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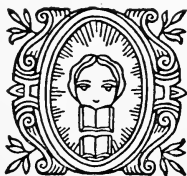
THE DIARY
OF
PHILIP HONE

1828-1851

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

BAYARD TUCKERMAN



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INTRODUCTION

PHILIP HONE was born on the 25th of October, 1780, in Dutch street, New York. Four years later his father bought a wooden house, on the corner of Dutch and John streets, where Philip passed his boyhood. He received a common-school education, and at seventeen years of age began his mercantile career as clerk to his elder brother John. The business was that of an auctioneer, which, at that time, consisted chiefly in selling the cargoes brought to the port of New York by the fleet of American merchantmen. Philip displayed so much ability and fidelity in his work, that in 1799, when nineteen years of age, his brother took him into partnership. The firm became extremely prosperous, and bore an honoured name throughout the United States. On the 1st of October, 1801, in his twenty-second year, Mr. Hone married Catherine Dunscomb, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

In 1820, Mr. Hone, although only forty years of age, had accumulated a fortune then considered very large. His mature life still lay before him, and the choice was open as to the manner in which it should be spent. With no love of money for money's sake, with a sincere desire to improve himself and to be useful to others, he retired from business, in the flood-tide of his powers and his prosperity, to enter a higher sphere of effort.

In 1821 he sailed for Europe in the "James Monroe," Captain Rogers, of four hundred tons burden. This journey to foreign lands made a deep impression, and strengthened his determination to devote his energies to self-cultivation and to objects of public

interest. Immediately after his return, he purchased the house, No. 235 Broadway, just below the corner of Park place, for \$25,000. This house was one of the largest private residences in the city, and was pointed out to strangers as an object of civic pride. Its windows looked out upon the City Hall Park, then the principal park in New York, surrounded by a fence of wooden palings, and considered up town. When installed in his new house, Mr. Hone began his career of social and public-spirited activity. The most able and influential men in New York were his constant guests. Men from other States, such as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Harrison Gray Otis, made his house their rendezvous while passing through the city. Foreigners of note, such as Lord Morpeth, Fanny Kemble, Captain Marryat, John Galt, Charles Dickens, met with a hearty welcome. As his children grew up the house became a resort for the young people ; and it was an ordinary question for the beaux and belles walking on Broadway : " Shall we meet to-night at Mr. Hone's, or at Dr. Hosack's ? " — these being the two houses in town most constantly open.

In 1824 Mr. Hone was elected an assistant alderman, which office he held until 1826, when he became Mayor. His administration of the affairs of the city was characterized by an intelligent public spirit, untrammelled by party ; and his mayoralty, praiseworthy as it was for the wise performance of duty, was especially distinguished in the annals of New York municipal government by the fact that Mr. Hone represented the city socially as well as politically. He entertained officially ; and visiting strangers during his term enjoyed a hospitality which reflected credit upon the whole community.

In 1816 was established the first bank for savings. This, the best of all philanthropic institutions, had immediately enlisted Mr. Hone's coöperation. On its foundation he was appointed a trustee by the Legislature, and he continued his gratuitous labours on behalf of the bank for more than thirty years, becoming its president in 1841. For twenty-one years he served as a governor of the

New York Hospital and as a trustee of the Bloomingdale Asylum. He ceased to occupy these positions only when rendered ineligible by his appointment by the Governor of the State as an inspector of all public institutions. He was the founder of the Clinton Hall Association and of the Mercantile Library Association, of which he continued to be the president for many years. Other institutions and corporations of which Mr. Hone was an officer for considerable periods are as follows : Trustee of Columbia College, of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, of the Merchants' Exchange ; president of the American Exchange Bank, of the Glenham Manufacturing Company ; vice-president of the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, of the American Seamen's Fund Society, of the New York Historical Society, of the Fuel Savings Society ; a director in the Matteawan Cotton and Machine Company, the Eagle Fire Insurance Company, the National Insurance Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company ; a member of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Vestry of Trinity Church ; a manager of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of the Mechanics and Scientific Association ; president of the German Society ; a founder and a governor of the Union Club. By his labours on behalf of the insurance and manufacturing companies, and the Delaware & Hudson Canal, which first connected the coal-fields of Pennsylvania with tide-water, Mr. Hone kept abreast of the industrial interests of the country. The positions held by him in philanthropic institutions were never treated as honorary titles. In each case he worked with the same assiduity that a man could apply to his own business. An ordinary day's occupation for him was to ride out on horseback to the Bloomingdale Asylum, to return and pass the afternoon at the Bank for Savings, thence to attend a meeting of the Trinity Vestry, or to preside over the Mercantile Library Association. He was never voluntarily absent from a meeting where the interests of others demanded his presence, and many were the good dinners which he lost in consequence.

In 1837, the encroachments of trade upon the buildings in the vicinity of the City Hall Park made Mr. Hone's house there less desirable as a place of residence. He sold it, and built the house at the south-east corner of Broadway and Great Jones street, then the upper limit of the city, where he lived during the remainder of his life. The front room on the ground floor, now occupied by the East River Bank, was his library, and there the greater part of his Diary was written.

During the prolonged period of commercial depression, which began with the attacks of President Jackson upon the Bank of the United States in 1836, Mr. Hone met with financial losses, in consequence of assistance extended by him to others, which compelled him to return to active business. He became president of the American Mutual Insurance Company, which was ruined by the great fire of July 19, 1845, and the affairs of which he wound up as receiver. In recognition of the courageous and honourable manner in which he had met his reverses, a number of leading merchants placed in the Mercantile Library a marble bust of Mr. Hone, which Clevenger began and Powers finished. In 1849 he was appointed Naval Officer of the port of New York by President Taylor, which office he held during the short remainder of his life.

In politics, Mr. Hone was first a Federalist, and afterwards a Whig, having given its name to the latter party. The Jackson administration, characterized as it was by unwarrantable assumption of power by the Executive and a cringing party subserviency, excited his detestation; and he was an important factor in the great campaign which ended in the election of General Harrison. He was an able speaker, and his services were called into requisition at all times of public commotion. He presided with success at party conventions, where his fine presence, strong voice, and dignified language swayed and moderated great assemblages.

He had personal gifts which extended the influence due to his character. Tall and spare, his bearing was distinguished, his face

handsome and refined; his manners were courtly, of what is known as the "old school;" his tact was great,—he had a faculty for saying the right thing. In his own house his hospitality was enhanced by a graceful urbanity and a ready wit. He was fond of riding on horseback, always had a spirited horse, and for many years his figure was a familiar sight as he rode up and down Broadway. His popularity as a diner-out is sufficiently illustrated in the pages of the Diary, and is well remembered through the institution of the Hone Club.

Mr. Hone's taste for literature and the arts was self-cultivated. With few advantages in early life, he owed his education to his own efforts. He was an assiduous reader of serious books, the contents of which he impressed on his mind by copying striking passages in his common-place book, with comments of his own. He took every opportunity of seeing good pictures, and obtained an artistic judgment by the same system of self-instruction which he applied to literature. Authors and painters were frequent guests at his table, and not a few were assisted by him. He was much interested in the drama, owned a box at the Park Theatre; and when actors like Matthews, Kemble, or the elder Wallack were playing in New York, they always enjoyed his hospitality.

As a merchant, distinguished for intelligence and integrity; as an enlightened philanthropist, as a public-spirited citizen and a social leader, Mr. Hone took pleasure in recording the events which took place under his eyes during the first half of the present century. He saw New York grow from a town of twenty thousand inhabitants into a city of five hundred thousand; he saw the residence portion of the city extend up Broadway to Union square, up Fifth avenue as far as Twentieth street. And in this enormous growth and all the changes which it involved, he had borne an influential part. He had been an American who recognized no division of North and South, and a Knickerbocker who gloried in the progress of his native city. In 1847 he made a journey into the far West, the hardships of which brought on an illness from which he never

fully recovered. In 1850 he lost his wife, and on the 4th of May, 1851, he died, in his seventy-first year.

On the termination of his mayoralty, in 1827, Mr. Hone began to keep a record of various events, chiefly of a business and personal description, for convenience of reference, rather than as a literary occupation. But his interest in the life of his day, combined with a natural gift for expression which demanded gratification, caused this record gradually to assume a more elaborate character. In May, 1828, he found that he had only to go a step further to convert his common-place book into a diary, and this step he determined to take. During the rest of his life the Diary became his favourite exercise and relaxation. He devoted an hour or more daily to chronicling events of interest, to comments on politics, literature, art, the drama, or industrial subjects. He wrote without any view to publication. His thoughts were put down as they occurred to him, without previous preparation or subsequent correction. Their expression was the pleasurable one of an active mind which is relieved by giving form to ideas. The keeping of the Diary became a rooted habit; so that, when infirmity had curtailed other occupations, he adhered to this one almost to the day of his death. The somewhat fragmentary character of a common-place book is discernible in the beginning of the Diary; but the reader will perceive a steady improvement as regards both style and continuity.

In its original form, the Diary consists of twenty-eight quarto volumes, closely written on both sides of the page. Not more than a quarter of the work is now published. Mr. Hone made extended comments on new books, with extracts from them; he made summaries of the foreign news brought by the packet-ships; he kept records of political statistics and local political meetings; he copied extracts from the speeches of public men and periodical articles of interest at that time; he kept a record of the journeys

which he took about the country on business or for pleasure. Such subjects as the above have been omitted or abridged. The portions of the Diary relating to industrial changes, to political and social life, to public men and other individuals of note, to the history of the city of New York, have been retained as far as allowed by the limits of the two volumes here presented.

BAYARD TUCKERMAN.

PART I

THE DIARY
OF
PHILIP HONE

1828

SUNDAY, MAY 18. — The tariff bill, having been returned from the Senate, passed by that body with various amendments, was finally passed by the House of Representatives on Thursday last. This bill has been warmly discussed, and has caused great excitement. It increases the duties on all those descriptions of manufactured goods imported from foreign countries which are supposed to come into competition with our manufactures. The success of this measure will be considered a triumph of the manufacturing over the mercantile interest. Some of the Southern States view it as hostile to their prosperity, and I much fear it will lead to violent measures among some of the political Hotspurs of that sanguine portion of our fellow-citizens.

BALLSTON SPRINGS, SATURDAY, JULY 26. — Mr. Stevenson told me the following anecdote of Tecumseh, which was related to him by General Harrison, and which is descriptive of the Indian's romantic character and sublime sentiments. When General Harrison, at that time Governor of the Indian Territory, was engaged with the chief in making the treaty of Vincennes, a misunder-

ing occurred, and Tecumseh gave the General the lie. The General was very indignant, and was with difficulty restrained from chastising him on the spot; this, however, would have been attended with consequences fatal to the pending negotiation, and he was prevailed upon to signify to him through the interpreter that his offence was forgiven, and that he was allowed the privilege of being seated in the presence of the Governor, his great father. The haughty chief, throwing himself on the ground, replied with scorn and indignation, "I have no father but the glorious Sun; the Earth is my mother, and I will repose upon her bosom."

ALBANY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 2. — After seeing three of my children, with the horses and carriage, under way in the safety barge "Lady Clinton" for New York, we started at ten o'clock in an extra stage for Boston, by the way of Lebanon, Northampton, etc. We gave seventy dollars for the coach to convey the party of seven persons to Boston.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4. — Left Lebanon after breakfast. To Pittsfield, seven miles; to Hinsdale, nine; to Peru, four, where we dined; to Worthington, a neat, pretty little town, six; to Chesterfield, six, where we lodged.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 5. — Fine westerly wind and clear weather. We left Chesterfield after breakfast and came to Northampton, thirteen miles. Everything looks delightful in this most beautiful town, which has improved much. We visited in the afternoon the Round Hill School, and were politely entertained by Mr. Bancroft. In the evening we went to a pleasant party at Mrs. Henry Cary's, of New York, who has been passing the summer in this place.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 7. — To Spencer, seven miles; to Leicester, five; to Worcester, six, to breakfast. Worcester is one of the finest towns in Massachusetts, and much improved within a few years. It is the residence of Governor Lincoln. The Blackstone canal commences at Worcester. To Needham, eight miles; to Newton, four; to Boston, by Brighton, nine. We entered the city by the

Mill Dam road, about six o'clock, of a most beautiful Sunday afternoon. I shall never forget the delightful impression I received from this *entrée*. We took lodgings at Mrs. Lekain's, Pearl street.

BOSTON, MONDAY, SEPT. 8. — After breakfast I commenced my Boston rambles, and saw most of the lions of this fine city. Mr. Quincy, the Mayor, took us through the new market-house, which is his hobby, and well worth seeing. The length of this splendid receptacle of beef, poultry, and potatoes is five hundred and thirty-six feet, its width fifty feet, and the improvement of the vicinity consequent upon its erection renders it an object of admiration. We visited Faneuil Hall, the armory, the noble art museum, its exhibition room (where at present is exhibited a collection of Stuart's portraits, for the benefit of his family), the new hotel building at the corner of Tremont and School streets, the docks, etc. After dinner, Mr. H. G. Otis called and took me out to Quincy to visit the President, but we found that he had departed suddenly this afternoon for Washington. We had, however, a pleasant ride, saw the Quincy railroad and quarry of granite, and returned to town by the way of Roxbury. In the evening I went for a short time to the theatre in Tremont street; a handsome theatre, but not a first-rate company.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 11. — We rode out after dinner with the Mayor to see Quincy, etc. The railroad and granite quarry are objects of great curiosity, and are now in fine operation. On our return from the quarry we stopped to see a handsome edifice in the village of Quincy, — a new meeting-house, nearly finished. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, and its massy columns of granite are probably the best specimens of that fine material which have yet been brought into use. They are single shafts, formed each of an entire block, very perfect, twenty-five feet in height, and twelve feet eight inches in circumference. We took tea with Mrs. Quincy, and returned to Boston in the evening.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 12. — This morning was employed in a visit with Mr. Otis to the City Hospital, and to the hospital for lunatics at

Lechmore Point. The last-named establishment occupies a large house, formerly the residence of Mr. Barrell, to which spacious wings have been added, and several court-yards for the recreation of the patients. The arrangement of these courts and of the buildings admits of a classification of the patients, which has been much wanted in our asylum at Bloomingdale. I dined with an agreeable party at Mr. Otis's, and in the evening accompanied my daughter to a party at Mrs. Otis's, and another party at Mrs. Derby's.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 14. — Went to St. Paul's Church in the forenoon, and heard a sermon from Mr. Alonzo Potter, the pastor of that church. This gentleman is son-in-law to Dr. Nott, President of Union College. After dinner we rode out to Colonel Perkins's, at Brookline, where we took tea; and in the evening went to Mr. Otis's. Colonel Perkins has one of the finest places in the neighbourhood; his wall fruit and grapery are justly celebrated, and are now in great perfection.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16. — We went on an excursion to Waltham, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tilden and Mr. Payne; visited the celebrated seat and ground of Mr. Lyman, and the splendid mansion of the late Governor Gore, where we were kindly received and entertained by Mrs. Gore. This great man has been dead eighteen months, and his widow has lived in retirement ever since. I dined at Gen. Theodore Lyman's, who lives in very handsome style, and has the best library I have seen in Boston. Passed the evening with a party at Mrs. Cunningham's. This lady, who is lately married, is the daughter of Rufus Amory.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19. — We started for Providence at twelve o'clock; came to Dedham, ten miles, to dinner. A fine morning, with fair wind, made the latter part of our voyage very pleasant, and we arrived in New York at twelve o'clock noon, having performed the voyage from Providence in seventeen hours and a half.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15. — The following party dined with us: Lord Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia, his lady, and two daughters;

Mr. R. Cochran, Mr. Henry Hone, Mr. H. Brevoort, Mr. D. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Astor, Mr. C. and Miss Brugiere, Mr. Eugene Cruger. Declined: Dr. Wainwright and lady, Bishop Hobart, Chancellor and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Hone, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Ludlow, Rev. Mr. Schroeder.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5. — Mrs. Montgomery, widow of General Montgomery, died this day at her residence on the North river, aged eighty-six years.

SATURDAY, NOV. 8. — This being the day fixed upon for the delivery of Dr. Hosack's eulogium on the character of the late Governor Clinton, which was prepared at the joint request of the Committee of Citizens and the Literary and Philosophical Society, I formed one of a large collection of gentlemen who assembled at the City Hall and walked in procession to the Middle Dutch Church. The doctor's oration or memoir was extremely interesting, and secured the attention of a highly respectable audience during the whole of its delivery, which occupied two hours and a quarter, although he left out one-half of that which he had prepared. This part will be restored in the publication of the work, and I am of the opinion that Dr. Hosack will add to his literary reputation by this elaborate and able production.

FRIDAY, NOV. 14. — Visited the Asylum this morning, accompanied by Mr. Richards; dined with Mr. D. S. Jones. On my return home, the Bishop, who had made an appointment with me at Mr. Jones's, called at my house and proposed in confidence the plan of a cathedral to be erected on Washington Square. The idea of a magnificent diocesan church is a very imposing one, and strikes my mind favourably, and it is certain that the location suggested by the Bishop is the best in the city, and can be obtained at a moderate price. Independently of the advantages which our church would derive from such an establishment, the erection of such an edifice would improve the property in its vicinity and render the square the most desirable residence in the

city. But where is the money, where the public spirit, where the liberality, to carry such a noble plan into execution? Above all, who will take a lead in it? I cannot; I am already engaged in more business of this kind than I can do justice to, and it has been my fate to be so often repulsed by the cold, calculating objections of that portion of my fellow-citizens who have the ability to promote objects of public improvement, that I am discouraged from attempting again to encounter them. I note in this place the conference above mentioned, as it is possible that this glorious project may, one of these days, be carried into effect, and I believe this is the first time it has ever been hinted. Riding home from Mr. Jones's with Mr. Martin Van Buren, the governor-elect, I took occasion to interest him in the subject of the Delaware and Hudson canal, and hope he may be induced to direct, in his inaugural message, the attention of the Legislature to this object.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6. — Chancellor Kent delivered an address this day before the Historical Society, — a most beautiful production, interesting in its details, affecting and impressive in its style, and read in a chaste and elegant manner. By the exertions of a few individuals this society has been resuscitated, its affairs relieved from embarrassment, the valuable library rescued from the neglect and confusion in which it has lain for years, the apartments cleaned and beautified, and the whole rendered entirely worthy of the patronage and support of the public. These important changes have been principally effected by the zeal, industry, and good taste of Mr. John Delafield, who has, for several months past, devoted much of his time and attention to that object.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10. — I dined with Mr. Goold Hoyt, and in the evening attended, in the circuit court-room, City Hall, Judge Betts's introductory lecture to a course of commercial-law lectures which he has undertaken to deliver at the request of the Mercantile Library Association. The sloop "Toleration" arrived this day from Kingston with a cargo of coal, the first-fruits of the Delaware and Hudson canal.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11. — Dined with Mr. Robert Lenox, and in the evening Anthon, Van Schaick, Isaac S. Hone, and their wives supped with us.

MONDAY, DEC. 29. — The new Board of Common Council was organized this day, and proceeded to elect a Mayor for the ensuing year. The following was the result of the first ballot: For Walter Bowne, 25; Peter A. Jay, 1; Philip Hone, 1. Harrison Gray Otis was elected a few days since to the office of Mayor of Boston.

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WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14. — Being engaged from eleven o'clock this morning until nine in the evening as a juror on a difficult cause, I was prevented from dining with Mr. James G. King, as I intended. The officers of the Literary and Philosophical Society assembled at my house and supped, together with Chancellor Kent, Dr. Matthews, Messrs. Morse, Cole, and Sullivan as visitors. My detention in court prevented me from being at home when the company assembled.

TUESDAY, JAN. 20. — The long-talked-of fancy ball at Mrs. Brugiere's took place this evening. We were present, and much pleased. A large proportion of the company went in character; the dresses were generally appropriate, some of them exceedingly splendid, and many of the characters were supported with much spirit. The rooms were crowded, but it went off well.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6. — I dined with Isaac S. Hone. In the evening attended a fancy ball at Mrs. Abraham Schermerhorn's, — a very splendid and delightful affair.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11. — I dined with Mr. Robert Maitland, and afterward met the officers of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and supped at the house of the Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17. — Died this morning, Simon, the celebrated cook. He was a respectable man, who has for many years been the fashionable cook in New York, and his loss will be felt on all occasions of large dinner and evening parties, unless it should be found that some suitable shoulders should be ready to receive the mantle of this distinguished *cuisinier*.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1. — A lot of ground on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bowling Green, and next, I believe, to

Mr. Brevoort's, was sold at auction this day for \$19,500. Lot about forty-four feet by one hundred and eighteen.

MONDAY, APRIL 6. — This is the commencement of the second volume of my diary, which I began on the first day of last May, and have continued since, with tolerable regularity. I have occasionally introduced matters of trifling importance, and have omitted others which were entitled to a place; but the employment has afforded me some pleasure, and after its use shall have become confirmed by longer practice, I have no doubt it will be more agreeable and exceedingly useful.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11. — Weekly attendance at the Bloomingdale Asylum. Dined with Mr. G. G. Howland, where I met Mr. Jonathan Meredith, of Baltimore, the father of the very agreeable young lady whom we met last summer at the Springs, and subsequently at Boston, and for whom it is a little expected that our host of to-day has conceived a tender *penchant*.

MONDAY, APRIL 13. — Went with my wife to Wallack's benefit at the Park Theatre, — a very great house. The play was "Julius Cæsar:" Brutus, J. Wallack; Cassius, H. Wallack; Marc Antony, Hamblin; Portia, Mrs. Barnes; but notwithstanding this strong cast, it went off heavily, as this tragedy (intrinsically excellent as it is) always does.

MONDAY, APRIL 20. — I saw this day two celebrated personages, — the Indian chief, Red-Jacket, and the original of the Harvey Birch of Cooper's "Spy." The former is a venerable-looking old man, with gray hair, and less of the Indian in his looks and countenance than I would have expected; and the latter is a tall old man, who looks in all respects the character which he has been made to assume.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29. — Charles Kneeland, son of Mr. Henry Kneeland, was married this evening to Joanna Hone, only child of my deceased nephew, Philip J. Hone. He is a fine young man of excellent character, and the union promises to be a happy one. The wedding was celebrated at my brother John's. A large party

supped, and the evening was passed very pleasantly for a wedding party.

TUESDAY, MAY 19. — The venerable, the patriotic, the virtuous, John Jay died on Tuesday last, at his seat, Bedford, Westchester County, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. The Supreme Court (which is now in session) adjourned at its hour of opening, as did the other courts now sitting. This delicate mark of respect was alike honourable to the feelings of the gentlemen constituting the several courts, as reverential to the memory of the illustrious deceased.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27. — Immediately after dinner at home, I took Miss Helen Kane to the ship-yards to witness the launch of the ship "Erie," — a fine vessel, intended as one of the Havre line of packets, — whence I went to Abeel & Dunscomb's foundry to meet a large party of gentlemen who were assembled by invitation to see one of the new locomotive engines in operation, which was recently imported from England for the use of the railroad belonging to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

THURSDAY, MAY 28. — The second locomotive steam-engine which was imported for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company was set in operation this afternoon at the works of the Messrs. Kemble, in presence of a large number of gentlemen, and succeeded as well as the one I saw yesterday at Abeel & Dunscomb's.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6. — I accompanied the young Count Ney and Count Girardin to dine with Mr. Prime at Hurl Gate. The former gentleman brought me, on his arrival in this country, a letter from General Lafayette, and more recently, on his return from a visit to Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), a letter from my venerable friend, Count Real. He is the third son of the gallant Marshal Ney, Prince of Moskowa, whose brilliant career in arms and unhappy death have rendered him distinguished in the annals of Europe. The count is twenty-two years of age, and is said to resemble his father. The Count Girardin was a distinguished officer in the army of Bonaparte, and has seen much service.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4. — The house and lot No. 49 Wall street, recently occupied by the Pacific Insurance Company, twenty-nine feet on Wall street, and about one hundred and thirty feet deep, was sold this day at auction to Joel Post for \$38,100.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27. — The Hon. Bushrod Washington, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, died yesterday at the Mansion House Hotel, Philadelphia, in the seventy-first year of his age. He had been engaged in holding the Circuit Court in New Jersey, and was taken ill in Philadelphia on his return.

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FRIDAY, FEB. 5. — I dined with Mr. Charles McEvers, after which I attended Professor Renwick's first lecture on the steam-engine. This lecture was confined to the doctrine and principles of heat and its application, and was illustrated by many beautiful experiments, in which the Professor was assisted by Dr. Eller. Professor Renwick's clear, familiar, and colloquial manner of lecturing is peculiarly satisfactory and interesting, and extremely well calculated to impart instruction to his auditors. The lecture was attended by a large and respectable auditory of ladies and gentlemen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4. — Died yesterday morning, Col. Richard Platt, in his seventy-sixth year. This gentleman was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. He joined the army in 1775 as lieutenant in Colonel McDougal's regiment, was in the army which invaded Canada under General Schuyler, was acting adjutant-general under General Montgomery in the attack upon Quebec on the 31st of December, 1775, and was deputy quartermaster-general at the surrender of the British army under Cornwallis on the 21st of October, 1781.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9. — The following party dined with us: General Lewis, M. Livingston, G. G. Howland, George Griffin, P. A. Jay, R. L. Patterson, A. Schermerhorn, President W. A. Duer, Mr. William B. Astor, P. G. Stuyvesant, Henry Cary, Chancellor Kent, Henry Hone, Richard C. Derby, Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12. — I left this morning on an excursion to Washington at six o'clock precisely. The steamboat "Thistle," belonging to the Union Line, started from the Battery, arrived at Brunswick before ten, and the passengers started immediately in nine post-coaches. We found the road very fine, and took the

steamboat "Swan" seven miles below Trenton, on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. The Union Line has been running only nine days. It is exceedingly well conducted, and the accommodations by land and water are very good. I arrived in Philadelphia at six P.M., and put up at Head's Mansion House.

BALTIMORE, SUNDAY, MARCH 14. — The steam-packet was to have left Philadelphia at six o'clock yesterday morning, but did not till noon. I then started, and arrived at Newcastle on the Delaware at half-past four; from thence in stages to French Town, where we again took a steamboat, and arrived here at half-past two this morning. I am very pleasantly lodged at Barnum's Hotel, Monument square. The Washington monument in Howard Park is nearly finished, being surmounted by the figure of the father of his country. It is well proportioned, and the material — a fine gray granite — is beautiful. The situation, on the slope of a hill, is well chosen to display the grandeur and simplicity of this noble specimen of art.

I paid this morning a visit, which I have long been wishing for, to the venerable Charles Carroll, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. He will be ninety-four years of age next September. His faculties are very little impaired, except his sight, which within the last few months has failed a little, and deprives him of the pleasure of reading at all times, which he has heretofore enjoyed. He is gay, cheerful, polite, and talkative. He described to me his manner of living: he takes a cold bath every morning in the summer, plunging headlong into it; rides on horseback from eight to twelve miles; drinks water at dinner; has never drunk spirituous liquors at any period of his life, but drinks a glass or two of Madeira wine every day, and sometimes champagne and claret; takes as much exercise as possible; goes to bed at nine o'clock, and rises before day.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17. — Continual rain during the day confined me to the house until noon. I then walked out to pay a few visits, and dined with a very agreeable party at Mr. Robert

Gilmor's. This gentleman lives in handsome style ; nobody in America gives better dinners or more exquisite wines. His collection of pictures is very fine, and his house is filled with specimens of the fine arts and objects of taste and *virtu*.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18. — The morning being fine, Mr. Brown, one of the acting directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, called after breakfast to take me out to see the commencement of this great work, which is the cause of so much pride and such sanguine expectations to the Baltimoreans. Besides Mr. Brown and myself, our party consisted of Professor McVickar and his daughter, of New York ; Mr. DeGraffe, of Schenectady ; Mr. Derby and two other Bostonians ; and Mr. Meredith. The wind being strong from the north-west, we were conveyed with great rapidity a short distance in a car propelled by sails, a very pleasant mode of travelling.

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, MARCH 21. — I left Baltimore after breakfast, arrived here at two o'clock, and put up at Gadsby's. After dinner, I walked with Mr. C. P. White, member of Congress from New York, nearly to Georgetown. The weather is remarkably fine, and I met many of my acquaintances in my walk.

MONDAY, MARCH 22. — I called upon the Secretary of State this morning ; also upon the Secretary of the Navy ; Mr. Berrien, Attorney-General ; Mr. Huygens, Minister of the Netherlands ; Mr. Vaughan, British Minister, etc. The remainder of the day until dinner was occupied at the Capitol. The Speaker gave me the *entrée* to the floor of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Webster to the Senate and to the Supreme Court, which adjourned its session while I was present. I was introduced to the judges, and had the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with that great and good man, John Marshall.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23. — I dined with Mr. Vaughan, the British Minister. He lives in handsome style, and his dinners are more *recherché* than those of any other person here. Our party consisted of the following gentlemen : Messrs. Webster, Tazewell, Archer,

McTavish, Cambreling; Colonel Drayton; Judge Vanderpoel, of New York; Professor McVickar; Baron Stackelberg, *chargé* from Sweden; Pedersen, from Denmark; Neiderstetter, from Prussia; Tacon, Minister Resident of Spain; Mr. Bankhead, British Secretary of Legation; and Count de Menon, *chargé* of France.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24. — I dined with Mr. Webster, where I met General Harrison; Governor Tyler, of Virginia; Mr. Edward Everett and Mr. Silsbee, of Massachusetts; Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee; Count de Menon; Mr. Vaughan; Mr. Devereux; Professor McVickar, his daughter, etc.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25. — I called this morning with Mr. Webster to visit Mr. Adams, late President. His health and spirits are good, and we paid an agreeable visit.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26. — I passed two or three hours this morning in returning visits, after which I went to the House. No business of importance is under consideration, but I have had an opportunity of talking with all the leading members. I infer from what I hear that the administration is losing ground. The proscriptive course which has been pursued in relation to removals and appointments has served to cool their friends and to exasperate their enemies, and the difficulties which exist in the Senate in regard to several important nominations is considered an indication of public opinion. If Jackson succeeds for another term, it will be owing to the difficulty of agreeing upon his successor, rather than to the popularity of his administration. If DeWitt Clinton had lived, what a chance New York would now have had for a President! As it is, I am inclined to think that Van Buren is the prominent candidate. The Virginians say that if he had refused to take office with his present associates, or exerted himself to procure a better selection, he would have been their candidate.

Dined with Mr. Stevenson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, where I met the following party: The Vice-President; Mr. Tazewell; Mr. Livingston, of Louisiana; Drayton; Poinsett; Cambreling; General Harrison; Martin White, of Florida; C. P. White;

and General Wood. In the evening I went to a ladies' party at Mrs. Silsbee's.

