BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 8.

AMUSEMENTS THIS DAY AND EVENING.

BOSTON THEATRE.—"Everybody's Friend," and "Toodles." At 7¾.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—"Sicodemus," &c. At 7¾.

HOWARD ATHEN.EUM.—Rich, Stetson & Trowbridge's New Star Combination. At 7¾.

GLOBE THEATRE.—"The Lady of Lyons." At 7¾.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—"Man and Wife." At 2¾ and 7¾.

CHILDS & CO.'S ART GALLERY, 127 Tremont street.—Exhibition of Thomas Hill's Painting, "The White Mountain Notch."

☞ We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith.

We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

There are six independent ticket for municipal officers in the field, and local and private combinations without number. The two straight party tickets will naturally have more votes than the rest. Each of them has a slight leavening from the other, but they represent pretty nearly the parties nominating them. Of the six tickets, Mr. Gaston leads three, Mr. Carpenter two, and Mr. A. A. Knights the labor reform. Of the republican candidates for aldermen, Messrs. Jenkins, Little and Pierce are on every other ticket except the labor reform, and are pretty sure to be elected. They are enterprising and competent men, and deserve the confidence placed in them. Mr. Woolley, of the republican ticket, is on every other except the Mercantile Hall and labor reform, and is quite as certain to be chosen. Mr. Pope has the republican and the Faneuil Hall citizens' nomination, and ought to have every other. In any event we hope the city will not lose his valuable services. The rest of the republican ticket compares very favorably with any other in the field, and is very far superior to the only other with which it is likely to come into competition.

The democrats have adopted two only of the candidates for aldermen on the Mercantile Hall ticket, Mr. Gibson of the present board, and George Ricker of Ward 2—both democrats,—so that the independent citizens are put in the position of supporting the democratic candidate for mayor and a part of their aldermen, without the slightest prospect of receiving or of seriously dividing the democratic vote in return. They are to have the satisfaction of voting for candidates, the best of whom have no chance of an election, the rest belonging to as straight a party ticket as ever came out of a party caucus. It is a one-sided affair, and a great many independent citizens have already become suspicious of it. Mr. Gaston, with the aldermen given him by the Mercantile Hall convention, is a very different article from Mr. Gaston with the aldermen given him by his own party, and whom his own party mean to elect, if they can get republicans enough to help them. The chances are against them now, and unless the current changes between this and next Monday, the republicans will have little difficulty in electing their aldermen, and perhaps their mayor also.

The great cities of the interior are entering upon the new decade with ambitious rivalry never before equalled. Disappointed—all of them—in their estimates of the census just taken, they are already stretching out their arms again for the inexhaustible wealth of the country, and for the people with whom the region of the lakes and the river valleys are overflowing. St. Louis has been weakened a good deal by the capitol fever, but she has in hand enterprises reaching south and west which will be worth more to her than a dozen capitols. Chicago, threatened with a sharp competition from a dozen young cities just becoming conscious of their power in the Northwest, is moving with a steadier and firmer step, but is still far in advance of all the rest. Nothing that can bring business to her streets, and add to her commercial importance, is neglected by her sagacious and enterprising citizens. Her capacity for beguiling active men in other cities by visions of sudden wealth is less powerful than formerly, but her lines are out in every direction, and with lake, railroad and river pouring their wealth into her lap, her future is beyond peril. Cincinnati, fortunate in her situation, on one of the great river highways of the country, with navigable waters for a distance of many thousand miles, which may be traversed by steam vessels a considerable part of the year, and with manufactures already rivalling those of the oldest sections of the country, has a prospect in many respects as fair as the rest. Her growth has not been so rapid, but it has been more uniform, and more the result of permanent causes; and she has the greater advantage of a country growing all around her, rich in the materials of industry, and with a population proud of the Queen City, to which it is ever loyal. All these cities profited largely by the great migration which revived immediately after the war, absorbing the best portion of the skilled tradesmen and workmen who came to the country and thought it would not be enterprising to stay in the first city where they landed.

