be likely to be of service to you?'

"I said there was a relative of mine, well off, but that he lived in a very distant town.

"'Well, now,' said he, 'look here; I am short of money. I have only got five pounds. Could you make your way to him with that?'

"I told him yes, but that I would rather take a trifle than put him to inconvenience.

"'Inconvenience be hanged!' he said. 'The devil! what is my inconvenience to the makeshift of a newspaper for a shirt?'

"He would not be refused. I had to take the money, and from that moment all went well with me. I fell in with a captain of one of the Australian emigrant ships, who gave me a free passage. I became a shepherd in New South Wales, saved money, bought three thousand sheep, began to lose my health, came to Queensland for change, went far into the interior, got the post of subordinate overseer, stayed in that situation until last week, when fever and ague set in, and I am on my way to Rockhampton for medical advice."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Frederic Wiener."

"No," I said, "your name is Miska Vensirdlen."

He started up from his seat and peered into my face.

"No," he said, after a pause, "you are not my benefactor. I should know him if age had planted as many wrinkles on his face as there are leaves on this gum-tree. Yet you are like him. And, now that I think of it, the name of the commissioner of this district is the same as his, and you are the commissioner! Great Heaven! you cannot be he!

"No," I replied; "I wish I were as good a man. He was my only brother. He showed me the letter you sent him before you sailed. You omitted to mention that you paid him the five pounds in little more than a year. I saw the letter of credit."

"Yes, sir, on the Union Bank. But he was surely not surprised on receiving it?"

"He was not; but we were—our family, I mean. We had not seen you. Why did you change your name?"

"All respectable foreigners do so, who look for a return to their native country. Where is your brother now, sir?"

But he had only to look into my face to see the answer there.

"You need not tell me, sir, you need not tell me," he said, in accents of unfeigned sorrow, "that is one of my life's objects gone. Next to the happiness of seeing my native land again, I hoped to see him once more, and show him my gratitude."

Miska (or Michael, in English) stayed with me that night; and, as I had a vacancy in my staff, he agreed to engage in my service, merely to drive my horses while I was surveying and exploring. I knew I should cure him by a discreet use of quinine and chlorodyne, and I succeeded in doing so. Many a tale he told me of Hungary and of Deutschland, and many a happy hour we enjoyed at the camp-fire in the lonely, melancholy bush.

One evening we came to a sheep-station, where we found two shepherds. We were informed by them that, four days back, when only one shepherd lived there, he saw a large mob of blacks at the creek to which he had gone down for water, and which was about a quarter of a mile from his hut. The blacks were all armed with spears, waddies (clubs for throwing), nullah-nullahs (clubs for close combat), boomerangs and tomahawks. He was without a weapon. They sent forward two or three gins (females) to him, but he waved his hand, said "Yambo" (begone), and they stopped. He then retreated slowly to his hut, got the sheep secured in the yard, fastened the door of the hut, and, having previously possessed himself of his carbine, went off for assistance to the head station, sixteen miles off. An armed party started thence in the morning, and found that the blacks had dug under the hut, and had taken flour and various other things. They tracked the savages for a long distance, until they came to rocky ridges, very thickly timbered, where they gave up the pursuit.

I had to follow this creek down, and I issued orders that no man of my party should go out of sight of the camp, without a revolver. A few morning afterwards some of my horses were not to be found, and the men scattered themselves to look

for them. All were at last brought in save Miska's. I pushed on with my son to the head station, which was eight miles off, leaving directions with my Chainman to assist Miska. That same evening my party arrived, and camped near the station; but the horses were not yet found. My Chainman came up and reported himself to me, but Miska I did not see that night. Next day was Sunday. About eleven o'clock in the morning I went down to inspect my camp, and found that Miska had set off an hour before, expressing his determination to stay out until he found the animals. He took two or three days' rations, and told my Chainman that he had his "shooting-iron" with him. He did not return that night, and next morning I had to set off with my party to complete the adjustment of boundaries. A good many days elapsed before I returned. In this interim two travelers saw a body floating in a very long water-hole near the place where I had last camped before I departed. This was the corpse of poor Miska, greatly decomposed, but not sufficiently so to conceal the spear-wound which had robbed him of his life—a coward-thrust in the back.

The word was passed from station to station (there are but few in that remote nook of the earth), and in a day or two eight or nine determined men, mounted on splendid stock-horses, and guided by two tame blacks, were on the death-trail.

For about a mile and a half their course lay through what is locally called "Oldman Triodia"—a sort of spinitex grass. It covers the whole surface of the ground, and is from three to four feet high. The blades are such strong prickles that I have doubled thick moleskin trowsers four times—that is, made eight layers of the fabric—and yet have passed the spear-blades through them as swiftly as you pass a needle through cambric. But the blacks make their way through this obstruction with facility and speed.

The party now began to approach the water-shed, which in that particular place was very wild and rough. Night drew on, and there was no appearance of the blacks. The traces were fresh. No fear was entertained of failure in coming up with them, and our friends quietly camped beside a rocky water-hole. Next day, at an early hour, they resumed their march.

Suddenly one of the black guides turned back to a squatter, and said, with great glee:

"Cobawn gin like along a billy-bong." (Plenty of gins near a water-hole.)

"Close up that fellow."

In a few minutes we had surrounded the gins, and the wretched creatures sank cowering to the ground. They were at once secured.

Few white men slaughter gins, no matter how great the provocation. I have scarcely ever known them to be killed unless by mistake. Nevertheless, nothing is better established than the fact that they are infinitely worse than the males, as the instigators and the chief and primary agents of most of the outrages committed by the latter.

Many questions were asked of the gins by the guides, which they answered readily.

Next day the party struck sharp off to the north, over a high range covered with trees, and were surprised to find water in many clefts in the rocks, whereas a drouth had prevailed for some time in the low country. It would seem that on this very high ground the spicula of the tree-leaves frequently attract the electricity of the clouds, and thus produce showers which do not reach the lowlands. The stony ground was very severe on the horses, for station-horses are never shod; their hoofs grow even too quickly, and often need paring. When night began to close in, the guides strenuously urged the party not to camp, but to follow them in silence. Some were opposed to this, but gave way; and at length, after emerging from a pretty thick shrub, they were gratified by the sight of numerous fires in a hollow, about a mile off. On a dark night the fires of a camp of black fellows have an imposing effect. Each family have a number of small fire-sticks placed around them. When nearly extinguished, they can fan these up in a moment. I have often seen nothing but tiny sparks here and there, and in less than a minute have seen a mile of blazing lights.

The party tied their fasting horses up, and gave them a few bunches of herbage. They themselves took cold meat and "damper;" they could make no tea, as a fire would be discovered by the enemy.

Half an hour before dawn every man was on his horse, and moving towards the silent camp. Two went round by the right, and two by the left; the rest went straight onward. Very quickly they advanced, and halted for a space, the blacks giving no sign; but at length, the day having now broken, the dogs of the savages began to bark, the blacks bounded to their feet, and found themselves confronted by foes in three directions. With a loud "whoop!" avengers were among them, shooting them down from the distance of a yard. One squatter saw a huge fellow with a map of Queensland (it had belonged to poor Miska) hanging down from his shoulders like an apron. He shot him through "Port Denison," which covered the region of the heart. The savages, seeing there was little chance of escape, whirled their weapons in grim silence. They never think of submitting by word or question, any more than they expect that the "wallabies," on which they feed, will submit to them in the chase. Boomerangs, waddies, spears, flew thickly, but with little effect. A savage, seeing a rider about to cover him with a revolver, rushed forward, and dodged on either side of the horse's head in so surprisingly active a manner that the rider, who was almost disabled in the left arm, could not fire without danger to the horse. Another squatter, seeing this, rushed forward to decide the affair, when the black suddenly sprang to the horse's tail, and dodged about there in like manner. It was not without great trouble that he was killed. Another squatter having pushed a savage hard, the savage suddenly wheeled round and sent a waddy against his enemy's head with such violence as to knock him off his horse. In a moment the tomahawk was raised above the prostrate man; but, with the speed of lightning, the double-trigger "Tranter" was raised too, and with a guttural "owgh!" the savage fell dead.

Meanwhile the gins and the piccaninnies were flying about, shouting their shrill "o—o—o's," and "ow—ow—ow's," but it was over in a few minutes, and then the avengers began to reckon up their work. Eighteen blacks lay dead, and one piccaninny. Fierce gleams flashed from the white men's eyes when they came upon the dead child.

"Who killed this boy?" exclaimed one.

Of course no one had killed him, and, in fact, no one had meant to kill him. The boy had perished by a stray shot in the melee. Very few hurts had been received by the whites. On examining the blacks' camp, almost all of poor Miska's property was found; among other things, his check-book, but all the money he had had about him was gone. The piccaninnies were all taken prisoners by the squatters, and shared among them: certainly a fate for the better in respect of the boys.

From one of these—some months afterwards, when he could speak a little English—I received a mimetic description of Miska's death. The blacks of Queensland generally are perfect mimics. He described Miska walking along with his erect military bearing; then a sudden stop, and a peering look into the neighboring scrub, as though he had heard a noise or seen something suspicious. Then he described the walk renewed, another stop, and a rather frightened look around; then, the sudden consciousness of being "circumvented" by the blacks, who now begin to appear from among the trees; then, the quick but bewildered turn to fly; then, a whir-r-r-r, and a boomerang strikes him on the temple; he reels, puts up his hand to wipe off the blinding blood, and sinks slowly to the ground. Then, the rush of the savages (silent as fate) towards him. He struggles to his feet, and joins his two hands together. Then came the halt of the wretches about ten yards from him; then, the poising of the spear, the hurtling of the missile through the air, the death-cry of my poor friend as it gridled through his frame; his falling back, and the protruding spear supporting him for an instant; his rolling half round, and tearing up the grass; then, the blow on the head with a nullah-nullah. All this was shown to me with appalling effect, and, I have no doubt, with perfect accuracy.

The Saturday Review ON "GUARDIAN ANGEL."

A new novel by the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," offers a pleasant relief from the long series of insipid and flimsy stories through which the conscientious critic has to plod in the constantly disappointed hope of discovering some flash of original talent. Whatever may be Dr. Holmes's other merits or shortcomings, he has at least two good qualities which insure a certain satisfaction to his readers. In the first place, he is a thoroughly original writer, who always communicates a genuine and characteristic flavor to his writings; and secondly, he has the fortunate incapacity for dullness which results from an indifference to the ordinary expedients for padding. Whether he wishes to be humorous or pathetic, he is content to work out his effects in the fewest possible strokes, and does not spoil them in the effort to force them upon our notice. He has an admirably delicate touch, and even when his wit misses fire, he does not persist in an obstinate hammering upon the same place. It is perhaps unfortunate that, in criticizing an American author, we are generally disposed to inquire into the indications rather of national than of individual characteristics; though it may be inevitable that this should be the case in a literature where we must still look rather for the promise than the actual performance. There can be no doubt that in some respects American writers give ground for great hopes of future excellence; but there are few who have clearly got beyond the pupil stage, and established claims to be judged from a cosmopolitan point of view without favor or allowance on the score of what we may call intellectual provincialism. Of those few Dr. Holmes is certainly one; and yet he has so strong a tinge of his native soil that, in reviewing his books, we naturally consider them as throwing light upon the special tendencies of the American mind. His humor is distinctly his own; it is a natural growth, not fashioned upon any European model; but it has a certain family likeness to the productions of others among his countrymen. There is no department of art in which Americans have developed a more distinctive character than in their humorous literature. We generally recognize an American joke when we hear it, even when it is not expressed in the peculiar slang of the transatlantic dialect. There is, indeed, nothing more difficult than to put into words the precise distinction which exists between different varieties of humor. An example or two brings the distinction before our minds, but we can hardly say what are the special marks of any of the existing kinds, any more than we can verbally give a notion of a taste or an odor with which we are not previously familiar. To analyze such ethereal essences is one of the most difficult tasks of literary chemistry. Still we may assume that American humor has a characteristic flavor, more easily recognized than described, of which Dr. Holmes has given us some of the happiest specimens. Perhaps we might say that the American variety is generally drier than the English; its admirers might say that it was less gross, and its enemies that it was thinner than ours, as the American is the attenuated or spiritualized Englishman. It is the playful manifestation of the power which, in a less amiable form, we call Yankee shrewdness; it is not exactly naive, because it is wanting in simplicity; it reminds us of the ingenuity which in practical matters has been applied to the invention of labor-saving machinery; and it often has the quaintness which is natural to an acute mind subject to the defects and advantages of looking at matters with very little respect for ancient formulas. In the "Guardian Angel" there are a good many of such amusing turns of wit as those with which we have already become familiar in the "Autocrat." Such, for example, is the remark (attributed to a kind of Yankee Mrs. Poyser) that "we can't ride to heaven in a C-spring shay;" and a short dissertation upon "squinting brains;" and the ingenious remark upon a disconsolate widower who marries speedily, "that love shuts itself up in sympathy like a knife-blade in its handle, and opens as easily."

This peculiar cast of humor, with which our readers are probably familiar, is by no means the most prominent element in the "Guardian Angel;" but it seems to be the natural product, in one direction, of the very original type of cleverness which the novel illustrates on a larger scale in another. The whole design of the book shows the same curious ingenuity in illustrating a principle which is manifested in apophthegms we have quoted. Dr. Holmes lets us into his secret in his preface. The "Guardian Angel" is intended to enforce the doctrine already expounded in "Elsie Venner."

"If (says Dr. Holmes) I called these two stories Studies of the Relief Function in its Higher Sphere, I should frighten away all but the professors and the learned ladies. If I should proclaim that they were protests against the scholastic tendency to shift the total responsibility of all human action from the infinite to the finite, I might alarm the jealousy of the cabinet-keepers of our doctrinal museums."

He therefore very judiciously keeps his abstract philosophy—good or bad—out of sight, and treats us to a concrete story which is equally amusing whether it embodies a theory or not. The interest of the "Guardian Angel," as of "Elsie Venner," turns upon the phenomenon of inherited instincts and habits. We confess that the way in which this doctrine was illustrated in "Elsie Venner" strikes us as being very superior to the device employed in the "Guardian Angel." The idea of a girl inheriting in some degree the properties of a rattlesnake was perhaps the most striking way in which the theory could be embodied, just because the effect upon the imagination was independent of the theory. It is essential to a good parable that the abstract doctrine should be thoroughly clothed in flesh and blood; that we should never be bored by coming upon a bit of bare speculation when we ought to be absorbed in an apparently genuine narrative. One could accept the belief that Elsie Venner's inheritance was possible to a sufficient degree for story-telling purposes; taken simply and in good faith, her story raised a very pleasing amount of awe; and when we had finished it, we could return to the principle, and feel that it had received a forcible illustration. In the "Guardian Angel" the illustration is perhaps equally forcible in statement, but it is not worked so effectively into the story. The myth in which the doctrine here takes a substantial form is characteristically expressed as follows: "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus;" or, to use less figurative language, the experience of the heroine of the "Guardian Angel" "tends to show that some at least who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own." With the pleasant affectation of scientific gravity which was employed to prepare us for the rattlesnake story in "Elsie Venner," Dr. Holmes informs us that "no less than eight distinct personalities are said to have existed in a single female mentioned by an ancient physician of unimpeachable authority." For the purposes of the story we are, of course, ready to bow to this unimpeachable gentleman, just as, in Wordsworth's great ode, we accept the doctrine of pre-existence of souls, on account of the sentiments for which it affords a wonderful means of expression. The passing away of a glory from the earth may really be explicable in a simpler manner than by supposing that we have led already a life out of the body; and the inheritance of certain mental and bodily peculiarities does not of necessity imply that our ancestors get into our skins by turns, and influence us by a real presence. Still the poet and the novelist are justified in adopting any hypothesis that may provide them with the strongest appeals to our imagination. We do not, therefore, complain that poor Miss Myrtle Hayard is tormented by a variety of dead ancestors, after a very disagreeable fashion; but the dead ancestors do not affect us with such a pleasant mixture of awe and wonder as the rattlesnake. Dr. Holmes very properly keeps them in great order; it is part of his design that we should never be shocked by an obtrusively supernatural phenomenon. We are content, while reading his pages, to affect a quasi-scientific belief, and to talk as gravely as if the influence of dead ancestors within us were as unmistakable as that of cholera poison. The young lady affected sees one or two strange visions, but they are carefully kept within the border line which divides ordinary human experience from the supernatural. Her visions are at least susceptible of explanation as purely subjective phenomena, and some trouble is taken to show in what way they may have been suggested by the circumstances by which she was surrounded. There is thus nothing which is too shocking for our credulity; but, on the other hand, the ancestral influence scarcely presents itself in a sufficiently tangible shape. From his dread of overcharging his picture, Dr. Holmes seems to us to have erred rather in the opposite direction. The occult influences which are supposed to affect Myrtle Hayard's fate are too much in the background. We become conscious of the design when we read the book with the necessary amount of attention; but we are not constantly reminded of an awful and mysterious agency beyond the reach of our senses, whose working we trace without being quite able to seize its mode of action. In short, Myrtle Hayard's grandmothers and great-grandfathers and other relations do not wield an influence upon her life which is at all equal in its effect upon the imagination to the mysterious rattlesnake. But if "Elsie Venner" had not been previously published, we should have been more deeply impressed by the "Guardian Angel." The characters that are grouped round Myrtle are those which might be expected in a New England country village; perhaps there are rather too many of them. Myrtle's life has to pass through different stages of temptation corresponding to the various phases of influence of her ancestry; for the different ancestors find allies in the flesh-and-blood characters who surround her. Moreover, there is a rather unnecessary complication of plot, introduced apparently to keep her at a distance from the worthy lover who is supposed to have engaged himself to a very inferior young woman before the story begins. The fault to which Dr. Holmes seems to be most liable is a certain restlessness which induces him to shift the scene rather too often to produce a satisfactory effect. At the same time the characters are sketched with great vivacity, and would be more amusing if they were not a trifle too crowded. There is the Puritan maiden aunt who is such a horrible tyrant in many American stories, and who in this case, as Dr. Holmes tells us, is drawn after a lady who lately beat a girl to death because she wouldn't say her prayers. Her character may be inferred from the following pleasant specimen of a hymn by the excellent Dr. Watts which she teaches her niece:

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains
Dyed in the blood of damned souls."

Then there is the over-keen young lawyer, the parson who creeps into the houses of silly women, duly contrasted by a venerable old colleague, and the best character in the book, who is in fact the guardian angel. This is an old professor, of great learning and equal shrewdness, who has written an Emersonian book on the universe, of which he is the sole, but the intensely sympathetic and admiring student, with a quotation from which we may conclude:

"Do you wish to be remembered after the continents have gone under, and come up again, and dried and bred new races? Have your name stamped on all your plates and cups and saucers. Nothing of you or yours will last like these. I never sit down at my table without looking at the china service and saying, Here are my monuments; that butter-dish is my urn; this soup-plate is my memorial tablet. No need of a skeleton at my banquets. I feed from my tombstone, and read my epitaph at the bottom of every teacup."

We don't know whether Dr. Holmes has taken this precaution, but he will deserve to be remembered for more than the life of an average teacup as one who has done much towards raising the standard of American literature in this, we may hope, its still youthful stage.

[For the Leader.]

SHENANDOAH.

BY A. M. SMITH.

For Song and Chorus.

O, the valley! O, the valley!
Of the dear, delightful valley,
With richness full and ripe,
Abundance running o'er,
Where they scarce could keep the tally
Of the goods to them did rally
In the happy, teeming lands of Shenandoah.

Land that flows with milk and honey,
Sweetest milk and purest honey,
Where the harvest gods
Their choicest blessings pour—
All of plenteousness is there,
In that land so sweetly fair,
In the glorious, bright and gladsome Shenandoah!

Peace be with thee, lovely valley!
Peace be with thee, lovely valley!
War's dread hand assail
Thy beauties nevermore;
Still the dwellers in thee, valley!
Find it hard to keep the tally
Of the bounties of the smiling Shenandoah!

On Hanging.

"The worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him," says Bentham and the Benthamite tribe: a maxim to be debated long before being accepted. If the question of utility were alone involved, it is by no means palpable that hanging is a worse use for a man than making him "food for powder," or inviting him to entertain himself with *hari-kari*—or the happy deliverance of the Japanese. But hanging is neither a gentlemanly nor a decorous procedure, nor is it a desirable mode of bidding an eternal farewell to one's family and friends. The associations are somewhat disagreeable, the posture is not attractive, the connections are by no means picturesque, and there is an unmistakable sense of constraint which must be unpleasant to any one who likes to breathe freely. It is always offensive to a person of nice sensibilities to be compelled to pass under the yoke—*sub jugo*—the proper translation of which is (R) not under the jugular. There is a drooping, lackadaisical look about the head of a hanging man which does not accord with the ordinary direction, "Hold up your head;" and this is probably the reason that the culprit in the dock is ordered to hold up his head, as, in case he is found guilty, his head will be held up for him, though in an awkward sort of way,—which is sadly at variance with Ovid's "Sanctius his animal" (the *his* should be stricken out if it were not appropriate to the occasion and the circumstances).

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os nomini sublimo dedit, cœlumque hieri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

It may be alleged that the loftiness of face and the elevation of the countenance towards the stars are preserved by hanging; but the countenance is not erect, the black cap prevents the contemplation of the heavens, and there is a proneness of head which is both uncomfortable and doggish.

Many philosophers recommend in critical cases a careful suspense of judgment, but a suspense by judgment is not equally reconcilable with a philosophic disposition; and of all states of suspense such a state of suspended animation as attends hanging appears to be the most unwelcome. What is the use of employing Jack Ketch "to take a man up" so, when you have to employ other functionaries in the course of ten or twelve minutes by an official clock, "to take him down" again? But it is an unsavory subject, and affords no evidence of either civility or civilization. The guillotine is much sharper practice—the wheel and the rack admit of more extenuation—the Asiatic practice of doing to death under the feet of elephants affords a weightier lesson—the hemlock of the Athenians had a much more social appearance, though it was accompanied with no joyous stave of "Drink, Boys, Drink!" or "Come, Pass Round the Cup," or "Fill High the Bowl."

The history of hanging is in consonance with the unseemliness of the usage. There is a decided distaste for it at present; it was not in fashion in antiquity. It was not a public mode of punishment with either the Greeks or the early Romans. They had other modes of getting rid of their offending fellow-citizens. Starvation or interdiction from fire and water was a very sweeping provision of Roman criminal law. Necks could be conveniently broken by pitching them over the Tarpeian Rock, without the troublesome and expensive process of using a rope to pull them out of place. If a person had a fancy to put out his own life—not his autobiography—and to become *felo de se*, or a fellow of his own head—he might then "go, hang." But there was no public requirement of the sort. The earliest instance of hanging in classical literature is found in the "Antigone" of Sophocles, the young lady who gives her name to that pathetic tragedy having hanged herself to escape the death to which she had been sentenced, on the principle of the Irishman who killed a broken-legged sheep to save its life—or his mutton. A few other classical examples follow. Hanging was one of the multitudinous forms of capital punishment among the Jews, who displayed a marvelous ingenuity in devising tortures and mortal penalties, from throwing stones to harrowing the feelings. It is only in Eunapius and Ammianus Marcellinus, or about the middle of the fourth century of our era, and after the imperial establishment of Christianity, that hanging came decidedly into favor, probably from a holy horror of shedding blood. From that time onward it increases in popularity, and accompanies both the decline and the return of civilization. But it is an indication of the relative lateness of the introduction of this manner of execution, that the names by which the apparatus of suspension is designated in modern tongues are of Germanic or mediæval, not of classical, origin. So much is there in a name.

Fra Lawrence concludes this number with some lines of Virgil which he remembers, and deems applicable, though they are familiar:

Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus; et simili frondescit virga metallo.

This, being translated after his guise, may signify that the wallet is like charity, which never fails; or like a living fountain, which repairs each moment its expenditures; or like a leech which thrives by depletion; or like the purse of Fortunatus, into which the hand may be continually put with the certainty of finding more small change. Rapidity of use promotes circulation, and circulation increases means.

What Dickens Said About NEW YORK IN 1842.

The beautiful metropolis of America is by no means so clean a city as Boston, but many of its streets have the same characteristics; except that the houses are not quite so fresh colored, the sign-boards are not quite so gaudy, the gilded letters not quite so golden, the bricks not quite so red, the stone not quite so white, the blinds and area railings not quite so green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors not quite so bright and twinkling. There are many, by-streets, almost as neutral in clean colors, and positive in dirty ones, as by-streets in London; and there is one quarter, commonly called the Five Points, which, in respect of filth and wretchedness, may be safely backed against Seven Dials, or any other part of famed St. Giles's.

The great promenade and thoroughfare, as most people know, is Broadway—a wide and bustling street, which, from the Battery Gardens to its opposite termination in a country road, may be four miles long. Shall we sit down in an upper floor of the Carlton House Hotel (situated in the best part of this main artery of New York), and when we are tired of looking down upon the life below, sally forth arm in arm and mingle with the stream?

Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open window as though its rays were concentrated through a burning-glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway! The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry, hot kilns; and the roofs of those omnibuses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half-quenched fires. No stint of omnibuses here! Half a dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches, too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages—rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement. Negro coachmen and white; in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, blue, nankeen, striped jean and linen; and there, in that one instance (look while it passes, or it will be too late), in suits of livery. Some Southern republican that, who puts his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with the well-clipped pair of grays has stopped—standing at their heads now—is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top-boots, which he may traverse the city half a year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! We have seen more colors in these ten minutes than we should have seen elsewhere in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt-collars and cultivating their whiskers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort. Byrons of the desk and counter, pass on, and let us see what kind of men those are behind ye—those two laborers in holiday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crumpled scrap of paper, from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it on all the doors and windows.

Irishmen both! You might know them, if they were masked, by their long-tailed blue coats and bright buttons and their drab trowsers, which they wear like men well used to working-dresses, who are easy in no others. It would be hard to keep your model republics going without the countrymen and countrywomen of those two laborers. For who else would dig, and delve, and drudge, and do domestic work, and make canals and roads, and execute great lines of internal improvement! Irishmen both, and sorely puzzled, too, to find out what they seek. Let us go down and help them for the love of home and that spirit of liberty which admits of honest service to honest men, and honest work for honest bread, no matter what it be.

That's well! We have got at the right address at last, though it is written in strange characters truly, and might have been scrawled with the blunt handle of the spade the writer better knows the use of than a pen. Their way lies yonder, but what business takes them there? They carry savings to hoard up? No. They are brothers, those men. One crossed the sea alone, and working very hard for one half-year, and living harder, saved funds enough to bring the other out. That done, they worked together side by side, contentedly sharing hard labor and hard living for another term, and then their sisters came, and then another brother, and lastly their old mother. And what now? Why, the poor old crone is restless in a strange land, and yearns to lay her bones, she says, among her people in the old graveyard at home; and so they go to pay her passage back; and God help her and them, and every simple heart, and all who turn to the Jerusalem of their younger days, and have an altar-fire upon the cold hearth of their fathers.

This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall street, the Stock Exchange and Lombard street of New York. Many a rapid fortune has been made in this street, and many a no less rapid ruin. Some of these very merchants whom you see hanging about here now have locked up money in their strong-boxes, like the man in the "Arabian Nights," and, opening them again, have found but withered leaves. Below, here by the water side, where the bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway, and almost thrust themselves into the windows, lie the noble American vessels which have made their packet service the finest in the world. They have brought hither the foreigners who abound in all the streets; not, perhaps, that there are more here than in other commercial cities, but elsewhere they have particular haunts, and you must find them out; here they pervade the town.

We must cross Broadway again, gaining some refreshment from the heat in the sight of the great blocks of clean ice which are being carried into shops and bar-rooms, and the pineapples and watermelons profusely displayed for sale. Fine streets of spacious houses here, you see!—Wall street has furnished and dismantled many of them very often—and here a deep green leafy square. Be sure that is a hospitable house, with inmates to be affectionately remembered always, where they have the open door and pretty show of plants within, and where the child with laughing eyes is peeping out of window at the little dog below. You wonder what may be the use of this tall flagstaff in the by-street, with something like Liberty's head-dress on its top; so do I. But there is a passion for tall flagstaffs hereabout, and you may see its twin brother in five minutes, if you have a mind.

Again across Broadway, and so—passing from the many-colored crowd and glittering shops—into another long main street, the Bowery. A railroad yonder, see, where two stout horses trot along, drawing a score or two of people and a great wooden ark, with ease. The stores are poorer here, the passengers less gay. Clothes ready-made and meat ready-cooked are to be bought in these parts; and the lively whirl of carriages is exchanged for the deep rumble of carts and wagons. These signs which are so plentiful, in shape like river buoys, or small balloons, hoisted by cords to poles, and dangling there, announce, as you may see by looking up, "Oysters in Every Style." They tempt the hungry most at night, for then dull candles, glimmering inside, illuminate these dainty words, and make the mouths of idlers water, as they read and linger.

What is this dismal-fronted pile of bastard Egyptian, like an enchanter's palace in a melodrama? A famous prison, called the Tombs. Shall we go in?

So. A long, narrow, lofty building, stove-heated as usual, with four galleries, one above the other, going round it, and communicating by stairs. Between the two sides of each gallery, and in its centre, a bridge, for the greater convenience of crossing. On each of these bridges sits a man, dozing or reading, or talking to an idle companion. On each tier are two opposite rows of small iron doors. They look like furnace doors, but are cold and black, as though the fires within had all gone out. Some two or three are open, and women, with drooping heads bent down, are talking to the inmates. The whole is lighted by a skylight, but it is fast closed, and from the roof there dangle, limp and drooping, two useless windsails.