BALTIMORE, MONDAY, MARCH 29. — I took my leave of the magnificent Wilderness at nine o'clock, and a very pleasant ride of five hours and a half brought me to Baltimore. I passed the first part of the day in walking and visiting, and dined at Mr. Meredith's with a very pleasant little party, consisting of Messrs. Gilmor, Fricke, Glenn, John Hoffman, Judge Randall, and Mr. Wirt. This is the first time during this visit that I have met the latter gentleman. He was, as usual, gay, agreeable, and instructive.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10. — Married, on Tuesday evening last, Byam Kirby Stevens, to Frances, daughter of Albert Gallatin.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28. — The following party dined with us: Mr. and Mrs. Howland, Mr. Meredith, of Baltimore, Commander Chauncey, F. E. Granger, Mr. Charles Hammond, Thomas L. Ogden, Mr. Abr'm Ogden, S. S. Howland, Isaac S. Hone, Nath. Amory, James Stevenson, A. Schermerhorn, Edward R. Jones. Mr. Robert Gilmor joined us after dinner, immediately on his arrival from Baltimore. Mr. Bradish, who was expected from Albany, did not arrive. In the evening we went to a whist party, and supped at Mrs. Edgar's.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30. — I attended, with my wife and daughters, the opening of the Spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and a collation was provided. The exhibition is better than usual, but the crowd was too great to admit of the pictures being seen to advantage. There are some fine pictures of Weir's. This artist is improving astonishingly. There are also some good things by Inman.

MONDAY, MAY 10. — I went this morning with my wife and the girls to take leave of our friends who have sailed in the fine ship "De Rham" for Havre. We went down in the steamboat to the ship, which lay in the bay between Governor's and Bedlow's Islands. She has about thirty-six passengers, among whom are Mr.

and Mrs. Depau ; Miss Stephanie and Mr. Louis Depau ; Miss Mary E. Livingston, daughter of Maturin Livingston ; Capt. John B. Nicolson, U.S.N. ; Mr. and Mrs. Breese ; Robert Cutting ; and a young son of James G. King.

A match race was run on the Union course between Arietta, a Southern mare belonging to Colonel Johnson, and Ariel, belonging to Hamilton Wilkes ; and a race between Slender, a Virginia mare, and John C. Stevens's mare, Black Maria. Both these races were easily won by the Southern people, at considerable expense to our sportsmen.

A singularly ridiculous article appeared under the signature of Mr. J. W. Webb in the " Courier and Enquirer " of this morning, of which he is editor, relating an account of a fracas between him and Duff Green in Washington on Thursday last. Webb went on to flog Green, and the latter armed himself with a pistol, and was so unreasonable as to refuse his consent to let the other pull his nose and slap his face. The public might say, with Iago, in relation to this quarrel, —

" Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain."

FRIDAY, MAY 14. — I attended a meeting this evening, by invitation, at Dr. Wainwright's, of the Literary Club, which meet at stated periods at the houses of each other, consisting of Chancellor Kent, Mr. Gallatin, the professors of the college, and other gentlemen, with several strangers of eminence and learned acquirements.

MONDAY, MAY 31. — I went this evening to see Booth play Iago to Cooper's Othello ; Desdemona, Mrs. Barnes. I do not remember to have ever seen Booth, and was rather disappointed in his performance. It was respectable, but wanted spirit, raciness, and point ; but I do not wonder at it, for Cooper is a perfect wet-blanket resting upon all around, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh,

most lame and impotent conclusion! Is this the man whom I remember to have seen in my boyish days at the theatre, then in Greenwich street? We have both grown older, but I am only a looker-on in Verona, and am not compelled to obtrude my infirmities upon the public notice. *Tant mieux pour moi.*

SUNDAY, JULY 4. — I am wearing the black-silk vest which was presented to me on the 4th of July, 1827, and which was imported into New York in the year 1776. The condition of its acceptance was that I should wear it on every 4th of July during my life, and that it should descend to my oldest son.

MONDAY, JULY 5. — I dined with the Corporation pretty much in the usual way, — a mixture of public characters and of persons who should not have been invited. A poor dinner poorly served up and a want of tact and good management characterized this annual *fête* of the municipality. The presence of the new French Minister gave occasion to some speeches and toasts mutually complimentary to his country and its sovereign, and to the little sovereigns of our city. In the evening I walked down to Castle Garden with Lieutenant Cooke of the Fifteenth Regiment, British Infantry, who has just brought me a letter of introduction from Captain Hope at Quebec. We found this charming place filled with respectable, orderly people, and witnessed a good display of fireworks. The evening was fine, and the beauty of the scene made amends for some of the disgusting objects which our streets have exhibited during the day.

FRIDAY, JULY 16. — The following party dined with us: Mr. C. Bankhead, Secretary of the British Legation, and his lady; Baron Krudener, Baron Stackelberg, Count Ney, Mrs. Cornwall, Mr. James Bowdoin, Dom. Lynch, James A. Hamilton, Isaac Hone.

BALLSTON SPRINGS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 21. — We arrived in Albany at six o'clock this morning, breakfasted on board the boat, and started at eight o'clock in my barouche and a post-coach, and got to Sans-Souci at seven in the evening. Loomis's House has never been so full so early in the season as this. Among his

boarders we found Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Brown, Chevalier Huygens and his family, Mrs. Joshua Jones and her daughter, Mr. Isaac I. Jones and wife, the Misses Mason, the families of Messrs. Kernochan, Parish, and Suffern, Mrs. Charles Clinton, Miss Joanna Anthon, the Misses Bridgen, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton and their family, Major Fowler, Mr. Hall, etc., which, with the addition of my large party, will form a formidable array at the breakfast table to-morrow morning.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUG. 3. — Commencement of Columbia College at St. John's Church this morning. I attended during the whole time and was much interested in the exercises. The young gentlemen generally made a very respectable appearance. The first honours in the senior class were awarded to Franklin Miller, son of Sylvanus Miller, and in the junior class to Robert Emery, who is the head of his class. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon James Bowdoin, Hugh T. Dickey, Benjamin F. Ferguson, Lewis C. Gusen, Nicholas C. Heyward, George Kneeland, Jr., Edward Jones, John T. Kneeland, Henry Ledyard, Franklin Miller, Henry C. Murphy, Henry Nicoll, Charles H. Ogden, William Steele, Jr., William D. Waddington, and George Wm. Wright; also upon William B. Boggs, Robert L. Cutting, and John Delafield, Jr., members of the senior class who are absent by permission. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon John M. Forbes and Henry J. Morton, the two young gentlemen who were on Sunday ordained deacons in Trinity Church, and also upon Hamilton Fish, J. Trumbull Backus, and Grenville Temple Winthrop. The Latin salutatory was delivered by Franklin Miller, the English salutatory by Henry Nicoll, and the valedictory by Edward Jones.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4. — I left home this morning at seven o'clock in the "Albany" with my wife, two sons, Miss Louisa Fairlie, and Miss Harriet Kane, who are to accompany us to the Springs.

BALLSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 14. — A fancy ball was given last evening at Sans-Souci, which was confined to the boarders in the

house. It was gotten up at short notice, but went off remarkably well. The characters were supported by the following ladies : —

Mrs. James Thomson, a Swiss peasant ; Mrs. Isaac Jones, la dame blanche ; Mrs. Talmadge, a black nun ; Miss Fairlie, a Bohemian fortune-teller ; Miss Lawrence, brigand's wife ; Miss Dennison, a Sultana ; Miss French, French peasant ; Miss Mason, character from La Rossignol ; Miss Sarah Mason, Virginia ; Miss Margaret Hone, a white nun ; Miss Mary Hone, an Austrian peasant ; Miss Sarah Livingston, a Scotch lassie ; Miss Matilda Livingston, a Quakeress ; Miss Harriet Kane, a French pedler ; Miss Morris, a peasant.

Gentlemen : Mr. P. Hone, Lord Ogilby ; Mr. James Thomson, Uncle Ben ; Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Lobden and a tiger ; Dr. Greenhow, Voltaire ; Mr. Van Zandt, a Tryolese hunter ; Mr. Van Schaick, Peter McGrowler ; Mr. John C. Hamilton, an astrologer ; General Fleming, a friar ; Judge Morris, a fireman ; Mr. Vail, a French village bridegroom ; Messrs. Allston, Schermerhorn, John P. Hone, and John Kane, four Austrian hussars ; Mr. John Mason, an Albanian ; Mr. Washington Coster, Scotch lassie ; Robert S. Hone, Bob, the sailor boy ; Mr. Carter Lee, Paul ; Mr. Whetton, an old gentleman.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUG. 24. — Died yesterday, Col. Marinus Willet, aged ninety years and eleven days. His name is advantageously identified with the events of the Revolutionary War, in which he was a gallant soldier and distinguished officer. He was buried with the honours of war, and his funeral was attended by the Mayor and Corporation, the Society of Cincinnati, and by the members of the Court of Errors, now in session.

SATURDAY, AUG. 28. — Our fair countrywoman, the Marchioness of Wellesley, granddaughter of the venerable Charles Carroll, has been appointed first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Adelaide, consort of King William IV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1. — I went over to the Park Theatre to witness the first appearance in America of Charles Kean, the son of the celebrated tragedian. He appeared in his father's great

part, Richard III., and brought an overflowing house. But making every allowance for the disadvantages of a first appearance, I cannot perceive that he inherits any great proportion of his father's genius, and is, in my opinion, quite deficient in the requisite physical qualities of voice, figure, and deportment. Booth is playing tragedy at the Bowery Theatre, and I have no doubt will be greatly preferred by theatrical amateurs.

HYDE PARK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 11. — The weather is delightful, and we have passed the day in walking and riding over Dr. Hosack's splendid grounds. Isaac and Eliza Hone came here this morning from Poughkeepsie, and Mr. Poinsett, accompanied by Don Lorenzo de Zavalla, Governor of Mexico, came in the steamboat. The doctor and I went to dine with Judge Pendleton, where we met Mr. Allen, Judge Johnson, Mr. James Duane Livingston, and Mr. Guilliard.

MONDAY, SEPT. 13. — After breakfast, I went with my wife and Miss Eliza Hosack to visit at Governor Lewis's, Judge Pendleton's, and Mr. James Thomson's; this latter superb place is in its usual fine order, and the weather enabled us to enjoy the splendid prospect to great advantage. Our visits were all very pleasant, and our friends glad to see us. We returned home to dinner, and the remainder of the day was spent among the fine walks on the doctor's place, and in the literary delights of his splendid library.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15. — I attended this evening at the house of my niece, Mrs. Maria Hone, the wedding of Mr. William Wood, of Glasgow, who was married to my sweet young friend, Harriet Kane. May she be as happy as she is good and beautiful! They intend to start on Friday on a journey to Niagara, and will probably sail for Europe about the 1st of November.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16. — The funeral of Bishop Hobart took place this afternoon, under the direction of the committee of arrangements appointed by the vestry, of which I was one. The procession, embracing the governor, mayor of the city, Court of Errors,

judges, vestry of Trinity Church, and the other vestries of Episcopal churches, the several religious and literary and benevolent societies of which he was a member, and the clergy of different denominations to the number of more than one hundred, moved from his late residence in Varick street to Trinity Church, where the funeral service was performed by Bishop Moon, of Virginia, Mr. Schroeder, and Dr. Lyell, and a sermon was preached by Dr. Onderdonk. The procession is said to have contained five thousand persons, and the streets on its route were crowded with spectators. The church was filled almost to suffocation, but everything was conducted with great decorum and propriety. The corpse is interred in the chancel, immediately under the communion table, and the grave is to be walled up and an arch to be thrown over it.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 28.—The accounts from France, which were written after the excitement of the Revolution had in some degree subsided, are filled with interesting details, but no part of them excites so much admiration as those in which Lafayette is mentioned. It seems to be allowed on all sides that to this veteran soldier of liberty the king owes his crown. If he had come out for a republic, his popularity was so great, and his influence over public opinion so absolute, that the great mass of the principal actors in the events of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July would have been satisfied with nothing short of it, and, in all probability, the French people would now have been employed in cutting each other's throats instead of being settled quietly down under a liberal form of government and a patriotic king, with as much liberty as the people of this country enjoy, but under another name. This great citizen of France has now seen, in his latter days, the predictions of his former life verified, and the glory and good fortune which accompanied him in the morning and meridian of his eventful day have not deserted him at its close.

What a strange, eventful period in the affairs of this world has been the brief fifty years during which I have been in it, and how interesting a moment in its history is the present !

THURSDAY, OCT. 14. — The fair of the American Institute has been held yesterday and to-day at Masonic Hall. The exhibition has embraced an immense variety of manufactures, — furniture of every description, and every object which the versatility of invention and the ingenuity of our artisans and manufacturers could produce. In the evening Mr. Tristram Burgess, the great champion of the American system, delivered an address before the members of the institution and a large number of spectators, at the new court-room in the apartments formerly of the American Museum. I had the misfortune to be one of the audience, and was tired out by a heavy, inappropriate jumble of far-fetched facts and unimaginable imaginings, and left the place before the oration was concluded. I marvel much that the members of the institute, with their professed aversion to importation, and their encouragement of home manufactures, should import nonsense from Rhode Island when we have so good a stock of the indigenuous article.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19. — Francis Child died at Burlington, Vt., a few days since, aged sixty-seven years. He established the New York "Daily Advertiser," the first daily paper in New York, the first number of which was published March 1, 1785.

MONDAY, OCT. 25. — This day completes my fiftieth year, and we had a large family party to celebrate it. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Anthon, Miss Caroline Anthon, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Hone, Mr. Van Schaick, Mr. and Mrs. William Wood, Miss Charlotte Kane, Miss Joanna Anthon, Dr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hone, Mrs. Maria Hone, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kneeland, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Howland.

THURSDAY, OCT. 28. — I rented the shop and cellar of Clinton Hotel for five years from May next, at \$700 for the first two and \$800 for the last three years, to Joshua Leavitt, bookseller for Mr. Appleton.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18. — One of the locomotive engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad traversed the distance between

the two places, thirty-two miles, in thirty-three minutes, — about *fifty-eight miles an hour!*

MONDAY, NOV. 22. — Master Burke, a precocious Roscius from the Emerald Isle, who arrived on Thursday from Liverpool, made his first appearance this evening at the Park Theatre in “Norval,” and Dr. O’Toole, in the “Irish Tutor.” I saw him for a short time in the farce, and think him a remarkably clever boy.

SUNDAY, NOV. 27. — Yesterday took place the New York celebration of the late revolution in France. The procession, divided into sixteen divisions, was formed in Canal street, with its right on the North river and extending up Broadway. At ten o’clock the line of march was formed and went down Broadway to the Park, around the Park, up Chatham street and the Bowery to Broome street, down Broome street to Broadway, up Broadway to Fourth street, down Fourth street to the Washington parade-ground. At this place a stage had been erected, on which the following ceremonies were performed: A prayer by the Rev. Mr. Day; an address to the French people, written by Mr. John Duer, was read; the oration, by Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur; after which the Marseillaise hymn and an ode prepared for the occasion by Samuel Woodworth were sung by the choir.

I rode during the day and superintended the whole as chairman of the committee of arrangements. The procession was so long that when the right entered Broadway from Broome street, the military, who formed an unusually splendid array, had not yet left Canal street, and when we arrived at the parade-ground, the whole were not yet in motion. The whole route must have been two miles and a half. The ex-President, Monroe, drove in his carriage, as did Mr. Gallatin and the orator and reader of the address. An interesting group occupied a barouche, consisting of Anthony Glenn, who raised the flag at the fort on the retreat of the British, 25th of November, 1783; John Van Arsdale, the sailor who mounted the staff to remove the obstructions; and the

identical flag itself, which has been preserved in Scudder's Museum. This group of octogenarians was completed by David Williams, the survivor of the three captors of Major André, and Enoch Crosby, the Harvey Birch of the Revolution. The president, faculty, and students of Columbia College were conspicuous in the procession, and the citizens of France, with their splendid banner, made a proud display. Their banner was formally presented on the ground to the first division of artillery. Among the trades and societies the most prominent were the fire department, with their beautiful engines, badges, and other decorations, to the number of fifteen hundred persons; the printers, who were employed at two places in striking off and distributing among the multitude copies of the ode, etc.; the butchers on horseback, to the number of three hundred, in leg-of-mutton sleeves; the cartmen on horseback in white frocks; a steamboat with her steam up and machinery in motion; the famous Whitehall boat, carried by the pilots and watermen; and a great many stages, displaying the emblems of different trades, and on which mechanical operations were carried on during the march. The procession was closed by the military, who formed on the grounds north of the square and fired a *feu-de-joie* after the civic ceremonies were concluded.

SUNDAY, NOV. 28. — I made a pleasant visit this morning to Colonel Monroe, ex-President of the United States, who is residing with his son-in-law, Mr. S. Gouverneur, in Prince street. Mr. Monroe is very feeble and appears in worse health than usual, the effect of a cold; but his mental faculties are unimpaired, and his manner and conversation are exceedingly interesting.

SATURDAY, DEC. 18. — Moore, Giraud, and I went yesterday to dine at Delmonico's, a French *restaurateur*, in William street, which I had heard was upon the Parisian plan, and very good. We satisfied our curiosity, but not our appetites; and I think are prepared, when our opinions are asked, to say with the Irishman who used lamp-oil with his salad instead of olive-oil, that if it were not for the name of the thing he had as lief eat butter.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24. — Mr. Ball Hughes's model for the statue of Hamilton, on which he has been employed for a long time past, being now completed, the committee who were named to decide upon its merits assembled at the *atelier* of the artist, at twelve o'clock. Of that committee were present: Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Hosack, Colonel Trumbull, and myself; and of the Exchange committee, Messrs. Woolsey, Tibbits, Wyckoff, and George Griswold, with Messrs. D. B. Ogden and James R. Murray. The fullest testimony of approbation was unanimously given, and I have no doubt that if the artist finishes the statue agreeably to the promise given by the model, it will be the best piece of statuary in the United States.

1831.

SUNDAY, JAN. 2. — A decidedly pleasant day, the first I believe during the present autumn and winter. I paid a few visits which were left over from yesterday. The old custom of visiting on New Year's Day, and the happy greetings which have so long been given on that occasion, have been well kept up this year. I am glad of it ; few of those good old customs remain which mark the overflow of unsophisticated good feeling, and I rejoice whenever I can recognize any part of the wreck which the innovations of fashion have left afloat.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2. — The following gentlemen were on Monday last elected officers of the new university in this city : Albert Gallatin, president of the council ; Morgan Lewis, vice-president ; John Delafield, secretary ; Samuel Ward, treasurer ; James M. Mathews, D.D., chancellor of the university.

On the 8th of December a grand dinner was given by the Americans in Paris to General Lafayette, the account of which is very interesting from the circumstance of so many Americans of my acquaintance having been engaged in it. James Fenimore Cooper, of New York, presided, assisted by Peter Schermerhorn, of New York, and Capt. John Nicolson, U.S.N. Among the guests were Mr. Serrurier, Minister to the United States ; Odillon Barrot, Prefect of the Seine ; Gen. Matthias Dumas, adjutant-general of the National Guards ; M. Du Perron, grandson-in-law of Lafayette ; Mons. De Remusat, deputy, and grandson-in-law of the General ; General Carbonel ; Mons. Joubert ; Mr. Rives, American Minister ; Charles de Lameth, deputy of Paris, who fought and was wounded at Yorktown ; George W. Lafayette ; Jules de Lasteyrie, etc.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22. — I went this evening with my wife and

Dinner to
Lafayette.

daughters to the Assembly, where I was introduced to Mr. Serrurier, the new French Minister, and conversed with him about the late occurrences in France. He speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Lafayette in the affair of the ex-ministers of Charles X. His firmness and courage contributed greatly to preserve the peace of Paris in that interesting crisis. Mr. Serrurier regrets his resignation of the command of the National Guard, and considers it somewhat hasty. But the General has desired him to state to his American friends that it did not arise from any motives of a personal nature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Judge Spencer, Judge Irving, Mr. John Hone, Dr. Hosack, Mr. Granger, Governor Coles, Judge Oakley, General Scott, Chancellor Kent.

And thus endeth the third volume of my diary. It has become a habit with me to write in it, and affords me pleasure. It is not like writing letters, which may be done or let alone, and becomes, therefore, a task, and as such is more or less irksome; but this is part of my daily occupation. If I should live some dozen or twenty years I shall enjoy the retrospection, or my children, if they revere the memory of their father, will, in turning over the pages of this book, have something to remind them of him, — something that will “prate of his whereabouts,” and inform them how he thought and what he did “about these times.”

MARCH 15. — Went this morning to see the Siamese boys, who returned last week from England. I did not see them when they were exhibited formerly in this city. This astonishing freak of nature is exceedingly interesting, and the sight of it is not disagreeable, as I expected to find it. They are now nearly twenty years old, kind, good-tempered, and playful; their limbs are well proportioned and strong, but their faces are devoid of intelligence, and have that stupid expression which is characteristic of the natives of the East. They are united by a strong ligament of flesh or gristle, without bone, about three

Siamese
Twins.

inches in breadth and five in length. Their movements are, of course, simultaneous. They walk, sit down, play, eat and drink, and perform all the functions of nature in unison; their dispositions and their very thoughts are alike; when one is sick the other partakes of his illness, and the stroke of death will, no doubt, lay them both in the same grave; and yet their bodies, heads, and limbs are all perfect and distinct. They speak English tolerably well, and appear fond of talking.

Bachelor's
Grand Fancy
Ball.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18. — This splendid affair, so long the theme of conversation and the subject of preparation, took place this evening at the City Hotel, and I believe no expectations had been formed which were disappointed by the result. The rooms were handsomely fitted up with mirrors, curtains, pier tables, and lamps; the supper tables were splendidly and most abundantly furnished. The number of guests was very great, of which about one-third appeared in fancy dress, some of which were well conceived and supported with wit and address; and others failing in those respects were thought by some to make up in magnificence and lustre. It is not necessary for me to go into the particulars of a *catalogue raisonné*, and if it were, "I am not i' the vein," and I think my time will be better spent in reading Moore's "Byron." My daughter Mary went as "Sweet Anne Page," and looked sweetly in the costume of Leslie's inimitable picture. The rest of us went *sans caractère*, — my wife and I, because we were too old to join the "Masquers and Mummies;" John, because a sprained ankle had prevented him for several days past from making his preparations; Robert, because he couldn't; and Margaret, because she wouldn't. Our party was graced by the addition of our fair visitor, Helen Kane, who was said to look well *for an Albanian*. Mrs. Hughes, as a flower girl, was very naïve and lively, and distributed to each of her friends an appropriate flower, with a pretty card describing its attributes, and conveying her good wishes to those whom she selected as the recipients of her favours.

MONDAY, MARCH 28. — Left home on a fishing excursion to Long Island with Giraud. The weather was doubtful, but improved in the course of the day. Dined at Timothy Carman's, and went to Jackson's, where we lodged. Mr. Morris and Mr. Constant were here, having overtaken us at dinner-time.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1. — A gale from the north-west. We went on the pond after breakfast, and caught a fine mess of fish to take home. A deer crossed the creek near the boat while we were fishing. Mr. Giraud and I have taken sixty-five trout. After dinner we started for home at three o'clock, intending to go no further than Jackson's; but our horses were fresh, and we came on to Timothy Carman's, where we lodged. Immense quantities of wild-fowl have been killed in the bay this week. A man had at Babylon this evening, on his way to the New York market, six hundred broad-bills.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2. — Went to dine at Isaac's with a party, among whom were Messrs. Sturgis and Cabot, of Boston. I added a handsome mess of fresh trout to the dinner.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6. — Mr. John Mason was elected, on Monday last, president of the Chemical Bank, in place of Mr. B. P. Melick.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20. — While I was shaving this morning at eight o'clock, I witnessed from the front window an encounter in the street nearly opposite, between William C. Bryant and William L. Stone; the former one of the editors of the "Evening Post," and the latter editor of the "Commercial Advertiser." The former commenced the attack by striking Stone over the head with a cow-skin; after a few blows the men closed, and the whip was wrested from Bryant and carried off by Stone. When I saw them first, two younger persons were engaged, but soon discontinued their fight. A crowd soon closed in and separated the combatants.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30. — A public dinner was given on Thursday last to G. C. Verplanck, Esq., member of Congress from this city, by the *literati*, artists, and booksellers, avowedly for his exertions to procure the passage of the copyright law. Judge Irving was

president, and Professor Renwick and Mr. Dunlap, vice-presidents. Mr. Verplanck made a long speech, which is much praised by those who were present.

MONDAY, MAY 2. — The following party dined with us: Sir William Campbell, late Chief Justice of Canada; James Maury, late Consul to Liverpool; Luther Bradish; James G. King; Capt. James Rogers; Isaac S. Hone; Charles McEvers; Isaac Carow; Rutsen Maury; G. G. Howland; James Haggerty.

THURSDAY, MAY 5. — It is an interesting and gratifying subject of reflection that our country at large, and particularly this city, is at this time prosperous beyond all former example, and somewhat remarkable that different interests, usually considered opposed to each other, are equally successful. Foreign commerce is in a thriving condition; vessels are worth fifty per cent. more than they were two years since, and freights are nearly double; real estate, up and down town, equally high; houses in great demand, at advanced rents; the dealers in imported goods doing a safe and profitable business; the farmer selling his wool at seventy-five cents per pound, which two years ago was worth only thirty-seven and one-half cents per pound, and availing himself of the increased price of bread-stuffs, occasioned by the brisk foreign demand; the manufacturers, both of woollen and cotton goods, fully employed, and doing better than at any former period; and the lawyers doing nothing. This is cause of great exultation to our citizens, and should inspire them with gratitude to the Dispenser of all good things. We are more apt to complain when things go wrong than to be thankful when they go right.

MONDAY, MAY 9. — The city is now undergoing its usual annual metamorphosis; many stores and houses are being pulled down, and others altered, to make every inch of ground productive to its utmost extent. Pearl street and Broadway in particular are rendered almost impassable by the quantity of rubbish with which they are obstructed, and by the dust which is blown about by a keen north-west wind.

SATURDAY, MAY 21. — I went with the girls to Hoboken this afternoon, and had a delightful walk on the high banks nearly to Weehawken.

I received this day a letter from Samuel F. B. Morse, dated at Rome, February 15. He informs me that he has shipped for me at Leghorn a fine portrait by himself of Thorvaldsen, the celebrated sculptor, and a cast executed by that artist of the "Triumph of Alexander the Great," from the original *bas-relief* made for the Marquis Sommariva.

TUESDAY, MAY 24. — Died on the 17th inst., at Rochester, Col. Nathaniel Rochester, in the eightieth year of his age. He was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and removed from his native State to Steuben County in this State in 1802, soon after which he removed to the village of Rochester, a great part of which he owned. It is now a town of considerable magnitude, the wonder of the western empire of New York.

THURSDAY, JULY 5. — In the midst of the festivities of the celebration of independence yesterday, the death of James Monroe was announced. He died at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, in this city. This venerable patriot has been ill and his life despaired of for some months past, and he seems to have lingered until this time to add to the number of the Revolutionary patriots whose deaths have occurred on this memorable anniversary. Of four ex-Presidents who have died, three have departed on the 4th of July, and of this number two, who were signers of the august instrument which declared the political birth of our country, died on the fiftieth anniversary, 4th of July, 1826. Mr. Monroe has now made the third, and has closed his mortal career, respected and honoured by his countrymen. Measures will be adopted by the civil and military authorities to render his funeral obsequies worthy of his character and the important services he has performed and the exalted stations he has filled.

MONDAY, JULY 11. — The hard rains have been followed by bright, cool weather and clear skies. I attended by invitation a

fête champêtre given by the Messrs. Stevens at the Elysian Fields above Hoboken. This beautiful spot has been cleaned, the grounds laid out with great taste, and a handsome pavilion erected, as a place of public resort connected with the ferry. At three o'clock, the company, consisting of about two hundred gentlemen, assembled on board the steamboat "Chief Justice Marshall." Among them were the mayor and corporation, and many other public characters, and a number of the Stevens's personal friends.

When we arrived on the ground, we were conducted to a spot in the woods enclosed by flags, and decorated in a tasteful manner, where tables were spread, and a dinner of turtle soup and every refreshment furnished to the guests which the taste and liberality of our entertainers had taught us to expect. Some time after our arrival, the party was increased by the New York and Jersey City Boat Clubs, who came in their several boats, dressed in white jackets and trousers, round chip hats, and checked shirts, the becoming costume of the clubs. John Stevens presided at the feast, with spirits as abundant and sparkling as his champagne; and the beautiful grove, under the branches of which we were seated, echoed the sounds of merriment and good-humour, inspired by the toasts, the songs, and the laughter, to which each guest seemed disposed to contribute his share.

MONDAY, AUG. 1. — Col. Richard Varick died on
Death of Saturday night at his residence, Jersey City, in
Col. Varick. the seventy-ninth year of his age, of cholera morbus.
He complained of lameness in his feet when I last saw him, which was about a fortnight since, but his general health was good. He attended, as president of the Society of Cincinnati, the corporation dinner on the 4th ult., and was a pall-bearer at the funeral of President Monroe on the 7th ult. Measures are taking to pay great respect to his memory. General orders are issued for the Division of Artillery. The Society of Cincinnati have announced his death, and the order of the funeral ceremonies under direction of Gen. Morgan Lewis, vice-president. Both houses of the Com-

mon Council and the Court of Sessions, which were sitting, adjourned this morning on the announcement of his death. The pall-bearers at Colonel Varick's funeral are: Lynde Catlin, Peter A. Jay, Col. Aaron Ogden, Col. John Trumbull, John Pintard, William W. Woolsey, Chancellor Kent, Col. Nicholas Fish.

Saratoga
Springs. FRIDAY, AUG. 5.—I left Albany this morning at eight o'clock, in company with Messrs. Charles Graham, Lispenard Stewart, Fehrman, and my son John, and after an exceedingly pleasant ride came to Congress Hall and got very good colonial quarters, near the bath-house. We were delighted this morning with the view of the Cohoes Falls; the rains this season have been frequent, and the river rushes in an entire sheet, covering the whole face of the rock. I have never before seen the water so high, nor consequently the cataract so fine. The wreck of a canal-boat is on the edge of the great dam, where she was wrecked yesterday. Her towing line was broken by the force of the current while passing below the bridge, and she was carried down to the place where she now lies. The only man on board and her cargo of firewood were saved.

Congress Hall is filled with company, amongst whom are many distinguished men and fine women, and nearly about the usual proportion of people who are neither distinguished nor fine, but rich, and that, in their opinion, entitles them to more consideration than either. Amongst the first description of persons are Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, who they say is to supply the place of Mr. Randolph, our *extraordinary* Minister to Russia; Meredith; Gilmer; Gibbes; Hoffman; and Martin, of Maryland; Jonathan Mason and George Blake, of Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Howland; the Cuttings; Carys; my brother and sister; Mrs. Abbott; Oliver Kane and his daughters; William Sullivan, of Boston, and his pretty daughter; Miss Fulton; Mrs. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson; the Tayloes, etc.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9.—A party of us went out to dine yesterday at Barhuys's, consisting of General Van Rensselaer, Mr. Meredith,

Charles E. Davis, Morgan Gibbes, G. G. Howland, Mr. J. Hare Powel, R. Gilmore, J. D. Dickenson, T. L. Gibbes, D. Lynch, Crafts, and myself. The old man gave us several dishes of his little trout fried, two chickens, and that was all; but he charged us well. The party, however, was gay and the conversation brilliant, and Lynch sang for us. The fashionables are leaving Saratoga in great numbers, and no new-comers supply their places. Some go to New York, some to Lake George, and others to Lebanon.