The eastern cities depending largely upon commerce have not shown so great a proportionate increase, but the gain has been large in nearly all of them. Of the five seaboard cities whose population exceeds two hundred thousand, Philadelphia is the foremost in looking out for new worlds to conquer. No other city is at this time so zealous and untiring. The Pennsylvania Central Railroad, with its powerful connections, having already brought the extreme West into friendly business relations with her, is now trying to stimulate her people to establish a steamship line which shall make Philadelphia also a place of exchange between this country and Europe. It is a task for Hercules, but the Philadelphia papers think it will be accomplished. What the Clyde and the Mersey have become to the English mercantile marine they also boast that the Delaware is fast becoming to our Atlantic seaboard; and they count it among the oddities of the time that "New York, the scat of "the foreign interest, and the author of the "clamorous demand for the repeal of the "navigation laws, and for throwing open the "whole American market to foreign craft, "has sent to the Delaware the models of "for new iron steamers." Nor is this the extent of her ambition. Her manufactures are rapidly extending, and her capitalists, who have now a controlling interest in the railmaking industry of the United States, are considering the expediency of extending their operations to keep pace with the almost incalculable requirements of the future.

The President's suggestion that the Alabama claims should be settled and assumed by our government, is said to be regarded with much favor in Washington. It is sustained by many considerations, not the least of which is the necessity that, in the final adjustment, the negotiations should not be embarrassed by the moral discouragement of any individual protest. There are a host of claimants for the few million dollars which make up the pecuniary account, and the commission appointed to consider them will labor under difficulties of no common kind. In the first class of claimants, for instance, are the owners of vessels and cargoes burnt by the privateers, and whose property was not insured under a war-risk. With them the loss is palpable as it is incontestable, and they certainly have the best wishes of a vast majority of their countrymen in their endeavors to obtain redress. The next class would probably be the different insurance companies that took war-risks on the vessels destroyed, and at this point the question begins to be involved; General Butler has given expression to an opinion held by many in reference to it, which Mr. Reverdy Johnson has answered with greater legal, if not more logical accuracy; for, admitting the indisputable fact that the insurance companies, severally and collectively, never so prosperous as during the war, and that the larger part of their earnings came from premiums on war-risks, it is, nevertheless, evident that by assuming the loss, they obtained the owner's right to whatever might accrue, either in the form of salvage or indemnity; and, if this was not enough, we know that most, if not all, of the insurance companies obtained from the owners of the vessels thus destroyed a written guarantee that they would accept the amount of their insurance as conclusive, and abandon to the companies all claims to anything they might succeed in obtaining hereafter. In a representative government the popularity of a demand is a great test of its efficacy; and we doubt whether the insurance companies will have as much sympathy accorded them by the country at large, as others whose losses were no less real because they lost no ships. To this class belong those who, without losing their vessels, were obliged to pay premiums of war-risks. We know of one firm in this city who paid away more than one hundred thousand dollars in this manner during the war, and, as it was fortunate enough to escape without loss, was, at the end of the year, just that amount poorer than it would have been had no privateers sailed from England. These, indeed, are losses which very few seem to take into consideration, though they have been very bitterly felt by the sufferers. It was impossible to cover them by any increase of freight, as American ships had to compete with those of other nations, and even then at reduced rates. The next, and because it is a very comprehensive one the last body of claimants, consists of those persons owning cargoes that escaped destruction, although war-risks had been secured for them, and the premiums paid; but in this case it generally happened that a correspondingly advanced price was put upon the goods, so that the loss was taken from the owner and shared among the consumers, or rather the entire country.

It will be seen from the above that the question is one of great magnitude, involving every business interest, and we hope that to each class of sufferers may be accorded speedy and satisfactory settlement.

Whatever may be the result of efforts to secure a share of the carrying trade on the Atlantic to American ships, there ought to be no question of our success on the Pacific. As if to enforce the President's suggestion in regard to the steamship line between San Francisco and China and Japan, and at the same time show that the country furnishes the best and shortest highway between the countries of Eastern Asia and Europe, a cargo of teas and silks filling twenty-two cars has just arrived in New York from San Francisco; the entire trip was made from Yokohama to New York in thirty-four days,—a sea passage of twenty-three days, and eleven days on the rail. In ten days more the cargo could be landed in Liverpool. In contrast with this quick passage, the route by the Suez Canal even is slow and inconvenient. A steamship which left Shanghai for New York by that route, on the 9th of September, has not yet arrived, although it is already ninety days out. There is no reason why, if we fail to get our due share of the commerce with Europe, we should not do the most of the trade on the Pacific, and find considerable additional profit in making the different Pacific roads in due time the great freight routes for supplies passing to and from Asiatic ports. The wise policy of government encouragement of one American steamship line is thoroughly demonstrated, and no reason can be given why a like liberal policy would not avail to extend our commerce in other seas.

