Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see
But their voices are lost by the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes—the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the gate-post hid him from my view.
We saw not the angel in his flow there—
The gate of pearl we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet,
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her clasped hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silvery sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the redeemed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's home is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the sigh of the gentle oars,
And so, they have passed from our yearning heart—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barques no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully greet the departed one,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

I am old now. My life has been as placid and uneventful as I could have wished; but there is one memory I possess, known to but few, which my family wish me to put before the world. In my old age I learn to submit to younger judgments, even as in my youth I submitted to my elders. In some cases extremes meet. I ask attention to my story only because it is true. Whether it is strange or not I hardly know; it is strange enough to me.

More than fifty years ago my bro her Stephen and I lived together in a village about ten miles south of London, where he was by profession a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen. We had no relations but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the years we had lived together no one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble-looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marion by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw? She was perhaps twenty years old; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chesnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it; and we might have remained unequainted with them forever, but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar; for they had two tastes in common, a love of tobacco and Swedenborgianism. Many a summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and talking the other, Marion sometimes joining in, if she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was so weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him,—

"How lovely Marion is! I am never tired of looking at her."

"Look at her while you may," said he; "she has not three years to live."

It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint—aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me he loved Marion. I did not speak to him about it, I knew better; but I saw with what doubtful doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marion's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away day by day? Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her ceaselessly, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself fiercely; but he won the fight. He left home for some weeks and returned, looking older and paler; but he he had learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath hard. She was pining away under the influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected old soon came. Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor Marion's grief was terrible to see. Her father was dead, Stephen, as she thought, estranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiry into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marion an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live, and what to do? Stepen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room and told me all—nothing, in fact, but what I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Tomsecant were not the important matters in my day that they were in my grandchildren's; and Marion was married to Stephen, in her black gown, within a month of her father's funeral.

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marion's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if she was entirely recovering; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happily we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and how many were our day-dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London, partly for Marion, but mostly for me. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I never found it so happy as our days in that dear old Surrey village.

Well, our happy time did not last long. Marion caught a cough and cold as the winter came on, and was soon so ill as to be taken to London for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary, deathly-looking face. Marion had broken a small blood-vessel on the journey—not anything serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate—not a day to be lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary things, and went with Stephen to London the next day to say good-bye to Marion, who had been forbidden to go home. The same afternoon they were on board a trading vessel bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as they wished it too, it was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marion were to live, unless he could make himself a practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen, with whom I had lived all my life; it was almost sorer still to part with Marion, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen and I were nearly overcome with emotion; but she was calm and silent, with an intent, wistful look about her lovely face that has haunted me all my life since. I can see it now when I shut my eyes, though it is fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her again?

I went to my sister's house, and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it. Still, it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the daytime; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marion, too, wrote favorably of herself, and my anxiety began to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time—my late husband, the friend and partner of my sister's husband, was at that time beginning to pay his addresses to me; and the tender troubles of my own love made me careless of others. Summer came round again, and one day as I was half-wishing for my country home again, a letter arrived from Stephen. Marion's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. I was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to receive them. I did not know till afterwards that Marion had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the chance were for the worse; if it had been for the better, there would have seen no reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged everything, and waited for them. The weeks passed (the usual interval) and no letters came, and I supposed they were travelling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marion must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked.

"She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.

"How—Where?" I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me.

"Give me something to eat and drink," he said. "I have walked from London, and I want to sleep."

I brought him what he wanted. He bade me good night, and as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife if ever man did, could speak of her not a month after her death without his voice faltering or his face changing in the least. "To-morrow will solve the question," I said to myself as, weary with crying, I felt sleep coming over me. But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment we spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old,—as kind and thoughtful as ever, only altered by a rather absent and abstracted manner. I thought at first that he was stunned by his loss, and would realize it more painfully afterwards; but months passed on without a change. He used Marion's chair, or things of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings without seeming to notice them; indeed, it was as if he had dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he knew her. The only difference was that he, naturally a man of sedentary habits, took a great deal of exercise, and I knew that he kept landaunum in his bed-room.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had no intention of leaving him. To my surprise he seemed pleased. I told him that I would never leave him alone, not for all the husbands in the world; but he would not hear me.