HONESDALE, SUNDAY, AUG. 21.— I went to church this morning, and after an early dinner left Carbondale in a wagon with Captain Goodale and Mr. Archbald and came to this place by the way of Canaan. I never witnessed a more reverential observance of the Sabbath than in both these villages; notwithstanding the vast number of workmen, amongst whom are a large proportion of Irish and Welsh people, who are employed as miners and otherwise, all occupation has ceased; the coal valley which resounded yesterday with the noise of machinery, the rattling of cars, the explosion of gunpowder, and the clinking of pickaxes is now as still as the tomb of the Capulets; and the miners who were yesterday begrimed with coal and looked like citizens of the nether world are seen this morning on their way to church, clean and well dressed, with long coats and gilt buttons, high shirt-collars, and brooches in their bosoms. So much for a good example; the company suspends its operations of every sort on Sunday.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 8.— A meeting was held at five o'clock this afternoon at the Merchants' Exchange, of which Preserved Fish was chairman and Jonathan Goodhue secretary, at which delegates were appointed to attend the Free Trade Convention at Philadelphia, on the 30th inst., and resolutions passed disapproving the tariff laws, and expressing a determination to take measures to procure a modification of them by the next Congress; the following are the names of the delegates: Albert Gallatin, James Kent, Stephen Allen, Morgan Lewis, Peter A. Jay, Jacob Lorillard, David B. Ogden, James Boorman,

Henry J. Wyckoff, Zebedee Ring, Benjamin L. Swan, James G. King, John A. Stevens, James Heard, Frederick Sheldon, Charles H. Russell, Stephen Smith, Silas M. Stilwell, Moses H. Grinnell, Preserved Fish, Isaac Bronson, John Haggerty, Thomas R. Mercen, Isaac Carow, John L. Crary, J. T. Trimble, George Griswold, J. McVicar, H. Kneeland, Jonathan Goodhue.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14. — A fatal duel was fought at St. Louis, Mo., on August 26, between Major Biddle, paymaster of the United States Army, and Spencer Pettis, Esq.; the former was brother to Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, president of the Bank of the United States, and to Commodore Biddle of the navy, and the latter was recently elected a member of Congress. They fought at five feet distance, and were both mortally wounded on the first discharge. Mr. Pettis died on the same day and Major Biddle on the following. The quarrel originated in political differences and in the publication of an article written by Biddle to operate against Pettis's election.

Excursion to Albany and West Point. FRIDAY, SEPT. 23. — Having received an invitation to visit the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, I proposed to the girls to take them with me, and leave them at West Point until my return from Albany. I started this afternoon, at five o'clock, in the steamboat "DeWitt Clinton." The weather had been bad all day, and was still very doubtful when we left home, but soon became pleasant. The rest of the party landed at West Point, and I continued on my way to Albany. I went to the American Hotel, and after breakfast joined a large party at the Eagle Tavern. We proceeded in carriages under the orders of Mr. Cambreling, the superintendent, to the starting-place on the railroad, about two miles from the city. The road from this point is finished, a distance of twelve and a half miles, nearly level. The inclined planes at each end of the road are finished. The whole length of the railroad when completed will be fifteen miles and a half.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 25. — My intention of going to church this morn-

ing was frustrated by a pressing invitation from Cambreling to take another ride on the railroad with Bucknor and Edward Prime, who came up last evening. We started at ten o'clock, under the orders of Cambreling and Mr. DeGruff, who has been master of the ceremonies on this occasion, and we returned with the American locomotive twelve and a half miles in thirty-seven minutes, which is at the rate of twenty miles an hour,—quite fast enough in all conscience, and exceedingly pleasant.

MONDAY, OCT. 3. — The anti-tariff, or free-trade, convention assembled in Philadelphia on Thursday last, but the accounts this morning state that they had not organized by the appointment of officers. What can they want? At least, what can the delegates from New York have to complain of, in thus lending their aid to the excited politicians of the South to destroy a state of prosperity unexampled in the history of our country? If the system of protecting duties should be abandoned, our great manufacturing interests will be prostrated; the wholesome competition with foreign countries which now keeps down the prices of imported goods will exist no longer. Foreigners will receive the benefit of the reduction of duties, and consumers will be compelled to pay double for everything of foreign manufacture. The opinion of New York is not expressed in this convention; our meeting was gotten up by two or three persons, not to obtain the sentiments of our citizens on the propriety of uniting with the nullifiers of the South, for in that they would have failed, but the friends of the measure only were called, and delegates were appointed, in the number of whom are many of our most respected citizens; but the names of several were used without their consent, and although some of them declined as soon as they saw their names published, on the ground of their opposition to the proceedings, the managers had not the candour and fairness to publish their declinations, but were willing to avail themselves of the influence which the use of such names would exercise upon public opinion in other States, where their disapprobation could not

Anti-tariff
Convention.

be known. Chancellor Kent is one of the number of those whose names, so well known and so much respected, are permitted to stand on the list of delegates. He was at my house last evening, and told me that he sent in his resignation immediately, because he disapproved of the proceeding, and was not opposed to the tariff. But this artifice has accomplished its object, and James Kent is quoted as one of the good and great men of New York who sanction a measure opposed to the true interest of our State and city. Verily, we are an unthankful people, and one that waxes fat and kicks.

MONDAY, OCT. 10. — The convention which has been sitting in Philadelphia adjourned on Friday evening, *sine die*. An address was reported by Judge Berrien, late Attorney-General of the United States, in which the tariff laws were declared to be unconstitutional. This occasioned some difficulty. Mr. Gallatin, from this city, moved to strike out that part, which motion was negatived. Of our delegates, sixteen had the grace to vote for striking out, and four, — Fish, Leonard, Bergh, and Kneeland, — against it; and the address was carried, one hundred and fifty-eight to twenty-nine. Thus the Southern nullifiers have accomplished their object, in getting New York to go with them; for although the delegates from this city do not represent this community, and were appointed nobody knows how, yet they will be claimed by the Southern people, who had rallied all their forces and out-voted our men, and were, in fact, representatives of their respective States. This is the way we are always managed. Such men as Gallatin, Griswold, Carow, and King should never have meddled in this concern, or should have protested and seceded from the convention when a proposition so monstrous as the denying to Congress the constitutional right to pass these laws was about to be adopted. Those gentlemen thought, no doubt honestly, that it was inexpedient and oppressive to pass laws which they considered unequal in their operation; but they are too enlightened to believe for a moment that those laws are unconstitutional. It is but a short time since they took the lead in

paying a merited compliment to Mr. Webster for his manly and eloquent defence of the Constitution against the nullifying doctrines of the South, and now we see them bound hand and foot, and led forth to grace the triumph of his adroit competitors.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13. — Mr. Anderson, who came out
 Row at the
 Theatre. lately from England, was announced this evening at
 the Park Theatre, for his first appearance in America, in
 the character of Henry Bertram in the opera of "Guy Mannering." The house was filled by persons who had prepared to assist in or witness the riot which was expected. He is said to have behaved ill on the passage and abused the Yankees, and a quarrel with the mate was settled after his arrival by the latter giving him a flogging, the effects of which has prevented him from appearing until now.

SATURDAY, OCT. 15. — Mr. Anderson was announced again for this evening in the part of Henry Bertram. The house was filled very early to suffocation. When I went in the whole interior was a solid mass of men. Not a single female present, except two or three in the upper tier. The first part of the opera was listened to, and when Mrs. Sharpe appeared she was received with the most marked approbation, intended, no doubt, as the *amende honorable* for the share which she was compelled to receive of the ill-treatment intended for Mr. Anderson on Thursday. At the commencement of the second act, previously to the time when he should have appeared, Simpson came forward and attempted to read his apology. This was the signal for the commencement of the riot, and from that time the disturbance continued during the whole night. Apples, eggs, and other missiles were showered upon the stage, and although Barry announced that the unhappy wight was withdrawn who had committed the unattonable offence which called down the vengeance of the sovereigns, and that the play would be changed, they would not be pacified. They went to the theatre for a row, and they would not be disappointed. The only interval of order was during the time that little Burke was brought forward and played on his violin in the overture to "Guy

Mannerings," at the unanimous call of the house. The street in front of the theatre was filled by the mob, the lamps were broken, and the interior of the theatre sustained considerable injury, notwithstanding a strong force of watchmen and constables in attendance.

MONDAY, OCT. 17. — The disgraceful riots of Thursday and Saturday nights were continued on a more extensive scale last night. During the whole of yesterday the sanctity of the day was violated by the collection of groups of idlers in front of the theatre, and soon after dark the numbers had increased in a manner which caused serious alarm to the neighbourhood. Cries, shouts, and huzzas marked the commencement of the attack, and about nine o'clock I was disturbed by the noise of the crash of broken windows and the battering of the front doors. This continued half an hour without the interference of the municipal authorities. I then went out to find the Mayor. He was not at home, and could not be found. I then went around to the scene of action, when I found that the whole of this outrage was committed by about twenty boys, who were instigated and encouraged by the mob, and every crash of broken glass was followed by their shouts. At this time Hays came up with a pretty strong body of watchmen, and order was for a time restored. Several men and boys were carried to the watch-house, of whom nearly the whole were discharged in a short time, and several at my solicitation. The mob in front of the theatre continued, but no more injury was done to the building. Indeed, there was not much left to be done, unless the mob could have forced an entrance, when the scene would have been dreadful. The American and tricoloured flags were exhibited from the upper windows to appease the populace, which served to allay the tumult; but the noise continued all night, and I doubt if any person in the neighbourhood of the park had what is called a *good night's rest*.

To-day the front of the theatre is covered with transparencies of patriotic subjects, — flags and eagles in abundance, — which appears

to have propitiated the mob. I went into the house. Burke is playing, and things go on tolerably quietly. The crowd in front is tremendously great, but orderly, and there is a large body of watchmen, with the Mayor in person, so that there is reason to hope that this foolish affair has come to an end.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27. — The corner-stone of a hospital for sailors, on the foundation of charity created by Robert Richard Randall, was laid yesterday at Staten Island, by Chancellor Walworth. The property left by Captain Randall has increased greatly in value within the last year, and must be ample now for the objects of his munificent bequest.

FRIDAY, OCT. 28. — I attended the tariff convention this morning, and am much interested in their proceedings. The salt of the land is there, and a little pepper, too; but in my opinion the cause must be triumphant. It is the only true national triumph, and the only effectual bond of union. I dined with Nathaniel Richards; Robert G. Shaw and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Lawrence, and several of the Eastern members of the convention formed the party.

MONDAY, OCT. 31. — I was highly gratified by a circumstance which occurred in the convention this morning, which proves that good feeling and courtesy have not yet been voted out of fashion by the American people. On the appearance of the ex-President, John Quincy Adams, in the lobby, General Talmadge, one of the vice-presidents, left his seat and handed him through the body of the house to a seat on the platform; as soon as he was recognized, the whole assembly, including the spectators in the galleries and lobby, rose from their seats, and received him with plaudits, which were continued until he became seated.

FRIDAY, NOV. 4. — The following party dined with us: Hon. John Quincy Adams, Mr. C. H. Hammond, Charles King, Charles A. Davis, Peter H. Schenck, Isaac S. Hone, Chancellor Kent, General Talmadge, John Hone, R. L. Colt, Dr. Wainwright, Miss Helen Davis, Miss A. Church.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9. — Died on Saturday evening at his seat, Westchester, Gen. Philip Van Courtlandt, aged eighty-two years.

FRIDAY, NOV. 11. — The packet "New York" arrived yesterday. Among her passengers are Mr. Jonathan Ogden and his three daughters, and young John Haggerty, of this city, and my friend, Mr. J. R. Poinsett.

I do not know when I have been so delighted as I was last evening in seeing young Kean play Hamlet. It is a chaste, classical performance.

MONDAY, DEC. 26. — The East river was closed by ice this morning, and two or three hundred persons walked across from Fulton street to Brooklyn. On the turn of the tide the ice went out, and the steamboats were again plying.

Henry D. Sedgwick, late of this city, died at Stockbridge, Mass., on the 23d inst., in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was a man of talents, of celebrity as a lawyer, but eccentric.

1832.

THE New Year commences propitiously; the fine weather, clear sunshine, and lively appearance of the streets, covered with snow are emblematical of the happy state of our country and the prosperity of the city, and I ought also to add, of my own situation, which calls upon me for a grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and bounty of Divine Providence. Blessed with good health, my wife and children virtuous and in the enjoyment of health and happiness, easy in my circumstances (although not quite so rich as I have been), and enjoying, as I trust I do, the affections of my friends and the good opinions of my fellow-citizens, I have only to pray that I may not by an act of my own forfeit any of the blessings I enjoy, and that succeeding anniversaries of this day may, like this, be to me "a happy New Year."

FRIDAY, JAN. 9.—The following persons have been elected directors of the Bank of the United States: Nicholas Biddle, John Bohlen, Richard Willing, Henry Pratt, Matthew L. Bevan, John R. Neff, Horace Binney, Edward Coleman, Manuel Eyre, William Platt, Ambrose White, J. S. Henry, Thomas Cadwallader, of Philadelphia; John Potter, of South Carolina; Robert Gilmore, of Maryland; Isaac Carow, John Rathbone, Jr., of New York; Thomas N. Perkins, B. W. Crowninshield, of Massachusetts. The following government directors were appointed by the President of the United States: Nicholas Biddle, Joshua Lippincott, and J. T. Sullivan, of Pennsylvania; James Campbell, of New York; and Hugh McEldery, of Maryland. Nicholas Biddle was unanimously reelected president.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11.—Halsted E. Haight's property sold this day. The three-story house and lot, 22 Vesey street, formerly occupied by the late Bishop Hobart, twenty-five feet front and

rear by about a hundred and two feet in depth, bought by Mr. Ward for \$18,500. The lot of ground next to my residence, corner of Broadway and Park place, with three tenements, one on Broadway and two on Park place, the lot twenty-five feet on Broadway, twenty-four feet eight inches in the rear, in length on Park place a hundred and twenty-one feet ten inches, and along my line a hundred and twenty feet six inches, bought by L. Bronson for \$37,000. I bid for this lot \$36,750, and regret since the sale that I had not gone further. It is worth more to me than to any other person.

The house, No. 18 Park place, occupied by Charles McEvers, was sold at auction on Saturday to James J. Roosevelt, Jr., for \$14,200; lot twenty-five feet by seventy-five.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19. — The following party dined with us: Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton Hosack, George Parish, Washington Coster, Mrs. A. E. Hosack, D. Lynch, P. Church, Mrs. Maria Hone, Captain Nicholson.

A volume of beautiful poetry by William Cullen Bryant's
Poems. Bryant has just been published by Bliss. It contains several pieces which have been published in the periodicals before, with some new things. Bryant may be considered the best of American poets, with the exception of Halleck. A vein of sadness pervades all his writings, which is occasionally lighted up by soft and beautiful images. It is sad and melancholy, but never harsh or gloomy.

Colonel
Hayne. TUESDAY, JAN. 24. — This distinguished senator made a long speech in the Senate on Monday, in reply to Mr. Clay's great speech in support of the following resolution offered by him: "That the existing duties upon articles imported from foreign countries, and not coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States, ought to be forthwith abolished, except the duties on wines and silks, and that *they* ought to be reduced." The publication of Colonel Hayne's speech is commenced in to-day's papers. He comes out

as usual with great force and eloquence against the whole protective system of duties, depicts in glowing colours the sufferings of the South, the inequality and injustice of the system in its operation upon them, and deploras the fancied evils which will result from it. He is certainly a great man, but has in my judgment the wrong side of the argument, and will have giants to contend against in the Senate.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25. — I attended a meeting this afternoon at Mr. Bucknor's office, to confer with Mr. Pugh, one of the canal commissioners of the State of Illinois, who has been appointed to visit New York in relation to raising funds to construct a railroad from the head of navigation on the Illinois river, a distance of ninety miles, to Chicago, near the southern outlet of Lake Michigan. This project would be of great advantage to the State of New York, as it would divert the trade of the new Western States bordering on the lakes from New Orleans to our seaport. The gentlemen present, brokers and practical money-dealers, did not seem disposed to trust their funds in an enterprise so far from home, and it is not likely that Mr. Pugh will succeed in his application.

I have been led by the discussions arising out of this conference to reflect upon the great prospects which the settlement of the new States holds out for this country. The tide of emigration sets in that direction with a force which has been hitherto unknown. The country is rich and productive; the settlers are a hardy, ingenious, and enterprising race of men, dependent upon their own physical resources, and uncontaminated by the curse of slavery, the deleterious effects of which are felt so severely in the Southern States. The chain of States, consisting of New York, and, stretching westward, embracing Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the Washington Territory, seem naturally united by their geographical position and similarity of climate, productions and political policies, and the time may come when they will form a great empire and control the destinies of the Western world.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27. — The lot, corner of Wall and Broad streets, sixteen feet eight inches on Broad street and thirty feet on Wall street, was sold this day at auction for \$17,750.

THURSDAY, FEB. 16. — I dined with James G. King, where I met Messrs. De Bourmont and De Tocqueville, the commissioners sent out by the French government to examine and report upon the prisons and prison discipline of this country. These gentlemen have just returned from a tour in the United States, and will sail for Europe in the packet of the 20th.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22. — This has been a jubilee in Washington's New York, the centennial anniversary of the birth of Birthday. Washington, and the day has, no doubt, been observed in all other parts of the country. Here we had a firing of cannon and ringing of bells. A procession was formed under direction of a committee of arrangements of the Common Council. It left the City Hall, and thence to the new Dutch Church, under a military escort. I walked as a trustee of the college. The services in the church were opened and closed with prayers by Dr. Kuypers and Dr. Milnor. Two odes composed by Woodworth were sung, and an oration read by Gen. Morgan Lewis, which was written in good taste and well delivered, and rendered peculiarly interesting from the advanced age and great respectability of the orator, and from his being one of the small band remaining of the Revolutionary heroes who contributed to the success of the glorious struggle for independence in which Washington was the leader.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23. — The ceremony of breaking ground for the Harlem Railroad took place this day at Murray's Hill, three miles from town. The usual jollifications were observed. John Mason, vice-president, in the absence of C. P. White, the president, made a speech. He knows better how to make money, and that, as the world goes, is a more important talent.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25. — The following party dined with us: Mr. D. Lynch, General Fleming, Gen. J. J. Jones, Mr. Gibbes, J. A.

Hamilton, Robert Ray, Richard Ray, Mr. Charles King, T. W. Ludlow, S. Swartwout, Bucknor, Henry Hone, N. Low.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 29. — We went to an evening party at Mrs. Henry Parish's, Barclay street. The house is new, everything stylish and elegant, and the company filled every part of the splendid mansion.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, MARCH 13. — We left New York at six o'clock, in the steamboat "Swan;" reached New Brunswick at half-past ten; thence we found the roads very bad, and when we came to Trenton ascertained that the boat was down at Bristol, having been prevented from ascending farther by a freshet in the Delaware. The river was swollen to a great height, and rushing with fearful rapidity past the bridge, bringing down with it branches of trees and great quantities of drift-wood. We took the boat at Bristol and came to the Mansion House at seven o'clock.

BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14. — Left Philadelphia at six o'clock this morning in the "Robert Morris," and came to New Castle at half-past nine, where we were transferred to the railroad; a pleasant ride, which brought us in an hour and three-quarters to Frenchtown. The railroad is just finished, and is an excellent substitute for the bad roads which travellers had formerly to encounter in crossing the peninsula. The cars are new, very handsome, and commodious, and are drawn at present by horses. At Frenchtown we took the "Independence," and arrived here this evening. The weather during the day had been extremely cold; the decks were covered with ice, and on the passage up the Chesapeake bay the wind blew so bitterly cold that the stoutest passengers were unable to remain upon deck.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 15. — We left Baltimore at eight o'clock this morning, and came on the stage over a bad and somewhat dangerous road, but without accident, and arrived here at two o'clock.

I dined with Mr. Pendleton. The party consisted of Mr. Forsyth, of the Senate; Judge Wayne, of Georgia; Mr. Cambreling;

Colonel Drayton ; J. A. Hamilton ; Daniel Glover ; Mr. Ewing, of Philadelphia ; James J. Jones ; and Jones Schermerhorn. After dinner we went to the President's ; the rooms were all filled, and the company consisted, as usual, of all the varieties of rank and station,—foreign ministers and shopkeepers, heads of departments and dressers of heads, senators and office-hunters. The President was sociable and courteous, and the ladies of his family performed their parts with great propriety ; on the whole, it was an affair not to be missed.

MONDAY, MARCH 19. — Mr. Hamilton and I had an agreeable visit this afternoon from Mr. Webster, who came in after dinner to drink a glass of wine with us. He was in a fine talking humour, and of course we were pleased and instructed. We went this evening to a ball at Mrs. Bankhead's. It is a delightful house to visit, but the New Yorkers say we have better evening parties at home. There were many great folk, some clever folk, and a fair proportion of queer folk.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21. — The girls and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bankhead. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, of Louisiana ; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Smith ; Miss Lewis ; Messrs. Webster, W. P. Adams ; Pageot of the French, and Khremer of the Russian, Legation ; Mr. Letcher ; Baron Stackelberg ; and Colonel Washington. In the evening we went to a ball given by Mrs. White, of Florida, at which were all the distinguished men, and a large proportion of the fine women, of Washington.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22. — We passed five hours in the Senate to-day, and I do not think I was ever more interested in a debate. The subject was Mr. Clay's resolutions, and the whole strength of the Senate was brought out. Sprague, of Maine, made a beautiful speech. He is considered a man of fine talents, and is well listened to. Mr. Clay spoke several times ; so did Mr. Forsyth, who is an exceedingly eloquent man, Mr. Webster, General Hayne, Governor Dickenson, Mr. Wilkins, General Smith, etc. Hayne was vehement, Forsyth graceful, Clay triumphant, Webster didactic,

Sprague argumentative, Wilkins confused, Marcey concerned, Holmes persevering. In the course of the debate General Hayne charged Mr. Forsyth with having deserted his cause, going over to the enemy, and pointing his guns against his friends. Forsyth, in reply, said he would go as far in opposition to the protective system as any man, *constitutionally* and *legally*, but not one inch farther. Hayne took fire, and demanded if the gentleman meant to insinuate that he and his friends would go farther. He was violently agitated. Forsyth replied with dignity and calmness. He did not allude particularly to the gentleman and his friends, but he did allude to a party who were disposed to redress their grievances at the risk of the Union and the Constitution. The girls sat during the whole debate, and left the Senate only when I was compelled to go away, at half-past five o'clock, to prepare for dinner. The Senate adjourned soon after we left the chamber. It was a great exhibition of talents, and we were fortunate in being present.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 24. — We left Washington at nine o'clock, and came here to dine. A fine day, and the roads much improved. We had a pleasant ride. We had scarcely dined when we had a large number of visitors, and after they left us we passed an hour sociably at Mr. Meredith's. We found here most of the New Yorkers who left Washington before us, and Parish, who came from Philadelphia.

SUNDAY, MARCH 25. — Mr. Meredith called this morning, and we walked out to see the monument, the cathedral, and the Unitarian church, with a number of fine houses which have been lately erected in that improving part of the city. The Unitarian church is a far more beautiful edifice than the cathedral; indeed, I think it, as a single room, the finest in America. We returned to meet Mrs. Calvert, who was waiting to accompany us to St. Paul's church. The organ and church singing is very fine. The organist, a German, is a first-rate performer, and he made his instrument speak a language finer than I ever heard in one of our churches.

On our return from church the girls had a levee of visitors; they

receive the kindest attentions from all the most distinguished persons, and our time is already appropriated during the whole week. Mr. and Mrs. Caton having called this morning to invite us, we passed an hour or two delightfully at their house this evening. The family were all present. Mr. Carroll was cheerful and talkative, and enjoyed himself very much until nine o'clock, when, according to his uniform practice, he took the arm of Mrs. McTavish, and quietly left the room. I feel while in the presence of this venerable man as if I were permitted to converse with one of the patriarchs, revisiting the land which, in days long gone, he had enriched with his patriotic counsels. He is in his ninety-sixth year; his hearing is defective, and his memory of recent events imperfect; but he presents a beautiful example of the close of a well-spent life,—serene, cheerful, and happy; prepared, it would seem, “to take his rest, with all his country’s honours blest.” It is very probable I shall never again see him after the present visit, and this reflection enhanced the value of the delightful hour I have just passed in his company. I made Mary take a seat by his side, and she has it to say that she conversed some time with the last surviving signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence. Would to God we had such a race of men in high places at this eventful period of our country’s affairs! But Providence took care of us in their days, and as the Scottish ballad says, “it aye will again.”

From Mrs. Caton’s we went to Mrs. Swan’s, where we had been invited to meet a party of the most agreeable people in Baltimore. This is pretty well for Sunday, and the Baltimoreans are rather strict, too; but these parties were rational, delightful, and void of offence. It is impossible to be received with a more frank and hospitable welcome than we have, and if our time does not pass agreeably the fault will be our own.

MONDAY, MARCH 26. — It rained all the morning, and I did not go out until one o’clock, when I called upon Mr. Oliver and Mr. Gilmor. The girls rode out with John Hoffman to see Chatsworth,

his brother's place. I dined with a pleasant party at Dr. White's, and in the evening we went to a ball at Mrs. David Hoffman's, where we met all the agreeable people of the place, and more agreeable people are not to be met with anywhere.

TUESDAY. — Dined with Mr. Meredith, with a gay and pleasant party, consisting of Messrs. Gilmor, uncle and nephew, Oliver, Gibbes, Carroll, Harper, Donnell, two or three Hoffmans, etc. In the evening went to a beautiful party and supper at Mrs. George Hoffman's, where we met the whole array of Baltimore beauty and fashion. The party was given in honour of my girls, and I presume Mr. Hoffman's splendid house was never more splendidly filled.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29. — Mr. Oliver sent me a horse this morning, and at one o'clock we made an equestrian party, consisting of Messrs. Oliver, Meredith, Charles Carroll, and myself, and rode around the city, visiting the country-seats of Mr. Oliver and Mr. Carroll, and seeing what was worthy of notice.

FRIDAY. — In the evening we went to a leave-taking supper-party at Mr. Meredith's. As this is our last evening in Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmor, the ladies of Mrs. William Gilmor's family, and several young gentlemen were invited to meet us.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31. — At half-past six this morning we went on board the steamboat "George Washington." Besides our party we had Jones Schermerhorn, William Edgar, Hamilton Fish, and young McEwen, of Philadelphia; Mr. Meredith and his son, John Hoffman, and John Donnell politely accompanied us to the boat, and we started with their kind adieus. Thus ended our visit to Baltimore, during which we have received the most gratifying attentions and the kindest hospitality. I shall never forget them.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1. — The Historical Society having lately removed their library to the spacious room in the third story of the new edifice belonging to Mr. Remsen at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, over the one occupied by the Athenæum, it was opened this day, and an address was delivered to a respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen by

William Beach Lawrence. It was well written and interesting, but his delivery is somewhat painful, owing, apparently, to a difficulty of articulation. I presided as first vice-president in the absence of Gen. Morgan Lewis, the president. The room is fitted up with much taste, and the books and curiosities skilfully and scientifically arranged, for which the society has been as usual indebted to the exertions of Mr. John Delafield.

Ogden
Hoffman's
Address. MAY 2. — Ogden Hoffman made the annual address before the alumni of Columbia College. The high reputation of this gentleman as a scholar and an orator caused the college chapel to be filled with ladies and gentlemen, the fairest and best of our city, and no expectations had been raised which were not fully realized. I have never heard a production of more taste, purity, and appropriateness, or one delivered with greater grace and eloquence. Its principal subjects were a brief biography of the members of the faculty in the orator's time, and a dissertation on the several branches of education taught in the college. In the latter, Mr. Hoffman took a well-chosen occasion to enforce the claims of classical learning, when a host of utilitarians are springing up on all sides preparing the public mind for a desertion of those pure springs of knowledge, from which the great and the good in past ages have drawn their richest draughts, and who would annihilate for all future ages the glorious language in which Homer and Virgil sang and Demosthenes and Cicero declaimed. Columbia College is sufficiently orthodox on this subject ; but when the floods of innovation threaten to destroy the foundations of learning, the strongest barriers must be opposed to their progress. On this subject Hoffman was clever, forcible, and touching, and all the power of the purest English was employed to protect the classical sanctity of the Greek and Latin.

I feel this subject deeply, for I am sensible of my own deficiency, and would give half I possess in the world to enjoy the advantages of a classical education. Oh that my sons knew how to appreciate their opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and

would profit by their father's experience! The toils of eighteen would be then richly rewarded by the delightful experience of fifty, and the pleasures of prosperity enhanced, and the sorrows of adversity assuaged, by the stores of intellectual riches laid up in early life.

TUESDAY, MAY 15. — The annual exhibition has just
 Academy of
 the Fine Arts. been opened at the new rooms in Barclay street.

There is the usual display of horrid portraits, like enough, in all conscience, to the originals, who I wish were hanged in their places. There are two most beautiful pictures by Carlo Maratti, belonging to an amateur named Dunderdale. He wants to sell them. I should like to buy them, but I will not. The Academy of Design are making great preparations for their exhibition, which will be opened in two or three days, and will be very good. They have six of my pictures: Bennett's "View of Castalamare," Heyle's "Landscape," Newton's "Greek Girl," "The Greek" and "The Toque" of Weir's, and Morse's "Thorwaldsen." Allston's new picture (I believe the subject is taken from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or some such startling romance) has been obtained from the owner. This picture has made noise, and is certainly fine. There is also a noble full length of Colonel Varick, by Henry Inman, a splendid picture. Portraits, portraits enough, in all conscience!

Arrival of
 Washington
 Irving. TUESDAY, MAY 22. — The packet-ship "Havre" arrived last evening, having sailed from Havre on the 12th of April. Among the passengers is our distinguished countryman, and my old friend, Washington Irving, who visits his native country after an absence of seventeen years. I called to see him this morning at his brother's, Ebenezer Irving. He has grown very fat since I saw him in England in 1821, looks exceedingly well, and is delighted to be once more in his native city. I passed half an hour with him very pleasantly. He talks a great deal and is in high spirits, a thing not usual with him, except when under excitement, as he is at this moment.

Cholera in Paris. This dreadful disease has increased to an awful degree in Paris, and the citizens are flying in every direction. Irving hurried away in consequence of it. Mr. Van Buren went to Holland immediately, and was to return to England, whence he should embark for America on the 1st of June. Brevoort and his family have gone to reside at Fontainebleau.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23. — I have devoted nearly the whole day to Washington Irving. We were invited by a committee of the corporation to accompany them on a visit to Blackwell's Island and Bellevue, which has been made up for the purpose of exhibiting the public institutions to General Santander. Alderman Murray called for Irving and me at eleven o'clock, and we rode out and joined the party at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. We then returned with them to the almshouse, which, with the workshops, schools, etc., was exhibited to the company. Besides General Santander and his suite and ourselves there were Mr. LeRay de Chaumont and his son, Col. George Gibbs, Don Tomas Gener, Dr. Bronson, Mr. Hoyt, etc. At three o'clock, when they were preparing to go to dinner, Irving and I left them and came to town to meet friends whom I had engaged to dine with me. Our party at dinner consisted of Mr. Washington Irving, Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Charles King, James G. King, Ogden Hoffman, J. P. Giraud, Isaac S. Hone, James Paulding, Professor Renwick, and Captain Nicolson.