The House seems determined to abolish a great many things this session. On the very first day several gentlemen patriotically vied with one another in their zeal to abolish the "odious income tax." Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, as a measure of strategy, wishes to abolish the internal revenue system. Finally, General Logan is anxious to abolish Porter by abolishing the offices of admiral and vice-admiral. The last measure, we may remark, is likely to be passed when it comes to a vote on Tuesday.

Admiral Porter has, to use a homely illustration, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, in his attempt to explain away the recently published Fort Fisher letter. Since he could not deny the authenticity of that production his best policy was obviously silence. As it is, his writhing under the scandal which the publication of the letter has brought upon him betokens anything but an honorable and a manly spirit. The President has an excellent opportunity to show that magnanimity in his character which Porter unfortunately could never discover, and we misunderstand the man if he does not improve it. The sooner the miserable affair passes out of public notice the better for all concerned.

General Hiram Walbridge, who died in New York on Tuesday, was one of the most active and influential politicians in the Empire State. He was born at Utica in 1821, but removed to Toledo, Ohio, at an early age, where he studied and practised law. In 1842 he was appointed brigadier-general in the Ohio militia, and acquired the military title which adhered to him through life. Returning to his native State, he was elected to Congress as a democrat in 1853. When the rebellion broke out General Walbridge took a decided stand for the Union, and contributed by his voice and his means toward the active prosecution of the war. He was in the confidence of the administration of President Lincoln, and, like most of the "war democrats," he has since acted with the republican party.

The revenue steamer Mahoning, which for several years past has been employed on the Portland station, has been ordered to the Boston station by Secretary Boutwell, who has ordered the schooner Vigilant from this station to take her place. There is doubtless good and sufficient reasons for making this change, as the maritime interests centred about the Boston station have long required the service of a steamer; but it is nevertheless natural that some indignation should be felt in Portland at the transfer, seeming as it does to reflect upon the importance of the mercantile interests of Maine. That those interests and the needs of revenue service require a steamer for their efficient discharge seems probable, and we think that the fact will not be long overlooked. The cruising limits of a revenue vessel stationed at Portland have been from Mount Desert to Cape Ann in the summer, extending east as far as Eastport in the winter, covering a coast line of about 800 miles, and lying in the track of a large fleet of sail and steam vessels, both American and foreign, laden with valuable cargoes from abroad, inward bound, as well as a large coasting and fishing trade. As the Portland papers say, it is the province of such a vessel to render aid to shipping in distress, and the amount of suffering prevented, and the value of cargoes and vessels saved within the past ten years, has doubtless been ten times the cost of the cutter to the government; and the duty has been such as could not be performed by a sailing craft.

The Press says: "The coast of Maine is intended along its entire length with bays and inlets which afford ample opportunity to a class of vessels from the lower provinces, laden with foreign goods, to defraud the revenue by running in and discharging them, without payment of duties, to be conveyed into the interior and sold. The police duty which the government assumes of a revenue guardian has been well performed; and the records of our courts show the frequent instances of seizure and confiscation of valuable ventures. On the whole length of our coast, from Alaska to the extreme southern boundary there is no district so exposed to the exigencies of the elements and the cupidity of smugglers as that of our State: and the disinterestedness of duty it vessels from it, it seems to us, to defeat the very object of the revenue policy, by removing all means of relief and prevention of revenue fraud."

The proposition of Gambetta to court-martial General de Paladines is something delicious. Gambetta had satisfactorily explained that the forward movement of the army of the Loire was abandoned, "owing to the resistance of the enemy," and the same cause is surely a sufficient reason for its adopting a retrograde movement. The history of the abandonment of Orleans has been told fully in our despatches. The general did not feel himself able to hold the city, and so stated. Indeed, it is to neither army a position of great military importance. Nevertheless, in deference to the wishes of the Tours government, General de Paladines consented to attempt its defence, but when it became evident that the resistance would not only be ineffectual but would result in the loss of life and the destruction of the city, he again altered his purpose and evacuated. This is his crime: that he did not attempt to defend an indefensible place of no strategical importance. Orleans had been retaken from the Germans, and the moral effect of that victory was lost when the city was again lost. But General de Paladines won for the French the only real victory they have had since the declaration of war, and the skill with which he has handled and fought his forces shows him to be almost the best, if not the very best, of the French officers. Considering the obligation the republic is under to him, the denunciation of him by a carpet-knight like Gambetta is about the coolest piece of audacity on record.