"I think it is your duty to marry him, Margaret," he said. "You love him, and have taught him to love you, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will not leave you alone."

"I see that I must explain to you," he said, after a pause. "When you leave me I shall not be alone."

"Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering.

"Marion."

I started as if I had been shot, for I thought he must surely be mad; but he continued, quite calmly and, as usual, without emotion:—

"She died at mid-day. I'll tell you I do not know what I did. I felt stunned and broken and dying myself; but at last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my dream, and told me I should be reunited to her. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed me. Then I felt that it was my duty to live; that if my life was valueless to myself, it was not so to you, so I came home. I dare say it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce an illusion by an effort of my will; but whether that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. How does she come? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk—not an angel, but herself. Sometimes we go through a whole day of pleasure, sometimes she only comes and goes; but no night has ever yet been without her; and indeed I think that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side again. I sometimes ask myself which of my two lives is the real one. I ask myself now, and cannot answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough, and I never fain to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are provided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you of this before. It is too sacred a thing to be spoken of without necessity. Now write to your husband that is to be, and tell him to come here."

I did so, and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very busy; but his thoughts wandered further and further day by day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but it seemed that nothing really ailed him. I lor ged, almost to pain, to ask him more about Marion; but he never gave me an opportunity. If I approached the subject he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habits of submission to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding-day. Stephen gave me away, and sat by my side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me.

The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage-window was to tell him to be sure to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile. "Say good-by to me now; my work is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good-by; and it was not till my husband asked me what he meant that I remembered his strange look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me forget my fears.

The first letter I received from England said that on the very morning after my marriage he had been found dead and cold in his bed. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet of Marion's hair.

Smart Children.

I do not fancy precocious children, for the very reason that they are almost always in some abnormal physical condition. It isn't natural for a child to be precocious. A healthy, right kind of a child is foolish and unreflecting at best. You have to plant yourself plump against their iron little wills and stout muscles, with a still stouter will and stronger muscle. When you reason with them your arguments meet shoal logic. The verses you teach them and the bright sayings they retail are always just memorizings.

The whole, natural, characteristic life of a child is noisy, rollicking, kicking, tumbling, bruising, crashing, breaking. You endure their savage presence for the hope you have in them. You love them far more for what they will be than for what they are to you. No; I do not want any of your proper children. Deportment is more alien than cannibalism to their nature. Original sin shows itself before pride and judgment in them. Their first falsehood is as sure as their first tooth, and the best of them are jealous and envious little reprobates.

I would rather start to train a strong-willed child, with a healthy body, one decidedly of earth, earthy, than one of your children overfreighted with spirit. Some years ago I watched, with unwearied earnestness, over the fragile form of a little one who gave promise of a rare and beautiful soul-life. He left me. He did not die to me. He simply passed out of sight. The immortal in his nature so far outweighed the mortal, that his passage from time to eternity seemed to me only like the fading away of a beautiful vision; and even to this day I feel like stretching out my arms after some unreal thing, which, in the shape of a wonderful child, cajoled me into the belief that I was the mother of that beautiful boy.

I have no reason to believe that any angel children have since lodged with me unawares; but true to my theory, I rejoice in the rough, hardy bodies of my little ones, fearing not so much lest they should not be comely and graceful, as that I may fail to keep their bodies and souls in harmony with God's natural and Divine laws.—*Correspondence Springfield Republican.*

—In Paris alone there are at this moment no less than sixty thousand men who have no other religion or creed than that of *spiritisme*, or, as we call it, "spiritualism." There the belief is as thoroughly organized a system as any sect of the Christian religion. It has its disciples, its priests, its altars, &c., as well as its papers, reviews, publications of all sorts, with editors and booksellers of its own.