SATURDAY, MAY 26. — I dined with Dr. Wainwright, and met Irving and Newton, Mr. Gray, of Boston, and other agreeable persons. The return of Geoffrey Crayon has made old times and the associations of early life the leading topics of conversation amongst his friends.

Public Dinner to Washington Irving. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30. — The dinner took place to-day at the City Hotel, and went off finely. About three hundred gentlemen sat down. It was a regular Knickerbocker affair. There were old New Yorkers and their

descendants in goodly numbers, who are seldom seen at such places, and among the invited guests were many distinguished men ; viz., the bishops, Dr. Wainwright, General Santander, Baron de Behr, the new Minister from Belgium, Don Tomas Gener, General Scott, Commodore Chauncey, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Edward P. Livingston, Judges Hoffman, Oakley, and Irving, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. LeRay de Chaumont, Mr. James Paulding, Colonel Trumbull, and Mr. Newton.

Anti-tariff Meeting. SATURDAY, JUNE 9. — A great meeting was held last evening of persons avowedly friends to the union of the States and in favour of such a modification of the tariff as would serve to produce that effect, together with many violent free-trade men (as they call themselves), who would destroy the industry of the country and discourage all improvement to support their opinions and establish their theories. The meeting was called to order and organized by that mild, amiable, and reasonable gentleman, Preserved Fish. James Kent was chosen president, Stephen Allen and Gideon Lee, vice-presidents, Cornelius W. Lawrence and John A. Stevens, secretaries. The meeting was addressed and the resolutions moved by Peter A. Jay, and they are quite unexceptionable, as was to be expected from that gentleman, who is always wise, always honest, but sometimes a little prejudiced ; but would to God the affairs of our country, tariff and all, were in the hands of such men ! The meeting was so large that the room was insufficient, and all the approaches to it crowded to excess. Great tumult and disorder were occasioned by some tariff men who had better have stayed away. Party spirit has unhappily been mingled with the question. The excitement increases every day. Reflecting men who love their country and would preserve its institutions are full of alarm and serious forebodings. Both sides are wrong. It is vain to talk of conciliation. Prejudice on one side, interest on the other, and intolerance on both will prevent them from approaching nearer to each other. Mr. Adams's wisdom might do something if it were

seconded by General Jackson's decision. Happy would our country be if those qualifications were united in one person, and he the chief magistrate!

FRIDAY, JUNE 15. — The Albany steamboat which came down this afternoon brought the alarming news that the cholera, which has of late been the scourge of the Eastern Continent, has crossed the Atlantic and made its appearance first in Quebec, and from there has travelled with its direful velocity to Montreal. It was brought to the former city in a vessel called the "Carricks," with a cargo of Irish immigrants, of whom many died on the way. In a few days fifteen cases and eight deaths were reported, principally in the narrow, dirty streets of the lower town, and the last report gave seventy cases. This dreadful disease has not been more mortal in any part of the world which it has visited. The proportion of deaths to the number of cases is dreadful. There can be little reasonable ground to hope for our exemption in New York from this dreadful scourge. It must come, and we are in a dreadful state to receive it. The city is in a more filthy state than Quebec and Montreal, and I do not know a European city which is worse. The alarm is great in Albany and Troy.

The accounts are confirmed. They have it bad enough at Quebec and Montreal, and there are reports of a few solitary cases at Plattsburgh, but they do not appear to be authentic. Mr. Bowne, our mayor, has published his proclamation interdicting the approach to the city of steamboats and other conveyances having passengers ill with the disease. Bishop Onderdonk has published a very sensible pastoral letter to the ministers of his diocese, urging them to make a spiritual use of the apprehended danger, and prescribing a form of prayers to be used in the service of the Church.

MONDAY, JUNE 18. — Prayers were offered up yesterday in all the churches to avert the threatened visit of the cholera, and sermons preached to prepare the minds of the people for the afflic-

Cholera in
Canada.

More of
the Cholera.

tion, which seems now to be considered inevitable. The weather is warm, but clear and pleasant; recent showers have refreshed the earth, and have been succeeded by pleasant southerly winds and a bright atmosphere. The reports of the day are that the disease has increased in Montreal and Quebec. The number of deaths in the former place is said to be two hundred and fifty, and great exertions are made to prevent the Canadian emigrants from being brought by steamboats or canal-boats into our State.

The Indian War. General Scott has received orders from the War Department to proceed forthwith to Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, on Lake Michigan, to take command of the army, and fight the Sacs and Fox Indians who have recently committed outrages upon the inhabitants of Illinois, and murdered some of the Menominee Indians friendly to the United States. Fourteen companies of United States troops equipped as infantry are ordered to rendezvous here and proceed by the North river, the Erie canal, and the lakes to their destination. The cadets from West Point who have just now graduated are ordered on this service. Henry Swartwout, who is one of them, called this afternoon to see us, and is delighted, as most of his class are, with the prospect of military distinction which this expedition promises. I saw the major-general this evening. He will wait for the arrival of the troops, five companies of whom are to come from Old Point Comfort, Va., and expects to embark the latter part of this week. He is ordered to demand the surrender of the murderers of the friendly Indians, to compel the hostile Indians to observe the treaty which was made with them by General Gaines last year, and to take their leader, the Black Hawk, dead or alive. This celebrated warrior is said to be as formidable as the famous Tecumseh, and peace cannot be restored to the frontier until he is captured or destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4. — It is a lovely day, but very different from all previous anniversaries of independence. The alarm about the cholera has prevented all the usual jollification under the public

authority. There are no booths in Broadway, the parade which was ordered has been countermanded, no corporation dinner, and no ringing of bells. Some troops are marching about the street, "upon their own hook," I suppose. Most of the stores are closed, and there is a pretty smart cannonade of crackers by the boys; but it is not a regular Fourth of July. The disease is here in all its violence, and will increase. God grant that its ravages may be confined and its visit short!

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 23. — I left Rockaway after breakfast this morning, and came up to the city. Miss Lewis accompanied me. The alarm is very great, but the streets are more lively than I expected. I went to Wall street and transacted some business; there was a considerable number of persons on 'Change, and I saw but few stores closed in my walk. I hear many dreadful stories of cholera cases. The end of last week a man was found in the road at Harlem who had died of cholera. A coroner's inquest was called, and of twenty persons, jury and witnesses, who were present, nine are now dead. John Aspinwall told me this story, who had it from Alderman Murray, of the ninth ward.

JULY 25. — The Count Surveilliers sailed from Philadelphia in the ship "Alexander" for London. His departure from his residence at Bordentown, on the Delaware, was marked by the regrets of his neighbours; among whom his hospitality and munificence have made him very popular, and he received on his embarkment at Philadelphia the marked attentions of the citizens.

AUGUST 8. — Joseph Jefferson, comedian of the Philadelphia Theatre, died at Harrisburg, Penn., on the 4th inst. This man's acting of comic parts on the New York stage is connected with the pleasing recollections of my early years. He was a great favourite at that time, and has preserved a high reputation ever since as a comic performer.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19. — Margaret has a letter from Helen Kane, accompanied by a present of a purse for me, which is the subject of the following neat remark: "Tell your father that, although,

like my affection for him, my poor little purse as yet knows no change, I hope it may soon resemble my sad heart when absent from him, and prove heavy and full to overflowing."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29.—We set off to the railroad, and embarked in one of a train of carriages; arrived at Schenectady, breakfasted, walked a short distance to the commencement of the Saratoga road, and came in the same way to Saratoga Springs by the way of Ballston, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, and I am well accommodated at Congress Hall. This is a pleasant mode of travelling; not very rapid but free from fatigue or inconvenience of any sort. The Mohawk and Hudson road is travelled by the power of a steam locomotive engine; the Saratoga, by a horse-power. The latter road is scarcely in a state to be travelled, and has been in operation only a few weeks.

The Springs have been almost deserted this summer, but there are now some clever people here and at Sans-Souci. We have General Van Rensselaer and his sons, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, Oliver Kane and his wife, with Anna and Lydia, Mrs. Phil. Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson; Judge Pendleton, Judge Woodworth, Mr. Dudley, William Laight, all with their wives; Mr. Huntington and his family from Troy, with a few beaux, etc.,—in all about sixty persons. The house is clean, quiet, comfortable, and well attended. I rode this afternoon with Dr. McLean and Giraud to Riley's, at Saratoga lake. S. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, and Philip Schuyler, of Schuylerville, came this evening.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 6.—The city appears as lively and the streets as full of people as it usually is at this season. If the cholera is still amongst us, it proceeds quietly, uninterrupted by municipal regulations, and apparently unheeded by those who are exposed to it.

The packet-ship "Pacific" arrived on Monday last, having on board Charles Kemble, the celebrated comedian, and his highly gifted daughter, Miss Fanny Kemble, who has lately created, by her fine acting, a great sensation in the theatrical circles of Great

Britain. They are engaged by the manager of the Park Theatre ; and as the fame of the father has long since reached this country, and the daughter is said to inherit the talents of a family in which were numbered a Siddons and a John Kemble, there is no doubt that we shall be furnished with a theatrical treat of the highest order. Wallack made his first appearance since his arrival on Monday evening, and was well received. They ought to do well this season at the Park.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7. — Mr. Kemble called this morning and left me letters of introduction from Mr. The Kembles. Vaughan, the British Minister to this country, who is

now in England, and from Mr. Price. I returned his visit and saw his daughter (her father was not at home). She appeared deserving of all her reputation,—a good figure, easy manners, sprightly and intelligent, self-possessed, not very handsome, but with features animated and expressive, and calculated for great stage effect. Mr. Kemble is to make his first appearance in “Hamlet,” and his accomplished daughter will come out on the 17th, most probably in the character of Juliet, in which she made her successful *debut* at Covent Garden.

Mr. Jones Schermerhorn called to see me yesterday, and I have sanctioned his engagement with Mary. His mother and other members of the family called to-day, and are heartily pleased with the intended alliance. Mr. Schermerhorn is confined to his country-house with indisposition. My beloved child could not have made a choice more pleasing to me. Schermerhorn is a young man of most amiable disposition, good morals, agreeable deportment, and a gentleman, of a family with whom I shall consider it an honour to be allied. As far as human foresight can penetrate, it is a union calculated to promote our happiness. May the Almighty smile upon it and realize our expectations!

Jones Schermerhorn, Mr. Gaston, and Isaac Hone dined with us. In the evening we went to the theatre and saw Wallack for the first time. He played the part of Martin Heywood in the

new piece of "Rent Day,"—a very effective part, to which he gives great interest. He has been well received and is in good spirits, although his engagement will be somewhat interfered with by the arrival of the Kembles so soon upon his heels.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15. — The following party dined with us: Charles Kemble, Miss Fanny Kemble, Miss De Camp, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Davis, Dr. A. E. Hosack and Mrs. Hosack, Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, of Nova Scotia, Mr. Charles Bankhead, Mr. Charles King, General Fleming, Mr. Gaston, D. Lynch, Jones and Aug. Schermerhorn, Henry Hone, and James A. Hamilton. Miss Kemble, like all young persons who have become celebrated, has many and strong admirers. But many dislike her on first acquaintance. Her manners are somewhat singular. Allowance should be made for the peculiarity of her situation, just arrived among strangers, with a consciousness that she is viewed as one of the lions of the day, and as such the object more of curiosity than of affection. Her behaviour would be attributed naturally to timidity, were it not that at times she appears to be perfectly self-possessed. She talks well, but will only talk when, and to whom, she chooses. She sat at my side at dinner, and I certainly had no reason to complain of her, for I lost my dinner in listening to her and in endeavouring to make myself agreeable. She has certainly an air of indifference and nonchalance not at all calculated to make her a favourite with the beaux. Indeed, Henry Hone and I think that she prefers married men. Her fault appears to be an ungracious manner of receiving the advances of those who desire to pay her attention. This may proceed from the novelty of her situation, and may be soon removed. But now is her time to make friends if she wants them. She sang and played for us in the evening. Her voice is not sweet, but has great force and pathos. I am confirmed in my opinion that she has astonishing requisites for the stage. Her features separately are not good, but combined they make a face of great and powerful expression. She is said to resemble her aunt, Mrs. Siddons. I am of opinion that she does not like her

profession. It is not her favourite theme of conversation ; necessity, rather than choice, has led her to adopt it. Her father is a gentleman of fine manners and dignified deportment, somewhat stiff, — for he is a Kemble, — but evidently well-bred and accustomed to good society.

SUNDAY. — Mr. and Miss Kemble and Miss De Camp were at Trinity Church, and sat in my pew. They are evidently accustomed to attend divine service, a practice which is not so frequent with persons of their profession as might be wished.

MONDAY, SEPT. 17. — Charles Kemble made his first appearance this evening at the Park Theatre, in the character of Hamlet, to a great house. He was well received, and listened to with great attention. There were not many ladies in the house, but the audience appeared to be critical and discriminating. It was precisely such acting as my recollection of Kemble and my opinion of his powers had led me to expect. The part was deeply studied and well understood ; his reading is critically correct, his elocution distinct, and his manner dignified ; but he is too formal, even for Hamlet. His pauses are too long and too frequent, so much so as to make the representation fatiguing ; and for myself, I confess that, although my judgment is perfectly satisfied, his Hamlet falls far short of the power to interest me and give me pleasure of Kean's or even Wallack's, and he labours, moreover, under one great disadvantage, of which he has, unfortunately, no chance of amendment, — he is too old by thirty years for this part, and the expression of his face will do better for Lord Townly, Sir Edward Mortimer, King John, and other such parts. He is, on the whole, a fine actor, a good study for the younger men, and his visit to this country ought to improve the American stage. Fanny Kemble is to appear to-morrow evening in "Fazio."

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18. — Miss Fanny Kemble made her first appearance this evening in the character of Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of "Fazio." It is a fine part, well calculated for a display of the strongest passions of the female heart, — love, hate, and jeal-

ousy. I predicted before we went that it would be no half-way affair; she would make the most decided hit we have ever witnessed, or would fail entirely; and so it proved. I have never witnessed an audience so moved, astonished, and delighted. Her display of the strong feelings which belong to the part was great beyond description, and the expression of her wonderful face would have been a rich treat if her tongue had uttered no sound. The fifth act was such an exhibition of female powers as we have never before witnessed, and the curtain fell amidst the deafening shouts and plaudits of an astonished audience. She has some faults: her low tones are sepulchral and indistinct,—and yet her voice appears to me capable of anything which her judgment would lead her to execute,—and she is at times somewhat monotonous, particularly in the unimpassioned passages; but this may be the defect of education. It was the fault of John Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons, and is that of her father. It runs in the family. But on the whole I am quite satisfied that we have never seen her equal on the American stage, and England has witnessed none since Miss O'Neil.

Died on Monday, at Kinderhook, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, Peter Van Schaick, LL.D., one of the most distinguished lawyers and accomplished scholars in the United States. He was a contemporary and fellow-student of Governor Jay, Chancellor Livingston, Judge Benson, and other great men of former times. He has been blind for the last twenty years, but his intellectual faculties continued unimpaired, and he was considered to the last an oracle of legal wisdom and literary endowment.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20.—Charles Kemble and his accomplished daughter appeared this evening in "Romeo and Juliet." Both parts were admirably performed. Mr. Kemble is too old for Romeo,—Mercutio is his part,—but this difficulty was overcome by his perfect conception of the character, the grace of his elocution, and the eloquence of his deportment. Juliet was something beyond my powers of description. I never saw a female performer at all to compare with her in this part, and I cannot imagine any-

thing to exceed it. She is destined to fill the place of Mrs. Siddons, and make the finest performer in the world.

The distresses of the lower classes in England and Ireland have caused emigration to America in numbers so great as to cause serious alarm. Besides the immense numbers which are daily arriving here and in other parts of the United States, it is stated that forty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-nine emigrants have arrived at Quebec since the opening of the navigation of the St. Lawrence the present year. Of these, a large proportion find their way into the United States destitute and friendless. They have brought the cholera this year, and they will always bring wretchedness and want. The boast that our country is the asylum for the oppressed in other parts of the world is very philanthropic and sentimental, but I fear that we shall, before long, derive little comfort from being made the almshouse and place of refuge for the poor of other countries.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 25. — Died yesterday, at Throg's Neck, George Lorillard, aged sixty-six. He was an old bachelor, brother of Peter and Jacob Lorillard, and lost an immense sum of money by dying.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29. — Miss Kemble drove out this morning with my daughters and me. The more I see of this wonderful girl the more I am pleased with her. She has rare talents in conversation, and in her profession she has already made an impression which will never be forgotten by the people of New York.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16. — I rode out this morning with Mr. Richard Caton, son-in-law of Mr. Carroll, and father of the Marchioness of Wellesley and the Countess of Carmarthen, who is here on a visit from Baltimore. We drove about the suburbs, and it was gratifying to me to hear the astonishment expressed at the magnificence of the city by one who has not visited it for upwards of twenty years.

FRIDAY, OCT. 19. — I went with the girls this morning to pay a bride's visit to Mrs. Jared Sparks, late Miss Allen, of Hyde Park. She is one of the most interesting women I ever saw, —

not what would be called a perfect beauty, but with a face expressive as one of Raphael's Madonnas, and a form of Grecian mould. This lady writes well, paints beautifully, and excels in music. She is going to Boston, where they know how to appreciate such characters.

MONDAY, OCT. 22. — Ball Hughes's monument to Bishop Hobart is ready to be put up in the chancel of Trinity Church, and we are preparing to alter the pulpit and desk to suit it. Mr. Hughes is also engaged in making a beautiful altar-table of white Italian marble, and I think the effect of the whole will be much finer than anything of the sort we have seen in this country.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24. — Miss Fanny Hamilton, daughter of James A. Hamilton, was married last evening to George Bowdoin.

THURSDAY, OCT. 25. — My birthday. I am fifty-two years of age. I am much older in feelings than I was last year at this time. Two or three attacks of illness during the last summer have left me weakly and subject to indisposition. If I indulge in the good things which are constantly tempting me I am sure to suffer for it, and am compelled to temperance *malgré moi*.

FRIDAY, OCT. 26. — I dined with Abraham Schermerhorn, where we had a clerical party, consisting of Bishop Bowen, Bishop Brownell, Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Creighton, and several laymen of the convention. This body has been engaged for several days in the discussion of an important subject; viz., the acceptance of the resignation of Bishop Chase, of Ohio, and the validity of the appointment of Mr. McIlvaine as his successor, the question being whether a bishop can vacate his see in any case. There has been a great deal of speaking, and the meetings of the convention daily at St. John's Chapel have attracted crowds of people to hear the debate. Mr. Jay, President Duer, and Dr. Wainwright, of the New York delegation, have each made long and eloquent speeches.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. Wallack, Charles Kemble, Mr. Truman, Mr. Moore, I. S.

Hone, J. Howard Payne, Mr. Buckland, Thomas W. Ludlow, Robert Emmet, and Henry Hone.

FRIDAY, NOV. 9. — This glorious light of literature, which has for some months been flickering in the socket of existence, is at last extinguished. The pride of Great Britain, the delight of all who can read the English language and enjoy its richest treasures, has closed his brilliant career, and increased the gap which the death of Byron occasioned to an extent so great that it cannot be filled during the present generation of mankind. Both were splendid luminaries in the world of letters; but the former passed over its firmament like a bright and transient meteor, while the latter, adding to the influence of his talents that of his excellent moral character and kind feelings in his intercourse with mankind, shed around his path the genial warmth of the sun, enlightening and vivifying like his rival, but not like him scorching and dazzling the eyes of beholders.

TUESDAY, NOV. 13. — Dined with Mr. Charles March. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cary, Mrs. Wayne, Dr. A. E. Hosack and his wife, Mr. Van Buren, Cambreling, Lynch, etc., were of the party. After dinner I saw part of Fanny Kemble's Juliet, which she played admirably. I saw her Julia, in the "Hunchback," last evening, — her best part, and better than anything I have ever seen. The house was full as possible, and hundreds left the doors unable to get seats. I then went to the party at Mrs. Delafield's, Park place. The attractions of the evening were the bride, Miss Delafield, daughter of John Delafield, who has married a son of Cornelius Du Bois, and *The Pedrotti*, the *prima donna* of the Italian opera, wretchedly out of place, with her immense vulgar figure, staring eyes, and tawdry dress, amongst the lovely, modest, and graceful women with whom she was associated. And she refused to sing, too, after Mrs. Parish and Helen McEvers had kindly set her the example. If she did not sing, why was she there? And then the elegant amateurs of Italian

music pretend to compare this woman to Fanny Kemble; nay, pretend to say that, independently of her singing, she plays better and has more grace! She is no more comparable to her than I to the Apollo Belvidere, a sunflower to a violet, a cart-horse to the Bussorah Arabian, an ale-house sign to a landscape of Claude, or Jane, our chambermaid, to Mrs. Gardiner Howland.

FRIDAY, NOV. 16. — The papers are clothed in mourning; the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, died at his house in Baltimore on Wednesday morning, 14th inst., at four o'clock, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. This aged patriot and most respectable man was born on the 8th of September, in the year 1737, at Annapolis, Md. His father died in 1782, aged eighty years. Mr. Carroll was a patriot in the days which tried men's souls. He was a member of Congress of respectable talents and great personal influence; but his celebrity of late years has arisen principally from the interesting position in which he has stood before the American people as the last of that immortal band of patriots who, in signing the Declaration of Independence, took all the responsibility of the measure upon themselves, and gave a noble pledge to work out the political salvation of America. He has been the sole survivor since Jefferson and the elder Adams died, on the 4th of July, 1826. Mr. Carroll was ninety-five years old in September.

His Excellency, William C. Rives, American Minister at the court of France, and his family arrived this morning in the packet-ship "Sully," from Havre. Amongst the passengers by this ship were Samuel F. B. Morse, the artist, and president of the National Academy of Design.

Dined at the navy yard with Commodore Chauncey. Mr. Van Buren was of the party. He is all the fashion at present. I think the pride of human nature must, in the case of this gentleman, be fully gratified. The late election is a prodigious triumph for him, and he must be more or less than man if he can avoid

exultation when he assumes the Vice-President's chair, vacated by the man who gave the casting vote in the Senate which recalled him from his honourable station abroad.

NOVEMBER 27. — The anti-tariff convention of the State of Georgia assembled on the 15th inst., at Milledgeville. A long string of violent resolutions were reported, breathing the poison of nullification in every line.

DECEMBER 3. — The South Carolina convention have passed a number of resolutions, worse by far than the friends of union believed it possible for them to go. It is rank treason, and in my opinion the leaders deserve to be hanged. It is well, however, that these violent measures have been adopted before the meeting of Congress, which will take place to-morrow. It places the nullifiers at once in the wrong, and will remove the doubts in the minds of many good men in Congress as to the necessity of energetic measures in the commencement of this rebellion, for it can be called by no other name.

DECEMBER 12. — Very much to the surprise of some, and to the satisfaction of all our citizens, we have a long proclamation of President Jackson, which was published in Washington on the 12th inst., and is in all our papers this day. It is a document addressed to the nullifiers of South Carolina, occasioned by the late treasonable proceedings of their convention. The whole subject is discussed in a spirit of conciliation, but with firmness and decision, and a determination to put down the wicked attempt to resist the laws. On the constitutionality of the laws which the nullifiers object to, and their right to recede from the Union, this able State paper is full and conclusive. The language of the President is that of a father addressing his wayward children, but determined to punish with the utmost severity the first open act of insubordination. As a composition it is splendid, and will take its place in the archives of our country, and will dwell in the memory of our citizens alongside of the farewell address of the "Father of his Country." It is not known

which of the members of the cabinet is entitled to the honour of being the author ; it is attributed to Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, and to Governor Cass, the Secretary of War. Nobody, of course, supposes it was written by him whose name is subscribed to it. But whoever shall prove to be the author has raised to himself an imperishable monument of glory. The sentiments, at least, are approved by the President, and he should have the credit of it, as he would the blame if it were bad ; and, possessing those sentiments, we have reason to believe that he has firmness enough to do his duty. I say, Hurrah for Jackson ! and so I am willing to say at all times when he does his duty. The only difference between the thorough-going Jackson men and me is, that I will not "hurrah" for him right or wrong. And I think Jackson's election may save the Union. If he is sincere in this proclamation he will put down this rebellion. Mr. Clay, pursuing the same measures, would not have been equally successful. He is considered the head of the American System Party, and his political opponents would have thrown obstacles in his way from party motives ; whereas Jackson's opponents are generally men of more principle, and will not withhold their approbation from him when his measures, as in the present instance, are marked by wisdom and decision. A majority of the people would have gone with him, right or wrong ; they all will when he is right. In this able State paper he addresses the deluded people of South Carolina with tenderness, but seems to be gathering up his wrath to let it fall heavily on the heads of the ringleaders.

DECEMBER 18. — The Camden and Amboy Railroad was opened on Monday on the whole line, and passengers who left New York in the steamboat for Amboy at half-past six were in Philadelphia about two o'clock. This is expected to be the best joint-stock property in the United States.

South
Carolina.

DECEMBER 20. — Gen. Robert Hayne has been elected Governor of South Carolina, in place of Governor Hamilton, whose term of office had expired

One Hotspur in place of another. And John C. Calhoun, the present Vice-President of the United States, is elected to the Senate of the United States in place of General Hayne. These appointments prove the strength of the "Nullification" party. How I hate the word! It is a newly invented one, hard to write and horrid to think of, but the most expressive that can be adopted.

1833.

JANUARY 7. — A new periodical, called the “Knickerbocker,” made its first appearance on the 1st of this month. It is to be a monthly publication, edited by Charles Hoffman, assistant editor of the “American,” and published by Peabody & Co. Bryant, Paulding, the late Mr. Sands, and a number of other eminent literary men were engaged as contributors, and the work starts with a subscription list of eight hundred names. Public expectation has consequently been highly raised, and, in my case, much disappointed. I do not know what other people may think about it, but in my judgment these great guns have grievously missed fire. The introduction by Hoffman is long, laboured, and dull; one of Paulding’s stories is an unsuccessful attempt at quaint humour (not an unusual thing, by the by, in the works of that author), and the poetry a mere makeweight, written apparently just to fill up such a space on such a page, to which it has been allotted. The “New York Mirror,” a neat weekly conducted by Morris, which is a welcome visitor at my house every Saturday, is worth a dozen of the “Knickerbocker;” but I am unkind in criticising so closely the first number; succeeding ones will, no doubt, be better, and I am so partial to the editor, and wish so heartily success to the concern, that I will not allow myself to doubt it.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 2. — I witnessed an interesting scene in the Senate this morning. Mr. Clay arose, and with great solemnity, and in that bland, engaging manner which in him is irresistible, adverted to an angry dispute which occurred a few weeks since, between Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, and Mr. Webster, at the conclusion of which the former said, “He felt the utmost contempt for the gentleman from Massachusetts.” These expressions were attributed by Mr. Clay to the heat of debate and the excitement

of opposition at a moment of peculiar interest, and he expressed the greatest anxiety that at the close of the session, when so much had been done to conciliate in other quarters, two gentlemen who had frequently acted together, and between whom the best feelings had heretofore existed, should not be suffered to part in anger. Mr. Poindexter immediately arose, disclaimed any intention to offend Mr. Webster, and made a gentlemanly sort of apology, which was received in the same spirit and acknowledged in a short speech by Mr. Webster. The parties then approached each other, shook hands, and the affair was settled.

MONDAY, MARCH 4. — The inauguration of Andrew Jackson as President, and Martin Van Buren as Vice-President, of the United States, took place at noon in the hall of the House of Representatives. I went up at eleven o'clock, and formed one of the immense crowd who thronged the approach to every door. The wind was very high, and the severity of the cold unmitigated, so that the time spent in waiting was not particularly agreeable. The President and Vice-President and their *cortège* arrived at twelve o'clock, and soon afterwards the doors were opened, when I was carried in with the ruffianly crowd, but never got farther than the little vestibule in front of the Chamber. I am told that the President delivered an inaugural address, and the oaths were administered by the venerable Chief Justice. The address is published in handbills. It is well done, not too long, and well adapted to the state of public affairs.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29. — The following party dined with us: Judge Wayne, of Georgia, and his lady; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Howland, Sir Charles R. Vaughan, Mr. Bankhead, Mr. Thorn, Marquis Torrigiani, Mr. James J. Jones, Washington Irving, Commodore Chauncey, Mr. Granger, and Mr. D. Lynch.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30. — I dined with Mr. William B. Astor, and in the evening went for a short time to a party of distinguished literary gentlemen and others, at Dr. Alexander Stephens's.

MONDAY, APRIL 1. — Mr. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, called upon me a day or two since with letters of introduction from Mr. Quincy, President of Harvard College, and Colonel Perkins, of Boston. He is about setting out on one of his enterprising excursions to the coast of Labrador, in pursuit of information to illustrate his favorite science, to which he is devoted with the ardour of a lover to his mistress. He is an interesting man of about fifty-five years of age, modest in his deportment, possessing general intelligence, an acute mind, and great enthusiasm. His work on the birds of North America, on which he is now engaged, is probably the most splendid book ever published. I have seen several of the numbers in the library of Congress. It will require nine years to complete it, and will cost eight hundred dollars; all the drawings are executed by himself or under his special superintendence. Wilson's book on the same subject is deservedly celebrated, — beautiful, no doubt, but comparing with Audubon's as the Falls of Trenton to those of Niagara.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6. — Subscribers to the Marine Pavilion to be erected at Rockaway. The following persons have each subscribed five hundred dollars: Nathaniel Prime, Robert Ray, John A. King, Rufus Prime, Philip Hone, Alfred Seton, John Haggerty, Isaac S. Hone, Edward Prime, Thaddeus Phelps, John C. Cruger, Samuel S. Howland, Thomas Suffern, Charles A. Davis, Gerard H. Coster, Reuben Withers, Isaac Jones, Jr., John G. Coster, James Boggs, Gould Hoyt, Peter Schermerhorn, Lewis Curtiss, William B. Crosby, Benjamin L. Swan, Robert White, David S. Jones, John MacGregor, Jr., Stephen Whitney, Rupert L. Cochran, Isaac Carow, J. Boorman, Samuel Glover, George Newbold, William McLeod, James Monroe, John Mason, John Gihon, Henry Parish, Robert L. Patterson, W. N. Furniss, John Johnston, John W. Leavitt, William Wright, Herman Thorn, C. H. Russell, Joseph Walker, Asaph Stone, Samuel Alley, Moses H. Grinnell, Hendrick Booraem, Amos Palmer, Gideon Pott, Richard Suydam, Timothy T. Kissam, James Boyd, Jr., Charles A. Heckscher, Brockholst

Cutting, John F. Delaplaine, Charles Hall, Gideon Lee, Mortimer Livingston, James Heard, Peter J. Nevins, Henry Laverty, Peter G. Stuyvesant.