AMERICANS IN GENEVA.—Our correspondent at Geneva, writing under date of November 17, says:—

"Several of our loveliest women have concluded to live under the rose of England, among others a daughter of Mr. Campbell, late minister at Dresden, and Miss Bradish, daughter of Mrs. Luther Bradish, whose husband was a distinguished citizen of New York, and, I believe, for some years lieutenant-governor of this State. The ladies at Geneva complain that their beautiful materials are sadly put together. They sigh for the style of Paris. Imagine if they admire the strategy of Moltke, the stubbornness of King William and the diplomacy of Bismark. Brussels has sold a deal of lace in spite of the horrors of the hour. Energetic and kindly Mrs. C—t—n has bought within a few months, for American women alone, over twenty thousand dollars' worth of Brussels lace. Very many Americans have left within a few days for Nice, but Geneva is well filled with people from Lyons and Lorraine and such other parts of France as are disturbed by the revolutionary movement. Some of these are imperialists, but for the most part they are women with children. The American consul of Geneva, with Dr. Theodore Evans and others, have raised among the Americans a purse of over two thousand francs for the Strasbourg sufferers. They have also a box of clothing given by Americans leaving Geneva. This is only, they hope, a first instalment; they look for richer harvests."

A few days since the faculty of Brown University and a few friends assembled in Rhode Island hall, to witness experiments with the Holtz electrical machine recently purchased by the university of Mr. Benjamins, of New York, for whom it was expressly made in Berlin. This machine, which was invented in 1865, produces electricity by induction instead of friction. The one exhibited is the largest in the world, having a thirty inch plate, and is capable of producing a fifteen inch spark, while the largest friction machines can produce but a three inch spark under the same circumstances as this will one of twelve inches. Thus it will be seen that this machine has by far the greater power of tension and almost unlimited power for experiment. The machine was exhibited and explained by Professor Blake Hazard, professor of physics, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the atmosphere for electrical tests, gave excellent examples, in various beautiful experiments, of its power, with much satisfaction to the audience.

A STAR MAGAZINE.

Poems by Whittier and Holmes—Reminiscences of Thackeray.

The January number of the Atlantic Monthly will be published on Saturday morning, appearing thus early in the month, we suppose, that the public may have ample opportunity to appreciate and enjoy the extraordinary literary feast which it offers. The courtesy of the publishers has enabled us to copy from advance sheets some specially noteworthy things, and we give the first place to a very charming poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, which exhibits in his very best vein of tender, delicate humor a writer who of late years favors the public far too seldom.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade,—
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old
Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
But as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white;
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my treasures of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No
When forth the trembling suitor came
That coat the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear today in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the little whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Mr. Whittier also contributes to the number a ballad in the metre of one of his best-known works, which we give in full:—

THE SISTERS.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Annisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O Sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"That lost! He never would call the name.

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I bid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said,

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

We turn next to the delectable paper by Mr. James T. Fields, the first of the series of "Our Whispering Gallery," in which, after discoursing at some length of Pope and an original portrait of him which Mr. Fields possesses, the writer fills page after page with fresh reminiscences of Thackeray. Our limits are quite too cramped to give as much as we should like to of these memories, but we present such as we have room for without wasting lines in comment.

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the compact. His burly form was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour; still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious, and a great gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler and the waiters rushed in and out of the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the city and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and snapping briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of the Virginians has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overddone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he constantly made a woful failure when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity, if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a stand-still. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of "Vanity Fair," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose he took out from his pocket a half-written speech, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed his half-written speech into his pocket, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner, and when the meeting was over he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again....

Thackeray's ploughing was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy, just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle. Charles Lamb told Barry Cornwall, when they were once making up a dinner-party together, not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Charles, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral." I have often contrasted the mirthful qualities of this dreary friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of cloudland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing, when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders. An instance of his procrastination occurred the evening of his first public appearance in America. His lecture was advertised to take place at half-past seven, and when he was informed of the hour, he said he would try and be ready at eight o'clock, but thought it very doubtful. Horrified at this assertion, I tried to impress upon him the importance of punctuality on this, the night of his first bow to an American audience. At quarter-past seven I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's Sorrows of Werther, for a lady, which illustration—a charming one by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing—he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) Melodeon. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall, after his first lecture in Boston. A shabby, ungainly looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand and announced himself as "proprietor of the Mammoth Museum," and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to call on the wonderful quadruped next day.

Thackeray's genius was never to perform today what could be postponed till tomorrow. Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper one night in his hotel in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of homesickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed for London. This instance I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good by and God bless everybody, says W. M. T." Of course he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America, and he afterwards told me, in London, that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favor, and gone on board....

