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[Written for the Leader.]

PICTURES OF SUMMER.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

A summer earth, a purple summer sky,
The sun low hanging in the amber west,
A few great clouds along the horizon lie,
Rose-red and gold and changeful amethyst.

A heavy languid fragrance fills the air,
Born of the hot sweet sunshine and the scent
Of buckwheat fields and clover meadows fair,
And blossoming gardens—all warm odors blent.

The lazy waves crawl slowly to the land,
Singing the while in droway minor-keys
Their summer song; to break upon the sand
In little gushes of soft melodies.

And all the world is still as if in sleep,
No other sound disturbs the puleless calm.
The earth seems tranced in slumber still and deep,
Lulled by this low wave-song, this breath of balm.

So twilight falls. The sun dies from the west;
The gold and purples change and fade away;
And the young moon, in pallid beauty drest,
Sits regnant on the throne of banished day.

A soft faint breeze comes curling o'er the lake,
And lays its cool hand on the fevered air;
A myriad insect voices seem to wake
To sudden life beneath its quickening care.

The summer night, as perfect as the day,
Rounds its bright hours on to the crystal dawn.
Again the sunbeams on the water play,
The soft wind lulls, the dew dries on the lawn.

Day follows day as dream flows into dream,
And days pass into weeks. The yellow grain
Ripens to harvest. Purple clusters gleam
Through the crisp leaves. The year begins to wane.

Ah! soon the sun will lose this fervid heat;
And dead and withered leaves will strew the ground;
Chill autumn rains against the casement beat,
And wild waves chafe the shore with sullen sound.

When latest flowers are dead and fields are bare,
And wan and ghostly shines the autumnal sun,
We rise up sadly from our visions fair;
The dream is ended and the summer done.

[Written for the Leader.]

Sunday in the Park.

BY SI SLOKUM.

We went up to the Park last Sunday—bright, balmy, beautiful day. We go there every Sunday, wind and weather permitting; fortunately these have been on their good behavior this summer, particularly so last Sunday.

Nature and art are to be seen in the Park in no inconsiderable quantities, and each attractive as possible. Previous to laying the "corner-stone" of this princely parallelogram, nature in that locality was in rather a demoralized condition, and *art* only existed there in the shape of cunning and artifice with the squatters on the territory—anti-renters.

The *chiffonier's* cabin, the Irishman's shanty, pig-sty, hen-coops, etc., formerly graced the grounds. Swine swung round the circle *ad libitum*. Goats gambolled over and among the sterile rocks. Geese paddled their canoes on stagnant pools. Disconsolate hens and dyspeptic chickens scratched the impoverished soil for worms and things. Potatoes, onions, cabbages and sunflowers struggled for a livelihood, and a hard time they had of it. Horse and cow frames wandered listlessly about seeking what they could devour. Dogs, cats, rats and brats swarmed in that locality. Old rags, boots, bottles and bones ornamented the rocks, adding muchly to the general picturesqueness of the festive locality.

"Let us have a Park," some one said—blessed be the man—and Art being summoned to lend its aid, a change came over the spirit of the repulsive, and the desert was made to blossom like the rose.

The hovels disappeared; the *chiffoniers* changed their base; the *pigs* took up the line of march, followed by the horse and cow frames, slowly and sadly; the goats retired from their native rocks, and the geese from the puddles they had long paddled in; the hens and chickens followed suit, or went to pot; dogs, cats, rats and brats emigrated *en masse*, and the vegetables struggled there no more forever.

In place of the shanties we have casinos and rustic arbors. In place of stagnant pools, ponds and lakes of limpid water; and on their surfaces, in lieu of sickly geese, web-footed and feathered bipeds, much like geese in the bodies, but carrying their heads higher on attenuated necks, and denominated swans—more *recherche* than geese in a park. In place of sorry-looking horses, sad and disconsolate cows, belligerent goats and peripatetic pigs, we have camels, Hindoo cattle, and elephants at times, to say nothing of the animals in the Museum, kept in cages for convenience of feeding—with all of which art had very little to do, you will say. Admitted; but in lieu of the goat, pig and cow tracks—laid out by these animals at haphazard and at random—we have pleasant promenades, delightful drives, bridle and foot-paths, and the romantic Ramble—a system of sinuosities and serpentine twistings as remarkable as it is bewildering, where lovers most do congregate, preferring the crooked paths that here abound to the straight and narrow ones. Art had much to do with the Ramble, and many who ramble there, if not full of art, are more or less artful.

Then we have magnificent bridges, beneath which the stream of humanity ebbs and flows—a stream often "dry" when at the flood. For other specimens of art, see fountains, statues, steps hown out of the antediluvian rocks, grottoes, towers, wire fences, signs (keep off the grass), benches (no reserved seats), gondolas, flagstaffs, bird-cages (minus birds), etc., etc.

In place of cabbages, onions, etc., we have flowers, shrubs, vines and young trees, to delight the senses of sight and smell; peach, apple and pear-trees do not abound here, nor grapes, cucumber or melon vines, for obvious reasons. In lieu of the dogs that once had local habitations and names in this locality, we have other dogs, but they come only as visitors, and are not entitled to especial privileges—we never saw any cats here. Rats—we saw last Sunday several fat and festive specimens of the genus Mus sporting on the borders of the pond, to the great delight of a crowd of lookers-on. Whether they are cared for and protected by the powers that be, or whether they are interlopers foraging for themselves, we know not; but, that they are there is a fact occularly demonstrated.

With its hills and valleys, cliffs and cascades; its rocky defiles, romantic gorges, and wooded dells; with its thick, thrifty shrubbery and umbrageous trees, gaining yearly in height and circumference, strength and foliage; with its coppice, its rolling ground and level plain; its verdant fields, bright as the emerald in the sun; its shady walks and delightful drives; with its lakelets of limpid water on which glide the graceful swans, and where speed the swift gondolas, freighted with the fair; with its dark, gigantic boulders and rugged steeps; its cool and shady retreats, broad avenues, and leafy lanes; with its highways and by-ways; its lights and shades; its parterres of flowers and romantic glades; with its verdure and sterile rocks; its magnificent vistas and deviously winding ways; and more, far more than we can mention—with the handiwork of art seen everywhere—all combine to make this park one of the brightest, fairest and loveliest of spots that lie out of doors, if not indeed incomparable; and the man with soul so dead who, on such a day as was last Sunday, couldn't revel in its beauties, drink in its splendors, and become imbued with a calm and pure delight, had better dispose of his interest in the things of this world, and retire to Jersey under cover of the night, there to vegetate in a huckleberry pasture and commune with grasshoppers.

Then the tidily, tastily, and elegantly attired ladies one sees there—plain, common-place, good-looking and handsome—blondes, brunettes, and *chataines*; young, middle-aged, and old; maidens and mothers, wives and widows, from grave to gay, from lively to severe; American, English, French, Spanish, Cuban, Jowish, German, Italian, Swiss, and Indians, to say nothing of black-and-tans—Africans and Mongolians.

The laughing, romping, merry-hearted *insouciant*, happy children, in best bib and tucker, sons and daughters of high-born wealthy, well-to-do, and "poor, but respectable parents"—all find a common happiness here, caste marring not their enjoyments. The sight is good for sore eyes—it does one's soul good to look at the children when the playgrounds are open to them and they gleefully romp and tumble about upon the grassy lawns.

And last, but not least, the men—bachelors, benedicts, and fathers of families. (Ages, complexion, looks, demeanor and nationalities as diverse as those of the ladies, if not more so.) Fast men and old fogies; rich and poor; parsons, politicians, pick-pockets and physicians; merchants and mechanics; sporting men and students; clerks and commercial men; lawyers and loafers; editors and emigrants; fops and fashionables; "bloods," "nobby boys," "fancy ducks," "Broadway statues," and "men-about town;" and as a rule all well-behaved. Many are expensively dressed—got up regardless of expense; some flashily, a few elegantly and faultlessly, and the mass, tidily attired. In short, all sorts and styles of the *genus homo* patronize the Park, without regard to religion, politics, color or condition. Men women and children by the tens of thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, enjoy its pleasures and matchless beauties, and are all the better therefor, morally, physically and financially. It belongs to the million, is enjoyed by the million; it is Democratic; exclusiveness cannot rear its head there; it is aristocratic only in its superb beauty, and the powers that be, sufficiently autocratic to preserve that beauty.

How happy must be the man whose mind conceived this park and whose powers were put forth to its accomplishment. He will leave a prouder monument behind than effigy of bronze or sculptured marble.

It was a big day at the park last Sunday—a full house. People were thicker than three in a bed. That doesn't express it—they were as thick as hair on a cat in midwinter. Every seat was taken at an early hour, and there being no reserved seats, the majority promenaded hither and thither, affording the sitters a sight of a dazzling moving panorama.

Crowds flocked to the Casino in pursuit of ham sandwiches, ice cream and lemonade; other crowds flocked under the bridge near by, in pursuit of the same stimulants. The gondolas on the lake were filled from an early hour till dusk by those who dared to brave the dangers of the deep, admirers of a life on the ocean wave, and those who wished to learn something of navigation. The arbors were filled with people who seemed to be delighted with themselves and everybody else, as well as the surroundings.

The Ramble was filled with happy lovers of all sorts and sizes, some resting upon the seats there provided, others promenading. Charles Frederic Augustus and Imogene Isabella, of the upper ten, strolled along talking soft nonsense, and Pat and Bridget just behind. Hans, grasping the hand of Katrina, sat close together on one end of a seat, the other occupied by Sambo and Dinah, the latter gorgeous with the colors she flaunted. Tom and Eva strolled along, happy as clams at high water, and Stephen and Prudence, from the rural districts, sauntered hand in hand, looking at everybody and everything with all their eyes. The new-made bride hung fondly on her husband's arm—lovers yet—happiness imprinted on the faces of both—he's a new-made husband, remember.

All the highways and byways were filled with visitors, the driveways with carriages, the carriages with people, the people with happiness; and in one instance—only one, and that toward dusk—we thought that the inmates of a barouche were filled with whiskey or something akin. All sorts of carriages were in motion, and hundreds and hundreds of them. The four-in-hand drag, the dog-carts, trotting wagons drawn by "flyers," barouches, pony phætons, coupés, hackney coaches, cabs, carryalls, the Park chariots, the "one-horse shay," etc., etc., all passed the looker-on, some in one direction, some in another. At one point they passed over a bridge above you; at another, you looked from a bridge down upon them; and the sight from whatever standpoint, with the hundreds of carriages flitting to and fro, with their gayly-dressed occupants, with the tens of thousands of men, women and children commingling and moving in all directions, was one calculated to fill the beholder with something akin to delight.

The Museum was filled with sight-seers, who admired to their hearts' content the bears, foxes, kangaroos, guns, monkeys, giraffes, zebras, hedgehogs, squirrels, possums, white mice, etc., as well as the eagles, doves, henhawks, buzzards, vultures, parrots, condors, crows and humming-birds.

And the camel, let for hire in the Park, all saddled, all bridled, all fit for small boys to ride, drew a large crowd of lookers-on, albeit camels are not the most graceful or symmetrical of beasts.

"Begorra, Mike, what manner av a baste is that wid his belly on his back? I don' know."

This from an Emerald Islander fresh from over the "say," who had never before seen a camel, to his friend who was piloting him about.

"Faith and bedad, Pat, I think it's an ostrich, shure."

Pat stared with eyes wide open and mouth agape as a small boy was lifted by the "Arab" in charge of the camel to the saddle just behind the ears of the animal.

We didn't wish to take the conceit out of Mike, who was of the opinion it was an ostrich, so let him and Pat remain in blissful ignorance.

"When are you like that camel, Kate?" asked a man of a woman at his side, with a laugh. She gave it up.

"When you get your back up," said the brute to his wife—for he was a married man, of course. He got a rap from a parasol, and the two moved off, he evidently pleased at getting off his conundrum upon the partner of his bosom—the brute.

Leaving the camel and its audience, we drift along with the current first encountered, indifferent as to where our footsteps lead us, meeting a counter current of humanity on the opposite side of the walk. As we saunter along with and amid the throng, jostled now and then by those we meet in the counter-current, merry laughter, and the hum of silvery, brazen, and cast-iron voices are borne to our ears, and now and then snatches of conversation we catch from those in our vicinity. We stop for a moment to gaze over the parapet of a bridge reached in our sauntering.

We wouldn't undertake to tell how many "perfectly splendids," "delightfuls," "charmings," "did you evers," "I declares" (not Ida Clares), "how do you dos," "fine days," "my dears," "happy to make your acquaintances," "isn't it beautifuls," etc., we heard during the few moments we stopped by the parapet—it would take a week; and besides, we couldn't put them together in a shape to make them interesting—the disjointed and caught-up sentences would weave a tangled web, we fear. But listen:

"Why, Clara, how *do* you do? I'm *so* glad to see you, I declare." This from one of three young misses to another of two young misses who chance to meet. (Both kiss).

Clara—"And I'm delighted to see you, Bertie, I'm sure." (Each takes an inventory of the other's apparel and personal adornments generally).

"How long have you been here, Clara?" inquires Bertie of her friend, and, without giving the latter time to reply, adds, "I've been here these two hours, and *such* a nice time—I've seen everybody. It's delightful, isn't it?"

(This last query puzzled us. Whether she meant to imply that the "nice time," that she had "seen everybody," or the weather was "delightful," we are to this day in doubt.)

Clara (by no means as enthusiastic): "Delightful—humph! I think it's *dreadful* stupid. I've been here these *three* hours, and haven't seen a soul."

"Now, you just come along with us; you shall!" Bertie takes Clara prisoner, and the bevy of young misses, taking the current setting towards the Ramble, is soon lost to view in the moving throng.

What a wide difference in the accounts of the young misses. What a distracting discrepancy is there between the two. One has "seen everybody" in two hours; the other hasn't "seen a soul" in three hours! With all that vast throng present, how shall we account for the one who had eyes and saw not?—she wasn't blind. We might quibble, and say it was not to be expected that she could "*see a soul*;" but that would be fitting only for lawyers. Both their statements, accepted literally, were wrong; accepted according to their meaning, right. The truth of the matter is, one had seen quite a number during her promenade whom she was pleased to see—but not "everybody"—and was in great good spirits. The other, less fortunate, had seen no one whom she cared to see—not a *soul*—and was piqued in consequence, and in ill humor.

It is ever thus, or quite frequently thus. We walked one Sunday in the Park with a friend whom we thought "knew everybody." We recognized and bowed to two acquaintances to his one—precisely that; we bowed twice, he once.

A thirsty individual once remarked that there was "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Oftentimes one might exclaim in the Park, "People, people everywhere, but not a person whom I know." To saunter there for hours, and see ten, twenty, or maybe thirty thousand people, and not meet with an acquaintance, is very likely to impress one with the idea that there are others in this world beside himself—that he is but an atom among millions, and of but little account.

Take a stand—or a seat, if you can get one—on one of the most thronged avenues some Sunday afternoon. Look at the faces that go by—note the noses if you will. Observe the shape, hue, smile, lines, expression of the human face; the features all, in general and in detail, as far as you can. Listen to the laughter and tones of voices. Note the human form divine—height, build and proportions. Watch the gait, manners and bearing of those who go by. Observe the apparel worn—the color, quality, style and trimming. Note the diamonds and other jewels rich and rare, pearls of great price and ornaments of gold; and note the false as well as the true, if you can tell the difference.

Note but a tithe of all these things, and what a study opens itself to you—indeed, what a study—amusing, instructive and well worth plunging into. The same in general, day after day, it is; but the littles that go to make up the great whole, ever changing; the details differing daily, hourly, momentarily. The interest will never flag.

The volume is open to all—go study it. The characters are of life size, and he that runs may read, though we advise you to remain stationary or saunter leisurely along—don't run.

SI SLOKUM.

Kate Bateman.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

In the career of Kate Bateman—who, at the age of twenty-six years, shares the distinction of the most popular actresses of her time—is seen a conspicuous illustration of the force that is exercised in public life by purity of character and integrity of purpose. She possesses uncommon talents and sterling accomplishments, and these she has employed with a noble energy and singleness of purpose, and in a pure, sweet, womanly spirit, that could not fail, and have not failed, to win unbounded appreciation and sympathy. The most important period in her professional life comprises the last eight years. Within that time she has won both fame and fortune. Her experience of the stage, however, dates back to childhood, and much of her more mature facility is of course to be attributed to her early training. She was born at Baltimore, Maryland, on the 7th of October, 1842, being the second child of H. L. Bateman and Frances Bateman—the former well and widely known as a theatrical manager, and the latter reputed as an actress and a dramatic author. Shortly after the birth of Kate, her father, then in mercantile business, returned to the stage, playing, in the domestic drama, such parts as Martin Heywood in "The Rent Day," and Walter in "The Babes in the Wood." On the 14th of December, 1847, at one of the theatres in Louisville, Kentucky, the latter piece having been cast, and the children who usually played the juvenile parts in it being unable to appear, the Bateman children, Kate and Ellen—one five years old and the other three—made their first appearance on any stage. Their debut was an accident, but their success was signal. They were very pretty and interesting little girls, and their brightness and cleverness won all the more appreciation because of their extreme youth. Then, too, parental sympathy was touched by the spectacle of father and children playing upon the stage together, in such relations as are sustained by Walter and the Babes. In brief, all the favorable influences combined to make a career and open a brilliant future for these children. Season after season they starred the country, under their father's management. New parts were found for them from time to time. Kate used to be especially fine as Richard the Third, which she was first cast in at the suggestion of Moses Kimball, in the old days of the Boston Museum, which institution he originated. Her best best part, though, was Henriette de Vigny, in "The Young Couple." In 1850 the Bateman children were taken to England, where, in all the great cities of the British Isles, they found even more favor than they had found at home. In August, 1852, they returned to America, and in 1856 they retired from the stage. Ellen was subsequently married, and is now Mrs. Claude Greppo. Kate remained in retirement, and studied acting. At length, in 1860, she reappeared on the stage, in the character of Evangeline, in a drama by her mother, based on Longfellow's poem. The performance, though very pretty and pleasing, did not, however, make a deep impression upon the public mind. It was seen in many American cities, during the season of 1860-61, but was nowhere greeted with much enthusiasm. In fact, since the chief quality of the character of Evangeline is silent fortitude, its delineation affords but little scope for the vivid display of dramatic powers. The most that was possible for the actress was to look like a saintly sufferer and to be picturesque in tableaux. Two years afterwards Miss Bateman again appeared in New York—at the Winter Garden, in April, 1862, as Julia, in "The Hunchback," and this time she made a prodigious popular sensation. Following up this success, with a great deal of characteristic energy she appeared as Lady Gay Spanker, in "London Assurance," Lady Teazle, in "The School for Scandal," Juliana, in "The Honeymoon," Juliet; Bianca, in "Fazio," Geraldine, in her mother's tragedy of that name—originally written for Matilda Heron—and Rosa Gregario, in a new drama written for her by Mr. T. B. DeWalden. Later in the same year, in August, at the same theatre, she played another engagement, which was signalized by the presentation of her Lady Macbeth. Her best successes were made this year in Julia, Bianca, Lady Gay, and Geraldine. In all her personations, however, the chief charm was the innate purity of womanhood that shone through them. Very often her art was defective. In some parts (Juliet and Lady Macbeth, for instance) she seemed utterly at sea. But no person of sensibility could witness her acting without being conscious of contact with an earnest, delicate, womanly nature, that was as refreshing to the mind, jaded by the all too prevalent artifice of the stage, as is the cool, delicious fragrance of trees and flowers and grass after a light shower on a spring day. And not only did her nature charm by its ingenuous sweetness and win by its purity; a certain fiery force of intellect was perceptible in it, now and then—shown in the fourth act of "The Hunchback," and in certain scenes of "Geraldine"—that vitalized a style of acting which might otherwise have sometimes seemed insipid. This fiery force, combined with an acute perception of simple pathos, was afterwards to find more abundant scope and more vivid expression. In December, 1862, she made her first appearance as Leah—a character with which her name is now identified; and herein these qualities of her nature were displayed with ample breadth. Few single passages in modern acting are more touching than is her simple, natural, tender scene with Rudolph's child in the last act of "Leah," and few kindred efforts have electrified the multitude so much as has her delivery of Leah's curse, in the churchyard scene in that drama. These, however, are facts of such common knowledge that it were needless to dwell upon them. It should be mentioned, though, that the play of "Leah" is an American adaptation of the German drama of "Deborah," by Dr. Mosenthal, made by Mr. Augustin Daly. Miss Bateman's first appearance as Leah was made in Boston; but subsequently, for many a year, she starred the country in that character, and everywhere attained new popularity. Her first representation of it in New York was given at Niblo's Garden, in January, 1863. Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Mr. Edwin Adams appeared in the cast, as Nathan, the apostate Jew, and Rudolph, the lover. In the autumn of that year Miss Bateman, accompanied by her father as manager, proceeded to London, where "Leah" was produced in October, having first been revised and revamped by Mr. John Oxenford, dramatic critic of the London *Times*. That the performance was a success may readily be seen in the remarkable fact that it was repeated for two hundred and eleven nights in succession, before crowded houses, and greeted with every possible manifestation of public and critical approval. Writers were not wanting, indeed, to point out, truthfully and frankly, the defects of Miss Bateman's acting; yet its force, and its winning charm of fresh, young, gentle personality were none the less recognized.

In the last three months of 1864 Miss Bateman fulfilled prosperous and brilliant engagements in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, and Glasgow. The theatres overflowed nightly, and the star of the young actress rose still higher in the skies of fame. Returning to London in the spring of 1865, she reappeared as Leah, and also played Julia, Bianca, Pauline, and Geraldine, concluding her engagement at the Adelphi in July of that year. When autumn came she made another tour of the principal British provincial cities, in all of which she played with abundant success a round of her favorite characters. On her next return to London, she received a complimentary benefit at her Majesty's Theatre (since destroyed by fire), given to signalize her farewell to England. The occasion is recorded as one of the most delightful of its kind in recent stage life. Miss Bateman played Juliet. Shortly afterwards she sailed for New York, arriving there on the 12th of January, 1866. On the 15th of January, at Niblo's Garden, she reappeared as Leah; and here she acted for the next six weeks before crowded audiences. She then proceeded to Boston, where she found her popularity unabated. Thence returning, she reappeared at Niblo's; but was forced, by sudden and severe illness, to relinquish her engagement, and to remain for several months in retirement.

In October, 1866, Miss Bateman became the wife of Dr. George Crowe, an English gentleman, son of Eyre Evans Crowe, author of a "History of France," and other works, and for several years editor of the London *Daily News*. During the year following her marriage she did not appear in public life; but, at length, having been entirely restored to health, she accepted an engagement offered by an English manager, and on the 7th of October, 1867, she reappeared in Liverpool as Leah, creating a still greater popular excitement than before—which also attended her professional progress at Brighton, Manchester, Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Dublin and Edinburgh. She then retired again to her residence, near Bristol; but in October, 1868, she returned to the stage, and played a successful engagement at the London Haymarket, lasting three months.

Her present is full of success, and her future is full of promise. Young, beautiful, distinguished—a happy wife, an affectionate and cherished daughter, a simple-minded woman—she moves forward, beneath a sunny summer sky, on a pathway that is strewn with roses. Such women honor the stage by their presence upon it; and their personal assertion of the dignity of the dramatic art is more eloquent and more practically effective than words can possibly be.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.—Only the first session of the Reformed Parliament has passed away—yet the Prorogation Speech was positively "bald."

"THE blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus-rider, then as a locust-preacher, and then as an exhauster."

NAVAL AND MILITARY.—A most respectable old lady hearing guerilla warfare mentioned, remarked, "Ah! them 'll be the powder monkeys, I'm thinking."

A CHINAMAN'S opinion of a trial by jury—"One of the men was silent; the other spoke all the time; and the twelve sages condemned the man who had not said anything."

WHAT little child" said a friend. "Ah," replied Hood, "his parents never made much of him."

Recollections of a Lazy Life.

In his "Recollections of a Lazy Life," published in the Boston *True Flag*, Moses Skinner thus discourses, after announcing the death of his wife Tabitha:

"Thus my wife died. No more would those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only a true wife can. No more would those willing feet replenish coal hod and water pail. No more would she arise mid the tempestuous storms of winter and gayly hie herself away to build the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudgett, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he had kept it on hand for several years in expectation of her death. But she rallied in the spring, and his hopes were dashed. Never shall I forget this poor man's grief when I asked him to part with this gravestone. "Take it, Skinner," said he, "take it, and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment as mine has been," and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was, indeed, utterly crushed.

I had the following epitaph engraved upon the stone:

To the memory of
TABITHA,
Wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., the gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*.
"A kind mother and exemplary wife."

Terms $2 a year, invariably in advance. Office over Hanson's grocery, up two flights. Knock hard.

"We shall miss thee, mother:
We shall miss thee, mother."

Job printing solicited.

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in its agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little bill I shouldn't have got in any other way.

Why should we repine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)

* * * * * *

There pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley that was. She was an eminently pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever slung under my vest. Her picked-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on Foreign Missions.

I did not, however, allow myself to pine away to any great extent. In the person of Matilda Baxter, a gushing coquette of forty-seven autumns, did I perceive a salve for my lacerated heart-strings. As soon, therefore, as I could smother my anguish and change my underclothing, to Matilda B.'s did I hie myself away on the sweet wings of love. Never shall I forget our betrothal.

It was a calm, still night in June, and all nature had been hushed into repose by a judicious use of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. Matilda and I were walking pensively among the garden sauce back of the house, and I was repeating those touching lines by John Bunyan:

"Two beats with but a single head,
Two cabbages with one."

Around us the frolicsome June bug gayly waltzed, and the cheerful hum of the mosquito added pathos to the scene, while in the adjacent mill-pond the guileless bull-frog performed a select anthem to the parting day. Afar off in the western horizon the sun was setting, which he did in his usual hunky style, without bursting any button off his trousers. Nothing disturbed the solemn stillness but the gentle heaving of her bosom, and the gentle heaving of a small boy who had been smoking a cheroot in the wood-shed. I was trying to imagine, with the pure affection of youth, how many stamps she had laid away, and she was engaged in heaving an elegant assortment of sighs, varying from a small to a large size.

The ecstatic rapture which steeped my soul in bliss o'ercame me, and, seizing Matilda by her waterfall, I imprinted the pure kiss of betrothal behind her left ear.

She gazed at me in silent rapture, and while the lovelight gleamed with dewy softness from those liquid orbs upraised to mine, she said:

"Skinner, have you taken a bath lately?"

She continued: "You are an old fool. If you ain't got spunk enough to bring this bile to a head, I have. Come, set the day, my ethereal bloat, my festive, bald-headed minikin."

Thus, with honeyed words of love, did we beguile the time.

We were married in church, my children as chief mourners occupying front seats. There were no cards, except a game of euchre, to see who should sleep in the front of the bed. We took a short bridal tour; she went to Hingham to see her Aunt Abigail, and I came to Boston to buy a new set of type for the *Trombone*. It was about the time that all was so quiet on the Potomac; but that day Boston was in a fever of excitement, because it was hinted in official circles that the commanding general would move as soon as his rent became due, though he hated to leave Mason and Dixon's line, it was so handy to hang the clothes on washing days.

My second venture in the sea of matrimony has not been a success. Metaphorically speaking, my second plate of matrimonial hash has soured on my hands. On returning to my domicile in Slunkville, my wife addressed me in the following chaste language:

"Skinner, I am now boss of this shebang, and really hope, for your mother's sake, that I shan't be obliged to use the mop-handle over your head more than twice a day, and once Sundays."

Another eccentricity of hers is planting her feet in the small of my back after I have retired for the night, and whirling me playfully across the room. The first overture of this kind occurred one very cold morning, when I suggested the propriety of her getting up and building the fire. If my memory serves me right, and I think she do, I built the fire myself that A. M., and I have made it a point to do so ever since. If there is anything I doat on, it is rising with the lark and building the fire.

(N. B.—This last is intended for covert irony.)

(N. B.—No. 2. The proprietor of one of our leading art galleries says: "A splendidly executed chrome-tintype of Moses Skinner is at present the theme of conversation among artists and literary men. It is indeed a miracle of art. The well-known modesty of M. S. has alone prevented him from taking his proper place in the 'Nine Muses,' as we understand he had a very tempting offer to that effect. They are selling at $1 each, or $12 a dozen, and at this low price the artist is unable to supply the demand.")

Comment is unnecessary.

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?—What is the difference between the "habitual criminal" and an indifferent cricketer? One is "run in," the other "run out."

Contents

AMUSEMENTS GOSSIP furnishes a pungent digest of the dramatic and musical novelties of the week.

SI SLOKUM describes "Sunday in the Park" in a piquant manner.

MISS ELLEN M. FERRIS presents in graceful rhyme some "Pictures of Summer."

THE CAPTAIN gossips about movements in the local political world.

THE ATTIC SALT-CELLAR contains some crisp pinches of humor.

MR. WINTER'S sketch of Kate Bateman will be read with interest.

MR. HANDCASTLE'S FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM, is a clever story.

THE AUTOCRATS OF THE PRESS, will interest most newspaper readers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LAZY LIFE, is a comical sketch.

REMITION—A story of a sad life.

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EDITORIALS ON TIMELY TOPICS, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Handcastle's

FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER I.

BEWILDERMENT AT BRIGHTON.

"If the gentleman who found the lady's glove at the ball of the—th Dragoon Guards, at Brighton, on Wednesday last, will be at the Zoological Gardens in London on Sunday next, he may hear of something to his advantage."

The *Southdown Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press*, in which the above advertisement was contained, fell from the hands of a gentleman who was reading that enterprising print in the coffee-room of an hotel in the town first referred to—the "Sybarite Hotel," facing the sea. I suppose it was the advertisement that caused the surprise, not to say emotion, which evidently possessed him. It could not be the attack upon the Mayor, nor the denunciation of the Town Council, nor the exposure of the Gas Company, nor the clever article upon the dearth of local amusements, nor the pleasant reference to "Our Autumn Visitors," nor the eulogistic review of "Our talented fellow-townsman's" volume of poems, nor even the facetious letters about ladies' bonnets and high-heeled boots. Yes, it must have been the advertisement.

There is one thing that a man is sure to do when an announcement in a newspaper exercises upon him such an effect that he drops the newspaper upon the floor. The odds are at least Lombard street to a China orange that he picks the newspaper up and reads the announcement again. The gentleman in question adopted this inevitable course of action; and while he is engaged in mastering the interesting paragraph, and making his reflections thereupon, I will tell you who he was and all I knew about him up to this period of his career.

You could see for yourself, as he sat in the bow-window in the twilight, with the broad sheet spread before him, that he was a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the term; that he was a well-made, manly-looking fellow of unmistakably military cut, with a leisurely expression of countenance suggestive of the fact that he need be in no hurry to assert his good looks as they were sufficient to assert themselves; and if he kept curling that long tawny moustache round his thumb and finger, you might be sure that it was an action caused by nervous anxiety rather than by any thought of improving that appendage. If you guessed his age to be somewhere between twenty and thirty you would not be mistaken; and if you made a bet that he was the Hon. Harry Doncaster, brother to Lord St. Leger, and a captain of light dragoons on leave from India, you would win your bet beyond all chance of dispute.