A man with keys appears, to show us round. A good-looking fellow, and, in his way, civil and obliging.

"Are those black doors the cells?"

"Yes."

"Are they full?"

"Well, they are pretty nigh full, and that's a fact, and no two ways about it."

"Those at the bottom are unwholesome, surely?"

"Why, we *do* only put colored people in them. That's the truth."

"When do the prisoners take exercise?"

"Well, they do without it pretty much."

"Do they never walk in the yard?"

"Considerable seldom."

"Sometimes, I suppose?"

"Well, it's rare they do. They keep pretty bright without it."

"But suppose a man were here for a twelvemonth. I know this is only a prison for criminals who are charged with grave offences while they are awaiting their trial, or are under remand, but the law here affords criminals many means of delay. What with motions for new trial, and in arrest of judgment, and what not, a prisoner might be here for twelve months, I take it, might he not?"

"Well, I guess he might."

"Do you mean to say that in all that time he would never come out at that little iron door for exercise?"

"He might walk some—not much."

"Will you open one of the doors?"

"All, if you like."

The fastenings jar and rattle, and one of the doors turns slowly on its hinges. Let us look in. A small, bare cell, into which the light enters through a high chink in the wall. There is a rude means of washing, a table, and a bedstead. Upon the latter sits a man of sixty, reading. He looks up for a moment, gives an impatient, dogged shake, and fixes his eyes upon his book again. As we withdraw our heads, the door closes on him, and is fastened as before. This man has murdered his wife, and will probably be hanged.

"How long has he been here?"

"A month."

"When will he be tried?"

"Next term."

"When is that?"

"Next month."

"In England, if a man be under sentence of death even, he has air and exercise at certain periods of the day."

"Possible?"

With what stupendous and untranslatable coolness he says this! and how longingly he leads on to the women's side, making, as he goes, a kind of iron castanet of the key and the stair-rail!

Each cell door on this side has a square aperture in it. Some of the women peep anxiously through it at the sound of footsteps; others shrink away in shame. For what offence can that lonely child, of ten or twelve years old, be shut up here? Oh, that boy? He is the son of the prisoner we saw just now; is a witness against his father; and is detained here for safe keeping until the trial; that's all.

But it is a dreadful place for the child to pass the long days and nights in. This is rather hard treatment for a young witness, is it not? What says our conductor?

"Well, it ain't a very rowdy life, and that's a fact."

Again, he clinks his metal castanet, and leads us leisurely away. "I have a question to ask him as we go.

"Pray, why do they call this place the Tombs?"

"Well, it's the cant name."

"I know it is. Why?"

"Some suicides happened here when it was first built. I expect it come about from that."

"I saw, just now, that that man's clothes were scattered about the floor of his cell. Don't you oblige the prisoners to be orderly, and put such things away?"

"Where should they put 'em?"

"Not on the ground, surely. What do you say to hanging them up?"

He stops and looks round to emphasize his answer:

"Why, I say that's just it. When they had hooks they *would* hang themselves, so they're taken out of every cell, and there's only the marks left where they used to be."

The prison-yard in which he pauses now has been the scene of terrible performances. Into this narrow, grave-like place men are brought out to die. The wretched creature stands beneath the gibbet on the ground, the rope about his neck; and when the sign is given, a weight at its other end comes down, and swings him up into the air—a corpse.

The law requires that there be present at this dismal spectacle the judge, the jury, and citizens to the amount of twenty-five. From the community it is hidden. To the dissolute and bad the thing remains a frightful mystery. Between the criminal and them the prison wall is interposed as a thick, gloomy veil. It is the curtain to his bed of death, his winding-sheet and grave. From him it shuts out life and all the motives to unrepenting hardihood in that last hour, which its mere sight and presence are often all-sufficient to sustain. There are no bold eyes to make him bold—no ruffians to uphold a ruffian's name before. All beyond the pitiless stone wall is unknown space.

Let us go forth again into the cheerful streets.

Once more in Broadway! Here are the same ladies in bright colors, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly; yonder the very same light-blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there. We are going to cross here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly sows are trotting up behind this carriage, and a select party of half a dozen gentlemen hogs have just now turned the corner.

Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear, having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it, and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club men at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small talk of the city in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own, which is a very short one, for his old enemies the dogs have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society on an equal if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved unless by the dogs before mentioned. Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eye twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose carcass garnishes a butcher's door-post; but he grunts out, "Such is life; all flesh is pork!" buries his nose in the mire again, and waddles down the gutter, comforting himself with the reflection that there is one snout the less to anticipate stray cabbage-stalks, at any rate.

They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having for the most part scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks, spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile nobody would recognize it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become preternaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives much better than anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in, you will see them roaming towards bed by scores, eating their way to the last. Occasionally some youth among them who has over-eaten himself, or has been much worried by dogs, trots shrinkingly homeward, like a prodigal son; but this is a rare case; perfect self-possession and self-reliance and immovable composure being their foremost attributes.

The streets and shops are lighted now; and as the eye travels down the long thoroughfare, dotted with bright jets of gas, it is reminded of Oxford street or Piccadilly. Here and there a flight of broad, stone cellar steps appears, and a painted lamp directs you to the bowling saloon, or ten-pin alley; ten-pins being a game of mingled chance and skill, invented when the Legislature passed an act forbidding nine-pins. At other downward flights of steps are other lamps, marking the whereabouts of oyster-cellars—pleasant retreats, say I; not only by reason of their wonderful cookery of oysters, pretty nigh as large as cheese-plates, (or for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors!) but because, of all kinds of eaters of fish, or flesh, or fowl, in these latitudes, the swallowers of oysters alone are not gregarious, but, subduing themselves, as it were, to the nature of what they work in, and copying the coyness of the thing they eat, do sit apart in curtained boxes, and consort by twos, not by two hundreds.

But how quiet the streets are! Are there no itinerant bands, no wind or stringed instruments? No, not one. By day are there no Punches, Fantoccini, dancing-dogs, jugglers, conjurers, orchestrinas, or even barrel-organs? No, not one. Yes, I remember one. One barrel-organ and a dancing monkey—sportive by nature, but fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey of the Utilitarian school. Be-

yond that, nothing lively; no, not so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage.

Are there no amusements? Yes, there is a lecture room across the way, from which that glare of light proceeds, and there may be evening service for the ladies thrice a week, or oftener. For the young gentlemen there is the counting-house, the store, the bar-room; the latter, as you may see through these windows, pretty full. Hark! to the clinking sound of hammers breaking lumps of ice, and to the cool gurgling of the pounded bits, as, in the process of mixing, they are poured from glass to glass! No amusements? What are those suckers of cigars and swallowers of strong drinks, whose hats and legs we see in every possible variety of twist, doing, but amusing themselves? What are the fifty newspapers, which those precocious urchins are bawling down the street, and which are kept filed within—what are they but amusements? Not vapid, waterish amusements, but good, strong stuff, dealing in round abuse and blackguard names, pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle, and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey. No amusements!

Let us go on again, and passing this wilderness of a hotel with stores about its base, like some continental theatre or the *London Opera House* shorn of its colonnade, plunge into the Five Points. But it is needful, first, that we take as our escort these two heads of the police, whom you would know for sharp and well-trained officers if you met them in the Great Desert. So true it is that certain pursuits, wherever carried on, will stamp men with the same character. These two might have been begotten, born and bred in Bow street.

We have seen no beggars in the streets by night or day, but of other kinds of strollers plenty. Poverty, wretchedness, and vice are rife enough where we are going now.

This is the place—these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking everywhere with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of those pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?

So far nearly every house is a low tavern, and on the bar-room walls are colored prints of Washington, and Queen Victoria of England, and the American Eagle. Among the pigeon-holes that hold the bottles are pieces of plate-glass and colored paper, for there is, in some sort, a taste for decoration, even here. And as seamen frequent these haunts, there are maritime pictures, by the dozen, of partings between sailors and their lady-loves; portraits of William, of the ballad, and his Black-Eyed Susan; of Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler; of Paul Jones the Pirate, and the like; on which the painted eyes of Queen Victoria, and of Washington to boot, rest in as strange companionship as on most of the scenes that are enacted in their wondering presence.

What place is this to which the squalid street conducts us? A kind of square of leprous houses, some of which are attainable only by crazy wooden stairs without. What lies beyond this tottering flight of steps, that creak beneath our tread? A miserable room, lighted by one dim candle, and destitute of all comfort, save that which may be hidden in a wretched bed. Beside it sits a man, his elbows on his knees, his forehead hidden in his hands.

"What ails that man?" asks the foremost officer.

"Fever," he sullenly replies, without looking up. Conceive the fancies of a fevered brain in such a place as this!

Ascend these pitch-dark stairs, heedful of a false footing on the trembling boards, and grope your way with me into this wolfish den, where neither ray of light nor breath of air appears to come. A negro lad, startled from his sleep by the officer's voice—he knows it well—but comforted by his assurance that he has not come on business, officiously bestirs himself to light a candle. The match flickers for a moment, and shows great mounds of dusky rags upon the ground; then dies away and leaves a denser darkness than before, if there can be degrees in such extremes. He stumbles down the stairs and presently comes back, shading a flaring taper with his hand. Then the mounds of rags are seen to be astir, and rise slowly up, and the floor is covered with heaps of negro women, waking from their sleep; their white teeth chattering, and their bright eyes glistening and winking on all sides with surprise and fear, like the countless repetition of one astonished African face in some strange mirror.

Mount up these other stairs with no less caution (there are traps and pitfalls here for those who are not so well escorted as ourselves) into the house-top, where the bare beams and rafters meet overhead, and calm night looks down through the crevices in the roof. Open the door of one of these cramped hutches full of sleeping negroes. Pah! They have a charcoal fire within; there is a smell of singeing clothes, or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapors issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner, as you glance about you in these dark retreats, some figure crawls half awakened, as if the judgment hour were near at hand, and every obscene grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, women and men and boys slink off to sleep, forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings.

Here, too, are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee-deep; underground chambers, where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, and forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number; ruined houses open to the street, whence, through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show; hideous tenements which take their name from robbery and murder; all that is loathsome, drooping and decayed is here.

Our leader has his hand upon the latch of "Almack's," and calls to us from the bottom of the steps; for the assembly-room of the Five Point fashionables is approached by a descent. Shall we go in? It is but a moment.

Heyday! the landlady of Almack's thrives! A buxom fat mulatto woman, with sparkling eyes, whose head is daintily ornamented with a handkerchief of many colors. Nor is the landlord much behind her in his finery, being attired in a smart blue jacket, like a ship's steward, with a thick gold ring upon his little finger, and round his neck a gleaming golden watch-guard. How glad he is to see us! What will we please to call for? A dance? It shall be done directly, sir; "a regular break-down."

The corpulent black fiddler, and his friend who plays the tambourine, stamp upon the boarding of the small raised orchestra in which they sit, and play a lively measure. Five or six couple come upon the floor, marshalled by a lively young negro, who is the wit of the assembly, and the greatest dancer known. He never leaves off making queer faces, and is the delight of all the rest, who grin from ear to ear incessantly. Among the dancers are two young mulatto girls, with large, black, drooping eyes, and head-gear after the fashion of the hostess, who are as shy, or feign to be, as though they never danced before, and so look down before the visitors that their partners can see nothing but the long fringed lashes.

But the dance commences. Every gentleman sets as long as he likes to the opposite lady, and the opposite lady to him, and all are so long about it, that the sport begins to languish, when suddenly the lively hero dashes in to the rescue. Instantly the fiddler grins, and goes at it tooth and nail; there is new energy in the tambourine; new laughter in the dancers; new smiles in the landlady; new confidence in the landlord; new brightness in the very candles. Single shuffle, double shuffle, cut and cross-cut; snapping his fingers, rolling his eyes, turning in his knees, presenting the backs of his legs in front, spinning about on his toes and heels like nothing but the man's fingers on the tambourine; dancing with two left legs, two right legs, two wooden legs, two wire legs, two spring legs—all sorts of legs and no legs—what is this to him? And in what walk of life, or dance of life, does man ever get such stimulating applause as thunders about him, when, having danced his partner off her feet, and himself too, he finishes by leaping gloriously on the bar-counter and calling for something to drink, with the chuckle of a million of counterfeit Jim Crows in one inimitable sound!

The air, even in these distempered parts, is fresh after the stifling atmosphere of the houses; and now, as we emerge into a broader street, it blows upon us with a purer breath, and the stars look bright again. Here are the Tombs once more. The city watch-house is a part of the building. It follows naturally on the sights we have just left. Let us see that, and then to bed.

What! do you thrust your common offenders against the police discipline of the town into such holes as these? Do men and women, against whom no crime is proved, lie here all night in perfect darkness, surrounded by the noisome vapors which encircle that flagging lamp you light us with, and breathing this filthy and offensive stench? Why, such indecent and disgusting dungeons as these cells would bring disgrace upon the most despotic empire in the world! Look at them, man—you who see them every night, and keep the keys. Do you see what they are? Do you know how drains are made below the streets, and wherein these human sewers differ, except in being always stagnant?

Well, he don't know. He has had five-and-twenty young women locked up in this very cell at one time, and you'd hardly realize what handsome faces there were among 'em.

In God's name! shut the door upon the wretched creature who is in it now, and put its screen before a place quite unsurpassed in all the vice, neglect and devilry of the worst old town in Europe.

Are people really left all night, untried, in those black sties? Every night. The watch is set at seven in the evening. The magistrate opens his court at five in the morning. That is the earliest hour at which the first prisoner can be released; and if an officer appear against him, he is not taken out till nine o'clock or ten. But if any one among them die in the interval, as one man did not long ago? Then he is half eaten by the rats in an hour's time, as that man was; and there an end.

What is this intolerable tolling of great bells, and crashing of wheels, and shouting in the distance? A fire. And what that deep red light in the opposite direction? Another fire. And what these charred and blackened walls we stand before? A dwelling where a fire has been. It was more than hinted, in an official report, not long ago, that some of those conflagrations were not wholly accidental, and that speculation and enterprise found a field of exertion even in flames. Be this as it may, there was a fire last night, there are two to-night, and you may lay an even wager there will be at least one to-morrow. So, carrying that with us for our comfort, let us say Good night, and climb up stairs to bed.

THE tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment, that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

THE wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, the fool when he gains that of others.

THE flower of youth never looks so lovely as when it bends to the sun of righteousness.

THE sun in parting thrills the heavens, as one's soul is thrilled in the hour of separation.

WE must pass through this world to unlock the mysteries of the next, and it is only in the next that we can find a key to unlock the mysteries of this.

THAT conduct will be continued by our fears which commenced in our resentment.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

LOGIC and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.

SECRET kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

IN TIME'S SWING.

Father Time, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three,
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spreads the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.
Swing me out, and swing me in!
Trees are bare, but birds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Wait—one lilac-bud I saw.
Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

O the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass.
Whispering from the wild-wood come
Mayflowers' breath, and insects' hum.
Roses carpeting the ground;
Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound—
Swing me low, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.

Slower now, for at my side
White pond-lilies open wide.
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal-blossoms burn like fire.
They are gone; the golden rod
Flashes from the dark green sod.
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
Rainbows of the forest-leaves.
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Meadow-green I sadly miss:
Winds through withered sedges hiss.
O, 'tis snowing; swing me fast,
While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
Stop your footfall on the rime!
Hard your push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me long enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stories tell,
While you swing me—gently, do!—
From the Old Year to the New.

—*Young Folks for Dec.*

Webster and Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to the *eclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore; the members of the Cabinet; Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both Houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late, that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind, with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement on the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay; and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert where the head of the Government and a large number of both branches of the legislative department were present. At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could sit no longer; and rising, like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous base voice to the chorus; and I venture to say, that never in the whole course of her career did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that with which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache and the two Grisis on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia," as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's base, we shall never see or hear again.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, curtsied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind re-curtsied, the house re-applauded, and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villain else."

I have seen Niagara, and Taglioni, Mars and Malibran; I have walked through the ruins at Paestum and the Colosseum by moonlight, crossed the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel, but never while memory lasts will this scene fade away.

Being something of a wag, and doeming this too good to be lost, the next day it was currently reported that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany Miss Lind and himself as far as Richmond, and assist her at her concert. For some days nothing but Miss Lind's concert, and the report about Clay and Webster was talked of about the Capitol.

A few days after this I was sitting in the Congressional Post-office, when a member came in, with whom I had always been on very friendly terms, and to my usual very cordial "Good morning," the gentleman, with lips closely compressed, pale as his shirt, and clipping his words very shortly, replied in a sort of staccato style, "Good morning, sir. Can I have a word or two with you in private?" Heaven defend me from a challenge, thought I. Still, never dreaming how I could have incurred the gentleman's displeasure, I replied, very politely, "With pleasure." After leading me some distance through the crooked passages of the Capitol, he stopped short, and looking me full in the face, and seemingly as anxious for a fight as a bull-terrier, he began:

"I understand, sir, that a most insulting report has been very extensively circulated in this city about two of the most distinguished men of my party, and I have heard from more than one source that you are the author. My object, sir, is to know whether you are the author; and if so, whether you hold yourself responsible." Being still in the dark, and utterly unable to comprehend the drift of his remark, I replied, "Sir, I do not know what you are talking about; you will be pleased to speak somewhat more intelligibly." "Well, sir," said he, his choler rising at my coolness, "I have learned from the most unquestionable authority, that you have said that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany and assist Jenny Lind at her concerts in Richmond." I never was so equally divided between an inclination to laugh outright, and to get vexed; and hesitating a moment, whether I should abuse him for his stupidity, or laugh in his face, it occurred to me that if he could swallow so much, his credulity was capacious enough to digest much more. So, compressing my lips, and trying to look as fierce as possible, I said, in the same staccato tone of voice in which he had spoken, "Yes, sir, I am responsible for that report, and I reckon I've seen the contract." My young opponent's jaw fell, and, speaking in his usual natural drawl, he bowed politely, and evidently with feelings of great disappointment at not being able to get a fight, "I beg your pardon, sir; I was not aware that you had seen the contract."

I do not know whether he ever told any one, or whether his friends let him into the secret of my disposition as a wag, but certain it was, for some time, whenever he saw me on one side of Pennsylvania avenue he always had some business on the other.

I told this joke to Mr. Webster, at his own house, before the nomination of the Whig party was made, and ventured to suggest to him that when he was elected President he ought to confer some good office on the man who was willing to fight for him and the honor of his party. He assured me that, if elected, the claims of this gentleman should not be forgotten.

Anecdotes

FROM THE

'QUEENS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

A curious incident of Bishop Clagget's consecration of the old St. Paul's Church, in Alexandria, is traditional. As he walked to church, in his robes and mitre, the boys ran alongside, admiring his peculiar dress, which his gigantic stature and herculean form set off. His voice matched his frame in irrepressible strength. As he entered the church, amid profound silence, and uttered the opening words of the service, a young lady, turning suddenly and seeing his huge form thus arrayed, fell into violent convulsions and was taken out.

Governor Hancock was one day driving out with his wife, when they met Samuel Adams walking with the sheriff beside him. Hancock asked, "What is the meaning of this?" Adams replied, "I am going to jail, as I cannot satisfy the sheriff's demands." The Governor said he would see to that and settle the demand, and bade the sheriff leave his prisoner. Many times was his purse opened for Mr. Adams' benefit under similar circumstances.

At a subscription ball in Philadelphia, the master of ceremonies distributed partners by lot. The dances related to politics. One was called "The Success of the Campaign;" another, "The Defeat of Burgoyne;" another, "Clinton's Retreat," &c. A young lady who in talking forgot her turn in the figure was sharply reproved by a manager. "Take care, miss!" he cried; "do you think you come here for your own pleasure?"

When Governor Livingston's house was forcibly entered at night by British soldiers, in February, 1770, not finding him, they demanded his papers. Miss Susan Livingston had been prepared for this visit, and quietly assented, claiming only safety for a box containing "her private property." The officer set a guard over it, while the library was ransacked, and the men filled their foraging bags with worthless law papers, and then quitted the house. The box thus saved contained the Governor's correspondence with Congress, the Commander-in-chief, and State officers.

Mrs. Hancock often related the circumstances of her husband's severe attack of gout at the time when General Washington was expected to make his first appearance in Boston. The General had accepted an invitation to dine that day with the Governor. It had been represented to Washington that etiquette demanded that the Governor should be at the entrance of the town to welcome him. This was expected; and when the General had been delayed two hours—waiting, in a cold wind, with delicate health—Hancock not appearing, he asked if there were no other entrance to the town by which he could speedily reach his lodgings. Being answered in the negative, he ordered the cavalcade to move on at a quick pace, proceeding directly to the place of his abode. Meanwhile, Governor Hancock was patiently keeping back his dinner, in continual expectation of the arrival of the distinguished guest. Soon the report reached the house, and was whispered about, explaining why he had not come. The next day the Governor ordered his carriage, and, with limbs wrapped in red baize, he was placed in it, in order to call on the General. When he arrived at Washington's lodgings, he was carried in the arms of his servants to the head of the stairs, and thence he crawled on his hands and knees into the presence of the Commander-in-chief. The General, seeing him in this position, was moved to tears. All difficulties, being soon removed, kindness and cordiality were reciprocated.

THE AFFECTIONS.—There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, the great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression: "Were I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress, to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off.

EVERYTHING may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The more rare the more radiant when they meet.

A MAN'S own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

HE who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows.

THE CRADLE IN THE SNOW.

[Some bright little children came running this morning, clamorous to come and look at a natural cradle, formed by the snow falling on a rugged surface of earth.]

'Twas a pretty thought of the children,
This cradle in the snow;
And brought to my mind a legend
Told to me long ago;
A pretty German legend
Of the misty long ago.

They said that the dying seasons,
As they left us, one by one,
Placed a graceful little cradle
For the child that was to come,
For the other unborn season
That in their steps should come.

The Spring time left a blossom
In a tiny cradle form;
And the Summer a floral bower
In which a babe was born,
The brilliant, blooming infant,
The Autumn babe was born.

And the Autumn, in its dying,
Threw down a spangled bough,
With its gorgeous, blended colors
To gleam on the baby brow
Of the little prince, the Winter,
Who would wield the sceptre now.

And the Winter, as he grew hoary,
And prepared to lay his head
With the seasons gone before him
In the kingdom of the dead;
Those who had paid their tribute,
And rested with the dead,

Made a beauteous and holy cradle
Of the pure and stainless snow,
And studded it with diamonds
Of icicles, you know,
And laid by his couch in dying
This cradle of the snow.

So the helpless little stranger
That followed the hoary king,
Was shielded from the danger
That royal advents bring,
And thus in an icy cradle
Came the genial little Spring.

If this Legend of the Cradle
Has a deeper beauty still,
Something within the fable
That the heart interprets well,
The heart, with its faithful instincts,
Always interprets well.

If the text of a silent sermon,
Unspoken, but understood,
With an eloquent brief suggestion
Of a hidden, but mighty good,
The eloquence that moveth
To follow that mighty good.

If it speaks to the souls that read it
Of a wisdom, pure as high,
Which unfolds to the hearts that need it,
The wonderful mystery
That holds in its pregnant bosom
The Germ of Eternity.

Why, then, I am glad and joyful
That the children came to me,
And recalled the pretty legend
From afar beyond the sea;
The pretty German legend
From that land beyond the sea.

And I hope that our souls immortal,
When they lay earth's thraldom by,
And resign the burden of living
In Life's expiring sigh!
Give up their rank 'mong the living
In that last expiring sigh.

That we may have left a cradle
Of earnest strength and truth,
That may shield some soul that shall follow
In the peril of its youth,
And set a watch of power
Around its pliant youth.

That the untried spirit coming
Upon the stage of life,
May be wrapped in that better armor
Which can brave the shock and strife
Of the unwilling battle
That fills the mortal life.

And then, like the dying Seasons,
We may turn our life's last page,
For peace from the Spring Eternal
Shall hallow our closing age,
And we leave to the cradled spirit
A worthy heritage!

Freda's Fortune.

A FAIRY TALE.

Little Freda lived with her mother, who had been the wife of a charcoal-burner, in the middle of a great forest. It was a tiny little hut that she and her mother were glad to call home, and yet it was none the less dear to them on that account. For they had lived there for many happy years when Freda's father was alive, and many memories of him lingered about the place.

Freda's mother was very poor. Her father, the charcoal-burner, had not earned much money, and when he died they had nothing left to live upon except what her mother made by needlework, and what Freda received for running errands into the neighboring town for the farmers who lived near them. Freda herself did not complain very much of their poverty, she did not mind running about with bare feet, and knew nothing of fashionable clothing; but with her mother it was different. She was often heard to bewail her hard fate in being so poor, though she only desired to be able to get bread for herself and Freda, with some meat on feast days; and she had to work very hard to do this, sitting up often far into the night at her sewing. Freda was asleep at such times, and hardly knew how hard her mother worked. Had she known it, I think she would have tried some plan by which they might get a little more money, sooner than she did. What her plan was you shall hear presently; but at the time my story begins Freda and her mother were sitting at the door of her cottage one fine morning in autumn, the former sewing, and Freda sitting near her on the threshold, watching the red leaves that floated down in the keen air from the great trees around them.

"You have to work very hard, mother," she said, looking at the nimble fingers which worked so unremittingly.

"I don't mind hard work, Freda," said her mother, "if I can only make enough for us both to live upon. But I do not get such good prices as I used to do, and it makes it very difficult to earn enough to keep us."

"Does it?" said Freda, opening her eyes very wide. "I wish I could help you more, mother."

"I am sure you would if you could, my child, but you see there is not much work for little girls to do. You will be able to do more for me when you are older."

"Yes," said Freda. "I wish I could grow older quicker, mother."

"You must not wish that, Freda, though I am glad you want to help me." And so saying, her mother went on with her work, as though the talk had interrupted her.

Freda sat and wondered how she could help her mother. It seemed a sad thing that she had to work so hard, when a great many people in the world had nothing to do but to play. But then she remembered that her mother had often told her that work was a blessed and a sacred thing, no matter how trivial the kind of work, if you always did your best, and worked with your whole heart. Freda always tried to do her best, she thought, when she went on her errands, for after all it seemed not only the right thing to do, but the easiest. Work that you really give your whole mind to, is always the soonest done.

Freda pondered how she could help her mother all the evening, and as twilight came on she heard tiny voices beside her. Two field mice had strayed into the forest, and were holding a conversation. Freda listened, and heard that they were talking about her.

"How strange it is that Freda doesn't get help for her mother, who has to work so hard," said one. "We could tell her where to go and get it."

"Yes," said the other, "of course we could. Bright silver and gold pieces have often been got there; it is really a pity that Freda doesn't go."

Freda heard these words, but she did not know who was speaking. Presently, however, the mice came cut from under some broad leaves, and came close to her. She then saw who it had been, and cried out, "O my dear mice! I heard you talking; do tell me where to go to get the silver and gold pieces to help my mother with!"

And the mice told her, for she had often been kind to them, and given them bread and milk when there was very little food to be got in the forest. They told her a wonderful story—so wonderful, indeed, that she hardly believed at first that it would come true, but you will see that it all did in the end. They told her to go beyond the forest, to the foot of the great mountain that rose just outside it. Then to go a little way up the mountain, to where two brooks divided, and where there was a beautiful plot of green grass, with the trees that hung over the stream to shelter it, and the running water beside it to keep it green all the year round. There, they said, on a moonlight night she would see the fairies dancing, and if she could watch till the morning, when they were just going away, and ask the last fairy that remained, for a piece of silver, telling him what it was for, he would give it her.

Freda was delighted to hear this, and that very night, as there was the harvest moon, she determined to go to the mountain and watch for the fairy gift. Her mother laughed at her, but did not prevent her going, as everybody knew Freda, and no one would harm her.

It was bright moonlight when she set out, and while in the open spaces of the forest the moonbeams shone bright as silver, in the shade of the great trees it was all the more dark from the contrast. As Freda walked along a robin came out of his bed, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the robin said, "Here is a red feather from my breast, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

Further on a great black spider came out of a hole, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the spider said, "Here is some silk that I have spun, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

Further on a squirrel came running down a branch to her, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the squirrel said, "Here is half a nutshell that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

When she got to the end of the wood she was almost frightened, for the great mountain looked so tall and grand, standing proudly up in the moonlight, with its head lost in the clouds. But as she drew nearer she saw the two streams, one on each side of her, shining like rivulets of gold, and she knew she was getting near the fairy ring, and went on boldly.

It was rather hard work climbing the mountain, it was so covered with bracken and bushes of furze, but the moon gave plenty of light, so that Freda could see the big stones and other obstacles in the way, and struggled bravely on. As she drew nearer to where the brook divided she heard the sound of beautiful music, which seemed to keep tune with the chiming of the waters. And when she gained the level spot where was the fairy ring, what a wonderful sight it was!

There were the fairies dancing madly in the moonlight, round and round, in and out, capering first on one side and then on the other, whirling about like teetotums, and then leaping up into the air like Jack-in-the-boxes, till Freda grew almost dizzy as she looked at them. They were not all dressed alike. Some wore pale green tunics, others dresses of red and blue, and some had robes of fur; hardly two of them were dressed alike, although they seemed very much alike in the faces, and Freda thought that perhaps they dressed differently in order to distinguish each other.