DRAMATIC JOTTINGS.

—Rossini has sent ten thousand francs to the poor of Pesaro, his native city.

—Fortetiel, the celebrated violoncellist, is playing in London.

—Arabella Goddard is about to give two concerts in Paris on her way to Italy.

—A new opera called *Johanna of Flanders* has been successfully produced at Wiesbaden.

—A Signora Garibaldi, who claims to be a niece of the great Italian hero, is giving concerts in London.

—*Estelle* has been revived at Drury Lane Theatre, with Miss Isaac as the "Moor" and Miss Leclerq as "Elgiva."

—A new play on the *The Orange Girl* has been produced at Covent Garden Theatre. It is very long and highly sensational in its style.

—The new Royal English Opera Company has been so unfortunate at Covent Garden, I understand, with Balfe's *Maimuna*, which was favorably received.

—A new song, by Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate's wife entitled "The Alma-Rose," has been lately published in London. It has been set to music by the same lady.

—A national concert was given by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their late visit to Copenhagen. Gade conducted, and the programme was made up entirely of Danish music.

—Operettas, or chamber operas, are becoming very popular in London. Balfe's *Sleeping Queen* at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, is to be followed by *The Sergeant's Legacy*, a new operetta by McFarren.

—Pepita Oliva, a popular singer of the Berlin Royal Opera House, has renounced the stage forever, and has entered into a matrimonial alliance with an *attache* at the British Embassy in that city.

—A choral festival was held lately in Bangor Cathedral. Some five hundred or six hundred voices took part in it. At another, at Lichfield, there were fourteen hundred singers. The music selected ranged between Tallis and Sir F. Ouseley.

—A new comedy, called *Woodcock's Little Game*, produced at the St. James, London, introduces Mr. Charles Matthews in a situation of some little difficulty, and Mrs. Matthews as a stout, fluttering, hysterical mother-in-law.

—A new farce, by J. M. Martin, has been produced at the Haymarket Theatre. It is called *On the Sly*, and turns upon a little matrimonial tiff and jealousy between "M. Dubbitts," a clerk, and his wife. Buckstone, as "Dubbitts," was received with great favor.

—Several concerts of interest will be given in this city before long. Cordier, the delightful little prima donna, will appear in the concert-room, and among pianists we shall have an opportunity of hearing Pattison, Sanderson, Pease, and Gottschalk.

—Titicns has been presented by citizens of Birmingham with a diamond ring, as an acknowledgment for her kindness in taking the part assigned to Madame Ruderdorff in the oratorio of *Elijah*, at the Birmingham Festival, when that lady was suddenly attacked by illness.

—Mr. Benedict's *Rose of Erin*, with the libretto entirely remade, is to be given at the Theatre Lyrique during the winter, with Madame Miolan-Carvalho for its heroine. *Mireille* will also be reproduced there, with important retrenchments and alterations by its author.

—The Pyne and Harrison opera troupe is again to give performances in London, having secured for the leading novelty the new opera, *Roland*, by the French composer, Mermet. This composer has ready a new three-act opera called *Pierrot Paulo*, words and music by himself.

—The Welsh Eisteddfod was held this year at Llandudno, the principal composition performed being *The Siege of Harlech*, by a composer named Lawrence. Llandudno is a favorite watering-place on the coast of North Wales, but in easy access from Liverpool.

—It is curious to remark the number of Jews who have of latter years fascinated the world by their musical genius—Strauss, Meyerbeer, Henri Herz, Mendelssohn, Schunoff, Halevy, were all Jews, as is Offenbach, whose sparkling and popular opera, *Orphee aux Enfers*, indicates so much musical genius. Rachel was also a Jewess.

—Willie Pape continues to give his "recitals" in England. A recent critic remarks, that "with all his consummate skill in cooking from his instrument the softest and most thrilling tones, or singe forth sonorousness of some splendid chord, there was a charming placidity both of feature and manner—a modest obnegation of self—which contrasted favorably with the eccentric and self-complacent demeanor of better known, perhaps, though not better, older performers."