National Academy. WEDNESDAY, MAY 15. — The spring exhibition of the National Academy has just opened. I have paid it only a flying visit. It is a good exhibition, and if the smiling faces of sundry “fat and greasy citizens” and their self-complacent helpmates were turned to the wall instead of looking down from their canvas habitations to fright the spectators from “their propriety,” it would be worth visiting half a dozen times. The president, Mr. Morse, and Cole have contributed the pictures which they painted and brought from Europe. The former are hard and cold as ever. The warmth of the sunny skies of Italy does not appear to have had any effect upon the worthy president. He is an excellent fellow, and is well acquainted with the principles of his art, but he has no imagination. He makes good portraits, strong likenesses. My portrait of Chancellor Kent, by Morse, is very good, and Thorvaldsen is excellent, but he cannot design. There is no poetry about his painting, and his prose consists of straight lines, which look as if they had been stretched to their utmost tension to form clothes-lines. Cole maintains his ground. His pictures are admirable representations of that description of scenery which he has studied so well in his native forests. His landscapes are too solid, massy, and umbrageous to please the eye of an amateur accustomed to Italian skies and English-park scenery, but I think every American is bound to prove his love of country by admiring Cole.

Excursion to the Fire-place. MONDAY, MAY 27. — Messrs. Charles L. Livingston, Phelps, Giraud, and I left home last Tuesday at one o'clock on an excursion to Long Island. The next morning we rose early, and started at five o'clock; a fine morning, the country on all sides looking bright and beautiful. We had a very agreeable ride, breakfasted at Timothy Carman's, and arrived at Sam Carman's, at the Fire-place, at four o'clock. The following

day the wind got around again to the north-east, raw, cold, and rainy, and so it continued the remainder of the week, with occasional intervals, which allowed Giraud and me the opportunity of fishing every day for an hour or two, and we took trout enough to supply our table during the whole of our visit. They were very fine, not very abundant; but, on the whole, we had good sport, and we formed within doors a gay, pleasant party, and with the assistance of stores we took with us, we had quite as much to eat and drink as was good for us. On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock we left Carman's on our return. The Speaker and I brought with us a dozen trout which were taken on the morning we came away. The weather was fine during the whole of yesterday, and we came to Van Cott's, at Jamaica, where we lodged, and came away this morning after breakfast. This is the first day of the races, and there is a great match race between a colt of Walter Livingston's and a Southern colt of Colonel Johnson's. Livingston and Phelps remained at the race-course to see the race, and Giraud and I came to Brooklyn, where we arrived at nine. The road was crowded with vehicles of every description and pedestrians of every age and complexion. Brooklyn was a scene of bustle and confusion, and the sporting gentlemen eyed us with looks of compassion that we could have so little taste as to turn our backs upon so pleasant an affair.

TUESDAY, MAY 28. — My excellent old friend, Commodore Chauncey, is ordered to Washington, to fill a place at the Board of Navy Commissioners, and Captain Ridgely is appointed to our navy yard. This will be deeply regretted by many in New York, for Chauncey has a vast number of devoted friends here. I shall be a heavy loser myself. He was ever a most welcome guest at my table, and I have partaken "many a time and oft" of his noble hospitality. We had a standing compact, that each of us was to stand ready to obey the other's summons at a day's notice, when not otherwise engaged. And then his fine, old sherry, too! he will have to give it to those who have not half so much regard for him.

Mr. Webster was at the Eagle Tavern the other day, on his way to the western part of the State, and was presented to Judge Buel, the celebrated agriculturist, by the loquacious landlord, Crittenden, in the following flowery style: "This is Judge Buel, who cultivates the finest flowers of the field, and this the Hon. Daniel Webster, who culls the choicest flowers of rhetoric." Mr. Webster then happily observed: "Your *flowers* produce *fruit*; mine, I fear, may prove abortive." To this Judge Buel, with great felicity, replied: "My flowers, sir, are *annual* and *evanescent*, while yours promise a perpetual bloom."

MONDAY, JUNE 3. — Died on Saturday evening, in this city, Oliver Wolcott, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Mr. Wolcott was Secretary of the Treasury under Washington. His father was a patriot of the Revolution, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was afterward a merchant of this city, president, successively, of the Merchants' Bank and the Bank of America, in which latter institution I was associated with him as a director. He then removed to his native State, Connecticut, of which he was elected Governor, and in which office he continued several years. He came recently again to New York, where he lived in bad health and in perfect retirement from society.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13. — The President is certainly the most popular man we have ever known. Washington was not so much so. His acts were popular, because all descriptions of men were ready to acknowledge him the Father of his Country; but he was superior to the homage of the populace, — too dignified, too grave for their liking; and men could not approach him with familiarity. Here is a man who suits them exactly. He has a kind expression for each, — the same to all, no doubt, but each thinks it intended for himself. His manners are certainly good, and he makes the most of them. He is a *gourmand* of adulation, and by the assistance of the populace has persuaded himself that no man ever lived in the country to whom the country was so much indebted. Talk of him as the second Washington!

President
Jackson.

It won't do now. Washington was only the first Jackson. Poor Adams used to visit New York during his presidency. The papers, to be sure, announced his arrival; but he was welcomed by no shouts, no crowd thronged around his portals, no huzzas rent the air when he made his appearance, and yet posterity, more just than ourselves, will acknowledge him to have been, in all the qualifications which constitute his fitness to fill the office of a ruler of this great Republic, twenty times superior to Jackson. He wanted tact. He gave the toast of *Ebony and Topaz*, the ungracious offspring of a mind overloaded with study and unskilful in adaptation. And the other, in a moment when we were all anxious to save the country from the mad schemes of visionary theorists whose crude principles of government seemed to threaten the welfare of our federative institution, and when we doubted what his course would be, gave in a happy moment his toast, "The Union — it must be preserved." It made a difference of five hundred thousand votes. Adams is the wisest man, the best scholar, the most accomplished statesman; but Jackson has most tact. So, huzza for Jackson!

JUNE 15. — The celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, and his companions, the prophet and his son, now occupy the place in the public curiosity which General Jackson filled during his recent visit here. They arrived yesterday, and witnessed the ascension of the balloon from the steamboat in which they arrived. They are under the charge of Major Garland of the United States Army. The crowd was so great that they found it impossible to land and enter the garden, as was expected. They were afterward taken to their lodgings at the Exchange Hotel, in Broad street, and Black Hawk is now the order of the day.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29. — My estimable friend, Colonel Nicholas Fish, died during my absence, on Tuesday, 20th inst., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a gallant and distinguished officer in the War of the Revolution, an accomplished gentleman of the old school, and in all respects an amiable and excellent man.

Col. Thomas H. Perkins, of Boston, made a short time since a donation to the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind of his house and lot of ground in Pearl street, worth \$30,000, on condition that the further sum of \$50,000 should be raised for the same object by voluntary contributions. The Bostonians went to work with their accustomed spirit, and collected in a very short time the sum of \$51,117, of which \$11,400 were the proceeds of a ladies' fair. This result having been announced to the Colonel by a committee appointed to receive the subscriptions, he made his offer binding by a conveyance of the splendid mansion which he formerly occupied, and which I should say from my recollection of it is fully worth the estimated sum.

JULY 1. — Married *suddenly*, on Saturday evening, Henry N. Cruger, of Charleston, to Miss Harriet Douglas, the American Madame de Staël.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3. — The celebrated Colonel Burr was married on Monday evening to the equally celebrated Mrs. Jumel, widow of Stephen Jumel. It is benevolent in her to keep the old man in his latter days. One good turn deserves another.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22. — A very agreeable wedding took place this day at Jamaica. Henry Van Rensselaer, son of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, was married to Miss Elizabeth Ray King, second daughter of John A. King. I was in company one evening last winter at a party with Mrs. King, Mrs. Abraham Ogden, and Mrs. Edward R. Jones, and was boasting of some fine Arrack more than sixty years old which I had obtained. I promised each of these ladies a bottle of it on the occasion of a marriage of a daughter. This is the first, and I have redeemed my pledge by sending Mrs. King a bottle on Saturday, with my compliments and congratulations.

MONDAY, AUG. 26. — Died at Jamaica, Long Island, on Saturday evening, Egbert Benson, aged eighty-seven years. This patriarch has held a conspicuous station in the affairs of this State, — a law-

yer of eminence in the early part of his life, occupying a high judicial station at a more advanced period, a patriot and a staunch Whig during the Revolution. Few men have been more generally known and esteemed than Judge Benson. He has lived in retirement for many years, and dies at a very advanced age.

MONDAY, SEPT. 16. — The drawing for boxes at the Italian opera house took place this morning. My associates, Mr. Schermerhorn and General Jones, are out of town, and I attended and drew No. 8, with which I am well satisfied. The other boxes will be occupied by the following gentlemen: Gerard H. Coster, G. G. Howland, Rufus Prime, Mr. Panon, Robert Ray, J. F. Moulton, James J. Jones, D. Lynch, E. Townsend, John C. Cruger, O. Mauran, Charles Hall, J. G. Pierson, and S. B. Ruggles.

MONDAY, SEPT. 30. — We went this evening to see Mr. and Miss Kemble in the "Stranger." Mrs. Haller is thought by many persons to be Fanny Kemble's best part. She certainly played this evening with the most affecting pathos and tenderness; and so the audience appear to think, for I never saw persons more attentive and more deeply affected. This will probably be her last engagement, if the report is true that she is married already, or about to be, to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3. — A notice appeared in the papers of yesterday, signed by Joshua Leavitt, William Goodell, William Green, Jr., John Rankin, and Lewis Tappan, calling a meeting of "the friends of immediate abolition of slavery in the United States" at Clinton Hall last evening. I expressed great dissatisfaction that the hall should be let without my approbation for any purpose not immediately connected with the objects of the institution, and my decided opposition to its being used for the agitation of this most mischievous question. A great crowd of people collected to oppose the object of the meeting, and hearing that they had become tumultuous, I went over and found that Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Olmstead, the former of whom had granted the use of the hall, had been there and countermanded

Abolition
Meeting.

the permission, and locked the doors. The assemblage of persons had adjourned to Tammany Hall, appointed Robert Bogardus chairman and M. C. Patterson and P. P. Parsells secretaries, and passed resolutions disapproving the objects of the meeting.

MONDAY, OCT. 7. — On the way to Rockaway my daughter and I stopped at Snedecor's to look at Eclipse. This noble animal, whose blood flows in the veins of all the finest horses in this country, was twenty years old last spring. His owner, Walter Livingston, has lately sold one-half of him for \$4,500 to Colonel Johnson, of Virginia, who (after a year, during which time he is to remain on Long Island) will take him away to improve the blood of the South. Eclipse looks as fine as ever. He is under the care of a groom who has had nothing else to do for the past nine years but attend to the grand sultan, brush his coat, comb his mane, make his bed, and provide his meals; verily, the horse and his keeper have both an easy life of it.

FRIDAY, OCT. 18. — I regret exceedingly that the visit
 Mr. Clay's
 Visit. of my distinguished friend, Mr. Clay, should have been made during my absence. I knew he was expected, but hoped to be back before his arrival. He came on Tuesday, and was received with the most distinguished marks of respect. Crowds of people received him with enthusiastic cheers on his landing, and he was escorted by one hundred gentlemen on horse-back to the lodgings which had been prepared for him at the American Hotel, the same which "the greatest and best" occupied during his visit. A public dinner was tendered to him, which he declined, as he had previously done a similar compliment in Philadelphia.

NOVEMBER 2. — I dined with Mr. Bucknor, and met Commodore Chauncey there. Dr. Wainwright was of the party. He has determined at last to accept the call which has been strongly pressed upon him to become rector of St. Paul's, Boston, and will leave Grace Church and his congregation here — the most eligible clerical living, I believe, in the United States — from what he con-

siders a sense of duty, it having been represented to him that his acceptance of the call is the only means of keeping the congregation of St. Paul's, the most respectable Episcopal church in New England, from falling to pieces. But I fear if they are such a set of nullifiers he will not have much comfort amongst them, and his departure from New York will occasion a severe loss to his congregation, and be deeply lamented by a large circle of devoted personal friends.

TUESDAY, NOV. 5. — James Fenimore Cooper and his family arrived to-day in the ship "Sampson" from London. This gentleman has acquired a high literary reputation during his residence in Europe as the author of several novels, but I doubt very much if the works which he published before he went away do not form a foundation for his fame, of which the superstructure he has subsequently erected is scarcely worthy. His late works have certainly not added much to his reputation on this side of the water.

Opening of
the Opera
House. MONDAY, NOV. 18. — The long-expected opening of the opera house took place this evening, with the opera, "La Gaza Ladra," — all new performers except Signora Marozzi, who belonged to the old company. The prima-donna soprano is Signorina Fanti. The opera, they say, went off well for a first performance; but to me it was tiresome, and the audience was not excited to any violent degree of applause. The performance occupied four hours, — much too long, according to my notion, to listen to a language which one does not understand; but the house is superb, and the decorations of the proprietors' boxes (which occupy the whole of the second tier) in a style of magnificence which even the extravagance of Europe has not yet equalled. I have one-third of box No. 8; Peter Schermerhorn, one-third; James J. Jones, one-sixth; and William Moore, one-sixth. Our box is fitted up with great taste, with light-blue hangings, gilded panels and cornice, arm-chairs, and a sofa. Some of the others have rich silk ornaments, some are painted in fresco, and each proprietor seems to have tried to outdo the rest in comfort and

magnificence. The scenery is beautiful. The dome and the fronts of the boxes are painted in the most superb classical designs, and the sofa-seats are exceedingly commodious. Will this splendid and refined amusement be supported in New York? I am doubtful.

MONDAY, NOV. 18. — The ill-advised and arbitrary step of the President in removing the deposits from the Bank of the United States has, as was predicted, occasioned a collision between the branches of that institution and the State banks which have been selected to receive the public money, producing an awful scarcity of money, with immediate distress and melancholy forebodings to the merchants and others, who require credit to sustain them. Stocks of every description have fallen, — Delaware and Hudson, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fourteen; Boston and Providence, from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and three: in both of these I suffer. Money cannot be had on bond and mortgage at seven per cent., and I am told good notes will hardly be discounted at nine per cent.

TUESDAY, NOV. 19. — Mr. Clay told me this morning that he wished to visit Chancellor Kent, and I called for him and drove him to the Chancellor's, where we paid a delightful visit of about an hour, with which they were both highly gratified. It is a fine tribute to the character of my excellent friend that such a man as Mr. Clay, when he visits New York, is always desirous to see him. There is a virtuous simplicity about him which adorns the sterling qualities of his mind, and leaves us in doubt whether we are most fascinated by his good heart or his strong intellect.

I dined with Mr. Donaldson, where I met his distinguished father-in-law, Mr. Gaston, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Everett, Colonel Trumbull, Mr. Jay, Mr. David B. Ogden, etc. It was, of course, a pleasant dinner. I have seldom met a man with whom I was so much pleased as Mr. Gaston. He possesses a refined mind, cultivated understanding, and agreeable manners, and would be an ornament to public life, were it not that he adheres with honourable

pertinacity to the unfashionable name and principles of Federalism. More's the pity for the country !

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20. — Mr. Edward Everett, the distinguished member of Congress from Massachusetts, called to see me this morning, and sat half an hour with me. He is a man of fine talents, a good writer, and an eloquent orator ; a little pedantic, but his manners are unaffected, and his conversation instructive and agreeable. He is to deliver, this evening, the introductory to the course of lectures of the Mercantile Library Association, at Clinton Hall. It will, no doubt, be a great treat. I ought to go, and would like to, but I have engaged company at home to meet Mr. Clay. The following gentlemen supped with me : Mr. Clay, Mr. C. L. Livingston, Mr. Lydig, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Moore, Mr. H. Suydam, Mr. D. S. Jones, Mr. Talman, Mr. Giraud, Mr. I. S. Hone, Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. Bowne, and Dr. McLean. Mr. Clay, as usual, was exceedingly agreeable, and some of my guests declared they had never spent a more agreeable evening.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4. — The language of the message in relation to the Bank of the United States is even more violent and intemperate than could have been anticipated ; and in an important State paper, which is read with avidity in all parts of the world where our country and its institutions excite the least interest, it is undignified, because marked with strong personal feelings of hostility, and unjust, because it abounds in charges which cannot be proved, either by the President or the unworthy advisers who, influenced by paltry motives of pecuniary interest, avail themselves of the weakness of excited feelings and uncompromising obstinacy to promote their own objects.

MONDAY, DEC. 9. — The Bank of the United States has published an elaborate and able report in vindication of its measures, as a reply to the charges against it in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. It concludes with a recommendation of the adoption of the following resolution : “ That the removal of the public funds from the Bank of the United States under the circum-

stances and in the manner in which it has been effected, is a violation of the contract between the Government and the Bank; and that the President be instructed to present a memorial to Congress requesting that redress should be afforded for the wrong which has been done to the institution."

FRIDAY, DEC. 13. — The session of Congress has commenced in a stormy manner, and the President and his out-and-out supporters have been assailed in both Houses. The opposers of the administration are bold and determined, and its friends unprepared to stem the torrent. A resolution offered by Mr. Clay in the Senate to have the standing committees appointed by ballot instead of being nominated by the president of the Senate (the Vice-President not having taken the chair) was carried by a majority of five or six. This is understood to be an indication of the state of parties. Several questions have also come up in the House in relation to the removal of the deposits, the great question which is to agitate the country to its very centre, in which the vote has been so strong in opposition that there must be some awful quakings amongst those whose business in Washington is to sanction all rescripts from the seat of power and the source of patronage. Of our four representatives, White, Cambreling, and Lawrence have taken the bit kindly and drive very well; but Selden shows a strong disposition to restiveness, and the collar does not set easy upon him.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14. — I dined with Mr. Edward R. Jones. Peter A. Jay talks extremely well when he has a mind, and this day he was "in the vein." I do not know when I have been so well pleased, and we sat until ten o'clock.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27. — The holidays are gloomy; the weather is bad; the times are bad; stocks are falling; and a panic prevails which will result in bankruptcies and ruin in many quarters where, a few short weeks since, the sun of prosperity shone with unusual brightness. It will be worse before it is better.

MONDAY, DEC. 30. — The times are dreadfully hard. The supererogatory act of tyranny which the President exercised in removing

the deposits has produced a state of alarm and panic unprecedented in our city. The friends of the United States Bank on the one side, and the whole array of Jackson men, together with the friends of the Pet Banks, on the other, mutually accuse each other of being the cause of the pressure ; and so between them both, the community groans under the distress which these misunderstandings have created. "A plague on both your houses !" I say. The truth is, we are smarting under the lash which the vindictive ruler of our destinies has inflicted upon us as a penalty for the sin which Nicholas Biddle committed in opposing his election. My share of punishment amounts to \$20,000, which I have lost by the fall of stocks in the last sixty days. Delaware and Hudson Canal Company stock has fallen suddenly from one hundred and twenty-five per cent. to seventy-five per cent. ; Boston and Providence Railroad, from one hundred and fifteen per cent. to eighty-eight per cent. ; Camden and Amboy, from one hundred and fifty per cent. to one hundred and twenty-five per cent. Delaware and Hudson fell twenty per cent. in two days, owing principally to the failure of Shipman & Corning, brokers, who have been gambling in the stock, and being caught with heavy contracts when the fall took place, were unable to fulfil them, and a great amount of hypothecated stock was thrown at once in the market. The removal of the deposits I believe to be the great cause of the pecuniary distress, to which may be added the operation of cash duties on woollens, which brings a large amount of payments into the Treasury. The gambling in stocks which has been carried on by the brokers to an extent disgraceful to the commercial character of the city is another cause of the distress. It consists in selling out stocks ahead, as it is called, where a man buys and sells to the amount of millions, without owning a dollar of the stock, betting it will fall, and then taking pains by every kind of lying and chicanery to injure the reputation of the stock that he may win. This, the good sense of the merchants, aided by the endeavours of the honourable part of the brokers, may remedy in time, and the effect of

double engagements at the Custom-House will soon end, for the old bonds are nearly run out. But the great cause of the evil, the opposition of General Jackson to the Bank of the United States, admits no ray of hope. He has said it. He takes the responsibility. His flatterers, the sycophants who crawl beneath his feet, impose upon his weakness and flatter his vanity; they persuade him that his obstinacy is firmness, and his vengeance Roman dignity.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31. — The year 1833 commenced with brilliant prospects of national prosperity and individual happiness, and during the greater part of the year those prospects continued unchanged, and the fair expectations of those who were reasonably sanguine appeared likely to be realized. The merchants were doing a good and profitable business, and the bounty of Providence, which gave plentiful crops to the farmer, and the state of foreign and domestic commerce, which afforded him a good and certain market, enriched the country and enabled the merchants in other States to meet their New York engagements with punctuality. Real estate increased in value, money was as plenty as it ought to be, and the improvement of the city kept pace with the enterprise and resources of the citizens. But the change is melancholy, and has fallen upon us so suddenly that men feel the blow and know not whence it comes. Public confidence is shaken, personal property has no fixed value, and *sauve qui peut* is the maxim of the day. Never in any year did the 31st of December fail so completely to redeem the pledges of the 1st of January.

1834.

JANUARY 1. — The year commences with a beautiful, mild, sunshiny day. May it prove ominous of a dispersion of the political clouds which hang over the country, and of the cheerfulness which will result from a restoration of confidence among our citizens and a return of good times!

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8. — Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. It was a proud day for America, and the chief who then “plucked up the drowning honour of the nation by the locks,” well deserved the gratitude of the people. But, alas, how has he been overpaid, and at what a sacrifice have they rewarded his services! Any arm which has strength enough to wield a hammer and an axe may destroy the most beautiful work of a Phidias or a Michael Angelo; but where is the artist who can restore its desecrated remains to their original beauty, and where the power which can bid the delicate machinery of individual credit and public confidence to resume its harmonious functions when once deranged and put out of tune by the hands of ignorance and misdirected power?

TUESDAY, JAN. 21. — The commercial distress caused by the derangement of the relations between the Government and the Bank of the United States does not appear to be alleviated. On the contrary, the sacrifices which are necessary to support individual credit are becoming more oppressive, and there seems to be no quarter of the political horizon to which men are to look for a ray of sunshine. In both Houses of Congress the all-absorbing topic of the removal of the deposits occupies the time, and the members on both sides of the question seem determined to have their talk out. Mr. Webster stands on ground of his own. He belongs to none of the political parties, — the friend of his country and the supporter of the Constitution. As chairman of the Committee of

Finance, he is preparing to come out with a report from which much is expected. His chance of success in any measure to settle the present difficulty is better than that of any other man, from the nature of his position. It is not impossible that he may enjoy the triumph of saving his country. Mr. Clay had that triumph last season; the effect of his compromise of the tariff question is now apparent and acknowledged by all. For if that question had been left unsettled and suffered to mix with those other subjects which agitate the public mind and fill the hearts of good men with alarm for the future, it is impossible to say what would have been the consequences. But Mr. Clay can do nothing now; the bitter feeling of animosity which the President entertains toward that patriot forbids the possibility of his exercising any influence over the minds of the party which constitutes the majority in the lower House. Mr. Webster may succeed better. He does not stand so much in the way, and they may not be unwilling to adopt with him some terms of compromise. Of one thing we may be certain, — that the honour of the country and the security of its institutions are safe in his hands.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22. — The memorial to Congress, adopted at the meeting on Saturday, has received three thousand signatures, embracing nearly all the respectable merchants; and a meeting was called at the same place, No. 40 William street, but the numbers were so great that the meeting adjourned to the Exchange. Jonathan Goodhue was chairman, and John P. Stagg, secretary. The following gentlemen were appointed delegates to proceed with the memorial to Washington: James G. King, D. W. C. Olyphant, James Boorman, George S. Robbins, Pelatiah Perit, John Crumby, Sam. S. Howland, James W. Otis, Charles H. Russell, Robert C. Cornell, John A. Stephens, and G. P. Disosway.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23. — This was the most brilliant affair we have seen in a long time. “Mr. Ray at home, Thursday, 23d inst. Quadrilles at nine o’clock.” The very cards gave promise of *quelque chose distin-*

Mr. Ray’s
Party.

guée. The fashionable world rushed with excited expectation to the gay scene, and none were disappointed. Mr. Ray has the finest house in New York, and it is furnished and fitted up in a style of the utmost magnificence, — painted ceilings, gilded mouldings, rich satin ottomans, curtains in the last Parisian taste, and splendid mirrors which reflect and multiply all the *rays*, great and small.

On this occasion all the science of all the accomplished *artistes* was put in requisition; decorators, cooks, and confectioners vied with each other, and each in his vocation seemed to have produced the *ne plus ultra*; and, unlike other entertainments of the kind, the spirit of jealousy and emulation cannot be excited to an inconvenient degree, for as no person possesses such a house, and very few the means to show it off in the same style, it will not be considered incumbent upon others to attempt to rival this splendid *fête*, and it will be no disgrace to play second fiddle to such a leader.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28. — The strong expression of public opinion which the circulation of the memorial to Congress has called forth occasions great alarm amongst the Jackson men, and orders have been issued from the “Republican General Committee” at Tammany Hall for meetings to be held in the several wards to-morrow evening and a general meeting on Thursday evening, not of citizens interested in the momentous question which occupies every mind, but of the *Jackson party*, who are to approve all that has been, or may be, done. The sufferings of the merchants from present evils, and the fearful apprehensions of the future, are of no moment compared to the preservation of party discipline. Many of the President’s political friends regret the ill-advised and rash step which he took in removing the deposits, but they dare not advise him to make the only amends in his power, by retracing it. The pressure increases. Stocks fall every day; Delaware and Hudson sold to-day at sixty-eight per cent.; Boston and Providence Railroad, eighty-three per cent.;

Mohawk and Hudson, about the same. It was worth once, one hundred and ninety per cent. I believe Cambreling sold out at that, and now he is one of the set who laugh at our misfortunes, and refuse to take those measures for our relief which are within their power as representatives of the people.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29. — The old line of Liverpool Packets. packets originally established by Isaac Wright and Francis Thompson has been sold out, and Goodhue & Co. are to be the agents in the future; the house of Baring & Co., of London, is said to be concerned in the speculation. Six fine ships have been purchased for \$216,000, or \$36,000 each. The establishment of this line of packets and the punctuality with which it has been conducted served as a pioneer and pattern to all other lines which were subsequently established between this port and London, Liverpool, Havre, and la Vera Cruz, and has contributed more than any other cause to the commercial prosperity of New York, and her unrivalled eminence among her sister cities. The original proprietors, Wright & Thompson (both of whom are deceased), were well calculated for such an undertaking; bold and enterprising, they were distinguished for habits of industry and methodical correctness in business, peculiar to the religious sect (the Quakers) of which they were members; and notwithstanding the pecuniary difficulties which one of them, Mr. Thompson, had to contend with, and which terminated in his failure, the line of packets has been kept up in its original integrity, and its business has been always well conducted until now, when it has passed into other hands equally competent to its management, and possessing in a high degree the confidence and good opinion of the public.

FRIDAY, FEB. 7. — Out of forty-six packet-ships plying between New York and London, Liverpool, and Havre, but two are now in port, both of which, in the ordinary course of things, ought to sail to-morrow. Our latest advices from Liverpool are seventy-one days old, London seventy-two, and Paris seventy-five. This

has never before happened since the establishment of regular lines of American packets, about forty years ago, it is said, when there were only British packets running between here and Liverpool, one leaving each port monthly. It happened on one occasion that the packets for December, January, and February all arrived here on the same day.

Great Meeting. A public meeting having been called by a notice signed by many respectable names of "the citizens who are opposed to the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, and who are in favour of a sound currency by means of a national bank," an immense concourse assembled at twelve o'clock at the place of meeting, — the park. The number is computed at from twelve to fifteen thousand. I was waited upon by a committee and requested to officiate as chairman. When I came on the ground, precisely at twelve o'clock, I found an immense crowd already assembled, consisting principally of the most respectable mechanics and others in the city, — men of character, respectability, and personal worth, with a few miscreants who went, perhaps, of their own accord, but were more probably sent there to excite disturbance and disturb the proceedings. The rabble had gotten possession of the chair, and it required some hard thumps to clear the way sufficiently for me to come forward. I attempted to address the meeting, but the yells of the mob, and the noise of better-disposed persons in attempting to command silence, rendered all my efforts unavailing; so I put the question upon the resolutions, which were carried by an immense majority, and then adjourned the meeting; but the mob did not disperse for a considerable time afterward. This apparently organized outrage upon the freedom of the citizens cannot fail to strengthen our cause, for they will not consent to be muffled, and will convince their rulers that public opinion means something more than the drilled voices of certain political friends of General Jackson, who are pledged, body and soul, to support him at all events.

Public
Meeting.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11. — The delegates who were appointed to carry the merchants' memorial to Washington having returned, a meeting of the signers was called this afternoon at the Exchange to receive their report. Such a meeting never before assembled in New York. When I reached the spot at the hour of meeting, the great room in the Exchange with all its avenues, the vestibule, and the porch were filled, and three or four thousand persons occupied the street in front, — all firm and enthusiastic, but orderly and decorous in the extreme. The meeting within doors was organized precisely at half-past four o'clock by the appointment of Jonathan Goodhue as chairman, and John P. Stagg, secretary. The report of the delegates, announcing the unsuccessful result of their mission, was read by James G. King. On motion of John A. Stevens, the following resolution was adopted unanimously: "That with a view to the importance of combining mercantile influence and opinions for commercial and not for party ends, and by the exercise of this influence to ameliorate present distresses and to avert future evils, that a Union Committee of twenty-five persons be now appointed, whose duty it shall be to confer with committees of the State and national banks, with a view to produce that entire concert and harmony of action essential to enable them to afford the greatest possible relief to the community." The following persons were appointed and constitute the Union Committee: Albert Gallatin, James G. King, Jonathan Goodhue, G. G. Howland, John Haggerty, Nathaniel Weed, James Boorman, John W. Leavitt, James Brown, David Lee, Rufus L. Lord, Fanning C. Tucker, Isaac Carow, Elbert J. Anderson, John G. Coster, Francis Olmstead, Thomas Brooks, Charles H. Russell, Herbert Van Wagenen, E. G. Fale, Joseph Kernochan, Philip Hone, John A. Stevens, John P. Stagg, and D. W. C. Olyphant. The meeting then adjourned into the street, and the vast body came pouring down the principal avenue like a mighty rushing river to mix with the multitudinous sea beneath. The whole street

from William street to a distance below the Exchange was a compact, solid mass of men. I was called upon from all parts of the crowd to read the report and resolutions for the benefit of the out-door part of the concern, and was placed in a conspicuous situation on one of the pedestals at the end of the steps forming the great entrance. I was received in the most flattering manner, and read them with considerable effect, notwithstanding the disadvantage I suffered from not having seen the papers or heard them read previously. I then adjourned the meeting, and the great, the sublime, the intelligent mass separated and retired with decorum and dignity. Such an assemblage has never before been witnessed in New York; the spectacle from the elevation on which I stood was extremely imposing, — a solid mass of heads with faces beaming with intelligence, actuated by one strong feeling, silent, attentive, decorous; every sentiment was understood, every patriotic expression in the report and resolution responded to with feeling and reflection. If this is not a public opinion, we may look in vain for it.