On a hillock raised a little above the grass sat a very handsome fairy, with a crown on his head, and a lovely fairy lady beside him, also wearing a crown. These were the king and queen of the fairies in that part of the country; perhaps, even, they were the king and queen of all the fairies, but Freda did not find out that. As she watched them she wondered which fairy would be the last to leave the ring, and be the one to whom she would have to make her request. She had not long to wait, for as she watched she heard in the distance a cock crowing in some farmyard, and at the first sound all the fairies began to trip away and disappear.

And at last there was only one left, and just as he was about to hop away Freda ran up to him and said, "Please, Mr. Fairy, my mother is very poor, and works very hard. Will you give her some money?"

The fairy was a funny old-fashioned looking little fellow in a red jerkin, and he looked at her slyly and said, "When mortals come to ask such favors of us, they generally bring us some present. What have you brought me for myself?"

Then Freda was glad she had met the robin in the forest, and said, "Here is a beautiful red feather for your cap."

The fairy thanked her and seemed very pleased. But he said, "What have you brought me for my wife?" And Freda remembered the spider's gift, and said, "See this beautiful silk; it will make your wife a dress." And the fairy took it and was very much delighted.

But he said again, "What have you brought me for my baby?"

Then Freda took the half nut-shell that the squirrel had given her, and said, "I have brought your baby a cradle."

And the fairy said, "You have given me beautiful presents, and now I will give you something in return. Here is a broad piece of silver, that will buy all your mother will want for a whole week; I will give you one every week like this, but it must be upon these conditions: First, you must always do the marketing yourself for your mother, that she may not be troubled about it; and secondly, you must always spend some of the money on other people who are as poor as yourselves. You must always do some good with it, or I shall give you no more. You will find a broad silver piece on this stone every Saturday night, but whenever you apply the money to please yourself instead of doing good to others, you will find it there no more."

And then the fairy put the money on the stone and vanished, and Freda went home very much delighted to her mother, who was astonished at all she had seen, and very grateful to the fairy for being so kind to them.

They spent the money on food and clothing, and Freda was very careful to do the marketing for her mother, and always to bestow some of the money upon people in the city who were poorer than themselves. Indeed, the fairy's money made them quite rich, and Freda's mother had not to work nearly so hard at her sewing, nor was Freda obliged to go so many errands into the town, except when she went to buy provisions and other things for themselves.

Regularly every Saturday Freda went up to the fairy ring, and took the broad silver piece from the stone on which the fairy had laid the first one. It was curious, however, that she never saw the fairy again. There was sometimes a curious light on the grass, and Freda used to fancy that on moonlight nights she could hear the elfin music again. But I think that it was only fancy, and that she mistook the rippling of the stream, mingling with the wind in the branches, for the music; for you see if she had really heard the music I think she would have been certain to see the fairies, and she never saw them again.

They lived very happily on the fairy gold for a long time, Freda doing exactly what the fairy had told her; till one day, when she was marketing in the city, she happened to stop opposite a great shop where there were all manner of beautiful dresses and bright-colored ribbons. Freda had often seen the shop before, and admired the things in it, but to-day they seemed more beautiful than ever, and she saw one rose-colored ribbon in the window that she felt she would give anything to possess.

She stood for a long time, when she ought to have gone away at once, and not stayed near the temptation. She knew she had no right to buy it just to gratify herself, for the money in her pocket was fairy money, and was not given her for such a purpose. But the rose-colored ribbon looked so bright and pretty, that at last she went in and bought it. She put it on round her neck, and then went home through the wood.

She had got the ribbon, but she was not happy. In the first place there was a poor sick girl in the town to whom she should have taken a little wine, and now that she had spent the money she could not do it. And then as she went through the wood she met a rough-looking man, who stopped her and took hold of the ribbon, and asked her if she had stolen it. Little girls who lived in the forest, he said, did not wear such gay ribbons, and could not afford to buy them; she could not have come by it by fair means. And Freda wept bitterly, for she had never been called a thief before; and as she went on the ribbon seemed to be like a lump of lead round her neck, so heavy was it and so hateful.

When she got home she had to tell her mother all she had done, and her mother was very grieved that she had preferred to please herself, and give way to her pride, instead of doing good to others. And worst of all, when she walked up to the mountain that night, there was no broad silver piece on the stone, nor on any night after that, although she often went to see, thinking that the fairy would have forgiven her.

There was no more fairy money for Freda, and her mother had to work hard at needlework again. But as Freda grew older she grew able to help her mother a great deal, and they were able to do without the fairy's help; while Freda never forgot the lesson it had taught her.

That lesson was to do good to others rather than to please ourselves, and it is a lesson I hope we shall all learn, though we may not be able, like Freda, to learn it from the fairies.

A TOUCHING STORY.—How sad and touching is the story told at Brussels of the country farmer wandering by the park of Tervueren with his little son. "Who is that pale lady?" says the child, as the low carriage in which the Princess is driven through the grounds was seen through the opening in the palisades. "Ah, child, that lady has been known by many names. In this very place, when full of mirth and joy, she was called by her mother (oh, so fondly!) Lolotte—by her father Lottchen, because she was named after his first love, the fair English Princess, whom he never forgot to his dying day. Then she, too, grown fair and saintly, was called the Princess Charlotte. Afterwards, when a blooming bride, she became the Archduchess Charlotte. Last of all the Empress of Mexico! And now she is nothing more than the poor maniac—the helpless, hopeless lunatic, under Dr. Bustens's care. Come, child, let us hasten on to church, or we shall be late for prayer."

A LOST NOBLEMAN.—There is a tradition belonging to the parish of Minster-Lovell, in Oxfordshire, that Francis Lord Lovell, being attainted during the reign of Henry VII. was pursued by soldiers, who endeavored to capture him; and having been seen to enter his house at Minster-Lovell, he was never heard of or found, notwithstanding every search was made for him. There is also a subsequent tradition that, in the eighteenth century, when the house formerly occupied by the Lovells was pulled down, in a vault was found the person of a man in very rich clothing, seated in a chair, with a table and mass-book before him. The body was quite perfect when the workmen entered, but the air soon turned it to dust.

MANY a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

New York Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

FOR MAYOR:

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

FOR CIVIL JUSTICE, SIXTH DISTRICT.

THADDEUS H. LANE.

FOR ALDERMEN:

DISTRICT.

II.—THOMAS COMAN.
IV.—EDWARD CUDDY.
VI.—HUGH O'BRIEN.
VIII.—THOMAS BRADY.
X.—THOMAS CONNER.
XII.—HENRY WOLTMAN.
XIV.—JOHN NESBITT.
XVI.—TERENCE FARLEY.

FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS:

DISTRICT.

I.—JAMES P. DUPIGNAC.
II.—HENRY P. WEST.
III.—WILLIAM H. GRAY.
IV.—FRANCIS V. EWING. (LONG TERM.)
THEODORE TOOKER. (SHORT TERM.)
V.—EDWARD L. CORLIES.
VI.—THOMAS J. HALL.
VII.—JAMES B. BRADY.

FOR COUNCILMEN:

Fourth District.

WILLIAM PIGGOTT,
JEREMIAH O'BRIEN,
JOHN STACOM,
BENJAMIN REILLY,
JAMES MONAGHAN.

Fifth District.

JOHN MACK,
PATRICK GIDNEY,
THOMAS CANARY,
JOHN HANSON,
PETER CULKIN.

Sixth District.

EDWARD WELSH,
THOMAS DALEY,
HAWLEY ODELL,
BERNARD KENNEY,
GEORGE A. HEINRICH.

Seventh District.

JAMES THOMPSON,
FLORENCE SCAMMEL,
EDWARD BRUCKS,
BERNARD K. MURPHY,
MICHAEL FAY.

Eighth District.

JOHN HART,
BERNARD GILLIGAN,
J. CUNNINGHAM, JR.,
JOHN REYNOLDS,
CHARLES FEITNER.

GENERAL COMMITTEE, TAMMANY HALL.

As will be seen by the regular notice below, there will be a special meeting of the General Committee of Tammany Hall this afternoon, at 5 o'clock, at the Headquarters, to make final preparations for the election. Every member should be promptly in attendance.

DEMOCRATIC GENERAL COMMITTEE.

TAMMANY HALL, TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS, 114 AND 116 EAST 13TH STREET, NEW YORK, Nov. 29th, 1867.

A Special Meeting of the Democratic General Committee of Tammany Hall will be held THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, the 30th inst., at FIVE o'clock. By order of

WILLIAM M. TWEED, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM HITCHMAN, JOHN HOUGHTALIN, } *Secretaries.*

IF YOU DID NOT REGISTER YOUR NAME FOR THE NOVEMBER ELECTION, YOU CAN ADD YOUR NAME TO-DAY (SATURDAY), THE 30TH, FOR JOHN T. HOFFMAN'S ELECTION.

HOFFMAN AND VICTORY.

The election question is, "Shall we in December fritter away, or shall we intensify the November victory?"

In November we elected five anti-Wood Senators and twenty-one anti-Wood Assemblymen; and all pledged, with the Mayor, Recorder, City Judge, District Attorney, Comptroller, Street Commissioner, County Clerk elect, Sheriffs, Register, every Police Justice but one, every Civil Justice but one, and every Judge of Civil Courts of record to pull together and repeal at Albany the odious laws.

In December certain Democrats propose to elect Mr. Wood, who will substantially aid certain Radical leaders to keep the Excise, Health, Police, Boat, License, Junk, Hack, Boarding-House, and Commission iniquitous laws just as they are: by throwing into the Albany scale his requests as Mayor in Radical behalf.

How important in the view of all Democrats in the interior it is to elect Mr. Hoffman may be seen by a leading editorial elsewhere, copied from the Albany *Argus*.

The Mayoralty fight possesses, therefore, a State and party significance of great moment. Mr. Wood degrades it to a personal fight. Mr. Hoffman and his friends throughout the State, place it where it belongs, on the high ground of organization, party supremacy, and a full fruition at Albany for the November victory.

PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE ARE BURNING AND DESTROYING HOFFMAN CIRCULARS, AND DESIGNEDLY ALLOWING THEM TO ACCUMULATE WITHOUT DISTRIBUTION IN THE BRANCH OFFICES. IF MR. POSTMASTER KELLY WANTS EVIDENCE OF THESE FACTS, BY SENDING TO THIS OFFICE IT WILL BE FURNISHED! PROPER REPRESENTATIONS ON THIS SUBJECT WILL BE MADE TO WASHINGTON.

THE WOOD MEETING.

It was a fiasco and a failure. Daniel M. Porter, who presided over the meeting *that was collected to give honesty to the City Government!* is a man recently indicted for obtaining money by false pretenses, and whose case has been in various shapes before the court under queer statements of facts.

Horatio Seymour did not speak. Neither the Horatio of Utica (Ex-Governor), nor the Horatio of Buffalo (Ex-Assemblyman), Mr. Wood did. He expects to be beaten. For the first time in his career he forgot his assumption of suavity, and made a coarse-minded speech that contained much vulgar language. We accept this as an indication that he feels the premonitions of defeat. The prize fighter who loses his temper always loses his fight.

One year ago Mr. Wood went for Hoffman for Governor, and spoke in his favor. Why does he now abuse him? Mr. Wood knows that he is simply against Mayor Hoffman because the latter will not sign his leases. It is a personal fight, and Mr. Wood is willing to jeopard Democratic success in order to gratify his selfishness and profit. Will the people of New York allow this? We think not by a negative of fifteen thousand majority.

LAST NIGHT a Darling-Wood meeting was held in Cooper Institute, and to-night a Wood-Darling assemblage meets in the same place.

ALDERMEN.

The Tammany candidates for Aldermen are all making a vigorous canvass in their several districts with every indication of receiving a handsome majority in every instance.

Thomas Coman, in the Second Aldermanic district, has little or no opposition, and has plenty of time to do good service in behalf of our candidate for Mayor, and we haveno doubt will, while he secures his own re-election, show important results in behalf of John T. Hoffman.

Edward Cuddy, in the Fourth District, is meeting with a combined opposition of the outside Democratic factions and the Radicals. With a strong pull and pull altogether by the Tammany forces in this district Cuddy can be elected by a handsome majority.

In the Sixth District Hugh O'Brien is pressing the canvass with unusual energy with every indication that he will carry the Tammany banner through triumphantly.

The Tammany candidate in the Eighth District, Thomas Brady, is a merchant, and member of the Board of Councilmen in 1863 and 1865.

He is a hard working Democrat, popular in his district, and will faithfully represent its interests in the Board.

Thomas Conner is making a bold fight in the Tenth District and is destined to come out with a rousing majority over all his competitors.

The popular German, Henry Woltman, is carrying the Tammany banner in the Twelfth District. He carried the district for Assembly last year by a handsome majority, and is certain of being the successor to Charles E. Loew in the next Board of Aldermen.

A desperate effort is being made to defeat John Nesbitt in the Eighteenth Ward, but his long identification with the Democracy of the district, his present popularity and extensive acquaintance with the voters of the ward insures his success beyond a contingency. No better man could be found to look after the interests of the laboring classes in that district in the Board of Aldermen.

The acceptance of Terence Farley of the nomination in the Sixteenth District has caused great consternation among the other candidates. There has been great difficulty in getting any person to run against him. The Radicals have brought out a new candidate every day for the last week. These nominees are entered every night, and the moment that they get a view of Farley trotting around the track are suddenly taken sick, and their backers are obliged to withdraw them. Under these circumstances there is no doubt as to the result. Gratitude for past services in behalf of the interests of the ward should give Farley every vote in the district.

A "DEAR CANDIDATE"—"Darling."

THE MULE AND THE MARE.

A CAMPAIGN LYRIC.

I.

There was a man had an old gray mule
He tho't was dreadful strong, sir.
He wanted to bet he would out-pull
Whatever came along, sir.
And so by dint of bragging much
About his stiff backbone, sir,
He scared all betters for a time,
And had the track alone, sir.
At length there came another man;
He had a young brown mare, sir;
He'd bet his pile she would out-pull
The old mule then and there, sir.
And so they made a heavy bet
'Bout which would sooner tire, sir.
They hitched 'em to two big machines
With a heavy piece of wire, sir.
Now, the mule (he was an old wire-puller)
He pulled with might and main, sir,
And run his machine so deep in the ground,
It wouldn'nt come out again, sir;
But the brown mare went with her machine
At a regular plank-road pace, sir.
And the mule-man swore, in a fit of spleen,
There was something wrong with his
trace, sir.
So they tho't to try 'em another way,
And together hitched their tails, sir;
And the mule-man said 'twas play or pay,
For this test couldn't fail, sir.
And the brown mare reared and gave a jump,
When she heard her master's call, sir,
And the old mule dropped, for she took his
stump
Right out, backbone and all, sir.

II.

We bet our pile on our brown nag,
And Tuesday we'll *be there*, sir.
FERNANDY is the old gray mule,
And HOFFMAN is our Mayor, sir.
And if that old gray mule don't fall
And break his neck right there, sir,
We pull his tail, backbone and all,
With HOFFMAN, our best Mayor, sir.

A. J.

REMEMBER.—A vote for Wood is a vote,

1st. To elect a man notoriously dishonest, and who unblushingly admits the fact.

2d. To indorse a direct issue of corruption, and to repudiate the faithful officer who has, thus far, prevented its consummation.

3d. To set the seal of public approval on the official and private life of Fernando Wood for the example of other officials, and the young men and all men of the country.

4th. To establish as a precedent that successful crime, money corruptly accumulated, and persistent audacity are the passports to popular favor.

5th. To inaugurate a carnival of corruption and disorder in our city.

THE Radical leaders are making their boasts that they have sold six thousand Radical Republican votes to Fernando Wood. They are to receive in pay assistance from Wood to retain the despotic Commissions in this city and help in the next Presidential election. Are the Democracy of this city ready to bid this movement to help the Radicals elect their candidate for President by supporting Wood at this election? Let his defeat by overwhelming, and he will be powerless to carry out his part of the programme.

A "STUMP CANDIDATE"—Wood.

THE HOFFMAN MEETING.

It was large, spontaneous and enthusiastic. Substantially there were four meetings, inside and out. The dailies have given all the details of arrangements, and therefore it is not necessary to refer to them.

Mr. Anthon presided with grace and dignity, and in a well-toned speech showed the necessity for permanency of Democratic victory by electing Mr. Hoffman.

Mayor Hoffman was then introduced to the audience and was received with enthusiastic and long-continued cheering. He spoke as follows:

This vast assemblage of people, this outspoken enthusiasm, tells me you understand that you are engaged in a municipal canvass of no ordinary magnitude. Never, perhaps, before, has there been a canvass, which throughout the length and breadth of the State, and the length and breadth of the country, has excited so much attention as this. For it is the first time in the history of New York that the issue has been fairly and squarely made between the great mass of the intelligence, respectability, and integrity of the people of all classes, and the man who undertakes to organize for the purposes of a selfish campaign the vice and ignorance of the community.

THE CITY.

We live in a vast city; its population has never been accurately ascertained, but, perhaps, amounting to a million; its resources greater than those of any city in the country—nearly equal to those of any city in the world; its wealth vast; its merchant princes unequaled in the world; its natural advantages unsurpassed—two broad rivers on either side of it emptying into the ocean which washes its shores, and a harbor which invites the commerce of the world, and offers a resting-place for the ships of all nations. The population, made up of men from all parts of the country and all parts of the world, whose united industries, habits and instincts, tend to develop the greatness of a city destined to be unequaled in the annals of the world. [Cheers.] In this great city there is one subject which, to-day, engrosses every man. I care not how rich he may be, or how poor he may be—a subject upon which there is either great grievance, or upon which there has been most willful misrepresentation. I approach that subject first, because I consider it one which comes home to every man, and I approach it also because I think it is one which is least understood of all others.

CITY EXPENSES.

I have not come among you, my friends, to deliver to you any harangue. I have not come among you to excite your prejudices, or influence your passions. I come before you to talk, as well as I can, plain, sober, common sense, such as should be spoken by the chief magistrate of the first city of the country, and by one who is before the people for re-election to this high office. (Applause.) Throughout this city, to a very great extent, there has been a very great misunderstanding on the subject of taxation. A leading morning paper to-day, the New York *Tribune*, announced, with some figures, that the total expenditures of the city and county authorities in the year 1866 were $16,750,767; and at a meeting in Wall street this afternoon, presided over by a distinguished member of the political party to which I am opposed, and addressed by a leading merchant of the City of New York, who resides, however, in the City of Brooklyn, this same misrepresentation has been renewed. Now, if it were true, as I shall show you directly, that the statement of the New York *Tribune*, of this morning, that during the year 1866 the municipal and county authorities of this city and county spent nearly seventeen millions of dollars was correct, this one fact would carry with it the supposition that neither the police commission, nor the fire commission, nor the record commission, nor the Central Park commission, nor the Harlem bridge commission, nor the Board of Education, nor any of the other boards or commissions had spent a single cent, because the whole tax levy of the year was the same amount as that stated in the *Tribune*, to have been spent by the city and county authorities. During the year 1866 the total taxes of the City of New York were $16,959,767 88—a very large sum of money. Of that sum the State of New York took for itself three millions of dollars. The expenditures of the Police and Fire Commissions, the Board of Health and various other commissions created by the Legislature, independent of the city government, including the Board of Education, and interest on Central Park debt amounted to about $8,000,000. There was expended for the redemption of and interest on war and city debt, $1,813,155 21. The aggregate of expenditures, independent of municipal authorities, was $12,813,155 21; leaving only about $4,000,000 for all the expenses of city and county governments, including courts, cleaning and lighting streets, repairs to pavements, aqueduct, sewers, roads and avenues, waterpipes, public buildings, election expenses, legislative and executive departments, new court-house, armories and drill rooms, donations to blind, and various asylums, &c. And yet partisan journals and partisan speakers in Wall street, to-day, have made statements that for the whole of the expenditures named here I am responsible, in connection with the other authorities elected by the people of this city.

HOW ALBANY INCREASES TAXES.

Now, these statements, made by these journals and these speakers, establish one of two propositions. Either they must be the victims of a lamentable amount of ignorance, or there must be a determination on their part to misrepresent facts. The first is not creditable to their intelligence; the last is not creditable to their integrity. (Cheers.) They may shield themselves under whichever cover they please. In 1867, this present year, there are added to that tax levy about four millions and nine hundred thousand dollars. If it were true that I was responsible for that increase, or could furnish no satisfactory explanation of it, I would never dare to present myself to the people of New York for re-election. The State itself, for the redemption of its State bounty debt, calls for nearly a million of dollars more than last year; the Police Commission calls for an increase over last year of $434,370; the Charity Commission for an increase of $100,000. Then you know that by law Government securities are exempt from taxes. Before the question was settled by the Legislature, the city had collected of the banks and insurance companies nearly three million of dollars, and now we have to pay for bonds issued by order of the Legislature, to pay taxes collected on Government securities, which the courts decided were exempt, an installment of $500,000; for election expenses, drawn by Police Commissioners for Constitutional Convention, we have to pay $33,000. Then for necessary expenses of litigation with banks about their taxes we pay $55,380; the Board of Education takes $485,000 more than last year; for the redemption of bounty loan incurred during the war by the city we pay $490,000; for arching Fourth avenue, by direction of the Legislature, there is a cost of $100,000. And then, among other beauties of Albany legislation for New York City, is the next item of this increase to which I call your attention. It was deemed necessary to repave Broadway. Well, we had the Croton Board, which assumes to do its duty properly, made up of men who claim to have the confidence of the community, and to be entirely capable for the work with which they are charged, of paving the streets. They have their offices, and their clerks, and all the machinery for carrying on their business. But to repave Broadway the Legislature created a special commission, and that commission draws upon the City of New York, for the year 1867, for $390,000. [Laughter and applause.] We are compelled to pay it; the Legislature directed it, and made an appropriation to meet it, and when we raised the question in the Courts as to whether the action of the Legislature was unconstitutional, one of the most distinguished judges of this State decided against us, and we must pay it.

Then, as you know, there always have been in past years, as there always will be, arrears in taxes—taxes collected erroneously; taxes not collected, which are lost because there is no property to meet them, and so we have to pay, to supply deficiencies growing out of erroneous assessments and insolvencies, as directed by the Legislature, $318,307. Then for increased expenses of lighting the city and arrears due gas companies by reason of an increased charge of $22 per year for every street lamp, during and since the war, we pay $325,250. This extra charge for gas was resisted by the late Comptroller Brennan, and by the present Comptroller as long as possible, until this year, when we are compelled to pay not only the extra charge for this year, but for the arrearages on former years. And this statement shows that of the increase of nearly five millions of dollars in the expenses of this year about four millions and two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars of it is wholly independent of the City and County Government.

A BIG CITY REQUIRES BIG TAXES.

Now, my friends, in view of these facts and figures, what becomes of the statement made that municipal extravagance has been running wild, and that the municipal expenses have been increased from eight or nine millions, twelve or thirteen years ago, to twenty-one millions now. Suppose that they had been increased to that amount, and the money had been actually expended by the municipal authorities. Is there a man within the sound of my voice who does not know that the expenditure of every man, woman and child in this community has increased in the same proportion—and who does not know that his family requires a doubled or trebled expenditure over even three or four years ago? Does any man suppose that his personal expenses and the expenses of his family will increase, and the expenses of the city not also increase? But besides that, the city has doubled in population, size and wealth. A debt of fourteen millions has been incurred by it to support a great war. I do not mean to be understood as saying that less money would not answer. I do not believe there is a single commission or department that could not get along with less expenditure. I believe more economy is needed, more economy must be had; every man charged with public duty must resolve that he will to the best of his ability reduce every item of expenses. [Cheers.]

But I want people to recollect that as a city grows, so its legitimate expenses increase; as all the calls upon a city increase with the progress of time, so must expenses increase.

FEW WORDS FOR THE TRIBUNE.

Now I want to call your attention to certain facts stated in the *Tribune* of this morning, and repeated again at a meeting in Wall street to-day. These are facts relating to the taxes of the city, and there is no man, whatever his station, who won't be interested in them. I refer to the State taxes of 1855, when Mr. Wood was Mayor, and when, as he says, the tax levy amounted to little over eight millions of dollars. In that year the State taxes amounted to but about $604,291, and in 1856 to $888,655; while in the year 1867 the State taxes amount to $3,890,514—so you see the amount was increased nearly three millions of dollars. But I did not hear that there was any outcry in the *Tribune* or at the Wall street meeting about that; no one seemed to have any idea of directing public attention to that—and yet there is that great increase from $600,000 to nearly four millions. Now let me call your attention to the increase in the expenditure for Police. In 1859 the cost of the Police force was $1,272,202; but in 1867 the expenditure increased to $2,618,554. Then there is the increase in the item of Public Schools. In 1859 it was $1,216,000; this year it is $2,939,348.

And there is another feature which must not be lost sight of. The taxes have been increased, it is true, but how about the increase in property? In 1855, as Mr. Wood said, the expenditure was eight millions, while in 1867 it is sixteen millions, or double what it was then. But you know that property in the city has also doubled in value; and I will call your attention to the fact which bears out this statement. Look at the Central Park: it has cost ten or eleven millions of dollars, and I do say it is money well expended, as contributing more to the health, the happiness and the pleasure of the people of this city than any other work, except the Croton Aqueduct. Well, the increase in the value of property in the neighborhood of the Park has been such that the increased taxes not only pay the interest of the whole outlay for the Park, but leave a considerable surplus.

MORE FACTS ABOUT THE TAXES.

I have not alluded to the war tax, except to say that it amounted to fourteen millions of dollars. Very well; who is responsible for that? It is not for you or for me to decide. No matter how much we might differ as to whether the war should or should not have been begun, when we got in it there was but one thing to do—either to whip or to be whipped; and we determined not to be whipped. [Immense cheering.] Well, we had to raise and equip regiments, to provide for the payment of bounties, and to take care of the families of those men who had gone to the war. And in doing that we incurred this heavy debt, and—and we've got to pay it. [Applause.] The interest must continue to be paid; and I want you to bear this in mind—that when heavy debts are incurred, pay day must come at last. It does not become any taxpayer to complain of the necessary taxes to defray our share of the expense of carrying on the war, of providing for our soldiers, and taking care of their families while they were gone. [Applause.]

FERNANDO WOOD.

Mr. Wood has made one allegation concerning the city expenses, and that is that the Mayor may check them by refusing to sign warrants, and that when he was Mayor they tried by mandamus to compel him to sign warrants, and that he refused to do it. I would simply suggest that if they tried a mandamus they mistook their remedy. If half of what is said was true, there was another means of getting them signed, much more speedy, although a little more expensive. [Applause and laughter.] Mr. Wood discovered in the matter of the Nassau street extension that a mandamus was not the proper remedy. [Laughter.] It is true, my friends, that the Mayor might refuse to sign a warrant, but the only result of such a refusal would be to subject the city to useless expense, as the city would have to pay the amount with the legal expenses added. The Sheriff would levy upon the city property, and perhaps be obliged to sell it at a great sacrifice. Would the policemen, the men who carry on the contract work, and the laboring men, the men who furnish the supplies for the departments and the different boards and commissions, would they, after having earned their money, or parted with their property, feel as if they were rightly used if they were refused their pay? The only effect of a refusal to sign their warrants would be to subject the city to the legal expense of judgments, levies, and sales of the city property.

WOOD CHOPPING.

But I pass to the consideration of other subjects. It is easy, in a State or national canvass, to discuss principles and public measures; it is not so easy in a canvass like this for a man to speak where he is himself a candidate. As to Mr. Darling, there is not a man of his own party, including himself, who has the slightest idea that by any possibility he can be elected. [Applause.] The simple question to be determined is whether Mr. Wood shall be Mayor or whether I shall be. I have something to say about Mr. Wood. I will read an extract from his speech as reported in his organ, the New York *Tribune*. [Laughter.] He says in that speech he is the self-nominated candidate, and yet he said here the other night that he did not want the office. Again he says, "If you elect me you must take me as I am." [Laughter.] I don't think there is the slightest doubt about that—not only as he is, but as he was. [Laughter.] "He expected to be charged with arson, burglary, and murder, perhaps, and would not gainsay or deny them. He should only reply that they had not found out half. He wanted it clearly understood that he admitted them all in advance." I would not make such accusation against any adversary, but I am at liberty to quote his own language. I am disposed to treat it as I did such cases when I was Recorder. When a man pleaded guilty, I always remanded him for sentence, and took his case into consideration. So far as Mr. Wood's private record is concerned, I remand him for sentence until Tuesday next, when I propose that he shall be brought before the bar of public opinion and receive the sentence which he is entitled to upon his plea of guilty. [Applause and laughter.] Now I ask, what did he do for the city?

WOOD ON ORDER.