—The new opera house in Chicago will seat about 2500 people, and the stage and dressing-rooms will be so thoroughly warmed, that a Chicago journal says:—"We shall have no more shivering and blue-lipped 'Normas,' 'Rosinas,' and Countesses' to chatter arias, and tenori and bassi will lose the necessity of tearing their passions to tatters to keep them warm." Mr. Grau is to be lessee of the house, as well as those in Cincinnati and St. Louis.

—The opera house at Baden Baden is owned and managed by M. Benazet, the same man who lines the gambling tables, and who is, in fact, far more important than the Grand Duke himself. It is a neat little edifice, always well and fashionably attended, and enlivening the services of very good if not of the first-class singers. Colson, so well known in this city, was the prima donna last year. Both French and Italian operas are given, and the programme for the season just past—from the 15th of July to the 1st of September—included the operas *Le Domino, Richard Cœur de Lion, Joconde, Zampa, Dame Blanche, La Fille du Regiment*, and a few others—making in all fifteen French and five Italian operas for the season.

—The *Independance Belge* gives the following particulars of the amounts received by various artists as the results of single performances. Malibran at Drury Lane received £150 each night. The same price was paid to Lablache for two performances. Grisi at New York received £100 for one performance, and shortly after obtained £2400 as the result of one night's entertainment in London. Tagliori received £100 for every performance at Hamburg, and at her second benefit at St. Petersburg she realized the extravagant sum of £8100, in addition to a magnificent present of diamond ornaments made her by the Czar.

—A new three-act play, which is criticized as "long and tiresome," yet containing many fine poetical passages, has been produced at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. It is by a Mr. Buchanan, and is called *The Witch-Finder*. The hero of the story is an aged witch-finder at Salem, Massachusetts, near the close of the seventeenth century, who, having brought many old women to death on a charge of witchcraft, is punished at last by having his own daughter accused and convicted. He is half an enthusiast, half a plotting impostor, and is surrounded by conventional Puritans.

—The plot of Meyerbeer's latest opera, *L'Africaine*, or *Vasco de Gama*, as it will be called on the bills, is as follows:—

"Vasco de Gama, returning from his first voyage to Africa with a cargo of negroes, is ship-wrecked. The slaves of the negroes were saved—Nelusko, an African traitor, and Selika, an queen of Madagascar, a long time before being Nelusko and his mistress. Vasco is condemned by the Council of Elders, as having lost his ship, and the sentence is communicated to him in an order of bass voice, which is the most inexplicable air in the first act. In the second act Vasco is in prison with the Grand Inquisitor and Nelusko. The latter wishes to kill him during his sleep, but the Queen, who loves Vasco, enters a cary and saves him. In the third act Vasco has obtained permission to return to Africa to pursue his discoveries. Selika is in an isle, but he is again shipwrecked, and thrown on the coast of Madagascar. Here is a change of scenery. Selika stipulates here in place of being a slave, she will force Vasco to love her, or she will put him to death. At the end, however, she abandons her plans, and resolves she will die. To carry her resolution into effect, she goes to sleep under the upas-tree while singing adieu to Vasco.

THEATRICAL SLANG.

An English writer, Mr. Hotten, has published a "Dictionary of Slang," in which, however, the London *Review* thinks that justice is not done to theatrical slang. In proof of this, the reviewer gives the following instances of the use of French and other foreign phrases in current theatrical criticism:—"Theatrical slang, technicalities, and swapper are not confined to professionals and professional journals; they creep into theatrical notices. Reports of performances, hurriedly written late at night, are not generally pure models of English composition. The first word is chosen for her then the last word, and the whole phrases are imported from the green-room. A successful performance is described as 'a hit likely to create a *furore*,' or the piece is said to be 'a go,' or to have 'went well,' or to be a 'sensation'—though sensation is an old slang term for a glass of gin. A body who forgot her part is said to have 'stuck,' or to be a *débutante* if she made her first appearance; if the applause is so great that the actors walk before the curtain, they are said to have been 'honored with calls;' if the piece is considered good, it is said to be 'likely to draw,' or to be 'a draw;' if the elevation of any actor is somewhat pompous, he is said to 'have combined it;' if the piece is short and funny, it is called a 'screaming farce;' and if it is short and tragic, it is called a '*vaudeville*' or '*petite comedy*.'