WASHINGTON, MONDAY, MARCH 3. — Our party, with the Kembles, left Baltimore at seven o'clock and arrived here at three, and I got a good room at Gadsby's, which had been previously engaged for me by Mr. Selden. At five o'clock I went to dine with Baron Behr. He has the apartments formerly occupied by Bankhead, and the cook also, an *artiste* of the highest grade. The Colonel and I went to the theatre to see the Kembles in "Hamlet;" but Fanny Kemble in the Washington Theatre is like a canary-bird in a mouse-trap, and I soon came away and went to a delightful party at Mrs. Tayloe's. There I met many distinguished people and all the Washington belles.

MARCH 4. — I called this morning on the Vice-President, Secretaries McLane, Cass, and Woodbury, and several others. In the number was Sir Charles R. Vaughan, who, while I was so engaged, was at my lodgings, having with his usual kindness laid aside etiquette, and called as soon as he heard of my being in town to engage me for dinner to-morrow.

The terrible question which agitates the whole country is as far as ever from a happy termination. The late message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, attributing the financial distress of the country to the Bank of the United States, has thrown all aback, for better things were expected. The President is more obstinate than ever, and the Speaker (Stevenson), with whom I had a talk this morning, is as subservient as the most docile man at Tammany Hall. How is it possible that a high-minded Virginian like him should consent to administer to the vanity and prejudice of a weak, unreasonable old man? But my friend wishes to go to England. My first visit this morning was to Mr. Clay. He says our only hope is in the elections in our State and Pennsylvania. Let them go for us, and a sufficient majority will be found in Congress to set things right, in spite of the opposition of the *greatest and best*. Our only relief is in the ballot-boxes. Is it not worth fighting for?

MARCH 5. — I returned a number of visits, walked up to the Capitol with Mr. Webster and Mr. Chauncey, spent two or three hours in the two Houses (the ladies were too wise to go in, but pursued their walk), and afterward went to dine with Sir Charles R. Vaughan, where we had the Kembles, Commodore and Mrs. Chauncey, De Behr, Colonel McDougal, etc. Lynch dined with us, but he is on a pretty severe regimen, and looks poorly.

MARCH 6. — The proceedings in the House have been more interesting to me than heretofore. I was admitted upon the floor, a favour conferred so charily under the present rules as very much to enhance its value. This gave me a fine opportunity to converse with all the leading members. Among others I had a long talk about the state of affairs with that sagacious man, John Quincy Adams; and if I was not instructed, it was my own fault. He agrees with Mr. Clay that our only hope lies in the elections in New York and Pennsylvania, particularly our charter election. I heard Mr. Webster argue a cause in the Supreme Court. I say with the fair Venetian, "Would that Heaven had made me such a man!" Mr. Preston, the new senator from South Carolina, is a

very interesting man. I had a long conversation with him at Major Smith's. He is ardent and romantic like his countrymen, and apparently well educated ; an eloquent speaker (and saving the sin of nullification), a wise and patriotic statesman.

MARCH 7. — Contrary to my expectation, this has been a great day in the Senate. Mr. Webster made a glorious speech on the presentation of a memorial in favour of the bank and of a restoration of the deposits, and Mr. Clay introduced the proceedings on the same subject of a meeting of mechanics concerned in building in Philadelphia, in one of the most eloquent appeals to the feelings of his audience that I have ever heard. It was solemn, energetic, and impressive, especially in that part in which he addressed the Vice-President personally, and exhorted him to use the influence he possesses over the President to persuade him to a better course of measures. "And if I touch your heart," said he, "and persuade you to come to the rescue of your suffering country, I shall merit her gratitude and promote your glory." Touch Mr. Van Buren's heart, — good ! Mr. Webster beckoned me out of the Senate into one of the committee-rooms, where we had more than an hour's talk. He unburdened his mind fully on the state of affairs and future prospects, explained all that has passed, and fully laid open his future plans. He will be in New York in a fortnight, for one night, when he wishes me to convene a few of our political friends to meet and consult with him. His plans for an extension of the bank charter will be laid before the Senate on Monday, where it will lie for a fortnight. He showed it to me, and explained his views and expectations in relation to it. I was exceedingly flattered by this mark of Mr. Webster's confidence, and certainly never heard a man talk so.

MARCH 8. — I dined with the Vice-President, where I met a large party of officers, diplomats, and members of Congress.

MARCH 9. — I called for Mrs. Webster this morning, and went with her to the Episcopal church on President's square, where Rev. Mr. Hawley preached ; after which Commodore Chauncey

and I drove out to the navy yard, where we made a pleasant visit to Commodore Hull and the ladies. The Commodore presented me with a box made from one of the original live-oak timbers of the frigate "Constitution." I dined with Judge Wayne and Mr. Cambreling, and passed the remainder of the evening with Mr. Clay.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15. — The President has renominated to the Senate the Government directors of the Bank of the United States whom they rejected the other day, with a threat, it is said, that he will appeal to the people if their nomination is not confirmed. It is difficult to tell what this means, but his hostility against the Senate will lead him into some extravagant acts of rage, which he relies upon his popularity to bear him out of. Selden has returned to Washington. He was received by the merchants at the Exchange with cheers and other marks of their approval of his conduct. Mr. Biddle returned yesterday to Philadelphia. Crowds of people followed him in Wall street, to gaze upon the man who has been made conspicuous by the unrelenting hostility of President Jackson. The merchants, however, expressed their approbation of his course by applause similar to that which they gave to Mr. Selden.

MARCH 18. — Washington Irving acquainted me with a circumstance to-day which occasions me the deepest regret. Stuart Newton, the eminent painter, his friend and mine, was, at the last accounts from London, a lunatic confined in a mad-house. His poor wife, the former lovely Miss Sullivan, with her child is in the greatest possible distress, and has written to her father to come out and bring her home when death shall have closed her husband's unhappy calamity. I am told there is a taint of madness in Newton's family; his uncle, Gilbert Stuart, the great portrait painter, had the character of a very eccentric man, at least. It is melancholy to observe how slight is the division line between the higher order of genius and the loss of intellect. Stupidity is a comfortable quality; men grow rich and fat and easy under it; they

live out their days, and sleep sound at night, and do not scorch their brains by soaring into the bright regions of imagination. I saw Weir afterward, who told me that he has heard that Newton is dead.

MARCH 19. — The Committee of National Republicans appointed to nominate a mayor met last evening, and nominated for that office Gulian C. Verplanck. This gentleman was ousted from his seat in Congress by the Jackson party, because he would not go all lengths in his opposition to the United States Bank. In that point of view he is a good candidate, and his success will be a triumph for the bank party; but I do not think him a popular man, or by any means well qualified for the office. He is not a practical man; learned he certainly is, and an able writer on subjects connected with *belles-lettres* and the fine arts; but he knows little of mankind, and his political course has been unsteady as the wind. Still he must be supported. The Tammany men have sent a deputation to Albany to obtain Charles L. Livingston's consent to run as their candidate for the mayoralty. He is more suited for the office, and if he had not committed himself against his judgment in the approval of the ruinous course of measures pursued by the administration in relation to the bank, I would have supported him with all my heart. As it is, I shall have to make some sacrifice of feeling in voting for Mr. Verplanck against him. But it cannot be helped; the salvation of the country depends in a great measure upon the defeat of the Jackson party in the struggle which will come on next month, and personal predilections must give way to the public good.

MARCH 21. — Mr. Livingston refuses, it is understood, to run as mayor. Mr. Cornelius W. Lawrence has been applied to, and consents to run as the candidate of the Jackson or Tammany party. This is a bold measure on the part of the Jackson men. Mr. Lawrence is now their congressman, and circumstances have placed him on prominent ground as an opposer of the bank and supporter of the measures of the administration (against his conscience, as I believe on

The
Mayor.

mine). He has been vilified by the delegates of the merchants for refusing to present their memorial, and his name has been hissed when it occurred in their report. He is most heartily sick of his present situation, but he is compelled by his party to accept the nomination of mayor. This will be a fair trial of the issue, — Mr. Lawrence, the man who has for the sake of party proved recreant to the interests of the merchants, of which profession he is a member, on the one side, and Mr. Verplanck, who lost his seat in Congress because he would not pursue the same course, on the other. The personal characters of both these gentlemen are irreproachable. Verplanck at first declined the nomination, but it is now understood that he consents to serve.

MARCH 25. — I availed myself of a regular rainy day to stay at home and prepare books for binding and file my letters. Such a day once in a while is a jewel beyond price.

APRIL 2. — Politics occupy all my time. Mr. Webster wrote me from Washington that he would be in New York this afternoon on his way to Boston, and agreeably to his suggestion when I saw him in Washington, I invited a number of our political friends to meet him at my house. James G. King, G. G. Howland, Giraud, and Isaac dined with us at three o'clock; at four Mr. Webster arrived, and found the following gentlemen assembled to receive him: Jonathan Goodhue, Samuel Ward, James G. King, Charles H. Russell, David B. Ogden, John A. Stevens, Joseph Hoxie, Jacob P. Giraud, George F. Talman, Isaac S. Hone, G. G. Howland, David S. Jones, A. Chandler, Samuel Stevens, Charles King, Hugh Maxwell, John W. Leavitt, Philip W. Engs, and George Zabriskie. We had a full, free, and interesting conversation, in which the great Massachusetts senator detailed all his operations during the session, and confirmed in the most emphatic manner the declaration which he made to me at Washington, that the hopes of our friends there to bring about a favourable change in the affairs of the country rely mainly upon the success of the great struggle which is to take place in New York next week.

APRIL 3. — Mr. Webster left New York for Boston at five o'clock this afternoon ; the wharf near the steamboat was crowded with people, who saluted him with repeated cheers. Thousands pressed forward for a sight of the defender of the people's rights and the supporter of the Constitution and laws of the country.

APRIL 4. — Mr. John Jacob Astor arrived yesterday in the packet-ship "Utica" from Havre. The news of his wife's death will be the first to meet him. He comes in time to witness the pulling down of the block of houses next to that on which I live, — the whole front from Barclay to Vesey street, on Broadway, — where he is going to erect a New York *palais royal*, which will cost him five or six hundred thousand dollars.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8. — The election for mayor and charter officers commenced this day with a degree of spirit and zeal in both parties never before witnessed. This is the first election for mayor by the people since the new law, and has acquired immense importance, since it is considered a test of the approval or disapproval of the people of New York of the arbitrary and unconstitutional measures of the President and his advisers, and as it will influence the politics of the State in the more important elections next fall. The number of votes will be very great (probably thirty-five thousand) ; the Whig party, whose candidate for mayor is Mr. Verplanck, are active, zealous, and confident of success. A great meeting was held yesterday at four o'clock, at the Exchange, at which Benjamin Strong presided, and John W. Leavitt and Edmund Penfold were secretaries. The meeting was addressed by John A. Stevens, George W. Bruen, James G. King, Charles H. Russell, and Chandler Starr, and several resolutions were passed, one of which recommends to the merchants and traders to omit their usual attendance at the Exchange, and to close their stores and places of business at noon on each of the three days of the election, in order to devote their undivided attention to the great business of reform at the polls. This last suggestion has been in part observed ; many stores are closed to-day, and several have

notices on the doors that the inmates are gone to the polls to vote for Verplanck. A very large meeting was also held last evening of adopted citizens at Masonic Hall to approve the course of Dr. MacNeven in joining our party. After the meeting adjourned they went to his house and cheered him, and he addressed them, wishing the party success. They came also before my door and gave me some hearty huzzas, but I was unfortunately absent, having gone to the theatre with my girls and Miss Kane. My wife was alarmed at the row, as I had a visit of another kind a few evenings since from a party of the retainers of Tammany Hall, and she was not able in her fright to distinguish between the shouts of enemies and the cheers of friends.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10. — Last day of the election; dreadful riots between the Irish and the Americans have again disturbed the public peace. The Mayor arrived with a strong body of watchmen, but they were attacked and overcome, and many of the watchmen are severely wounded. Eight of them were carried to the hospital, where I went to visit them. The Mayor has ordered out Colonel Sanford's regiment and a troop of horse, and proper measures have been taken to preserve order, but we apprehend a dreadful night. This outrage has been instigated by a few men in the sixth ward, — George D. Strong, Abraham LeRoy, Dr. Rhineland, Preserved Fish, and a few like him. Let them answer for it.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11. — Such an excitement! So wonderful is the result of this election that all New York has been kept in a state of alarm; immense crowds have been collected at Masonic and Tammany Halls, but the greatest concourse was in front of the Exchange. The street was a dense mass of people. Partial returns were coming in every few minutes, and so close has been the vote that the Whigs at the Exchange and the small party for Jackson in front of the office of the "Standard" opposite shouted alternately as the news was favourable to one or the other; and up to the last moment the result was doubtful, when, at the close of the canvass, the majority for Mr. Lawrence, the Jackson candidate, out

of the immense number of votes — thirty-five thousand one hundred and forty-one — was found to be one hundred and seventy-nine. There is no doubt, however, that we have elected a majority of aldermen and assistants. The Common Council is reformed, and we shall succeed in the great fall election. It is a signal triumph of good principles over violence, illegal voting, party discipline, and the influence of office-holders.

APRIL 12. — The following gentlemen dined with us, all Whigs, and most of them active men in the late contest; it was a feast of triumph for the result of the election, and we drank success to the cause in the best wine I had to give them: Francis Granger, John Greig, Bryant P. Tilden, of Boston, who has just arrived from Canton, Sydney Brooks, William H. Aspinwall, Simeon Draper, Jr., Charles King, Charles H. Hammond, Isaac S. Hone, Charles H. Russell, and James Monroe.

APRIL 15. — This was the day of the great *fête* at Castle Garden to celebrate the triumph gained by the Whig party in the late charter election in this city, and it went off gloriously. Tens of thousands of freemen, full of zeal and patriotism, filled the area of the castle; every inch of ground was occupied. Tables were spread in a double row within the outer circumference; three pipes of wine and forty barrels of beer were placed in the centre under an awning, and served out during the repast. Many speeches were made, regular and volunteer toasts were drunk, and the beautiful little frigate "Constitution," which has borne so conspicuous a station in the late struggle, was placed upon the top of the building which forms the entrance to the garden, from which she fired a salute during the *fête*. All was enthusiasm, and the shouts from time to time rent the air. But on a signal given the immense concourse broke up in good order, and no excess or rioting marred the pleasure of the day. Six or eight thousand men formed a procession, and marched off the Battery, preceded by a band of music. Of these, a large number went into Greenwich street. Having learned that Mr. Webster (who had declined the

invitation of the committee to unite in the celebration at Castle Garden) was on a visit to Mrs. Edgar, they formed in a solid body before the house, and called for him. He made his appearance at one of the windows, and was received with shouts that rent the air. I was admitted through the basement, and having passed through the kitchen, came into the front room as Mr. Webster began to address the multitude. His address was full of fire, and was received with rapturous shouts. After he retired, he was called again, and spoke a few words more, when the mighty mass moved off as they came, with order and propriety. I walked up with him as far as my house. He was engaged to sup with Mr. Samuel Stevens, where I was also invited, but did not go.

APRIL 16. — Giraud and I started this morning on a fishing excursion to Long Island. We dined at Timothy Carman's, where we met John Suydam, Garrit Storm, Edmund Smith, and Augustus Wynkoop. We went on to Snedecor's after dinner, where we found the house so full that if we had not taken the precaution to write in advance for beds, we might have lain on the floor. There was Hamilton Wilkes, William E. Laight, Mr. Kortright, Thomas Morris, Clinton Norton, and several others, some of whom were on their return from the Fire-place. The weather was fine, with southerly wind — a good prospect for fishing.

We came to Sam Carman's at eleven o'clock, and took a good mess of trout. Mr. Suydam and Mr. Storm came to dine with us, Mr. Smith and Mr. Wynkoop having gone down to the bay brant-shooting. They returned to Patchogue after dinner; easterly wind and cold, but the fish are plenty.

SATURDAY. — Cloudy weather and rain part of the morning and a severe thunder-storm in the afternoon. Giraud and I went down the creek with Joe in the boat to fish, and I took some of the largest trout I ever saw. One weighed two pounds seven ounces, and one two pounds. Joe Carman took the largest, weighing two pounds twelve ounces. They were a beautiful sight. We have

been rather unfortunate in weather, but I have never seen the fish so fine and so plentiful.

At Home. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23. — What a pile of newspapers to read and what a bundle of letters to answer, and how much news to record in this journal! The Whigs of Philadelphia had a grand celebration yesterday at Powelton on the Schuylkill of our late victory. Philadelphia is not the only city which has celebrated our victory. The Whigs of Albany fired one hundred guns. Buffalo made a great affair of it with guns and illuminations. Portsmouth, N.H., received the news with one hundred guns, had a town-meeting, and made speeches. There was also a grand affair at Goshen, which brought all Orange County together. Baltimore is making preparations.

Mr. Leslie, the painter, sailed for England on Wednesday, having resigned the office of professor of drawing in the Military Academy at West Point. On the evening before his departure he met a large party of artists and literary gentlemen, at the rooms of the Academy of Design. I was invited, but it was the evening of the day on which I left town. Weir is an applicant for the office which Leslie has left. I wrote in his behalf to the Secretary of War, who replied to me in the most frank manner, that if the place became vacant Mr. Weir should have the appointment.

MAY 1. — Mr. Astor commenced this morning the demolition of the valuable buildings on the block fronting Broadway from Barclay to Vesey street, on which ground his great hotel is to be erected. The dust and rubbish will be almost intolerable; but the establishment will be a great public advantage, and the edifice an ornament to the city, and for centuries to come will serve, as it was probably intended, as a monument of its wealthy proprietor. I am sorry to observe since Mr. Astor's return from Europe that his health is declining. He appears sickly and feeble, and I have some doubt if he will live to witness the completion of his splendid edifice.

MAY 12. — Cornelius W. Lawrence, the mayor-elect, made his triumphal entry on Saturday. The Tammany party determined to make the most of the little they gained in the late charter election, mustered all their forces, hired a steamboat, and went down to Amboy, where they received their mayor, elected by a majority of one hundred and eighty-one out of thirty-five thousand votes, with colours flying and loud huzzas; had a dinner on board, when Jackson toasts were drunk and Jackson speeches made; and on his landing at Castle Garden he was placed in a barouche with four white horses, and attended by Walter Bowne, Stephen Allen, Preserved Fish, and two or three hundred of their followers, paraded through the streets. I pity poor Lawrence sincerely. He is not suited to such things, and will not be suited to the office into which they are about to thrust him. He was uncomfortable in his seat in Congress: there was (as my late venerable friend Dr. Stanford once told me) a pin in the cushion; but he will find pins and thorns enough in that which he is to assume to-morrow, and I am mistaken in the man if he will not consider the shouts of a set of mere party demagogues a poor compensation for the forfeiture of the good opinion of that part of his fellow-citizens with whom he has hitherto associated.

MAY 13. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Lord Powerscourt, Jacob Harvey, Mr. Parnell, George Barclay, Captain Campbell, John Laurie, Capt. H. Hamilton, Henry Cary. Lord Powerscourt, who has just arrived in the United States, is a young Irish lord only nineteen years of age. He appears to be modest and intelligent. We were much pleased with him at dinner. His travelling companion, Mr. Parnell, also a young man, is a nephew of Sir Henry Parnell.

MAY 15. — The unsightly wooden railings in the park have been removed and chestnut posts erected in their place, from which iron chains are to be appended, which will improve the prospect from my house. Mr. Astor's buildings are nearly all removed; the dust from the immense mass of rubbish has been almost intolerable for

the last fortnight, and the crowds who promenade Broadway are compelled, like many of the politicians of the present day, to change sides, with this difference, that the one comes over to my side and the other leaves it.

MAY 20. — Something in Major Downing's style. Two or three of us were talking together yesterday morning on board the steamboat and, as is the fashion now-a-days, abusing General Jackson, and marvelling at the undeserved popularity which he still enjoys in some parts of our country, when the subject was illustrated by Colonel Worth in the following story: On the arrival of the stage in one of the towns in the interior of Pennsylvania, during the President's far-famed journey to the East, the crowd assembled in the bar-room of the tavern collected around the driver with the usual inquiry, "What news?" — "Why, haven't you heard?" said the waggish driver. "The General made his grand entry into Philadelphia yesterday in a barouche drawn by four gray horses; and the crowd pressing around him so as to obstruct his progress, he just stepped out of the carriage, drew his sword, and run one fellow clean through the body." — "The darned fool," exclaimed one of the auditors, "why didn't he stand out of the General's way!"

MAY 31. — Having been invited with a number of the stockholders of the Boston and Providence Railroad Company to attend the opening of a part of the road and the meeting for the election of directors on Wednesday, I availed myself of the occasion to carry into effect an excursion to New Hampshire, Maine, and the White Hills. I brought with me my daughter Margaret and Joanna Anthon, and we embarked on board the fine steamboat "Boston," the accommodations of which are at least equal to any on the Hudson river. She has a round-house and pleasant state-rooms on the upper deck, one of which was occupied by the girls.

BOSTON, JUNE 1. — The position of Newport is superb, and I was surprised to find it so large a town. The ride to Boston is beautiful; we came through Dedham, by Roxbury and the Neck, and could not avoid being delighted with the view of the fine

country, good roads, magnificent country-seats and neat cottages, notwithstanding it rained the whole afternoon. We got to Boston at seven o'clock, and dined at the Tremont House, where excellent quarters had been provided by the attention of Mr. Belknap, who called immediately to see us, and my reverend and excellent friend Dr. Wainwright sat half an hour with us.

JUNE 2. — The storm is over, and this morning we assembled in our pleasant parlour which overlooks the extensive cemetery of Park-street church and its ancient elms. We arrived at Sharon, where we met the railroad party, consisting of Messrs. Woolsey, Townsend, and Russell, of New York; Jackson, Wales, Thomas, and George Perkins; Loring, Moran, Rivière, and others from Boston; and Ives and Potter from Providence, with the gentlemen of the engineer department. We sat down to a good dinner provided for the occasion, with excellent wines, which had been brought from Boston. We left Sharon, and after viewing several important points on the railroad, returned to Boston at nine o'clock. I then went to the Mayor's, General Lyman, who gave a *soirée* to the civil and military characters on the occasion of the annual election of the artillery company, where I met the Governor of the State, Mr. John Davis, a distinguished man, and Mr. Armstrong, the Lieutenant-Governor, with whom I was much pleased; and many others whom it was well to know. Mr. Davis has been recently elected, and the State lost a most excellent and valuable representative in Congress when they gained in him a good governor.

JUNE 3. — The railroad party assembled at the depot to make an excursion on the road; but there was some deficiency in the locomotive engine, and the affair was postponed until to-morrow. Many of our friends called upon us during the morning, and after dinner Mr. William Appleton called in his carriage, and we took one of those beautiful drives with which the environs of Boston abound. We crossed the bridge to Cambridge, saw the colleges, and went to Mount Auburn, the great cemetery of Boston, from which it is distant about five miles. After leaving Mount Auburn

we drove to Bunker's Hill. The monument which was begun with so much spirit eight or nine years ago on the spot where Warren fell, and where Great Britain was first taught to respect the energy and devotion of a people determined to be free, is still unfinished. It was commenced, as such things usually are in this country, upon too large a scale; the funds have run out, and it will require fresh exertions and a new impulse to finish it upon the original plan.

JUNE 4. — The directors and a number of invited gentlemen met at the depot of the company at nine o'clock and made the first trip on the railroad, under the direction of Captain McNeill, the chief engineer, and his assistants. The train of carriages was attached to a locomotive, and we went on very well to within a short distance of Dedham, where a collation was provided, with champagne, punch, etc. While we were partaking of this, the engineers indulged the country folk, — men, women, and children, — by riding them on the road a few miles, after which we returned at an accelerated speed, and came in town, ten miles, in twenty-five minutes.

JUNE 6. — The girls and I dined with Mr. Harrison G. Otis and Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter. They had an exceedingly agreeable party to meet us, and our dinner was pleasant as possible. We went from Mrs. Otis's to a party at Mr. William Sullivan's, where we found pleasant company and good music. Mr. Sullivan got a bottle of Eclipse wine for my special benefit, of which I had to drink two or three glasses, notwithstanding the copious libations to which I had been tempted where I dined. This Eclipse wine was imported into Boston in 1806, and arrived at the moment of the great solar eclipse, to which circumstance it owes its name, although it might claim it upon the ground of its eclipsing almost all other wines. I think it is perfection.

DOVER, N. H., JUNE 9. — We finished our delightful visit at Boston, and came away in the stage at eight o'clock this morning. Came to Newburyport, by Salem, thirty-five miles, to dinner. Then to Portsmouth. The Rockingham House has been lately

fitted up. It was formerly the residence of Mr. Woodbury Langdon, father of the gentleman who married Miss Astor.

JUNE 14. — The old Yankee character appears to me to be nearly extinct. I have taken pains to bring out some originals among the persons I have met since we left Boston; I have found them generally civil and obliging and disposed to be communicative, but there are no oddities such as we used to meet in former days. The march of refinement and the progress of improvement which has substituted cotton-mills and railroads for mountains and cataracts has made men ashamed of those broad lines of national character which became them so well.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21. — The mail brought the "Journal of Commerce" of yesterday, which announces the arrival of the packet-ship "Silas Richards," bringing news from England to the 24th of May. My venerable friend Lafayette died at his house, Rue d'Anjou, a few minutes before five o'clock in the morning of the 20th of May, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

JUNE 25. — The ceremonies in honour of Lafayette took place to-day under direction of a joint committee of the Common Council. It was the last tribute of New York to the last major-general of the Continental army, the hero of the American Revolution, the ardent apostle of liberty, the benevolent, the virtuous Lafayette, and everything was done as it should have been. An urn, covered by the wings of the American eagle, well done in bronze plaster, was drawn by four white horses in the centre of a hollow square formed by the Lafayette Guards and followed by the pall-bearers in barouches. These were members of the Cincinnati, associates of Lafayette in the War of the Revolution, and their selection was left with delicacy and good taste, by the committee, to the society. They consisted of the following: Major-General Morgan, Col. John Trumbull, Col. Simeon DeWitt, Maj. Samuel Cooper, Col. William North, Maj. William Popham, Col. John Van Dyke, and Capt. Nathaniel Norton.

Death of
Lafayette.

JULY 10. — Our city last evening was the scene of disgraceful riots. The first was at the Bowery Theatre. An actor by the name of Farren, whose benefit it was, had made himself obnoxious by some ill-natured reflections upon the country, which called down the vengeance of the mob, who seemed determined to deserve the bad name which he had given them. An hour after the performance commenced the mob broke open the doors, took possession of every part of the house, committed every species of outrage, hissed and pelted poor Hamblin, not regarding the talisman which he relied upon, the American flag, which he waved over his head. This they disregarded, because the hand which held it was that of an Englishman, and they would listen to nobody but “American Forrest.” He assured them that the object of their rage, Mr. Farren, had made a hasty exit, and the mob retired to enact a more disgraceful scene in another quarter.

Abolition
Meetings.

There has been of late great excitement in consequence of the proceedings of a set of fanatics who are determined to emancipate all the slaves by a *coup de main*, and have held meetings in which black men and women have been introduced. These meetings have been attended with tumult and violence, especially one which was held on Friday evening at the Chatham-street Chapel. Arthur Tappan and his brother Lewis have been conspicuous in these proceedings, and the mob last night, after exhausting their rage at the Bowery Theatre, went down in a body to the house of the latter gentleman in Rose street, broke into the house, destroyed the windows, and made a bonfire of the furniture in the street. The police at length interfered, rather tardily, I should think; but the diabolical spirit which prompted this outrage is not quenched, and I apprehend we shall see more of it.

JULY 18. — Edmund Charles Genet died on Wednesday last at his residence at Schodack, Rensselaer County. He was at one time an important personage. He came as minister of the French Republic to this country, and acted as became the representative

of the madmen who, under the name of liberty, were destroying their country and crushing the people. Nothing but the firmness of Washington prevented Genet from enlisting the people of this country in the cause of the French mob, and nothing but the personal character of the saviour of his country could have availed to check the madness of the people. Genet was recalled on the downfall of his party; but as he had no fancy to risk the separation of his head from his shoulders, he stayed where he was, married a daughter of Governor Clinton (the elder), and became an American citizen, and, I suspect, from his visionary notions, rather a troublesome one to the neighbourhood in which he resided.

JULY 22. — Mr. Frelinghuysen has been received with distinguished honours on his return to his own State; and Mr. Sprague, of Maine, another of the worthies of the Senate, has made a triumphant journey through Portsmouth, N.H., and was received in the most flattering manner at Portland; and his entry into his own town, Hallowell, was marked with the ringing of the bells, firing of cannon, and patriotic addresses; flags and streamers were displayed from the houses, and among the mottoes the following prevailed, "I am no man's man."

AUGUST 22. — The spirit of riot and insubordination to the laws which lately prevailed in New York has made its appearance in the orderly city of Philadelphia, and appears to have been produced by causes equally insignificant, — hostility to the blacks and an indiscriminate persecution of all whose skins were darker than those of their enlightened fellow-citizens. A most disgraceful riot also occurred on the night of Monday, the 11th, at Charlestown, near Boston. The populace having been deceived by ill-designing persons into an erroneous belief that a young lady was confined against her will in the Ursuline Convent, a highly respectable seminary under the charge of the Roman Catholics, made an attack upon the convent, a noble edifice near Charlestown, and the other buildings belonging to the sisterhood, and burned them to the ground with all the valuable

Riot in
Boston.

furniture, desecrated the cemetery, and committed every species of outrage. This act has caused great excitement in Boston. A meeting was immediately held in Faneuil Hall, at which the most distinguished citizens of all parties attended. Resolutions were adopted reprobating in the strongest terms the unworthy conduct of their neighbours. The Mayor presided, and all the magistrates assisted in the proceedings. Large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the persons concerned in the riot. The venerable Bishop Fenwick of the Catholic Church succeeded in casting the holy oil of his eloquence upon the furious waves which were about rising in his excitable congregation, and the consequences were less serious than at first apprehended. The active and prompt measures which were adopted led to the apprehension of several of the ringleaders, who await their trial.

We had on Sunday last a visit from a party of **Rockaway.** gentlemen in the new steam-brig belonging to Mr. Cunard, of Halifax, which lately came out from England. She anchored abreast of the Pavilion, and Messrs. Cunard, Cochran, Charles McEvers, Brooks, and Dennistoun came ashore in the boat, and landed in the surf.

HYDE PARK, SUNDAY, SEPT. 14. — We left Albany at half-past six this morning in the steamboat "Champlain." There is a violent opposition between two lines of boats. The fare to New York is fifty cents. We were contending with the "Nimrod" all the way down, and for five or six miles before we reached Hyde Park landing, the boats were in contact, both pushing furiously at the top of their speed, and we and our trunks were pitched ashore like bundles of hay. The people at the landing being all in favour of the opposition, except Dr. Hosack himself, nobody would take a line, and we might have drowned without an arm being reached to save us.