As I have asked the question, what has Mr. Wood done for the city? I will answer it by a thing which will illustrate Mr. Wood's love of law, and respect for its administration. When he had mismanaged the Police Department and the city so shamefully that the State determined to take it out of his hands, he made up his mind to resist the enforcement of the law and did so with the aid of some of the police force whom he induced to act in his interest. The very commencement of the duties of the State commission was baptized in blood by his act, and to this day the men who were deceived and misled into following him are deprived of their pay in consequence. He got these poor fellows into difficulty, and did not get them out of it. But he took care not to be a sufferer himself, and while the policemen who followed his lead have never been able to get a cent of their pay, he himself drew from the city treasury $23,000 to pay the expenses of the litigation following his own rebellious act. He made the public pay his expenses in the affair and let his followers suffer all the consequences. Is such a man fit to be your chief officer in this city? What else did he do? Look at his war record; in alluding to which I will be very brief, for the facts are well known to all. At the outset of the rebellion he declared himself by act and deed to be in sympathy with the Southern people; and yet was shortly afterwards among the foremost in raising a regiment to fight them—a regiment which subsequently disowned him. In the midst of war, and at a time when the country had the greatest need of the encouragement and support of its leading men, he called a meeting in this city, advising a base and useless peace. He pretended to hold with the North, and in every way gave aid to the South; and yet, when he desires to be re-elected, he has the impudence to ask you to look at his war record. I ask you if these are not facts? And if they are facts, what man, whatever his sympathies may have been in the war, will cast his vote for such a man, who tried to be on both sides, and was not on either.

WOOD'S SPECULATIONS.

Before he became Mayor he tried to get the Common Council to lease property of his on Nassau street for Council purposes, but was refused because the property was unfit for such purposes. After he became Mayor he got the Council to lease it for a series of years at an enormous sum. Has not the matter been ventilated in every paper? And yet he asks to be re-elected to the office of Mayor, and have these acts endorsed.

If the people of New York do so, they cannot complain if, after such encouragement by them, any officer uses the position they give him to rob them and enrich himself. I have it in the handwriting of Mr. Wood, and can show it to any one who chooses to see it, that that gentlemen has $2,000,000 worth of real estate in the City of New York. Well, for twenty years has he been in any sort of mercantile or other business except in public offices? And if not, where has he acquired this property? I leave you to draw the inference yourselves. I would give this on my own authority, but have the authority for it in his own handwriting.

Perhaps he is not aware of the fate which awaits him on Tuesday next. When he sees it he may possibly be induced to make as full a confession of his private sins as he has of his public iniquities. The New York *Herald* [loud hisses] of this morning says that if Mr. Wood should be elected, he would be a Napoleonic Mayor. [Laughter.] Now, among the things that the modern Napoleon is celebrated for is widening the streets of Paris, and I suppose that Mr. Bennett means that if Mr. Wood becomes Mayor he would widen Ann street. [Laughter and applause.] Well, I think he would. I think that is an understood thing. I would not willingly say anything to injure the feelings of Mr. Bennett. He edits a paper of wide circulation and great influence. He is an old man, now seventy years of age, and his life is probably drawing to a close. I trust his last years will be pleasant, comfortable and happy. I say nothing against him personally, but I shall say one thing, because it is right in justice to myself to say it. Before I was elected Mayor a resolution was passed by the Common Council providing for the widening of Ann street, on the corner of which the splendid edifice of the *Herald* office is situated. I do not mean to say that the widening of Ann street would not be a benefit to Mr. Bennett's property and to the city generally, but if it is to be done the property in different parts of the city should be taxed in proportion to the benefit it derived from it. That is the just principle. But that was not designed. Before the work was inaugurated some one, I will not say who, went to Albany, and got a clause inserted in the tax levy act that the cost of the work should be borne, not by the property near Ann street, which would be benefitted by the work, but by the city at large; that bonds should be issued by the city to pay for it, these bonds, of course, to be collected from you. The *Herald* property would be increased in value twofold by the change, property in the upper part of the city not at all; yet the man owning a handsome house in Harlem must pay as much for the work done in proportion as the proprietor of the *Herald* property. The Common Council repealed the order. The order came to me for my approval, and a man who represented himself as from Mr. Bennett came to me and told me he hoped I would not sign the repeal, and that the future course of the *Herald* in regard to me would depend upon what I did in respect to it. I had a very powerful argument in the threatened opposition of this powerful journal. But I had a powerful argument in a contrary direction by my oath of office to do faithfully my duty, and I told the man I would not please him. [Cheers.] The *Herald* commenced opposition to me a few days after that, and has continued it since.

He has intimated that if elected Mayor he would resist the Excise law. When Mayor before he issued orders for the rigid enforcement of that law, and the famous orders of John A. Kennedy in regard to the excise are modeled after orders issued by him. And yet he comes before the people now and tells them that he will violate the law if it is put in force. Who will believe him? Will the men who are opposed to the Excise law? Will the men who are in favor of that law? What would be the result of this doctrine of resistance to the authority if the law were carried out—if any man who did not approve of any particular law thought himself at liberty to disobey it, or forcibly resist it? If there is any portion of this community that wants a man for Mayor who will resist a law not declared unconstitutional by the courts, let him vote for some other man beside me, for I will not do it! [Cheers.] I do not want to be Mayor by such votes or with such conditions. I will leave other matters connected with Mr. Wood's public career, closing by saying that as his political life has been without any evidence of grace, he seems determined that his political death shall be without repentance. [Cheers.]

Messrs. Brady, Lawrence and Hall followed inside with apt speeches, and the meeting adjourned with cheers on cheers for the man to whom they gave 47,000 majority for Governor.

COAL HAS FALLEN—So will *wood* on Tuesday.

The President of the Hoffman meeting has inoculated the Woodites with Saint Anthon-y's fire. On election they will get well on to Saint Vitus' dance.

A DESPERATE effort is being made by Fernando Wood and his allies (the Radical leaders) to defeat Hoffman, the regular Democratic candidate. The whole plan is to sell out Mr. Darling, and transfer their vote to Wood, and place him in the office of Mayor for the purpose of preventing any change or modification in the Excise, Police, and other Radical commissions in this city. This is the last dodge of the Radicals to perpetuate their despotic power over the people, and their daily avocations in this city.

Their efforts will be fruitless, if the Democracy of this city do their duty. Hoffman can easily be elected by a majority of five thousand over both Darling and Wood if a fair vote is polled. In order that this may be accomplished, there must not be any lukewarmness at the polls; nor any staying away, on the idea that the Hoffman's election is so sure that one vote is not needed. We want every vote, in order that the victory for municipal rights and the overthrow of the Radicals, in this, their last device, may be emphatic and overwhelming.

IF YOU HAVE REMOVED SINCE THE STATE ELECTION FROM ONE ELECTION DISTRICT INTO ANOTHER, IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO TAKE YOUR NAME FROM THE REGISTRY LIST OF THE FIRST DISTRICT, AND INSCRIBE IT AGAIN IN THE NEW DISTRICT TO-DAY.

"SATAN-wood"—Fernando.

FOUR IMMENSE HOFFMAN MEETINGS were held last night. One in the Nineteenth Ward, presided over by Judge Cardozo. One in the Fifth Ward, presided over by Judge Quin. One in the Sixth Ward—a rouser—at Monroe Hall. One in the Seventh Ward—a monster meeting—corner of Grand and East Broadway, at which three thousand people assembled despite the weather. All the meetings seemed inspired with a determination to perfect the November triumph by keeping out the Wood disorganizing and rule or ruin interest.

FERNANDO WOOD will be defeated on Tuesday next on account of the Tammany Democrats who are going to vote for Hoffman.

THE German teacher, Francis E. Ewing, is making a lively canvass for the long term School Commissionership in the Fourth District, backed by the united German vote of those wards and all the Democratic nominations; while Theodore Tooker, the Tammany candidate for the short term, has carried off all the nominations of the district, the Radical included.

DEMOCRATS, remember that the questions of organization, of the modification of the powers of the despotic Commissions and the success of the Democratic candidate for President are all involved in the Mayoralty election on next Tuesday.

ABOUT SICK.—Congressman Bout-well—of Impeachment.

THEODORE TILTON'S friends claim for him the attributes of editor, lecturer, orator, publicist and poet. His first four *roles*, of course, provoke much contrariety of opinion in debate about them. Religious and political variances explain this. But poetry seems to have carried a flag of truce among enemies since young Byron overslaughed old Jeffrey. No one can, with credit to his taste or judgment, deny to Mr. Tilton his claim to the poet's degree after reading "The Strange Preacher of Padua" on page 130 of the recent volume of poems that bear on the title page the semi-calvinistic, semi-cardinalistic autograph of Theodore Tilton. It is a poem, which in conception, treatment and climacteric, and indeed dramatic finish must forever live in literature. His poem is in sonorous blank verse. But there are other bits of poetry which show Mr. Tilton a perfect master of rhythm and harmonious cadences, which, however, never in the slightest degree fetter or embarrass the pleasant fancies or the more elaborated thoughts.

WHEN EX-DISTRICT-ATTORNEY DELAFIELD SMITH was "reported" by one of the thousand Radical "poking in the dark" committees of Congress, there was some flippant and *ex parte* testimony printed that some who did not know Mr. Smith believed reflected upon him. It will be remembered by our readers that the LEADER at the very time of the report scouted the testimony, or any unpleasant reflection therefrom upon Mr. Smith. Quite recently every member of the committee has become satisfied that the testimony ought not to have been received, and has united in a supplemental report to thoroughly exonerate Mr. Smith from any resulting implication. Indeed, so thorough is the vindication and so complimentary the record now eventually given him by ex-Attorney-Generals Speed and Bates, as well as by the committee, that really the ex-District Attorney ought to finally thank the political jealousy that first inspired an attack which has plucked a flower of laudating safety out of an envious nettle of danger. As the correspondence, &c., &c., were published at large in the dailies, we do not quote from it.

HORSE-JOCKEYS say Fernando is a spayined May'r.

WE last week announced that James B. Brady, the Tammany candidate for School Commissioner in the Seventh District, was a contractor. He is a retired merchant, a man of wealth, and one of the most active Tammany men in the Twenty-second Ward, always subscribing liberally to aid the cause of the Democracy. Let no Democrat therefore omit to work for James B. Brady as School Commissioner. Mr. Brady was a pioneer in the ward, and has been a man of indomitable business energy and foresight within its precincts. He has been a very fountain head of charity, too, for many of the poor in the ward, and is esteemed for his generous instincts. Once before he was defrauded of his certificate by Radical management, and should be elected this time by a rousing majority. Besides Mr. Brady is a Democratic worker, and has always been ready with his "mite" and "main" for party campaigns.

THE JAUNTY MAYOR—John T.

THERE will be a grand demonstration this (Saturday) evening, in Clinton Garden, Clinton street, near Broome, under the auspices of the Hoffman Democratic Legion of the Thirteenth Ward. Hon. John T. Hoffman, Hon. A. Oakey Hall, Hon. A. J. Rogers, Hon. Thomas Creamer, Hon. Wm. M. Tweed, and others have been invited to be present. His Honor the Mayor will speak, commencing so early as seven o'clock, his numerous engagements in other localities making it necessary. The Garden will be brilliantly illuminated and decorated. The Legion numbers about four hundred regular members, under the marshalship of Wm. H. Tracy and Joseph H. Tooker. Its object is the re-election of Mayor Hoffman, and his consequent *elevation to the Gubernatorial chair!*

A COMPROMISE FOR WEAK-KNEED DEMOCRATS.—Every vote for Hoffman tends to keep Wood in Congress and Hoffman in the City Hall.

GENERAL BUTLER in his recent currency speech narrated the following incident:

"A shrewd business man, whom he might name, had taken to the Treasury $100,000, which he invested in bonds, and then got a banking charter and $90,000 of currency. This currency he again invested in bonds, went home, and remarked that was all the banking business he wanted to do. He thus got interest on $190,000, which, when gold was 200 per cent premium, brought him in $32,000 a year for his investment of $100,000. That was the way in which this national bank system worked."

That's the way the money's made. Pop goes the Radical weasel!

A TIMES-LY HINT TO TIMES JONES, ESQ.—Preserve every day one or two of those clever Minor Topics, and in a year's time collect them in a volume, to be called "Times Chit-Chat." Major Minor Topics is no chit evidently; but his chat is as clever, lively, and wordly-wise as was that of Major Pendennis.

IT IS RUMORED that the Bureau of Elections will not place a charter box at every poll, but omit it in a district where no Alderman is running. If the Bureau has a right to do this it possesses a dangerous one. It can by withholding any box prevent an election for some one office. In the instance above rumored it would forestall the Courts, who should pass on the question whether elected officers can have terms extended. This is a charter election. The charter box is to be used at some polls. Why not, then, place one at every poll? If there are ballots labelled Charter in they can go. If none, no harm is done. If ballots for Councilmen turn out, eventually to be void, then a little trouble in aid of popular will has been taken, and that is all. In all previous years the Board has been accommodating. It performs a ministerial duty. Why not accommodate again?

THERE are some well-informed Republicans who claim that at the last moment Wood is going to withdraw and turn over his organization to Darling. Wood—n't he? Watch and see!

THE *Young Folks* for December is cried reading on this muggy day. It exhilarates even the middle-aged. What must it not do to the welcoming juveniles? We give in our literary columns a little taste of its quality in the poem "In Time's Swing." But buy the volume, and see the illustration. It is more of a poem than the verses make! Great things are promised for the new volume.

MAYOR HOFFMAN ROUND-TABLED.

The *Round Table* for this week again turns aside from its usual literary and scholarly topics to say, among other things about the Mayoralty contest, the following;

"The general tendency of the public mind, which is just now decidedly of the conservative, *quieta non movere* type, is highly favorable to Mr. Hoffman's chances of election. A man noted for his respect for law and order, for his appreciation of the decencies and dignities of society, and for his steadfast deference to constitutional authority, has peculiar strength at a time when excesses of an opposite character, revolutionary subversions and proposed agrarianism, have so disgusted the community as to produce a violent political reaction. It is intelligible enough why the extreme Radicals should be so much more anxious to defeat Mr. Hoffman than to elect their own candidate. At this juncture in our national affairs there could be no better means to stimulate the moribund Republican Ball than by flourishing on high the red flag of a Fernando Wood. If anything could bring recuperation this would. But the people are in no mind to be deluded into bringing about undesirable results through tricks and dodges. A great deal of the storm of opposition to negro suffrage has been excited by the general perception of how widely a feigned interest in human rights has been used to veil an intense crave for party supremacy. We do not believe the people of New York will lend themselves to the wire-pullers who seek in the election of Mr. Wood an oblique instrument for popularizing negro suffrage. It is too circuitous a way of doing business to be palatable even were there no other objection to it. The business in hand is, from all attendant circumstances, likely to be done in a very blunt and direct fashion. It consists in voting for the candidate who has at once a chance of election and a personal character which promises subsequent fidelity to his trust. We have no doubt that Mr. Greeley would be quite charmed could a Democratic mayor be chosen who would poison the Croton, hang negroes to lamp-posts, set the town on fire and witness the conflagration from the dome of the City Hall while playing on the fiddle; but long-sighted aspirations like these are really out of place in municipal affairs. What is wanted here is local good government, or, if that be out of the question, the best government that circumstances will allow. There is no better way of getting at this than by placing in office the best men, without regard to ulterior considerations, and keeping them there. It is said that in Boston no mayor, of whatever calibre, running for a second term has ever failed of re-election. A man who has deserved so well in office as John T. Hoffman emphatically deserves no less a recognitory compliment."

This is the unanimous sentiment

BURCHARD LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The second annual entertainment of the Burchard Literary Association, held a few evenings since in the Thirteenth street Presbyterian Church, was in every particular a success. This association is composed of the young men of Dr. Burchard's congregation, who have organized it for social and intellectual improvement, and once a year give a public exhibition. The densely packed house on this occasion shows what interest is taken in the affair and how it is appreciated by the people in that section of the city.

The exercises consisted of original essays and orations by members of the association, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music by Madame De Lussan, Madame Narino, Geo. Weeks, and Signor Fossati.

The first oration, entitled the "Progress of the United States," by W. Mellage, was marked with unusual intelligence in its treatment of the subject, and showed a talent of no ordinary capacity. This was followed by an essay on "Kissing" by E. C. Jenkins, which was an amusing description of the various modes of performing this act, which have existed since the foundation of the world, and its effect upon those who have practised it, together with the ancient and modern, the fashionable and vulgar modes of kissing. It was well received by the audience.

The oration on "The Age of Shams," by J. H. Giffin, Jr., was a capital take off on the politicians, fashions, and the ladies. The latter coming in under an amusing allusion to the sudden appearance of such a profusion of hair on the backs of their heads, surrounded with heavy braids, "underneath which hangs a long curl, as much as to say enough and to spare."

Then came an original poem entitled "Sketch of Eden," by H. M. Jackson, which was also an amusing affair, containing many happy hits on both ancient and modern "Eves."

The essay on "Our National Future," by T. F. Burnham, was well written, and exhibited considerable breadth of thought.

The oration entitled "Pro Patria," by T. H. Butchard, was an able production. It was well received, and he, like many others, was greeted with a shower of bouquets.

"Past and Present," an essay by G. B. Williams, contained thoughts worthy of older heads and riper experience.

"Uses of Adversity," by A. A. Post, was one of the best delived orations of the whole entertainment.

The essay on "The Masses," by N. Ellis, Jr., though last was not least, and did great credit to the author.

The whole thing passed off with great *eclat*. The singers as well as the speakers were loudly applauded, and in almost every instance encored.

IF YOU ARE TO RESIDE ON THE DAY OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT THE SAME PLACE IN WHICH YOU LIVED AND FROM WHICH YOU ARE REGISTERED FOR THE STATE ELECTION, THEN YOU ARE ENTITLED TO VOTE WITHOUT BOTHERING YOURSELF ABOUT NEW REGISTRATION. BUT IF YOU HAVE REMOVED, THEN ATTEND TO CORRECTING THE REGISTRY LISTS ACCORDINGLY TO-DAY (SATURDAY), 30TH.

THE *Riverside Magazine for Young Folks* for December looks very Christmasish, and no Christmas household can do without this number, nor the one announced by Hurd & Houghton for the New Year's, and which will be published the "night before Xmas, when all through the house," etc., etc. The present number closes volume first, and its success has justly been great. The pictures of the Cat and Mice and the Wolf Charmer tell their own stories, without really the aid of the letter press.

EDWARD L. COBLITS, of the Eighteenth Ward, the Democratic candidate for School Commissioner in the Fifth District, is one of the best men for a position of that kind now before the people. He is a gentleman of culture, of enterprise and force of character. He will cook the potatoes of the Radical Duryea, on next Tuesday, more effectually than they were cooked at Albany when the latter was a candidate for Fire Commissioner.

ART GOSSIP.

On Thursday evening next there will be one of the most important and interesting sales of oil paintings that has ever taken place in this city. All should be present on the occasion, if only to see the gathering it will be sure to call forth of the lovers of American Art.

The honored name that brings them together is no less than that of our great pioneer artist, Mr. A. B. Durand. The collection of paintings which will be offered for sale will comprise the ripest productions of his genius, and the value of them will be not a little enhanced in the eyes of American connoisseurs by the fact that they all represent American scenes.

How *well* they are represented, the name of the artist—a name familiar on both sides of the Atlantic—sufficiently indicates.

The sale will take place at the "Leeds' Art Galleries," Nos. 817 and 819 Broadway, corner of Twelfth street; and the paintings will be on exhibition there on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. The season is not a favorable one for art sales, but paintings by Durand will command attention and bring high prices at any season.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for December finishes "Guardian Angel," by Holmes. And almost everybody has it now in book form. The volume closes with the good exit of an actor in one scene, who expects to make a better entrance in the next scene. John Neal introduces "A Mysterious Personage." W. L. Fawcett makes a "Tour in the Dark." Bayard Taylor visits "The Balearic Islands." J. C. Medbery rides on the Pacific Railroad. Parton goes among the "Workers in Silver," and Aldrich tackles "A Young Desperado."

MIKE McCOOLE and Joe Coburn are in Chicago. They went into one of the theatres there lately and had a private box.

IF YOU HAVE BECOME SINCE THE STATE ELECTION ENTITLED TO A VOTE, THEN REGISTER YOUR NAME THIS DAY (SATURDAY), 30TH.

AMONG the most capable candidates for School Trustees in the city is Andrew J. Matthewson, of the Ninth Ward. He is a graduate of the public schools of the city, and having commenced at the bottom of the ladder and passed through all the grades of the schools, is just the man to look after their interests in that ward. No man knows better what is wanted to make them perfect than he.

IT IS SAID THAT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION needs a bigger Hall. Well, then, elect Thomas Jefferson Hall School Commissioner of the Twentieth Ward.

EVERY Democrat should remember that a vote for Fernando Wood for Mayor, on Tuesday next, is a vote in favor of disorganizing the Democratic party, and throwing contention and discord into the next National Convention which nominates candidates for President and Vice President. This is part of the bargain which the Radical leaders have with him, for which they have sold him a portion of their votes.

THE election of Fernando Wood nullifies the great victory obtained at the State election, and renders its results barren. While the election of John T. Hoffman secures the full fruits of that triumph, and insures the success of the Democratic candidate for President next year.

THE *Home Journal* is exercised because we exposed one of its many blunders of "Matrimonial Engagements." It published an engagement of Col. Rathbone with Miss Harris at a time when the two were actually on their wedding tour in Europe.

JAMES P. DUFFIGNAC has no opposition for School Officer in the First School District, and is amusing himself by making a vigorous canvass for the people's choice for Mayor, John T. Hoffman. In the Second District the Radical "Vail" has long since disappeared in the Democratic West, and will not be visible on the day of election.

OUR ALBANY LETTER.

ALBANY, Nov. 27th, 1867.

This is Thanksgiving morning, and the songs of praise should be sung throughout the State with greater praise and more earnestness than ever before. The people have reason to rejoice on this occasion. Radical despotism has been repudiated and its power broken in this State. The Empire State is redeemed and the rule of hate and passion at an end here for the present, at least. Not only is this the case, but the foundation for a still wider and greater triumph in the coming year, which there is good reason to hope will end in the complete overthrow of the Radical party of hate throughout the nation, and restore all branches of the Government, North and South, in States and cities, to the people, where it belongs.

Does not this furnish good reason for thanksgiving? Besides this, the Constitutional Convention adjourned yesterday to meet Monday, and the public are relieved of that nuisance for that period. Here is another reason for rejoicing.

Speaking of Thanksgiving Day reminds me of a circumstance which transpired when Horatio Seymour was Governor. You no doubt remember that the Republican and religious press denounced him very bitterly for language used in a certain Thanksgiving proclamation. They called it blasphemous in tone and spirit, and used all other epithets that they could devise or imagine on that occasion. I have recently ascertained the secret history of that document, which will no doubt be a little surprising to those who traduced it so bitterly.

The proclamation was not written by Governor Seymour, but by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, one of the oldest and most respected ministers of the Gospel in this ancient city of Albany. He is the pastor of the leading Presbyterian Church here, and was spiritual adviser of Gov. Morgan while he was the Executive of the State. Imagine what must have been the inward feelings of Gov. Seymour when he saw that document denounced and called sacrilegious by the Radical political and religious press of the State and country. I imagine that some of those editors, even at this late day, on learning these facts will be anxious to recall their censures made in the heat of the political excitement of that period. This bit of history has never been before made public; in fact, all parties connected with it have endeavored to keep it a secret; but the events of time have brought it to light, and I now give it as one of the curious secrets of that day.

But to return to the Constitutional Convention. The proceedings of the body are becoming wonderfully jumbled. They are dodging around on all manner of subjects, and in great doubt what to do. They will spend a few hours on the question of judiciary, then they will dodge off to the question of finance; then to charities; then they will take up the subject of rum, and from that turn to the powers of the Legislature; the first that is known they are talking about the canals, and then they will gabble away about building new lines of railroads. There is the most remarkable mixture, which has created a serious apprehension that the assembly has become an insane asylum.

One thing is very apparent, while they are tinkering away at the constitution of the State their own constitutions are sadly out of order. During every session there is such a constant coughing and barking that it is almost impossible to hear what is said on any subject. The stenographers have great difficulty in recording the speeches, and did they give a literal report they would read "cough or bark" after every other word uttered by the different speakers. So universal is this hacking that a mere looker-on would come to the conclusion that the whole body were in the last stages of the consumption. It will not be at all surprising if the constitution which they frame under these circumstances is filled with Radical tubercles.

There is a great strife every day of the session to see which shall be the largest, the number in attendance or the absentees. The latter carry off the victory in most instances, yet those present try to keep up the appearance of having triumphed by going through the farce of daily deliberation. Nearly all the big guns are among the daily absentees; especially is this the case on the Republican side. Greeley, Evarts, Van Cott, Prof. Dwight, Clarke, and Opdyke are seldom seen here, while Hutchins is afraid if he appears he will be called upon to explain how it is that he has reduced the vote of his party down to so small a figure in your city.

The ruling party in the Convention have all of a sudden worked themselves into a streak of pretended economy. Their sessions during the summer were characterized by several demonstrations of this kind. Their efforts at putting on the appearance of economy then were directed to the representatives of the press, and in refusing them stationery and documents usually furnished to facilitate their duties. Now they have turned to themselves, and are constantly talking about refusing the absentees their per diem, and even calling upon those who have drawn pay for days which they were not in attendance to refund it to the State. All this is simply a buncombe effort to get a name and reputation for economy. For every dollar that they will save in this way they squander thousands on other movements. If they are really in favor of economy they can show it in a more practical manner by adjourning *sine die*. That is the only way that they can accomplish it, either to the State or themselves. If they stay much longer their own personal doctor bills and funeral expenses will far exceed all they will draw from the State; at least such are the indications from the universal coughing propensities, and the snuffing and blowing that is going on.

It may be, however, that we are now witnessing the funeral of the Convention, and the coughing is only put on to cover their weeping on the occasion. The watery eyes and free use of handkerchiefs all show that something serious is in the wind.

MICAWBER.

FESTIVE TURKEY.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Fowl to all other fowls preferred—
Except, perhaps, our public bird
Of ponderous beak and mighty wing—
Thee with a watering mouth I sing!

Bird of two meats—the brown and white—
Which like the dual Niles unite,
And in a single body run,
Of tints diverse, in substance one—
Hail to thy bosom broad and puffed!
Plump as a maiden's cotton-stuffed.
Hail to thy drum-sticks, dainties fine
That served as "devils" seen divine.
Hail to thy sidebones!—rich morceaux—
And thy ecclesiastic nose,
Which, to the laws of order blind,
Nature has queerly placed behind.
Yet scoffers vow they fitness see
In *nose of bishop* following thee,
And hint that over nose of priest
Turns eagerly toward savory feast,
And as the shark astern, at sea,
Tracks the doomed ship, still follows thee!

Methinks I see a dish borne in
O'er-canopied with shining tin:
From 'neath that dome a vapor rare
Curls through the hospitable air.
Presto! up goes the burnished lid,
And lo! the bird its concave hid!
I see thee, browned from crest to tail;
Bird of two meats, all hail! all hail!
Through thy round breast the keen steel glides,
Rich ichor irrigates thy sides—
"Dressing," to give the slices zest,
Rolls from thy deep protuberant chest;
Then, tunneling in search of "cates,"
The spoon thy "innards" excavates,
And forth, as from a darksome mine,
Brings treasures for which gods might pine.
Bird of the banquet! what to thee
Are all the birds of melody?
Thy "merrythought" far more I love
Than merriest music of the grove,
And in thy "gobble," deep and clear,
The *gourmand's* shibboleth I hear!
Of all earth's dainties there is none
Like thee, to thank the Lord upon,
And so receive my votive lay,
Thou king-bird of Thanksgiving Day!

A Clarion Note.

[FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS]

THE MAYORALTY ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

We believe so much in leaving communities to self-government that we dislike to interfere, even by way of criticism, with the local contests in the municipalities. But the name of John T. Hoffman cannot be regarded with indifference by Democrats in any part of the State. He was their champion and representative in the great contest of 1866, and his vote was the prepude of the magnificent victory which we have just won.

The combination which now threatens him is a conspiracy against the Democratic party. It is an attempt to undo the results achieved in the recent contest, and blast the fruits of victory just as they are gathered. The hopes of the Radicals are fixed upon Mr. Wood, and they are aiding him to the best of their ability. They are ready to betray their own candidate in order to elect him. They would openly avow their relations to him if they did not fear to drive their more honest adherents into the support of Mr. Hoffman.

The alliance between Mr. Wood and the Radicals is of old date. It was manifested in mutual endeavors to break down the administration of Governor Seymour at a time when he stood as the only bulwark against the unconstitutional aggressions of the Federal power. Mr. Wood found the way to the White House always open to him; and the Bureau of Finance, where Mr. Chase presided over golden secrets, was accessible to him when closed against all others.

When the Democratic State Convention was held here, two months ago, Mr. Wood sent up a telegram threatening the defeat of the ticket by 10,000 majority! From the State ballots, circulated under his auspices, in the city, the name of Martin Grover, for Judge of Appeals, was struck off! The design was to defeat him, and elect the Radical candidate, Judge Mason; and it would have succeeded if vigorous efforts had not been made to foil the intrigue, and if the magnitude of our majority in the State had not overwhelmed all such devices. Instead of the stipulated 15,000 which were promised the Radicals, Judge Grover only fell behind some 6,000; and the threatened defeat of the State ticket by 10,000 turns out a victory by 50,000! Mr. Wood's days of prophecy and of performance have alike passed.

Mr. Hoffman is a man of personal accomplishment, of high integrity, and of official experience. He has been hemmed in and hampered by the powers at Albany so that his prerogatives as Mayor has been almost annulled. Police Commissions, Sanitary Commissions, Fire Commissions, and a host of other contrivances run by politicians—appointed by Gov. Fenton—combine to misgovern New York, and to squander the municipal revenues. Of every *seven* dollars raised by taxation in the city, *six* are spent by these irresponsible Commissions.