"When mongrel language like this is used by journalists, we can hardly wonder that managers are encouraged to use it. The warmed-up French dishes presented at most of our theatres are seldom disguised in the cooking. Our drama is not only French in origin and construction, but its characters generally retain their French titles. These titles are often terrible stumbling-blocks to the actors. We have heard fourteen different pronunciations of the word '*Monsieur*' in one piece, in one night, at one theatre. The cheapness of bad translations may partly account for this slovenly transplanting of dramas, but the same determination to use Anglo-French-Argot slang is shown in every corner of our playbills. If three or four female dancers come on to caper a few minutes, this is called a '*divertissement*.' If a hornpipe, a comic song, and a solo on the trombone are thrown in as a make-weight between the pieces, they are called collectively a '*soulagne*,' and sometimes, by way of variety, an '*entre mezzo*.' A gentleman is never addressed as sir, he is always '*Mons*' or '*Monsieur*,' according to the fancy of the speaker, and a lady is always '*Mordame*,' '*Mademoiselle*,' or '*Mamselle*'—the latter being an abbreviation almost as vulgar as '*gals*.' The '*Jeune Premier*' (pronounced 'Jeune Vere') is the Sanad Jasper such half translated dramas, and *Henri* was never known to be written Henry, or pronounced otherwise than *Hongri*. A bag-pipe cannot be introduced on the stage without being called '*cornu musse*,' and a penny whistle in the same slang becomes a '*pastoral chin*.' A thimble-rigger is a '*prestidigitator*,' a conjuring conferrer is a 'medium,' or an 'intelligent spiritualist;' a successful entertainment is never visited by crowds, it is always 'patronized by the *élite* of society;' a singing-head, as vulgar and obvious as the old Barnholomew fair double-trick, is called an '*Anthropoglossus*;' a youthful actor is sometimes called an 'infant prodigy,' sometimes a 'juvenile Roscius;' a tawny actor from the West Indies, or from the Southern States of America, is called an 'African Roscius;' a man who plays upon the banjo and dances, is called a 'negro delineator;' and a woman like Miss Mecken, the female "Macoppa," who trades upon her impudence, is called 'a gifted creature.' This language is common both with managers and journalists. A manager is either 'a popular caterer,' or 'a daring *entrepreneur*;' an old actor is sometimes called 'a veteran.' It is fashionable to say that Shakespeare's plays 'keep the stage,' and that the Italian Opera had a 'long run.' If a piece is not very fresh, it is said to 'drag;' if it is long, it is said to want 'cutting.'

"Actors will think nothing of mailing 'Hamlet's' great soliloquies 'bits of fat,' or speaking of 'King Lear' as 'a heavy father.' Any action on the stage is known as 'business,' sometimes shortened to 'bus.' Painting the face for any particular character is known 'making up,' and the paint is generally called 'war paint.' If the theatre, or 'house,' as it is more technically termed, is badly attended, it is called a 'frost;' or if it is filled with orders, or 'bits of paper,' as they are termed, it is said to be 'well papered.' Some more daring geniuses take a higher flight than this, and we remember an advertisement of Tom Sayers' Champion Circus, in which it was said 'the fabric is cally and lightly warmed by not less than four thousand delighted spectators, consisting of rank, wealth, and beauty.'