But you would never suppose, unless you happened to know, what a troubled life Harry Doncaster was leading. Money had never been the strong point of his family, at least during the last too generations. His brother, the Viscount, had not much, and what he had he wanted—for Viscounts must have money, of course, come what may. His family set Harry up in the cavalry—he took a great deal of setting up by the way, though he got his promotion by luck—and he inherited some private means from his mother. But in reference to the latter he made the not uncommon mistake of confounding capital with income, and the original sum, after several abortive settlements in life, refused at last to be made the sport of an unscrupulous check-book, and disappeared indignantly below the financial horizon. After this pecuniary crisis Harry Doncaster, as far as any additions to his pay were concerned, was supported, like the hospitals, by voluntary contributions. But the voluntary system was no substitute for an establishment in his case; and in a thorough state of disendowment, without edifices, glebes, or any consolation of the kind, he found himself in a state which he described as "dependent on the generosity of my family, who refuse to give me anything." Then he began to borrow, which was crisis the second in his career. He began by merely overdrawing with his agents; and Cox—it must be said for that obliging firm—allowed him a considerable fling. But there is a point when even Cox loses patience; and Harry Doncaster, when he found his pay looking very small in perspective, compared with the massive foreground of liability, did not relish the effect of the picture, and squared up with Cox by a great convulsive effort. It was then that he took to borrowing in a direct manner, and came to crisis the second, as I have said. Now crisis the second would not much matter; but it is very apt to lead to crisis the third, when borrowing becomes so difficult as to approach the confines of impossibility. And to this gloomy boundary, I regret to say, Harry Doncaster had arrived at the period in question. He did not know, as he declared, how to turn himself round, and performed the process only like the scorpion girt by financial fire, the circle narrowing with every successive sun. He began serious borrowing in India—that gorgeous land which has the fatal gift of credit in a bewildering degree—and where

the trail of the serpent (of high interest) extends from the rice-fields of Bengal to the rose-gardens of Cashmere. He had a few debts in England at the time. He thought they would not matter, but they did. And he soon found that the process which follows non-payment in the one country is much the same as the process which follows non-payment in the other; the principal difference being that in India you are arrested by a bailiff in a looser pair of trowsers. On coming home upon leave he made another discovery—that Eastern impecuniosity is a tree of hardy growth, and will bear transplanting to the West with considerable success. It was with a profound conviction of this important truth that he began serious borrowing in his native land; and for a time his native land treated him with her well-known liberality in the way of advances, and equally well-known consideration with regard to their return. But there is a time for all things, and that for payment comes with remarkable punctuality, and when it really means business is apt to be a difficult customer. This is just what Harry Doncaster is beginning to discover when we find him at the Brighton hotel conning over the advertisement. He has exhausted worlds of leave, and will have to imagine new if he wants much more of it. But he dares not return to his regiment under present circumstances, and remaining in England seems equally out of the question. He has an idea that the interior of Africa would be a proper part of the world for his future sojourn; but a recent event has made him reluctant to turn his back upon the land of his youth; and the latter feeling, I fancy, has some connection with the advertisement.

Were I to follow the example of many misguided novelists, I should represent Harry Doncaster, at this juncture, as soliloquizing aloud, and giving a summary of his past life and present prospects, with a statement of the nature of the question which occupies his attention, for the benefit of anybody who might happen to be listening. But people never do this in real life; and, confining myself to facts, I shall simply mention that a few muttered words escape him to this effect:

"Must be meant for me—will risk it—can't come to any grief on a Sunday."

And with the newspaper still in his hand he rises, with the intention of making for the fireplace, by the side of which is the only bell-handle he happens to call to mind, though there are half a dozen about the room. But he pauses in the act, for there is a stranger sitting with his back to the bell-handle, finishing his dinner in a leisurely manner; and it is evident that Harry Doncaster cannot get to the bell without disturbing the stranger. The two have been taking their respective repasts a few paces apart. Each has been well aware of the presence of the other, but each has ignored the other's existence, as in conventional duty bound—a very proper arrangement, by the way, in a public room, which ought to be a private room to anybody who pleases to make it so.

Having an object in so doing, Harry Doncaster considers himself warranted in addressing the stranger, which he does by asking him to ring the bell.

There are various ways of asking a man to ring a bell, and Harry's, upon this occasion, was a little unceremonious—unintentionally so. But the stranger obeyed the mandate, and had evidently no intention of ordering the other stranger's carriage, as the superb gentleman who invented Brighton did with Mr. Brummell under similar circumstances; for before the waiter could obey the summons he remarked to Captain Doncaster:

"It is not the first time that I have obeyed your orders."

"Indeed," said Harry; "I don't remember that you have served with me."

"No, but I have served things *for* you at Harrow; don't you remember your fag, Jack Shorncliffe?"

"Of course I do, and I am very glad to see you again, but should not have known you, you're so altered." Mr. Shorncliffe, as he now appeared, was a person of small stature, particularly neatly and compactly built, with a face that was, particularly neat and compact also, and the same character belonged to his hirsute adornments. He had a very keen eye, and was very decided in speech and manner.

"Well, you don't expect me to look such a fool as I was then," said he. "I know you at once; saw you the night before last at the Plungers' ball, but couldn't speak to you—always with some girl."

"You mean *you* were."

"Yes, of course; *you* seemed to be mooning about doing nothing,"

"And what are you doing yourself, in another sense? You were going into the service, but I never heard of you, or noticed your name in Hart."

"No; the paternity changed his mind about me. He made the discovery that at least nine out of ten of our immediate family who have gone into the army have punctually come to grief, and are at the present time head over ears in debt."

Harry could not deny that there are officers of the army in such a predicament.

"So he put me in his bank instead, where I am a partner—awfully rich—want a few hundreds, eh?"

Harry started at the question—jestingly put as it was—for he was by no means used to such pleasant inquiries. For a moment he felt a fiendish temptation, but he restrained himself. The thing would never do, at any rate it would be premature at the present time. Mr. Shorncliffe abruptly returned to the subject of the ball.

"I saw who you were looking after there, the unknown enchantress with the pompous papa. Did you find out who they were? I couldn't. Governor must be an alderman, I suspect; they came from London, that was all I could pick up."

Harry Doncaster looked a little confused, but he answered carelessly:

"Ah! I know the people you mean, but I did not find out their names. Of course I admired the lady, like everybody else."

"Superb creature," pursued Mr. Shorncliffe. "It would be invidious to particularize where all is perfection, as puffing critics say in the papers; but I think her great points are her eyes and shoulders—it would be difficult to say which are the brightest of the two."

Harry Doncaster pretended to laugh at this criticism, but did not half like it. Jack Shorncliffe proceeded:

"I suspect her eyes are too bright by day; but there is no mistake about her shoulders. Alabaster is a ridiculous comparison. There are no complexions like alabaster, and I should be very sorry if there were; her shoulders are simply like ivory, and the elephant tribe ought to be much obliged to me for the comparison."

Harry was getting angry by this time, but he refrained from any manifestation which might betray his secret (you know as well as I do that he *had* a secret), or, still worse, make him appear ridiculous. The subject of conversation, too, was pleasant to him upon any terms, so he allowed Shorncliffe to proceed:

"I should like very much to know who found her glove," pursued that gentleman. "I know that she lost one, for a man who saw her leaving the ball said she turned round to look for it while stepping into her carriage, and that the governor said, 'Oh; it doesn't matter, you are close at home.' You have seen the advertisement in the paper, of course? Ah! you have the paper in your hand."

Harry Doncaster, at the commencement of this colloquy, had taken his seat at Shorncliffe's table, and had brought the *South Down Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press* with him, for the simple reason that he did not think of laying it down. However, there was no betrayal involved, and Harry simply said that he had seen the advertisement, adding, what was strictly true, that he was as much mystified by it as his companion.

But I am sorry to say that the matter did not end here. The two gentlemen spent the evening together, as well as that process could be performed in the absence of private engagements; that is to say, they walked out upon the new pier, and returned at ten o'clock or so to the hotel, where they were both staying. During their walk the conversation had not fallen upon the lady of the lost glove, but it did so when they returned, and Jack Shorncliffe, growing confidential, avowed himself an ardent admirer of the lady, whose acquaintance, he said, he was determined to make. The family lived in London, he knew, and if nobody would introduce him he would introduce himself. He was possessed, he added, of "a genial audacity which might be mistaken for cheek," that never failed in such cases. This was not at all pleasant to Harry Doncaster; but he could not help remembering that one stranger has as much right to be in love with a lady as another stranger. When, however, Jack Shorncliffe grew bold over his not unqualified seltzer, and began to express his admiration in a similar strain to that in which he had previously indulged, Harry remonstrated, somewhat to the speaker's astonishment.

"Why, the lady is nothing to you?" said Shorncliffe, inquiringly.

"I am not sure," replied Harry. And then, I regret to say, he was weak enough to own the state of his own feelings, and, what was worse, to acknowledge himself as the finder of the glove, which article he produced from his breast-pocket in proof of the assertion.

Mr. Shorncliffe was very far from relishing this revelation, and the pair presently found one another's society not quite so pleasant as it had been before. They discovered, in fact, that sitting up was a bore, and determined to go to bed. Harry Doncaster was the first to leave. He did not go to bed, but went out for another walk by the sea.

When he returned to his room he felt in the breast-pocket of his coat, remembering that it would not be well for its contents to come under the notice of his servant in the morning.

The glove was gone!

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Sunday at the Zoological. The season is drawing to a close, but the day is one of the fullest that there has been since its beginning. Everybody is there; but that is not saying enough. There are all the necessary nobodies to keep the everybodies in countenance, and save them from staring at one another like idiots. There is even a Royal Prince and a Royal Princess, and these illustrious personages actually seem to like being present, for nobody bores them with intrusive attentions.

The day is one of the finest as well as one of the fullest of the season, and the one fact, I suppose, accounts considerably for the other. It has doubtless influenced the toilettes, which are lighter and airier than ever, as far as the ladies are concerned; and what wonderful coiffures these same ladies wear! Coiffures seem to reach their culminating point at the Zoological; go anywhere afterwards and you always notice a declension.

There is nothing to do, of course, at the Zoological after you have been to see some of your favorite animals. There are always a few of these in fashion, and you "do" these rigorously. This object accomplished, you concentrate your attention upon trying to get chairs, a pleasing pursuit which passes away an hour very well. As everybody tries to get chairs, I suppose they are the unsuccessful candidates who walk about; and it is well that somebody should so disport themselves, otherwise sitting would be comparatively dull work.

An elderly gentleman, to whom I wish to call your attention, has been foraging for seats ever since he entered the gardens. He has not regarded the chase, like more philosophical persons, as an incidental piece of amusement, and has been actually out of temper at the delay. But see, he has at last brought down his game, and comes upon the grass with a chair in each hand; and his satisfaction is complete when, on joining two ladies who form his party, he finds that one of them has found a seat for herself. As he also is thus saved from standing, you might suppose that he would begin to be amiable. But he does nothing of the kind. He dislikes the place and the people also, and, as he says, doesn't care who knows it. A more insane way of passing the afternoon he cannot conceive, and he expresses his dissatisfaction in audible terms. He is a portly person with a pink face, dresses scrupulously in black, with a white cravat of a previous period of society, and a big diamond brooch in the bosom of his shirt which "would buy half Northumberlee," if half Northumbee happened to be for sale. Both his pink face and his portliness are appearances in his favor. Neither is too pronounced, and both draw that nice line between prosperity and apoplexy which one always rejoices to see in elderly gentlemen.

Of the two ladies, one is evidently his wife and the other apparently his daughter.

His wife is tall, stately and reserved; grandly rather than gayly dressed, like many courtly persons of her period in life whom one meets in the exclusive circles of Madame Tussaud—persons whose manners have considerably more than the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; for so little influenced are they by vulgar emotion that a condescending inclination of the head, or a haughty turn of that appendage upon their aristocratic shoulders, are all the signs they deign to make of taking the smallest interest in their fellow-creatures. The lady in question has evidently modelled herself upon one of these courtly dames. You can see at a glance that her ideas of good breeding are entirely of a negative character; and without overhearing any family conversations you may be sure that she tells her daughter not to do this and not to do that, because great people *do* do, and in what respects the nature of their activity differs from that of little people.

Her daughter—ah! her daughter is very different. You have heard some account of her in the artless criticism of Mr. Shorncliffe; for—there need be no mystery in the matter—she is indeed the unknown enchantress of the Plungers' ball! But Mr. Shorncliffe, with all his enthusiasm and powers of description, did nothing like justice to her loveliness, which in its general character was like that of a lolling lily, if you can fancy a lolling lily with an aggressive abundance of chestnut hair and eyes the color of the corn-flower. She had, as Mr. Shorncliffe observed, an ivory delicacy of surface; but that gentleman forgot to mention the pale coral tints that gave it relief. I am bound to admit also, on my own account, that I have never beheld a lily, lolling or otherwise, arrayed to such purpose in pale blue. It was Solomon in all his glory and the lily combined.

But it will save trouble to tell you at once who these people are.

Mr. Surbiton is principally known for having made a great deal of money. It is a very good reputation to have, and will carry its subject a considerable way into society. It is not quite understood how the money had been made, except, I suppose, by Mr. Surbiton's old and more immediate friends; but he is supposed to have begun in a very small way and ended in a very large way, and being now retired he is of course in no way at all. But do not suppose that people in general care in what particular line of business the money had been made, and very few would trouble themselves on the subject but for Mrs. Surbiton's horror at any hint of her husband having been in trade, which makes her friends laugh occasionally, and of course tends to keep the fact before their eyes. Two-thirds of her life, I should think, are passed in trying to conceal what she considers this family disgrace, and, as far as any degree of success is concerned, she might as well proclaim it periodically from the housetops. Her main object at the present time is to effect an aristocratic alliance with her daughter. That young lady, by the way, is happily uninfluenced by the peculiarities of her parents. Being no more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, she is not able to remember the humbler state of the family, and having been educated away from home she is unaffected by any of its traditions.

Scarcely have Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton and their daughter taken possession of their chairs than they are joined by a gentleman, a stranger, who addresses himself to the head of the family in a manner indicative of some special errand.

But I must here leave them to note a scene which is enacting in another part of the gardens.

* * * * * * *

Harry Doncaster has been two or three times up and down that long walk where the walkers seem to congregate for the amusement of the people in chairs. He has performed the process with some impatience, having no object in view apart from being stared at. But his glances right and left are evidently not rewarded by the sight of some persons of whom he seems to be in quest, and after mingling for a few minutes with the crowd on the grass he turns away as if for the purpose of being alone. His mood is plainly not a pleasant one, and he seems preoccupied to an extent incompatible with enjoyment of the Zoological. So he sits under a tree and has an interview with himself—a very unsatisfactory interview, I should say, judging from his frowns and occasional ejaculations. It would end in a violent quarrel, I have no doubt, but for a diversion caused by the appearance of a stranger.

Harry Doncaster, being rather slender in figure than otherwise, did not occupy the entire seven or eight feet of the bench upon which he had chosen to rest; so the stranger availed himself of the vacant accommodation. This stranger was one of the most agreeable persons you ever beheld. He was not a fat man, but he was certainly a plump man, with a beaming, radiant presence, confirmed by his face, which was so happy and healthy, smiling and benevolent, as to be irresistibly attractive. A sanguine complexion and sandy hair may have had something to do with the prevailing effect, but the genial nature of the stranger shone especially in his eyes.

Harry Doncaster, preoccupied though he was, could not avoid notice of these characteristics, so when the stranger spoke to him he did not resent the intrusion, but showed himself to be favorably impressed.

"You do not remember me, Captain Doncaster?" said the stranger.

Captain Doncaster could not dispute the proposition. The stranger continued;

"No doubt you do not; you were a small boy when we used to meet. But I was well acquainted with your father, the late viscount—was, I may say, his friend, and had the pleasure of obliging him in many ways. Always happy to do it, too, having the greatest respect for him and the family. Besides, it's always better to make friends than enemies, and every man has it in his power to do some good in his generation if he only has his heart in the right place."

Harry Doncaster was charmed to hear such generous sentiments, and professed some hereditary gratitude for the services rendered to his father, not that he knew their nature, but he guessed that they might have been of a pecuniary character.

"You *do* remember my name, I dare say," pursued his obliging neighbor—"Matthew Hardcastle."

Harry Doncaster thought he remembered it—was not sure—yes, he certainly—it seemed familiar to him—he must have heard it at home when he was young.

"Ah! I thought you had not forgotten my name, at any rate," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a pleasant chuckle; "and now let me tell you why I have recalled myself to your recollection. Frankly, I wish to render you a service. There is too little sympathy in this world between man and man; we ought all to do more for one another than we do; the curse of the world is selfishness."

"My dear sir," said Harry Doncaster, "it is charming to hear you express such noble sentiments, but I am not aware in what manner you can do me a service. I am full of troubles, but they are of a nature very difficult to provide for, and a stranger——"

"Not a stranger," interrupted Mr. Hardcastle, taking Harry's hand and grasping it with much warmth; "say a friend. It is indeed in my power to render you a service, and fortunately it is not necessary to test my friendliness by any sacrifice on my own part. The service I am able to render you will cost me nothing.—On the contrary, I shall be a gainer by conferring an obligation in another quarter, not a pecuniary obligation of course. What I mean is that I shall gain the lasting gratitude of the family of one of my oldest friends, and that is payment to me enough. Nobody ever said that Matt Hardcastle ever did a good action only for money, though that perhaps is no merit of mine. I don't know what I might have done had I been poor, and we must always be charitable to the errors of needy men. Happily I have always been beyond the reach of temptation."

"You puzzle me," said Captain Doncaster, who thought that his new friend would indeed be a clever fellow if he could do anything *for him*. But he remembered that he had read of equally wonderful things in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"Now, let me be frank with you," Mr. Hardcastle continued. "I know your position, at the present moment to be one of great embarrassment. I know that you have for years past spent a great deal more than your income. You have had expectations, doubtless, and were justified in so doing; but these expectations have not been realized as yet, and you have no time to wait for them. I know that besides a—if I may so call it—somewhat reckless personal expenditure, pardonable in a young man of family belonging to an expensive regiment, you have been unfortunate in horses and have dropped a little at cards. You have met debts of honor by contracting legal obligations. There are some of them considerably over due, and unless—in the immortal words of our friend Micawber—'something turns up' for you, you may be considered in the light of a ruined man."

Harry was obliged to own that this was but too faithful a picture of his state and prospects in life; but he expressed some surprise that Mr. Hardcastle should have arrived at so accurate a knowledge of his condition.

"Never mind how I came to know it," said that gentleman in his most genial manner; "I know a great many things about a great many people that they little suspect. The fact is that I have rather a speciality for doing friendly offices for people in my humble way, and such cases reach my ears sooner than they reach those of most men. Now there is only one way of extricating yourself from your difficulties, and that one way is—marriage."

Harry Doncaster was deeply disappointed at the nature of the remedy proposed. As if he had never thought of it before! Why, it is the first idea that occurs to every spendthrift who is hard pressed. Harry did not avow this contemptuous opinion, however, but contented himself with saying—

"I am much obliged, my dear sir, for your suggestion, and I must confess it had occurred to me before. But there has always been this difficulty in the way. I have a prejudice against marrying a woman I don't like, and I have hitherto been unable to combine the necessary conditions. When I have liked, or fancied that I have liked, a girl, she has always turned out to be without a penny, and richer than myself only through having no debts. On the other hand, women with fortunes sufficiently large to enable them to take me, debts and all, have always been objectionable persons one way or another, besides being mostly cads. Indeed, women in my own rank of life are not to be had under the conditions, and I have never found any with money enough whom I cared even to ask. I am not very particular about grade, but in any grade I have always met with the same difficulty. As for selling myself entirely for the benefit of my creditors, I have not quite arrived at that pitch of heroism. Of the two, I prefer the creditors to the kind of wife I could get—they may ruin me, but they cannot force me to suffer my ruin in their society."

"But if I could introduce you to a lady whom you would be sure to like?"

"Thank you very much, my dear sir," joined Harry Doncaster, somewhat decidedly, and getting rather red in the face, "I have reasons, at the present time, for not being prepared to make the experiment."

"An attachment already formed, eh? Excuse me—I am an older man than you—for asking the question. It is so, I see by your face. No doubt it does you honor, and so do all the sentiments you have expressed. It is something strange to meet with the finer feelings in a man who has passed through your career. But supposing that I could assist you with the object of your choice?"

"My dear sir, I have not told you that I have any choice, and I repent——"

"Now, my dear friend, don't make a stranger of me, who only wish to oblige you. It is just possible that your choice—or shall I call it your fancy?—is but a few days old."

"You are certainly determined, Mr. Hardcastle, to know as much as I know myself."

"It is not improbable that you never yet spoke to the lady?"

"Mr. Hardcastle, I——"

"That you do not even know her name?"

"You are most determined in your interrogatories."

"That you never saw her but once—at a ball?"

"Well, you evidently know something about it," said Harry Doncaster, his first instinct of resentment appeased as he found his obliging friend really as well informed as he pretended to be.

"Supposing, then, as I have said, I could introduce you to the lady in question."

"You would indeed please me, but I know not to what it could lead. To tell you the truth, I came here on purpose to see her; but even had I seen her I should scarcely have ventured to introduce myself, for I have no right to suppose that either she or her family desired to meet me, and the only excuse I had for intruding I have somehow lost."

"You have lost the glove, then?"

"And you know about the glove!"

"Yes. I agree with you that they were not likely to advertise for such a very unimportant article, and it would certainly be strange if they advertised for you."

"That is just what occurred to me. And you have seen the advertisement too?"

"Well, I have heard about it. But you won't want the glove if I present you myself."

Harry Doncaster could not withstand the temptation; and in a few minutes the pair were in the midst of the promenaders, and peering in every direction among the occupants of the much-coveted chairs.

* * * * * * *

I left the Surbiton party taking their rest, and being joined by a stranger. You may guess who it was—Mr. Shorncliffe, of course.

Mr. Shorncliffe rushed in where Captain Doncaster feared to tread; but he considered himself the lesser fool of the two on that account, and I suppose he was in the right.

Lifting his hat with a half-recognition of the ladies, this enterprising gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Surbiton, who rose from his seat with a certain air of deference; for Mr. Shorncliffe's manners were imposing—to Mr. Surbiton, at any rate.

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you here," said Mr. Shorncliffe, with composed audacity, "in obedience to your hint."

"My hint, sir!" replied Mr. Surbiton, surprised out of his politeness. "What do you mean?"

"Mean, sir! Is it possible that you have forgotten the Plungers'—the Dragoon Guards' ball at Brighton, and the advertisement in the *South Down Reporter? I am the finder of the glove.*"

The latter communication was conveyed in a low, confidential tone, as if it bore the weight of a state secret. Poor Mr. Surbiton was sorely perplexed. As soon as he could find words to reply, he said:

"Ball! Yes, I remember the ball, and a very dull affair it was. But what the deuce you mean by the advertisement and the glove I can't say. You must take me for somebody else, or have gone clean out of your senses."

And here the horrible idea seized upon Mr. Surbiton that he had to do with a lunatic of a dangerous kind; so, with a precautionary instinct as creditable to him as his promptitude of action, he seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, covered himself with it, and covered the ladies with it, while awaiting a further demonstration on the other side.

The attitude was so unusual at the Zoological as to attract the attention of several bystanders; but they were well-bred persons, and did not precipitate a scene. The ladies, if not alarmed, felt very awkwardly placed, and Mrs. Surbiton told her husband in quiet but commanding tones to resume his seat, and hear what the gentleman had to say.

"I can assure you, sir," continued Mr. Shorncliffe, rather amused than otherwise, and speaking round the chair for the benefit of the ladies, "that I am not a madman, but am most pleasantly in my senses, and that I have intruded myself upon you simply because I supposed you desired my presence."

The explanation seemed at least reasonable, so Mr. Surbiton was persuaded to drop his defence and take his seat upon it—a pacific movement which satisfied the bystanders that there was nothing the matter; so they moved off, and an apparently promising scandal was nipped in the bud.

"The gentleman will tell you, I dare say, if you ask him," said Mrs. Surbiton severely to her husband, "what he means by the advertisement."

"Well, what do you mean?" said Mr. Surbiton, sulkily.

"I mean the announcement which appeared on Friday in the *Southdown Reporter*," said Mr. Shorncliffe, taking from his pocket the paragraph in question, which he had taken the precaution to cut out.

Mr. Surbiton read the announcement with amazement; then he handed it to Mrs. Surbiton, who read it and looked scandalized; then Mrs. Surbiton handed it to Miss Surbiton, who read it—and laughed.

The latter lady was the first to express her views on the subject.

"If it relates to us, mamma, it must be intended as a piece of fun—though not such fun as a friend would practice upon us. I certainly dropped one of my gloves as we were going out; but nobody could suppose that we should advertise for such a thing as that; and I, at any rate, saw nobody pick it up."

"I had that honor," said Mr. Shorncliffe, not quite so assuredly as before, and addressing himself still to Mr. Surbiton, though with reference to the young lady, "and seeing the advertisement, I was naturally under the impression that—that—there was a desire to communicate with me."

"Then your impression was mistaken," said Mr. Surbiton, recovering his self-possession as he began to understand the question at issue. "We know nothing about the advertisement here; somebody has been making a fool of you."

Mr. Shorncliffe began to think that he had at least been making a fool of himself, and sincerely wished that he had left Doncaster to perform his legitimate part in the affair.

"Shall I at least perform the commission which I have so innocently undertaken, and restore——"

Mrs. Surbiton here interposed, and stopped the movement which the speaker was making towards his pocket.

"On no account—such a proceeding could not be permitted in public, with the eyes of the world upon us, and nobody here requires the glove."

"If the gentleman had found the little ring I lost the same evening I should be obliged to him," said Miss Surbiton.

But Mr. Shorncliffe had unfortunately not found a ring.

"At least," said that gentleman, as he made a movement to depart, "I hope that I shall be acquitted of having taken a part in what seems a very silly hoax. My name, which I dare say is not unknown to Mr. Surbiton, should be some guarantee of my honorable motives."

And here Mr. Shorncliffe handed his card to the gentleman whom he addressed. The latter glanced at it, and his manner changed immediately.

"Bless me!—Mr. Shorncliffe! Are you of the house of Grampus, Shorncliffe & Co., of Lombard street?"

"I am a partner in that firm."

"My bankers. Then you are at least a respectable person. My dear sir, I am very glad to see you. This business of the advertisement is evidently a mistake—some foolery of those military coxcombs. I am very sorry that you have been imposed on. Grampus, Shorncliffe & Co.—first rate house—know some of the partners. You don't know me, I dare say."

"Your name, I have no doubt, is known to me," replied Mr. Shorncliffe, with renewed confidence at the turn which the conversation had taken.

"My name is Surbiton, sir. Do you know me now?" I have had an account at your bank—and, I flatter myself, never an unsatisfactory balance—for the last twenty years."

"There is no name I know better—none more honored in the firm—than yours. I am proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Surbiton."

"And I am proud to make yours; though I must confess I thought at first you were a swindler. Never mind—mistakes will happen. And now I know who you are, let me introduce you to my wife and daughter."

The wife and daughter duly acknowledged the introduction—neither of them, however, with any unnecessary graciousness; for Mrs. Surbiton, now that her husband had retired, "did not approve of people in business," and Miss Surbiton did not find herself taking much interest in the person upon short notice. However, Shorncliffe had gained his point, and, attaching himself sagaciously to the quarter where he had made an impression, he talked "City" to Mr. Surbiton with such success as to fairly win that gentleman's heart.

The afternoon, which was young when they entered the gardens, had been middle-aged for some time past, and now showed signs of growing old. On every side people were seeking social safety in flight. Chairs—that sure test of the Zoological market—which had so lately been at a high premium, were now at a miserable discount. There had been no transactions in seats, indeed, except in leaving them, for the last half-hour, and those comforting securities exhibited not only a downwald tendency, but a rapid state of decline. I am indebted for this playful metaphor to Mr. Shorncliffe, who employed it in his conversation with Mr. Surbiton with such effect as to make that gentleman regard him as the most witty person he had ever met in the whole course of his life. Mrs. Surbiton, whose sympathies were wedded to the West-End, scarcely disguised her disgust at this kind of pleasantry; while Miss Surbiton, with whom the West-End was an open question, had a very small opinion of the wit, for the young-lady-like reason that she did not care about the individual.

"And now, my boy"—it was my boy by this time—said Mr. Surbiton to his new acquaintance, "you are leaving this place of course. Which way are you going? Westward, of course—everybody goes westward. Take a seat in our carriage. You have your own? Never mind—may as well drive with us—just room—tell your man to follow—take my wife out like a good fellow."

So Mr. Shorncliffe gave his escort to Mrs. Surbiton, and Mr. Surbiton followed with his daughter.

* * * * * * *

It was at this juncture that Mr. Matthew Hardcastle and Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster encountered the party—just in time to be too late.

Harry was disgusted at the perfidy of his friend.

"Never mind," said his genial companion; "they have not seen us, and we shall have plenty of time to give him checkmate to-morrow. If we do not castle his queen—Hardcastle his queen, I may say, ha! ha! ha!—never believe me again."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

"TWENTY YEARS."

Beg your pardon, old fellow; I think
I was dreaming just now, when you spoke;
The fact is, the musical clink
Of the ice on your wine goblet's brink
A chord of my memory woke.

And I stood in the pasture-field, where,
Twenty summers ago I had stood;
And I heard in that sound, I declare,
The clinking of bells on the air
Of the cows coming home from the wood.

Then the apple-blooms shook on the hill;
And the mullen stalks tilted each lance;
And the sun behind Rapalyo's mill
Was my uttermost west, and could thrill
Like the Ultima Thule of romance.

Then my friend was a hero, and then
My girl was an angel. In fine,
I drank buttermilk, for at ten
Faith asks less to aid her, than when
At thirty we doubt over wine.

Ah well, it does not seem that I must
Have been dreaming, just now, when you spoke,
Or lost very like in the dust
Of the years that slow fashioned the crust,
On the bottle whose seal you last broke.

Twenty years was its age, did you say?
Twenty years? Ah, my friend, it is true!
All the dreams that have flown since that day,
All the hopes in that time passed away,
Old friend, I've been drinking with you!

The Autocrats of the Press.

BY S. S. RANDALL.

In Great Britain, where, for centuries past, king, lords and commons have constituted the government, the Press has long since come to be regarded as the "Fourth Estate." With us, where the Third Estate—the commons—are merely the representatives and interpreters of the popular will—where the people themselves are the kings, lords and commons—the Press—the organ which, with its innumerable pipes—concentrates and intensifies the public sentiment, directs its energies, and pronounces its decrees—has assumed the dignity of the First Estate. It is the "power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself." It makes and unmakes presidents, cabinet ministers, senators, representatives, judges, and governors. It dictates the domestic and foreign policy of the government; directs and controls the councils of statesmen, legislators and politicians, and pervades, through its omnipresent influence, the entire fabric of society. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to glance at a few of those master spirits who have wielded this powerful weapon—organized victory, directed and guided revolutions, changed dynasties, dispensed greatness, station and wealth, set up and displaced presidents and governors, and attained to an almost supreme dominion over that public opinion which underlies all our institutions.

The first in point of time who, in our own country, seized upon this mighty truncheon, and effectively and decisively brought it to bear against tyranny and oppression, was John Peter Zenger, who, in 1733, a few years after Franklin had commenced the publication of his first newspaper, established the New York *Weekly Journal*, during the administration of the English Governor Cosby, and in opposition to the government organ, the New York *Gazette*, edited by William Bradford. For his fearless and scathing denunciation of the oppression, corruption and venality of Cosby, Zenger was prosecuted for libel, thrown into prison, treated with the utmost cruelty, the names of his counsel struck from the rolls, and he himself subjected to every indignity which the ingenuity of power could inflict. Through the exertions of his friends, the services of the venerable Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, then eighty-years of age, one of the most distinguished advocates of the period, were secured in his behalf, and through his eloquence and intrepidity a verdict of acquittal was rendered, in defiance of every effort on the part of the crown, with its vast patronage and power, to crush him in its giant grasp. This was the first great victory of the people, through their chosen champion, over their haughty and insolent oppressors; and their triumphant shouts and acclamations, as the victorious Hamilton was borne from the hall on their shoulders, sounded the key-note of that slogan which a few years later proclaimed Liberty and Independence.