Little is left to the Mayor; but within the range of his authority the people have honest government and substantial reform. Mr. Hoffman has been as firm and honest and true in the chair of the Mayoralty as on the bench of the Court, where he won universal approval. We have an instance before us. The office of City Chamberlain became recently vacant, and was filled by the appointment of P. B. Sweeney, Esq. Mr. Hoffman was urged to appoint a Bank President, but he resisted. The former Chamberlains had retained, either to the use of these banks, or to their own, the interest in the city deposits—amounting yearly to over $100,000. Mr. Sweeney has refused to accept this perquisite, though entitled to it by precedent and usage, and even by law; for he is personally accountable for the large sums remaining to his credit. But Mr. Sweeney, who is a gentleman of fortune, prefers to initiate a desired reform, at his own cost; and he has paid over the whole of this large sum into the City Treasury; and while we would not detract one iota from the credit that he is personally entitled to for his course, we feel that Mr. Hoffman has a right to point to the result as one of the achievements of his administration.

We hope that Mr. Hoffman will be re-elected. It will baffle more than one intrigue. Mr. Greeley stands in the Constitutional Convention as the champion of the system of governing New York through the instrumentality of irresponsible Commissions. The convictions of the Convention are against him; and delegates manifest a growing disgust at the corruption and tyranny of the system now fastened upon the city, and against which the citizens, from year to year, protest with increasing vehemence. We believe a majority are ready to restore a large measure of good government to the municipalities; to clothe the Mayor with power, and to hold him to accountability. But elect Fernando Wood, and Mr. Greeley's system of governing the city from Albany will find new advocates; the proposed reforms will be defeated, and the city stripped of what little of self-government remains to it. Under ordinary circumstances there could be no question as between such men as Hoffman and Wood; but the secret bargain with the Radicals gives the latter some strength. He has some jobs to carry through; and so can afford to expend large means and efforts. If he is once in, he will command the stronghold of Democracy; and if our enemies are helping him, it is because they hope he will betray the citadel into their hands.

Amusements Gossip.

New Yorkers who want dramatic novelty next week must travel for it.

The scenes are all set for repetitions everywhere in the Metropolis.

They can travel to Louisville after Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, where their great *repertoire* is funning the Kentuckians. Or they can go to Philadelphia, where last night the Richings troupe introduced "Faust" in English dress. Or to St. Louis, where Edwin Booth is drawing such large houses that the manager vainly put on an extra dollar admittance in hopes to keep the audience down. Or to Washington, where Maggie Mitchell and Collier are making the fortunes of horticulturists in the way of bouquets, and where Miss B. makes more money by going a little barefoot than has Pedestrian Weston. Or to Baltimore, where Forrest is delighting the Monumentalers. Or to Cincinnati, where Solon Shingle Owens played Tony Lumpkin recently for his benefit, and did as much for the stupid Englishman as he had done for the shrewd and innocent American Solon. Or to Buffalo, after Chanfrau. Or Eastward, where the Western of melodramatic Empire takes her way—to Bosting.

* * *

Evacuation and Thanksgiving week, of course, usually brings harvest nights to the theaters. A great many country people rush to New York to escape the martyrdom of turkey, pumpkin pie and "blood(y) relations at home. And the town boys make the most of the holiday out of respect to President, Governor and Mayor.

Every theater was uncomfortably jammed on Thursday night. The Broadway, where the Florences continue, was so full that Manager Moore chalked up, in place of the stereotype standing room only, "Nunc jam satis." There was a hundred dollars more in the house than ever before, since it was opened and carried on, under any regime.

For the five hundredth time! (that's a good many, as the little girl said to the little boy, who liberally translating the first Carmen of Catullus said "I would like to kiss you twenty billion times one kiss right after another.) For the five hundredth time, in his career, Billy Florence, as Bob Brierly, was convicted as a counterfeiter—sent to Portland—smashed on the head for another's "smashing," and married and worried.

The "Ticket-of-Leave-Man" will run for ——. Fill it up yourself, as the barkeeper said when the bummer held out his thimble and asked for water.

Joe Tooker (Billy's brother-in-law) says he has taken a Ticket-of-Leave ticket for Ex-Mayor Wood next Tuesday night.

* * *

"Black Crook," however, is on his last "leg." The people ain't tired of him, but Palmer is. There come times when even Messrs. Roberts, Belmont and Aspinwall lock up the doors of their picture galleries and ask for new landscapes and cabinets.

Harry Palmer issues a special edict to the effect that he inaugurates a new ballet Monday week, and refers us to the advertisement which (like 1868) is to come and tell us all about it. As the picklocksmith said, keep on the key vive.

* * *

The Adelphi, London, has got somewhat Wallackized if "Maude's Peril" is a sample of the style of drama which used to be called the blood-and-thunder Adelphi style.

Of course, as must be seen from the plot analysis given last week, that drama is highly sensational, but never absurdly so, and the dialogue and acting at Wallack's are judiciously undertoned towards the stirring incidents.

James Wallack never before, even in his greatest parts, so showed his artistic merit as he does in this, because the part of the villain—returned convict—bravado is comparatively a small one, which he raises by his genius to the dignity of a thrilling impersonation. As witness the scene wherein Sir Ralph leaves him to get the money which is to pay for murder. Wallack stealthily follows him merely as an observer; but, seeing so much money in the secret repository, is maddened with avarice, and rushes in to murder the very giver of the gold, and stabs him. Wallack's by-play is wonderful, and he gives, in look, action and tone, as perfect a conception of a man thoroughly aroused by the curious and sudden combining of those emotions above referred to as the most fastidious psychologist could demand.

Miss Eytinge deserves especial mention for her great scene when she pleads in the name of honor against love, and speaks of love as the synonym of sacrifice.

This is really Maude's *hour* of peril, although she has altogether many minutes of inclusive perils.

The drama has satisfied the Wallack *habitues*, but the management will alternate with it some of the established and standard plays.

* * *

There is happy alternation, too, at the Fifth Avenue boudoir theatre. Every piece that has thus far in the season made a hit is to be on the boards during the next week.

The new burlesque is in active preparation, and Leffingwell's Elizabeth is expected to beat Mark Smith's. Besides, all the best "Gerolstein" music is to be in the affair.

* * *

Neither Hoffman nor Wood has been able to visit the Beecher-Daly drama at the Worrell theatre. Yet, without the aid of politics, the piece has improved and continued to win favor.

"Under the Gas-Light" will be revived on Wednesday next, with the "Sisters" in the cast.

* * *

The San Francisco Minstrels still find their previous bills (like those of Belmont and Peabody) at a premium; and have, therefore, had to issue duplicates and triplicates.

These minstrels certainly understand how to extract the cube root of fun from the algebra of common life better than any we have ever seen.

* * *

The Circus doors this week have been curiosities. Passers-by at the hour of matins or vespers in the Lent building stopped to ask the cause of the unusual assemblage, thinking that an accident had happened. But positively more people on two occasions were turned away than got in.

Pfaus is not only a man of daring, but of grace. So many athletes with their *tours de force* are simply astonishing without being graceful. And the men, women and children of the Metropolis have fully found out the beauties of these Circus tours de Pfaus!

TEN Phelan tables are in PATSEY FITZGERALD'S place, which is the largest of all the down-town places, and corner of Barclay and Broadway. It has become the fashion already, and it is not uncommon to see the mammoth basement crowded throughout the day. This could not be unless the attractions were of the best character. The proof of a pudding is in the eating, and Patsey's billiard puddings are full of the plums of pleasure.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS! FALL STYLE FOR 1867.—For a stylish and elegant hat go to EPENSCHEID, Manufacturer, No. 118 Nassau street.

IRISH CITIZENS DISCLAIMING FERNANDO WOOD AT A FENIAN MONSTER MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.

Everything in this world can be overdone; all deceitful and fraudulent practices ultimately get exposed; the keenest-minded, blandest-worded and most insinuating hypocrite, whether under the guise of religion or mentally soaring to the highest altitude of the selfish politician's ambition (assuming patriotic devotion), the long-faced, keen-edged figure-fingered banker; the till-tongued merchant, whose prayers and thoughts run on in unchanging diurnal revolution (like the earth) on cent per cent, discounts, investments, profits and interests, yet withal terminates either in death or bankruptcy—sometimes in material substance, but more often in annihilation of character and eternal damnation of soul.

Hon. Fernando Wood is possessed of a most devout and splendid religious genius (when worshipping himself) in excelling in some of the above exalting principles, and many others of like tendency of character; but unfortunately he, for once—or, for a repetition of times—by imprudence, bad judgment, or a natural indelicacy of feeling, placed himself in a more just, humiliated position than any public man ever before was in, in this great Democratic cosmopolitan city of ours.

The Irish citizens of New York, under the management of the now historically chronicled officers of the gallant Irish steel-charging brigade, held a preparatory, yet a mass meeting, at the Cooper Institute, Saturday, Nov. 23d, for the object of questioning and ascertaining, by public opinion pressing on the Government (if we have one) what are, or is there, such a thing as governmental national principle and legal rights for adopted citizens when abroad? The necessity of such a meeting and its agitation is obvious; it has been canvassed, and will be agitated until it assumes huge proportions; that will be a vital national issue with the Democratic party at the coming Presidential election.

That meeting of good and patriotic Irish citizens and soldiers was a sublime and most solemn one in a double capacity—it was solemn, being on the actual day that gallant Irish patriots for man's liberty died unnobled martyrs in Manchester, England, choked and strangled like dogs, to feed Saxon passion and hatred of the rebellious Irish Celt. That Irish American meeting was a duty and an imperative necessity on the part of all adopted citizens to test the strongly-growing doubt as to whether we Irishmen are American citizens in theory or fact, or Her Majesty Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, subject to British monarchical law, or American republican protection. It is vital as our lives (for it is our lives), or putrid and dead seemingly as constitutional law and liberty in this the United States of America.

That grave and yet intensely excited mass of Irish hearts at that meeting (that Fernando Wood insulted by his uninvited presence), that would as soon, as they before have done, rush to the cannon's mouth for this republic, as they would in their fiery enthusiasm for Ireland—that meeting was wisely arranged. There were no local or national political tendencies enunciated by any one of the excellent speakers. Whatever its bearings it was, in point of fact, and in deep, calm, determined feeling, a mourning wake house. Three patriots dead for Ireland lay mentally before them, by telegraph brought. It was a dismal meeting. Strong men's hearts beat in sympathetic unison. Their passion swelled, but they checked its rising grief for their dead compatriots, not yet cold in death—grief for death of intervening power (for death must be where no action exists), or American national unwillingness to protect its own citizens. At that great meeting many gallant Irish Brigade soldiers, that at the tap of drum or bugle sound, when ordered to charge the enemy—those same Irish American citizen heroes that with warm, swelling hearts lightly and boldly danced up the hill and down the glade, musket tightly grasped, teeth set, eyes glaringly bent on the foe, nothing impeding in their wild, avalanching career, no motive prompting but their duty as citizen soldiers, and warm gratitude for and to this their republican home—how altered from their usual sprightly, witty, and boisterous demeanor at this mournful assembling! What doubt in the eye, what pallor of countenance, what dry and compressed lips! Yet this meeting was a grand success. It was the planting of a political question that will have a solid result, and reap a rich, red harvest against England.

Into that meeting of patriots, unsolicited came and appeared a living political ghost, with grizzled hair, white moustache (unnaturally so), quietly, like all dangerous spectres, as if from a sepulchral grave, glided into its midst. Most prominently to be seen, the current of men's thoughts changed at his appearance (there so dishonestly and inappropriately); a peculiar, unaccountably-felt shudder or unnatural grating of feeling ran through the fine nervous system of that quick-witted, fiery and intelligent people, for they, in their quick perception, by natural intuition thought and felt that Fernando Wood, the hackneyed politician and candidate for office, should not intrude his prostituting political presence there to manufacture votes. His presence caused an indescribable disgust and emotion. His indelicacy and impudence of action by obtruding himself at that meeting damaged and will ever damage Fernando Wood more politically, his future prospects and hold on the Irish people in this city, than all the meetings he ever attended at the Know-Nothing lodges in this country. It was an insult to the Irish people in their intelligence. Did he, in his electioneering excitement, imagine his transparent motive in being there was to canvass capital for votes? It was on his part a fatal blunder; his crest-fallen appearance told so much, his escape at not being generally hissed; in fact, to stay an ebullition of excitement, and hinder his forcing himself to speak, caused the seeming premature suspending of the meeting. The Chairman (by his own option and other wise promptings), independently and to his credit, announced that no politician should address the meeting, and immediately adjourned.

A large congregation of people of any denomination, Jew or Christian, in a church or synagogue assembled, is solemn, and commands much respect. The devout (if so) worshipers there attending, mixed as we are or may be, and made up in the large catalogue of our sins according to weight, heavy and light, as we weigh into ourselves the items as the actual recorded inventory may be. There the veiled, unknown hypocrite and the just man, for the time being are all, when their backs are turned and heads bowed down, on apparent equality—the enormity of the bad acts and the virtue of the good ones not being known. If into that devotional congregation, at or near the termination of its worship, a well-established burglar, murderer, or a gew-gaw silk-dressed, face-painted courtesan, with head erect, eye insensible to self-reproach or respect, enter, such an intrusion disturbs the equilibrium, overbalances the resolution, and distracts the attention of all the repentant lambs and black sheep—the priest, minister or rabbi, as the case may be, loses the connecting links of his exhortation and hurriedly terminates the service. Such an effect did the indelicate and delcterious appearance of Fernando Wood, the politician, have at the Irish-Brigade-Citizens'-Rights meeting. May we never look upon its like again! The Irish people have disclaimed him. R. W.

An Irish American Citizen or British Subject, I know not which. I hope—the former.

ONE hears frequently of Christendom. Latterly we hear of Christiandom or Christdom. It is geographically situated fronting Union square, adjoining the green-rooms of Wallack's Theatre, and adjacent to the damask rooms of the Union Hotel. Christdom is devoted to billiards, good cheer and the best company in New York. CYRUS O'CONNOR is King of Christdom. His sceptre is the billiard cue. His court is composed of the best amateur players in the metropolis. He holds nightly receptions. His statutes are of Phelan & Collender's latest edition. No one has yet ventured to dispute his sway. Let every one hasten to enroll himself as one of the retinue of King Chris, or naturalize himself as one of the billiard citizens. No certificate needed for registration!

A NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURGH.—This Association, specially chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, has purchased thirty acres of land, and already paid $10,000 towards the preservation of the grounds. The National Government having failed to provide a home for the crippled veterans, it becomes the duty of the American people to unite in erecting an institution which will afford the soldiers a home and be an honor to our country.

For full particulars address

GETTYSBURGH ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

MASS MEETINGS are the order of the day. If all the heads which are blessed and graced this very day with a KNOX hat could be collected together by their owners, they would fill Central Park. What a beautiful sight a mass meeting of KNOX hats would present. Suppose we agitate for one. Subscriptions will be received from time to time in aid of such a mass meeting at KNOX's two stores, Nos. 212 and 533 Broadway. KNOX will dress the heads, but who will address such a KNOX meeting of hats? Let us work like beavers for the KNOX mass meeting.

POOLS ON THE MAYORALTY.—The Club Room, 1160 Broadway. Doctor ROBERT UNDERWOOD, pool-seller to the American Jockey Club and the Saratoga and Paterson Racing Associations, will sell pools on the election of Mayor at the above rooms, one door above Twenty-seventh street, every evening until the close of the polls.

E. D. BASSFORD'S House-Furnishing Emporium, corners of Fourth and Third avenues and Astor place, never shone so resplendently as it did at the recent mass meetings. As his stock was lighted up by calcium burners it presented the appearance of fairy-land. Bassford's is a fairy cavern of Housekeepers.

REPORTED SPECIALLY FOR THE LEADER.

Out-Door Sports.

BY C. A. P.

BASE BALL.

The Mutual Club of New York.

The following is a summary of the Mutual Club's games for 1867. Although they did not succeed in winning the championship, they have certainly proved themselves one of the best and strongest base ball clubs in the United States, and every one identified with the organization ought to be proud of the Mutual's record for the season just closed:

June 12—Mutual vs. Jefferson, on Union grounds. Mutual, 53; Jefferson, 1.

June 19—Mutual vs. Eclectic, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 32; Eclectic, 5.

June 28—Mutual vs. Irvington, at Irvington. Mutual, 17; Irvington, 16.

June 29—Mutual vs. Independent. Mutual, 28; Independent, 26.

July 12—Mutual vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 28; Eckford, 9.

July 28—Mutual vs. Harlem. Mutual, 40; Harlem, 20.

Aug. 1—Mutual vs. Mohawk, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 17; Mohawk, 1.

Aug. 6—Mutual vs. Champion of Jersey City. Mutual, 52; Champion, 13.

Aug. 12—Mutual vs. Atlantic. Mutual, 15; Atlantic, 18.

Aug. 14—Mutual vs. Union of Morrisania, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 8; Union, 9.

Aug. 20—Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 16; Athletic, 18.

Aug. 23—Mutual vs. Eureka of Newark. Mutual, 24; Eureka, 21.

Aug. 26—Mutual vs. National of Washington, at Washington. Mutual, 40; National, 16.

Aug. 27—Mutual vs. Pastime, at Baltimore. Mutual, 31; Pastime, 47.

Aug. 28—Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia. Mutual, 23; Athletic, 21.

Aug. 30—Mutual vs. Keystone, at Camden. Mutual, 20; Keystone, 28.

Aug. 31—Mutual vs. West Philadelphia, at Philadelphia. Mutual, 23; West Philadelphia, 23.

Sept. 4—Mutual vs. Irvington, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 19; Irvington, 16.

Sept. 14—Mutual vs. Independent, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 71; Independent, 25.

Sept. 17—Mutual vs. West Philadelphia, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 32; West Philadelphia, 18.

Sept. 18—Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 18; Athletic, 17.

Sept. 23—Mutual vs. Union of Morrisania, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 23; Union, 24.

Sept. 25—Mutual vs. Union of Lansingburgh, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 19; Union, 6.

Sept. 27—Mutual vs. Eckford. Mutual, 29; Eckford, 20.

Oct. 22—Mutual vs. National of Washington, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 37; National, 29.

Oct. 7—Mutual vs. Atlantic. Mutual, 17; Atlantic, 32.

Oct. 23—Mutual vs. Jefferson, at Brooklyn. Mutual, 52; Jefferson, 9.

The total number of runs made by the Mutuals in the 26 games was 854, to 504 by their opponents, an average of 39 runs to a match and 14 over. The highest score was 71, and the lowest 8, the score of their opponents being respectively 47 and 1. The following are the averages:

	Matches.	Outs.	Av'ge.	Runs.	Av'ge.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
R. Hunt	11	22	2.10	44	4.0	1	0
C. Hunt	25	64	2.16	90	3.24	1	0
Mallahon	21	63	1.21	66	3.23	3	1
Waterman	26	87	2.5	109	4.14	2	2
Pike	23	49	2.9	78	3.15	1	0
Hatfield	25	67	2.17	84	3.19	3	1
Zeller	10	30	3.0	33	3.3	0	0
Martin	15	49	3.4	50	3.5	0	0
Jewett	25	78	3.3	74	2.24	0	0
Bearman	23	68	3.22	71	3.18	0	1
Dwyer	27	90	3.9	76	2.21	0	0
Peters	10	42	4.2	14	1.4	0	3

Atlantic Club.

The Atlantics, after holding the championship for a long period, lost it by a single run just at the close of the season, the Unions of Morrisania proving victorious over them. The Atlantics have held the championship for a greater number of years than any club ever held it, and it is safe to predict that no other club will ever hold it for one-half the period they have. So far from being cast down by losing the whip, the Atlantics express their confidence in being able to win it back at an early day in 1868; "just as early as the Unions will give them a chance."

The Atlantics have played 22 first-nine matches this season, winning 17 and losing 5. The following is the record:

June 18—Atlantic vs. Eckford. Atlantic, 27; Eckford, 14.
July 1—Atlantic vs. Empire. Atlantic, 78; Empire, 24.
July 4—Atlantic vs. Star. Atlantic, 39; Star, 21.
July 9—Atlantic vs. Eckford. Atlantic, 11; Eckford, 4.
July 31—Atlantic vs. Union of Morrisania. Atlantic, 19; Union, 32.
August 5—Atlantic vs. Irvington. Atlantic, 32; Irvington, 34.
August 12—Atlantic vs. Mutual. Atlantic, 18; Mutual, 15.
Sept. 3—Atlantic vs. Empire. Atlantic, 32; Empire, 19.
Sept. 5—Atlantic vs. Eureka. Atlantic, 21; Eureka, 13.
Sept. 11—Atlantic vs. Excelsior of Rochester. Atlantic, 36; Excelsior, 13.
Sept. 16—Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn. Atlantic, 28; Athletic, 16.
Sept. 19—Atlantic vs. West Philadelphia. Atlantic, 34; West Philadelphia, 11.
Sept. 21—Atlantic vs. Star. Atlantic, 34; Star, 7.
Sept. 23—Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia. Atlantic, 8; Athletic, 23.
Sept. 24—Atlantic vs. Quaker City, at Philadelphia. Atlantic, 24; Quaker City, 21.
Sept. 26—Atlantic vs. West Philadelphia. Atlantic, 36; West Philadelphia, 31.
Oct. 3—Atlantic vs. Keystone of Camden, at Brooklyn. Atlantic, 18; Keystone, 21.
Oct. 7—Atlantic vs. Mutual. Atlantic, 32; Mutual, 17.
Oct. 10—Atlantic vs. Union of Morrisania. Atlantic, 13; Union, 14.
Oct. 14—Atlantic vs. Irvington. Atlantic, 36; Irvington, 12.
Oct. 18—Atlantic vs. Union of Lansingburgh, at Troy. Atlantic, 41; Union of Lansingburgh, 21.
Oct. 24—Atlantic vs. Oriental. Atlantic, 35; Oriental, 11.

In these games the Atlantics secured a total of 653 runs to 399, giving an average of 29 runs to a match, with 14 over.

The highest score in a match was 78, and the lowest 8; the same scores for their opponents being respectively 34 and 4. The following are the averages:

	Matches.	Outs.	Av'ge.	Runs.	Av'ge.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
Starr	18	38	2.2	15	1.3

THE IDEAL.

A tall, majestic lady,
With locks of deepest dye,
A silken dress, whose gorgeousness
Delights no other eye;
A pretty little cottage,
With ivy cover'd o'er,
And she, my pride, my fancy's bride,
Expectant at the door.

Soft music in the gloaming
Ebbs gurgling from her throat;
While I lie still, and drink my fill
Of each love-burdened note.
Days spent in sweet communion
'Neath shade of leafy trees;
We woo and sing, and e'rything
Is poetry and ease.

A tiny fairy being
Lies nestling on my breast,
As, tired of play, she seems to say,
"This is my rightful rest;"
And in those baby features,
So beautiful and mild,
Methinks I trace another face,
The mother of my child.

THE REAL.

A slight but comely lady,
With rippling chestnut hair,
A cotton dress, in which, no less,
She looks extremely fair;
A busy bustling beauty,
On household duties bent,
Who speaks, the while, with happy smile,
Of kindness and content.

A little house in London;
No ivy and no flowers,
But what care we for botany?
That little house is ours;
And often in the evening,
When we hear some well-known cry,
Or tramp of feet along the street,
We smile, my wife and I.

No little fairy daughter
Nestling confidingly;
Four healthy boys, whose ceaseless noise
Brings childhood back to me.
Yet these prosaic blessings,
Of which I have my share,
In peace and love, soar far above
My castle in the air.

Jennie.

"I've made my choice, auntie—what do you say to it?"

Mrs. Hunter looked intently at her niece, who sat before a small writing-desk, with a couple of open letters before her.

"That depends upon which of the two you have chosen," she replied.

"Why, Tom, of course!"

The lady's face grew serious.

"I'm sorry, Jennie," she said. "You are not suited to be a poor man's wife; you are too proud, too fond of your own ease and comfort. You had better have followed my advice and accepted Ralph Parker."

Jennie shook her head, showering her golden ringlets in bright confusion over her white temples.

"No, auntie—no. I despise Ralph Parker, and I wouldn't marry him if he were ten times richer than he is. I shall send back his diamonds, and tell him so, too."

She closed the mother-of-pearl casket as she spoke with a lingering, longing glance at the gleaming gems it contained, adding, in a lower tone:

"But they are lovely—shouldn't I like to wear them to-night!"

Mrs. Hunter smiled, and, crossing the room, smoothed the girl's bright head as she said:

"You're a little simpleton, Jennie. You want Mr. Parker's diamonds—why not accept them, and shine resplendently to-night?"

But Jennie shook her curls with redoubled decision.

"Because I love Tom, auntie; and would sooner wear this poor little rose of his than own the Queen's jewels."

The lady's cold eyes softened perceptibly as she looked down upon the girl's blushing, conscious face; and then she turned towards the open casement with a dreamy, wistful gaze, her memory going back perhaps to an old rural home, far beyond the green hills that encircled the town wherein she dwelt—the home of her happy, simple girlhood. But Mrs. Hunter had sacrificed her love on the altar of Mammon, and she held it worse than folly to indulge in any such foolish regrets.

"I have always said, Jennie," she continued, bravely, "that I would let you have your own choice in regard to marriage. But think well of this. Mr. Rathburn is poor. As his wife you will be subject to all manner of privation, forced to live in stinted, economical style, that will not suit a girl reared as you have been. You love wealth, ease, and luxury; you are fond of fine apparel and costly jewels. Ralph Parker can give you all these—Tom Rathburn cannot."

"My decision is already made," said Jennie, resolutely. "I shall send back Mr. Parker's diamonds, and wear Tom's poor little rose to-night."

She took up the half-blown bud as she spoke, and set it in a vase, a warm, tender light glowing in her eyes.

Tom's letter lay open before her. A straightforward, manly declaration of love, and an offer of his heart and hand—a true heart, and a willing hand to shield her, and work for her forever.

If she favored his suit, she was to wear the white rose at her birth-night ball that night.

"Yes, I'll wear it," she murmured to herself as she folded the letter and put it in her pocket; "and, aunt, you'll oblige me by sending a servant to Palace Hill with Mr. Parker's diamonds."

"As you will, my dear," and, with a stately rustle of her costly silk, Mrs. Hunter swept from the room.

Jennie rang for her maid, and made ready for her birth-night ball; and when Mr. Tom Rathburn entered the brilliant ball-room that night he was transported to the third heavens of delight by seeing his white rose-bud amid the delicate lace on her bosom.

A few months after this they were married, and started home, as happy and hopeful a couple as ever the sun shone on.

Tom was a lawyer by profession; but he was also equal to any undertaking; consequently, notwithstanding his poverty, he felt little or no concern in regard to his young wife's future. He meant to work so hard, and achieve such wonderful things; and, as for Jennie herself, she was all enthusiasm—never was a woman such a helpmate as she would be to Tom.

For the first six months of her wedded life they got on bravely; not that he made any great progress in his profession, but he had some little money on hand, and they rented a pretty cottage, with honeysuckle round the porch, and canaries in the windows; and Jennie wore the pretty clothes with which her aunt had provided her, and looked upon marrying a poor man as one of the most delicious things imaginable.

But, after awhile, funds began to run low, and Tom saw that it was time to look around.

They gave up the cottage then and went into lodgings; but still he could get nothing to do—so they wandered from place to place, until the last pound was expended, and Jennie's wardrobe grew sorely in need of replenishing.

Just then a little baby came—a wee, dimpled little girl, as fresh as a spring rose-bud. Tom was the happiest, proudest man alive.

"Never fear, Jennie," he said, bravely; "let the law go to the dogs, I'll take to my saw and plane; they'll bring us bread at least."

He went to work like a man, as he was, coming home at night with a glow in his brown eyes that ought to have more than rewarded his wife for every privation she had to suffer; but Jennie had been tenderly reared, and her tastes were luxurious. She wanted a fine house, and soft apparel for herself and baby, and it hurt her pride to see Tom brought down to the level of a common laborer.

All these things vexed her, until she began to grow moody and discontented. The roses faded from her cheeks; she became careless about her household matters, and slovenly and untidy in her appearance.

When Tom came home, instead of the bright fireside, and happy, smiling wife, that had once gladdened his heart, he found a disorderly house, and a gloomy, slovenly-dressed woman, who was cross to her baby and cross to him. But not a complaint did the poor fellow utter.

Jennie was ill, he argued within himself—overworked, poor thing; he must try and do better for her—and he made his hammer ring with redoubled energy.

The second autumn after the baby's birth they had a pleasant little home, and a good, efficient girl for servant; but Jennie's discontent became more apparent every day.

She wished she was back in her old home, where she used to be so happy. Tom said not a word, but the warm glow faded from his brown eyes, and they wore an expression of wistful sorrow piteous to behold; but he worked all the harder, as if to conquer fortune by the power of his sturdy strokes.

One day, in the wane of autumn, a dreary, rainy day, matters came to a crisis. Margie, the hired girl, was ill, and all the household work, together with the care of the child, fell upon Jennie's hands. Tom did everything he could to help her.

"You won't have occasion to go outside the door, Jennie," he said, on starting, "and I'll be home early. You must do the best you can."

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" she replied, crossly. "I've got to work myself to death, anyhow, and I may as well do it outside as in."