At Home. **SEPTEMBER 16.** — We left Hyde Park and came on board the "Champion," an opposition boat, at half-past twelve o'clock. The "Albany" passed the land-

ing a few minutes in advance, but did not stop. Our boat had three or four hundred passengers, and such a set of ragtag and bobtail I never saw on board a North-river steamboat — the effect of the fifty-cent system. If the people do not rise in their might and put a stop to the racing and opposition, it will be better to return to the primitive mode of travelling in Albany sloops. I would rather consume three or four days in the voyage, than be made to fly in fear and trembling, subject to every sort of discomfort, with my life at the mercy of a set of fellows whose only object is to drive their competitors off the river.

OCTOBER 3. — Party-spirit runs exceedingly high in every part of our country. Timid people begin to be afraid of the consequences of the struggle which is soon to take place, by which the question will be determined whether General Jackson, by the aid of his interested advisers, can sustain himself in his unconstitutional assumption of power, and perpetuate it in the election of his favourite, the heir presumptive, Mr. Van Buren, or whether the people, by a great and simultaneous effort, shall burst their shackles, rescue the Constitution, and stand once more erect in their majesty, free and disenthralled.

OCTOBER 4. — The country is on the eve of a great political contest. The party in power, consisting of office-holders and their dependants, supported by the public moneys over which they have usurped the control, and relying upon the personal popularity of the President, — impaired certainly, but still exercising an unaccountable influence over the minds of the people, — will fight hard and take many hard blows before they surrender their power. On the other hand, the Whigs are cool, determined, and willing to go all lawful and reasonable lengths to bring about a state of things more honourable to the country and advantageous to the people. This month and the next the elections will take place by which this important question will be decided. Pennsylvania elects in a few weeks, and our general election in this State comes on in November. We have little or no hope of the

former, but New York looks well, and the Whigs have good hopes of success.

SUNDAY, OCT. 12. — I went this morning with my daughter to the Church du St. Esprit at the corner of Church and Leonard streets, the first service since its consecration. The corner-stone of the old church in Pine street was laid one hundred and thirty years ago. It was originally a Calvinist church, and continued so until Mr. Elias Desbrosses, a member of the church, left it a rich legacy, on condition of its joining the Protestant Episcopal communion, since which it has been Episcopal.

OCTOBER 14. — Matthews made his first appearance last evening at the Park, in his entertainment of the "Comic Annual" and "Mons. Morbleu," and was well received by one of the greatest houses I have ever seen. There was a design to make a row, and a number of disorderly fellows collected for that purpose, instigated by placards which had been placed during the day on the corners of the streets, denouncing Matthews as a libeller of our country and as having ridiculed us in one of his pieces performed in England after his last visit to America. This ridiculous attempt of some enemy of the Park Theatre to excite the bad feelings of a set of disorderly young men, who stand ready for any kind of mischief, whether it be to attack theatres, desecrate churches, assault Whigs, or murder negroes, was met with a determined spirit of opposition by a most respectable audience, who received Matthews on his return to our stage with such a burst of applause, that the instigators of mischief had not a chance to put in a single hiss in abatement, and the performance went off without interruption.

OCTOBER 18. — The election in New Jersey has gone against the Whigs, notwithstanding our shouts on the receipt of the first returns. All the counties nearest to New York returned large Whig majorities, and those were of course first heard from; but the news has been different from that part of the State bordering on Pennsylvania, so that the whole result gives something more than

one thousand majority for the Jackson worshippers. We have lost the State, it is said, from the opposition of the Hicksites, one of the contending sects of the Quakers with whom that part of the State abounds. They have recently been engaged in a lawsuit with the orthodox party for the possession of certain property belonging to the Society of Friends, in which Mr. Frelinghuysen was professionally engaged against them. His term in the Senate of the United States is about to expire, and the Legislature now elected will have the appointment of a successor. Mr. Frelinghuysen would have been reappointed if the Whigs had succeeded, and these Hicksites, in a spirit unworthy of their professions of meekness and disregard of worldly politics, have deprived the State of the services of one of its most virtuous and enlightened statesmen, and prevented the success of a party who seek only to restore to the country its just rights and preserve the purity of our republican institutions. When these people are called upon to perform the civil duties required of them in common with other citizens, they are restrained by the rules of their order. When the country is in danger they cannot fight because their religion forbids them to carry arms, and yet, forsooth, they may interfere in elections, and bringing their petty squabbles to the polls, decide the contest in favour of a party who have no object but to strengthen the power of a *military ruler*, and blindly support his arbitrary measures.

OCTOBER 23.—The Whig nominating committee agreed last evening upon their tickets, but the rank and file out-of-doors object to one or two of the nominees for Congress; not that they are not good enough, but too good. The proceedings are to be reviewed this evening; the times are critical; a tremendous struggle is at hand, and most important consequences will result from the approaching election, and all personal feelings and predilections must be sacrificed for the success of our party, which we say involves the public good. We must discard all other considerations, and without committing ourselves to vote for unworthy per-

sons, run only such as will obtain the most votes. Our folks are not so well drilled as their opponents; they will think for themselves, not, like them, go straight forward, right or wrong, as they are bidden.

Jackson
Triumphs and
Merchants'
Meeting.

MONDAY, OCT. 27. — Both parties have been hurrah-ing to-day at the top of their voices, — the Whigs for the victories they have won, and the Jackson men that they have lost no more. The latter rallied their forces in the upper wards from Brooklyn and all other places where numbers without regard to quality could be obtained, and marched them down to Castle Garden, where a feast (not of reason) was prepared, and a flow of whiskey (not of soul) was served out gratuitously to the well-drilled troops of the regency. They fired guns and exhibited fireworks, and all in the way of rejoicing for victories *not* won, or rather, “to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down.” Among other causes of rejoicing, as set forth in the summons to attend, was the triumph of the administration party in Ohio; but, unfortunately, the news of the day seems to leave little doubt of the Whigs having gained the election in that great and patriotic State; but the guns, nevertheless, were fired, the whiskey drunk, the congratulatory speeches made, and the hurrahs for Ohio rent the air, exactly according to the programme prepared at Tammany Hall.

The merchants had a great meeting at the Exchange, — a great Whig meeting in numbers, respectability, enthusiasm, and zeal, equal to any of those which were held in the same place previous to the Spring election, and which led the way then to such encouraging results. There was no falling off there, “my countrymen.” I was unprepared to speak, but was compelled to go forward by a loud and unanimous call from all parts of the room; but I did not regret it, for it was one of the few cases in which I succeeded in satisfying myself, and judging by the applause I received I was not alone in my opinion. What a comforting thing it is to have a good opinion of one’s self!

OCTOBER 30. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. Charles Matthews, George Blake, of Boston, F. G. Halleck, Charles A. Davis, Washington Irving, William H. Maxwell, Thomas W. Moore, James Monroe, Isaac S. Hone, Henry Hone. Matthews was exceedingly agreeable. He did not sing or recite, as he was wont to do at dinner-parties, but he talked a great deal and with great enthusiasm, and introduced occasionally some good stories and amusing imitations, particularly of Curran, Shiel, O'Connell, and other eloquent Irishmen, in order to illustrate the different kinds of Irish brogue. He is admirable in his Irish and French characters in such a company as we had this evening. His intonations, so rich, the versatility of voice to suit his different characters, and the admirable expression of his countenance, all tell with powerful effect at my round-table, but are spread over too large a surface in the theatre, and lost to a large proportion of the audience. He complains of this himself. The Adelphi Theatre in London, where he performed, is not more than one-third of the size of the Park, and he acknowledges the difficulty he has in giving proper effect to his good sayings in so large a space and before so numerous an audience.

OCTOBER 31. — The Whigs are raising liberty-poles in all the wards. I went to one of those ceremonies yesterday in the tenth ward, at the corner of the Bowery and Hester street. The pole, one hundred feet high, with a splendid cap and gilt vane with suitable devices, was escorted by a procession of good men and true on horseback, and was received at the place of its destination by an immense collection of good-looking Whigs, each of whom appeared inspired by patriotic feelings and a fixed determination to do his duty in the approaching contest. I came away before the affair was over, finding that it was expected of me to make a speech, which would have interfered with my engagements at home.

NOVEMBER 3. — First day of the great election in the State of New York, which is to decide whether the principles of General Jackson are approved and ratified by the people, and whether Mr.

Van Buren is to be his successor ; for these important questions are left to the decision of this State, and the test will be the result of the election. Both parties here are confident ; but the confidence of the Whigs has gained strength daily for the last two or three weeks, and our success in Ohio, which is now certain, has conduced much to it.

TUESDAY, NOV. 4. — The election continues with spirit. The weather is fine, as it was yesterday, and contrary to the apprehensions of many of our citizens, we have had no riots or serious disturbance as yet. This is principally owing to the excellent arrangement of the inspectors, a majority of whom, in each ward, are Whigs ; to the precautionary measures of the Mayor ; and above all to the awe with which the mob have been impressed by the determination of the better sort of people of all parties to prevent, at all hazards, a repetition of such scenes as disgraced our city in the Spring, and more recently and to a greater degree, our neighbours in Philadelphia. In the course of the evening an immense collection of Whigs from Masonic Hall went in a body to Washington Hall, where Mr. Webster lodges, and saluted him with cheers ; after some time he came out and made them a short and eloquent speech.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5. — The election closed this evening. The Governor's votes were canvassed in all the wards except the sixth, and by nine o'clock enough was known to satisfy us to our heart's content that we are beaten, — badly beaten ; worse than the least sanguine of us anticipated. The majority in our wards (with the exception of the 15th) have fallen off grievously, and theirs have increased in an equal ratio ; the third ward has fallen off two hundred from the Spring election. The Tories will have between two and three thousand majority.

THURSDAY, NOV. 6. — The triumph was celebrated last night by the worshippers of Jackson with the refinement and forbearance which might have been expected. I had been taken in the morning with an attack of vertigo and headache, which confined me to

the house nearly the whole day, but I made out to walk up in the evening to Masonic Hall, where the news I received was not calculated to make me feel better. I returned home much indisposed, and retired to bed at an early hour, where I was kept awake during the greater part of the night by the unmanly insults of the ruffian crew from Tammany Hall, who came over to my door every half-hour and saluted me with groans and hisses. This continued until past three o'clock, and for what? Because I have exercised the right which, in common with every American citizen, I enjoy (or have enjoyed until this time), of expressing my disapprobation of a course of measures which I conceive to be dangerous to the liberties of the people, and inimical to the free institutions of my native land. This I have done with truth, zeal, and firmness, but always, I trust, with decorum and propriety; and for this I have been insulted and annoyed. I have for many years sacrificed my comfort, exhausted my time, and abridged my enjoyments by a devotion to the service of my fellow-citizens. A member of all the public institutions, charitable, public-spirited, or patriotic, where time was to be lost, labour performed, and no pay to be had; my own affairs neglected, and my money frequently poured out like water; the friend and patron of the working-men, without regard to party; — and now my reward is found in the revilings of a mob of midnight ruffians, among whom, I have no doubt, were some of the very men whom I have assisted to support, to the exclusion of others who are proud to acknowledge themselves my personal and political friends. I believe I am rightly served.

I dined with Mr. David S. Jones. Mr. Webster was one of the party, and notwithstanding the sad disappointment which, in common with his political friends (but in a greater degree), he has just now experienced, he was in the vein to be exceedingly pleasant, and I have not in many a day enjoyed a more delightful conversation.

NOVEMBER 10. — I apprehend that Mr. Van Buren and his friends have no permanent cause of triumph in their victory. They have succeeded by the means of instruments which may work

their own destruction ; they have mounted a vicious horse, who, taking the bit in his mouth, will run away with him. The agrarian party, who have had things pretty much their own way, will not stop at Martin Van Buren, — they will dig deeper into the swamps of political depravity, and the good men of our community, the supporters of the Constitution, and the true friends of civil liberty may be soon called upon to unite in his favour, against a worse man and principles more dangerous than his. This battle had been fought upon the ground of the poor against the rich, and this unworthy prejudice, this dangerous delusion, has been encouraged by the leaders of the triumphant party, and fanned into a flame by the polluted breath of the hireling press in their employ. In the saturnalian orgies with which our streets have been disgraced, the unmannerly epithets which were so liberally bestowed upon myself and other peaceable citizens for having exercised the privilege of freemen in opposing a party whose political doctrines we thought unfavourable to the true interests of the nation, the cry of “Down with the aristocracy !” mingled with the shouts of victory, and must have grated on the ears of some of their own leaders like the croaking of the evil-boding raven. They have succeeded in raising this dangerous spirit, and have gladly availed themselves of its support to accomplish a temporary object ; but can they allay it at pleasure ? Will their voices be heard when they cry “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther” ? Eighteen thousand men in New York have voted for the high-priest of the party whose professed design is to bring down the property, the talents, the industry, the steady habits of that class which constituted the real strength of the Commonwealth, to the common level of the idle, the worthless, and the unenlightened. Look to it, ye men of respectability in the Jackson party, are ye not afraid of the weapons ye have used in this warfare ? It is idle to plead the necessity of the case, the force of what you call regular nominations. How came this power so strong among ye ? Where was the influence of the Allens and the Bownes, the Bloodgoods and the Alleys, the Phelps

and the Van Schaicks, when the disciples of this man came among ye, and made the walls of old Tammany resound with his appalling dictum? The dose was unpalatable, but you swallowed it.

NOVEMBER 12. — I went to the opera, where I saw the second act of "La Straniera," by Bellini. The house is as pretty as ever, and the same faces were seen in the boxes as formerly; but it is not a popular entertainment, and will not be in our day, I fear. The opera did not please me. There was too much recitation, and I shall never discipline my taste to like common colloquial expressions of life, "How do you do, madam?" or, "Pretty well, I thank you, sir," the better for being given with an orchestral accompaniment.

NOVEMBER 13. — There is some salt left in the land,
 Massachu- — the late general election in Massachusetts has gone
 setts. for the Whigs by unprecedented majorities. Governor Davis will be reëlected by an immense vote. Abbott Lawrence goes to Congress from Boston.

NOVEMBER 21. — The President, since he came into office in 1829, has had four secretaries of state, two of war, five of the treasury, three of the navy, and three attorney-generals. Tyrants are fickle in the choice of servants.

NOVEMBER 22. — Power had his benefit last night. He appeared in Rover, in "Wild Oats," and a piece called "Botheration." It was a good house. In the last piece a little row was raised by accident. Ritchings, speaking of a lady who wore a wig, says wigs are out of date. This touched a sore place, and was received with applause by one party in the pit and disapprobation by the other, and the clamour became so long and loud that Ritchings was under the necessity of coming forward and disclaiming all intention of alluding to the political party called Whigs, who, although defeated, are not willing to acknowledge themselves "out of date."

NOVEMBER 24. — The fine old frigate "Constellation" arrived at Norfolk on Thursday, in thirty-eight days from Gibraltar, after a cruise of several years in the Mediterranean. She was one of the

three ships built in the year 1797, "Old Ironsides" and the "United States" being the other two. She is now commanded by my gallant friend, George C. Read. Commodore Patterson, in the "Delaware," was on the coast of Syria, and Ballard, in the "United States," at Smyrna, giving convoy to American vessels. The "Constellation" has brought over two fine marble statues, by Louis Persico, emblematical of peace and war, intended to ornament the Capitol of the United States, accompanied by the artist, who has also a bust of the hero, General Jackson, who can regulate both peace and war, and carry the Capitol away in his pocket, or set fire to it with his pipe, if he chooses. The "Constellation" is ordered around to Washington with these sculptural trophies. I would advise the "greatest and best" to have his counterfeit representation set up in one of the high places to receive the homage of his liege subjects, a majority of whom are unhappily more willing to bow to him or his image than even his own vanity may prompt him to exact from them.

NOVEMBER 29. — The refusal of the French Chamber of Deputies to vote the supplies necessary to carry into effect Mr. Rives's treaty of indemnity for spoliations committed under the reign of Napoleon, begins to cause an apprehension that our government may find it necessary to pursue a course of hostility to coerce France into the performance of obligations freely entered into by her, and the stipulations of which on the part of this country have been carried into effect with good faith. Congress is to meet on Monday, and the expectation of a hostile tone of the President's message is so great that the sailing of the Liverpool packet of the first of December is delayed until the third, to enable her to carry out that document. Restrictions on the trade between this country and France would be agreeable news for John Bull. The American ladies must have silk dresses to exhibit in Broadway and Chestnut street, and if France should be interdicted from supplying us with the material it would occasion an accelerated motion of the shuttles of Spitalfields. It is to be hoped, however, that the

matter may be settled without a serious misunderstanding. Mr. Rives's five millions are hardly worth going to war about, unless there should be some point of national honour so deeply involved as to forbid a calculation of dollars and cents. Louis Philippe does not seem to have sufficient power over the Chamber of Deputies. He is only a king; it would be well for him to take advice from our President touching the manner of rendering the representatives of the people, so called, subservient to his wishes.

DECEMBER 3. — Yesterday at noon the President's message was communicated to both Houses, and it was in New York at two o'clock this morning, having been brought on by express, in little more than twelve hours, two hundred and thirty miles. This is a great performance, and shows what money can do; but *cui bono?* the game is not worth the candle. There is not one reader of the daily papers out of a hundred who would give sixpence to read this document four hours earlier than he otherwise might, and the express in this instance is said to have cost seven hundred dollars. The message is, as usual, too long; but the people have become accustomed to take these annual outpourings of executive wet-nurses in pretty large doses, and rely more upon the efficacy of a bottle of Congress water than on the concentrated virtue of a Seidlitz-powder; and so Dr. Jackson, who can make his patients swallow anything, has, by the aid of his regular-bred practitioners in the study, and the green-apron boys below, managed to give the body politic enough to insure tolerable regularity until his next regular visit. This message is interesting principally from the view it takes of our relations with France, with whom we have a knotty question which may ultimately lead to something serious, and I must say that on this subject the message is quite satisfactory; its explanations are clear, its language dignified, and its sentiment manly and patriotic. The negotiations of Mr. Rives, for indemnification for the spoliations of France committed during the reign of Napoleon, resulted in a treaty signed at Paris on the 4th of July, 1831, by which France agreed to liquidate all our claims by the

payment of twenty-five millions of francs, in six annual payments. This treaty was duly ratified in Washington on the 2d of February, 1832, and acts were passed by Congress to reduce the duties on French wines, agreeably to the stipulations on our part, which have been continued in good faith. In the mean time the Chamber of Deputies delayed from time to time to make the necessary appropriations for carrying the treaty into effect; the draft of the government for the first annual instalment which was negotiated through the Bank of the United States was returned protested, and finally the last action of the Chamber of Deputies, in the month of April last, nearly three years after the signing of the treaty, resulted in their refusal to make the appropriation. And so the matter stands. All this is fairly laid down in the message in a manner creditable to the President and his Cabinet; but I do not approve the conclusion he comes to. He asks Congress to give him power to issue letters of marque and reprisals which cannot fail to be considered by the French Government as a menace, and will, I fear, counteract the good effects of the firm but courteous style in which our claims for justice are set forth in the message, and weaken our cause with the lookers-on in other countries. Besides, I am not one of those who wish to place power in the hands of the President, and I almost wonder that he should have thought it necessary to ask for it, after some of his late experiments, which must have satisfied him that he may take what power he pleases and the people will bear him out in it. The Constitution and the laws may stand in his way, to be sure, but those are trifles. Andrew Jackson, depending upon his popularity with the Jackson party, is superior to the petty trammels which restrained the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, and the Madisons of former times. The Jackson party are in the majority. They will support him right or wrong, and it was very pretty behaved, but altogether supererogatory to ask the leave of Congress, to do this or anything else he may think proper. William III. or Louis Philippe may require legislative sanction; they are only kings; give me the president of a republican people for a bold stroke of

power. General Jackson's *coup d'état* would not endanger his standing with the people, much less cost him his crown, as it did that loving, but less fortunate brother, Charles X. The language of the message in relation to the Bank of the United States is disgraceful to the President and humiliating to every American. It smells of the kitchen, and resembles no more that in which the foreign relations of the country are laid before the people than a scullion does a gentleman. The language is intemperate, the charges against the bank false and disingenuous, and the measures recommended injurious to the public interest.

DECEMBER 6. — Chancellor and Mrs. Kent and some other friends took tea with us. They came soon after six o'clock, and we passed a most delightful evening. The Chancellor was gay, cheerful, and talkative, and not restless as he is wont to be. I would "that Heaven had made *me* such a man." This excellent man is in his seventy-second year, having been born July 31, 1763, with his mental faculties unimpaired and still improving, by a constant but not laborious employment of them in pursuits which constitute his greatest pleasure and recreation. His constitution sound, the happy result of good habits and a cheerful disposition, and the consciousness of purity of heart and uniformly virtuous intentions. I do not know so perfect a model as Chancellor Kent, or a man so much to be envied. I wonder how he came in these artificial days to hit upon so sensible a way to pass an evening.

1835.

THE new year commences auspiciously so far as the weather is concerned. There has never been a finer New Year's Day; the air is clear and pleasant, and just cool enough to preserve the snow, which gives facility to the visiting part of the population. I went out in the sleigh at twelve o'clock, and visited until four, leaving several of my visits unpaid, which delinquency my wife and I made up in the evening. Broadway, from morning until night, and in the night too, was crowded with pedestrians, and the music of sleigh-bells was heard without the least intermission. Smiling faces were seen on all sides, and all the cares and troubles of 1834 appear to have been forgotten in the joyful anticipations of 1835. The year which has commenced seems destined to be an eventful one, at home and abroad. The administration of General Jackson and the continuance of his popularity will test the strength of our political institutions. If the people continue to support him in his most unwarrantable assumption of power, it will be idle to talk about the republican principles on which the government is founded. But among other difficulties which he has to encounter during the coming year is that of the quarrel with France, in which his unnecessary threats have involved us. The king is disposed to do us justice; but the Chamber of Deputies, composed of men who like bullying themselves, will not submit to the bullying of others, and I fear that our government has been committed by the President too far to admit of any peaceable compromise. The wisdom of Congress may save us, and it certainly would, if party-spirit had not more influence than a regard for the true interest of the country. But to the Senate we may yet look for patriotism and public virtue, and there we rest our cause.

Fanny
Kemble.

JANUARY 5.—Extracts from the commonplace-book of this lady (now Mrs. Butler) are published in one of the Boston papers and copied occasionally into the "Commercial Advertiser" of this city. How they got there it is impossible to say. Cary & Lea, of Philadelphia, say in an advertisement that if they are genuine they must have been stolen, for they are the only legal proprietors of the work in this country. At any rate, if she has any good feelings, and is at all tenacious of her good name as a lady or an authoress, it must be "a sorry sight" to see herself thus served up to the public gaze. There is all the light gossip, the childish prejudice, the hasty conclusions from erroneous first impressions, in which the diary of an imaginative youthful traveller in a country in which all things are new and untried may be supposed to abound; and the style is sometimes bad; and the remarks she makes on the private habits of persons who received her and her father kindly, and treated them hospitably, are all in bad taste. As a literary production it is unworthy of the character of Fanny Kemble, and its publication, now that she has become the wife of an American gentleman and is to remain among us, injudicious in the extreme. I cannot believe that she ever intended it should see the light, and should be led to believe it a fabrication were it not that the facts related are true (many of them within my own knowledge), and of a nature to preclude the possibility of their becoming public without her knowledge and consent. For instance, she gives the following account of the dinner I gave to her and her father on the 15th of September, 1832,—the first occasion on which she was introduced into American society. It was evidently written on the evening of the very day, and with all the flippancy and want of reflection that one might expect to find in the commonplace-book of a giddy girl who had just returned from a dinner-party in which herself was the principal object of notice and attention, and from which, I can tell her, she went away leaving no very favourable impressions behind her. Now, if Mrs. Butler participated in the publication of all this tittle-

tattle she is a greater fool than ever I expected it would fall to my lot to record her. Well was it said, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" Mrs. Butler says:

"Saturday, 15th.—At five dressed and went to —, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here" (thank you, madam!), "so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and *suffering* of the best society in New York. There were about twenty people. The women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks and long sleeves, heads frizzled out after the very last petit-courier, and thread-net handkerchiefs and capes, the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. . . . The younger daughter of our host is beautiful, — a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree; with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun-rays, — a perfect blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom, my neighbour at dinner informed me, she was engaged."

I can excuse many of her impertinences for this glowing and just eulogium upon my sweet Mary. The following contrast between the delicate and interesting appearance of the ladies and the ruddy looks of English women are, unhappily, not far from the truth: —

"The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early and decay proportionately soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this, I am told, is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the bloom of health and beauty from twenty-five to thirty, here they scarcely reach the first period without being faded and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day who did not look above seventeen, and she is a wife." (Mrs. Alexander Hosack, I presume.) "As for their figures, like those of

French women, they were too well dressed for one to judge what they really are like ; they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles ; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat and *de quoi* of every sort to guess anything more. The climate of this country is the scape-goat upon which all the ill-looks and ill-health of the ladies is laid ; but while they are brought up as effeminately as they are, take as little exercise, live in rooms like ovens during the winter, and marry as early as they do, it will appear evident that many causes combine with an extremely variable climate to sallow their complexions and destroy their constitutions."

Now for the portrait of my friend, Dom. Lynch. "There was a Mr. —, the Magnus Apollo of New York, who is a musical genius, sings as well as any gentleman need sing, pronounces Italian well, and accompanies himself without false chords, all of which renders him the man round whom (as round H. G., Lord C., and pretty Lord O., in our own country) the women listen and languish. He sang the 'Phantom Bark.' The last time I heard it was from the lips of Moore, with two of the loveliest faces in all the world hanging over him, Mrs. N. and Mrs. B. By the bye, the man who sat next to me at dinner was asking me all manner of questions about Mrs. N., among others whether she was as 'pale as a poetess ought to be.' Oh, how I wish Corinne had heard that herself! what a deal of funny scorn would have looked beautiful on her rich brown cheek and brilliant lips. The dinner was plenteous (that is the word) and tolerably well dressed" (Peter Van Dyke ought to make her *half* a bow for that compliment), "but ill-served ; there were not half servants enough to do the work" (John Stokes is not very ornamental, but tolerably useful, and the others are rather smartish, I think, but I have no servants in orange-coloured inexpressibles with tinsel epaulettes ; when she comes again, I will endeavour to procure a bevy of them from Colonel Berkeley, or some other of her distinguished countrymen), "and we had neither water-glasses" (in this I think she

is mistaken, we are never without them), “nor, oh, horror! that absolute indispensable, — finger-glasses. Now, though I don’t eat with my fingers (except peaches), whereat, I think, the aborigines” (oh, for shame, Miss Kemble, to compare Mrs. Davis, General Fleming, and Dominick Lynch to wild savages!), “who were peeling theirs like so many potatoes, seemed to me rather amazed. Yet I do hold a finger-glass, at the conclusion of my dinner, a requisite almost to my digestion. However, as it happened, I digested without it.”

With all submission I disagree with my fastidious guest. I don’t eat with my fingers, and therefore do not require finger-glasses. We have them in the house, but do not frequently use them. I think it unseemly to see a company at the dinner-table, particularly the female part, washing their hands, rinsing their mouths, rubbing their gums with the finger, and squirting the polluted water back into the vessel, as was formerly the fashion in this country, a fashion which prevails yet in England in the higher circles.

“After dinner we had coffee, but no tea, whereat my English stomach was in high dudgeon. The gentlemen did not sit long, and when they joined us Mr. —, as I said before, uttered sweet sounds. By the bye, I was not a little amused at Mrs. —” (my wife takes this to herself), “asking me whether I had heard of his singing, or their musical *soirées*, and seeming all but surprised that I had no revelations of either, across the Atlantic. Mercy on me! what fools people are all over the world! the worst is, they are all fools of the same sort, and there is no profit whatever in travelling. Mr. B——” (Bankhead, the British secretary of legation), “who is an Englishman, happened to ask me if I knew Captain —, whereupon we immediately struck up a conversation, and talked over English folk and doings together, to my entire satisfaction. The — were there; he is a brother of that wondrous ruler of the spirits whom I do so dislike in London, and his lady is a daughter of Lord —.” (These

are Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, and she is welcome to say what she pleases of them. We had better folk than they in our party that day.) “I was very glad to come home. I sang to them two or three things, but the piano was pitched too high for my voice; by the bye, in that large, lofty, fine room they had a tiny, old-fashioned, becurtained cabinet piano, stuck right against the wall, unto which the singer’s face was turned, and into which his voice was absorbed.” (I’m afraid she is right about the piano. I wish she knew that I bought it upon Dr. McLean’s recommendation, who has some conceit of himself in these matters, and that it cost me seven hundred dollars.) “We had hardly regained our inn, and uncloaked, when there came a tap at the door, and in walked Mr. ——” (Cornwall again), “to ask me if we would not join them, himself and the ——, at supper; he said that, besides five being a great deal too early to dine, he had not half dinner enough” (the Turk! he ate like an ox), “and then began the regular English quizzing of everything and everybody we had left behind. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how thoughtfully English it was, and how it reminded me of H——; of course we did not accept their invitation, but it furnished me matter of amusement. How we English folk do cling to our own habits, our own views, our own things, our own people; how, in spite of all our wanderings and scatterings over the whole face of the earth, like so many Jews, we never lose our distinct and national individuality, nor fail to lay hold of one another’s skirts, to laugh at and depreciate all that differs from that country which we delight in forsaking for any and all others.”

JANUARY 6. — Mr. Adams delivered on Wednesday last, at the Capitol, a eulogy upon the character of Lafayette, to which duty he was appointed by a vote of Congress at their last session. It is agreed on all hands and by all parties to have been a masterly production. It was a subject to call out the fine talents of the accomplished scholar and orator, and it was precisely the kind of “labour” which Mr. Adams “would delight in.” It would appear, however, from the following gossip of the “Spy” in Washington

that the "greatest and best" and "New York's favourite son" do not consider it good policy to bestow unqualified praise upon the man whom they have heretofore united to pull down: "After Mr. Adams had delivered, on Wednesday last, his masterly eulogy on General Lafayette, a gentleman asked the President (Mr. Van Buren being present) how he was pleased with the address. The venerable Christian, pausing a few seconds, coolly replied, 'There are some good things in it, but Mr. Adams *fails very much*; don't you think he does, Mr. Van Buren?' 'Very much,' repeated echo."

JANUARY 10. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Bishop Onderdonk, Dr. Hosack, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky; Mr. Peter A. Jay, Mr. Harrison G. Otis, Mr. W. Johnson, Chancellor Kent, Mr. D. S. Jones, President Duer, and Mr. P. Schermerhorn.

JANUARY 14. — The rage for speculating in lands on Long Island is one of the bubbles of the day. Men in moderate circumstances have become immensely rich, merely by the good fortune of owning farms of a few acres of this chosen land. Abraham Schermerhorn has sold his farm of one hundred and seventy acres at Gowannes, three miles from Brooklyn, at \$600 per acre; four years ago, having got out of conceit of it as a residence, he offered it for sale at \$20,000, and would have taken \$18,000; to-day he pockets \$102,000, and regrets that he sold it so cheap!