Who can over-estimate the effects produced upon the patriotic enthusiasm of the country, prior to, and during the Revolutionary struggle, by the clarion peals of Franklin's Philadelphia *Press*, Holt's New York *Gazette*, Isaiah Thomas's *Massachusetts Spy*, the Boston *Gazette*, *News-Letter*, *Post-Boy*, Newport *Mercury*, and *Massachusetts Gazette*? The Constitution of the United States may be said to owe its existence to the powerful essays of Hamilton, Madison and Jay, in the columns of the *Independent Journal*, New York *Packet*, *Daily Advertiser and Journal*. At a subsequent period James Cheetham, of the *American Citizen*, and Dr. Irving, of the *Morning Chronicle*, held in their hands the balance of political power between the Democracy, represented by DeWitt Clinton, and the Federalists and Republicans, represented by Hamilton and Burr. Harry Crosswell, of the *Balance*, published at Hudson, and afterwards transferred to Albany, long exerted a commanding influence in behalf of the Federalists.

But the autocratic power of the Press soon became concentrated in a succession of highly gifted individuals, who wielded, for the time being, an undivided and almost unlimited empire over the respective parties whose flag they unfurled, and not unfrequently held in their hands the political destinies of the State and Nation. From a personal acquaintance, extending some fifty years back, with each of these distinguished men, I propose in this article to sketch some of their leading peculiarities, while giving a brief outline of their political career.

Solomon Southwick, editor and proprietor of the *Albany Register*, and printer to the State from 1803 to 1815, was a native of Newport, Rhode Island, and a son of the patriotic editor of the *Newport Mercury*. He commenced his career at twelve years of age as cook to a Cape Cod fishing company, subsequently became a baker's apprentice in Newport, went on board a coasting vessel as a common sailor, from whence, in due time, he emerged as a printer's boy in the New York establishment of Charles Holt and Mathew L. Davis. He then joined his brother-in-law, John Barber, then printer to the State, and editor of the *Albany Register*, first as a journeyman and then as a partner, and on the death of Mr. Barber succeeded to the ownership of that paper, then the organ of the Democratic party in the State. At this period Mr. Southwick is described by Judge Hammond, in his "Political History of New York," as a young man, elegant and prepossessing in his personal appearance, of ardent feelings and fascinating manners. He was a most zealous Democrat. His intercourse with his acquaintance was frank and cordial. He was warm in his friendships and magnanimous and generous to his enemies. These qualities soon procured him a powerful influence with the members of the Legislature and the Republican party in general. He held for several years the position of Clerk of the Assembly, and in 1809 was appointed Sheriff of Albany county. "At that time," observes Mr. Hammond, "Mr. Southwick's popularity and influence were sufficient to command almost any office within the gift of the Republican (Democratic) party."

In 1811 he became the first President of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Albany. "He was now"—we quote again from Mr. Hammond—"in the zenith of his power and prosperity, and possessed a most commanding influence over the Democratic New York public. He was printer to the State, and the State patronage was throwing into his coffers gold in unmeasured quantities; and now the influence and power of a popular Bank was placed in his hands." DeWitt Clinton was then the favorite leader of the Republican or Democratic party, which had a large majority in the Legislature, and a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Madison. Mr. Southwick was devotedly attached to his political fortunes, and possessed the most abundant means for their promotion. He enlisted himself warmly and with his accustomed energy in the coming political campaign, and at the same time engaged in forwarding the views of a large number of wealthy capitalists, in the city of New York, in the establishment of a mammoth bank, known as the Bank of America, with a capital of six millions of dollars, destined to take the place of the Bank of the United States at Philadelphia, whose charter was about expiring. The charter was obtained, but charges of bribery and corruption were preferred against Mr. Southwick and some of his associates, upon which they were subsequently tried and acquitted, after a full investigation of the facts.

From this period, however, his ascendancy as a political leader gradually waned. He was defeated in 1814 as a candidate for State Senator, removed from office as State printer, and in his pecuniary affairs became hopelessly insolvent. To enable him, in some measure, to satisfy the pressing claims of his creditors, he was appointed through their interest, and that of his remaining friends, Postmaster at Albany, which position he retained until 1821, when, becoming again a defaulter, he was removed. He then established an agricultural paper, under the title of the *Ploughboy*, which after a few years was abandoned for that of the *National Democrat*, which was equally short-lived. In 1829 he took the field as a self-nominated candidate for

Governor, against Judge Yates, and in 1828 was the candidate of the Anti-masonic party for the same position—but in both cases without success. During this period he became the editor of an anti-masonic newspaper in Albany, under the title of the *National Observer*, which soon became merged in the *Evening Journal*, and Mr. Southwick now retired from the political field, and devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, public lectures, and the conduct of a weekly periodical published in Albany, entitled the *Family Newspaper*.

He become also deeply interested in the cause of education. His "Address at the Opening of the Albany Apprentices' Library"—an institution to the establishment of which his exertions materially contributed—is an earnest, impassioned and eloquent appeal upon this great subject, and secured for him the most gratifying tributes of applause and admiration from the ablest statesmen and most distinguished philanthropists at home and abroad. Wilberforce commended it as one of the highest efforts of comprehensive benevolence. Jefferson, the elder Adams and Monroe, expressed to him and others their exalted admiration of his character and efforts in this great field. This address was, indeed, a masterly production—overflowing with an energy, a pathos, and an eloquence which only such a subject, in the hands of such a man, could have elicited.

Of the causes, immediate or remote, personal or political, which led to the final overthrow of Mr. Southwick's influence, as the great and acknowledged leader of a triumphant party, and which brought in their train the loss of that immense fortune which, during so many years he had toiled most industriously and faithfully to acquire, we have neither inclination nor room here to speak. His enemies—and a man of his peculiar caste of character, basking for so long a period in the full and uninterrupted sunshine of personal and political prosperity, and exercising so potent an influence, could not choose but surround himself with strong and powerful enemies—have, it is true, arraigned him upon serious and weighty charges; and the verdict of substantial acquittal pronounced by his peers has been questioned by those more intimately familiar with the facts and circumstances involved in the indictment. The compulsory retirement, however, from the familiar arena of political strife, where he had so long reigned as a legitimate monarch, conferring honors and dispensing favors—with a ruined fortune and blasted expectations—especially when due allowance is made for the splendid qualities which fitted him to adorn the highest public stations—was surely a retribution sufficiently severe for whatever failings or short-comings were laid to his charge. Peace to his ashes! He died suddenly of disease of the heart, in the summer of 1839, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, while returning with his wife from an evening visit to a neighbor.

Immediately on the compulsory abdication of Mr. Southwick from his seat of political power as the Democratic leader, Jesse Buel, favorably known for many years as editor of the *Plebeian*, in Ulster County, was elevated to the vacant chair. In the summer of 1813 he established the Albany *Argus*, which became at once the recognized organ of the Democratic or Republican party, and was soon afterwards appointed printer to the State in place of Mr. Southwick. The failure of Mr. Clinton to displace President Madison had alienated from him the regards of the Democracy, and Governor Tompkins, then in the height of his popularity, became its "favorite son." After his election to the Vice-Presidency, however, which took place in 1817, Mr. Clinton again regained the ascendancy, was elected Governor by an almost unanimous vote, and re-elected in 1820 after a severe contest with Vice-President Tompkins, who was again the Democratic candidate. During all this period the *Argus* upheld the Democratic banner, and its editor, though not a man of brilliant talents or superior ability, exercised a powerful influence in the well contested political field. He was an amiable, large-hearted, most agreeable man—plain and unassuming in his manners, an able writer, and in later life passionately fond of his magnificent farm and its inseparable adjunct, his long clay pipe, with whose soothing influence, with characteristic perseverance, he would not dispense, even while presiding at agricultural and political conventions.

After a brief interregnum, during which the *Argus* was under the control of Messrs. Cantine and Leake, successors to Mr. Buel, Edwin Croswell, then a young printer in Catskill, on the death of Mr. Cantine, in 1823, became a joint proprietor and editor of the paper, and, with Mr. Leake, was appointed State printer. Mr. Croswell was a modest, unassuming, gentlemanly young man, of a cool temperament, unambitious, and though not distrustful of his own abilities as a writer and a politician, sincerely averse to abandoning his quiet and agreeable position as a country editor for the burdensome responsibilities of the leading Democratic organ of the State. Never, however, was the confidence of his political friends more thoroughly justified by the event than in the choice they had thus made. The *Argus* became, at once, under his management, one of the ablest and most influential journals of the country. Cool, cautious, wary and circumspect, its editor never lost his balance, never erred in his sagacious prescience of the future or his shrewd estimate of the present, never permitted himself to become involved in angry or personal controversies, or to lose sight for a moment of the great interests intrusted to his charge. During the palmy days of the celebrated "Albany Regency," when Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, Azariah C. Flagg, William L. Marcy, Benjamin Knower, James Porter and John A. Dix wielded the unquestioned power of the State, and Andrew Jackson reigned in arbitrary supremacy at Washington, Mr. Croswell, as the executive organ of this powerful combination, guided and controlled, with matchless skill and efficiency, the serried cohorts of the multitudinous Democracy which received its law from their mandates and carried into immediate effect its decisions. Woe to the unfortunate and ill-advised wight who dared to question their authority or appeal from their verdict! Governor or senator, representative or judge, however high his station, or brilliant his talents, or promising his prospects, sentence of ostracism was passed upon him, and the places which knew him once speedily knew him no more for ever! Such was the fate of the eloquent but eccentric Van Duzer—so passed into hopeless banishment the gifted but imprudent Hubbell. Unquestioning obedience was uniformly exacted, and almost uniformly given; and not until the rural or metropolitan politician had carefully scanned his morning's *Argus* was there any safety in declaring his conviction. And quietly and demurely, with downcast eyes and quick, glancing observation, glided through the corridors of the Capitol, Congress Hall, the Eagle Tavern, and American Hotel, the inscrutable oracle and interpreter of the Regency—the autocrat, for the time being, of the Press!

For fifteen years thus reigned the dynasty of the "Albany Regency." The illustrious Clinton had passed from the stage he had so brilliantly adorned, the "great magician" had finished his career in the Senate—had presided over its deliberations—and had ascended the Presidential chair, Marcy had completed his third gubernatorial term, when a rival power slowly emerged from the horizon, and that of the Regency and its prestige, and its Council of State, and its prime minister had fallen! The indomitable Democracy no longer triumphed. Thurlow Weed was king. Seward and Spencer, and Ruggles and Bradish, and Patterson and Willis Hall, and Kit Morgan and Bates Cooke occupied the executive and legislative mansions, and the courts of the Regency were deserted. A new reign was inaugurated. The White House had given place to the Log Cabin. All was changed. The revolution had come!

Thurlow Weed commenced his editorial career at Norwich, in Chenango County, in 1817, having purchased of John E. Hubbard, father of the present Senator Hubbard, his interest in the *Norwich Journal*. Some misunderstanding as to the terms of the bargain having occurred, the journal was continued by Mr. Hubbard, in the interest of the democracy, and Mr. Weed established an opposition journal in the interest of Mr. Clinton, under the euphonious title of *The Republican Agriculturist*. A violent controversy immediately ensued between the rival editors, and a splendid field presented itself for the exercise of their combative skill. After achieving a decisive victory in the political campaign of 1820, Mr. Weed, with scanty supply of pecuniary treasure, transferred his household gods, consisting of a wife and two small children, to Manlius, in Onondaga County, whence, after a brief interval of editorial labor, he repaired to Rochester, where he again unfurled the Clintonian banner to such popular acceptance that in 1825 he found himself a representative from Monroe in the State Legislature. Mounting with great agility the anti-masonic hobby, and skilfully directing his course with the pervading popular sentiment of the "Great West" of that exciting period, he was in 1830 transferred, little dreaming of his future fame, to Albany, as the editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, then displaying the anti-masonic colors at its mast. At the period of his accession to embryo power he was serving for the second term as a member of the Legislature from Monroe. Gallantly and fearlessly breasting the storm of red-hot shot incessantly hurled for eight long years from the formidable and well-served batteries of the "Regency," victory at length perched upon his banners—and on one stormy, dreary, and desolate November day in 1838, amid the fiercest "pelting of the pitiless storm," came to the capital tidings of the Waterloo defeat sustained by the Democracy, hailed by triumphant shouts of "Long live the drummer boy! Down with the Regency! Up with the dictator! Long live King Thurlow!"

And thus the "Dictator"—"long, lank and anti-masonic looking"—ascended the throne, assumed the gorgeous paraphernalia of power, and entered upon vigorous preparations for dispensing to his victorious followers the long-coveted and well-earned spoils of empire.

Most assuredly no greater contrast could be conceivable than that which existed between this huge, ill-compacted, frank, hearty, homely and genial man, and the slender, graceful, thoughtful, quiet, retiring, and silent Aga of the Democratic Janizaries, whose star was now so ignominiously paling, and whose well-worn banner was trailing in the dust. No more implicit obedience now! No more secret councils—red-leaved "vermillion edicts" of political court-martials—inappealable ostracisms—sacrifices upon the bloody altar of St. Tammany! All is fair and above board. Every officer and private of the "Grand army of occupation," down even to the "drummer boys," shall freely prefer his claim—and the "old man," *primus inter pares*, indeed, but willing and able to take his share or do without, as may best comport with the general good—will take his "slate" and inscribe thereon the decree of destiny—here, openly, before you all, to be ratified and confirmed at your own proper peril! More than this, he will demand of you not only to be just but generous—aye, even magnanimous. "*Vae victis!*" We will not deny it—but even "*victis*" shall not go without a slight modicum of bread from our well-furnished garners, for old acquaintance and friendship's sake, provided always that "*victis*," when comfortably fed and warmed, sting not his benefactor! "The law allows it and the court awards it." Judge Advocate Spencer and Provender Marshal Christopher shall see to the execution of this decree!

Thus jovially and beneficently reigns Autocrat Thurlow—no man forbidding. From time to time, as the years roll on, the "slate" becomes plethoric—often complicated and unmanageable—requires revision, correction, even "rubbing out" and reconstruction. The "old man" is not seldom overburdened with claims upon his "distinguished consideration." The rooms and ante-rooms and corridors of the palace are crowded—applicants patiently waiting for an interview, however brief. One by one the honor is accorded. All retire satisfied—if not bread, then the prospect of a speedy supply—in no event a stone. Then the brief interval of quiet is filled up by those short, incisive, pungent, telling editorials, so gratifying to the appreciative taste of old Father Franklin, as he sits there in their van with his reflective finger on his spectacled brow. These duly forwarded, the cheerful lights of the spacious parlors reflect the radiant countenances of hosts of warm and genial friends—the sparkling glasses circulate freely—the juicy oysters are enjoyed—"good talk" is the order of the evening—Seward finally enters upon the relation of that wonderful "dream" of his, and an adjournment is speedily effected.

Surely no more genial "Dictator" ever administered the affairs of government than this! The long-neglected son of poverty and hardship—conversant all his life with unrequited labor and struggling aspirations—loving his kind with fraternal affection, and knowing no enjoyment greater than that of beneficence—now that he is liberally dispensing wealth, power, station, affluence to others, asks nothing—will take nothing for himself beyond the bare necessaries of life. True, he is, in his turn, State printer—that, or the lion's share of that, at least, must go to the Whites—noble, whole-souled fellows—but for them old Ben could not greet us duly every evening with his cheerful face. Wealth flows in upon us with liberal profusion; are not our door-stones worn with the punctual feet of the poor, the destitute, the suffering, the afflicted—even the vagabond? The executive mansion may be attained by a word—by a hint. Let Seward keep that for the present—Bradish, Patterson, and Hunt, must take their innings. The legislative halls stand invitingly open—we will keep the "slate" and talk with our representatives from the rural districts—perhaps they may be able to do something for our good friends whose "porridge-pots" have so long been up and are not yet filled. The mayoralty—keep that for our little friend Frank Townsend, who will gracefully do its honors. We will take a trip to Europe with Archbishop Hughes, and return refreshed and invigorated for the Presidential campaign. Seward will need our help!

For a period of nearly a quarter of a century, extending from 1835 to 1860, Mr. Weed virtually controlled the destinies of the Whig and Republican party. Its entire policy was from time to time marked out by his sagacity, foresight and prudence—its principal offices were at his disposal—its counsels were uniformally directed by him, and its career was eminently successful. Mr. Seward was, however, his chief favorite—his accession to the Presidency the magnet to which every important measure pointed—and when, by the preference accorded by the great mass of the party to Mr. Lincoln in 1860, that abiding hope was lost, the great heart of the veteran editor was effectually withdrawn from the political battle-field. From that time his interest flagged and drooped—his counsels and agency were no longer felt to be desirable or efficacious—his strength had departed—and with the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the accession of Mr. Seward to the State Department, his connection with public affairs terminated. Other men succeeded, but none to his influence or power. The autocracy became an aristocracy: and Dawson and Greeley, Bryant and the lamented Raymond filled his place at the Republican headquarters, as did Cassidy, the Brookes, Bennett and Marble that of Croswell in the camp of the Democracy. Both these ancient rivals in the government of men and guidance of the State are now in the enjoyment of that *olium cum dignitate* so congenial to their temperament and conducive to their happiness in the placid evening of their busy lives.

Among the undoubted "Autocrats of the Press" a brief allusion must be made, in conclusion, to the venerable Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington, and his contemporary and rival for half a century, Thomas Ritchie, of the Richmond *Enquirer*. Both have long since gone to their rest; but during almost the entire existence of the Government, up to the period of their death, they exerted a powerful influence over the respective political parties to which they were attached, and, this influence was not confined to the limits of the State or district in which they resided. It was eminently, and in every sense of the word, national. Mr. Ritchie was the leading champion of the National Democracy, while Mr. Gales was uniformly found in the opposition. It was my fortune to meet them both in 1849, at a dinner party given by the late Commodore Catesby Jones, at his residence in Fairfax County, Virginia, at which Governor Marcy, then Secretary of War, and John Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, were present, with others. Strange as it may seem, these two distinguished guests met on this occasion for the first time, and their mutual greetings were hearty and most interesting to those who for so long a period had been familiar with their career. They had been life-long foes; but their stalwart contests had been honorably and courteously waged; and no sentiment had been uttered by either which could give personal pain to the other. They were emphatically the Chevalier Bayards of the Press—*sans peur et sans reproche*. At this time both were in the decline of life—hale, however, hearty and vigorous. They had both "done the State some service, and they knew it." Their lives had been devoted to what they each deemed the best interests of their country, and the retrospect from its evening declination was cheerful and happy.—*Packard's Monthly for October.*

All's Well that Ends Well.

Some years ago, I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault—he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work, sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweller, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th instant; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last you will have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skilful hand the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris: what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweler went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk, and by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words, "lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him (without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweller. "Why don't you answer? Have you drank all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured: "It—is—lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well! tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried: "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was a *coup de grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweller, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him; and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable."

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin, you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a week. With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, sir, that though I have been a drunkard, I am not a thief."

"I believe you," replied the jeweller. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well! will that suit you?"

"Oh yes sir! only tell me once more that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man—in fact I prove it by trusting you with more work."

"Yes, sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits."

Montin kept his word—he rose early and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river, which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly his eye was attracted by something glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

"It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said he: "but how shall I reach it! If it were to fall! But no, I will take every precaution; not too fast! let me consider well!"

At this moment his employer entered the room.

"Oh, sir," cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweller.

"My diamond, or rather yours. Ah, do not touch it, we shall lose it forever."

"It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us, but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone. Montin, hardly daring to breathe, watched all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last his efforts were crowned with success, and he cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amount?"

"Leave it in your hands, sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jeweller.

This was the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewellers in Paris.

"WAITER," said a fastidious gentleman, exhibiting a singular looking object on the soup-ladle; "waiter, do you know what this is?" "That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find them in the soup. No extra charge, sir."

SINCE the police have been allowed to grow beards, Mary, the cook, looks on Policeman X with greater favor, as each day makes him more her suitor (more hirsuter).

WHY is the sofa that your father is sitting on like most railway stock? Because it is below par.

WHY is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.

(Written for the Leader.)

A LOCAL ITEM.

There was a Local Editor
Who loved a charming girl;
He admired her little pug nose,
Adored each golden curl.
The little brains this Local had
Were in an awful whirl.

Augusta Jane was in his mind
From morning until night,
They found her name in every proof
Of all he tried to write.
The sweet blue eyes and golden curls
Had turned his noddle quite.

At last this false Augusta Jane
Said to her Local true:
"My William dear, I think that I
Have had enough of you;
To cut this matter I will say
Good-bye, farewell, adieu."

"Augusta Jane," this Local cried,
"You whom I idolize,
If me you cruelly forsake
Myself I'll itemize.
Bereft of you, Augusta dear,
This life I do despise."

He wrote a long obituary
His mournful tale to tell,
To be set up with full-faced heads
In leaded nonpareil.
He wrote his funeral notice
And his epitaph as well.

And then this Local hanged himself
And with cruel life was done;
Augusta Jane cold poison took
Before the year was gone.
You may find the true particulars
In the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Sun*.

MORAL.

Now, all ye Local Editors,
From admiring flirts refrain;
Don't let blue eyes and yellow curls
Your manly hearts enchain;
Or they will make you into items
As did false Augusta Jane.

GEORGE FRASER.

Packing-Up.

We once knew a somewhat eccentric fellow, eccentric however on this point alone, who piqued himself on starting for his summer tour simply "as he stood." With a hat and an umbrella he would have cheerfully started for the Caucasus or Nova Scotia, if his whim took him there; he certainly did start with this somewhat meagre outfit for Moscow and the Calabrias. To use his own phrase, he "packed as he went along." A hand-bag was snatched at Dieppe, Paris yielded a razor and a tooth-brush, the necessaries of civilized repose got hitched on at Strasbourg, a comfortable wideawake marked his stay at Dresden, his railway rug bore the stamp of Viennese extraction. He would fling down his burden when he reached home again, and declare he needed no Murray. Every article of his accumulated belongings had its separate history: its memories and associations. As he unpacked his carpet-bag he unpacked his diary. The carpet-bag itself was one of the most notable events of his tour. Its desirableness had loomed upon him as he parted from the Italian lakes. Its necessity forced itself on him at Rome. "The idea struck me, as I stood on the Capitol," he would say, "that I must have a carpet-bag. At Naples, with the great blue circle of the bay before me, I saw it, I had it." The very incongruity of the collection, as it strewed the floor, framed itself into a sort of mosaic of his travels. There was a German heaviness about his overcoat, a Swiss force about his stick, an Italian grace in the loose splendors of his neck-tie, a Parisian precision in his gloves. "I am," he would comment reflectively, "all I have seen and heard." A certain cosmopolitan richness and variety was about the man when spring brought him home again. Like some olden conqueror, he brought back the spoils of every nation he had visited. "I have touched nothing," he would muse reflectively, "which has not served to adorn me." There was a new life, he would add, in coming thus naked into the world of travel. As a rule a man knows nothing of the real nature of the social forces which clothe and drape and dress him. He grows up in a circle of sartorial traditions, amidst a domestic ritual that prescribes the nature of his boots, amid mystic numbers that dictate the extent of his collarly and shirtly resources. The whistle of his train used to free this man from this oppressive despotism of routine. He started on a voyage, above all, of self-discovery. Every step brought him nearer to the decision of the great question over which judges shake their heads confounded, What is an essential part of a man's outfit? He came back defiant of a host of "unnecessaries," but with a grave and profound reverence for whatever time and trial had declared to be indispensable. And even above this scientific object there was in its highest intensity the pleasure of purchase. The world was turned for him into a Burlington Arcade, where his very conscience encouraged him to buy at each shop. It was in vain that one urged that all travellers bought, and spread before him the gems, the photographs, the nick-nackeries that had so swollen the bill of one's tour. There was little pleasure, he would reply, in purchases such as these, made avowedly as mementos, mere side-lights of travel; the true joy of purchase lay in the sense of necessity, and when in bowing to the yoke of necessity one drank all the joy of gaining an association. Moreover, no little fragmentary dips in nick-nackery shops could rival the completeness, the continuity of his acquisitions—the delight of bargaining rolling in, wave after wave, on this man's life.

It is not given to every man, of course, to ascend into such a seventh heaven of liberty as the heaven of our eccentric friend, and there were undoubtedly some of his hearers—especially those over forty—to whom many of his reflections seemed somewhat forced and unreal. But there were none who did not own that he had at any rate disposed satisfactorily of the purgatory through which common mortals pass into the paradise of a holiday ramble. He had no packing-up to do. It is only by a little quiet thought that we can realize what such a freedom means. No man in his sober senses ever deliberately contemplated packing-up, and then, having contemplated, set about it. We drift into it, we are lured into it, we are forced and driven into it. It is not till we have made our engagements, till we have written to distant hotels, till we have bought our Murray, till we have promised our wife, that the necessity of it dawns on us. We say the necessity of packing, because its æsthetic and contemplative side has long been familiar to us. We have elaborately discussed the question of costume with Jones at the Club. We have dawdled with him over the shelves of the well-known "Alpine Emporium." Jones has warned us sternly against the peril of taking too much. Then he has warned us as sternly against the folly of taking too little. We strive to remember the precise number of superfluous ounces that will inflict on us the cost of another mule. We plunge deeper and deeper into an abyss of doubt. "Take arnica with you, whatever you do," our friend counsels; and then he adds in a solemn whisper, "and don't forget a needle and thread." We know it isn't twice in our lives we cut our fingers, we know we couldn't sew a button on if we had a wilderness of needles and thread. Experienced travellers are indignant at our indecision, but there is a certain pleasure in it after all. So long as you are doubtful what to buy, you are master of the shop; the moment you have settled, all interest in your proceedings ceases. There is an infinitesimal amount of self-importance even in being an object of attention on the part of a shop-boy. As yet, indeed, packing has not really dawned on us. We are still dabbling our feet at the brink. The plunge comes when the question faces us "what do you really want?" All dreams of that portable bath that does for a mattress at night and a portmanteau in the morning die away. We dawdle no more over camp-stools that can be converted into Alpenstocks at the shortest notice. We summarily cut down the list of "necessaries" that our obsequious provider presents. We ask him, with impatient irony, whether he thinks a camp-train is to follow us. But it is long before we fairly face the voice that asks us what we "really want." We stop our ears, we fly, we dally with the call as long as possible. But possibility has its limits, and the time comes when we must "settle." We stand amidst the ruins of our wardrobe. A chaos of coats and boots are at our feet. The man who hesitates under such circumstances is lost. But the man of decision is hardly better off. The valise, the portmanteau, smiles serenely on the accumulated mountain of absolute indispensables. It mocks the pile with an epic "All hope abandon, ye, of entering here." It is in vain that wild dreams of "closer packing," of better arrangement, lead us to turn everything out and to begin again. The heap of reliquiæ is only a little bigger than it was before, while the portmanteau, with a Mephistopheleian enjoyment of our agonies, refuses to shut. We sit on it, we jump on it, we stand in the full grandeur of thirteen-stone-six on it, but in vain. The best course seems to be to let it sulk a little, and to leave it until the morning. The morning comes, and it still yawns on our agonies. It is master of the situation, and it knows it. The train starts in half an hour. There is nothing but to fling out a boot or two, and to smile in triumph on the partner of our joys and sorrows as she looks in to see if we are ready. But our smile is slightly premature. The partner, too, has her reliquiæ, half a dozen "quite little" packages of mysterious nature, not one of which can she possibly do without. Her box is bursting in the hall. Gentlemen's portmanteaus, she knows, will take any number of things. With a shout of despair, as the cab drives to the door, we dive again into the ruins of our wardrobe and fling out enough to make room for the packages. Another wrestle with the straps and we are off.

But the miseries of packing are far from ending with our first railway station. Every halt in our career, every hotel along your route, renews them. It is impossible to remember the exquisite arrangement which enabled us at first starting to get so much into the narrow compass of our bag. To drag out, to shove in, becomes the simple secret of our packing and unpacking. Physical force battling with chaos is the sight which supersedes all the ingenuity and order of home. After a time we learn to revel in the smash, to exult in crumpled collars and a hunt after the wandering slipper. What really haunts us at first, is a sense of the tendency of all things to turn odd. Was it that last endeavor to accommodate our spouse that left us none but right-handed gloves? It is bothering to have to face the Alps with one thick-soled boot whose fellow is still strewing idly the floor of our dressing-room. To these little difficulties, however, we gradually accommodate ourselves. The real difficulty lies elsewhere. No one can be more profoundly impressed with a sense of domestic blessings than we are, but it must be owned that a wife singularly complicates the problem of packing. On our first Alpine tour we listened to the warnings of the wise, and sternly insisted that a single portmanteau should do for both of us. We were young, and there was a certain romance about the idea that won a laughing assent. The laugh lasted as far as Luzerne, then in some inexplicable way the portmanteau had become two. Little purchases of things absolutely needful had quietly crowded one out. We have long ceased to hope for such unattainable glory of packing as this. Our aim at present is simply to keep the partner of our joys to a single box. With infinite persuasion we induce her to start fair. Each year the box grows bigger, bulkier, but it is is still one. Why does it return two? Why have we a dismal provision that this summer it will return three? It is impossible to detect the moment or the cause of the multiplication. It is generally at the same station that the fact is broken to us, when we are too late to remonstrate. Over the girls, indeed, we exert a stronger and a sterner discipline. We pack them together in portmantesus, we kick bonnet-boxes down stairs, we weight out the amount of their necessary luggage, and threaten to charge extras on their pocket-money. We prohibit all additions along our route. We remind them that cameos and "delicious statuettes" can be bought at home. They are well-bred English daughters and they yield. But they turn obedience into a running fight. They decline to pass through Paris without dresses. They refuse to visit the waterfall, and sulk at home in the hotel, "lest any one whom we know" should see them in such a dishabille. They make sarcastic comments on the ridiculous shabbiness of English travellers, and then check themselves abruptly with a confession that we are no better than our neighbors. The eldest unmarried one believes to this hour that a certain young ensign would have made her his bride if in an unlucky moment he had not caught sight of her on a glacier. "Dressed as papa forces us to dress, he might as well have seen one in curl-papers." The sigh dies gently away down the line. If the rest remain unmarried, no doubt each in her turn will attribute it to the despotism of papa. On the whole, the question is fatally complicated by the moral and social considerations that family life involves. There is but one course that we can fairly recommend; it is to pack off wife and child to a quiet watering-place, and to start like our friend at the opening, with a hat and an umbrella.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

"Fifty's the game of billiards;
When all's done,
And you have fifty,
Yet you've only won.

THE BOOK MARKET.—There are plenty of new novels in promise for the libraries, so readers at the sea-side need not dread a dearth of recreation for wet days. As a rule, the titles are as catching as the influenza, and a sequel now so usually succeeds to a success, that we feel surprised the following have not yet been announced: "Near and Narrow," by the author of "Far and Wide." "Strings of Barley-sugar;" a sequel to the thrilling tale of "Ropes of Sand." "Downy as a Decoy Duck;" a fascinating Sequel to "Simple as a Dove." "The Gent She Jilted:" a Romance of Real Life, written by the author of "The Girl He Married." "Boiled Black-beetles;" a Sensation Story by the author of "Burnt Butterflies."

A BAD SPELL.—A man attempted to spell "crockery," yesterday, and proceeded thus: "Kraughkcarreighe," but expired in a spasm before he could make a y, with which he intended to end the word.

"GORHAM, I understand you can sneeze any time you want to; is that so?" "Yes, I suppose. I have that little gift." "Queer; let me hear you sneeze now this minute." "Oh, I don't want to now."

HOLMES has immortalized the great September gale of 1815. The poet says: "Though I was a youngster then, *that* gale I well remember."

A COURTEOUS wag in the excess of his politeness never swallows an oyster without saying, "Good by valve."

WAVES THAT ARE HARMLESS.—The waves of ladies' handkerchiefs.

LADY, AWAKE!

The sun is flooding the eastern sky
With a blaze of silver light!
The fresh green foliage, waving high,
Is fringed with a flame of white;
And far above, from the topmost air,
The showering lark-notes break;
And the spirit of beauty floats everywhere—
Sweet my lady, awake!

A soft breeze steals o'er the dewy land,
From its home in the dreamy south,
And scatters a perfume on every hand
Sweet as the breath of thy mouth;
And the tremulous boughs, as they bend and sway,
A murmurous music make;
And bright on the brooklet the sunbeams play—
Sweet my lady, awake!