"The technicalities proper to the stage—the terms used in speaking of the various parts of a theatre, can hardly be classed as slang, until they are used unprofessionally. It is very necessary that theatrical workmen should have fixed names for the materials they are called upon to work. When they speak of sky-borders,' 'flats,' 'wings,' 'floats,' 'footer-lights,' 'flies,' 'vampire-traps,' 'heavy-sets,' &c., they are merely using the recognized language of their craft. The call-boy who says 'overture's on, gent'emen,' and the manager who tells the prompter to 'ring up,' are not creators of slang—that task is left for the audience to perform. The audience is generally very willing to perform it. When the upper scenery interferes with the gallery visitors, there is always some sharp youth to shout out 'lower the blue;' and the technicalities about the 'prompt,' and the 'O. P.' side of the theatre are supposed to be familiar to everybody. A penny-a-liner, writing an account of a theatrical accident, once described a witness as 'a gentleman who sold fried fish on the prompt side of the house.'"

PROPOSALS.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 18, 1864.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock M., on TUESDAY, November 22, 1864, for the immediate delivery at the United States Storehouse, Hanover Street, near Pratt, of the following articles, viz:—

2000 (two thousand) Wagon Frames, not to be painted.

All of the above described to be of the best quality, and subject to the inspection of an inspector appointed on the part of the Government.

Bidders will state price, both in writing and figures, and the amount or quantity of each article bid for, and the time of delivery.

Each bid must be guaranteed by two responsible persons, that if the bid is accepted, he or they will enter into a contract for the supply and fulfill all conditions of the same, and that we will become his surety on a bond, in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, for the performance of his contract in conformity with the terms of his proposal, and in case the said ——— shall fail to enter into a contract, under the term of the advertisement dated November 18, 1864, we guarantee to make good the difference between the offer made by the said ——— to the following proposal and the next lowest responsible formal bidder, or the person to whom the contract may be awarded.

Witness: } Given under our hands and seals, this ——— day of ———, 186—. { (Seal.) (Seal.)

I hereby certify that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the above-named guarantors are good and sufficient as sureties for the amount for which they offer to be responsible.

To be certified by the United States District Attorney, Collector of Customs, or any other officer under the United States Government, or responsible person known to this office.

All proposals received under this advertisement will be opened and examined at this office on Wednesday and Saturday of each week at 12 M. Bidders are respectfully invited to be present at the opening of bids if they desire.

H. H. SIBLEY,
Brigadier-General and Quartermaster.

1-4 tf

PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR HIDES, TALLOW, HOOFS, HORNS, CHUCKS, SHINS, AND TONGUES.
OFFICE OF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE,
Washington, D. C., November 16, 1864.

Sealed Proposals, in duplicate, are invited until the 26th day of November, at 10 o'clock A. M., for Hides, Tallow, Hoofs, Horns, Chucks, Shins, and Tongues of all Government Cattle slaughtered within the ancient limits of the District of Columbia, for four months from the commencement of the contract.

The above articles to be collected by the contractor and removed from the various places at which the cattle are killed at such times as may be designated by the officer in charge.

The number of Cattle used monthly varies from 1500 to 2000, and are now killed at Chain Bridge, Georgetown, Convalescent Camp, Washington, and Alexandria, but other places may occur at which the prescribed limits where these articles will be required will be collected.

The contractor shall be responsible for the hides, tallow, hoofs, horns, chucks, shins, and tongues, coming from all the Government herds of cattle slaughtered unless it can be made satisfactory to the officer the Subsistence Department that all due exertion, diligence, and care was made to obtain said articles.

Payment will be required every ten days in Government funds.

The bids will state the amount per animal, for the articles referred to, and be accompanied by the following guarantee, certificate, affidavits of each guarantor, and oath of allegiance.

Blank forms can be obtained by application to the undersigned.

PROPOSALS.

I, ——, of the State of ——, county of ——, offer, for final, for all Hides, Tallow, Hoofs, Horns, Chucks, Shins, and tongues, of all Government Beef Cattle killed within the ancient limits of the District of Columbia, ——— dollars and ——— cents (state the amount to be in words and figures, subject to all the conditions of the advertisement herein annexed).

GUARANTEE.