He made no answer, but his brown eyes were full of unshed tears as he went out. Jennie felt that she had made an unwomanly answer the instant the words escaped her lips; but it merely served to increase her vexation. Everything she put her hands to seemed to go wrong with her. Margie grew worse, and baby was unusually active and troublesome; and, in addition, the wailing, easterly wind rushed down the chimney in sudden gusts, filling the room with smoke and ashes. She threw aside her broom and duster in despair, and, sitting down in the midst of her untidy room, with her hair uncombed, and her dress in disorder, she burst into a passion of hysterical tears. Baby crept up to her feet, and essayed to climb into her lap; but she pushed her away crossly.

"Oh! go off, you troublesome little thing! I'm tired enough, without having you hanging round me!"

Thus repulsed, the little thing wandered off in search of amusement, and finally settled herself at an open window, where she could catch the pouring rain-drops in her tiny hands. Unmindful of her occupation, and of everything but her own egotistic reflections, the young wife sat rocking herself to and fro before the smoking stove.

"What I might have been," she soliloquized, "and what I have come to—a common drudge! Yes, aunt, was right; I ought not to have married a poor man. I might have had a splendid home and servants to wait on me. Oh, dear! I wish I had chosen Ralph Parker's diamonds instead of poor Tom's rose.

The baby, wrapped in nothing but her thin frock, leaned far out of the window, catching the swift drops as they fell. Still Jennie sat there, indulging in her morbid fancies and regrets. Just as the clock was on the stroke of ten a rapid step aroused her—Tom's step. He noticed the untidy room, and his wife's aspect and attitude in an instant. Jennie saw it, and rose to her feet, coloring with shame and anger.

"What's brought you back so soon?" she asked, sharply.

"I'm going to London," he replied, gravely. "I've heard of a good opening, and must see to it without delay; so I ran by to get a clean shirt and say good-by."

"You're all the time hearing of good openings," Jennie replied, pained that he was going away, and vexed that he had come upon her so suddenly; "but they don't seem to amount to much."

"So it seems; but I'll hope for better luck this time," he said, quietly, but with a heavy sigh. "Where's little birdie—asleep?"

Hearing his voice, the child clambered down, and came toddling to his side, her garments dripping, and her little hands and face blue with cold. He caught her up with a cry of dismay.

"Oh, Jennie! she'll be sure to have the croup—why didn't you look after her?"

"I can't look after everything—she's old enough to know better herself; there, you bad little thing, take that."

Jennie put out her hand to slap the cold little cheek that lay against Tom's breast; but he looked up with something in his face that stopped her on the instant.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for by and by, Jennie," he said, tremulously; "you are not quite yourself this morning."

"No; and I never shall be myself again," she burst out, passionately, half beside herself with shame and anger at her own foolish temper, yet too proud to own it. "I'm harassed to death—and I wish I was in my grave."

Tom put his arm out to draw her towards him, but she glided from him and went into her bed-chamber. He could hear her sobbing, and the sound seemed to pierce his heart like a knife. Once or twice, while he was warming and comforting the child, a tear fell upon her golden head. When he had lulled her to sleep he placed her in her crib, with repeated kisses and caresses; and then, after making some change in his clothing, he went to the door of his wife's room.

"I must go now, Jennie," he said, opening it softly; "the train will be due in a few minutes. Come and say good-by!"

Poor Jennie longed to throw herself in his arms and entreat him to forgive her, but her heart was too proud.

She sat quite still, her face averted, and her fingers busy with some sewing that lay on her lap.

"Good-by, Tom," she said, coldly. "You'll be back soon, I suppose?"

"As soon as possible—to-morrow at the farthest; but, Jennie, come and kiss me, won't you? I might never come back."

She laughed, and answered lightly:

"Oh! don't be foolish, Tom. "You'll be back. We've been married too long to act like lovers."

Tom turned away with a swift step; but she caught the look on his face as he went—and it was a look that would go with her to her dying day. For a moment or two she sat dumb, almost paralyzed, hoping that he would come back; then she started up and rushed to the door—but it was too late.

He was out of sight, and a few minutes later she heard the shrill cry of the whistle, and knew that he was gone.

The day went by drearily enough and the night closed in, the chill rain still dripping from the cottage eaves; Margie grew worse, and before bed-time little birdie had a high fever. With a deadly terror at her heart, Jennie called upon her nearest neighbor, Miss Pamelia Stebbins. She came without delay, for she was a woman peculiarly kind of heart, though rough of speech.

"The child's been exposed," she began, the moment her eyes rested upon the little sufferer, "took a sudden cold. She'll have a turn o' the croup 'fore morning; put on a pot o' water to heat, and warm some goose-grease. Got none? I thought as much—women of your stamp never provide for the hour o' trouble. Now I'm an old maid, and never think of havin' children, but I allers keep a bottleful on the third bor o' my pantry shelf. I'll go over myself an' get it directly. I ain't a woman to set down an' mope an' fret like you do, Jennie Rathburn. If you'd been tendin' to your business, an' not thinkin' about yerself, this child wouldn't a' had this attack, I know. I've had my eye on you for some time, an' intended to give you a good talkin' to, and I may as well do it now. Make that water boil—I wan't to bathe this child as soon as she wakes."

Jennie obeyed in silence, her heart was too full of bitter remorse and self-reproach for her lips to utter a single word, and Miss Pamelia went on:

"I saw your husband this mornin'. I was at the station; took my golden pippins—an' a prime price I got for 'em—they're scarce, you know. Well, I met your husband just as the train was starting, an' sich a woe-begone face I never set eyes on. It's a shame, Jennie Rathburn, for you to treat that man as you do. It's in everybody's mouth how he works and strives, and how unthankful an' discontented you are. You'll be sorry for it by and by, take my word for it."

"Oh, Miss Pamelia!" Jennie burst out, with streaming tears, "I'm sorry for it now. If ever I see Tom's face again, I'll try and make up for it."

"It is to be hoped you will; but I don't know as you'll ever see his face again—you don't deserve to. You'll never know how to prize him till he's gone. I've seen women like you—you worry the poor man's life out now; but when he's gone, you'll break your heart over it."

Jennie sobbed as if her heart were already broken, and her lecturer went on:

"What a home you might make him! Why, bless my soul, if I had this house, I'd make it shine again. It only needs the will—one pair o' hands can work wonders; and then, instead of being all day in a dowdy frock, wi' your hair rough, an' your face all of a pucker, you ought to be as fresh as a rose-pink, pretty young thing like you, an' always have a smile for your husband when he comes home. It's our duty. I'm an old maid, but I think any woman as has got a good husband, an' a baby, ain't got no right to mope—she ought to sing from morn to night."

Jennie raised her head, and made an effort to speak, but her sobs choked her. Every word Miss Pamelia had spoken had gone to her heart like a knife.

She arose and went to the bedside, and, kneeling down, took the hot little hand in hers.

"Oh, baby! little birdie!" she moaned, "if Heaven will only spare you, and give me back my husband, I'll never complain again."

The night went by wearily, with wailing winds and dripping rain, and all through its tedious hours little birdie hung between life and death. But Miss Pamelia worked bravely, and as the crimson dawn began to tinge the darkness the agonized mother arose from her knees with an overflowing heart. The child slept and would live.

Silently and swiftly she set herself to the work that awaited her. Tom would be at home at ten o'clock, and he must find his home a different one from that he had left. Somehow, as she worked, everything went well with her, and long before the hour of his arrival she had everything in order—the rooms clear of dust, the stove burnished like silver, and a snowy table-cloth awaiting the tempting breakfast that steamed upon the stove.

Dressed in a pretty morning frock, with her hair brushed out in short, shining curls, and a sweeter, tenderer light in her eyes than had ever brightened them before, she stood at the cottage door, listening with eager impatience for the whistle. She had refused to kiss Tom at parting, but she was ready to give him a thousand kisses on his return.

Ten o'clock came, but the whistle did not sound. Half past ten—eleven—still no Tom. Her heart lay like a dead weight in her bosom, and her face grew white with unspoken terror.

Presently the old doctor came to look after Margie.

"Doctor," she cried, even before she had spoken about her baby, "has the train come in?"

"The train? Why, bless me, haven't you heard the news? A terrible collision—the whole train smashed, and nearly all killed or wounded!"

Jennie grew as white as death, and reeled back for an instant; then she steadied herself and caught his arm with a grasp like iron.

"Doctor," she whispered, "have you heard anything? Tell me quick. My husband was in that train!"

"Good heavens! What, Tom—Tom Rathburn?"

"Yes, sir. He went to London yesterday, and was to be back to-day."

"But perhaps he changed his mind; maybe he didn't start. Let's hope for the best, child."

"No, no," she answered wildly, "he started. He told me he'd come, and he never broke his word. Oh, Tom! shall I never see him again?"

"Like as not," said Miss Pamelia, sternly. "I told you how twould be. You didn't know how to value him till he's gone."

"Woman!" gasped the old doctor, seizing her by the arm, "have you no compassion? Don't you see she's almost dying?"

Jennie fell upon her knees beside the bed, and buried her face in her hands. Roused by the noise, the baby awoke and opened her blue eyes.

"Mammy," she said, "has papa come, and brought birdie's red shoes?"

"Oh, baby, baby!" the poor mother sobbed, "he'll never come back to us again."

"Yes, he will, mammy," she replied, putting out her little hand, and stroking her mother's cheek; "he said he would come and bring birdie's red shoes."

And with a sigh of content she turned over again and closed her eyes. Papa had never broken faith with her, and her little heart trusted him entirely. Jennie rose to her feet, and, going into her bed-chamber, put on her shawl and bonnet.

"I'm going, doctor," she said, as she came out; "there'll be trains running now?"

"Yes. But, child, you don't know——"

"Yes, I do know. 'Tis a terrible sight; but Tom's there, and whether he's dead or alive I must be with him. Don't oppose me. I shall die if I don't go. Stay here till I return, and attend to the baby and Margie."

The sun was sloping down to the west, flooding all the tawny autumn woods and the far-extending lands with golden splendor, when Jennie Rathburn came in sight of her cottage on her return.

A tiresome journey, hours of sickening horror, and nothing accomplished. She had telegraphed to London, and ascertained to a certainty that Tom was in the doomed train; but among neither the living nor dead could he be found.

There were a few bodies so horribly mutilated that they could not be identified; and she had come to the conclusion that one of them must be her husband.

It was a terrible thought, but she had to bear it, and turn her back upon them, and go home to her child as night came on.

Standing in sight of her cottage, she seemed for the first time fully to realize what she had lost. Home, and no husband! Never until that moment did she know how she had loved him. Should she never look upon his face again—never atone to him for all the sorrow she had caused him? She looked up towards the blue, serene sky with a yearning at her heart that must have called his soul back if it were possible for those who have passed the bounds of time to make themselves manifest to their earthly companions.

Just then the cottage door opened, and a little figure glided out towards her, with a wavering, doubtful step.

"Mammy," it called, when just within hearing, "papa's come, and brought birdie the red shoes."

Jennie caught a glimpse of them, and dropped down where she stood without a word or a cry.

"I've killed her!" Tom said, as he bore her into the cottage.

"No, you ain't," retorted Miss Pamelia. "Lay her down here, she'll soon come to—women ain't killed easy."

Half an hour later, when Jennie Rathburn awoke, as from a terrible dream, she looked upon a cosy room and tempting supper-table—little birdie sitting before the stove, conscious of nothing but her red shoes, and her husband bending over the bed, his brown eyes full of anxious love.

"Tom," she said, softly, putting her arms around his neck. "Oh, Tom! can you ever forgive me, and love me again?"

And foolish Tom began to cry, like the simpleton he was, and to put and caross her in an awkward manner, so happy that his reason seemed to have left him.

"Hush, Jennie!" he whispered, not knowing what else to say, "we're going to be so happy now. I've got a splendid place in town, and you shall have everything you want hereafter."

"I shall never want anything again, Tom," she replied, still holding him in her close embrace, "but you and baby. I've had my life lesson—I'm fit to be a poor man's wife now."

"An' it's me as deserves the credit if you are," said Miss Pamelia, as she went out to look after Margie.

SCOTCH MARMALADE.

Dundee is famous for three things—canvas, carpets, and confectionery; and among the last the celebrated orange marmalade, which enjoys a world-wide celebrity. The manufacture began only about the beginning of the present century, and was merely intended to supply the local and district demand. Gradually, however, the area of its sale extended, not only throughout Scotland, but into England and Ireland, until now, when it may be said that the whole British Isles, a considerable portion of the Continent, and even our most distant colonies are supplied with this savory and wholesome sweetmeat. To give an idea of the extent of this trade, we may state that the quantity of marmalade made in Dundee at the present time amounts to above a thousand tons annually, for the production of which more than three thousand chests of the finest bitter oranges are used. These are imported from Seville, in Spain, as it has been found that the oranges grown in and around that city possess a peculiar and agreeable aroma, which renders them better adapted for the purpose than those of any other district, either in Spain or Italy.

No less than four hundred persons are directly employed in the Dundee confectionery works; and it may be added that occupation is furnished to many more in connection with it. For example, one of the Newcastle potteries is to a large extent employed in turning out the well-known printed jars for marmalade. Of these, there are about one and a half millions required every year, costing upwards of £6,500.

The marmalade season—that is, the period during which all that is required of this preserve for the year's supply must be made—usually continues about four months; from the beginning of December to the end of March.

The word marmalade is supposed to be derived from the name of an Indian fruit, not unlike an orange, called the *Egle Marmelos*, or Indian Bael, from which at one period a similar conserve seems to have been made.

Besides marmalade, the manufacture of confections is also carried on very extensively at Dundee, and embraces an immense variety of lozenges, comfits, candied peels, &c. In most of the processes connected with the production of these, carefully-constructed steam machinery is now successfully employed, and the result is a degree of finish, quality, and cheapness which hand labor could never have secured. The quantity of sugar, chiefly refined, used for the confections, marmalade, and preserves made in Dundee it would be difficult to estimate, but it probably amounts to two thousand tons annually.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the wholesomeness of confectionery in general, it seems that the working among fruit and sugar by the men employed is not injurious to health, but the reverse, especially when care is taken that the temperature of the workrooms is duly equalized, and cleanliness and ventilation constantly attended to.

Facetiæ.

Old what's-his-name says marriage is like the General Delivery at the Post Office. If there's anything there for you, you give your name, but don't know what you get till after you've found out. Old what's-his-name had found out.

A Good Story.—Professor Adams, of Amherst, was very dry and witty, it is said, and the following story is too good to pass by:

A student was called upon to describe the peculiar characteristics of the shark. He was a fluent speaker, and answered at some length.

"Incorrect," said the Professor.

Unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, the student tried again.

"Incorrect."

"Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I—I don't know anything about it."

"Correct!" said the Professor.

A provision merchant in Cork, writing to a correspondent in London, quoted the markets as follows: "There is some flatness in butter, owing to the heat of the weather, but dead pigs are looking up."

Remarkable.—The following advertisement appeared in the columns of a Western newspaper: "Lost, by a poor boy tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

Corkscrew Navigation.—The Inman steamship "City of Cork," which lately arrived in Liverpool from New York, can boast of an achievement which completely takes the wind out of the sails of the "wee craft," the "Red, White and Blue." She was navigated across the Atlantic with a Cork's crew.

Watering-Places.—A sour old bachelor thus describes watering-places: "They are haunts of discontent—the destroyers of energetic purpose, the washing out of the best that is in the lives of both men and women, and perhaps this is why they are called watering-places."

Copies for the Nineteenth Century.—The great advance that has been made in morality, as in all subjects, by the children of the present generation, necessitates an entire change of the present obsolete maxims which still do duty in copy-books. We beg to offer a few specimens to which the masters are welcome: Never believe what anybody tells you. Always think yourself wiser than any one else.

A Horse Crawling Through a Post.—A story is told of the late Rev. Mr. Sprague, of D——, which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a very ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of the parishoners, he threw the bridle off his horse and over the post of a rail fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post, and get it under his feet—seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins through one of the mortices and over the top of the post, in the form of a noose. The parson, going to untie the horse, was indescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus passed through one of the holes. "This beats all," ejaculated he to himself; "I never saw the like of it in all my life before! To be sure we read of a camel going through the eye of a needle, but this was in days of miracles. No, no; I never saw the like of this before." He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out, but it surpassed his ingenuity. "Yes, it must be," said he; "the horse has actually crawled through the post hole—there's no other way to account for it." Full of this impression and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife, and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving his quandary, released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now to find his own penetration surpassed by that of a servant girl. "Hey, girl," said he, "I believe you're right. But how in the name of a wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of learning? It's astonishing! astonishing! Miraculous! miraculous!"

Nothing has Happened.—Some years ago, a farmer living in a village bordering on Berks County had furnished one of his three sons with a sum of money and told him to go to the West and remain two years, at the end of which time he should return to Lancaster, stop at Schofields, and one of them would be there to meet him. The young man started on his travels, and at the end of the specified time he returned. It should be premised that telegraphs were not then in existence, the postal system was not so perfect as it is today, and the literary attainments were not so general, hence no communication took place between the parties. He returned, however, as we said. His brother was there to meet him, and they both proceeded homeward in a buggy. The wanderer, after relating some of his adventures, inquired whether anything had happened since he left home.

"No, not a single thing," said the other; "everything just the same as when you left—except that the old crow died."

"Indeed!" said the wanderer, "and is the old crow dead?—what killed him?"

"Why, he ate too much meat when the matched horses died."

"Good gracious! are the matched horses dead?—what killed them?"

"You see, when the house and barn burned, they overdid themselves in hauling water."

"Good gracious! is the house and barn burned down?—how did it happen?"

"Well, you see, when daddy died they were carrying about lights and were careless."

"Good gracious! and is daddy dead?—what was the matter with him?"

"Well, you see, when our Sal ran away and got married, against daddy's wishes, he just pined away and died."

"Good gracious! so nothing has happened since I've been away?"

"No, everything is just the same."

An Accomplished Justice.—There was once a little gentleman—one Peter Patterson—appointed as Justice of the Peace. The first day his clerk handed him a duplicate writ.

"Well, wot shall I do with it?" was his query.

"Nothing but sign your initials," was the reply.

"My nishuls?—what are they?"

"Why two P's," replied the clerk, impatiently.

Cold perspiration stood on the forehead of the unhappy magistrate, as he seized a pen, and, with desperation in his face, wrote, "Two peas."

A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movement, sprang towards him, exclaiming, "No, no, that you never shall; I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it was never been wet yet, and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Whale Preservation.—A short time ago a whale was stranded on the coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertized for information how to preserve it. A wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a crown's worth of postage-stamps, which arrived, and the following recipe was duly forwarded: "Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whiskey may do); then cork and seal up." The postage stamps were handed over to a charitable institution.

He Had Him.—Some years ago, in a town not far from Liverpool, lived a shoemaker named A., and a ship-carpenter named B. The shoemaker was a very knowing man. He knew so much about everybody's business that he didn't attend properly to his own, and was often a witness at court. It was his custom to work at stated times, only to disappoint his customers when the day came round. The carpenter, B., ordered a pair of boots, with the usual promise from A. that they would be done on a certain day. The day came, and with it came B. He didn't get the boots, but instead received another promise. The next and repeated visits brought a repetition of the promise, but no boots. Finally, one day the carpenter came into the court-room just as the unreliable shoemaker was being sworn as a witness in some case. The magistrate had barely pronounced the words, "You do solemnly swear that you will testify to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God," when the carpenter sang out at the top of his voice, "Now, old fellow, I've got you just where I want you. Now, sir, tell me when my boots will be done." His boots were done next time he called.

His Last Visit.—"Dearest," said an ardent and devoted admirer to a newly-formed female acquaintance, "you are not for this cold world; you must live on a sunbeam, and be enwrapped at eve, in which the day-god sinks to rest."

"The deuce I am!" responded the object of his affections; "why, you are just as full of book larnin' as old Parson Seatons; but you can't come none of your fine speeches over me—I'm round, I am!" It is perhaps unnecessary to add that this was the last time he paid the young lady a visit.

The Selection of a Jury.—"I had a very important case," said he, "involving some eighty or a hundred thousand pounds. It was a protracted cause, owing to the complicated interests involved in it, and altogether a very tedious trial. When it was finally given to the jury the judge remarked to them, as they were about leaving the court-room for private consultation, that if, during the progress of the case, any terms of law had been used or any rules stated that they did not fully understand, the court was prepared beforehand to make all needful explanations. Upon this one of the jurors, a man with a high, bald head, and a calm blue eye, upon whose sense of justice I had greatly relied (for he had paid the strictest attention to the entire proceedings), arose and said: 'I believe I understand all the rules that have been laid down; there are two terms of law that have been a good deal used during the trial that I should like to know the meaning of.' 'Very well, sir,' responded the judge, 'what terms of law do you allude to?' 'Well,' said our model juror, 'the words I mean are the words plaintiff and defendant!'" Wasn't there a chance for a man to "come by his own," in a law-suit where such a juror was the principal member of the "august body?"

Hard up on the Moors.—Anxious Wife: "For goodness' sake, bring something home to-day, dear! There's absolutely nothing for second course!"—*Punch.*

Serious.—Cousin George: "Look here, Cousin Grace, it's my last half at school, and if you'll only throw over that Major Pendragon, I'll marry you at Christmas."—*Punch.*

Artful—Very!—Mary: "Don't keep a screcugin' o' me, John!"

John: "Wh'ol bean't a screcugin' on yer!"

Mary (ingenuously): "Well, 'y can it y' like, John!"—*Punch.*

Good News for Bad Writers.—It is surprising what discoveries are made in the dead season. Here is one, for instance, by which writing is superseded: "Mr. Pratt, of Alabama, is the inventor of a type-writing machine, lately exhibited to the London Society of Arts, which is said to print a man's thoughts twice as fast as he can write them with the present process. By a sort of piano arrangement the letters are brought in contact with carbonized paper, which is moved by the same manipulation." Every author is his own printer. What a happy state of things! No more struggles to write legibly with nibless tavern pens—no more trouble in deciphering the hieroglyphs of hasty writers. Literary work will be in future merely play—on the piano. The future Locke may write his essays by a touch upon the keys. In this inventive age there really is no saying where discovery will stop. Now that authors are to put their thoughts in print with twice the pace that they can write them, perhaps are long they will be able to put their works in type without so much as taking the trouble to compose them. A thought-hatching easy-chair may very likely be invented by the help of which an author may sit down at his ease before his thought-printing piano, and play away *ad libitum* whatever may occur to him. Different cushions may be used for different kinds of composition, some stuffed with serious thoughts, fit for sermons or reviews, and others with light fancies, fit for works of fiction, poetry, or fun. By a judicious choice of cushions an author will be able to sit down to his piano, and play a novel in three volumes twice or thrice a week, besides knocking off a leader every morning for a newspaper, and issuing every fortnight a bulky epic poem, or a whole encyclopædia complete within a month.—*Punch.*

A Choice of Evils.—On the arrest of a gang of burglars, the other day, we learn that the rascals were in possession of a bunch of skeleton keys that would open almost every warehouse in a street. This is pleasant intelligence. We have often heard that there is a skeleton in every cupboard. Query, whether this is worse than a skeleton key in every safe.

Hence They Speak the English.—Garcon: "Wiz cream, sare?"

Briton (desirous of airing his French): "Parly Fronsy dong!"

Garcon: "Yes, sare! I vill send ze Englees waitare!"

Ferry Much So!—Why are the ferry-boats built to run between Carnarvon and Anglesea engaged in a dangerous traffic? Because they are destined for Menai straits.

Three Throws a Penny, Wise and Pound Foolish.—We hear that a certain noble lord has, from long practice, acquired the skill of hurling missiles at the head of Aunt Sally with such fatal precision that he has obtained the sobriquet of "The enterprising Impress-Sairey-oh!"

A Yard Measure.—The tradespeople on the east side are accused of giving false measures. We have lately been inspecting some houses erected in that part of the city for occupation by the laboring classes, and we are glad to be able to exonerate the building trade from the charge of short measures. We observed that the yards behind the houses were never more or less than three feet.

Eighteenth Century Gossip.

ABOUT ROAD TRAVELING.

It may be as well to prepare the reader's mind for a description of the perils of the country roads by first inquiring what was the condition of the streets of London. Gay assists us in forming a tolerable estimate of their appearance. It was only in the leading thoroughfares that the passengers were protected from the wagons and cars by ranges of stout posts, which left barely room for two persons to pass abreast, and in some instances, where the eccentric architecture of the houses had placed some abutments upon the path, there was scarcely room for one. The path, so formed, was none of the best; the water-spouts discharged a torrent of water, in rainy weather, from the projecting eaves upon the heads of the passers-by (for umbrellas it was considered outlandish and effeminate to carry until the century had passed its third quarter), while the stones under their feet were so rough and uneven that, as Gay assures us,

"Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside."

Outside the posts it was not safe to venture:

"Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way,
Here laden carts with thundering wagons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street.

Such confusion is not witnessed in all the increased traffic of modern London; the roadways are wider, better paved and drained, and better regulations are enforced, and the vehicles themselves are of a less lumbering construction; so that such an accident as Gay describes is not of everyday occurrence in *all* its horrors:

"I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spattered passengers all drenched in rain,
With mud fill'd high the rumbling cart draws near—
Now rule thy prancing steeds, laced charioteer!
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride—down falls the shrieking beau—
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew;
Black floods of mire th' embroidered coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honors of his face.

The coaches, too, often got "set" in the "channels" that ran down the middle of the streets; but a still worse danger was the unguarded excavation, or unlighted heap of stones,

"Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common sewers descend.
Oft, by the winds extinct, the signal lies,
Or, smothered in the glimmering socket, dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulf, the shatter'd coach o'er-thrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke."

A pleasant picture, truly! But it was not exaggerated. Smith, in his "History of Westminster," says that, in Saint Margaret's street, pales were "placed, four feet high, between the footpath and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury and from being covered with mud, which was splashed on all sides in abundance;" and, up till 1750 the ways to the Houses of Parliament "were in so miserable a state that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days in which the king went to Parliament, to render the passage of the state coach more easy."

If such were the state of the streets of the metropolis, our readers will be curious to know what was the state of the country roads. Fortunately we are enabled to gratify that curiosity by quoting a complete survey of the roads made by Arthur Young, the agriculturist, in 1767; but, as there had, no doubt, even then, been great improvements effected in them, we will mention some circumstances which will throw a little light upon their condition in the earlier part of the century.

In December, 1703, Charles III., King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there, by desire of the queen. In the narrative of the journey given by one of the prince's attendants we find the following curious particulars:

"We set out at six in the morning, by torch-light, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save when we were overturned, or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day, without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going, but our coach—which was the leading one—and his Highness's body coach would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's (Somerset) house

the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them; and, indeed, we had never done it if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." On the next morning they returned from Petworth, by way of Guildford, to Windsor. But the attendant writes: "I saw him (the prince) no more till I found him at supper at Windsor, for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning), and broke our coach. My Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others."

This same road, from Petworth to Guildford, appears to have continued in this condition for some time after King Charles and Prince George of Denmark floundered through it, for in the *Courier* newspaper of September 10th, 1824, we find the following anecdote:

"In the time of Charles (surnamed the Proud), Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travelers were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the duke had a house at Guildford which was regularly used as a resting-place for the night by any of his family traveling to London. A manuscript letter from the servant of the duke, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his Grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that 'the keepers and persons who know the holes and the sloughs must come to meet his Grace with lanthorns and long poles, to help him on his way.'"

In 1726, Pope was upset only a mile from Twickenham, as he returned from Lord Bolingbroke's house at Dowley, in his lordship's coach-and-six, when, finding the bridge at Whitton broken down, he had to pass through the river, and the coach-setting in a hole was overturned, and Pope "had like to have been drowned," as one of his friends writes in the peculiar phrase of the times.

But, to return once more to the Sussex roads. Daniel De Foe, giving an account of his travels, under the title of "A Tour through Great Britain," by a Gentleman (London, 1724), mentions in vol i. (page 54, letter ii.) the following anecdotes, *apropos* of the roads of Sussex, in speaking of the "prodigious timber" of the county:

"Sometimes I have seen one tree on a carriage which they call here a tug, drawn by two-and-twenty oxen; and, even then, this carried so little away, and then thrown down and left for other tugs to take up and carry on, that sometimes it is two or three years before it gets to Chatham; for, if once the rains come in, it stire no more that year, and sometimes a whole summer is not dry enough to make the roads passable."

And again:

"Going to church at a country village not far from Lewes, I saw an ancient lady—and a lady of very good quality, I assure you—drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done in frolic or humor, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it."

But a more general estimate may be formed from the accounts left by Arthur Young. His tour, which, as we have stated, was made in 1767, occupied six weeks, and comprehended all the central counties of England, starting from Norfolk and traversing Suffolk, Essex, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire and Hampshire. The work, containing a description of this tour in a series of letters, is full of curious agricultural and statistical information, and incidentally valuable, as containing an account of the turnpike roads at that period. The edition we are about to quote from is entitled "A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales," in one volume octavo. "London: Printed for William Nicholl, at the Paper Mill in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1768."