The river that lay in its dusky repose,
Through the long lone hours of night,
Now laughs in the lustre that sunrise throws,
And ripples in rosy light;
And the hills that loomed like shadowy ghosts
A clearer outline take;
And the white sails glimmer along the coasts—
Dear my lady, awake!

The violet lifts its eye of blue
To the bending blue above;
And the roses, bathed in a drench of dew,
Are breathing of beauty and love;
And the lily stoops its head to kiss
Its shadow within the lake—
O never was morning so lovely as this!
Dear my lady, awake!

Awake! for a music is flooding the air,
And melting along the deep;
When nature is all awake and so fair,
O, why should my lady sleep?
A passionate sigh begins to stay
From the depth of each thicket and brake—
A sigh that finds echo within my heart—
O, sweet my lady, awake!

Awake! and come where the zephyr moves
In ripples across the grass;
Awake! and come to the lake that loves
To mirror your form as you pass;
And come, O come to the heart that pines
And languishes for your sake—
And bright eyes shall blind each dew-drop
that shines—
Dear my lady, awake!

CLUB LAW.

When Uncle Noé had no wool on his head,
No Club would admit him, but why?
Simply because the old gentleman was
Black-ball-ed to begin with. Oh, fie!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT (Hitchin) writes such a scratchy hand, neither the postman nor we could make him out.

CONTEMPLAT.—We have asked your question "What does the announcement 'gardens laid out' mean?" of our own horticulturist, and he says it alludes to their beds being cemetery-cally designed.

LUMBER.—We read that twelve lumbermen in Maine were killed the other day by drinking tea in which a lizard had been boiled. We confess our sympathy is with the lizard, for if he was boiled, he died a very unpleasant death; whereas we doubt if the decoction would have hurt the lumbermen.

A YOUNG lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, sir, I want you to tell this Court and jury how you used those two thousand dollars." The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed, "The lawyers got that!" The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

IN front of the theatre at Oxford there are some gigantic stone figures, the date and subject of which are alike buried in uncertainty. Two sailors were walking past. "Who are these fellows, shipmate?" said one of them. "The Twelve Apostles," replied his friend. "Twelve Apostles! how can that be? Why, there's only six of 'em." "Well," rejoined his informant, "yer wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would ye!"

A DRAW.—We heard of two rival tooth-drawers who arrived at a county fair, and opened their opposition booths alongside of each other. One of them put out a large placard bearing the words, "*Facile Princeps.*" His neighbor immediately wrote up "*Facile Forceps.*" We should think he "got the pull," at any rate.

HINDOO COURSE.—The Marquis of Lorne and Mr. Bright have very generously assisted a young Brahmin to pursue his studies at Edinburgh University. No doubt the young Hindoo feels, as Hin-doo-ty bound, the most Hindoo-ring gratitude for his patrons' kindness.

Two old ladies, who were known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed. One used, therefore, every New Year's day, to visit the other and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year?"

DICKENS says: "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conversational idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

IT is said that in France there are at least fifty actors and actresses who pretend to be children of the great Rachel. If Rachel is "weeping for her children," she will have to shed "right smart" of tears.

WHY should the country police be instructed to pounce on those pests to the farmer, rabbits, on every opportunity? Because they eat well in a—— We beg pardon—because they're rabbit-ual criminals.

"WHEN men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting out immediately and growing in its place."

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DE WITT VAN BUREN ..... EDITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, held at the Delavan House, Albany, on the 31st day of August, it was

Resolved, That a State Convention be called of one Delegate from each Assembly District, to be held at SYRACUSE, ON WEDNESDAY, THE 22D OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at 12 o'clock at noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Secretary of State, Comptroller, Attorney General, Treasurer, State Engineer and Surveyor, Canal Commissioner, Inspector of State Prisons, and Judges of the Court of Appeals.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
Chairman State Committee.

TAMMANY HALL GENERAL COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Democratic Republican General Committee of the City and County of New York, held at Tammany Hall, this 16th day of September, 1869, the following resolutions were adopted, viz:

Resolved, That the Democratic Republican electors of the City and County of New York, friends to regular nominations and the usages of the party, be and they are hereby requested to assemble in their respective wards on Saturday, September 18th inst., between the hours of 6 and 7 P. M., for the purpose of electing one delegate and one alternate delegate from each Assembly District of the City and County of New York to the Democratic State Convention, to assemble at Syracuse on the 22d day of September inst., pursuant to the call of the Democratic Republican State Committee. The wards shall elect respectively for the foregoing purpose the same number of delegates that they have members in this General Committee, and the delegates so elected shall assemble in Tammany Hall, on Monday, Sept. 20, 1869, at 12 M., for consultation.

Resolved, That the said election be held at the places and under the direction of the inspectors hereinafter named, the certificates of a majority of whom shall be final and conclusive evidence of the election of the delegation certified, viz.: First Ward, 57 Greenwich street—Michael Meehan, James Ramsey, Michael Ahern. Second Ward, 76 Cliff street—J. P. Wilkins, Arthur Keating, Jas. Sullivan. Third Ward, 74 Cortlandt street—Daniel E. Finn, Patk. Dooley, Patk. Fitzgerald. Fourth Ward, Shakespeare Hotel A. J. Fullerson, Geo. Wilson, James Dunphy. Fifth Ward, Vanderbilt House, corner of Hudson and Hubert streets—Wm. H. Denyan, Wm. C. Leonard, Michael H. Wall. Sixth Ward, 514 Pearl street—Timothy Brennan Martin J. Keese, Thos. Ryan. Seventh Ward, Headquarters, 173 Madison street—Augustus W. Oliver, William Dougherty, Andrew Lennon. Eighth Ward, 257 Hudson street—John Norton, James Reilley, William McKay. Ninth Ward, Adriatic, corner of Hudson and Barrow streets—James O'Neill, A. J. Terhune, John J. Foley. Tenth Ward, Otto's, corner of Forsyth and Hester streets—John C. Halligan, Henry Acker, Charles Holtzalle. Eleventh Ward, 259 Third street—John H. Mann, John Lyons, William Donnelly. Twelfth Ward, corner of 130th street and Third avenue—George W. Oakley, Joseph Moore, John B. McKean. Thirteenth Ward, Bauer's Hotel, 415 Grand street—William Green, Thomas Sullivan, John Donaghue. Fourteenth Ward, Ryan's, corner of Marion and Prince—David Degan, Michael Daly, and Timothy O'Brien. Fifteenth Ward, 233 Wooster street—Patrick Reed, J. Walker Fowler, Charles Golden. Sixteenth Ward, Halpin's, Seventeenth street and Ninth avenue—Bernard Garvey, James Murray, Pat'k Barker. Seventeenth Ward, 147 1st av., corner of Ninth street—John Hilley, John Murphy and Bernard Kinney. Eighteenth Ward—James Reilly, James Owens, Wm. Baird. Nineteenth Ward, Headquarters, 752 Third avenue—Isaiah Keyser, John Kennedy, and Cornelius Farley. Twentieth Ward, corner of Thirty-fourth street and Ninth avenue—Henry A. Child, P. McGrane, James Reynolds. Twenty-first Ward—Gorrey's, north-west corner of Thirty-second street and Second avenue—James Gorrey, Thomas Quinn, Lawrence Delmore. Twenty-second Ward, Headquarters, Washington Hall, Eighth avenue and Forty-seventh street—John Morgan, Andrew Johnson, and Bernard Martins.

WM. M. TWEED, Chairman.
WM. HITCHMAN, JOHN HOTALING, } Secretaries.

WILL the correspondent who writes startlingly about a certain prominent "Reformer" going to and staying in Europe before, during and after a certain whiskey fraud trial, please send us his name and address?

STATE POLITICS.

We are informed that the various wards hope to send able representative men to the State Convention on next Wednesday; such as Congressman Cox, Magnus Gross, Judge Garvin, Counsellor O'Gorman and Mr. Tilden. The Convention will be harmonious, almost to dullness. The Radicals in the State do not show enough life, as the Irishman said, to make a fair fight.

The Syracuse *Courier*, of which that veteran watchman along the Erie Canal, John A. Green, is godfather, speaking of the State Committee and its organization for next year, remarks:

We do believe that Tammany should be satisfied with the extraordinary power she holds in bringing into every State Convention, under her control, a united one-fifth of that body, without her seeking also to hold perpetually in her hand the additional control of the organization of State Conventions which the holding of the chairmanship of the State Committee gives her. Ever since the death of the late lamented Dean Richmond this power has been in her hand. There is no earthly reason why it should not pass to some member from a rural district, who is neither especially the foe nor the tool and ally of Tammany, but an independent, zealous and ever faithful Democrat of proper executive ability. Of such, there are numbers from Albany to Buffalo. For example, we have in Albany a Cassidy; in Oneida, a Spriggs and a Sanford; in Onondaga, a Haskin, Green or Barker; in Cortland, a Randall; in Cayuga, Elmore P. Ross; in Monroe, a Wheeler, a Church, or a Butts; in Niagara, a Skeels, and others; in Otsego, a North; in Erie, a Gauson, Warren and many more; in Tioga, a Wheeler and a Beebe; in Oswego, a DeWolf; in Chenango, a Hubbard. While Tammany comes to State conventions with a united body of New York delegates, at least the Chairman of the State Committee, who names the temporary presiding officer, should come from the rural districts, unless it is assumed that these have no single man fit for the position. We could, did space permit, name at least a hundred men from the country as fit for the place as any Tammany incumbent.

This hint is probably made for Mr. Tilden. In a similar sense the *Post* misconstrued our playful remarks of last week. Mr. Tilden is in no sense a Tammany man, or anybody's man. He is a member of the State Committee at large, being chosen by the votes of the whole Convention instead of by district, and has been placed there more out of regard to the desires of rural Democrats than of city ones. He is a veteran politician, a man of large fortune, has no personal axes to grind, and has proved a very useful officer.

There can be no objection to any of the gentlemen named for the chairmanship. Mr. Warren, from Erie, in the list, is peculiarly an executive and representative man, and would make a good chairman, should the rural districts wish to retire Mr. Tilden. New York City is perfectly satisfied, however, with the latter gentleman.

A typographical error, last week, made us say that "John A. Low would be the candidate for the Court of Appeals." It should have read, of course, John A. Lott. The Brooklyn delegates are instructed to present his name. It will be a strong one.

We are inclined to think that Senator Hubbard, of Chenango, will prove the choice of the Convention for Canal Commissioner.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL seems to be the Croupier of the Wall street gamblers, while Col. Frank Howe looks on with his genial face and kindly tone and exclaims, "*Messieurs, faites le jeu.*"

THE RADICAL REVOLT.

It looks as if the Radical ship, which a few months ago seemed sailing in a smooth sea and with a fair breeze, was already floundering among the breakers, and threatening to go to pieces with every change of the wind.

Besides the difficulties which agitate the Radical organization in New York and keep it divided into antagonistic factions, there is trouble looming up in the rural districts. Up in Orleans County, where the Radical majority has been increasing for years, the county committee is divided into two factions, and each has called a convention to nominate county officers and choose delegates to the State and judicial conventions. Colonel J. G. Klinck, who served in the Union army during the war, and who before, during and since the great struggle was one of the wheel horses of the Republican party and one of the ablest stump orators in Western New York, announces his abandonment of that organization, and his determination to vote the Democratic ticket at the approaching election.

In Chatauqua County there is a snarl in the Radical skein that even the crafty skill of Fenton may prove ineffectual to unravel. At a recent caucus held in Dunkirk to elect delegates to Assembly and Senatorial Conventions, two wings developed themselves—the Sessions and anti-Sessions faction. The result was two caucusses and two sets of delegates. The fight was bitter and determined on both sides. Fenton, who is now in Europe, is understood to favor Sessions, and Congressman Sheldon seeks the nomination of some Cattaraugus man in order to clear the track for his own renomination to Congress next fall.

When these evidences of disaffection come to be added to those already manifest in other parts of the country, it would seem as though the internal quarrels in the Radical party threatened it with speedy disruption. Walker has rent it in twain in Virginia; Senter has divided it in Tennessee; Dent will divide it in Mississippi; and Hamilton in Texas. It is full of deadly feuds in Maryland. Butler has commenced an assault on Wilson in Massachusetts, and the prohibitionists in that State, having a majority of the party, declare that those who are not with them are against them. In Pennsylvania Grant's appointments have disgusted the leaders of the party, and they will do nothing to prevent the defeat of Geary. In Ohio there is a fight between Senator Sherman and Hayes, the Republican candidate for Governor; and in Rhode Island, Sprague and Anthony are preparing for a contest which will split the party, and must end in the complete defeat of the one or the other.

By the time Congress convenes the interesting features of these contests will be fully developed, and the spectacle that promises to ensue will perhaps be the most novel and instructive ever presented in the history of American politics.

ONE of the strongest counts in the bill of indictment against Geary, Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, is that during the period of the war, when gold was ranging from 200 to 250, the expenses of the State Government should be more than $200,000 less than under Geary during the years of peace when gold was down to 140, the number of State officers being the same and their salaries the same. This looks bad for Geary, but worse for the people of the State who have to stand the discrepancy. The probabilities are they will whistle this financial corruptionist down the wind in October.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The Democratic statesmen of the whole country are pronouncing in the most emphatic terms against the proposed Fifteenth Amendment. This opposition may not effect the defeat of the infamous proposition, but it will prove to the Radical politicians that a large and powerful party unites in condemning a scheme which is virtually calculated to overthrow the rights of the States and subvert the Federal Constitution. Thomas Ewing, the veteran statesman of Ohio, in a recent letter on the political situation, opposes the Fifteenth Amendment, because, first, it was not constitutionally proposed, and has no more meaning than the resolution of a Republican caucus; and, secondly, because it works the direct overthrow of the just control of suffrage qualifications by the States, to which it only belongs. Mr. Pendleton opposes the Amendment for equally cogent reasons. So do Mr. Hendricks and Senator Casserly. But O. H. Browning, one of the pillars of the Republican party in Illinois, who has accepted the Democratic nomination for delegate from his district to the Constitutional Convention about to assemble in that State, declares himself to be decidedly, heartily and defiantly opposed to striking the word "white" out of the constitution of Illinois, and he does not hesitate to say that the Fifteenth Amendment if ratified, will be inconsistent with the other provisions, and with nearly all of them, to which it is an amendment, and necessarily, therefore, void—as much so as if it were a proposition to set aside and abolish the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Browning assisted in the organization of the Republican party, and drew up its first platform; was a member of the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860; was in June, 1861, appointed the successor of the lamented Douglas in the United States Senate by Governor Yates, who is now himself Mr. B.'s successor; and was subsequently in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Since leaving the latter office he has been in political retirement. His emergence now as the Democratic candidate for a seat in the Constitutional Convention of his State upon the platform of opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment and kindred Federal encroachment upon the reserved rights of the States, is one of the significant evidences of the quiet abandonment of the Republican party by many of the men who gave it life and character in the better years of its existence.

PRINCE ARTHUR has been travelling over Canada in an open buggy, and according to the *Herald* correspondent he found things a little buggy at some of the stopping places.

FROTHINGHAM was probably placed in the Asylum because of his name.

VIALS OF DISCORD.

Whatever may be the standard by which Grant is judged by such shining lights of the Radical party as Greeley, Sumner, Tilton *et. al.*, there is certainly one standard by which he is viewed impartially, and that is the *Anti Slavery Standard*. Whatever Phillips's faults or shortcomings may be as a Radical writer or speaker, he has the merit of speaking the truth about the Radical party. His criticisms are the more conspicuous, because they are antagonistic to the party in which he claims a membership. It would be just as impossible for Phillips to remain silent under the degradation which Grant has brought upon the country by his junketings among summer watering places, as it would be for Train to talk common sense or Greeley to write a truthful essay on politics. Therefore Phillips has followed up his paper assaults upon Grant by a recent vigorous declamation in which he calls upon the President, if he cannot improve the present condition of affairs, to resign. Phillips complains that anarchy prevails all over the South, and says:

Meanwhile, Grant recreates excessively. Rational recreation in itself is good and sometimes very important. If he absolutely needs, and is likely to continue to need so much, *he ought, in the present condition of affairs, to resign, that the country may have, what it very much needs, a President in fact as well as in name.* No thoughtful observer of the tendency of affairs during the past six months but feels that the pitiless drifting of this summer has been towards dangers with which a little later it will be most difficult to grapple. Not only are cruel and needless burdens imposed upon the loyal people of the South, but, while an incompetent President gives months to the watering places, races, and jaunting, the shrewd diplomatists of the old school of rebel politicians, perceiving their opportunity, are marshalling their forces and by fraud and intimidation regaining control of their former political estates.

To which the *Times*, with intent to parry the Phillips blow, responds:

Happy is the President of whom the worst thing grumblers can say is, that he travels about too much; for grumblers, like disease, always attack a man's weakest point.

We are getting, however, a little tired of the senseless gabble about the President's recreations. It is time for those who write it to have learned better.

In the first place, there is not, probably, a sovereign in the world who passes so little of his time away from his capital during the warm months as President Grant does.

But in the second place, do those blockheads suppose that the President is neglecting his official duties because he is not performing them at his official residence in Washington? With the telegraph covering every township almost in this Union, do they suppose it possible for a President to escape from his official cares?

Grant will not thank the *Times* for defending him with this vapid jargon. Unfortunately, the complaint "that he travels too much" is not "the worst thing" that can be said about Grant. We wish for the credit of the country that such was really the case. But Grant has deserted Washington at a most critical period of national affairs, when his presence there may be required at any moment by the threatening attitude of the Cuban difficulties. But Grant seems to regard Geary's election in Pennsylvania of more importance than the adoption of a humane national policy towards the struggling Cubans, or any other paramount public question.

But what does the *Times* mean by the declaration about there not being "a sovereign in the world who passes so little of his time away from his capital during the warm months as President Grant does?" Is it necessary to go to the Old World for examples of rulers who are inconstant to the public weal to justify Grant's course during the past summer? Does the *Times* see no difference between the recreations of a Napoleon and the junketings of a Grant? If the *Times* does not, the people certainly do.

This attempt to justify Grant's palpable and persistent neglect of his official duties by comparison with the habits of Old World rulers, is characteristic of a writer fresh from the inspiration afforded by foreign potentates. But the logic is very flimsy and the argument very weak. Grant is simply the paid servant of the people. He is just as much obligated to rigidly discharge the duties of his office as the most insignificant Government clerk in Washington. He draws his salary the same as any other officer of the Government, and he draws a good many other things by reason of his official position, which belong to him by no right or privilege.

The *Times'* defence should go on record alongside of Phillips's protest against Grant's continuance in office. It may be pleasant to refer to them after Congress convenes.

TIMES-LY.

It is rumored in newspaper circles that since the accession of the new Editor-in-chief, the *Times* will be conducted on high ethical principles. Accordingly, we have seen references to prize-fights, and extraordinary Canada births, and the details of Chicago social news, and the like, utterly disappear from its columns. But what have we seen instead? Personalities and individualizing allusions which were almost unknown in the day of Mr. Raymond. The paper seems to have gotten out of the frying-pan of hearsay sensation into the fire of personality. We will take one of the latest instances. In yesterday's paper, in an article headed "The Municipal Ring," appears such phrases as these: "Dirt-besmeared cohorts of Tammany Hall," "corpulent member of the Ring, William M. Tweed," etc., etc.

What would be thought if we should refer to the Editor-in-chief as the putty-browed Bigelow, or to the glass-eyed Jennings, or to the spider-shanked Jones? One thing the *Times* may be certain of: it can't make palatable ice-cream out of dirty snow.

THE Radicals have'nt much to brag over in the result of the Maine election. Chamberlain is re-elected by about 7,500 majority. His majority last year was 20,404, and Grant's majority last November was 26,389. The falling off of over twelve thousand in Chamberlain's majority, compared with last year, cannot prove very consoling to the Radicals. The gain is numerically on the Democratic side, the shrinking of the Democratic vote being a smaller per cent than that of the Republican. All but one county went Republican last year, but this year the Democrats gain one and perhaps two upon it. The Senate is Republican, with the exception perhaps of four or five members. The House returns show a gain for the Democrats. The Hickborn Republicans have accomplished absolutely nothing, consequently the Prohibitionists are without any representative. If the Radicals are able to discover any glory for themselves in the Maine election, we shall have faith in the extraction of sun shine from a cucumber and blood from a granite rock. Perhaps they were "born" to "hitch" after all another time.

IT is absolutely necessary that a military man should take the place of the late Secretary of War? Have we not had a surfeit of military men? Or is it true that no intelligence is requisite in a member of the President's Cabinet? It has been said of Grant that all the sense he ever had he accumulated while out of the army. The same has frequently been said of Sherman. Indeed many of our distinguished officers in the late war were civilians at the outset. A professional soldier, who has achieved no personal glory, merits nothing but his pay. Those who have won renown by great deeds always receive from the public abundant praise and emolument of various kinds. But we would deem it sheer madness to put a skillful butcher in the pulpit to preach the gospel, merely because he had attained success as a slayer of beeves. Nevertheless such things are done sometimes, and modern logic, which does not recognize the difference between progress and anarchy, shouts an approval. The question whether a Secretary of War is properly a responsible director and commander, or merely an adjutant, may now come up again for discussion. In either case can we not remember that there is no disgrace in being a civilian?

NOT DEAD YET.

Some of the opera bouffe journals have been trying to chorus Charlotte Cushman and James Gordon Bennett into the valley and shadow of death. The former is preparing to act in Great Britain, and the latter was several hours at the Council Board of the *Herald* on the very day he was said to be dying. Your veteran who lives simply, enjoys life without abusing its functions, who is never fretted with axe-grinding, and sleeps profoundly while some editors are playing Bohemians at Delmonico's, or cudgelling their imaginative bumps so as "to make my paper sell"—such a veteran belongs to the stock of Palmerston, Derby, Brougham, and Sir Henry Holland, and only die when they get tired of life.

BY what right or privilege do Grant and his cabinet officers interfere with Southern politics? Last week he openly declared in favor of Davis, Radical candidate for Governor of Texas, and now he announces his preference for Wilson, for Senator from Virginia. Whether Administrative support implies more than words or not, it is downright impudence in Grant to dabble in Southern politics at all. By so doing, he fixes the impression in the public mind that Radicalism, knowing the weakness and treachery of its schemes to demoralize the South, dare not leave the elections in the hands of the people.

GREELEY and the rest of the Radicals are welcome to all the comfort they can derive from the platform of the Wisconsin Democracy. Not only is their platform excellent, but they have chosen men as their leaders whose ability, courage and integrity are needed to check the current of Radical passion and corruption that is sweeping over the country. "If the negro is to be what you Radicals want him to be," the Wisconsin platform says in effect, "then at any rate let the white men also be what they should be in a free American community. Do not encourage monopoly and overburden labor; do not enlarge for the exclusive benefit of a party the powers of the Federal Government, but let the people of the States look to their own interests; and if liberty, as you say, is the result of the last war, then let it become a blessing to all classes of people. Pay the national debt completely and rapidly, but do not create special classes of privileged people among us by discriminating against the people and the lesser creditors of the Government in behalf of incorporated capital."

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON'S SPEECH.

The friends of Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, called at his residence in Clifton, one day last week, and were gratified with an able and eloquent speech by the great Democratic statesman of the West. Mr. Pendleton, who has not yet recovered from the effects of his late severe accident, discussed the issues of the campaign with the pungency and force which have characterized all his masterly utterances on the stump.

He took direct issue with Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate for re-election for Governor, on the vexed questions of our national politics, and disagreed with him on all the issues that at present agitate the field of politics. He said he disagreed with Hayes that retrenchment, economy and honesty have been introduced into the management of the Federal expenditures; that the debt had been decreased and is decreasing; that the burdens of taxation have been reduced and their weight upon the people lightened; that sound judgment and freedom from bad influences have been brought to the exercise of the immense power of the Secretary of the Treasury; that business is active; that enterprise is active; that vigor and energy and industry are bountifully rewarded; that employment is abundant; that daily toil is fairly compensated; that commerce on the ocean and on the land is prosperous; that the Union is restored, when Virginia and Mississippi and Texas are under military governors, and Georgia is without representation in Congress; that peace is restored, when justice is administered by a drum-head court-martial; that the Constitution is maintained, when we know that the Supreme Court is only waiting an opportunity to declare the reconstruction acts unconstitutional; that the harmony of our Federal system is maintained, when Federal power is brought to bear, with all the force of law and of arms, to compel the States to change their constitutions and the Constitution of the Federal Government; that the people are not burdened, when a debt of $2,500,000,000 is piled upon their shoulders, and this immense amount is increased six hundred millions by a resolution of Congress "to improve the public credit;" that their burdens are light, when $430,000,000 are annually drawn from the products of active labor, and nothing from dead capital; that taxation is equal, when bonds are exempted and labor crushed beneath its exactions; that economy and honesty mark the disbursement of the revenue, when the Secretary of the Treasury pays $120 for a bond which he may redeem for $100, and when the Commissioner of Internal Revenue wishes, above all things, that he may send a supervisor to the Penitentiary; that all is prosperous, when agricultural products are so low, and employment so scarce, and wages so reduced, and interest on money so high, and good, honest, honorable, men in every branch of commercial and mercantile and mechanical industry are on the very verge of hopeless bankruptcy.

In these utterances Mr. Pendleton has presented a summary of the bill of indictment which the nation brings against the Radical party, the strength and truth of which cannot be gainsaid.

Upon the subject of the proposed Fifteenth Amendment Mr. Pendleton's views are especially forcible, profound, convincing, and in thorough accord with the opinions of sound Democrats in every part of the country. He objects to the adoption of the Amendment because it proposes a material radical change in our system of government; because it destroys the relation of the States to the Federal Union which the Constitution established, and degrades them; because it takes away from the States without their consent that essential attribute of a self-governing community, the right to determine who shall exercise the right of suffrage; because it was intended to, and it will, introduce negro suffrage into Ohio against the will of her people, declared at the ballot two years ago, without distinction of party, by an immense majority; because by the strongest implication it confers upon Congress and reserves to the States the right to exclude from the ballot persons of our own white race because of their nativity, or their creed, or their want of education, or their poverty, and prohibits the exclusion only of another race; for, if the interpretation of Senator Morton and Senator Howard be correct, under this amendment of Congress the States may exclude an Irishman, a German, or a Catholic, or a Protestant, or a poor man from the enjoyment of the suffrage, but may not exclude the negro or the Mongolian; because the Amendment is part and parcel of a scheme to flood the country with a forced importation of an immense number of Chinese—of Coolies—and thus, for a second time, to bring into our midst an alien race, and to repeat in a more difficult form the social and governmental questions which have so unhappily divided our people.

Mr. Pendleton then proceeded to argue the unfitness of the Chinese immigrants to become citizens, principally because they are an alien, an inferior and idolatrous race, and do not possess our habits, tastes, manners, development or religion, while the immigrants from Ireland, England, Germany and France do. The cheap labor theory is a fallacy, argued Mr. Pendleton. Labor is too cheap now, and does not receive its just reward. This country needs skilled laborers and honest, intelligent, unflagging, zealous industry; it needs that such labor shall not be cheap, but that it shall be most bountifully rewarded.

But on the questions of taxation and finance Mr. Pendleton was particularly strong. He adduced a battery of facts to show that while the country is prosperous in everything that pertains to the material welfare and comfort of the people, yet prices are exorbitantly high, employment is scarce, and wages are low. Laborers are plenty; breadstuffs are in abundance; raw material is at hand; stocks of goods are full; railroads and rivers and canals are ready to do all transportation; all the appliances of active business which our modern civilization has created or demands lie ready for instant use. They need but to be joined and put in motion—and yet they lie inactive, dead and useless. Enormous taxation unequally, unjustly distributed; enormous expenditure unnecessarily and wastefully made—and both taxation and expenditure are managed in such wise as to give every advantage to dead, inactive capital, and to impose their burdens upon active capital and labor—both are managed so as to advance the interests of the bondholder and to depress the interests of the business of the country.

This is the whole story, but Mr. Pendleton proceeds to prove, by a most conclusive array of argument and fact, that Boutwell is practicing the most consummate jugglery in regard to the national debt, by insisting that it is on the decrease, when it is really becoming greater every week. The army and navy expenses are seventy-five millions a year, when they ought not to be more than twenty-three millions. In relation to taxation, Mr. Pendleton showed by figures that active capital engaged in business, requiring labor to make it profitable, supporting men and women and children, and giving health to the commercial and social system, and liable to reverses and losses, paid seventeen times as much, dollar for dollar, as the dead, inactive capital of the bondholder, which, without labor and without loss, brought him six per cent. interest in gold.

On the subject of the tariff, Mr. Pendleton showed that the Radicals in Congress had managed to tax necessaries heavily and relieve luxuries, while their party organs maintained that the reverse was the case. He proved by indisputable evidence that every article of luxury is taxed lightly, while every article of necessity, every implement of industry, every tool by which the farmer, the mechanic, or the day laborer plies his avocation, is taxed heavily. The tariff question he summed up by saying: "The price of the domestic article is regulated by the tariff. The home manufacturer fixes his price that he may just undersell the foreigner. The consumer pays the price, and he has the exquisite satisfaction of knowing that none of it goes into the Treasury, but all of it goes into the pocket of the manufacturer."

Mr. Pendleton pronounced emphatically against the policy of contraction of the currency adopted by Boutwell, because it brings a universal fall of prices in goods and labor, while debts, taxes and moneyed obligations remain fixed. The man who has money becomes much richer, because his money will pay for more land, more wheat, more labor. But the man who owes money becomes much poorer, because he must sell more land, more wheat, and perform more labor to pay his debt. It breaks down all business, because if prices decline, the more business a man does the greater his losses. It produces unsteadiness and panic, and gives rise only to illegitimate gambling transactions.

The whole policy of the Administration, Mr. Pendleton said in conclusion, should be reversed. Pay the debt, pay it honestly according to the contract, pay it in money as valuable as that which was received for it; pay it in legal-tender notes; abolish the national bank system; pay off the bonds on which it is founded; save the yearly interest; use every appliance of economy and management in advancing this policy. Then when the debt is paid, when the taxes are reduced, when seventy-five millions suffice for the government, when all property is subjected to a just rule of taxation, if it be advisable to contract the currency and resume specie payments, it can be effected without disaster, and the inevitable suffering can be borne.

Mr. Pendleton's speech, of which we have given only an editorial digest, furnishes one of the most convincing and exhaustive arguments for the Democracy that has been pronounced since the Presidential campaign. It should prove beneficial not only in Ohio, but Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin, and all over the Union.

OUR ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.

—Capital punishment—stopping in Albany over night.

—Strikes are expensive—especially those from the shoulder.

—Mattoon wants to go back to the Senate. So does Mat Bemus.

—A blow to some purpose—the strike among the nail makers.

—St. Louis has a female burglar, who is an adept with blonde locks.

—How the Loyal Leagues will go to Syracuse—on the Radical wings.

—The Harvard crew *rows* well enough, but they fell ignominiously.

—Somebody has been trapping the park sparrows. Spare O! spare the birds.

—Prentice says Grant's Administration has as many hitches as his horses have.

—The barbers contemplate a strike—not in the face of their customers, we hope.

—Cox has appointed a negro in the Patent Office, which is not a patent right.

—Game is plenty along the line of the Pacific Railroad—that is euchre and poker.

—When policemen are discharged, there is not much danger that any one will be shot.

—Somebody has just found out that the Harvard defeat was an act of great crewelty.

—Fenton is at Baden, but Hastings thinks he is Bad-en-ough before he went away.

—The last Radical journal in Memphis is defunct. Unfortunately, the last Radical is not.

—The cattle disease is again prevailing in England, consequently John Bull is frantic.

—Seward found the climate of Alaska foggy; so are some of the negotiations to this day.

—Keep, the railroad king, left four millions, which shows that as a keeper he had few equals.

—Arthur went in bathing while at Halifax, and people knew him by the *prints* in the sand.

—Cattell wants to go back to the Senate, but no one will take the horns of his dilemma.

—Brigham Young gloats over his militia, which proves that polygamy makes a man militious.

—Grant is going to Connecticut—probably to superintend the gathering of the tobacco crop.