One of the most comical and interesting occasions I remember, in connection with Thackeray, was going with him to a grand concert given fifteen or twenty years ago by Madame Sontag. We sat near an entrance door in the hall, and every one who came in, male and female, Thackeray pretended to know, and gave each one a name and brief chronicle, as the presence flitted by. It was in Boston, and as he had been in town only a day or two, and knew only half a dozen people in it, the biographies were most convulsing. As I happened to know several people who passed by, it was droll enough to hear this great master of character give them their dues. Mr. Choate passed by in his regal, affluent manner. The large style of the man, so magnificent and yet so modest, at once arrested Thackeray's attention, and he forbore to place him in his extemporaneous catalogue. I remember a pallid, incisive-faced girl fluttering past, and how Thackeray exulted in the history of this frail "little bit of porcelain," as he called her. There was something in her manner that made him hate her, and he insisted that she had murdered somebody on her way to the hall. Altogether this marvellous prelude to the concert made a deep impression on Thackeray's one listener, into whose ear he whispered his fatal insinuations. There is one man still living and moving about the streets I walk in occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character.

One day, many years ago, I saw him chaffing on the sidewalk in London, in front of the Athenæum Club, with a monster-sized cabman, "copiously obvious," and I judged, from the driver's ludicrously careful way of landing the coin deep down in his breeches pocket, that Thackeray had given him a very unusual fee. "Who is your fat friend?" I asked, crossing over to shake hands with him. "Oh, that indomitable youth is an old crony of mine," he replied; and then, quoting Falstaff, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble *carriage*." It was the *manner* of saying this, then and there in the London street, the cabman moving slowly off on his sorry vehicle, with one eye (an eye dewy with gin and water, and a tear of gratitude, perhaps) on Thackeray, and the great man himself so jovial and so full of kindness!....

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the Cornhill, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child,—it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman rose, and supplied us, once or twice, with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. Neptune, conscious of my distress, when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his dreary subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed henbane" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The thing was inimitably droll, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me: "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?"

We pause here. But it will not be inferred that we have extracted all the honey from this remarkable number when we say that it has, *beside the pieces we have quoted*, a poem by Mr. Longfellow, "The New Departure of the Republican Party," by Hon. Henry Wilson, "A Year in a Venetian Palace," by Mr. W. D. Howells, "Miss Mogg'aridge's Provider," by Mrs. Spofford, and "Madam Delia's Expectations," by Col. T. W. Higginson, both stories, and various other excellent things in fact and fiction.

New Publications.

—New books come so thick and fast about these days that only a very few can keep up with a known rate of even their titles. This habit of accumulating every effort in literature and art at Christmas-time is not altogether desirable, since many a book loses in the hurry and crowd the fair and considerate hearing it would otherwise gain. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. issued three volumes yesterday, which we can only glance at this morning, hoping for an early opportunity to refer to them more in detail. The first in the list, *Winter Poems by Favorite American Poets*, is the leading gift-book of this leading Boston house. It is in the style which their "Snow Bound" and "Ballads of New England" have made popular in former years. The literary contents are nine poems by five authors—Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Emerson—eight of them familiar, like Emerson's "Snow Storm" and Lowell's "First Snow Fall," one entirely new, "The Pageant," written for this volume by Mr. Whittier. The illustrations are forty or fifty in number, by Mr. Fenn, Mr. Homer, Mr. Griswold, Mr. Hennessy, Mr. McEntee and others, all engraved by Mr. Anthony. *Little Pussy Willow* is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's latest juvenile book, republished, we believe, from the pages of Our Young Folks,—a story in a small octavo volume, with illustrations. To the "Household" edition of Dickens's Novels has been added a volume containing *The Uncommercial Traveller and Additional Christmas Stories*, with Mr. Eytinge's pictures.

—The publishers of *Littell's Living Age* announce that there will begin with the new year the publication of a serial story, called "Seed-Time and Harvest," by Fritz Reuter, one of the most popular German authors of the time, none of whose works have hitherto been translated in the country.