From among his miscellaneous remarks we pick out the following passages, which lie scattered through the volume, in allusion to the state of the several roads over which he passed. The only ones of which he could give anything like a favorable report, appear to have been "that from Salisbury to the other side of Winchester," "the Great North Road to Barnet," "the Kentish Road," the roads to Chelmsford in Essex, and to Uxbridge, and "the eighteen miles of finished road from Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, to six miles on this side of Cardiff;" but, "as to all the rest, it is a prostitution of language to call them turnpikes. I rank them nearly in the same class with the dark lanes from Billericay to Tilbury Fort. Among the bad ones, however, some parts of the road from Tetsford to Gloucester are much better than the unmended parts from Gloucester to the good road above mentioned. The latter is terrible; much more to be condemned is the execrable muddy road from Bury to Sudbury, in which I was forced to move as slow as in any unmended lane in Wales, for ponds of liquid dirt, and a scattering of loose flints, just sufficient to lame every horse that moves near them. As to Norfolk and her natural roads, the boast of the inhabitants, who repeat with vanity the saying of Charles II., all that I have to remark is, that I know not one mile of excellent road in the whole county." (Pages 218 to 231.)

Of the road from Billericay to Tilbury Fort, which our author seems to have borne painfully in mind, he speaks in hearty disgust:

"Of all the cursed roads that ever disgraced this kingdom in the very ages of barbarism, none ever equalled that from Billericay to the King's Head at Tilbury. It is for near ten miles so narrow that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow creep under his wagon to assist me to lift, if possible, my chaise over a hedge. The ruts are of an incredible depth, and a pavement of diamonds might as well be sought for as a quarter. The trees overywhere overgrow the road, so that it is totally impervious to the sun except at a few places. And, to add to the infamous circumstances that continually occur to plague a traveler, I must not forget the eternal meeting with chalk wagons, themselves frequently stuck fast, till a collection of them are in the same situation, and twenty or thirty horses may be tacked to each other to draw them out one by one. After this description will you, can you, believe me when I tell you that a turnpike was much solicited for by some gentlemen, to lead from Chelmsford to the fort at Tilbury Fort, but opposed by the brains of this country, whose horses are torn in pieces with bringing chalk through these vile roads; and yet in this tract are found farmers who cultivate above a thousand (pounds) a year, but are perfectly contented with their roads." (Pages 72 and 73.)

Pardoning what sounds like a Jonathanism of the eighteenth century, that the loose flints on the Sudbury road were sufficient to lame "every horse that moves near them," the assertion that on the Tilbury road "a mouse cannot pass by any carriage," is pretty well borne out by the fact that the wagoner whom our traveler met could not pass by his own, but had to creep under it in order to reach him, and help him with his chaise over a hedge while the cart went by. It must have been, we may presume, no wider for some considerable distance either way, otherwise one of the vehicles would have been backed out, and the desperate alternative had recourse to might have been obviated. From his ridicule of the short-sightedness of "the brains of this country," it would appear that Essex deserved in the eighteenth the reputation it enjoys in the nineteenth century, of being the Bœotia of England; and that the "Essex calves" were as adverse to improvement, and as ignorant and indifferent then as now.

But our author has not yet done with Essex: "I found upon a journey I took from this place" (Chelmsford) "to Bury, that the road to Hedingham is excessive bad; and from Sudbury to within two miles of Bury still worse. Their method of mending the last-mentioned road I found excessively absurd; for, in nine parts out of ten, the sides are higher than the middle; and the gravel they bring in is nothing but a yellow loam with a few stones in it, through which the wheels of a light chaise cut as easily as in sand, with the addition of such floods of watery mud as render this road on the whole inferior" (query, superior?) "to nothing but an unmended Welsh lane." (Page 211.)

But we must not allow our traveler to expose the whole truth about the Essex men and their roads—it would be too unkind; besides, they are pretty well known and estimated at the present day. Let us hear what he has to say of the roads in the other home counties—of Buckinghamshire, for example:

"From Wycombe to Stoke the turnpike road declined greatly; insomuch that I could scarcely believe myself in one, for, near Tetford, they mend entirely of stone dug out of the hills, which are like quarries, and are in large flakes, so that in those places that are just mended the horse hobbles over them as if afraid of breaking his legs." (Page 88.)

"So much for Buckingham." Oxfordshire has no better roads; they seem to have been, in fact, much worse:

"The road" (from Tetford to Oxford) "is called, by a vile prostitution of language, a turnpike, but christened, I apprehend, by people who know not what a road is. It is all of chalk-stones, of which loose ones are everywhere rolling about to lame the horses. It is full of holes and ruts, very deep, and withal so narrow that I with difficulty got my chair out of the way of the Witney wagons and various machines perpetually passing. The tolls are very dear, and vilely unreasonable, considering the badness of the roads." (Page 90.) . . . . "This road" (from Witney to North Leach) "is, I think, the worst turnpike I ever traveled in—so bad that it is a scandal to the country. They mend and make with nothing but the stone, which forms the understratum, all over, quite from Tetford to the other side of Oxford. This stone, which rises in vast flakes, would make an admirable foundation for a surface of gravel; but, by using it alone and in pieces as large as one's head, the road is rendered most execrable." (Page 101.)

We cannot wonder at the frequency of such accidents as the escort of Prince George of Denmark met with, on such roads as these, where the chaise wheels had to roll over stones "as large as one's head"—we can only wonder how the horses ever got over them. Here is another splendid road in Gloucestershire:

"I was infinitely surprised to find the same stony, hard, rough and cursed roads, miscalled turnpikes, all the way from Gloucester to Newnham, which is twelve miles. It is all a narrow lane, and most infamously stony. It is the same stone as the other side of the Severn, but much harder, and consequently more jolting and cutting to the horses' feet: nor is it so much a level, but ruts all the way." (Page 111.)

It is quite a relief to hear that there was a good road in England at this time, after one has made his head and bones ache with the mere contemplation of these horrors. Here is one running through parts of Wiltshire and Hampshire:

"The road from Salisbury to Romsey, and the first four miles from thence to Winchester, I found so remarkably good that I made particular inquiries concerning their making and mending it. It is many miles as level, as firm, and as free from loose stones as the finest garden walk I ever beheld, and yet the traffic on it is very great by wagons, but scarcely the print of a wheel to be seen, and I really believe there was not a loose stone to make a horse stumble nineteen miles from Salisbury." (Page 172.)

But as he approached Wales the hills began to trouble him:

"From Newnham to Chepstow the road continues excessively stony, and made in the same vile manner as that from Gloucester. In many places the road is so very narrow that my chaise with difficulty got through it without rising on the banks. There is one circumstance which would render the best turnpike in England extremely bad to travel, and that is the perpetual hills, for you will form a clear idea of them if you suppose the" (face of the) "country to represent the roofs of houses joined, and the road to run across them." (Page 113.) . . . . . "But, my dear sir, what am I to say to the roads in this country—the turnpikes, as they have the assurance to call them, and the hardiness to make one pay for? From Chepstow to the half-way house, between Newport and Cardiff, they continue mere rocky lanes, full of hugeous stones as big as one's horse, and abominable holes. The first from Newport were so detestable, without either direction-posts or mile-stones, that I could not persuade myself that I was on a turnpike, but had mistook the road, and therefore asked every one I met, who answered, to my astonishment, 'Ye-as.'" (Pages 120 and 121.)

In another edition of his Tour, in which he describes the state of the road between Preston and Wigan, in 1770, he cannot restrain his anger:

"I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this *infernal highway*. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidently propose to travel this terrible country, *to avoid it as they would the devil*, for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts which I actually measured four feet deep, and floating with mud only from a wet summer!" "What!" he cries, holding up his hands, and shuddering at the thought, "what must it, therefore, be in winter?" Ugh!

If he had pushed as far as North Wales he would have found, even at that period, excellent roads, when the mountainous character of the country was taken into consideration. But we could have wished he had visited Lincolnshire, so that we might have heard what kind of roads that county then had. We suspect they must have been very bad indeed; or else they have since degenerated instead of improving. From the accounts, however, which he has given us, it will be observed that not the slightest care was bestowed upon the roads, either in providing suitable materials to mend them, when such materials were not already upon the spot, or to make the most of what the country afforded, and to turn it to the best use.

The general state of the high roads appears then to have been even worse than that of the cross-roads and by-lanes of Essex, Suffolk and Surrey at the present time. It will also be observed that the few portions of good road described are in counties where the land is very poor and light, and *vice versa*, thus literally making good the old English proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1757, complains sadly of "the new turnpike road" from Godalming. On starting from Petworth, he has to pass "through a street about two hundred yards long, full of deep holes, and a precipice on one side of the street," and although on passing through a turnpike-gate he proceeds upon "a firm road," it is only "full wide enough for any single cart, but by no means wide enough for two, so that whenever two meet, the one must drive down into the mud at the side of the bank; and, as there were no ditches nor drains to carry off the standing waters from those flats, they must soon be worse than the old clay roads." A fearful "trench, or ditch," crosses "the whole road from side to side about half a mile from the gate." But the worst predicament our traveler got into was at North Chappel, five miles from Petworth, where, the road being soaked with a previous shower, "it took my horse up to the belly the second step he made on it, and, had I not immediately dismounted and clambered up to some bushes, I had there been lodged for a season."

This reminds us of the case of the medical man who had occasion to take a by-road, abounding in bogs and quagmires, in an obscure part of Essex. Having arrived at one of the bogs in which his horse sank deeper at every step, he called to a boy at a distant farm and inquired whether there was a good bottom. The reply was in the affirmative, but as he progressed, he found that himself and his steed were likely to be soon swallowed up in the bog, which continued to get deeper, and he indignantly cried out, "I thought you said there was a good bottom to this road!" "So there is," replied the urchin, "but you have not come to it yet!" We presume the same reply would have been given to the correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* (who, by the way, ventured to make his journey "after September," upon being assured that there was a turnpike road), and, as he scrambled to some bushes with his horse up to the belly in the mire, it might have been some consolation to him to know that there was a turnpike road, but he had not come to it yet!

But nearly all the information we possess of the state of the roads in the eighteenth century is of a period when great improvements had been effected, both in the making and mending of them, and the greater part of it relates to turnpikes and great leading roads only. What they had been at an earlier period of the century, or what the by-roads were at that time, we have no means of ascertaining, but we may form a pretty correct conjecture, we dare say, of the tremendous difficulties which the traveler by them had to encounter. What we know is sufficient to help us to guess at what we do not know, in connection with this subject.

THE

New York Leader,

THIS FAVORITE FAMILY PAPER

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE LEADER

is a first-class Journal, devoted to Literature, General Instruction and Politics. It belongs to the progressive school of sparkling newspapers.

The Leader, as its name indicates, aims to become the influential Weekly Journal of the city. To accomplish that purpose, the most eminent writers of the day are made contributors to its columns.

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The Political Department of the New York Leader will be conducted by gentlemen of ability, who have been for years intimately connected with the politics and statesmen of the nation, and still are so connected.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation, than from those they find in ours.

Those who speak without reflection often remember their own words afterwards with sorrow.

Happiness only begins when wishes end, and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

If your means suit not with your ends, pursue those ends which suit with your means.

Lavater says, "Never make that man your friend who hates music, or the laugh of a child."

Success too often sanctions the worst and the wildest schemes of human ambition.

The weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit.

The duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

Most evils come on horseback, and go away on foot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE is hereby given that a Limited Partnership for the transaction of Mercantile business has been entered into by persons hereinafter named, pursuant to and by virtue of the 1st Title of the 4th Chapter of the Second Part of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the Acts amendatory thereof, the terms of which Limited Partnership are as follows, that is to say:

The name or firm under which the said partnership is to be conducted is "LACKEMANN, WALKINSHAW & COMPANY."

The general nature of the business intended to be transacted by the said partnership is the importation and sale of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, for account of the said partnership or on commission.

The names of all the General and Special Partners interested in the said partnership are Hermann Adolph Lackemann, John C. Walkinshaw, and Hermann Von Keller, who are the General Partners therein, and Frederick Konig, and Frederick William Hilger, who are the Special Partners therein, and their respective places of residence are as follows, that is to say: the said Hermann Adolph Lackemann resides at College Point, in the County of Queens and State of New York; the said John C. Walkinshaw and Hermann Von Keller both reside at the City of New York, in the County and State of New York; the said Frederick Konig resides at College Point, in the County of Queens and State of New York, and the said Frederick William Hilger resides at Launep, in Rhenish Prussia, Germany.

The said Frederick Konig, as one of the said Special Partners, has contributed to the common stock of the said partnership the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars in United States currency, and the said Frederick William Hilger as one of said Special Partners, has contributed to the common stock of the said partnership the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars in United States currency.

The period at which the said partnership is to commence is the first day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and the said partnership is to continue until and terminate upon the thirty-first day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

Dated New York, July 1, 1867.

H. A. LACKEMANN,
JOHN C. WALKINSHAW,
By Herm. Von Keller, Attorney.
HERM. VON KELLER,
FR. KONIG,
FREDERICK WILLIAM HILGER,
By Jos. Larocque, his Attorney.

jy6 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership under the laws of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and in pursuance of the provisions of the Revised Statutes thereof.

That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is HEWITT & SCOFIELD.

That the general nature of the business to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling Petroleum or other Oil, and receiving consignments of the same for sale on Commission.

That the names of all the partners, General and Special, interested therein, are ISAAC L. HEWITT, WILLIAM C. SCOFIELD and JEREMIAH MILBANK.

That said Isaac L. Hewitt is a General Partner, and resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings, and State of New York; that said William C. Scofield is a General Partner, and resides in Cleveland, in the State of Ohio; that the said Jeremiah Milbank is a Special Partner, and resides in the City, County and State of New York.

That the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is the sum of Thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

That said partnership is to commence on the 26th day of April, 1867, and terminate on the 25th day of April, 1868.

ISAAC L. HEWITT,
WILLIAM C. SCOFIELD,
General Partners.
JEREMIAH MILBANK,
Special Partner.

jy29 6t

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.—The copartnership of the undersigned, heretofore existing under the firm name of PARSONS & CO., is hereby dissolved by mutual consent.

New York, April 13th, 1867.

SAMUEL J. PARSONS,
M. H. PARSONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that LEVI S. PARSONS, who resides in the City of New York, and MILO H. PARSONS, who resides in Brooklyn, in the State of New York, and SAMUEL C. PARSONS, whose residence is in the town of Sandisfield, in the State of Massachusetts, have formed a Limited Partnership under the firm name of PARSONS & CO., pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the transaction of the Oil Business, and other business properly pertaining thereto, at No. 141 Maiden lane, in the City of New York, in which all the partners interested are the said Levi S. Parsons and the said Milo H. Parsons, who are the General Partners, and the said Samuel C. Parsons, who is the Special Partner, and that the said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock the sum of Five Thousand dollars. Such partnership is to terminate on the 30th day of April, 1868.

Dated New York, April 15th, 1867.

LEVI S. PARSONS,
M. H. PARSONS,
General Partners.
SAMUEL C. PARSONS, Special Partner.

jy15 6t

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE undersigned have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "CORBETT & SCHARCH." That the general nature of the business to be transacted is buying, selling and making Coaches, Carriages, Wagons, &c., and manufacturing, buying, selling and vending all kinds of goods, wares, merchandise, articles and things appertaining to or used in connection with the said business. That the names of all the General and Special Partners are as follows: Michael Corbett, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, and Henry Scharch, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, are the General Partners; and John N. Hayward, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, is the Special Partner, and that the said John N. Hayward has contributed the sum of Twenty-two Thousand Dollars as capital to the common stock, and that the said partnership is to commence on the tenth day of June, 1867, and is to terminate on the thirtieth day of June, 1872.

Dated this tenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

MICHAEL CORBETT,
HENRY SCHARCH,
General Partners.
JOHN N. HAYWARD,
Special Partner.

je22 6t

THE UNDERSIGNED, PERSONS, being desirous of forming a Limited Copartnership, in accordance with the Statutes of the State of New York; do make and sign the following certificate:

1. The name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted shall be R. V. WHITE. 2. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted is a Banking and Brokerage business. 3. The names of the partners interested therein are Stephen V. White, General Partner, whose place of residence is the City of Brooklyn, in the County of Kings, in the State of New York; and Charles B. Marvin, Special Partner, whose place of residence is the City of Brooklyn, in the County of Kings and State of New York. 4. The amount of capital which said Charles B. Marvin has contributed to the common stock of said firm is Twenty-five Thousand Dollars. 5. The period at which the partnership is to commence is the eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, and it is to terminate on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1868.

In testimony of which said S. V. White and Charles B. Marvin have hereunto set their hands and seals at the City, County and State of New York, this, the seventh day of November, A. D. 1867.

CHARLES B. MARVIN,
S. V. WHITE.

n23 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that John Randall, who resides at the City of New York, Jeremiah Nelson Tappan, who resides at the City of New York, James B. Hodgskin, who resides at Tenafly, in the State of New Jersey, and Charles K. Randall, who resides at the City of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the Brokerage Business in Foreign Exchange, Gold, Government and other Securities, under the style and firm of HODGSKIN & RANDALL, in which all the parties interested are the said James B. Hodgskin and Charles K. Randall, who are the General Partners, and John Randall and Jeremiah Nelson Tappan, who are the Special Partners; and that the said John Randall has contributed 25,000 Dollars, and the said J. Nelson Tappan 25,000 Dollars, as capital towards the common stock, and that the said partnership is to commence on the 15th day of November, 1867, and to terminate on the 31st day of December, 1870.

JAMES B. HODGSKIN,
CHAS. K. RANDALL,
General Partners.
JOHN RANDALL,
JEREMIAH NELSON TAPPAN,
Special Partners.

20 Exchange Place, New York, Nov. 15, 1867. n22 6t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that LEWIS BENEDICT and JOHN J. THOMPSON, who both reside in the City of New York, have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, for the transaction of a Produce Commission business in New York City. The only persons interested in said business are LEWIS BENEDICT, a General Partner, and JOHN J. THOMPSON, Special Partner; that said John J. Thompson has contributed as capital to the common stock Eight Thousand Dollars in cash; that said partnership commences November 15, 1867, and is to terminate November 15th, 1870; and that the firm name to be used therein is "Lewis Benedict."

LEWIS BENEDICT,
JOHN J. THOMPSON.

n23 6t

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER made by the Hon. George G. Barnard, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, notice is hereby given that all persons interested in the assignment made by J. A. Van Saun & Son, to appear before William M. Tweed, Jr., a Referee appointed by said order, at his office, No. 45 Duane street, in the City of New York, on Thursday, the fifth day of December next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to attend the accounting then and there to be made by said assignee, and to show cause why said assignee should not be discharged.—Dated Nov. 20, 1867.

JOHN H. WILCOX,
Assignee for J. A. Van Saun & Son.
THOMAS D. ROBINSON, Att'y for Assignee. n25 7t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of a writ of execution to me directed and delivered, I will expose to sale, at public vendue, on SATURDAY, the 14th day of December, 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, at the vestibule of the City Hall, all the right, title and interest of JOHN J. MCGURK, which he had on the 25th day of August, 1863, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit, viz.: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the westerly side of Ninth avenue, 25 feet north of the northeasterly side of Eighteenth street, 25 feet in width front and rear, and 100 feet deep on each side. Also, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the west side of Ninth avenue, 25 feet south of Seventy-ninth street, being 25 feet front and rear, and 100 feet deep on each side.—Dated New York, November 1st, 1867.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
JOSEPH CORNELL, Deputy Sheriff. n27 7t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the laws of the State of New York, under the name or firm of PARMENTER BROTHERS; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is making and selling Hats, and is to be carried on in the City of New York; that John Parmenter and Isaac W. Parmenter are the General Partners, and James Haddon is the Special Partner; that the said John Parmenter resides in Newark, State of New Jersey; that the said Isaac W. Parmenter resides in Newark, State of New Jersey, and the said James Haddon resides in the City of New York; that the amount of capital which the Special Partner has contributed to the capital stock is Three thousand dollars; and that the said partnership is to commence on the 16th day of October, 1867, and to terminate on the 8th day of October, 1870.

Dated New York, October 16th, 1867.

JOHN PARMENTER,
ISAAC W. PARMENTER,
General Partners.
JAMES HADDON, Special Partner.

[5 cts. U. S. Int. Rev. stamp.] n27 7t

NOTICE OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have this day formed a Limited Partnership for the transaction of the business of Commission Stock Brokers, in the City of New York, pursuant to Part Two, Chapter 4, Title One, Article One of the Revised Statutes and the acts amending the same, under the firm name of "MERRIAM & CO."

The names of the General Partners in said firm are W. WALLACE MERRIAM, residing in the City of Brooklyn, and GEORGE JACKSON LOSKA, residing in the City of New York; and the Special Partner is HARRISON DURKEE, residing in the City of New York, who has contributed and paid in Twenty-five Thousand Dollars to the common stock of said firm. Said Partnership is to continue for the period of one year from this date.—New York, September 1, 1867.

W. W. MERRIAM,
GEORGE J. LOSKA,
General Partners.
HARRISON DURKEE, Special Partner.
Office, 36 Broad street.

n24 6t

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—ALEXander T. Stewart, Francis Warden and George Fox, Plaintiffs, against Samuel F. Appleton, Defendant.—Summons.

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 in Stewart's store, corner Broadway and Chambers street, New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Fifteen Hundred and Ninety-one 15-100 dollars, with interest from the 9th day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, October 21th, 1867.

HENRY H. RIOE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 30th day of October, 1867.

HENRY H. RIOE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

n2 6t

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Abraham Friedberg and Morris Mannesheimer, Merchants, and Isaac Steinberg and Sigismund Lichtenstadter, formerly doing business under the firm name of Steinberg & Lichtenstadter, against Julian Mayhum.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (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 City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 1 Beekman street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred and seven 40-100 dollars, with interest from the eleventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the costs of this action.

Dated September 27th, 1867.

JOHN H. V. ARNOLD, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
No. 1 Beekman street.

The complaint aforesaid was filed in the Clerk's office aforesaid, October 14, 1867.

J. H. V. ARNOLD, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

o26 6t

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT A Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, Adam Keim and John Friedrich, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the Acts amending the same.

That the firm or name under which such partnership is to be conducted is ADAM KEIM. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership, is the Importing, Buying, and Selling of "Wines, Liquors, and Segars" &c.

That the names of all the General and Special Partners interested in such partnership are ADAM KEIM and JOHN FRIEDRICH.

That the said Adam Keim is a General Partner, and his present place of residence is in the City, County, and State of New York.

That the said John Friedrich is a Special Partner and his residence is in the City, County, and State of New York, and the amount of Capital which John Friedrich, the said Special Partner, has contributed to the Common Stock of said Partnership, is the sum of Eight Thousand Dollars.

That the period at which the said Copartnership is to commence, is the first day of November, A.D., One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, and is to continue until the 30th day of April, 1868, said Adam Keim to have two-thirds of the profits of said business, and the said John Friedrich one third of the profits of said business.

The business is to be carried on at the City of New York, and at such stores and places as we may designate.

Dated New York, November 1st, 1867.

ADAM KEIM,
JOHN FRIEDRICH.

n2 6t

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Joseph F. Flondon against Emma A. Flondon.—Summons—For Relief. (Com not serv.)

To Emma A. Flondon: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed, November 1st, 1867, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 78 Nassau street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 1st, 1867.

H. A. FROST, Plaintiff's Attorney.

n9 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 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. 2 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, 1866.

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 MICHAEL DEVANNY, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 213 Cherry street, in the City of New York, on or before the 23d day of January next.

Dated New York, the 20th day of July, 1867.

MARGARET A. DEVANNY,
Administratrix.

jy20 6m

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against BENJAMIN S. HART, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his office, No. 73 William street, in the City of New York, on or before the second day of July next.

Dated New York, the 28th day of December, 1866.

d29 6m EMANUEL B. HART, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER of the Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ALEXANDER NEWLANDS, late of the City of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at the office of Moses B. Maclay, Esq., No. 2 Nassau street, in the City of New York, on or before the twenty-fifth day of March next.

Dated New York, the 18th day of September, 1867.

s21 6m ANDREW NEWLANDS, Administrator.

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, the 21st day of December, 1867, at the vestibule of the City Hall, City of New York, at 12 o'clock, noon, all the right, title and interest of LUCY C. MCAULEY, which she had on the 21st day of February, 1862, or at any time afterwards, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the northerly side of Thirty-sixth street, in the City of New York, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the northerly line of Thirty-sixth street, distant fifty-two feet, ten and one half inches easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Thirty-sixth street and the easterly line of Second avenue, and running thence northwardly and parallel with the easterly line of Second avenue, ninety-eight feet nine inches to the centre line of the block, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, thence easterly along said centre line of the block forty-seven feet one and one half inches, thence southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Second avenue, ninety-eight feet nine inches to the northerly line of Thirty-sixth street, and thence westerly along the northerly line of Thirty-sixth street, and thence westerly along the northerly line of Thirty-sixth street forty-seven feet one and one half inches, to the point or place of beginning.

Dated New York, November 1, 1867.

JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.
JOHN LYNCH, Deputy Sheriff. n29 7t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Limited Partnership has been formed by the undersigned, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and the various subsequent acts amendatory thereof. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "JOHN JAY HANNAHS." That the business intended to be transacted is that of buying and selling on commission, and dealing in, Hops and other merchandise. That the names of all the General and Special Partners interested therein are as follows: John Jay Hannahs, who resides in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New York, is the only General Partner; and Alexander Oakley, who resides in the City, County and State of New York, is the only Special Partner. That the said Alexander Oakley has contributed as capital to the common stock the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars ($30,000). That the said partnership is to commence on the first day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, and is to terminate on the first day of August, eighteen hundred and seventy.—Dated the first day of November, 1867.

JOHN JAY HANNAHS,
ALEX. OAKLEY.

[5 cts. U. S. Int. Rev. stamp.] n2 7t

NOTICE OF LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have this day formed a Limited Partnership for the transaction of the business of Commission Stock Brokers, in the City of New York, pursuant to Part Two, Chapter 4, Title One, Article One of the Revised Statutes and the acts amending the same, under the firm name of "MERRIAM & CO."

The names of the General Partners in said firm are W. WALLACE MERRIAM, residing in the City of Brooklyn, and GEORGE JACKSON LOSKA, residing in the City of New York; and the Special Partner is HARRISON DURKEE, residing in the City of New York, who has contributed and paid in Twenty-five Thousand Dollars to the common stock of said firm. Said Partnership is to continue for the period of one year from this date.—New York, September 1, 1867.

W. W. MERRIAM,
GEORGE J. LOSKA,
General Partners.
HARRISON DURKEE, Special Partner.
Office, 36 Broad street.

n24 6t

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—ALEXander T. Stewart, Francis Warden and George Fox, Plaintiffs, against Samuel F. Appleton, Defendant.—Summons.

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 in Stewart's store, corner Broadway and Chambers street, New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Fifteen Hundred and Ninety-one 15-100 dollars, with interest from the 9th day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, besides the costs of this action.

Dated New York, October 21th, 1867.

HENRY H. RIOE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

The complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, on the 30th day of October, 1867.

HENRY H. RIOE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

n2 6t

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—Abraham Friedberg and Morris Mannesheimer, Merchants, and Isaac Steinberg and Sigismund Lichtenstadter, formerly doing business under the firm name of Steinberg & Lichtenstadter, against Julian Mayhum.—Summons for a money demand on contract. (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 City and County of New York, at the City Hall, in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, No. 1 Beekman street, in the City of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred and seven 40-100 dollars, with interest from the eleventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, besides the costs of this action.

Dated September 27th, 1867.

JOHN H. V. ARNOLD, Plaintiffs' Attorney,
No. 1 Beekman street.

The complaint aforesaid was filed in the

NO-VEMBER.

I.

No boats upon the river now,
No leaves in sylvan places,
No picnics on the mountain's brow,
No glimpse of pretty faces,
No pleasant strolls in shady lanes,
No sweet words to remember,
No lingering while the sunset wanes—
November!

II.

No long delicious twilight-time,
No skies divinely lucid,
No impulses of lyric rhyme,
No adjective but "deuced,"
No birds to tempt the gun and dog,
No skates, as in December,
No breathing anything but fog—
November!

Gossip about Pens.

The early history of that most useful and most important instrument, the pen, is involved in much mystery, and when the changes from style to reed, and from reed to quill took place, is very uncertain. To an instrument of such common use and of such importance in civilized nations, a large amount of interest naturally attaches, which gives a satisfactory reason for the exertions that have been made, at various periods, to establish an accurate history of pens. Critical inquiry and examination is the characteristic of an enlightened age, and in modern times few things escape searching inquiry. When such is the case it cannot be expected that the pen—than which there is no weapon more formidable, no piece of mechanism more simple, no possession now more indispensable—should pass unnoticed.

The stylus or style was the first pen, or, more correctly, it was the first instrument with which certain characters called letters were described. Paper, of which further mention may be made at some future time, was then unknown, and waxen tablets were the only writing materials commonly in use. The style, generally made of ivory, was in size and in appearance like what in culinary language is called a "skewer." With one end, tapered gradually to a sharp point, the letters were scratched on the wax; the other end, which was quite smooth, was used as an eraser, by restoring the level surface of the tablet. Such were the first rude substitutes for pens and paper.

The next step was the use of the papyrus leaf instead of the waxen tablets. A writing fluid became therefore necessary, and the style succumbed to the reed. The particular species of reed employed for writing has proved a matter of constant contention to botanists; and although it is known where the best reeds were obtained, modern travelers have not materially cleared up the point. The species seems to have been a rare one; but no doubt in the east, where it was principally found, it is still growing and used by the natives, who are naturally opposed to innovation. Ancient writers have spoken of a fen near the Persian Gulf as being remarkable for the excellence and abundance of its reeds, which were highly valued throughout the east. In height they were seldom more than five or six feet, were of a hard, thick material, and partially covered with small leaves. Their preparation took time, though simple in itself. They were gathered in March, or thereabouts, and covered for six months with manure, which gave them a bright polish and a blackish-yellow color. They were then cut into a form very similar to that of modern quills: they were, however, harder and less pliant, and made writing a more laborious task than it is with the goose-quill.