—The vote in Maine was light enough to reflect the approaching disruption of Radicalism there.

—Pittsburg has a magistrate named Drum, and he is of course noted for Drumhead decisions.

—The announcement of the "Great New England Gale" suggested another book by Gail Hamilton.

—Mrs. Stowe is said to be in bad odor in England, especially since Badeau went over with Motley.

—Rose Sadneau is a Hungarian girl who has killed forty Austrian officers, which is Sad-neaus indeed.

—Grant has not been satisfied with the places he has visited, so he went to Pittsburg to get scoted.

—Nobody proposes a statue of Grant, but he should have a statute of limitation in the present line.

—Somebody says Forrest, the actor, is going to start a restaurant. With Forrest it is always rest or rant.

—Senator Cole and Fish have had an interview, and the latter may have squirmed when he touched a Cole.

—Napoleon smoked six cigars instead of sixteen and got sick—a warning to Grant not to reduce his allowance.

—The *Tribune* has a female cattle market reporter, who, unlike most girls, is not in the market from choice.

—The Radicals may have reached a majority in Maine, but they are not out of their minority in California.

—Miss Gray is a young milliner who has fallen heir to seventeen millions; so she passes from millinery to million-ary.

—The Chinamen are proposing to Anna Dickinson. Let them join the Cuban filibusters and they will be bound to Hav-ana.

—Now that the police uniform order has been abolished, many policemen seem to think it meant uniform politeness and decency.

—The last story is that Byron was a bigamist. But his life is in so much of a haze, that it can reasonably be called a big mist.

—Grant's picture adorns a quack medicine advertisement on street fences, which is appropriate since Grant is always on the fence.

—The Radical organs tell us of the current expenses of the administration. Will they not vouchsafe a word about the wine expenses?

—Grant has had the toothache, and, as if it was a Johnson appointee, he is going to have it removed, probably by one of his Dent-ists.

—Seward says Alaska is an honest climate for it makes no pretensions to constancy. Then we are not surprised that Seward likes it.

—The *Post* suspends its essays on Radicalism to talk on "the culture of potatoes," which is preaching to some purpose as well as profit.

—The polite thing for Jack Hamilton to do is to give Grant a house. The "house that Jack built" would be a novelty, even for Grant.

—Significant—simultaneously with the meeting of the fat men, it is announced that two of the heaviest tows that ever left Albany have started for New York.

THE cruel hand of prosaic time is gradually destroying the pictures of the past. The iconoclast tells us that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday existed only in fertile imagination of Defoe; that Nero who was said to have fiddled while Rome was burning, could not play on the violin; that no apple ever adorned the head of a son of William Tell, because no such person ever existed; and that Newton never discovered the law of gravitation by the fall of an apple. In behalf of coming generations, we protest against this sort of thing. If it is allowed to proceed, there is no safety for anybody. The next generation may credit Train with being a wise man, Forney with being an honest politician, Colfax with being a great statesman, Borie and Robeson with possessing the most creditable nautical knowledge and experience. Even Grant may be pictured by the ruthless iconoclast of the future, with no love for horses, an aversion to cigars, and an abhorrence of presents. And we can almost conceive of the act of cruelty that would paint Greeley as a Free Trader, and deny his connection with the *Tribune* on the theory that no such journal ever existed.

HON. S. S. COX.

The return of this gentleman from Europe was made the fitting occasion on Thursday evening, of a serenade and congratulations by his friends and constituents in the Sixth Congressional District. Mr. Cox's remarks, responsive to this token of friendly welcome, were extremely felicitous. Charm of travel and change of scene appear to heighten his happy faculty of impromptu speech-making. His numerous friends throughout the country will be glad to know that he returns with improved health and renewed vigor to fight the battles of Democracy. He has travelled through considerable portions of Africa, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, France, England and Ireland, and, let us hope, collected material for another rare and entertaining book. We are gratified to announce that after Mr. Cox leaves the State Convention next week he will take the stump in Ohio.

THE strongest arguments in favor of the election of Asa Packer as Governor of Pennsylvania are furnished by the Republican prints of that State in their comments upon Geary during his present Gubernatorial term. These journalistic opinions are forcibly expressed, and show most conclusively what some of Geary's coadjutors think of him. Only last May the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, a leading Radical organ, asserted substantially that Geary was lacking in stern integrity, in intelligence, in dignity; that his office had been prostituted to the vilest purposes of brokerage and sale; that he is without a single qualification for the office, without the respect of any significant portion of the people, and lacking in every quality which should recommend him for the Governorship. Such is Geary's portrait, as painted by Radical artists. Can Grant, gallivanting around Pennsylvania, to the neglect of his official duties, or the "Gettysburg Reunion" dodge, or anything else have the effect to continue in office as weak, corrupt and impudent a politician as Geary is proven to be by the Radical press of Pennsylvania?

IF bridges are to supercede ferry boats there may be but little importance attached to any suggestion concerning improvements on the latter. But it is somewhat wonderful, in any event, that the mode of fastening a ferry boat to the landing by chains and wheels, has prevailed so long. Why not abandon the tedious and complicated machinery altogether? Why not substitute something like a wedge by which the boat could, as it were, fasten itself to the dock? A very simple contrivance of this description could readily be invented. We have plenty of New England people in our metropolis, and if they have "teeming brains," as Mr. Phillips says they have, they might be useful in providing something more modern, elegant and expeditious than the present ferry boat fastening. The rise and fall of the tide, the difficulties in steering, are of course obstacles to a practical improvement; but what are such obstacles to an ingenius mind? There is no absolute necessity for having rows of spiles for the ferry boats to butt against, nor is it absurd to suppose that wedges and sockets could be arranged to accommodate any condition of the tide and force the boat to lower or raise the bridge according to necessity. At all events the subject is worth some thought and practical experiment.

GRANT may not make a very good President, but as a pleasure seeker he has few equals. Robeson may not be thoroughly familiar with the duties of the Navy Secretaryship, but as a nautical rover he has proved himself a match for any of Mayne Reid's romantic heroes. In like manner, what Washburne lacks in experience and education as a diplomat he makes up in cleverness as a peripatetic among the pleasure haunts of Europe. He understands the adventurer's roll thoroughly—securing the largest amount of personal pleasure at the smallest personal expense. Grant is enacting the role here, and Washburne is doing it abroad. The French capital was found conveniently stupid in the summer, and Washburne's health conveniently required reparation. Therefore, Grant's Galena diplomat repaired to Homburg, leaving American interests in France to take care of themselves. In Homburg, reeking with roulette, and redolent with rouge-et-noir, Washburne has probably abandoned the game of Illinois "poker" for some more exciting pastime. His career there proves that upon the question of pleasure Grant and his appointees are in perfect accord, with no two opinions except as to which one can spend the most of people's money.

THE *Tribune*, the *Times*, and other Radical journals have a great deal to say about the Democracy clinging to "dead issues." Precisely what these "dead issues" are the Radical luminaries do not inform us. Does the scheme of reconstruction of the Grant administration, its action towards Virginia, its maladministration of foreign affairs, its neglect of American citizens who have been imprisoned or murdered in Ireland or Cuba, its utter shamelessness in selling high offices, its utter want of appreciation of its grave duties and responsibilities, constitute any of these "dead issues?" If they do it would be gratifying to know the character of some of the live issues in politics. If negro suffrage is a "dead issue," why are the Radicals so anxious about the fate of the Fifteenth Amendment? If the tariff is a "dead issue," why are so many of the Radical leaders warring among themselves over it? If unequal and burdensome taxation is a "dead issue," why are

the laboring classes in every part of the Union so restless and discontented? The Democracy are satisfied with the character, strength and age of the issues upon which they are prepared to go before the people. But after all it would be better to seek success upon "dead issues" than upon the dishonest, hypocritical and treacherous issues which the Radicals have employed to dodge into power.

Amusements Gossip.

Music has at last stirred the Metropolis.

We have now English opera, operatic concerts, and French opera, to say nothing of the "institutional concerts" of Theodore Thomas, about which everybody knows.

The initial concert, as a compliment to Lafayette Harrison, was a great success.

In fact, the week was one of musical introductions. For instance, last Saturday evening, the anniversary of her first appearance among us four years ago, Madame Parepa Rosa inaugurated a season of English Opera, with the first representation of "The Puritan's Daughter," by Balfe.

We have always considered the Puritans an over-rated lot, and find nothing in this last batch of them to induce us to re-consider our opinion. The plot is neither novel or interesting. The dialogue is dull and insipid. And the music is of that commonplace, bosby order that produces the impression of its having been heard before, without awakening any pleasant reminiscences. It has no salient melody. The text of English opera is its capability of catching the popular ear and lingering on the whistle of the street boy and becoming naturalized by the hand-organ.

In striking and delightful contrast to the dullness of the opera was the brilliancy of the artists. Madame Rosa was as fresh and sweet as a lark, only a little fuller chested! If Miss Stockton's *manner* had partaken somewhat of the sweetness of her *voice*, she would have been more acceptable. Mr. Lawrence has a voice of more sweetness than power, and but for a certain lack-a-daisy-cal manner, would be a delightful acquisition. Campbell's notes rolled out as royally as of old. Hall made a very creditable first appearance. Castle (the dainty) treated us to a celebration of the glories of a bowl of punch, which the composer ought to have heard. The best notes, however, of the Giles Scroggin's chorus are in it.

Much credit is due Parepa and her coadjutors, for the liberal taste displayed in the mounting of the Opera, the elaborate appointments and the fine orchestral efforts, the latter of which are wholly due to the talent of Carl Rosa, who wields the baton most effectively. The choruses are much better than we have been accustomed to hear in English Opera performances.

Last night the widely known opera of "The Bohemian Girl" was rendered with exquisite effect. Parepa, no doubt, was very pleasing as Arline, and piquant, more or less, in her peasant dress. To-night "La Somnambula" will be presented with an appropriate cast. Miss Rose Hersee, who comes to us from England with the most enthusiastic indorsements, will make her debut this evening. She is said to possess a well-cultivated voice, and to join dramatic with her musical talent. Nothing is known of her on this side of the water, except through the comments of the English press, which are fulsome, to say the least.

In another week cometh Carlotta Patti. She has been six years away. She carried Vienna by storm. That is the musical capital of Europe. Success there is a certain test.

Strakosch rather undertones his announcement. Carlotta Patti is certainly the greatest concert singer, of the world. She is slightly lame, and is no actress. Were she one, with her voice she would entirely cast her sister Adleina in the background. Adelina has more musical sentiment and pathos; but as an executant of music, Carlotta is far, far her superior. So much so as to have made Adelina jealous. Adelina's intrigues effectually kept her sister away from Paris. Carlotta's voice is wonderfully clear, high, and ringing, and gets to F sharp alto, which is three notes higher than average voices reach. And it is well sustained at that point.

Then she is very beautiful, with a clear complexion, and lustrous dark eyes. She may well be expected to capture New York, especially Young New York.

On Wednesday evening, what is called the regular season (has there been an irregular one?—if so, when and why?) of Wallack's Theatre opened with the comedy of "The School for Scandal."

The old favorites, more especially Miss Henriques, were received with great enthusiasm.

The little lady returns to the boards after a retirement of two years. Some of us were sorry to observe that so brief a time should have made such apparent inroads upon her health and spirits.

Her expression of fatigue and discomfort was sadly out of place in personating the dashing light-hearted, frolicsome wife of Sir Peter.

Miss Mestayer, as Miss Candor, looked and acted brilliantly. Her charming performance, together with the personations of Messrs Stoddart and Marlowe relieved scenes that would otherwise have dragged dismally.

It is almost needless to say that J. W. Wallack, John Gilbert and Charles Fisher were admirable.

Mr. Wyndham, the new light comedian from over the water, unlike most English dramatic importations, is a success. He is young, handsome, well dressed and graceful, and made a very favorable impression.

Light comedians, look to your laurels! Between him and his predecessor (J. B.) is all the difference between an enticing waltz and a stiff Polk-a.

But why! oh why! did the inexorable Fates command the sacrifice of so many moustaches? Who stops to think that the people of George the Third's time didn't like them?

J. W. Wallack and our handsome young Rockwell looked like shorn lambs. The wind of applause was perhaps tempered in consequence, and the wailing of the ladies was quite the sound we heard.

Mr. Winter, in the *Tribune*, thus said of Miss Henriques:

"Miss Henriques was still more inefficient as Lady Teazle. A more vapid and lifeless personation of the glittering woman of fashion, new-born into the world of town life, has never been seen on this stage. Lady Teazle's costume, however, was rich and handsome, and a feast of color to the eyes. Miss Henriques has always impressed us, on the stage, as an engaging and interesting young lady. An air of youthful ingenuousness, which is always pleasing to notice, always pervaded her acting. That quality was visible once more in her Lady Teazle—and that was all."

Per contra, Mr. Sedley, of the *Times*, thus wrote:

"Now Miss Madeline Henriques looks as if she might actually have been the arch rural beauty who captivated Sir Peter as she sat at her tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with her hair combed smoothly over a roll. Her sprightliness, her gayety, her very captiousness, have a delicious smack of youth and spring flowers, and the prepossession begotten by her personal advantages is fully justified by her performance. Miss Henriques has evidently studied Lady Teazle carefully and conscientiously, and the result fully warrants her in the position of leading lady, which she has now definitely assumed. Both her mind and person have ripened during her absence from among us, but in that happy manner which adds new charms without taking away the cherished old ones. It is rare that the bud thus blooms into the flower without dashing our admiration with a feeling of regret. Miss Henriques acted her most difficult scenes surprisingly well, considering that this was, as we believe, her first appearance in the character, and we are confident that Lady Teazle will become one of her most successful impersonations. Her omission in parts of some of the old, conventional and stagy "business," was more than atoned by the substitution of a charming girlish freshness for the elaboration thus replaced."

Mr. Sedley might well be pardoned if he has erred on the side of chivalry both towards Mrs. Jennings and her husband, who is his *confrere* on the newspaper. But the Henriques party is a formidable one, more so than the Temperance party in Maine.

Touching Wallack's, the following is from a correspondent:

To the Editor of the Leader: I was at Wallack's on Wednesday night. The best thing was the speech of Lester. If Lester will make a speech between acts, every night, he can fill the house to such an extent that the Superintendent of Public Buildings will be alarmed.

But why did he speak of Brinsley Sheridan? Who was Brinsley Sheridan? What had he to do with "The School for Scandal?" I have come away with the impression that it was a new comedy written by the Count Johannes, with illustrations for business and scenes made by Mrs. Stowe, who concocts promissory notes of literature to have them ignominiously endorsed by James Parton. The theatre was converted into *l'eglise Madeleine*. The Henriques went to see Lucille Western, a few nights before, to get toned down by antagonism.

The peculiarity of the new comedy is that every character is equally witty. It is no doubt a perfect picture of life in England as Count Johannes found it, nearly ninety years ago; for we all know that he celebrated his hundredth birthday, last Wednesday, by a procession, in conjunction with Methusaleh Hemboldt. Yours, Dodo.

Speaking of England reminds us that "Formosa" is still a leading dramatic topic in the London journals. The incongruities and absurdities of the play, which we dwelt upon at length last week, are commented upon without reserve in many of the critical London weeklies.

There, as here, the play, with some notable exceptions, appears to be powerfully cast. In both cases, for instance, the reality of the piece seems to be spoiled by the Earl of Eden, the Oxford coxswain, being played by a young lady. Miss Harland does as well with the part perhaps as any person of her sex could; and it is only fair to say that if she were a man her impersonation of the character would be a capital one.

Mr. Thorne has some mannerisms of tone and action that are not altogether pleasant. He could improve his impersonation of the rollicking young Oxford "stroke" by acting more naturally in some of the scenes. The types made us last week speak of him as personating the "ex-felon." It should have read "Oxforder."

Miss Newton is gradually losing the nervousness and unsympathetic manner attendant upon opening performances, and consequently plays with more fervor this week than she did last.

In a dramatic sense, "Formosa" has made a "hit;" more of a hit on this side the water for Jarrett and Palmer than for Boucicault, because the piece has been produced at Niblo's with an elaborateness and completeness of detail that are not often surpassed.

Everybody connected with the theatre is working like a beaver. The dignified Jarrett and the genial Palmer watch the progress of the play each evening, and study incessantly to improve it in detail and situation. Zimmerman has had no rest for a fortnight, and Hunter's hands are swollen as badly as Grant's, handling the daily receipts for tickets.

All of which proves that "Formosa" is a financial though clearly not a dramatic success.

Next Monday evening Miss Bateman will begin a ten weeks' engagement at Booth's. In speaking of this lady, it is only necessary to refer to her distinguished triumphs in the past to show how gradual and yet how certain has her dramatic fame increased since her first unpretentious performances. She has risen by pure merit alone. Avoiding at the outset of her career the sandbars and snags upon which so many members of her profession are too early wrecked, she shaped her course by the instinct within her, and now she has reached the haven where dramatic merit meets its true reward.

In the short space of seven years Miss Bateman has achieved a dramatic triumph second to that of no other actress on the American stage. In that time, to change a trite phrase, her fame has grown great by degrees and bountifully more. Since her first appearance in the character of Leah, in 1862, she has trod the boards to some purpose, not only in this country but in critical England likewise. Her talent has been broadened and deepened by experience, as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." Her natural fervor has been intensified by the sympathetic responses of appreciative minds, and her culture has been heightened by unceasing discrimination, study and observation.

And now, crowned with the triumphs of a brief but glorious career on both sides of the ocean, she comes back to us, with fresh inspiration and impulses, renewed zeal, and a determination to fulfil the glorious promise of her youth.

Surfeited as we have been for the past year with performances whose attraction existed chiefly in their artificiality, we welcome Miss Bateman's return to the New York stage with a feeling prompted only by appreciation of her distinguished abilities as a tragic actress.

George Jordan, who supported Kate Bateman, says that her performances in Great Britain were more successful than any others in a year past. He has seen stalwart Britishers crying on the hard benches.

Mr. Daly's audiences at the Fifth Avenue are getting larger as the cool evenings of Autumn render theatre going more enjoyable. There is much in "Dreams" to please a select audience. The dialogue is sprightly and vivacious, the action full of interest, and the situations both startling and sensational.

There is as much plot in the piece as there is in human dreams, and vastly more spirit and earnestness in the actors. Although only a pleasant sketch, the play presents many salient features that amuse, instruct, and entertain. It embodies much picturesqueness of detail and presents numerous opportunities for good acting.

With the exceptions of the acting by Mrs. Clara Jennings and Mr. Polk, the personations in "Dreams" may well invite Mr. Wallack to look to his laurels as commanding a great stock company.

Mr. Lewis, in the character part of the Commercial Traveller, shows that he is infinitely a better actor than is J. S. Clark or Owens. And if he does not get spoiled, he will, in a few years, take the place of the late Burton.

Mr. Clark, as the aspiring German composer, with an enthusiasm in love as well as for music, is also worthy of the highest approbation. He is at times so natural as to deceive. The tones of his voice are unctuous, and full of pathos, without tending to mannerism.

Agnes Ethel is fast leaving amateurishness. She is decidedly ambitious. And we think justly so. If she will always be as sweet and vivacious as she now is, her triumphs are not far distant.

Mrs. Gilbert also is natural. She is as painstaking a lady as walks the boards. She would play well were there only two persons in the pit. She can't help playing well, when the part suits her. Besides, we all know her to be a good woman and a nice lady.

The satire implied in the text committed to Holland and Davidge is wonderfully brought out by their little touches of acting.

Davidge is now the best old man upon the American stage. His affectation of senility is admirable.

Holland has played old man in his prime, and, of course, now that he is a veteran, plays the role better than ever.

Let us all be kind and attentive to old George. When we were college or schoolboys, was he not the funny man of the New York stage?

It used to be told about Grimaldi, that once, when he was a hypochondriac, the doctor, not knowing him, told him to go and see Grimaldi. He answered, "Alas! I am Grimaldi."

Holland has made us happy. Let us all help to make him happy. Daly has done well in being kind to him.

Some of the people think the part assigned to Davenport below his powers. Perhaps it is. But Davenport evidently does not think so. He is too conscientious for that. He plays the old German soldier with fidelity. He is chivalric, and his voice is adapted to the text. By his naturalness he makes consistent one or two incongruities in the business.

Suppose Mr. Daly alternates. Let us have "Play" one night, and (if her terms allow) Mrs. Siddons another, "Dreams" another, and so on. The new French manager seems to be wise in this. He announces different operas.

The Fisk-Daly's house is up town, and a metropolitan audience, will soon collect around him. There are families who would willingly go to the theatre every night. They would choose his theatre, but having seen his piece once, they don't always care to see it twice. Whenever Mr. Wallack adopts this plan later in the season, see how well he does.

Considering the proverbial dimensions of cabins generally, it seems surprising that so many people could be conveniently and comfortably entertained as nightly obtain admission to Uncle Tom's structure at the Olympic. But all who attend find themselves amply compensated by the humor, the pathos, the sentiment, and the beauty of the play. The scenes of domestic life on a Southern plantation, and of jollity and gayety among the slaves, are pictures which lose none of their interest by repetition.

The programme at Tammany has been somewhat varied during the past week by the novel and daring gymnastic performances of the Rizarelli Brothers. Suspended in the upper air of the theatre these brothers diversify the usual entertainment with a series of wonderful performances that are as full of startling novelty as they are of suggestive display of skill. Their flying trapeze feats quite surpass anything of the kind ever witnessed in this country, and as they have been engaged for Paris, this farewell engagement at Tammany offers the only opportunity of witnessing their feats in this city.

Besides the Rizarelli's, the other attractions at Tammany are steadily maintained. The burlesque-pantomime, with the popular Markham, and the spicy, sprightly Harrison, is as popular as ever. The Lauris appear in a new and lively harlequinade, and in the other departments the interest and amusement are maintained with a zeal and persistency entirely characteristic of Manager Grover.

Speaking of Tammany naturally reminds us of Dan Bryant, who re-opened his temple of minstrelsy on Monday evening. The members of the troupe have probably brought roses to their cheeks during their summer tour, but they do not show through the cork. It may be safely said of the genial Neil Bryant that "he went, he saw and he conquered."

The Bryants' entertainment, like the prices of admission, is on a popular scale. The new features have sufficient merit to warrant the permanency of their presence. The honors of eccentric acting are carried off by Delehanty and Hengler, whose plantation melodies and mimitry approach more nearly the original than anything we have seen on the minstrel stage for years.

Of course Dan Bryant comprises the life and spirit of the performance. His humor is never dull, and everything he does combines so much of the comic with the grotesque as to render it laughable in the extreme.

The new tenor, Brandisi, made a good impression, while Unsworth, Eugene, Dave Reed, and all the old favorites contribute, as usual, to make two hours spent in the Bryant Hall something worth remembering and laughing over.

On the principle that "good wine needs no bush," the San Francisco Minstrels require no change of their ever popular programme to attract the public. The spice and flavor of their European experience afford those jolly jokers, Backus and Bernard, material for humor which they never dreamed of before, and when the scintillations of Birch's wit are added, the convulsions that ensue are subject to none of the general principles applied to laughter.

The management announce that while in Europe they engaged Leggett and Allen, the great original dancers of the Alhambra, and who will shortly appear in conjunction with the minstrel performances.

At the Harrison introduction many old favorites appeared and renewed the esteem in which they are held permanently—Miss Morgan, Mills, Sanderson, J. R. Thomas, and Colby—the latter gentleman acting as Conductor, and discharging the somewhat onerous duties of the position with singular grace, ease and urbanity.

Mr. Harrison, with his usual energy, presented two debutantes. Miss Wilhelmina Benziger, who, in selecting a classical concerto for her first appearance, exhibited a more intimate knowledge of music than of the public taste.

In happy contrast to this error, Miss Julia Gaylord, a spirituelle little fairy, won all hearts, as well by her girlish beauty and the sweet simplicity of her appearance, as by her selection of a charming ballad of the German School.

The young lady has a high soprano voice of a sweet and sympathetic character, and her method is singularly pure for so young an artist.

We predict for her a brilliant career, not only in the concert-room during the present season, but in a larger field—a broader future.

Hermann has been performing at the Academy since Wednesday evening. Hermann is really the prestidigitateur of the period. He is surpassed by no modern magician in the cleverness of his tricks and the neatness of his legerdemain. It was generous in him to devote the proceeds of his first entertainment to the Avondale sufferers. Next week Hermann will perform three evenings—Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday—and thereafter two evenings each week.

We are at last relieved from the enticing enthralments of Opera Bouffe, and although Italian opera would seem to have bidden us a lengthy, if not a final farewell, we are to have grand, historical and romantic French opera, supported by a strong troupe of excellent artists, a real French chorus in great portion imported, a capital orchestra, and mounted with costumes and properties such as the Paris managements alone can give. Seriously, without any false modesty, we may be glad that "continuations" have had their day, and that a thoroughly new *regime* is about to be inaugurated in French Opera. We have said that the new vocalists are excellent, and we may point out several of these as artists of a very high class. Madame Faye Fauschette, who appears in Halvey's "Juive", on Wednesday next, is an admirable soprano, full of fire and power, while Mlle. Euphemie Bleau, who follows on Friday next in "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine," will display all the finish and grace of style which made La Grange so great a favorite, with far more vivacity, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, a fat finer organ. Of the men it is almost needless to speak, yet there are three good tenors in the company, young and capable of making an impression.

Next week the last of the delicious Garden Concerts for this season will take place. We regret to know these very enjoyable entertainments are to be discontinued so early. They have proved the most popular and pleasant fetes that were ever inaugurated in this city, and throughout the summer have furnished a class of entertainments to which most people who were obliged to remain in the city have flocked with eagerness and regularity. Let no one miss the opportunity of attending these concerts next week.

At the Bowery the sensational drama is achieving an immense success. Manager Freligh has discovered the wants of East-side audiences, and is catering to them accordingly. Three pieces are announced for to-night, and on Monday evening "The Jewess" will be revived for the first time this season with an attractive cast and superb mountings.

Mr. Jefferson will give three performances of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music next week, commencing on Monday night, under the management of C. W. Tayleure. Seats are in eager request, and the great comedian will undoubtedly receive an ovation.

OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Packard's, for October, is a sterling number, full of good things in prose and verse. "The Autocrats of the Press," by S. S. Randall, we copy entire as a valuable contribution to the newspaper history of the period. Eleanor Kirk continues her "Facts about Working Women," and very instructive they are, too. Jerome Hopkins informs us somewhat grandiloquently "Why the Peace Jubilee was a Musical Failure." N. S. Dodge describes "Queen Victoria in her Prime." W. H. Babcock compiles an entertaining narrative on the "Humors of the Departments." W. W. Burleigh rhymes genially on "No Home." Thos. W. Knox has a capital essay on "Borrowing as a Fine Art." Emily S. Bissell presents "Fifty-two Good Reasons for Not Going to Prayer-Meeting." Mrs. Mary E. Tucker propounds the query, "Am I Woman's Rights Woman?" and responds in a paper which for its common sense and womanliness will most likely bring down upon the writer all the mighty thunderbolts of the *Revolution*. But the male sex should stand by Mrs. Tucker for her very bold, able, and ingenious defence of their rights and privileges. Edmund Kirke eulogizes Julia Ward Howe. Mr. Packard's Editorial Department is characterized, as usual, by fair and judicious comments upon striking current topics, and is conspicuously one of the best features of the magazine.

The *Atlantic* for October, being destitute of any more Stowe-ries, is an excellent number. J. W. DeForest has a fanciful and humorous satire on "The City of Brass," meaning Boston. "The Egotist in Life," is by Henry Giles. The essay on "Parlor Singing" is curious and entertaining. Caroline Chesebro's "Foe in the Household" is as readable as ever. Charles Dawson Shanly writes genially upon "Hunting in the British Islands." Walter Mitchell contrives to make a pleasant essay upon "German Songs." In "The Brick Moon," Rev. E. E. Hale finds scope for his ingenious faculty for romancing. N. S. Shaler writes about the "Earthquakes of the American Continent." The customs and peculiarities of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" are treated upon by a clever writer. "Wettstein" is by Geo. E. Waring; "The Average of Human Life," is by Edward Jarvis, M. D.; and "A Dredging Experience in the Gulf Stream," by Mrs. E. C. Agassiz. The poetry consists of lines to "Garibaldi," by John G. Whittier; "An August Pastoral," by Bayard Taylor, and some neat little stanzas, "At Rydal."

The *Galaxy* starts its October feast of good things with Mrs. Edwards' "Susan Fielding." Justin McCarthy describes with a trenchant pen "The Real Louis Napoleon." Raphael Pumpelly photographs "A Journey in Northern China." The second part of Anne M. Crane's "Little Bo Peep" appears, as does also another instalment of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place." "Renaissance" is by T. M. Coan. "Why Do Thieves Prosper?" by Edward Cropsey. Frank Norton contributes an entertaining and instructive paper on "Ten Years in the Astor Library." "In a Box" is by Samuel Blotter. [Blotter should never be in a box.] R. G. White relates his discoveries among "Shakespearean Mares' Nests." The departments of *Galaxy* Miscellany, Drift Wood, Literature and Art and Nebulæ are as usual full and interesting.

We give the table of contents of *Our Young Folks* for October: The story of a Bad Boy—Part 10, by T. B. Aldrich; Summer's Done, by Lily Nelson; The Swan Story, by Helen C. Weeks; The Ghosts of the Mines, by Major Traverse; Why? by L. G. W.; How to Read, by Edward Everett Hale; The Great Pilgrimage, by J. H. A. Bone; How Spotty was Tried for Her Life, by Ella Williams; The William Henry Letters—Thirteenth Packet, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; Ancient and Modern Coral Reefs, by Elizabeth C. Agassiz; Golden-Rod and the Asters, by the Author of "Seven Little Sisters;" Autumn Days, by Marian Douglas, Three in a Bed, a Song, by George Cooper, with music by F. Boott; Round the Evening Lamp; Our Letter Box.

The Captain's Political Gossip

A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND A HOPE FOR THE FUTURE—THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION—SHANDLEY CLUB BANNER-RAISING—CIVIL JUDGESHIP—FOURTH DISTRICT—SENATORIAL, ETC., ETC.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 17th, 1869.

DEAR LEADER: Scarcely more than a month and a half intervenes before the people of this great State will meet in one of the most important political conflicts that has ever before been witnessed by its citizens. It will be a struggle for power between the two great rival contending parties of this State, who will unquestionably exercise all their energy and strength and masterly tactics in the effort to obtain a supremacy over the other. The contest, therefore, promises to be a bitter and stubborn one, and at present, though anxious hopes animate many a breast that the terrible and exacting power of the Republicans may be crushed and humbled in the dust, it is difficult to foresee what may be the result.

Experience has clearly demonstrated the fact that, although our citizens in the past have tolerated and submitted to the deep wrongs imposed upon them by measures fastened upon the statute book by the grasp the Republicans for many years have held upon our Legislative and Executive Departments, they are no longer willing to press the smarting-rod to their lips, that scourges their back with humiliating violence. When contemplation presents to the mind the many general blessings that could be conferred upon a people by a wise and equitable administration of the laws and government, there can be found no justifiable cause why these blessings should be denied to one section of our State, and uninterruptedly bestowed upon another. Legislation that is sectional in its object and nature is pernicious to the welfare and prosperity of the people of any State. It fails not to create in the thinking mind sentiments of abhorrence and dissatisfaction, and too frequently leads to scenes of turmoil and the disruption of the public quietude and peace. While it shocks the feelings of the moral and law-abiding citizens, and awakens within his breast the strongest desire of resentment, it also degrades him in his own estimation while reflecting upon the duty he owes to his State, and his obedience to the laws which rise paramount and superior to every selfish consideration. It is the duty of every citizen to yield an obedience to the laws. He is not to question their propriety, intent, or purpose. No matter how arbitrary or unjust they may be, it is the citizen's duty to comply with their requirements, and, if needs be, to aid in their enforcement. This is what is expected of every good citizen, and what they will not fail to recognize as their duty to themselves and their neighbors. Without such there could exist no stability in the Government and no order or harmony in States or communities.