We, the undersigned, residents of ——, in the county of ——, and State of ——, severally, jointly and severally covenant with the United States, and guarantee, in case the foregoing bid of ——— be accepted, that he or they will within ten days after the acceptance of said bid, execute the contract for the same, with good and sufficient sureties, in a sum equal to the amount of the contract to furnish the forage proposed in conformity to the terms of the advertisement dated November 18, 1864, under which the bid was made; and in case the said ——— shall fail to enter into a contract as aforesaid, we guarantee to make good the difference between the offer of the said ——— and the next lowest responsible bidder, or the person to whom the contract may be awarded.

Given under our hands and seals this ——— day of ———, 186—.

The responsibility of the guarantors must be shown by the official certificate of a *United States District Attorney* or *United States Judge*. The certificate must be in the following form:—

I hereby certify that from evidence entirely satisfactory to me the above-named guarantors are good and sufficient as sureties for double the amount for which they offer to be security.

To which each guarantor must make and append the following:

OATH.

"State of ——, county of ——, before me, ——, ——— in and for the county and state aforesaid, personally appeared ———, one of the sureties on the guarantee of ———, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is worth, over and above all just debts and liabilities, the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

"Subscribed and sworn before me, this ——— day of ———, 186—, at ———."

No bids will be considered unless made out in conformity with the above form, and are accompanied by the foregoing guarantee, certificate, and affidavits.

All bidders must forward with their proposals an oath of allegiance, unless one may be on file with the officer who shall open the bids, and no proposals not fully complying with the foregoing requirements, as well in fact as in form, will be considered or regarded as a proposal within the meaning of this advertisement.

The contractor will be held accountable for the Hides, Tallow, Hoofs, Horns, Chucks, &c., one week after the signing of the contract.

Bidders must be present at the opening of the bids to respond to their names, and all bids must be endorsed "Proposals for purchasing Hides, Tallow, Hoofs, Horns, Chucks, &c." and be directed to the undersigned.

G. BELL,
Lieutenant-Colonel and C. S.

11-16-7t

PIANOS, COTTAGE EXCELsior Organs, Harmoniums, and Melodeons, at MARSH'S MUSIC STORE, No. 1102 CHESNUT Street.

10-7-3m

PROPOSALS.

OFFICE ARMY CLOTHING AND EQUIPAGE, TWELFTH and GIRARD Streets,
PHILADELPHIA, November 16, 1864.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this Office until MONDAY, the 28th inst., for supplying the Sonnyikill Arsenal with the following articles:—

6-4 and 8-4 Army Blue Kersey, army standard.
Industry Great Coats, deliveries to commence in ten days from date of award; army standard.
Fine Building, deliveries to commence in ten days from date of award, army standard.
Cotton Bells and Slings, deliveries to commence in ten days from date of award, army standard.
Knit Drawers, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
Knit Shirts, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
Extra Heavy Bleached Muslin, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
Muslin in heavy or light, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
Brown Holland, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
Light Blue Thread, No. 10, deliveries to commence day after award. Samples required.
8-4 Dark Blue Flannel, deliveries to commence in 10 days from date of award, army standard.
Sather Tents, deliveries to commence in 10 days from date of award, army standard.

Samples of each articles are required to be army size, and can be seen at this office.

Each bid must be guaranteed by two responsible persons, whose signatures must be appended to the guarantee, and certified to to be good and sufficient security for the amount specified, by some public functionary of the United States.

Bids from delinquent contractors, and those that do not fully comply with the requirements of this advertisement, will not be considered.

Blank forms for proposals, embracing the terms of the guarantee required in each bid, can be had on application at this office and those clerks which do not enclose the guarantee will be considered, and will not be considered which does not *strictly* conform to the requirements herein stated.

The bids will state the number and quantity of each kind of article proposed to be delivered.

Proposals must be endorsed "Proposals for Army Supplies," stating on the envelope the particular article bid for.

HERMAN BIGGS,
Colonel Q. M. Department.