The third step, or the change from reed to quill, is less easy to follow; and the frequent use, in works of the period, of the same Latin term for reed and quill, increases the difficulty. Some writers assert that the Romans, at a very early date, employed goose-quills, and quote from various Roman authors in support of their views. In writings of the third century quills appear to be mentioned; but it is not until the commencement of the seventh that they can be said with certainty to have been in use. Isidore, a Spanish ecclesiastic of that date, speaks of them, and Aldhelm, the eminent Saxon prelate and scholar, wrote a short poem upon a pen. Alcuin, another eminent Saxon, who wrote poetical inscriptions for every part of his monastery, makes mention of the quill in his inscription for the writing study. Mabillon, the learned French ecclesiastic, saw a copy of the Gospels written in the ninth century, to which was prefixed a picture of the Evangelists holding quills in their hands. Notwithstanding the superiority of goose-quills, and the ease with which they could be obtained, reeds were not for a long time generally discarded. The Roman court retained their use for several centuries; and in France quills were not employed to any great extent, before the ninth century.

The best kind of quill is that of the goose; other kinds, the quill of the crow, the swan, or of the turkey, are not uncommon; the first named is used chiefly for pen-and-ink sketches, and the two last for very fine writing; but for all common purposes the goose-quill is preferable. Each goose can be made with care to supply twenty pens a year, five quills only in each wing being serviceable, of which, according to their position, the second and third are the best. The enormous number of geese deprived of their feathers may be estimated from the fact that upwards of 27,000,000 quills are annually imported from Russia in addition to the home supply. One English firm is known to cut about 6,000,000 yearly, and, despite the invention and perfection of metal pens, the use of quills is not undeservedly very extensive.

Quills when first taken from the bird require to be freed from the membraneous skin with which they are covered, and from the vascular membrane contained in them. This is done by a process known as quill-dressing, or, from its inventors, quill-dutching. It consists in covering them with hot sand, which removes these defects, and gives them a color resembling that of thin horn. They are, however, sometimes immersed in a solution of nitric acid, which makes them yellower, and also hardens them, an effect likewise produced by immersion in boiling alum-water. Thus prepared, the quills, partially divested of their barbs, are delivered over to the penculter, and they are quickly cut into the requisite form, a work needing some little ingenuity, for the slightest flaw in its cutting will render a quill useless. A skillful cutter can cut about eight hundred quills a day. Quill pens, however, are apt to become too soft for use, and their nibs rapidly wear down and split asunder, so that new pens or frequent mending is necessary. To remedy these defects metal nibs were affixed to quills, but the work was laborious and difficult, and the cost commensurate.

A pen wholly of metal was first devised about the commencement of the present century, but it was some time before the numerous attempts made were at all successful. The great desideratum was a pen comparatively indestructible, and possessed of the necessary flexibility for writing. To obtain this, many metals and many precious stones were employed. Pens were made of gold with diamond or ruby nibs, of gold with nibs of a non-corrosive alloy, of silver, of palladium, of glass, &c., but with little or no success, their costliness alone proving an effectual barrier to their general use. Steel pens were at length invented, and, after much persevering labor, have been carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection, and are but little inferior to the pen formed from a goose-quill. The manufacture of steel pens is both complicated and uninteresting: it would be as difficult clearly to explain it as to make its description at all entertaining to the general reader. Before a piece of steel is made into a writing-pen it has to go through fourteen processes, involving much mechanical and manual labor. Birmingham is the chief seat of the manufacture of steel pens, and they are exported thence to all foreign countries, America included. But New York possesses the monopoly of good gold pens, the superiority of which is generally admitted. The method of their manufacture was originated in this country by an American resident, who sold it to his countrymen; but they have since greatly improved upon it, and their exertions, though at first made to little effect, are now well rewarded. At Birmingham, where there are several large manufactories, 120 tons of steel are annually used, from which upwards of 200,000,000 pens are made. No doubt in the present year these figures are considerably higher, but they will serve for an approximation.

Pens are made of various ingenious shapes; the nibs of some form the busts of eminent personages; others are made to contain their own ink, thus possessing the great advantage of pen and ink portably combined. Double quill nibs—that is with a point at each end—are also to be met with, which thus unite the soft flexibility of the quill with the cheapness of the steel pen.

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST.

DEMOCRATIC UNION NOMINATION FOR MAYOR.

At an adjourned meeting of the Committee appointed on behalf of the Democratic Union City Convention, to tender to the Hon. John H. Anthon the Democratic Union nomination for the office of Mayor, with power, if he did not accept the same, to nominate another candidate, held at the Everett Rooms, Tuesday evening, November 26—

Present, Edward Burke, of the First Ward; Thomas McGrath, of the Fourth; Geo. A. Barney, of the Fifth; John Riordin, of the Sixth; Terence T. Trace, of the Seventh; Joseph Murphy, of the Eighth; William H. Carroll, of the Ninth; Henry R. Roome, of the Tenth; James Murray, of the Eleventh; George H. E. Lynch, of the Twelfth; Patrick O'Riley, of the Thirteenth; William H. Rooney, of the Fourteenth; Joseph H. Cantrell, of the Fifteenth; Joseph W. Lamb, of the Sixteenth; George A. Jeremiah, of the Seventeenth; Jeremiah Galvin, of the Eighteenth; Denis Monahan, of the Nineteenth; Austin V. Pettit, of the Twentieth, and Bryan McKenna, of the Twenty-first—.

The Chairman laid before the Committee the following letter from Mr. Anthon:

203 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, November 26, 1867.

To the Committee on behalf of the Democratic Union City Convention:

GENTLEMEN—In fulfilling my promise to answer, after a day's deliberation, the offer yesterday made to me of the nomination for the Mayoralty of this city by the Democratic Union Organization, let me repeat my thanks for the honor conferred upon me, and the assurance that I fully appreciate the compliment.

As the nomination to an important office of a political party, which I have served with entire fidelity of purpose, and which—pledged to political reform—has faithfully striven to redeem its pledges, I receive it with gratitude; and if my sense of duty allowed me to do so, would assume with pride the position of your leader in the approaching canvass.

I was nominated after a very vigorous contest in the Convention, and although that contest was not founded upon any personal opposition to me, yet it indicates a difference of opinion as to the right policy of the organization which I consider incompatible with success—while I regard the acceptance of such a nomination by one holding, as I do, the post of Chairman of your General Committee, as injurious to your best interests.

All citizens and parties should, at a time like this, if they profess a desire for pure government, unite in supporting the candidate of an organization laboring for municipal and party reform and the restoration of public morality. But it is evident that political combinations and intrigues are too powerful in other party councils to admit of this; and the pending canvass assumes the aspect of a strife of factions and personal interest in which, as a candidate, I should be regarded either as a means of obtaining an ineffectual display of party strength, or a mere element in the calculations of the two principal aspirants for the office.

Neither position is desirable for you or for myself. The strength of our organization needs no display, and votes that would produce no result if given for me, may be cast with effect, and render certain the result, as between Messrs. Hoffman and Wood.

Here, perhaps, this letter might be closed. But though ceasing to be your candidate, I am still entitled to a voice in your councils, and beg you to remember that evils in the State are not cured by the elevation of bad men; nor is a corrupt party organization reformed or rebuked by the aggrandizement of one equally vicious.

The arrogant ambition of Mr. Wood prompts him to this last insult to the people of New York, and his attitude is this:—That after persistent resistance in November to our party and the principles of reform, he now strives to entice the maintainers of those very principles to his support, and obtrudes himself upon the people as a leader of the friends of good government and fair party management.

Not with such aid can reform or purification be accomplished; and in declining, with earnest thanks and a proud appreciation of your kindness, the honor which you offer me, I beg you to take such measures as may keep our organization free from alliance with individuals and principles with which it has no sympathy.

I remain, gentlemen, with great respect, your obedient servant, J. H. ANTHON.

Mr. Pettit thereupon moved the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, John H. Anthon has declined to accept the Democratic Union nomination for the office of Mayor, for reasons which this Committee regard as sound and judicious; in the absence of any spirit of compromise or concession on the part of other organizations professing to be in favor of municipal reform:

And, whereas, at the present time, it would be too late, even if it were expedient, to nominate in his place any person not now a candidate, with a reasonable hope either of fairly demonstrating the strength of this organization, or of accomplishing any other public good:

And whereas, the assurance with which Fernando Wood has obtruded himself upon the people as a candidate, and the pertinacity with which he presses his own merely personal schmes to the injury and defeat of every honest movement for party and municipal reform, require that by a decisive and complete defeat he should now be forever deprived of the power to obstruct and annoy the people of this city:

And whereas, his defeat will be rendered most certain and effectual by the concentration upon one candidate of all who believe that his success would be disgraceful and dangerous both to the Democratic party and to the city of New York, and who are willing to sacrifice all personal preference and antipathies, and disregard all differences of organizations and of interests, for the purpose of averting such a disaster; therefore, in pursuance of the power vested in this Committee, by the Democratic Union City Convention, be it

Resolved, That JOHN T. HOFFMAN is hereby nominated as the Democratic Union candidate for the office of Mayor, and commended to the support of all Democrats who are mindful of the character and welfare of their party and of the city.

The question being put upon the preamble and resolutions, they were unanimously adopted, and the Chairman was requested to inform the Executive Committee of the Democratic Union General Committee of the action taken by this Committee, and request their approval of the same.

The Chairman reported that he had made such communication to the Executive Committee, and that they would take action upon the subject this evening.

Afterwards the Executive Committee joined this Committee, and Mr. Waterbury, on their behalf, informed the Committee that the Executive Committee had, by a unanimous vote, approved the nomination of Mr. Hoffman.

The two committees then proceeded in a body to the Everett House, and the chairman of this committee tendered to Mr. Hoffman the nomination so made and approved, which Mr. Hoffman in eloquent terms accepted, with an expression of his thanks for this manifestation of the confidence of the Democratic Union organization.

GEORGE A. BARNEY, *Chairman.*
JOSEPH W. LAMB, GEORGE H. E. LYNCH, } *Secretaries.*

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Union General Committee, held at the Everett Rooms, Tuesday evening, November 26, the Secretary being absent, Charles Blauvelt was appointed Secretary pro tem.

Mr. George A. Barney, the chairman of the committee on behalf of the Democratic Union City Convention, to tender the nomination for the office of Mayor to Hon. John H. Anthon, and request his acceptance, with power to nominate another candidate if he declined, appeared before this Convention and informed it that Mr. Anthon had declined to accept the nomination, and that the committee had thereupon unanimously nominated JOHN T. HOFFMAN as the Democratic Union candidate for Mayor.

Hon. James M. Smith thereupon moved the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The committee on behalf of the Democratic Union City Convention have received a communication from the Hon. John H. Anthon, declining the nomination for Mayor,

And whereas, said committee were empowered by the said Convention to nominate a candidate in place of Mr. Anthon, in case of his non-acceptance,

And, whereas, the said committee did thereupon nominate the Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN as the Democratic Union candidate for the office of Mayor,

And whereas, as Mr Hoffman is identified with another organization, his nomination is not valid and binding unless approved by this committee, therefore,

Resolved, That this committee do hereby approve and confirm the said nomination, and ask for Mr. Hoffman the support of every honest and well meaning Democrat.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this committee, the election of Fernando Wood, as a Democrat, would be a serious injury to the Democracy of the city, of the State and of the nation; and that regarding him as an unscrupulous demagogue, who has betrayed every cause and every principle he has at any time professed to support, and who has sought to degrade all political action to a mere matter of purchase and sale, ever intruding himself as a fatal obstacle to every movement to reform our party or overcome the corruption of the City Government, we recommend our fellow citizens of all parties to make his defeat so overwhelming that he will never again attempt to obtrude himself upon the people as a candidate for their suppport.

The preamble and resolutions were adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Patrick Kerrin, William Walsh, Jas. Gibbons, James Collins, Charles Blauvelt, Patrick J. McAlear, William Stevenson, Michael Cassidy, Nelson J. Waterbury, John McGucken, William N. McIntyre, Peter Woods, James M. Smith, Terence Sheridan, John Halloran, John Y. Savage—16.

Nays—None.

On motion of Hon. William Walsh, Mr. Waterbury was requested to communicate the action of this committee to the Committee of Nomination.

The committee then adjourned to meet with the Committee of Nomination, and proceed with them to tender the nomination to Mr. Hoffman.

PATRICK J. MCALEAR, Chairman.
CHARLES BLAUVELT, Secretary pro tem.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNEY WILLIAMS' BROADWAY THEATRE.
ADMISSION.....FIFTY CENTS.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE FLORENCES.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE GREAT MORAL LESSON.—
EVERY TABLEAU ENCORED.
THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.
MR. W. J. FLORENCE as BOB BRIERLY.
MRS. W. J. FLORENCE as
EMILY ST. EVREMOND.
In which she will introduce a Nape Lothian's medley arranged by Wm. Withers, Jr., and consisting of the following airs:
"BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA,"
"MEET ME IN THE LANE,"
"NICODEMUS JOHNSON,"
"CONSTANTINOPLE,"
"CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY," and
"SLAP BANG, HERE WE ARE AGAIN."
FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF
MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.
SATURDAY NEXT, at 1½ O'CLOCK,
FLORENCE AND TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN MATINEE.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
This is the nearest Theatre to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Newark, &c. Cars and stages pass the door every three minutes to all the ferries and railway depots.
Seats secured from eight till six, six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—
James E. Hayes.....Lessee.
George L. Fox.....Stage Manager.
Clifton W. Tayleure.....Business Manager.
"THE LIVING SENSATION OF THE TOWN."
Herald, Nov. 26.
Sixth week of Shakespeare's Fairy Spectacle,
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,
now winning universal applause as the most beautiful spectacle ever exhibited in America.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY A. OAKEY HALL eloquently says of the spectacle (Leader, Nov. 2):
* * * "One scene is a poem on canvas; another is a fairy tale, portrayed by pencil and sweet voices; a third is a life-like return to the people, manners and customs of classic Athens. Never before has there been such an æsthetical reunion in New York for lovers of harmony, painting, and Shakespearean humor and poetry."
G. L. FOX.....as.....BULLY BOTTOM.
A MATCHLESS TRANSFORMATION SCENE
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
"This is essentially the best entertainment for parties that include children."—Tribune, Nov. 23.
CROWDED.
SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE.

NAST'S CARICATURAMA,
NAST'S CARICATURAMA,
NAST'S CARICATURAMA,
Will open at
DODWORTH HALL, No. 806 BROADWAY,
On WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 4.
A Series of 33 grand historical CARICATURE PAINTINGS by the celebrated artist
THOMAS NAST,
9 feet by 12 feet; illustrating the history of the country from the landing on Plymouth Rock to the present day, with a
DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE.
Admission, 50 cents; Reserved seats, 75 cents.
Seats may be secured in advance on and after Tuesday, Dec. 3, at the Box Office, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Doors open at 7½.
Exhibition commences at the stroke of 8 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Lester Wallack.
MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 2, 1867,
Watts Phillips's successful drama, entitled
MAUD'S PERIL.
Characters by Messrs. J. W. WALLACK, J. H. STODDARD, B. T. RINGGOLD, G. F. BROWNE, W. H. POPE, Miss ROSE ETTINGE, Miss MARY BARRETT, Mrs. JOHN SEFTON.
THE EARLY HOUR
at which the above drama terminates enables the Manager to announce in addition the capital petite comedy of
FORTY AND FIFTY,
in which will appear Mr. JOHN GILBERT, Mr. ROCKWELL, Mrs. JOHN SEFTON and Mrs. MARY SCOTT.
Mr. WALLACK, desirous of presenting to the visitors of this theatre variety as well as novelty, will shortly alternate with Watts Phillips's fine drama of MAUD'S PERIL the standard plays already given with such unprecedented success. Others, of equal merit, are in course of preparation with the same care and perfection of casts, scenery and appointments.
TUESDAY, December 3,
MAUD'S PERIL,
and, for the first time in this theatre, the capital petite comedy of
DR. DILWORTH.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4,
MAUD'S PERIL and a Favorite Farce.
Box Book open six days in advance.
Doors open at 7½. Performance commences at 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
SECOND YEAR
of the
WORLD-RENOWNED BLACK CROOK
and
JARRETT & PALMER'S
GREAT PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE,
Numbering over seventy Danseuses.
SATURDAY, Nov. 30, 1867,
AFTERNOON at 1. EVENING ½ to 8.
ENTIRELY NEW ATTRACTIONS
GREAT HIT OF
LA GARDE IMPERIALE,
Numbering One Hundred and Fifty Children, forming a
REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS,
Fully equipped in splendid new uniforms from Paris.
BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF
THE TWO PREMIERS ASSOLUTA.
GRAND BALLET
OF
70, 70, 70, 70,
And the
CHILD VIVANDIERE,
&c., &c., &c.
First Male Dancer of the day.
Splendid Scenery, Costumes, Armors, &c.
MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 1 o'clock.

FRENCH THEATRE.
H. L. Bateman.....Lessee and Director.
THE
GRAND DUCHESS
OF
GEROLSTEIN,
Opera Bouffe by J. J. OFFENBACH,
every
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY,
and at the MATINEE,
SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, commencing at 1 o'clock.
TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES
by the combined
DRAMATIC AND LYRIC TROUPES.
Prices as usual.
Doors open at 7½. Commence at 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....Director.
MATINEES, at 2½,
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
NOVEL AND DIVERSIFIED ATTRACTIONS!
A SUPERB PROGRAMME OF ELEGANT and EXCITING ACTS IN THE ARENA.
PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE,
PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE,
PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE,
whose astonishing feats on the Flying Trapeze have created
THE MOST REMARKABLE SENSATION
ever produced by any athletic performance, in his
TREMENDOUS AERIAL FLIGHTS AND FEARFUL FLYING SOMERSAULTS.
Second week of the spirited equestrian diversion of
BLIND MAN'S BUFF ON HORSEBACK,
by Madame Virginia Sherwood, Miss Emma Stickney, Mlle. Jeanette Elisler, Madame Soyer, and Mr. Nat. Austin.
THE GREAT JOHN HENRY,
MLLE. EMILIE HENRIETTA,
THE WONDERFUL DENZER BROTHERS,
EL NINO EDDIE,
and the full strength of the
LARGEST AND BEST TROUPE OF STAR RIDERS AND ACROBATS
ever brought together in this country, in an
UNPARALLELED DISPLAY of EQUESTRIAN AND ACROBATIC FEATS.
Admission, 50 cts.; children under ten, 25.; reserved seats, 75c. Begins at 8.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE SIX DAYS' FESTIVAL
in aid of the
AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND,
under the most distinguished patronage, will take place at
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
commencing Monday, Dec. 9, combining extraordinary and unprecedented attractions. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,
A FANCY FAIR,
to be presided over by the elite of New York society and the celebritics of the dramatic profession, who have most generously volunteered, and at which
will be distributed to those ticket holders who may be fortunate enough to win them.
On TUESDAY EVENING,
A GRAND CARNIVAL BALL.
The week's festival will culminate on SATURDAY in
A SUPERB MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
at which the most celebrated exponents of harmonic art will appear.
Donations of articles for the Fancy Fair are earnestly and respectfully solicited, which may be transmitted to
L. F. HARRISON,
Irving Hall, New York.
Sedsational particulars in future advertisements.
Financial Manager. THEO. MOSS,
Wallack's Theatre.

ALTIERI AND PFEIFFER CONCERT TROUPE.
STEINWAY HALL, THURSDAY, DEC. 5,
GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT
of the great and popular Pianist,
MR. OSCAR PFEIFFER,
prior to his departure for the East and West.
First and only appearance of
MME. GIUDITTA ALTIERI,
the charming and celebrated Prima-Donna Soprano;
HERR WILLIAM FORMES,
the renowned Baritone of the German Opera.
And last opportunity of hearing
MESSRS. BERNARD and FRITZ LISTEMAN,
the celebrated Solo Violinists, from the Leipsic Conservatory, and Pupils of Vieuxtemps.
The Programme will be of rare expellence.

AMUSEMENTS.

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE,
723 and 730 Broadway,
FOURTH WEEK
AND
LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
LAST OF NIGHTS
LAST "NORWOOD!" NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
WITH THE
BEAUTIFUL WORRELL SISTERS,
EXQUISITE SCENERY,
THE SUPERB MILITARY MUSIC,
THE THRILLING TABLEAUX,
The Richly COMICAL INCIDENTS,
UNIQUE CAMP FROLICS.
LAST "NORWOOD" MATINEE TO-DAY, AT ONE O'CLOCK.
MONDAY EVENING—"NORWOOD."
In rehearsal for reproduction for a few nights, with new scenery and improved mechanical effects, the great sensation drama,
"UNDER THE GASLIGHT."

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE,
24th street, adjoining Fifth Avenue Hotel.
EIGHT BURLESQUES IN ONE WEEK.
LEFFINGWELL IN A MAZE OF MIRTH.
MRS. CHARLES HOWARD WATKINS
IN HER HAPPIEST STRAINS.
MONDAY—
CINDERELLA;
FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
TUESDAY—
MEDEA;
TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE.
WEDNESDAY MATINEE—
MEDEA;
FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
WEDNESDAY EVENING—
FRA DIAVOLO and JENNY LIND.
THURSDAY EVENING—
SHYLOCK and JENNY LIND.
FRIDAY—
ALADDIN;
FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
SATURDAY EVENING—
MEDEA and CINDERELLA.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
585 Broadway.
The trouble commences at quarter to eight.
The Herald of the 20th, says, "The accredited plenipotentiaries of the Deity of Fun to the 'Sober City of Gotham,'
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'S
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS."
Immense success of BOBBY NEWCOMB'S new Song and Dance.
THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.
OTHELLO AND MACBETH.
CASTA DIVA. RISTORI'S MEDEA.
And the screaming Burlesque of the
BASE BALL MATCH.

POLITICAL.

DEMOCRATIC UNION NOMINATION.
FOR MAYOR,
JOHN T. HOFFMAN.
JOHN H. ANTHON,
Chairman Democratic Union General Committee.
THOS. F. GILSEY, OTTO H. COOP, JAMES FOX, } Secretaries.
PATRICK J. McALEAR,
Chairman Democratic Union Exe. Committee.
CHARLES BLAUVELT, Secretary.
NELSON J. WATERBURY,
Chairman Democratic Union Mayoralty Convention.
THOMAS F. GILSEY, OTTO H. COOP, } Secretaries.
GEORGE A. BARNEY,
Chairman Democratic Union Nominating Convention.
JOSEPH W. LAMB, GEORGE H. E. LYNCH, } Secretaries.

CONSTITUTIONAL UNION NOMINATION.
FOR MAYOR,
JOHN T. HOFFMAN.
JOHN L. NOYES,
Chairman County Convention.
WM. W. LYON, THOS. AUSTIN, } Secretaries.
DANIEL B. NORTHRUP,
Chairman General Committee.
WM. ARNOTT, H. S. BANCKER, } Secretaries.

18TH WARD JOHN T. HOFFMAN ASSOCIATION.
At a meeting of the JOHN T. HOFFMAN ASSOCIATION of the Eighteenth Ward, held at Wm. O. Donnell's, 210 Third avenue, on Friday evening, November 22d, 1867, the following nominations were unanimously ratified:
FOR MAYOR,
JOHN T. HOFFMAN.
FOR ALDERMAN—Fourteenth District,
JOHN NESBIT.
FOR CIVIL JUSTICE—Sixth Judicial District,
THADDEUS H. LANE.
FOR COUNCILMEN—Seventh Councilmanic District,
JAMES THOMPSON, FLORENCE SCANNELL, EDW'D F. BRUCKS, BERNARD K. MURPHY, MICHAEL FAY.
FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER—Fifth District,
EDWARD L. CORLIES.
FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEES—Eighteenth Ward,
MICHAEL RYAN,
FREDERICK J. KOCH (to fill vacancy).
ISAAC A. MORAN, President.
RICHARD DALTON, ADAM STOCK, PHILIP SCHEU, } Vice Presidents.
JOHN O. BRIEN, Secretary.

AT A MEETING OF THE INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC CLUB of the Fifth Aldermanic District, held at R. Harrison's 127 W. Houston street, on Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1867,
HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN
was unanimously indorsed as Mayor of the City of New York at the ensuing election.

AT A MEETING OF THE EIGHTEENTH WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB, held at
No. 333 FIRST AVENUE,
on
FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER, 29,
The Following Ticket was Unanimously Indorsed.
FOR MAYOR,
JOHN T. HOFFMAN.
FOR ALDERMAN,
JOHN NESBIT.
FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
EDWARD L. CORLIES.
FOR TRUSTEES,
MICHAEL RYAN,
FREDERICK J. KOCH.
FOR COUNCILMEN,
JAMES THOMPSON,
FLORENCE SCANNELL,
MICHAEL FAY,
BERNARD K. MURPHY,
JOHN O'BRIEN.
JAMES McFALL, President.
JAMES McDERMOTT, Secretary.

7TH SCHOOL DISTRICT,
12th, 19th and 23d Wards.
REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION
FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
JAMES B. BRADY.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP.—One GOLD MEDAL, three SILVER MEDALS and two DIPLOMAS awarded by the American Institute.
Complimentary Resolutions, Charters, Diplomas, and every variety of Ornamental Penmanship, executed from plain to the most elaborate style of the art.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
HARDWARE,
205 and 207 EAST TWENTY-SECOND ST.,
NEW YORK.
We are now prepared to supply the trade with an extensive variety of our justly celebrated and very superior quality of
SKATES, SHEARS, SCISSORS, &c.,
at the very lowest manufacturers' rates.
SKATES.
FIFTH AVENUE,
EXCELSIOR, OR WALTON'S FAVORITE
NEW YORK CLUB.
N. B.—These are packed one pair in a box.
THE PRIDE OF THE PARK.
LADIES' SKATES.
With or without Straps.
For sale by Dealers in Hardware.
Orders may be sent to the manufactory, or to Am. Adv. Agency, 37 Park Row, N. Y., where samples and Price List can be seen. Send for illustrated Circular and Price List.

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DEALERS IN
FINE WINES, BRANDIES, CHAMPAGNES,
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A first-class Billiard Room—Phelan's Tables.
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Between Fulton and John streets, New York.
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PETER MONEGHAN.

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Monuments from original designs, in all styles, executed in Marble, Freestone, Granite and Bronze.

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AND MANUFACTORY,
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Fire Caps of every style and pattern, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers, Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all the articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned, at his old-established and well-known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and frontispieces furnished them, and all orders from parties abroad attended to with the most scrupulous care and at the earliest moment. Having for many years been engaged in the business, and employing none but competent and experienced workmen, every attention is paid to the wants of customers. Also, a general assortment of Coach, Gig, Wagon and Cart Harness, Trunks and Valises.
WILLIAM WILSON.
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IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS,
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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.
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Architectural Ornaments in Plaster for the Interior Finish of Buildings.
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WORK DONE IN THE COUNTRY.

GAS FIXTURES, &C.—STEPHEN PHILBIN, No. 707 Broadway, offers for sale, at reduced prices, a splendid assortment of
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FRENCH BRONZES (direct importation), consisting of Mantel Ornaments, Statuettes, Groups, Inkstands, &c.
Plumbing and Gas Fitting attended to as usual, at No. 31 Fourths treet, and No. 2 Astor House, Barclay street.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.—Grand, Square and Upright—Melodeons; Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs, the best manufactured; warranted for six years. Second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs at great bargains, from $25 to $200. Any of the above instruments to let and rent applied if purchased; monthly payments received for the same. Old pianos taken in exchange; cash paid for the same. Pianos tuned and repaired. Illustrated Catalogues sent to any address. Manufactory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y.
HORACE WATERS & CO.

J. HUNT, 430 & 829 BROADWAY.
Fine Dress French Calf Boots, $6 00 and $7 00.
Patent Leather Boots, best quality, $7 00 and $8 00.
English Lace Gaiters, $4 00 to $5 50.
Ready made or to order.

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DINING SALOON,
(on the European plan)
Nos. 42 and 44 CHATHAM STREET,
Near Chambers, N. Y.

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COMPANY
OFFICE NO. 12 WALL STREET.
Cash Capital increased to.....$1,000,000
Surplus, Dec. 1st, 1864.....200,000
This Company will increase its capital immediately to $1,000,000.
Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.
CHARTERED 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in 15 years, 222 per cent.
JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

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Leave Pier 28 North River, foot of MURRAY street.
The NEWPORT, Capt. Brown, leaves on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 5 P. M., landing at Newport.
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A steamer runs in connection with this line, between Fall River and Providence, daily, except Sundays.
Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great dispatch by an express freight train, &c., &c.
For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office on Pier No. 28, North River. For state-rooms and berths apply on board, or if desired to secure them in advance apply to
E. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,
No. 12 Broadway.

SARATOGA, RUTLAND, BUFFALO, Suspension Bridge, Mount Mansfield and White Mountains, via Burlington, and all points North and West. ALBANY DAY LINE.—The steamboats C. VIBBARD and DANIEL DREW will, on and after May 13, leave Desbrosses street at 8½, and Thirty-fourth street at 8¾ A. M., for Albany, landing at Yonkers, Cozzens, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Bristol, Catskill, Athens and Hudson by fer