This fact has been faithfully exemplified by the action of the people of this city, and how well it certainly exhibits their intelligence and patriotism. For many years have they been deprived of the most sacred rights that justly belong to them under the Constitution of their State. Laws of the most odious nature have been passed by Republican Legislatures, that have placed in the hands of a political minority the power to trample upon and govern the majority. The municipal authorities have been denied the right to legislate for the general good of our citizens, while the chief executive of our city has left to him no power whereby he can redress a single grievance of which the people may complain, and which power and authority should rightly belong to him. Commissions, with their swarms of hungry, unprincipled officials are, by their unwarrantable and wasteful extravagance of the people's money, imposing upon the hard-toiling laboring classes an incubus of taxation and debt that will be for long years a curse and burthen to them, as the poor man is indeed the only tax-paper in the land. The simple pleasures of the humble and poor are restricted by those who are so tainted and impregnated with fanatical ideas, that they look upon a Sabbath day recreation as impious and in contravention to God's laws. All creeds and persuasions must bow their heads to Republican dictation, and to murmur and complain is construed into acts of rebellion against the laws, and provokes but greater severity on the part of our insolent task-masters.

All this our people have suffered, and have they at any time, by acts of violence, attempted to dethrone the power that has in the past so insulted and degraded them? Year after year their hopes were centred upon the ballot-box, and although defeated by shameful frauds and corruption, yet they have not abandoned the hope that the day is not distant when their toil and labors to overthrow their hateful opponents, may meet with a grateful reward.

The Republicans are not insensible to this state of things. They cannot mistake the indignant clamors that smite their ears on every side, and which proclaim the deep detestation for their party in the public mind. They are using every means to remedy the unfortunate blunders of the past, but the people are no longer willing to trust them; and as they have betrayed the trusts confided to them, at the desire of a few sycophants, looking to their own aggrandizement and a prolongation of power, it becomes evident that the only manner by which reform can be accomplished is by an entire destruction of the Radicals and the elevation of the Democratic party in our State.

There can but little no doubt that the Democratic party will succeed in the coming contest. No brighter auspices have ever marked its pathway. Dissatisfaction and wrangling rancor is fast weakening and paralyzing its opponents. The greedy spoil-hunters are growing distrustful of each other. Bitter jealousies are ripening into implacable hate. The hands that were in former years clasped in the bonds of friendship are raised in political warfare against each other, and reconciliation is impossible. It therefore remains alone with the leaders of the Democracy to triumph or fall. Defeat is irretrievable ruin; to succeed ensures control of the destinies of the State for many years to come.

The legislative branches of the State must be in our hands to strengthen the power of the Executive. They can be won. The best and most intelligent men of the party must be nominated for the Senate and Legislature. No man is justified in voting for those unfit to represent him. The people's interest must be consulted, and all will go well. If wisdom is exercised, we shall see an obliteration of the obnoxious laws we are suffering under, and our State redeemed from misrule.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

On next Wednesday, the Democratic State Convention will assemble at Syracuse among the celebrated "salt licks" of that historic place. It will be composed of the most intelligent and distinguished men of the party.

I am of the opinion that the change of location from Albany to Syracuse for the holding of the Convention will prove a wise and beneficial one. It is more central, and can be more easily reached by the delegates from our southern tier of counties, and along the eastern and northern boundaries of the State. It is of course a great injustice to our "dead head" philosophers, who for the past years have found their way to the Capitol during the Convention upon charity tickets and borrowed passes, and who, with brazen impudence, have intruded themselves in the rooms and councils of our delegates and leading men, to their annoyance and embarrassment. The conveniences of this inconvenient distance, is not in their way now, and the "lunch route runners" are in despair. Gruff old Commodore Vanderbilt has cut off our honorables from their free rides over the Hudson and Harlem roads since last May, and the parade of the "dirty buffs" upon legislative pasteboards, will be extremely thin. They will be compelled to stay at home and scent the battle from afar, and lick their dry chops in remembrance of the good times and high old "jamborees" they have had in the past, when they made things "red-hot" at the Delavan and Tweddle Hall. I am sorry for those poor fellows, and wonder how things can be accomplished without them.

There can be no apprehension but that the Convention will be a purely harmonious one, as it is confidently expected that there will be no conflict whatever with regard to contesting delegations. Tammany Hall will, with the view she has ever cherished of sustaining her dignity and character, and which has rendered her supreme in the councils of the State, intrust the important duties of a faithful representation of her interests in the Convention into the hands of the most trustworthy and responsible men of the party.

The officers to be nominated are: Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Canal Commissioner, Inspector of State Prisons, and Judges of the Court of Appeals—one for the term of eight years, one to fill the unexpired term of William B. Wright, and one to fill the unexpired term of John K. Porter.

It is presumed that an amicable decision with relation to those several responsible positions has been consummated, which will give entire satisfaction to the Democracy in every section of the State. There may eventuate a slight contest upon the nomination of State Prison Inspector, and a little harmonizing influence may be necessary to quiet the nerves of the several aspiring candidates for this office. I have heard of quite a number of gentlemen who are looking in this direction, who are all willing, however, to abide by the dictates of the Convention. I have been informed that my young friend, Hon. John McShea, Jr., of Schenectady County, who so ably distinguished himself in the Legislature of 1863, as the champion of Democratic principles, is a candidate for State Prison Inspector, and expects a consideration in the Convention. Hon. John L. Flagg, of Rensselaer is also a candidate, and is a very brilliant and able gentleman, who has held the most trustworthy positions within the gift of the people of his county, and distinguished himself by his impartial and consistent administration of affairs while Mayor of the City of Troy. Old Westchester has also a candidate in the person of Hon. Alsop H. Lockwood, who was elected in 1852 as Sheriff of that county, and member of the Legislature in 1862.

BANNER RAISING.

On last Monday night, the Edward J. Shandley Association of the old Thirteenth Ward, of which the handsome and portly Patrick J. McLaughlin is President, and the vivacious and indomitable old campaigner, John N. Andrews, is Secretary flung to the breeze a large and beautiful banner, on the corner of Delancey and Clinton streets, amid the belching of cannons, the whizzing of rockets, and the glare of red and blue fire, and the shouts of the assembled citizens, bearing the name of Edward J. Shandley, for Police Magistrate of the Fourth District. The meeting was perhaps the largest of the kind ever held in the ward before, and was a deserving compliment to Mr. Shandley, who must rank as one of the very best of our Police Justices. After the Judge, who was present, in an eloquent address had expressed the gratification and pleasure he experienced at the high honor conferred upon him, he was succeeded by the Hon. Lawrence D. Kiernan, who made a forcible address in behalf of Judge Shandley, alluding in glowing terms to his estimable character and qualification for the position he occupies, and fervently advocating his renomination. Speeches were also made by Charles A. J. Goldey, Fred. Zimmer, Peter J. McAlear, and several others. The meeting was prolonged to a late hour, and adjourned with hearty cheers for the amiable Judge. Judge Shandley will undoubtedly receive a renomination and meet with but slight opposition in his election. By the strictly honorable course he has pursued while upon the bench, Judge Shandley has won for himself the entire confidence and esteem of the people of his district, irrespective of party, as was clearly demonstrated by the enthusiasm manifested upon the occasion of the meeting on Monday night, and the large and overwhelming attendance of citizens that graced it. I saw present the leading men of the old Thirteenth, conspicuous among whom were Alderman Miller, Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, Fred. Zimmer, John Kerrigan, who sang some new and beautiful campaign songs, Jimmy Donohue, Gill Wood, chuck full of the Constitution, Patrick Conners, Larry Hill, and many others. It was a great success.

Some of the boys expect that the next civil justice of this district will be Joseph Koch, at present Law Clerk in the County Clerk's office. He will be confronted for the Tammany nomination by Hon. Wm. Tracy; but many bet that the debonnaire Joseph will certainly carry off the prize. Joseph has a host of friends, and will be backed up for the position by the legal fraternity, a large number of whom are at present organized in his favor. So has Tracy. Either will make an acceptable and excellent Judge.

SENATORIAL.

With respect to the Senatorial nominations, but little at present can be said truthfully about them, but facts concerning them will develope themselves in a few weeks. There is no lack of aspirants for those nominations, as is generally the case upon every Senatorial election.

There is no question with regard to the nomination of Senator William M. Tweed. His action in the last Senate has greatly increased his popularity, which will ensure his election by a large and decided majority. In the Fifth District there are many spoken of for the toga of Senator Norton, conspicuous among whom is George H. Purser. I am not aware as to whether Senator Norton will hold to his aspirations for the Police Judgeship or again enter the field for another term at the Senatorial wheel. Senator Thomas J. Creamer and ex-Senator Charles J. Cornell are the two most prominent candidates in the Sixth District, and their several friends are industriously working to secure their success. In the Eighth District I hear that my old friend Benjamin P. Fairchild, of the Twenty-second Ward, will contest up there for the Senatorial nomination against all comers. I am unable to say what may be Benjamin's chances, but I find that he has many warm and enthusiastic friends and admirers, who would like to hail him Senator. Mr. Fairchild is an old Democrat, and at present a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee and popularly known for many years as police captain in our city. Harry Genet and William Hitchman are the other candidates, but it would be premature to speculate at the present time as to who will be the coming man.

TAMMANY HALL.

On Thursday night the Tammany Hall General Committee ordered primary elections in all wards, Saturday evening, between the hours of six and seven o'clock, to elect delegates to a Convention to be held on next Monday, at Tammany Hall, that will select delegates to represent the Democracy at the State Convention to be held at Syracuse on Wednesday, the 22d inst.

The meeting was a large one, and was a happy reunion of the big "injuns" in the Grand Lodge of the Democracy, after their delightful perambulations 'mid rural scenes during the fervid glow of the summer months.

Peter B. Sweeney, Esq., City Chamberlain, was the recipient of many a friendly and sincere congratulation for his safe return from Europe, where he enjoyed a few months of useful and healthful relaxation from the cares of public life. Mr. Sweeney, perhaps, never passed a greater degree of good health than that which he now enjoys.

"Big Indian" Tweed was every inch a chairman, and as fresh-looking as the beautiful flowers that shed so delightful a charm over his own Linwood, at Greenwich. Comptroller Connolly was, as usual, in the happiest mood and with a warm smile for every one, a little wearied-looking from a too close application to his duties. Judge Cardozo was the centre of a circle of admiring friends who appreciate him for his excellent qualities and generous disposition. Harry Genet was as busy as a bee in a clover field, attending to business every time. He was watched closely by anxious William Hitchman. The big Judge was extensively noticed and was grateful. Michael is a big pillar of the church. I want him to use Charley Feitner on the square, or he can be no lieutenant of mine. Charley Loew was looking after the interest of the hopeful Eleventh. Tom Dunn had a dry rig on. He was a little twisted, however, from the wringing out he got last week at the Elysian Fields, after he returned from a review of his water lots at the bottom of the Hudson. He did well then, but the next time, Tom, take a sheet-iron bathing suit with you, merely to please. THE CAPTAIN.

THE DEERY-FOSTER MATCH.

The long-talked-of match game between John Deery and Melvin Foster—new American game, 1,500 points up, caroms, push shot barred, the championship, diamond cue and $500 a-side at stake—came off last Tuesday evening at the Hippothestron, Fourteenth street. The house was crowded from pit to dome with masculines mostly, only a few ladies being present. We observed quite a number of notabilities as our eyes swung round the Hippothestronic circle, among the most prominent of which were President Grant, Secretary Fish and Borie, "skimmer of the seas," *incog*, Greeley and Thurlow Weed sat side by side, and Dana and J. Russell Young. Among others that we noticed were Chris. O'Connor, James Parton, Counsellor Bryant, Ben Butler, Admiral Fisk, Barnum and Jem Mace from London. Among the ladies present were Sue Anthony, Doctress Walker and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the latter with a copy of the Puritanic magazine she writes for, in her hand, all seemingly much interested in the game.

Deery, handsomer than ever, we thought, won the lead, and sent his ball out of Foster's reach; thereupon the former made nine, and played in the string for safety. Foster missed with the mace (not the Mace alluded to above), and Deery made a run of six and holed his ball accidentally. Foster made a fine "round-the-table" shot, and slipped on an easy carom. Deery "banked" magnificently, and then he too missed an easy carom that any tyro ought to have made, leaving the balls safe, however, as he and many others thought, no doubt. But Foster went for the ivories and run 54, resigning the table then

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

Kempion.

A STORY OF A SAD LIFE.

It is now more years than I care to reckon up since I first went to Kempion. I was quite a boy then, and I went to spend a week or so there at the beginning of the Christmas holidays. Algernon Graythurne—by some years the younger of Colonel Graythurne's two sons—was my schoolfellow, and we were much attached to each other. I suppose I was naturally rather timid at that age, and not having been accustomed to be away from home on visits to strange people, I felt something like a cold chill come over me when I first entered the long, low hall of that wierd old place; nor was I put much more at my ease by the cold and solemn manner of Algernon's father as he welcomed me to Kempion. I remember being very much relieved to find that I was to share Algie's room; for having heard a good deal about ghosts at different times and in promiscuous ways, I felt an unpleasant conviction the first evening I was at Kempion that I had fairly got into the midst of them, and if I was destined ever to have my hair turned prematurely gray by the sight of any supernatural apparition, now, I thought I had got a fair chance. Everything about the house was old and solemn, from Colonel Graythurne himself down to the scullery-maid, who was certainly the oldest person in that profession I have ever seen. The butler was hoary, very hoary. The footman was bald; the housekeeper had seen better days—about the time my grandfather married my grandmother, I should say. As for the furniture, most of it apparently came in with the Conqueror, about the same time as the family. The house itself had been built long before the time of legal memory. The very ghosts, I thought, if ghosts there were, must be very ancient and infirm, and by this time would probably prefer the undisturbed repose of the family vault, or, the grim dungeons which were said to exist somewhere on the premises, to nocturnal prowlings. Algie told me I need not be alarmed. True, there was one ghost—a white lady, who was occasionally heard to scream, and once a century or so, some imaginative domestic caught a glimpse of a flowing robe; but there was nothing worse than that about the place.

After we had been at Kempion a few days Algie's elder brother Albert came home. He was some years older than Algie, and was just about to join the army. I could not like him. He seemed older in years than he really was, and he talked like a grown-up man, I thought then. He used to smoke and drink a great deal, it seemed to me; he looked down very much on us boys, and talked about things we didn't understand; and when he had nothing better to do, he used to tease and bully us rather. Mrs. Graythurne had been dead many years, and young as I was, I could not help thinking that Kempion would have been a much nicer place if there had been some lady there. I missed all that soft influence I was accustomed to in my own home. Colonel Graythurne, I soon saw, had a very violent temper, and I heard rumors long afterwards that that temper had broken his wife's heart. However, in his cold and careless manner, he was tolerably kind to me, and I certainly had nothing to complain of from him during my stay at Kempion. Algie was terribly afraid of him, but Albert was not, and sometimes himself and his father had altercations that alarmed me considerably; and I could see that Albert had inherited to the full his father's hasty and uncontrollable temper.

I need not linger over this first visit to Kempion; there is only one incident which I need record, and it is this. One evening, shortly before I arrived home, we went to a juvenile party at a house some nine or ten miles off, belonging to a Mr. Milsom. His only son Lawrence was at the same school as Algie and myself, and he had one sister—a fair blue-eyed child, who had at this time attained the mature age of twelve; and if ever I believed in love at first sight, I did then. I fell most desperately in love with this young lady. She, like Algie, had no mother, and even now, at this distance of time, I can remember only too well—for I was able to note it then—how charmingly this little fairy played the part of lady of the house to all her tiny guests, and insisted on seeing all the other diminutive ladies provided with partners before she would mingle in the giddy dance herself. On one occasion I had the exquisite happiness of being her cavalier; and I was about to tear round the room, with my arm round her waist, when Algie came up and stopped us.

"This is my dance, Tinie," said he.

"No, Algie dear, the next. I promised your friend for this a long time ago."

"O yes, Algie," I put in, "the next is yours; I am certain this is mine."

"Tinie, Tinie, I have got it written on my sleeve," he expostulated. "Look here!" and he exhibited a large scrawl upon his shirt-cuff. Whereupon he and I got into an argument, and up came Albert Graythurne.

"Now, Tinie, come along. I have not had a dance with you yet," he exclaimed.

"O, I am engaged to Mr. Gerald Birley," she answered.

Mr. Gerald Birley. That was I. I had never heard my name sound so nice before.

"Then Mr. Gerald Birley can wait till the next dance," he rejoined, scarcely looking at me. "*Seniores priores*—that's Latin: I dare say he knows enough to translate it for you by-and-by! Come along."

"But I am to dance the next with Algie," pleaded Tinie.

"Then Algie and Mr. Gerald Birley must settle that between themselves," retorted Albert.

I stood irresolute and looked at Algie, who seemed as diffident as I was. In another moment Albert Graythurne whirled her off, and Algie and I stood looking at each other foolishly. He had taken her from us both.

Time passed on, and Lawrence Milsom, Algie, and myself found ourselves together at Oxford. There is no need to say much about that happy time. I will come at once to a certain commemoration, the last term I was at Oxford. I had just taken my degree, and so had Milsom; but Algie's thoughts had been wandering too much about the image of a certain fair-haired girl, fast bursting into womanhood, but still known as Tinie, to permit him to read steadily; and so he had been forced to put off going in for the final examination; a fact which made Colonel Graythurne extremely angry, and he had roughly bidden Algie go and work all the long vacation, and not go back to Kempion till he could bring his bachelor's hood with him. To do him justice, the Colonel never stinted his sons with regard to money; so Algie was supplied with enough for himself and a "coach," and they were to go upon the Continent. Now it so happened that Milsom and I were going for a trip together; and it was arranged that we should all meet somewhere in Switzerland towards the end of August. But before we started, there was the Commemoration to be done. Secretly I had long looked forward to this time; for I knew that Miss Milsom was coming up, and where Miss Milsom was, there for me was paradise. I knew I had no hope that she could care for me. I worshipped her, but at a tremendous distance. Besides which, Algie's whole heart was given to her; and I knew pretty well that she prized that heart, and meant to keep it. Several times I tried to persuade myself to run away from Oxford before the gayeties commenced, and not subject myself to unnecessary miseries; but, however, as some pain is said to be exquisite, so some mental tortures are not without their fascinations; and do what I would, I could not resist the strong craving to see Tinie Milsom—talk to her, dance with her. I knew it would be only to prolong my agony, and possibly that agony might be increased tenfold by seeing her solemnly plighted to Algie; well, far better to him than to any one else—that was my only consolation. He had always been my best friend, and I could not feel jealous of him. Besides, if Tinie loved him and did not love me, what possible good could it do for me to get in a rage about it? That would not make her love him less, or me more; so I made up my mind that her happiness was my happiness, and that whatever she liked, I must like too.

Just before the Commemoration proper commenced, Algie gave a small dance in his rooms in St. James's College, as a sort of inauguration of the coming festivities. It took place the evening that Tinie and Mr. Milsom came up to Oxford, and it would have been most delightful but for a circumstance which, as far as I and one or two other persons were concerned, cast something like a wet blanket over our enjoyment. Just as everybody had got to know each other pretty well, and we were about to engage in a country dance, after a fashion a trifle more lively than usual, I noticed Algie's eyes looking with an unpleasant expression towards the door. I looked in that direction too, and there I saw, standing with his arms folded, and with his eyes fixed on Tinie, Albert Graythurne!

From the moment I saw him my spirits rapidly declined. What could have brought him to Oxford? Algie certainly had never asked him, and he did not appear to have come with anybody. He had always laughed and sneered at Oxford whenever we had talked about it in his presence, and he seemed to hold it, and all that belonged to it, in supreme contempt; yet here he was, alone and uninvited. Why, too, were those deep-set eyes of his ever wandering after Tinie? She, in truth, did not seem to heed him much, though once or twice I fancied I observed her glance uneasily at him. Algie introduced him at his request to two or three young ladies, and he talked and laughed loudly; and his partners evidently were at a loss what to make of him, and were rather glad when the dance with him was over.

As this little ball took place, by special permission, in College, it was an understood thing that it was not to be a late affair, and about one o'clock the company went away *en masse*. Albert Graythurne was the last to go.

"Now, come!" he exclaimed, "I have heard you fellows talk so much about Oxford hospitality, you must give me a good supper before I go to the wretched lodging, which was all I could obtain to-night in this well-disciplined city."

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming up?" asked Algie; "I daresay I could have got a room in the college for you."

"Thankee; I think I should be suffocated if I were to pass a night within these gray old walls. You can't get out when you like, either; and I couldn't stand that. Where the devil do you get this champagne? I believe you boys would drink any filth as long as it sparkled. Where is that strong ale you used to boast of, Algie?"

"Here is a jug of it. Nobody has touched it, I see. I ordered some up in case any one should be curious to try it."

"Hand it over." Albert poured out and drank off a large tumblerful. "Upon my word, that is not bad. My opinion of this ancient University is rising. It can't be a very bad place if you can brew such beer as that in it. So, your holidays are coming, are they, Master Algie? And the governor says you are to go abroad and read with any swindler who will kindly allow you to pay his expenses for him, and give him a good round sum into the bargain. That's what you call a reading-party, isn't it?"

"I really am going to read," said Algie gravely.

"O, of course. You must do your lessons, you know. But why go abroad to do them? Ah, true—I forget. The Milsoms are going abroad, eh, Algie?"

Algie colored up, but said nothing.

"Nice little girl, that Tinie," continued Albert; "turned out better looking than I expected. She ought to be sweet on you, Algie, you pay her attention enough."

"Miss Milsom is, in a sort of way, my guest," answered Algie constrainedly: "I mean, of course, she and her father are. I joined with Lawrence in begging them to come up, and therefore, of course, I devote my time to them."

"Quite right, quite right. You need not get red about it. You are going abroad too, Birley, I suppose?"

"I start with Milsom to-morrow," I replied shortly.

"Well, you will have a jolly time of it, no doubt. Are you going to do lessons too?"

"I am going simply for my pleasure. I have no more lessons to do. I have taken my degree."

"I congratulate you. I have not the least idea what you mean; but I presume you have got a prize or something."

"Yes, something of that sort," I answered, not caring to give him further opportunity for sneering.

"Well, you look as if you wanted me to go, Algie. I suppose you will get in a row if I stay any later. I trust they will let me out of this defected prison. If they demur, I shall have to insist upon my rights as a British citizen, and wake up your chief if necessary."

"I will see you out of the gate myself," said Algie.

"That's very good of you. I may as well finish this brown jug. Really, if they decline to let me out, and you can get me plenty of this, I'll promise not to grumble at my imprisonment."

"I am afraid I could not give you that consolation," said Algie, with an attempt at cheerfulness; "the cellar was closed hours ago."

"Then the sooner I go the better. Good-night, Birley," and he and his brother left the room.

O, why had I not gone away before the Commemoration, in accordance with my first impulse? We had arranged so many pleasant things for the week—drag-and-four to Blenheim, barge down the river to Nuneham—but, nothing, I felt, sure, could be pleasant, if this contemptuous, evil-eyed man was to accompany us throughout. And what could have induced him to come to Oxford at this time? Was it possible that he, too, was fascinated by Tinie—that he was in love with her, and was determined to win her for himself? Mr. Milsom, I knew, disliked him much; and I knew, too, that it was said that Col. Graythurne had set his heart upon his eldest son marrying some rich girl, the property at Kempion being much embarrassed, and Mr. Milsom was by no means wealthy. O, if this dark suspicion should prove to be true, how sad for Algie!... Still, if Tinie indeed cared for Algie, it would not much matter. He was bound either to a good business—not of a highly aristocratic order, indeed, but one in which, if he worked hard, he might soon gain an independence and marry whom he pleased. Well, if Tinie was true, all difficulties would vanish.

When Algie came back to the room after seeing his brother through the gate, he looked sad and dejected—so different from when we had been anxiously expecting our guests, and I hardly liked to say anything to him about Albert's sudden arrival; but he himself remarked:

"It's just like Albert, to come here when he knew that he was not wanted. O Birley, is it very wrong indeed to dislike one's brother? It is not my fault. I have tried hard to be friends with him, but it is impossible. Gerald, that fellow has got no heart. I believe he would kill a man as soon as look at him, if he stood in his way."

"Algie! Algie! not so bad as that."

"Ah, you don't know him as well as I do. You don't know the fury Albert can get into if he likes; and when he is in one of those awful passions he never stays to reason or reflect. Why has he come here? His presence spoils all my pleasure. Do you know, Gerald, I am certain that he suspects my love for Tinie, and that he wants to set her against me if he can."

"He can't succeed in that," said I, as cheerfully as I could.

"I don't know what he can't do, if he likes; and, if he chooses, no man can be more pleasant and agreeable to women. O dear, I thought to have gone to bed with a lighter heart to-night! Good-night, old fellow; it is past two o'clock, and we have got to be up early."

With a heart not much lighter than poor Algie's, I went to my own rooms.

As it turned out, however, our forebodings were premature. Albert, indeed, was with us the best part of the following day; but he contrived to make himself extremely agreeable to every one, and in the evening he received a telegram from Kempion. The Colonel had met with an accident out riding; nothing at all of a serious nature, but he wished his eldest son to be at home while he was laid up.

Albert was greatly enraged at this. "Why the devil couldn't the governor have sent for you, Algie? You can do the nurse, and all that sort of humbug, and I can't. I suppose there is no help for it, and go I must. Don't break your heart, Algie, my boy; come home with me, if you like. Many thanks for the kind hospitality which you did not offer me. Good-bye."

The remaining days of the Commemoration passed away only too quickly, too delightfully. We were a very happy party, and sincere were the regrets when the last day arrived. It was a Thursday, and there was to be a last ball—a small one—at some college that evening, and to this we were all to go. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Milsom were to go to town; Lawrence and myself were to start abroad; and poor Algie was to go to Kempion, having been summoned thither by the Colonel, who wished to see him before he started with his reading party.

Ah, how well I remember that calm summer night—the last I spent at Oxford! How well I remember, as the night wore on, Tinie and I stood by an open window, and looked out upon the ancient, gray quadrangle, and the bright stars above! How well I remember the provoking shyness that kept me dumb; or perhaps it was that I did not dare trust myself to speak! How well I remember the sweet smile she gave me when she said "Good-bye;" and ah! I can feel the touch of that warm little hand still! But, best of all, I remember how that, as Algie and I walked back to our college together, he said to me with radiant face:

"I have spoken at last, Gerald. I have told her all my love for her; and she loves me Gerald—loves me as I love her!"

I pressed his hand, but could say nothing.

Their engagement was not to be mentioned to any one yet. Algie was to read hard all the Vacation, take his degree, enter upon his business at once, and then go boldly to Mr. Milsom and ask his permission for their marriage. Algie at this time was twenty-two; Tinie was about nineteen.

Algie was in such spirits, I could hardly persuade him to go to bed; nor did I feel much inclined for sleep myself. The glorious summer sun was rising in its splendor over the gray spires and towers of Oxford; the fresh morning breeze came in lightly at my open window, and bathed my heated forhead with its invigorating freshness; and so the deep sense of loneliness that had come over me when first I knew that not the shadow of a hope remained for me in Tinie's love, seemed to be lifted from me, and I longed to be far away from England, watching the sunrise upon Alpine snow.

Lawrence Milsom and I went straight to Paris, and there we stayed for a few days, neither of us ever having been there before, till at length we were fairly driven away by the heat. So we started away one blazing, simmering evening by the express for Basle. I have been along this route many times since, but never have I suffered as on that memorable occasion. The train was crowded, and neither I nor Milsom could get seats by the window, and the stuffy people who did, evidently entertained strong opinions against draughts. There were two ladies in the compartment, so smoking was out of the question. These interesting creatures were evidently bent on making a night of it, they took off their bonnets, and adopted head-gear much in the nature of nightcaps. They did odd things with their dresses; and at last they lifted up their great hot feet, took off their dusty boots, and put on large carpet-slippers. Finally, they settled themselves to sleep, and eventually snored in a manner which was anything but agreeable to weary travellers. To crown all our misery, there was a man with a baby—a man, mind, not a woman. In what relationship these two human beings stood to each other, I am unable to say. He may have been the male parent; on the other hand, he may have been a baby-farmer, to use an expressive modern term. Anyhow, he evidently understood his business; Mrs. Gamp herself could not have done it very much better. On the whole, the heat, the dust, the restless infant, the snoring females, the carpet-slippers, the general agony of that fearful night, all pass my powers of description. To have stepped out of that train at any moment into Charon's boat would have been an immense relief. I believe I should have hailed the cool breezes of the Styx with pleasure.

But all things have an end; and even a journey through France is not interminable, and we forgot all our miseries when, on nearing Lucerne, we caught our first glimpses of the eternal snow. There was not a cloud in the clear blue sky, and the giants of the Bernese Oberland were visible in all their spotless majesty. Dear me! it is very and to think how accustomed one gets to them. On this occasion, however, everything was new to Milsom and myself, and we discussed eagerly which mountain we would first walk up; any difficulties that might be connected with the ascent did not enter into our calculations upon that lovely morning.

At Lucerne I found a letter, edged with black, from Algie. He had only just arrived at home in time to see his father die. The fall from his horse was a much more serious thing than had been at first supposed; his spine was injured, it appeared. He suddenly began to sink, and never rallied. "It is an awful thing," wrote Algie. "It is so terribly sudden, that I can scarcely believe it to be true. My father never seemed to show any very great affection for either of us; but he was really very kind, and I was very fond of him. If it were not for Tinie, O, how lonely in the world I should feel! He has left his affairs in good order, but I must stay and look after certain arrangements to be completed about the place. Albert is going away almost immediately, and says he is sure I can do all that is necessary. So I shall be here a few weeks longer, and then I hope to join you in Switzerland."

"Poor Algie!" said Milsom, when I had read parts of the letter to him. "He seems to take it to heart very much. I never cared about old Colonel Graythurne much, nor did the governor. I tell you what, Birley; I believe Master Algie is rather sweet upon my sister, and I can't help thinking she spoons him a little. Well, I am sure I have no objection. He is a capital good fellow. I hate that brother of his, all the same. My opinion of that gentleman is mean in the extreme."

I wrote a long letter to Algie, and ended by telling him what our probable route would be, and bade him be sure and write as often as he could, so that there might be no chance of missing him when he found himself able to come to Switzerland.

Obviously, however, two nomads like Milsom and myself could not be expected to stick long to any given plan; and we wandered among lakes and mountains as our wayward fancy led us. We were charmed with our new life, and it was not until August was far advanced that we began to think of a little repose. We were both of us ardent fishermen, and so, between lakes and rivers in the valleys and frequent bursts over glaciers and high passes, we hardly knew how quickly the time had passed. We were now to join Mr. and Miss Milsom upon the shores of Lake Leman.

One evening we arrived at the picturesque town of Sion, in the Canton Valais, and Lawrence found a letter, as he had expected, from Tinie. "They are at a hotel near Villeneuve, at the head of the lake," he said, "and are expecting us daily. Bother it!" he exclaimed, as he read on. "Who do you think is there, too, and has apparently been there with them some time? Albert Graythurne!"

Instantly my memory reproduced that evening at Oxford, when I had seen him standing in the doorway, his dark eyes fixed on Tinie. "Been with them some time?" I said, as unconcernedly as possible. "I thought your father did not care for his society much?"

"No; he does not. This is what Tinie says: 'By the bye, I forgot to mention you will find Mr. Graythurne here—Albert, I mean. We met him some little time ago, and he has been travelling about with us. He seems much changed since his father's death. I think you will like him better now.'"

"Which means she likes him better," I thought to myself. "O Algie! what is going to happen now?"

"I am sure I shan't," said Lawrence. "I know he can make himself precious agreeable when he likes; but I hate his oily ways. He is all smooth one moment and an explosion the next. Confound him! I hope he won't stay long."

With that sentiment I cordially agreed.