11-16-6t

PROPOSALS FOR FORAGE.
CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
DEPOT OF WASHINGTON,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 5, 1864.

Sealed Proposals are invited by the undersigned for supplying the United States Quartermaster's Department, at Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Alexandria, and Fortress Monroe, Va., or either of these places, with Hay, Oats, Corn, Oats and Straw.

Bids will be received for the delivery of 5000 bushels of Corn or Oats, and 50 tons of Hay or Straw, and upwards.

Bidders must state at which of the above-named points they propose to make deliveries, and the rates at which they will make deliveries thereat, the quantity of each article proposed to be delivered, the time when said deliveries shall be commenced, and when to be completed.

The price must be written out in words on the bids.

Corn to be put up in good stout sacks, of about two bushels each. Oats in the sacks, of about three bushels each. The sacks to be furnished without extra charge to the Government. The Hay or Straw to be securely tied.

The particular kind or description of Oats, Corn, Hay, or Straw, proposed to be delivered, must be stated in the proposals.

All the articles offered under the bids herein invited will be subject to a rigid inspection by the Government inspector, before receiving accepted.

Contracts will be awarded from time to time to the lowest responsible bidders, as the interest of the Government may require, and payment will be made when the whole amount contracted for shall have been delivered and accepted.

The bidder will be required to accompany his proposition with a guarantee, signed by two responsible persons, that in case his bid is accepted, he or they will within ten days from the acceptance of the contract for the same, with good and sufficient sureties, in a sum equal to the amount of the contract, to deliver the forage proposed in conformity with the terms of this advertisement, and in case any one of the sureties shall fail to enter into the contract, they to make good the difference between the offer to said bidder and the next lowest responsible bidder, or the person to whom the contract may be awarded.

All bidders will be duly notified of the acceptance or rejection of their proposals.

The bids must be addressed to the address of each bidder must be plainly written in the proposal.

Proposals must be addressed to Brigadier-General D. H. Rucker, Chief Depot Quartermaster, Washington, D. C., and should be plainly marked "Proposals for Forage."

Bids in a sum equal to the amount of the contract, signed by the contractor and both of his guarantors, will be required of the successful bidder or bidders upon signing the contract.

Blank forms of bids, guarantees, and bonds may be obtained upon application to this office.

FORM OF PROPOSAL.
(Town, County, and State) ———

I, the subscriber, do hereby propose to furnish and deliver to the United States, at the Quartermaster's Depot, Washington, D. C., forthwith, to the terms of your advertisement, inviting proposals, dated November 16, 1864, the following articles, viz.:—

—— bushels of Corn, in sacks, at —— per bushel of 56 pounds.
—— bushels of Oats, in sacks, at —— per bushel of 32 pounds.
—— tons of baled Hay, at —— per ton of 2000 pounds.
—— tons of baled Straw, at —— per ton of 2000 pounds.

Delivery to commence on or before the ——— day of ———, 186—, and to be completed on or before the ——— day of ———, 186—, and I do agree to enter into a written contract with the United States, which shall be approved securities, within the space of ten days after being notified that my bid has been accepted.

Your obedient servant,

———

Brigadier-General D. H. RUCKER,
Chief Depot Quartermaster.

Washington, D. C.

GUARANTEE.

We, the undersigned, residents of ———, in the county of ———, and State of ———, severally, jointly and severally covenant with the United States, and guarantee, in case the foregoing bid of ——— be accepted, that he or they will within ten days after the acceptance of said bid, execute the contract for the same, with good and sufficient sureties, in a sum equal to the amount of the contract to furnish the forage proposed in conformity to the terms of the advertisement dated November 16, 1864, under which the bid was made; and in case the said ——— shall fail to enter into a contract as aforesaid, we guarantee to make good the difference between the offer of the said ——— and the next lowest responsible bidder, or the person to whom the contract may be awarded.

Witness: } Given under our hands and seals, this ——— day of ———, 186—. { (Seal.) (Seal.)

The responsibility of the guarantors must be shown by the official certificate of