—D. Appleton & Co. have issued a new edition of their *Illustrated European Guidebook*, in elegant binding and mechanical execution. This is an English work, American in imprint only; but it is prepared with a view to meet the wants of all English-speaking travellers, in Great Britain and on the Continent. It is especially valuable for the use of every principal city; and the illustrations add to its usefulness. Paris is described in the terms of six months ago, and the destruction of the palace of St. Cloud is not recognized. *What to Read and How to Read*, from the same publishers, is a literary manual by Dr. Charles H. Moore, giving classified lists of choice reading, with hints and remarks to the general reader and to persons forming libraries, brought down to last September. It seems more practical than many more ambitious works of the class. The same publishers issue *Other Worlds than Ours*, the plurality of worlds studied under the light of recent scientific researches, by Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. A. S., and author of several other astronomical works. Many of the views of the writer are original. Several plates illustrate the volume. A. Williams & Co. have all these books.

—Mr. Gilbert B. Goff is an architect at Saratoga Springs. He has prepared a number of his designs for publication in a folio volume of *Model Suburban Architecture*, including designs for dwellings to cost from $1500 to $5000, with more extensive villas, as well as banking houses, club houses, hotels, engine houses, and a variety of architectural features for interiors and exteriors. We receive the book from Orange Judd & Co., through A. Williams & Co. of this city.

—*Toy*-books are more peculiarly in season at Christmas than any other publications of the year. Messrs. Henry A. Brown & Co. receive them regularly from London, and have an assortment excelled by nobody else. Modern art has done a great deal for these publications for the children of a generation ago never saw such books as can now be bought for a shilling. Those which bear the name of *Aunt Louisa* are especially desirable, and *Warne's Picture Puzzle Books* will be a treasure to children old enough to amuse themselves with paint-brush and scissors.

—The serial of the last year in the Atlantic, *Joseph and his Friend*, by Bayard Taylor, has been issued in a volume by G. P. Putnam & Sons, uniform in style with the other works of the poet, traveller and novelist. Mr. Taylor further calls the book a little-one-story, "A Story of Pennsylvania," and adopts as its motto:—

"The better angel is a man right fair;
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."

The author in a brief preface explains some of the aims of his book. Lee & Shepard have received it.

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., who now so seldom appear in the field of general literature, have issued a volume of *Poems* by F. G. Tuckerman. The pieces were first collected and printed ten years ago, we believe in England, though the writer is in America. The criticisms from high authorities, published in our advertising columns yesterday, show that the volume has many qualities to command respect; and the most cursory examination finds many beautiful things between its covers.

—Dr. George F. Baker, M. D., who is the professor of physiological chemistry in Yale College, has prepared a *Text-Book of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Inorganic*, which Charles C. Chatfield & Co. of New Haven have published. It aims to embody all the recent discoveries of chemical science.

Geo. W. Pope.

The gentlemen connected with the independent municipal movement, we presume, are now convinced that they have made at least one grave mistake. There seems to be but one opinion from the people and press; it is that the alderman from Ward 9 deserves well of the city, and should be returned. He would not cross Columbus avenue to get the vote of republican or democrat, but on this account, as well as for his good sense, practical wisdom, simplicity and inflexible integrity, he should be secured to an administration pledged to economy and reform. His experience and observation of the past year would make him doubly useful to the incoming men, especially if the right kind are elected. We hope the people of Ward 9, and all others who think of voting the independent ticket, will not do it without exercising the inalienable right to "scratch"—make a vacuum in which to place this name and thus aid to secure the election of a capable and honest republican. SOUTH END.

City Notices.

PICTURE FRAMES, Wire Cord, Chromos, Engravings of all kinds. J. F. CANOT & BROTHER, 89 Sudbury street. oct 8 6Tu&Th25t

THE PATENT OIL THREAD MAT we do not offer to the public for its beauty. But it is the best mat in the market for cleaning the mud from boots, and is very durable. Manufactured and for sale by JOHN S. ANDREWS, 54 Elm street. TuThS4w nov 22

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WARD FOUR.

Republicans of Ward 4 will meet in their Ward Room, Court square, FRIDAY, P. M., at 1¾ o'clock, to nominate Councilmen, School Committee, and Ward Officers. The meeting to be held subject to the ordinance regulating the use of Ward Rooms for political meetings.

For order of Ward Committee.

dec 8 21*5

WARD SIX.

The Republican Voters of Ward Six are invited to meet at their Ward Room (corner of Pinckney and Anderson streets), FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 9, at 7½ o'clock, to nominate candidates for Common Council, School Committee and Ward Officers. The meeting to be held subject to the Ordinance regulating the use of Ward Rooms for political meetings.

For order Ward and City Committee of Ward Six.

dec 7

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

WARD EIGHT.

The Republicans of Ward Eight