The next evening we arrived at the hotel near Villeneuve, on the Lake of Geneva. Mr. Milsom welcomed us heartily, but I fancied I saw something of restraint in Tinie's manner to me. She indeed was as beautiful as ever, but it struck me there was an anxious expression in her face which I had never seen before—that face which had always been so radiant, so unclouded, so full of perfect happiness. Could Albert Graythurne be the cause of this? I jealously wondered.

We did not see anything of that individual till late that night. He greeted us cordially, and certainly seemed much improved in his manner. He had been on the lake all the evening fishing, he said. But it was poor sport. He would be glad if we would tell him where we had been successful, as he thought of moving on in a day or two. He had been by the Lake of Geneva now some time, and was thoroughly bored by it.

"The governor and Tinie have been making themselves agreeable, I hope?" said Lawrence.

"O yes; your father is not dootingly fond of me, I believe, but we get on better than we used to; and I have had some charming walks with Miss Milsom."

I fancied that he glanced sharply for an instant at me as he said these last words, as if to see how I should take them.

"Ah, Tinie is always compassionate," said Lawrence, carelessly; "she would do anything for a human being in distress."

"Yes; it was very kind of her to take so much pity upon me," returned Albert, meekly.

"Have you heard from Algie lately, Graythurne?" I asked.

"Yes; I heard from him only a few days ago. Upon my word, he is the most amiable of brothers. He is taking an immense deal of trouble off my shoulders at Kempion. It really is too bad of me to allow him to do it, especially as the poor fellow is longing to come abroad and join us."

"Will he be able to come out soon?"

"Not for another fortnight or three weeks, I fear."

"You must have left him plenty to do," observed Lawrence.

"Yes, I am afraid I have. But a resolute man can do a good deal in a fortnight or three weeks."

While I was undressing that night, and long after I was in bed, this conversation with Albert Graythurne disturbed me much. Nothing could have sounded more pleasant than the way in which he spoke of his brother; but I could not resist the impression that beneath all this suavity or speech there was a ring of malice.

"I wish to goodness Algie would turn up unexpectedly to-morrow!" was my last thought that night.

It was almost my first, too, next morning. I had slept later than usual, and the sun was high when I first went to my window and looked out upon the glorious scene before me. But all thought of that fair scene vanished away at the sight of two figures in the garden immediately below me. There was no mistaking them; at once I recognized Tinie and Albert Graythurne; they were walking side by side, and were soon lost to sight on the slope of the hill. The conviction burst upon me that this man had determined to transfer Tinie's affection from Algie to himself. And I know full well his power. His face was strikingly handsome, though the expression of bad passions uncontrolled was, to the keen observer, indelibly stamped thereon. As Algie once said, no man could be more agreeable to women than Albert if he chose to exert himself; and what influence might not that bold and experienced man exercise over a young and untried girl like Tinie? Yet what could be done? After all, mine were only suspicions; besides, if she indeed loved Algie, Albert might try all his arts in vain.

It was not for two or three days that I had any opportunity of private conversation with Tinie. Albert and Lawrence had gone out fishing, and Mr. Milsom, Tinie, and I strolled up the hill behind the hotel, I carrying Tinie's sketching apparatus. Mr. Milsom was an invalid, and not good for much walking; so, when we had ascended a little way, he sat down, and Tinie and I went further on in search of a good view of the lake. At length we found a spot which Tinie pronounced charming, and we sat down.

I did not know how to begin talking about Algie—there seemed some restraint, too, on her part at first. But soon she said:

"Now, Mr. Birley, I am arranged delightfully, and you must read to me whilst I draw. I always sketch much better when some one is reading to me."

"Most unfortunately, Miss Milsom, I have brought no book."

"How provoking! I declare I have a great mind to send you back for one. Why didn't you bring Byron? You might have read the "Prisoner of Chillon" to me. See how beautifully Chillon stands out now!"

"I wish you had asked me before we started; but I did not like to intrude my elocution upon you. There are beautiful passages in 'Childe Harold' about Lake Leman."

"O yes, I know. Ah—Mr. Graythurne read some of them to me the other day."

Ah, this was coming to the point.

"Graythurne reads poetry very well," I observed.

"I am not much of a judge of that," she answered, bending over her drawing, "but I should think he does."

"I am so disappointed not to find Algie," said I. "I made sure he would have been out by this time. It is very kind of him to take all the trouble of settling family affairs off his brother's shoulders. I wonder Graythurne lets him do it."

No rejoinder.

"Algie would so have enjoyed being among the mountains. I know he has long desired to see Switzerland. It will be a bitter disappointment to him."

Still no answer; but I thought I saw the hand that held the pencil tremble, as Tinie bid her face still more from me.

"Do you see that boat, almost a speck upon the lake, nearing the mouth of the Rhone? That must contain Lawrence and Graythurne; they are going to fish just about there."

She looked up quickly and gazed eagerly in the direction I had indicated; then, almost involuntarily, her eyes met mine, and a deep blush suffused her cheeks. "It is a pity you did not bring a book, Mr. Birley," was all she said.

But never did woman more distinctly tell a man to mind his own business, and not make disagreeable remarks. "Yes," I answered, "it *was* a mistake. I ought to have brought Byron. Did Mr. Graythurne ever read you those lines beginning—

'What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?'"

and I recited the whole of the stanza.

The hand that held the pencil trembled more violently; one big tear fell upon the paper. Hastily she brushed it away, and with a great effort said:

"You don't seem in a very cheerful mood to-day, Mr. Birley."

Hot words rushed to my lips; but before they found utterance I saw the figure of Mr. Milsom slowly toiling towards us, and he soon joined us. From that time Tinie took especial care—I could not choose but notice it—that I should not have another chance of a *tete-a-tete* with her. What wonder if my suspicions gathered force, and I believed that Tinie cared no longer for Algie, and had transferred her fickle love to Albert? Still it was quite possible that I might be mistaken, and at once I wrote to Algie, begging him to come out as soon as he could. I hinted nothing of my suspicions to him; but I begged him to come as strongly as I could without alarming him. That letter, I afterwards discovered, never reached Kempion. I put it in the letter-box at the hotel myself, but it only came out of that box to pass into Albert Graythurne's hands.

A few days afterwards, when I was fondly believing that my letter must have reached Kempion, Lawrence Milsom said to me, as we were on the lake:

"Birley, give me your opinion. I have a strong suspicion that there is something up between Tin'e and Graythurne. I don't understand the art of love-making myself, and so cannot be a good judge. Still I have observed once or twice lately that Tinie is always out early in the morning, and Graythurne invariably meets her. Now, a fellow of Graythurne's habits doesn't get up early in the morning for nothing. What is your opinion on the subject, eh?"

I could have told him that they had been out walking together every morning for the ten days we had been there, but I merely answered:

"Well, supposing something is up, what then?"

"Why, it is no good, and must be put a stop to. My father dislikes that fellow thoroughly, and, for the matter of that, so do I, though I try to get on with him for his brother's sake, and because we are near neighbors at home. But if there is anything in it, the governor would as soon let her marry the man in the moon as him."

"But if she loves him very much?"

"I should have thought no human being could do that. But that may be my prejudice. It would make no difference. My father was speaking about him to me the other evening; I did not hint my suspicions to him, and I am sure he entertains none himself; but he evidently has reason to believe Graythurne to be a bad and unscrupulous man, and he wishes he would not prolong his stay here. In short, if he doesn't go, we must."

"I can't help thinking there may be some truth in your suspicions," I answered cautiously. "If nothing really could come of it, perhaps it would be as well to separate them. But your father is so fond of Tinie, surely he would not go against her wishes. If she were in love with Graythurne, and desired to marry him, would not Mr. Milsom consent?"

Lawrence shook his head,

"Certainly not, so long as she is a minor. My father has strong notions of people doing as they like when they become independent, and perhaps would only offer advice if Tinie was of age. As it is, that will not be for two years to come, and I am convinced that he would consent now to no such thing."

A few days more, and all doubts and suspicions were set at rest. Albert Graythurne formally proposed to Mr. Milsom for Tinie. I give the account as I received it from Lawrence, who was present at the interview.

"Tinie came into breakfast evidently rather nervous; I saw that, though the governor, who suspected nothing unusual, did not. She was very affectionate and coaxing to both of us, and you know how much we love her, Birley. After breakfast Graythurne appeared, and asked my father if he could have a few moments' private conversation with him. The governor looked sharply at Tinie; who was blushing very much, and he saw what was up in an instant; but he would not allow either Tinie or myself to leave the room, and begged Graythurne to proceed in our presence, or not to say anything at all:

"I should have preferred to speak to you alone, Mr. Milsom, but I am in your hands. I have sought you this morning to tell you that I love your daughter passionately; she has given me reason to believe that my love is returned. You know my position; there can be no objection to me on the score of fortune, I believe, and I ask you, Mr. Milsom, to consent to our marriage."

"Whilst he was speaking, my father never took his eyes off him, and Graythurne seemed to grow impatient of this scrutiny.

"Mr. Graythurne," said my father coldly, "you and I have never been on the best of terms."

"All my fault, I am aware," murmured Albert.

"And therefore I have no hesitation in speaking plainly now. I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to accept your proposal."

"I saw the hot blood flushing into Graythurne's cheeks; but he controlled his temper with a great effort, and said:

"Mr. Milsom, you will at least give me your reasons for thus rejecting me."

"My opinion of you, Albert Graythurne," answered my father calmly, "was formed long since, and nothing on your part has occurred to change it; and I cannot trust my daughter's happiness to you."

"In that case," retorted Graythurne in a thick voice, "my further presence here would be, no doubt, unwelcome. But you need not suppose, because I am compelled to yield now, that I resign my claims to your daughter. Your prejudices against me are unfounded, and, nothwithstanding your conduct to me now, your daughter yet shall bear my name and be my wife."

So saying, he turned on his heel and left the room.

"I would sooner see her in her grave!" exclaimed the governor passionately. "Tinie, come here—listen. I know something of that man's past career; he is a heartless, selfish scoundrel. There, it is useless to say anything; let me never hear his name again."

Such was Lawrence Milsom's account of the affair, and he expressed himself extremely well pleased with his father's conduct. The same day Graythurne left the hotel.

As for Tinie, she seemed to be under the influence of some spell. She was calm and silent; from me she studiously kept aloof. No word was spoken of what had passed, and altogether we were by no means a lively party. Once or twice I thought of leaving them and going back to England, but Lawrence begged me so hard to stay that I could not refuse him; besides, I received a letter from Algie saying that he hoped to be able to start soon, and in about a fortnight we might expect him to turn up any day. I mentioned this one day when Tinie was in the room, and watched to see what effect it would have upon her. She paused for an instant in her work, but that was all. Mr. Milsom was very glad to hear it; he had always had a very high opinion of Algie, and would be very glad to see him. I hardly knew what I ought to do. Should I write and tell him all that had occurred, or should I let him come and discover all for himself? No, it was right that I should break the news to him as gently as I could. So I wrote him a long letter, telling Algie of his brother's proposal for Tinie, and of her apparent change of affection; and I suggested that it would be useless for him to come now—it would only be painful to all parties, and I thought that it could do no good. I implored him not to be rash and hasty in the line of conduct he might adopt. Tinie was very young; she might have been fascinated for a time by Albert's winning manners. She did not know what sort of a man he was; her eyes were opened now, and she might return to her first love. A little patience.

Patience, indeed! Algernon Graythurne knew no such thing; and within a few days after I had posted my letter he arrived at our hotel. Haggard and worn—for he had travelled night and day from the north of England—he stood by my bedside one morning, and awoke me.

"O Algie, is that you? I have been dreaming of you."

"What was your dream?" he answered wearily. "That you saw me floating dead upon the wide blue lake, and Tinie laughing on the shore?"

"No; I fancied we were back at Oxford, going——"

"O, don't speak of Oxford, Gerald!" he cried in anguish. "You know what happened the last evening we were there. Gerald, what is it that has changed her so? It seems impossible to believe that all you have written is true. Three short months, and all her love for me forgotten! O Gerald, I tried at first to think that you were deceiving me—that you loved her yourself, and by a lie were trying to keep her from me. O, how easily I could forgive you if that were indeed the case."

"There is no such hope, Algie. I have told you all the bitter truth; but why are you come? what do you mean to do?"

"I'll meet her face to face, accuse her of her treachery and falsehood before her father, cast at her feet the mocking love-pledge that she gave me, and be the first to bid her a pleasant welcome as the future mistress of Kempion!"

"But you forget, Algie. I told you in my letter that Mr. Milsom will not listen to your brother; nothing will induce him to consent to the marriage."

"Do you think Albert Graythurne would care to wait for that? No, no; I know him better. He hatches his devilish plots well. What cares he for a father's consent?"

"I persuaded him to go and change his dusty clothes. He positively refused to take any rest. He had had scarcely any sleep since he had received my letter, he said; and his heavy bloodshot eyes bore testimony to the fact. Dreading what might be the consequences of this arrival, I dressed hastily and went out into the garden, in some faint hope of meeting Tinie; but I saw no signs of her there. Algie saw me from the window of his room, and speedily joined me.

Nine o'clock was Mr. Milsom's usual breakfast hour; and when that came, Algie could wait no longer; he said he must see Tinie at once, for he must learn his fate from her lips. So, not without considerable misgivings, I preceded Algie up the stairs, and knocked at the door of Mr. Milsom's *salon*. I heard voices in conversation inside, and I had to knock twice or thrice before Lawrence's voice bade me enter. Before I had time to say a word about Algie, who had paused outside, I was struck by the expression of consternation in Lawrence's face. Mr. Milsom was sitting on the sofa, his face ashy pale, and his lips moving convulsively.

"Good heavens, Lawrence, is there anything the matter?"

"Yes," he answered sternly—"much. My sister's room has not been occupied all night, and her maid has just found this upon the dressing-table."

And he placed a scrap of paper before me. Before I could read it, the haggard figure of Algie strode into the room, took the paper from my hands, and read slowly:

"Good-bye, my own dear, dear father; good-bye, dear Lawrence. You will never see me again till you have forgiven me.

TINIE."

"You here, Algernon Graythurne!" exclaimed Lawrence.

"Yes; I came to dispute my brother's title to your sister. I have come too late. Mr. Milsom, at Oxford, three months ago, your daughter pledged her love to me. A man whom I know no more as brother has supplanted me, and robbed us all."

Mr. Milsom's head was bowed between his hands, and he sobbed audibly.

"Why, what's your grief to mine?" continued Algie sternly. "You will forgive her; six months hence she will be the same to you as ever, except that she will be the wealthy mistress of happy Kempion. You will learn to look upon this flight as a lover's escapade, and will pardon it accordingly. But I—what recompense can the future make to me? I have loved her with all my soul since we first played as children together. She placed her hand in mine but three short months ago, and promised she would be my wife. All the bright future of my life is dark and hopeless now. Deceived by her—ruined by my brother! Farewell, all of you. The younger son has got his portion, and will go forth and begin his new life alone."

Without another word, he left the room. I followed him, determined not to lose sight of him. In the course of the morning another note, all blurred and indistinct, was found in Tinie's room, addressed to me. It ran as follows:

"What you will think of me, I cannot tell—but O, I beseech you, comfort poor Algie. Teach him to forget me. There are hundreds of better girls than I, who are far more worthy of his dear loving heart. I thank him for his love—I know how manly and honest a love it is. And, indeed, I loved him once! But O, the change that has come over me! I cannot write about it. When first he joined us in Switzerland, I felt his fascinations stealing over me; and though I seemed to dread him, I could not resist him. He draws me to him now, and I obey the impulse. His voice calls me, and I go. It will be useless to attempt to follow us. We are to be married at once, and perhaps you will never see my face again. I cannot see my father or brother till they have forgiven me for this act, and I have told them so. Farewell. Comfort poor Algie!"

Two years passed away, and I was busily engaged in London. The affairs with which I was concerned brought me often in contact with Lawrence Milsom, but we seldom, if ever, spoke of what had happened in Switzerland. Mr. Milsom had been dead some months. Lawrence had never heard anything of his sister, with the exception of one short note written just after she and Albert were married. Her father resolutely declined to have any-

thing to do with her, nor would he allow them to try and communicate with her when the doctors told him that the internal complaint from which he had long been suffering must inevitably end his life within a few weeks. And, indeed, it would not have been easy to have found her; for Albert Graythurne and his wife had never been to Kempion; the establishment had been broken up, horses and carriages sold, and the house closed.

One evening I met Lawrence Milsom at the club, and after dinner I persuaded him to come and smoke a cigar at my rooms. It was a cold miserable November evening, a chilly rain was falling, and right glad were we both to sit in the comfortable chairs in my room before the blazing fire. After conversation upon different subjects, there was a brief pause, and then Lawrence said:

"On such wretched evenings as these, Birley, the thought will come into my head—where is Tinie?"

"Why at such a time, Lawrence? One would think she had married some penniless fellow. Remember, her husband has six or seven thousand a year."

"Then where is he?" demanded Lawrence in an angry tone. "Where is this man? Why does he not come back to England, and live at Kempion? What is there to keep him away?"

"They prefer travelling abroad. No doubt they will come back as soon as they are tired of their present wandering life."

"But how is it that we never hear of them in the most indirect manner? How is it that no one has ever met them on the Continent? I have made many inquiries, but have found no trace of them. Birley, there must be some reason for this concealment. Albert Graythurne is a villain, and there is nothing too mean or monstrous for him to do."

"Why, what do you mean, Lawrence?"

"I mean this: that the suspicion will haunt me that the scoundrel has never really married Tinie, and that he may have deserted her."

"O, no—you cannot believe in anything so bad."

"If I could but meet him!" exclaimed Lawrence fiercely. "He broke my father's heart; and if he has betrayed my sister, no punishment can be too great for him?"

"Have you heard from Algie again?" I asked.

"No—his last letter was from the south of Italy. In all his wanderings he has discovered no traces of his brother."

"Poor Algie! I wonder whether he will ever come back to England. He seems to have become quite the artist now."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and in another moment Algie himself stood before us. We both welcomed him heartily. I had not seen him for more than a year, and he seemed to have grown much older—there was a sad and careworn look upon his face.

"Algie, we were just speaking of you," I said. "I am so glad to see you. Take off that wet coat, old fellow, and sit down by the fire. Have something warm to drink."

"I knew I should be sure to find a welcome from you two, at all events," he said with a melancholy smile. "Ah, I have almost forgotten what home means. I should not get much of a welcome at Kempion now."

"There is nobody to welcome you," said Lawrence.

"What! haven't you heard!" asked Algie, in a tone of surprise. "My brother has been back some weeks."

"At Kempion!" exclaimed Lawrence, eagerly; "and Tinie?"

Algie shook his head gravely. "She is not with him, I believe."

"Not with him! Do you mean he has returned to Kempion alone? Good God, Algie! is my sister dead?"

"I cannot think so. Somehow or other—I cannot say how—I feel as if I should know if she were dead."

"And how are you sure that he is alone at Kempion?"

"I have received information that one morning he was seen walking about the place as if he had never left it. He has not opened more than two or three rooms in the house, and he has no servants except the old deaf housekeeper who was in the house while he stayed away."

"And there is no sign of Tinie?"

"None whatever."

"This is very strange. What do you think about it, Birley? Does it, or does it not, confirm my suspicion, which you thought too bad? asked Lawrence. "What do you say, Algie? This is no time to use roundabout expressions. Is my sister Mrs. Graythurne, or is she not?"

Algie could only answer by a shudder.

"Ah, you share the horror of my doubts. I cannot sit quietly and talk any longer. I must be alone. Good-night. I shall see you both again before long." And thus saying, he rose from his chair and abruptly left the room.

For a long time Algie and I sat in earnest conversation. Neither of us could share Lawrence Milsom's suspicions, but we exhausted ingenuity in endeavoring to seek a cause for Tinie's disappearance. If she was dead, should we not have heard of it? If Albert's bad temper had separated them, would she not have returned to England and sought her brother, whom she loved so much? If Lawrence's terrible surmises were correct, and she should have discovered Albert's monstrous fraud, she might indeed seek to hide herself in some distant land; but we refused to entertain such an idea. Very late we parted, Algie promising to call upon me in a day or two.

He kept his promise, but he had no news to tell. He was in daily communication with a trustworthy person near Kempion, but the reports were always to the same effect. Albert was unquestionably alone.

Days passed on, but neither of us saw anything of Lawrence Milsom. Then I went to inquire for him, and learned that he had left London some few days previously on urgent business, and nothing had been heard of him since.

Another week flew by, and then Algie came to me and said:

"Let us both go down to Kempion. I cannot help it. I must see Albert, and learn Tinie's fate. He cannot refuse to tell me." And I agreed. We started by the express train the next morning, and in the dim gloaming of a November afternoon we arrived at a village inn, about a mile from the house.

Telling our host that we should probably not be back till late, we set off walking along the well-remembered lanes. Soon we came to the park gates: there was no one in the lodge. The heavy gate creaked upon its hinges, and we passed into the dark and silent drive. A heavy mist was falling, and the only sound we heard besides our own footsteps was a monotonous drip drip from the branches of the trees upon the dead leaves below. A little further on, and then gray, desolate, and sombre the ancient pile of buildings rose before our eyes. In one window only could we see a light.

"That is the library," whispered Algie, hoarsely; "we shall find him there."

The heavy hall-door was unfastened, and we entered silently. The deep gloom within was no hindrance to Algie, and we passed swiftly through the great hall, and paused at the library door. Algie knocked softly; no voice from within bade us enter. Then he opened the door. O Heaven! what was the sight that met our fearful gaze? By the dim light of the solitary lamp we discerned the master of Kempion lying stretched upon the floor, and round him was a pool of blood that had flowed from a ghastly self-inflicted wound across his throat. Dead! dead! no doubt of that. Algie stood staring at the corpse as if deprived of all his powers. I rang the bell violently, and after some time an old woman appeared, and she half fainted when I pointed to the awful object on the floor.

"A surgeon!" I cried. "Where can I find one?"

There was one, it appeared, at the village, and the old woman conducted me to the stables. There I found the one gardener who was employed about the place; and not liking to leave Algie alone, I despatched him on a horse to fetch the doctor, who speedily arrived. He recognized Algie at once, and after examining the body of the dead man, pronounced that life had been extinct for a couple of hours or so. There was no reason to suspect foul play. The knife with which the fatal wound had been inflicted was still clutched in the dead man's grasp, and the wound itself was just such a one as a suicide would have made.

There is no need for me to linger over this scene. The coroner came the next day, and the jury eventually returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

That same evening, while the body lay in a room upstairs, Algie and I were sitting in a small breakfast-room on the ground-floor, both of us deep in meditation. We had been silent for some time, when Algie suddenly started from his chair, and cried "Hark!"

"What is it?" I exclaimed. "What did you hear?"

"Hush! listen!"

For some moments the ticking of the clock and the beating of my heart were all that I heard. Then, indeed, I seemed to catch the sound as of a low wailing in the garden.

With a smile full of awful meaning, Algie strode to the window, drew aside the heavy curtains, rapidly unfastened the shutters, and opened the casement. Then I heard plainly a long, sad cry go up from earth to heaven.

"O Algie, what is that?"

"Look," he said, the same smile still upon his face.

The moon had risen, and by the pale light of its beams struggling through the mist I saw the figure of a woman upon the lawn.

"The white ghost of Kempion," he said, in a hollow voice, "that always appears when death or disgrace comes upon the family."

"No," I almost shrieked, "no ghost; there stands our long-lost Tinie!"

We both of us rushed quickly from the house, and in another moment stood by Tinie's side. The moon for an instant shone brightly on her face, and I could see how ghastly white it was. But O, more terrible than that exceeding pallor was the light of madness gleaming from her eyes. Silently we led her in. She spoke no word, but, now and again a low moaning escaped her lips. She did not seem to recognise either of us, but gazed mournfully into the fire. The big tears stood in Algie's eyes as he looked upon this wreck of his fair young love.

Footsteps in the hall. Who could this be? The door opened, and Lawrence Milsom, accompanied by another person, entered the room. On seeing Tinie, he uttered a cry of joy, and threw himself at her feet.

"Found again! O, my sweet sister, found again!"

She looked at him—a slight smile broke from her lips, and she slowly raised her hand and stroked his hair.

"Lawrence, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Algie.

At the sound of Algie's voice the smile died away from Tinie's face, and she raised her eyes to his. And as she looked, I could mark the faint gleam of intelligence coming back again. Yes, in a moment more she recognised us all. Then, with one arm round her brother's neck, and her eyes turned to the last on him she had so wronged with a pleading, passionate expression I can never forget, she fell asleep, and her vexed soul passed away to that land where all such weary ones find rest.

All that remains to be told may be said in a few words. The moment Lawrence Milsom heard that Albert Graythurne had returned to Kempion, he started for the north, determined to be the first to meet him. He met Graythurne walking in the drive, and he demanded at once to see his sister. Graythurne declined to give him any information about her whatever; his behavior was cold and ironical at first, but soon he fell into one of his furious passions, and in the end Lawrence left him lying in a fit upon the ground. From information he received from other quarters, he had reason to believe that poor Tinie was, after all, at Kempion, confined by her husband in some secret part of the old house; and he telegraphed to London for an efficient detective, and this was the person who had come into the room with him. We found out afterwards, little by little, by dint of strict inquiry, that Albert and Tinie had led a miserable life; he had treated her at one moment with the greatest affection, and the next with shameful cruelty. She lost her infant, and in the end her reason had given away. Albert had brought her secretly to Kempion, shut her up in an unused part of the house, and took care, as he thought, that no one should know of her existence there. What impulse led him to put an end to his bad and worthless existence, God only knows. Never accustomed to control his evil passions, it is probable that in some sudden access of fury at Tinie's fate or at Lawrence's threats—without a friend, without a hope of happiness—he committed the act which took from him his ill-spent life.

Kempion has been sold. Algie could not bear to live there after all that had passed, and it is now the thoroughly-modernised dwelling of a wealthy Leeds manufacturer. Algie himself, spends almost all his time upon the Continent, having devoted himself to art. Lawrence Milsom and myself are tolerably prosperous in this world's good, but we rarely speak of that terrible night when we three met at Kempion.

No; we have buried that sad past in a grave at the east end of Kempion parish church. There, below the great chancel window, whence the quiet eyes of saints look down and tell of peace, rests from her sorrows our ill-fated Tinie!

CITY GOVERNMENT.

[OFFICIAL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of E. B. Wesley, Treasurer of St. Mark's Church, for the sum of six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, as a donation to enable him to pay assessment on the church property for the paving of Second avenue from Houston street to Fourteenth street, with Belgian pavement, and charge the same to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E Coulter, Geo. McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Charles O. Pinckey, Thos. F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Charles O. Pinckney.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

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

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That on both sides of Fifty-first street, from Second avenue to East River, curb and gutter stones be set, and the sidewalks be flagged and reflagged full width, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 21, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, William B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E Coulter, Geo. McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Geo. W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Charles C. Pinckney.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

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

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Geo. W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Charles C. Pinckney.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

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

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Eighty-ninth street, between Third avenue and the East River, be regulated and graded, the curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of E. B. Wesley, Treasurer of St. Mark's Church, for the sum of six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, as a donation to enable him to pay assessment on the church property for the paving of Second avenue from Houston street to Fourteenth street, with Belgian pavement, and charge the same to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E Coulter, Geo. McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Geo. W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Charles C. Pinckney.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

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

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Eighty-eighth street, from Third avenue to the East River, be regulated and graded, the curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 21, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That both sides of Fifty-first street, from Second avenue to East River, curb and gutter stones be set, and the sidewalks be flagged and reflagged full width, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department, and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 21, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, William B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E Coulter, Geo. McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Geo. W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Charles C. Pinckney.

Approved by the Mayor, July 6, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to retain from the appropriations for "City Contingencies" for the present year the sum of one thousand dollars, and pay the same to John C. Moore, for services rendered to the Legislative Department of the City Government, upon presentation of the proper vouchers, signed by the Clerk of the Common Council.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw a warrant in favor of the Sisters of Mercy, for the sum of four hundred and fifty-seven dollars, as a donation to enable said Sisters to pay the assessment levied upon their property in Eighty-first street, between Fourth and Madison avenues, for the work of building a sewer in Seventy-fourth street, from the Fifth avenue to the East River, and for opening Eighty-second street from the Second to the Third avenue; the amount to be charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 14, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, Jas. E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to draw his warrant in favor of E. B. Wesley, Treasurer of St. Mark's Church, for the sum of six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, as a donation to enable him to pay assessment on the church property for the paving of Second avenue from Houston street to Fourteenth street, with Belgian pavement, and charge the same to the account of "Donations."

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E Coulter, Geo. McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Eighty-ninth street, between Third avenue and the East River, be regulated and graded, the curb and gutter stones set, and the sidewalks flagged a space four feet wide through the centre thereof, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, John McQuade.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Approved by the Mayor, July 9, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That both sides of Fifty-seventh street, between Third avenue and Fifth avenue, curb and gutter stones be set, and the sidewalks be flagged and reflagged a space four feet wide through the centre of the same, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, April 12, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Chas. C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jas. Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, William B. White, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, Jas. E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, June 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That Croton mains be laid in Worth street, from Baxter street to Chatham square, under the direction of the Croton Aqueduct Department.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Negative—Peter Culkin, Charles C. Pinckney, David S. Jackson, Jr.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the salary of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Board of Aldermen be, and the same is hereby increased to the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars per annum, the same to take effect from the first day of January, 1869, payable monthly, to be taken from and charged by the Comptroller to the account of "Salaries—Legislative Department."

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 1, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham.

Negative—Charles C. Pinckney.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, William B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, Jas. E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-lamps be placed and lighted on the southwest corner of Hudson and Desbrosses street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid, lamp-posts erected and street lamps lighted in Worth street, from Baxter street to Chatham square, under the direction of the Street Department.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed and lighted in the southwest corner of Hudson and Desbrosses street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, Bernard O'Neil, James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That gas-mains be laid, lamp posts erected, and street-lamps lighted in Fifty-seventh street, from Eighth to Tenth avenue, under the direction of the Street Department.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, July 8, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, John Hampson, Peter Culkin, JosephHoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinkney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, Jas. Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, Thomas Coman, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, William B. White, Thos. Connor, Frederick Repper, James A. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, June 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a gas-lamp be placed and lighted in front of 449 East Ninth street, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 31, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Bryan Reilly, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, June 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Anthony Miller, Don Alonzo Cushman, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, June 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That on both sides of Worth street, from Baxter street to Chatham square, curb and gutter stones be set, and the sidewalks flagged and reflagged full width, where not already done, under the direction of the Street Department; and that the accompanying ordinance therefor be adopted.

Adopted by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, May 17, 1869.

Affirmative—James Healy, Patrick Lysaght, the President, Isaac Robinson, Lawrence E. Hill, John Hampson, Edward Welch, Peter Culkin, Joseph Hoffman, Jr., Charles C. Pinckney, Thomas F. Daly, Patrick Gibney, John Reilly, Austin V. Pettit, Nicholas Haughton, George W. Cregier, Bernard O'Neil, David S. Jackson, Jr., James Cunningham, Stephen Roberts.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 26, 1869.

Affirmative—John Moore, the President, Michael Norton, Edward Cuddy, Eugene Ward, Hugh O'Brien, Wm. B. White, Thomas Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, James E. Coulter, Thos. Connor, John Hardy, Frederick Repper, George McGrath, Terence Farley, John McQuade.

Approved by the Mayor, July 27, 1869.

JOSEPH SHANNON,
Clerk Common Council.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That a sewer, with the necessary receiving basins and culverts, be

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

to Deery, who politely returned the compliment after scoring three points. Up to the eleventh inning there was very little doing in billiards on either side, when Foster got the balls where he wanted them, and by careful nursing scored 154, going to pocket on the next shot. The scord at this stage of the game stood, Foster, 256, Deery, 77, and some thought the former had a "soft thing," but the road was long yet before the two contestants.

Deery now secured 30 on his string, and missing, left all "in," giving Foster a chance to "bank," which he did, but failing to connect, Deery went in and made arrangements for an additional 51 points to his string. From this point to the nineteenth inning nothing but skirmishing took place, both fighting shy and playing for safety. In this inning—the nineteenth—Deery pushed his fortunes to the extent of 62 points, the game standing then: Foster, 321; Deery, 249—not such a "soft thing" as it was. Foster knocked out 36 and Deery 33 points in the next inning. Foster next captured 9; Deery, following, gobbled 69—a difference of 60, as is plain to everybody. The score now stood: Foster, 372; Deery, 353, this exhibit having the effect to lighten the hearts of the backers of the latter, and raise the enthusiasm of his friends in general; but in the next inning Foster squelched the new-born hopes and fond anticipations of Deery's friends in a run of 135, the score now standing 507 to 359. In the twenty-seventh inning Deery snatched 60 points from the table, Foster went two better, and got 70. In the thirty-fourth inning Deery worked off 72, Foster nothing.

Transactions in billiards were now extremely light for a season, when in the forty-seventh inning Deery coaxed 75 from the balls, to Foster's 80, and in the next, the former made a raid on the balls and captured 174 points to Foster's 25, and Deery's stock rose again. In the fifty-first inning Foster knocked out 108 to Deery's 0, a big difference, which made things look queer again. The latter, however, in the fifty-eighth inning, invigled the balls and wheedled 85 points out of them, Foster prevailing to the extent of 9 only. The game now stood: Deery, 1,215; Foster, 1,071—the boot had got on the other leg, you see. In the sixty-sixth inning the score stood: Deery, 1,403; Foster, 1,156; and the friends of the former looked confident and waxed jubilant, and were not doomed to be victims of misplaced confidence, as their favorite won the game in the seventy-second inning, making 1,500 to Foster's 1,227.

The game was well contested throughout, and everybody seemed satisfied with the evening's entertainment, especially Deery and his backers. St.

THE FATHER MATHEW PARENT SOCIETY'S PICNIC.—On Wednesday last, by kind invitation, we had the pleasure of attending the First Annual Picnic of the above-named society, at Jones' Wood, which was gotten up for the benefit of the orphans of the deceased members of the society, and in every particular the affair has proved an entire success—creditable alike to the society and its patrons. An excellent programme, embracing many of the more familiar Irish games and pastimes, was carried out in the most satisfactory manner, no pains having been spared by the efficient Committee of Arrangements to make this one of the most pleasurable affairs of the season. The music was by Donovan's Collilion Band, who rendered some of its choicest selections, and the dancing was continued to a late hour in the evening. About 4,000 persons were present during the day, among whom we noticed many of our prominent city officials, who, by their presence at least, testified their appreciation of the good work in which this society is engaged—temperance and benevolence. All seemed to enjoy themselves, and up to the time of our departure, nothing had occurred to disturb the peace and harmony of the concourse assembled. Much credit is due to Mr. E. L. Carey and other members of the Committee of Arrangements for their untiring zeal in endeavoring to make the affair a grand success. The proceeds, which it is hoped will reach $1,000, will be devoted to the relief of the orphans of the society through the coming winter, and in this, as in all their efforts, we wish the temperance men God speed.

THE Abingdon Square Savings Bank is a new financial institution, recently established at No. 23 Abingdon square, for the benefit chiefly of West-Enders residing in that locality. An institution of this character has long been needed in that quarter of the city, and we are assured from the character of the gentlemen who are interested in the enterprise, that it will in every way recommend itself to the confidence of the public. Its officers are Thomas McLelland, President; Edgar F. Brown, 1st Vice President; Wm. S. See, 2d Vice President; Geo. W. Brown, Treasurer; William H. Davis, Secretary.

THE Tribune Fair of the American Institute is now in complete running order, and is visited daily by great crowds of people. The collection is larger and more varied than that of any previous year, and comprises many articles that merit more than a passing notice. Let no one miss the opportunity now afforded to visit the great autumn attraction.

THE first annual chowder party of the James McCabe Association took place on the 14th ult., at Bayonne, New Jersey. The party left in four large stages, enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and returned well satified, pledging themselves to renew it next year.

THE MYSTERY OF A MAD-HOUSE WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEW YORK DISPATCH OF TO-MORROW, SEPTEMBER 19.

The next issue of the N. Y. DISPATCH, the best of the Metropolitan Weeklies, will be an absorbingly interesting number, and should be read by every one who wishes to know all that is going on in this GREAT CITY, of which it gives A GRAPHIC PICTURE.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE ON EARLY TO-MORROW MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19TH.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Managers and Lessees.....DRYANE & CO.

THE OPENING NIGHT!

GRAND HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC FRENCH OPERA, ENTIRELY NEW ARTISTS! A SPLENDID BALLET! AN ADMIRABLE ORCHESTRA!!!

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1869, Halevy's Grand Opera of LA JUIVE.

Mme. FAYE FAUSCHETTI.....as.....Rachel
Mme. O. DEVILLIERS.....as.....Eudoxie
Monsieur TABARDE.....as.....Eleazar
Monsieur TASSON.....as.....The Cardinal
Monsieur GIRREHEUCK.....as.....Prince Leopold
Monsieur MESTRE.....as.....
A GRAND BALLET
TEN PREMIERES DANSEUSES.
Mademoiselles Billon, Wormant, and M. Von Hanne.
FIFTY DAMES DU CORPS DE BALLET.

Reserved Seats may be procured at the Academy, and at Nos. 701 and 714 Broadway.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, SECOND NIGHT! LES MOUSQUETAIRES DE LA REINE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, FIRST GRAND MATINEE.

STEINWAY HALL—PATTI CONCERTS.

MAX STRAKOSCH.....Director.

The Public is respectfully informed that the world-renowned prima donna, MADE. CARLOTTA PATTI will make her first appearance in New York since her return from Europe (where in all the principal capitals, viz., London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, Constantinople, etc., etc., as the peerless Cantatrice of the age, she achieved the most brilliant success on record, equalling the future created by Jenny Lind, Catalani or Paganini), in a series of FOUR EXTRAORDINARY GRAND PATTI CONCERTS, ON THE EVENINGS OF
SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, AT 8.
MONDAY, SEPT. 27, AT 8.
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, AT 8.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, AT 8.

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI will be supported on these occasions by
Mons. THEODORE RITTER, The great classical Pianist, (His first appearance in America.)
Mons. F. J. PRUME, The eminent Violinist,
Mr. THEODORE HABELMAN, The popular Prima Tenore, and MAX MARETZEK'S GRAND ORCHESTRA.

The sale of seats will commence on TUESDAY, Sept. 21, at Steinway Hall, at 9 A. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. Commencement of the Fall and Winter season.

Mr. BOOTH takes pleasure in stating that the opening night, MONDAY, Sept. 20, has been appointed for the initial performance of the engagement of MISS BATEMAN, who will on that occasion make her first appearance in this city in her famous and original character of LEAH, supported by Mr. GEORGE JORDAN, Miss BLANCHE DE BAR, and the complete and efficient company.

The play will be marked with the attention to detail which has heretofore distinguished this establishment. Box sheet now open.

GRAND NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE. OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A.M. TO 10 P. M. AT THE SAMPLE ROOM, 377 BROADWAY. Third Ave., between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth sts. This is the most Complete Exhibition ever made by the Institute, and is held in the Best Building for a proper display of the various articles entered. The Machinery is now in motion, presenting the finest display of the kind ever made in this country. The Second and Third avenue Railroads, with more than a hundred extra cars running, the Bells and other City Railroads connecting with all the Ferries, afford ample, cheap and direct means of access to this Magnificent and Instructive Entertainment, which is enlivened Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and every evening by Thomas's Grand Music. Refreshments of the best kind in the building.

Season Tickets for Gentlemen, $3; for Ladies, $2; single admission, 50 cents; Children under 12 years, 25 cents.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. BEGINS AT 8. Lessee and Manager.....JAMES E. HAYES. Business Manager.....DAN SYMONS. The highly successful drama of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, UNANIMOUSLY PONOUNCED BY DELIGHTED AND CROWDED HOUSES to be the BEST EVER YET PRODUCED. TOPSY (her original character), Mrs. G. C. HOWARD. LAWYER MARKS (the irresistible), MR. G. L. FOX. NEW SCENERY AND NEW SONG FAVORITES. NEW SCENIC EFFECTS. MATINEE TO-DAY, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 BROADWAY. GLORIOUS SUCCESS. HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY. BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS, SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. The most legitimate entertainment of Negro Minstrelsy in the world. This complete and powerful company comprises a constellation of stars from the elite of the minstrel profession, and embraces the most powerful combination of artistic talent that has been ever gathered in one organization. The following Black Diamonds every night: John Mulligan, Frank Kent, Johnny Queen, Bobby Newcomb, Billy Emmett, Billy Birch, Ira Paine, C. F. Shattuck, J. Oberist, E. J. Hartagan, G. Clarendon, J. Loch, W. Corrister, W. Richard, Billy Birch, D. S. Wambold, W. Bernard and Charley Backus.

CARD.—MESSRS. BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD and HACKUS beg to inform the public that they have secured Messieurs LEGGETT and ALLEN, the greatest dancers in the world, introducing a style of dancing purely original with themselves. They have been the BEGINNING STARS at the great ALHAMBRA, LONDON, where they have created the most intense furore. Engaged by the San Francisco Minstrels on the occasion of their recent visit to London. Due notice will be given of their first appearance.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—PAREPA-ROSA GRAND ENGLISH OPERA. CARL ROSA.....O. D. HESS & Co., Proprietors and Directors. D. DE VIVO.....Business Manager. THIS SATURDAY AT THE QUILOUK, GRAND MATINEE. THIS SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 18, SIXTH OPERA NIGHT, an interesting EVENT, being the DEBUT of the youthful, but highly accomplished Prima Donna, from her Majesty's Theatre, and Lyceum, London, Miss ROSE HERSEE, in Balfe's popular opera, LA SONNAMBULA, which will be produced, for the first time, with the following star cast—Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Stockton, Mr. W. Castle, Mr. S. O. Campbell and others. Seats can be reserved at Schirmer's music store, 701 Broadway; at the French Theatre and at 114 Broadway.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, Fourteenth street. CROWDED HOUSES, BRILLIANT SUCCESS. DAN BRYANT'S new BLACK STATUES. BLACK STATUES à la JEM MACE. UNSWORTH, EUGENE. DAVE REED, G. W. H. GRIFFIN. DEMPSEY, J. H. PETERS. ROCKEFELLER, RUSSELL. BRANDISI. Comic Sketch. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Parquet, 50 cts; Orchestra, 75 cts; Gallery, 25 cts. This Saturday afternoon GRAND MATINEE Benefit to the Widows and Orphans of the Avondale Calamity.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Lessees and Managers.....JARRETT & PALMER. TWO PERFORMANCES TO-DAY. AFTERNOON AT 2, EVENING AT 8. UNDENIABLE AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS of Boucicault's new Drama of Modern Life, entitled FORMOSA; OR, THE RAILROAD TO RUIN. The play will be superbly mounted. ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY. MAGNIFICENT APPOINTMENTS. ORIGINAL MUSIC AND A GREAT CAST OF CHARACTERS. Box sheet open six days in advance. MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2 P. M.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, Seventh avenue, between 59th and 60th streets. THIS EVENING, AT 8 O'CLOCK. LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THEODORE THOMAS'S POPULAR GARDEN CONCERTS. MR. J. LEVY, THEO. THOMAS'S UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA, in a new and brilliant programme every Concert. TO-MORROW (SUNDAY), Sept. 19, TWO GRAND CONCERTS. Conductor.....THEODORE THOMAS. Admission.....Thirty-five cents. Private Boxes.....Extra, Two Dollars.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. HERMANN. THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR. IMMENSE SUCCESS! GREAT SENSATION! ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME. Mons. HERMANN'S NIGHTS in New York are fixed as follows: Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 18th, 20th, 21st; Thursday, Sept. 23d; Saturday, Sept. 25th; Thursday, Sept. 30th; and October 2d, 5th, 7th, 14th, 16th, 21st and 23d. SEATS AND TICKETS for these nights may NOW BE SECURED at the Box-office. Admission, $1, without extra charge for secured seats; Family Circle, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $12 to $4.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Third week and last nights of "DREAMS." LAST NIGHTS of DREAMS. Mr. Daly begs to announce that, notwithstanding the peculiar impression made by DREAMS, this fascinating comedy must be withdrawn after a few nights, and give place to a revival of Shakespeare's daintiest comedy entitled TWELFTH NIGHT, with LAST MATINEE MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.....VIOLA

BOWERY THEATRE.—WM. R. FRELIGH.....Proprietor and Manager. SATURDAY NIGHT, 3 IMMENSE DRAMAS. NICK OF THE WOODS, DUCK THE NEWSBOY, SNOWBIRD. Monday Evening, Grand Revival of the JEWESS, or the COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE. New Scenery and Splendid Mountings with the LOST SHIP.

WALLACK'S.—Proprietor and Manager...Mr. Lester Wallack. OPENING OF THE SEASON. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, with NEW SCENERY (COSTUMES, and APPOINTMENTS, and an UNUSUALLY STRONG CAST. In active preparation, AN ENTIRELY NEW COMEDY, by F. W. Robertson; also, the charming play of "Caste," by the same author. SEATS SECURED IN ADVANCE.

REMEMBER—BE SURE TO VISIT THE TAMMANY. THE BIZARELLIS, SHERIDAN and MAC. Reconstruction of Ireland. OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. NEW SCENES, NEW DANCES, NEW TRICKS, NEW HARLEQUINADE by the LAURIS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ABINGDON SQUARE SAVINGS BANK, No. 23 Abingdon square (Eighth ave., near Twelfth st.) Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.; and on Mondays and Saturdays, from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Interest six per cent per annum. Money deposited before Jan. 1, 1870, will draw interest from date of deposit.
THOMAS McLELLAND, President. EDGAR F. BROWN, WILLIAM S. SEE, Vice-Presidents. GEO. W. BROWN, Treasurer. WM. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

MURPHY, NESBIT & IRWIN, DEALERS IN BRICKS AND ALL KINDS OF MASONS' BUILDING MATERIALS. OFFICE, FIRST AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET. YARDS, foot of Thirty-seventh and 79th streets, East River. NEW YORK. JOHN MURPHY. JOHN NESBIT. THOMAS IRWIN

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND BILLIARD TABLES, with our IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS, which have been proved to be the most correct and durable cushions ever made. Specimens of our Tables that have been in constant use for many years may be seen in the principal hotels and saloons in this city. Parties intending to purchase will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, which is the largest and finest in the world. BOYS' BILLIARD TABLES. PHELAN & COLLENDER, No. 738 Broadway, New York.

GAS FIXTURES, &C.—STEPHEN PHILBIN, No. 107 Broadway, offers for sale, at reduced prices, a splendid assortment of GAS FIXTURES, FRENCH BRONZES (direct importation), consisting of Mantel Ornaments, Statuettes, Groups, Inkstands, &c. Plumbing and Gas Fitting attended to as usual, at No. 51 Fourth street, and No. 2 Astor House, Barclay street.

A. J. DAVIS, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM WARMING APPARATUS, Erected in Private and Public Buildings. PLAIN AND GALVANIZED WROUGHT IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS, ENGINES, BOILERS, STEAM PUMPS, WATER GUAGES, STEAM GUAGES, BRASS VALVES, COCKS AND WHISTLES, RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING AND HOSE, Etc. 191 WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO. A. J. DAVIS.

T. W. ROE & CO., STATIONERS and PRINTERS, Blank Book Manufacturers, 19 Wall street, corner of Hanover, New York. Dealers in all articles of Stationery required for Banks, Insurance Companies or Merchants, consisting of Bills Above Co.'s Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, plain or cloth-lined, of every quality and size; Gold Pens and Holders; Steel and Gold Pens; Inkstands of every variety; Mahogany and Leather Portable Desks; Material, Seal and Copying Presses and Stands; Writing, Stamping, Marking, and Copying Inks; Portfolios; Pocket-Books; Portmonnaies; Backgammon Boards, Chess Boards, &c. Account Books of superior paper, made and ruled to any pattern. Printing of all descriptions, in colors or plain, LITHOGRAPHIC, STEEL and COPPER PLATE printing of Checks, Bill Heads, Bills of Exchange, Notes, Certificates of Stocks, Coupons, &c. D. D. HESS, PETER MONEGHAN.

WILSON'S FIRE CAP EMPORIUM AND MANUFACTORY, 135 BOWERY. Fire Caps of every style and pattern, Leader Jackets, Fire Buckets, Deck Covers; Plain and Patent Leather Belts, together with all articles used by Fire Companies, got up in the neatest and cheapest style, and with the utmost dispatch, by the undersigned, at his well-established and well-known depot. Companies at a distance from the city can have pattern caps and front-pieces 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, No. 135 Bowery.

CARPETS, FURNITURE AND BEDDING. Housekeepers supplied with the above ON EASY TERMS. Payments taken WEEKLY OR MONTHLY. D. KELLY & CO., Corner Twenty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

HOTELS.

STARR, MORRISSEY & CO., WINES, FRUITS, AND SEGARS, No. 743 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ASTOR PLACE. NEW YORK. Agents for Wm. Mauchee & Co.'s Wines.

VAN DYKE HOUSE, NOS. 26 AND 28 BOWERY. Messrs. VAN DYKE & LEECH having purchased the above house, have had it thoroughly renovated and is now open for the reception of guests. The Bar is stocked with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. ISAAC VAN DYKE and GEORGE LEECH, Proprietors.

LEGGETT'S HOTEL AND DINING SALOON, (on the European plan) Nos. 41 and 43 CHATHAM STREET, Near Chambers, N. Y.

RAILROADS & STEAMERS.

PEOPLE'S LINE FOR ALBANY.—The largest and most magnificent River Steamers in the World, the ST. JOHN, DREW and DEAN RICHMOND. One of the above steamers will leave PIER No. 41, NORTH RIVER, Every Afternoon (Sundays excepted), at 5 o'clock arriving at ALBANY in time to connect with Railroad Trains West and North. Returning, leave the Steamboat Landing at Albany at 7 o'clock P. M., or on arrival of connecting trains from West and North. Through tickets can be obtained at the OFFICE ON THE WHARF, and baggage checked to its destination. Freight received until the hour of departure.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHICKERING & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES, Were awarded at the Paris Exposition the first Grand Prize, THE LEGION OF HONOR AND A GRAND GOLD MEDAL, Making 63 First Premiums during the past 44 years. WAREROOMS, No. 11 East Fourteenth st., near Fifth av.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS. Prices greatly reduced for cash. New 7-Octave Pianos of first-class makers for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs for $45 and upward. Second-hand instruments from $40 to $175. Monthly instalments received, and instruments for rent. WAREROOMS, NO. 421 BROADWAY. HORACE WATERS.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE SURVEY AND INSPECTION OF BUILDINGS—Office No. 2 Fourth avenue. NEW YORK, October 10, 1868. The attention of the proprietors or managers of theatres and other places of public amusement in this city is particularly called to the following extracts from Chapter 839, Laws of 1867: Section 12. * * * * In all buildings of a public character hereafter erected, or hereafter to be built in said city, all aisles and passageways in said buildings devoted to purposes of amusement, shall be kept free from camp stools, chairs, sofas, and other obstructions, during any performance, service, exhibition, lecture, ball, or any public assemblage, under the penalty of Fifty Dollars for each and every violation. The above provisions of the law must be complied with, and will in all cases be strictly enforced. JAMES M. MACGREGOR, Superintendent of Buildings.

CORPORATION NOTICE—SALE OF PROPERTY FOR UNPAID TAXES AND CROTON WATER RENTS.—Public notice is hereby given that a sale of property for unpaid taxes for the years 1864 and 1865, and for regular rents for Croton Water for the years 1863 and 1864, will take place at auction at the City Hall in the City of New York, on Thursday, the 4th day of November next, at 12 o'clock, noon, and continue from day to day until the whole of said property shall be sold. And that the detailed statement of the property so to be sold for unpaid taxes and Croton Water Rents is published in a pamphlet deposited in the office of the Clerk of Arrears in the Comptroller's Office, and in the office of the Receiver of Taxes of the City of New York where the said pamphlets will be delivered to any person applying therefor. City of New York, July 31st, 1869. By order of R. B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller. A. S. CADY, Clerk of Arrears.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

CROTON AQUEDUCT DEPARTMENT.—TO CONTRACTORS.—Separate sealed Proposals, each indorsed with the title of the work to which it relates, with the name of the bidder, and the date of the bid, will be received at this office (Rotunda, Park), until 11 o'clock A. M. of Tuesday, Sept. 28, 1869, for the construction of stone block pavements in the following streets, viz: 50th street, from Sixth to Seventh avenue; Avenue A, from Houston to 14th street; 9th street, from Sixth avenue to Broadway; 44th street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue; 46th street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue; 26th street, from Sixth to Eighth avenue; 20th street, from Sixth to Tenth avenue; 9th street, from Third to Fourth avenue; 60th street, from Lexington to Fifth avenue; 11th street, from Sixth avenue to Broadway, and 18th street, from Sixth to Eighth avenue; also in Madison lane throughout; Spring street, from Broadway to the Bowery; 14th street, from Avenue A to Fourth avenue; 46th street, from Sixth to Ninth avenue; Stone street, from Whitehall to Broad street; 56th street, from First to Second avenue; 29th street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue; 66th street, from Third to Fifth avenue; 30th street, from Third to Lexington avenue; 19th street, from Second to Third avenue; 23d street, from First to Fifth avenue; 51st street, from Seventh to Eighth avenue; 51st street, from Second avenue to East River; and 50th street, from Third avenue to Fifth avenue; also for the laying of crosswalks on the east side of Eighth avenue, from 125th to 126th street; from southwest to northeast corner Fourth avenue and 14th street; across Fourth avenue at 13th and 21st streets; from southwest to southeast corner New Bowery and Roosevelt street; from 142 to 143 East 14th street; across East 14th street, opposite School No 19; and across East 20th street, opposite School No. 2; across West street, at north side of Morton street; across West street, at south side of Leroy street; across West street, at north side of Clarkson street; across West street, at pier 151; and across Whitehall street, in front of No. 54. Specifications and forms for the bids can be obtained on application at this office. THOMAS STEPHENS, Croton Aqueduct Board. ROBT. L. DARRAGH, GEO. R. GREENE, Aqueduct Board. September 14, 1869.

OFFICE OF STREET COMMISSIONER, No. 7 PARK ROW. TO CONTRACTORS.—PROPOSALS, inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed with the title of the work and name of the bidder with the street (also the number of the work as in the advertisement), will be received at this office on Monday, September 20, 1869, at eleven o'clock A. M. No. 1. For regulating and grading Fifty-second street, from Second to Third avenue. No. 2. For regulating, grading, curbing and gutter-ing Avenue A, from Sixty-second to Eighty-fifth street. No. 3. For regulating, grading, curbing and gutter-ing 119th street, from Fourth to Eighth avenue. No. 4. For regulating, grading and curbing Avenue C, from Seventeenth to Eighteenth street. No. 5. For regulating, grading and curbing Fifty-ninth street, from Tenth avenue to Hudson River. No. 6. For regulating, grading and curbing Bank street, from West street to North River. No. 7. For regulating, grading and curbing Eighty-ninth street, from Broadway to Hudson River. No. 8. For regulating, grading and curbing Bleecker street, from Bloomingdale road to Eleventh avenue. No. 9. For regulating, grading and curbing 110th street, from Third avenue to Harlem River. No. 10. For regulating, grading and curbing 111th street, from Second to Third avenue. No. 11. For regulating, grading and curbing 111th street, from Second to Third avenue. No. 12. For regulating, grading and curbing Ninety-ninth street, from Eighth avenue to the Boulevard. No. 13. For regulating, grading and curbing Fourth avenue, from 103d to 105th street. No. 14. For regulating, grading and curbing Seventy-seventh street, from First avenue to East River. No. 15. For regulating, grading, and curbing 106th street, from Third avenue to East River. No. 16. For regulating, grading, and curbing Eighty-sixth street, from Eighth avenue to River Drive. No. 17. For regulating, grading, and curbing Eighty-third street, from Eighth avenue to public Drive. No. 18. For regulating, grading, and curbing Fifty-sixth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue. No. 19. For curbing, guttering, and flagging First avenue, from Sixty-fifth to Eighty-fifth street. No. 20. For curbing, guttering, and flagging Eighty-seventh street, from First to Second avenues. No. 21. For curbing, guttering, and flagging Charlton street, from Varick to Hudson street. No. 22. For curbing, guttering, and flagging Fifty-seventh street, between Third and Fifth avenue. No. 23. For curbing, guttering and flagging Tenth avenue, between 152d and 155d streets. No. 24. For flagging Nineteenth street, from Avenue A to East River. No. 25. For flagging East Eighteenth street, from No. 41 to No. 63. No. 26. For flagging Fifty-sixth street, from Fifth to Sixth avenue. No. 27. For flagging Fifty-second street, south side, from Eighth to Ninth avenue. No. 28. For flagging Sixth avenue, south side, from Fiftieth to Fifty-ninth street. No. 29. For flagging Tenth street, from Avenue D to East River. No. 30. For flagging Hudson street, between Vestry and Canal street, east side. Blank forms of proposals, together with the specifications and agreements, can be obtained at this office. Dated, Street Department, New York, September 8, 1869. GEORGE W. McLEAN, Street Commissioner.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants, of all houses and lots, improved or unimproved lands, affected thereby, that the following assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested viz: First—For regulating, grading, setting curb and gutter, and flagging Eighth avenue, from 125th to 155th street. Second—For building sewers in Fifth avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-fourth streets. Third—For regulating, grading, setting curb and gutter, and flagging Eighty-fifth street, from Fourth to Fifth avenue. The lines embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on First—Both sides of Fourth avenue, between 125th and 155th streets, to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets. Second—Both sides of Fifth avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-fourth streets. Third—Both sides of Eighty-fifth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues. All persons whose interests are affected by the above assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections, in writing, to Emanuel B. Hart, Chairman of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 32 Chatham Street, within thirty days from the date of this notice. EMANUEL B. HART, RICHARD TWEED, THOMAS B. ASTEN, RICHARD M. HENRY, Board of Assessors. Office Board of Assessors, August 27, 1869.

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, August 24, 1869. TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK: SIR: Notice is hereby given, that on the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Secretary of State, in the place of Homer A. Nelson; A Comptroller, in the place of William F. Allen; A Treasurer, in the place of Wheeler H. Bristol; An Attorney-General, in the place of Marshall B. Champlain; A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van Rensselaer Richmond; A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Stephen T. Hayt; An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of John Hammond. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. A Judge of the Court of Appeals, for the full term of eight years, from January first, 1870. Also, a Judge of the Court of Appeals, to fill the unexpired term of William B. Wright, deceased, which will expire on the last day of December next, in the place of Charles Mason, appointed by the Governor, under section thirteen, of article six, of the State Constitution; Also a Judge of the Court of Appeals, to fill the unexpired term for which John K. Porter was elected, which will expire on the last day of December, 1871, in the place of Lewis B. Woodruff, appointed by the Governor under section thirteen, article six, of the State Constitution; Also a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the first Judicial District, in the place of Thomas W. Clerke, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next; Also a Senator for the Fourth Senate District, comprising the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Wards of the City and County of New York; Also a Senator for the Fifth Senate District, comprising the Eighth, Ninth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Wards of the City and County of New York; Also a Senator for the Sixth Senate District, comprising the Tenth, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Wards of the City and County of New York; Also a Senator for the Seventh Senate District, comprising the Eighteenth, Twelfth, and Twenty-first Wards of the City and County of New York; Also a Senator for the Eighth Senate District, comprising the Twelfth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-second Wards of the City and County of New York. COUNTY OFFICERS, ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY: Twenty-one Members of Assembly; A District-Attorney, in place of Samuel B. Garvin, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of A. Oakey Hall; A Justice of the Superior Court, in place of John H. McCunn; Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the places of John J. Freedman and Freeman J. Fithian, who were respectively appointed to fill the vacancies occasioned by the resignation of Samuel B. Garvin, and death of Anthony J. Robertson; A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in place of George C. Barrett; A Judge of the Marine Court, in place of Michael C. Gross; A Surrogate, in place of Gideon J. Tucker; A Recorder, in place of John K. Hackett; Two Supervisors, in the places of Walter Roche and Henry Smith; A Coroner, in the place of William Schirmer; All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap. 318, of the Laws of 1869, entitled "An act to provide for submitting the Amended Constitution to the electors of the State," passed April 26th, 1869, parts of which, the Amended Constitution proposed by the Constitutional Convention, which closed its sittings February twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, will be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, at the said General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, and at such election each elector will be entitled to vote separately for or against the Amended Constitution, except the judiciary article, or for or against the judiciary article, or for or against a uniform rule of assessment and taxation of real and personal property, and for or against the property qualification for colored men. Respectfully yours, H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

STATE'S OFFICE, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, August 24, 1869. I certify the above to be a true copy of the original notice received by me this day from the Secretary of State. JAMES O'BRIEN, Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Publishers of newspapers are hereby notified not to insert this advertisement unless specially authorized to do so.—See Chap. 489, Laws of 1850. JAMES O'BRIEN, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO THE OWNERS OF Tenement Houses requiring "Fire Escapes" under chapter 840, Laws of 1868.—You are hereby notified that all such escapes must extend to the roofs of such houses. Also, all double tenement houses having fire escapes, consisting of balconies or platforms, and made to connect by ladders or stairs, the said platforms or balconies must extend across and take in the two centre windows on each story, or the same will not be approved by this Department. JAMES M MCGREGOR, Superintendent of Buildings.

Extract from chapter 840, Laws of 1868: SEC. 27. * * * "Every such dwelling-house shall have placed thereon a practical fire-proof fire-escape that must be approved of by the Department for the Safety and Inspection of Buildings."

A. J. GAREVEY, 12 THIRD AVENUE, above Tenth street, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PLASTER WORK, MODELER, ARTIST IN FRESCO. Enrichments, of every description, for the interior finish of buildings. Private residences repaired and renovated. Workmen sent in the country.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants, of all Houses and Lots, improved or unimproved Lands, affected thereby, that the following assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested viz: First—For building sewer in Seventy-second street, between Eighth and Tenth avenues. Second—For building sewers in Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, and in Fifth avenue, between Sixty-third and Seventieth streets. The limits embraced by such Assessment include all the several Houses and Lots of Ground, Vacant Lots, pieces and parcels of Land situated on First—Both sides of Seventy-second street, between Eighth and Tenth avenues; Second—Both sides of Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, and both sides of Fifth avenue, between Sixty-third and Seventieth streets. All persons whose interests are affected by the above named Assessments, and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections in writing to EMANUEL B. HART, Chairman of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19 Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of this notice. EMANUEL B. HART, RICHARD TWEED, THOMAS B. ASTEN, RICHARD M. HENRY, Board of Assessors. Office Board of Assessors, New York, Sept. 15, 1869.

LEGAL NOTICES.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—THIS is to certify that the subscribers have formed a Limited Partnership, pursuant to the provisions of Title 1, Chapter 4, Part 3, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, and of the several acts amendatory thereof, for the transaction of business within the State of New York, to be conducted under the name or firm of ROBBINS & LACHMEYER; the general nature of the business intended to be transacted is Hotel Keeping in the City of New York; the names of all the General and Special Partners interested therein, and their respective places of residence, are as follows: General Partners, John V. Robbins, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, and Frederick Lachmeyer, of the said City of New York; Special Partner, Henry M. Brooks, of said City of New York; the amount of capital which said Special Partner has contributed to the common stock is Forty Thousand Dollars in cash; the Partnership is to commence on the eighteenth day of September, 1869, and will terminate on the first day of September, 1872. JOHN V. ROBBINS, FREDERICK LACHMEYER, General Partners. HENRY M. BROOKS, Special Partner. [U. S. Rev. Stamp 5c. cancelled] sel 16 6t

SUPREME COURT—CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—The Washington Iron Works, Plaintiff, against Richard W. B. Hodgson, Defendant.—Summons for a money demand on contract.—Arrest Waived