FEBRUARY 12. — Died on Saturday last, in Baltimore, Mr. William Patterson, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was formerly a distinguished merchant of that city, the father of Jerome Bonaparte's wife, who was separated from her husband by order of Napoleon, who did not think it becoming when he placed a crown on his brother's head that his throne and royal honours should be shared by the daughter of an American republican. It is not unlikely that about these times the *ci-devant* king of Westphalia would have no objection to return to the object of his first love. There is a son by this marriage, who married a Miss Williams, a handsome girl with a large fortune. They live in Baltimore, in

very good style. I have partaken of the hospitality of this gentleman. It is somewhat remarkable that the three men who held the most distinguished place in the great community of merchants which imparted wealth, splendour, and character to Baltimore have all died within about a year, leaving good names and large fortunes to their children. Alexander Brown, Robert Oliver, and William Patterson might at one time have been considered the royal merchants of America, as the Medici of old were of Italy.

FEBRUARY 14. — Dr. Mott's dinner took place on Tuesday last, at the City Hotel. Dr. David Hosack presided, and made a good speech, which was well replied to by the respectable recipient of the compliment. The vice-presidents were Doctors McLean, Stearns, MacNeven, A. L. Anderson, S. W. Moore, and Francis. The toasts, regular and volunteer, were given in small doses, and as the gentlemen of the faculty had to take them themselves, they were neither unpalatable nor violent in their operation. They toasted each other *brown*, and said many pretty things, all but Dr. Rhinelanders; this gentleman is not in very good odour with some of his brethren, from the circumstance of his having intrigued with his political friends in the board of regents to get Dr. Augustine Smith removed and himself appointed to a professor's chair in the College of Physicians. So when his turn came to give a toast, he did certainly infuse a dash of wormwood into the draught, which the sons of Esculapius had to swallow. Sheridan himself would have been gratified at this new application of his joke, — "The medical profession, when they all agree, their unanimity is wonderful." By Dr. Gilford: "Dr. Mott, by *cutting* an acquaintance, he often saves a friend." Not so bad.

I attended this evening a meeting at Washington Hall of a number of New Yorkers, with a design to form a regular Knickerbocker society, as a sort of set-off against St. Patrick's, St. George's, and more particularly the New England. The meeting was large and exceedingly respectable; there were the Irvings, Moores, McVickers, Renwicks, Rapelje, Stuyvesant, Laight, Fish, Wilkins, the

Schermerhorns, Brinckerhoffs, Costers, Colden, etc.,—a goodly show of good fellows who will not disgrace their ancestors. Bloodgood was chairman and Washington Irving secretary. A committee was appointed, consisting of Peter Schermerhorn, Judge Irving, Alexander Wyckoff, Hamilton Fish, Dr. Manley, and the president and secretary, to report a constitution and by-laws to a future meeting. I suppose we shall have a few annual dinners, which will be pretty much all that will grow out of this project.

FEBRUARY 17. — The proceedings in the Senate of the United States have become very interesting within a few days. During the discussion of a bill brought forward by Mr. Calhoun to restrain executive patronage, which has brought out the most virulent opposition of the friends of General Jackson, Benton, the fiercest tiger in the den, insulted Mr. Calhoun by charging him with falsehood. The accomplished Carolinian was compelled to notice it, and Benton was called to order. The Vice-President, by some casuistical definition of parliamentary practice, pronounced the gentleman not out of order. Mr. Webster appealed from this decision, and his appeal was sustained by a vote of 24 to 20. There is some talk about Mr. Calhoun challenging Benton ; but it cannot be. I would as soon think of challenging one of the hyenas in the zoölogical institution for snapping at me as I passed his den.

MARCH 14. — The packet-ship "Rhone" arrived yesterday from Havre, bringing Paris accounts to 11th ult. They are highly favourable to amicable settlement of our affairs with France. Mr. Clay's able report, with the resolution which accompanied it and was passed unanimously by the Senate in January last, was received in Paris on the 7th of February, and had precisely the effect which I predicted. It healed the wounded pride of the French government and people ; it convinced them that the menacing proposal to grant letters of marque and reprisal was only the act of the President, and would not be sanctioned by the legislature of the nation, and there was little doubt that the Chamber of Deputies would pass the Indemnity Bill. Thus has the patriotic majority in

the Senate once more interposed to save the country from a vexatious and unnecessary war, without the slightest sacrifice of national honour, although it is quite likely that Jackson will get the credit of it.

MARCH 16. — The frigate "Constitution," under Old Ironsides. command of Commodore Elliot, got under way yesterday morning, and went to sea. She goes to France, from which place, if the Indemnity Bill should not have been passed, she will receive on board the American Minister and his family and return to the United States, but if the bill should have become a law she will join the squadron in the Mediterranean. Commodore Elliot went on Saturday evening to the Bowery Theatre to receive the homage of his suburban admirers, and as some opposition was apprehended from those who were opposed to the worship of the golden calf, or of him who set it up, he was accompanied by a guard of forty marines with side-arms; but it proved unnecessary: not a Whig was to be seen, and nothing occurred to mar his triumph, or interrupt the shouts of those who went to cry, Huzza for Jackson! Huzza for Elliot!

I went to the Book Club with Charles King and Book Club. Davis at nine o'clock. This is a club which meets every other Thursday evening at Washington Hotel, where they sup, drink champagne and whiskey punch, talk as well as they know how, and run each other good-humouredly. I have been admitted a member after having refused several applications, for I have already more engagements than I wish; but this is a very pleasant set of fellows. They sit pretty late, however, for I came away at one o'clock and left the party seated at the supper-table. I don't exactly understand why this is called a Book Club, for the book of subscription to the expenses is, I suspect, the only one in the library. Our party this evening consisted of about twenty; viz., Davis, President Duer, Charles King, Wilkins, William Kent, Harvey, Arthur Barclay, Isaac Hone, Halleck, Ogden

Hoffman, Patterson, Blunt, Dr. Francis, Baron Behr, Mr. Tre-
lawny, author of the "Younger Son," Beverly Robinson, etc.

MARCH 23. — This great work, which is to cost
New York and
Eric Railroad. millions of dollars, was undertaken by a company who
applied to the present Legislature for a loan of the
credit of the State to the amount of two millions, to aid in the ac-
complishment of their undertaking. This application occasioned a
warm debate ; promises were freely made previous to the late elec-
tion that the bill should pass, whereby the votes of the middle and
southern counties were secured to the dominant party, but after a
severe struggle the question was decided on Friday evening by a
vote of sixty-one to forty-six. The majority may have had good
reasons, for aught I know, but it is understood that the most pre-
vailing one was that James G. King was one of the leading men in
the enterprise, and he is a Whig ; liberal he certainly is, and pub-
lic-spirited and enlightened, but he is a Whig, and does not wear
the Jackson collar, and it was exceedingly simple in the projectors
of this great work to ask favours of the present Legislature with such
an encumbrance ; if the State-House was on fire they would not
allow it to be extinguished by a Whig fireman. I wonder the
statesmen at Albany do not pass a law to deprive all but Jackson
men of the privilege of voting at elections, or holding real estate,
and making it treason for the butchers and bakers to sell them
meat and bread.

MARCH 28. — Mr. and Mrs. Webster arrived in town last evening
from Philadelphia. He is going home to Boston on Wednesday,
and she will remain here with her friends for a week or two. Mr.
Webster came this evening and drank tea with us, and delighted us
for an hour with his conversation. He talked about trout-fishing,
Plymouth, Cape Cod, and Nantucket, and his eloquence made
those trifling subjects interesting as those of more serious import,
which it so ably illustrates and adorns. He and I agreed to make
an excursion together in the month of June next, from Boston to
New Bedford and Nantucket, in which I promise myself great

pleasure. Mr. Webster's description of that part of the State of Massachusetts; the primitive manners of the people of Nantucket; the homogeneous nature of the institutions and social customs, and the isolated pride of their sea-girt territory,—has awakened in me a curiosity which will be gratified in this proposed excursion, and I shall enjoy in perfection the delightful society of a man who, in his hours of relaxation, is playful and agreeable as he is great in the discharge of his public duties.

APRIL 2. — I dined with Mr. Abraham Ogden. We had a very pleasant dinner. Mr. Webster was there, and Mr. H. G. Otis, and Meredith. The great senator has been more uniformly cheerful during his present visit than I have ever seen him, and he is, when “in the vein,” one of the best talkers in the world. Mr. Otis, when the tyrant of the limbs allows him to dine out, is always a most delightful companion; his voice is perfect music, his choice of words scrupulously nice, and talent gives a charm to his narrative, which makes his hearers regret that his longest stories should ever come to an end. He appears to me sometimes a little pedantic and too studious of effect, but no man of taste and feeling can listen to him during the social hours of a dinner-party without improvement and delight. My friend Meredith is also an excellent diner-out, of a more joyous temperament than either of the above-named persons. He laughs louder, and his flashes, if not brighter, are sharper. He is a fine scholar, a good dramatic critic, and Shakesperian to the very letter. He was to have gone with me to the reading club this evening, but was not very well, and had to make preparation for his departure to-morrow morning.

APRIL 8. — The political aspect of the country is worse than ever: “In the lowest depth, a lower still is found.” General Jackson's star is still in the ascendant, and shines brighter than ever; the returns of the election in Connecticut, which was held last week, prove, as far as they have been received, that his party have succeeded in that Yankee State. Our charter election comes on next week, and I presume we shall be beaten. The Jackson people

have renominated Mr. Cornelius W. Lawrence as Mayor, and the Whigs will not oppose him. I am glad of it, for if we do not take him we shall have a worse man; indeed, I have been well pleased with his conduct during the first year of his mayoralty, and he would have had my cheerful support but for the circumstance of his having recently vetoed a resolution of the Common Council which recommended to the Legislature the passage of a law to register the votes. This is a measure so obviously proper to secure the purity of our elections, and so loudly called for, especially in this city, by all who desire to preserve the peace and good order which ought to prevail at such times, that nothing but a blind devotion to party could have influenced the Mayor in his opposition to a measure so salutary. I hoped better things from that gentleman. Notwithstanding this untoward state of political affairs, the country generally is in a prosperous state, and the city of New York peculiarly so. All descriptions of property are higher than I have ever known them. Money is plenty; business brisk; the staple commodity of the country (cotton) has enriched all through whose hands it has passed. The merchant, mechanic, and proprietor all rejoice in the result of the last year's operations.

APRIL 10. — The weather being fine and spring-like, I walked for an hour before dinner with my wife on the Battery. Strange as it is, I do not think that either of us had done such a thing in the last seven years; and what a beautiful spot it is! The grounds are in fine order; the noble bay, with the opposite shores of New Jersey, Staten and Long Islands, vessels of every description, from the noble, well-appointed Liverpool packet to the little market craft, and steamers arriving from every point, give life and animation to a prospect unexcelled by any city view in the world. It would be worth travelling one hundred miles out of one's way in a foreign country to get a sight of, and yet we citizens of New York, who have it all under our noses, seldom enjoy it. Like all other enjoyments, it loses its value from being too easily obtained.

The Crayon
Miscellany.

I have passed a few hours delightfully in reading Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies." It is of the very best kind of light reading; like the violet of the spring, it exhales a refreshing mental fragrance, which soon passes away and leaves the mind conscious only that it was something very sweet. The charm of the book is the easy, graceful manner of describing the events of a tour of great interest, certainly to such persons as Ellsworth, Irving, and Latrobe, because such people seldom undertake expeditions of the kind. Killing buffaloes, hunting wild horses, sleeping every night on the ground for a whole month, and depending from day to day for the means of subsistence on the deer, wild turkeys, and bears which the rifles of their own party alone can procure, — all events of ordinary occurrence to the settlers of the great West, but matters of thrilling interest to comfortable citizens who read of them in their green slippers, seated before a shining grate, the neatly printed page illuminated by a bronze astral lamp; or to the sensitive young lady who, drawing up her delicate little feet on the crimson damask sofa, shudders at the hardships which the adventurous tourist has undergone, "and loves him for the dangers he has passed." The introduction to this little bijou affords the author the first opportunity he has had since his return from Europe to speak of himself, his success abroad, the doubts which filled his mind as to the unchanged affection of his countrymen, and to the removal of those doubts, and the overflowing of his heart by the kind reception which awaited him on his arrival.

APRIL 23. — Francis B. Cutting and Robert Bayard bought two or three years ago the country-place, as it then was, of the late William Bayard, for a sum between \$50,000 and \$60,000 (a great price at that time), and sold it at auction in lots the day before yesterday for \$225,000. David S. Jones sold yesterday at auction, in lots, the former country-seat of Mr. Harrison, which he bought about two years since, and made a profit of \$85,000. Real estate is high, beyond all the calculation of the most san-

guine speculators. Immense fortunes have been made and realized within the last three months, and everything is dear but money. There must come a change; and when it does, woe to those who are caught! This distribution of property, however, by small lots, will divide the losses when the evil day comes, and they will not be felt in the same degree by any, as the profits are now by a few.

APRIL 24. — A great foot-race, which has occupied the mind of the fancy for several months past, took place this day on the Union Race Course, Long Island. It originated in a large bet between John C. Stevens and Samuel L. Gouverneur, that the former would produce by a given time a man who should run ten miles within an hour, for which he offered a reward of one thousand dollars, and three hundred more if it was performed by one only. This was the day fixed for the exploit, and without intending it by any means, when I arose this morning I found myself, with Robert, in the barouche, enveloped in clouds of dust, and our faces lacerated by a north-west wind which came loaded, not with ambrosial sweets, but with a sort of concentration of razor-blades, on the road to the race-course, jostled by every description of vehicle, conveying every description of people. The crowd on the ground was as great, I think, as at the famous Eclipse race, and immense sums were betted by men who find it difficult to pay their honest debts, and by hopeful boys, who have to square the amount of their losses from the reluctant pockets of fathers who, had they been thriftless and improvident as their progeny, would have brought them up to qualify them for holding the horses which they now proudly drive.

At one o'clock nine men started for the prize. They all came around the first three miles, each within six minutes, and the first five miles were performed by five of the number within half an hour. They then began to give in, and three only ran the whole ten miles. One man alone won the race, performing the ten miles in fifty-nine minutes forty-eight seconds. His name is Henry

Stannard, a farmer, aged twenty-four years, born in Killingworth, Conn., tall and thin, weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He appeared to me exactly of the size and form for such an undertaking, with much bone and muscle and very little fat. He was not distressed by his effort, made a speech to the populace, who cheered him with loud applause, sprang upon a horse and rode around the course on which he had gained his laurels.

APRIL 25. — A man named Clayton made an ascension a few days since from Cincinnati in a style of adventure more splendid than any hitherto attempted. He gave notice that he meant to remain in the air as long as his supply of gas continued. He started at five o'clock P.M., went to sleep at a good regular hour in his car, travelled four hundred miles, made fast his balloon at two o'clock to the top of a tree on one of the mountains of Virginia, and then returned leisurely home to relate his adventures. We run faster, sail smarter, dive deeper, and fly farther than any other people on the face of the earth.

APRIL 30. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. Armour, Dom. Lynch, Washington Irving, Robert Ray, Peter Schermerhorn, Jonathan Goodhue, G. G. Howland, James G. King, and Isaac Hone.

The return of May brings with it its usual accompaniment of pulling down and altering houses. The streets are beginning to be filled with rubbish, and to increase the troubles of our locomotive citizens a new easterly storm is setting in, in which beds and book-cases, chairs, carpets, and crockery, will be exposed to damage.

The rise of lots in the upper part of the city goes on without interruption from any cause, foreign or domestic. Mr. Kane has sold his large house, corner of St. Mark's place and the Second avenue, to Charles Graham, for \$35,000. He called this morning to offer it to me for the last time, before he closed the sale; but I do not want it, nor indeed would I consent to remove to any other situation, unless I was compelled to do so, by selling my house in Broadway. Mr. Boardman offered me, about two months since, the

price I asked for my house, \$55,000 ; but I was to take in part payment seven lots of ground on the Second avenue, below St. Mark's place, at a valuation of \$35,000. This I declined, for I could not imagine then, nor can I now, that they are worth so much money. He has, however, sold them since for \$38,000, and the speculators say they are a bargain.

National Academy. MAY 12. — I went this morning to the Exhibition at Clinton Hall. There is a manifest improvement in the works of several of our old favourite artists. Ingham has some splendid portraits ; Durand has several very good, three in particular, of President Jackson, Mr. Adams, and Charles A. Davis, are admirable. Inman has several fine paintings, the best the "Bride of Lammermoor," which he painted for a Southern gentleman ; and Mount has three pictures which would do credit to Wilkie. Weir has, as usual, some good pictures, but his last does not please me. It is a picture painted for Mr. Verplanck ; the subject is "The Landing of Hendrick Hudson."

MAY 18. — Yesterday was a pleasant day, the first, I think, this spring, and being Sunday the streets presented a gay and cheerful appearance. The ladies' new French hats and the gentlemen's white pantaloons were exhibited with impunity from staining shower or biting blast, and the air was redolent of the tender grass and opening lilacs. During the day and evening the fire-engines were exercised by the boys with their accustomed alacrity, and a few houses here and there in the upper part of the city were burned for their especial gratification.

Indian Names. MAY 21. — How beautifully expressive are the Indian proper names ! Comprehensive in meaning, as they are lofty and musical in sound. I honour the towns, the rivers, and the mountains to which the good taste and patriotic feeling have left the names by which the sons of the forest designated them before the white man became their proprietor, much more than I do the Baths, the Bristols, the Frankforts, and the Orleans, for which we are indebted to the exhausted gazetteers of

Europe ; or even the Homers, the Virgils, the Solons, or the Manlius, albeit they have been raked up from the ashes of classical lore. Our lakes and rivers have been less despoiled of their original Indian designations than the towns which they irrigate and beautify, and they differ as much in name as they do in grandeur from those of Europe. What can be more expressive than "Alleghany," clear water ; "Ohio," most beautiful of rivers ; "Connecticut," long river ; "Winnipiseogee," the smile of the Great Spirit ; "Canandaigua," place of rest, etc. ! Such words as Ontario, Onondaga, Tallahassee, and Michigan are full of poetry as of magnificence, and the spirit of the American people should guard them with as much jealousy from the innovations of European refinement as they would the hardy maxims of their republican institutions from the insults of courtly forms of government or the errors of modern philosophy.

MAY 22. — The Jackson Convention, convened by Baltimore Convention, orders from Washington to nominate Mr. Van Buren for the presidency, assembled at Baltimore on Wednesday, and appointed Andrew Stevenson, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, and rejected Minister to England, to preside over them. No other business was done on Wednesday ; there are some difficulties in the way, such as a double set of delegates from Pennsylvania, true-blue both, but hating each other nearly as much as they do honesty and the Whigs, and a little insubordination about the choice of Vice-President. Mr. Rives and Richard M. Johnson have each friends in the convention, who will at first make a little show in support of their respective candidate, but will soon fall into the ranks of "passive obedience and non-resistance," and ratify unanimously the edict which has gone forth from Washington and been countersigned at Albany. So "God help the people" ! This farce is over, and their *deliberations* have terminated as was previously arranged. On Friday the convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States. Martin Van Buren was unanimously

nominated as President, and Richard M. Johnson was nominated as Vice-President by the following vote: for Richard M. Johnson, 178; for William C. Rives, 87.

MAY 26. — The packet-ship "Napoleon" arrived yesterday from Liverpool, bringing news to the 25th of April. The Indemnity Bill passed the French Chamber of Deputies on the 18th by a larger majority than was anticipated. The whole amount of 25,000,000 francs, with interest from the date of the treaty, was agreed to be paid. The Ministers assented to the introduction of a clause in the bill forbidding the payment of the money until after the French Government shall have received satisfactory explanations with regard to the President's message of Dec. 2, 1834.

What will "Old Hickory" say to this? Apologize? He certainly will not, for his flatterers have told him and told the people, and they all believe it, that his firmness, his vigour, his dare-deviltry have extorted from the fears of the French that which we should never have gained from their justice, but *la grande nation* will be satisfied with a few unmeaning words: "Our old allies," "Our faithful friends," "The compatriots of our Lafayette;" they cannot suppose, not they, that any affront was intended, etc., etc., and so the matter will be settled: the louis will jingle in our pockets, Jackson will get all the credit for the success of a negotiation which his arrogance had well-nigh defeated, the "Hurrah for Jackson!" on our shores will be responded on those of France by "Vive Louis Philippe!" saltpetre will be used only for the peaceful purpose of curing hams, and the star-spangled banner will wave as heretofore over cargoes of cotton and potashes, or serve to give an impulse to the Fourth-of-July celebrations of General Morton's division of artillery.

MAY 27. — I went last evening to a grand supper at Washington Hall, given by the members of the Book Club to the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, who is considered the founder of the club. The party was larger than usual, and comprised several of the *élite* of the city.

There were President Duer, Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Jarvis, Henry Brevoort, Colonel White, of Florida, General Scott, Joseph Blunt, Charles King, Ogden Hoffman, John Duer, Jacob Harvey, Arthur Barclay, James J. Jones, Dr. Francis, Beverly Robinson, Charles A. Davis, Dr. A. E. Hosack, Isaac S. Hone, P. Hone, Washington Irving, M. C. Patterson, and two or three more whom I do not recollect.

JUNE 1. — All the world (our world) is going to Europe. The packet-ship "Europe" sailed this morning for Liverpool with thirty-five passengers; among the number were Professor Ticknor and family, of Boston, and Lord Powerscourt, who has been travelling in the United States. His friend and companion, Mr. Parnell, remains behind, having been married yesterday in Grace Church to Miss Delia Stewart, daughter of Commodore Stewart. He will follow in a short time, and take his Yankee bride with him to Ireland.

JUNE 17. — The Boston and Providence Railroad is completed except a viaduct, and the passengers by the New York steamboats were carried over for the first time one day last week. The time was two hours and a half, and the Lexington steamboat goes from New York to Providence in twelve hours, so that leaving this city at six in the morning travellers can unstrap their trunks at their lodgings in Boston by daylight on a summer's day.

JUNE 23. — The U.S. frigate "Constitution" Old Ironsides. rived yesterday afternoon, having on board Mr. Livingston, our late Minister to France, and his family. Mr. Livingston comes back in a bad humour, and it is much to be feared that he may infuse some of it into the mind of the obstinate and weak old man at the head of our government, and so prevent an amicable arrangement of the difficulty with France, — a consummation devoutly to be dreaded, if it should lead to war. The only hope is that Mr. Van Buren's influence will be stronger in that quarter than that of the Minister, and that his chance of a succession to the presidency may be promoted by keeping the peace.

We saw the noble ship "Constitution" plainly from Rockaway yesterday afternoon, under a full spread of canvas, on her way up to the city. She sailed from Havre on the 5th, and from Plymouth England, on the 16th ult. I do not think much of her commander, have little respect for the effigy on her bow or the manner of its being placed there, and am not exceedingly proud of the country's representative which she now bears in her bosom; but I love her for her name, and honour her for the share she has had in the preservation of her country's glory. She is still "Old Ironsides."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1. — On Saturday evening last, during a severe gale in Baltimore, Mr. Marshall, son of the Chief Justice, having taken shelter in a building partially destroyed by fire, was killed by the falling of a chimney. He had just arrived from Philadelphia, where he had been to visit his venerable father. There is great reason to apprehend that the shock of this calamity, added to his bad state of health, will prove too much for this most excellent of men. I know of no greater misfortune which our country could sustain at this time than the death of Chief Justice Marshall. He is the sheet-anchor of the Constitution; pure, enlightened, and patriotic; the loss of such a man would be a national calamity at any time, but it is a fearful thing to think of his place being filled by a man who is willing to sacrifice everything we hold sacred to the gratification of his personal feelings and the aggrandizement of his party.

JULY 4. — I dined with the honourable the Corporation. These dinners are never very refined nor very intellectual, but this was even less so than usual. The constituents of the members, who, like some of themselves, are rather queer sort of folk, must be invited, and as the dinner and diners are abundant, they feed enormously, and, in utter disregard of the good temperance rules so much in fashion, lay in large stores of present hilarity and future headache, and, as in duty bound, they pay for their share of the municipal banquet by lauding their liberal entertainers, and shouting, at the top of their excited voices, "Huzza!" to all their party

sentiments, no matter how violent or unreasonable. The President's health was received with all the fire and vivacity which brandy or champagne can inspire, but the great burst of feeling was reserved for New York's favourite son, "the Vice-President." The "three times three" which succeeded the announcement of this toast made the very cupola on the top of the hall tremble over our heads; the deep-toned bell which is suspended under the queer-looking canopy, like a toad under some enormous mushroom, to utter the sounds of fearful vibrations, and the four-and-twenty pounders of "Old Ironsides," which were at the same moment keeping 4th of July on the North river, could scarcely be heard in the patriotic din which spontaneously burst forth to waft the glorious sentiment to the responsive heavens. There, I am sure the "Times" cannot make more of the toast than I have done. I sat at the table on the right hand of the Mayor, between Commodore Elliot and Governour Troup. A chair was left in the place of honour on the immediate right of the Mayor for Mr. Livingston, who was so ill that he could not attend the dinner; but the place was pertinaciously kept by the Commodore, who is a great glorifier of President Jackson and all that appertains to him, and when the cloth was removed and the champagne, like a poker, had begun to stir up the latent flame of patriotism in the bosoms of the faithful, the name of the Minister was announced, and he was led up with all due formality to the vacant chair. This was the signal for three glorification cheers, which he would not have gotten in a regular way. His health was given; he made a speech; all his actions, past, present, to come, were fully approved, and "No explanation," "No apology," resounded through the room, and divided the echoes of the spacious dome with the equally inspiring shouts of "Hurrah for Jackson!" and success to the nominee of the Baltimore Convention. This may all have been accidental, but it appeared to me exceedingly like management. It was passing strange that a person should be too ill to go out to dinner at five o'clock, but able to calculate his recovery with so much nicety that

a chair should be kept for him to occupy at seven. I crossed the path of the glorification toasts with the following sentiment, out of place, to be sure, but they dared not express any disapprobation,—
 “John Marshall: may his valuable life be spared to his country, while his mental and physical faculties remain, to elucidate and to defend the Constitution.”

Death of
 Chief Justice
 Marshall.

JULY 8. — The calamity which has for some time past threatened our country has happened at last, and every man who admires talents and venerates virtue mourns over the loss we have sustained. John Marshall, the wise, the virtuous, the patriotic, died on the afternoon of Monday the 6th inst., at six o'clock, in Philadelphia, in which city he has been for some time, to avail himself of the best medical advice. Take the Chief Justice for all in all, he combined in his character more good and great qualities than any other man in the United States during his or any other time, with the exception of his friend and associate, Washington; and his death at this time is a greater national calamity than Washington's was when it occurred, for reasons which I have stated at a former page of this journal, in noticing the melancholy death of his son at Baltimore. Would it had pleased Divine Providence to delay the stroke for a few years! Less danger would be apprehended if the successor of General Jackson had had the filling of this most important office, even if that successor were (as it most probably will be) Mr. Van Buren. He will be governed less by personal predilections, and if he has no more virtue than the present incumbent, he has more policy and less reliance upon his own infallibility. At any rate, I would rather trust him.

In 1797 Marshall was appointed by President Adams, with General Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry, to negotiate with the French Directory. They were not received by the French, and it was in this embassy that the famous X. Y. Z. correspondence was instituted, in which the envoys were invited to bribe the Directory as the means of obtaining justice for this country. It was this infamous

proposal which gave rise to the celebrated expression so frequently quoted, "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute." In 1799 he was elected and took his seat in Congress. Here his talents became immediately so conspicuous that in 1800 he was appointed Secretary of War, and on the 31st of January, 1801, he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which distinguished position he continued to fill with unsullied dignity and preëminent ability until the close of his mortal career. All newspapers are, as they ought to be, clad in mourning.

JULY 10. — Charles King gave me, on board the steamboat, yesterday morning the "Evening Post" to read an infamous editorial notice of the death of Chief Justice Marshall. They say he was a man of *considerable talents!* but an enemy to Democratic principles, and used his influence in the court over which he presided to subvert them, and on the whole his removal is a cause of rejoicing. This is absolutely a species of impiety for which I want words to express my abhorrence. It is of a piece with Duane's celebrated article published in the "Aurora" on the death of Washington, beginning with the scriptural quotation, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and the painful recollection of these two great national bereavements will ever be accompanied in the minds of all good Americans by their detestation of the sentiments of the two compeers in infamy, who have thus acquired a most unenviable notoriety. The "Times," another of our Jackson papers, on the other hand, has noticed the Chief Justice's death in the most feeling manner, and consecrated his memory by eulogiums which none but a fool would deny, or a knave withhold.

JULY 18. — The papers contain a report that the President has appointed Roger B. Taney Chief Justice of the United States in the place of the lamented John Marshall. Mr. Taney is a lawyer of high reputation, and except in his slavish devotion to General Jackson and his party, which led him during his short career as

Secretary of the Treasury to perform an act of subserviency which must "damn him to everlasting fame," he was always esteemed a respectable man. The act alluded to, the acceptance of office solely to do the President's dirty work of removing the deposits, was sufficient to entitle him to this or any other office in his gift ; and as none but a person possessing that sort of qualification would be appointed, it is fortunate, on the whole, that the ermine has not fallen upon less worthy shoulders. If this appointment has been made, and Mr. Van Buren should be elected President (of which I think there is very little doubt), the remarkable fact will be disclosed of the two most exalted offices in the country being held by individuals whose nominations for other offices of greatly inferior importance have been rejected by the Senate.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, JULY 21. — We arrived here in the canal-boat at three o'clock this afternoon. The boat was not crowded, the weather was cool and pleasant, the accommodations good, the captain polite, our fellow-passengers well-behaved, and altogether I do not remember to have ever had so pleasant a *ride* on the canal. My hammock, to be sure, was rather narrow and not very soft, and my neighbour overhead packed close upon my stomach ; but I slept sound as a ploughman, and did not wake until tapped on the shoulders by the boy, and told to "clear out."

JULY 29. — At the moment of my arrival I found the ladies dressed for a ball at Congress Hall and just entering the room. At the solicitations of some of my fair friends, whose solicitations are a matter not to be disregarded, I went down to look at the gay assemblage. There is a large company at Congress Hall, but not many New Yorkers. The Patroon and old Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Post, lately married (she was Miss Church) ; Mrs. Otis's sister, another newly married couple ; Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. DePau, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Coster, Giraud, McLean, Buckland, McLeod, Laight, Pringle,

Saratoga
Springs.

Edward Heckscher, Governor Wolf, of Pennsylvania, and many others, as Lord Duberly says, "too tedious to enumerate."

AUGUST 2. — A terrible system prevails in some of Lynch's Law. the Southern and Western States of late, which consists in the people taking the law in their own hands and inflicting summary punishment upon persons who have made themselves obnoxious to their high mightinesses, beating, tarring and feathering, and in some cases hanging the unhappy object of their vengeance, and this is generally called "Lynch's law." At Vicksburg, in the State of Mississippi, from the 6th to the 10th of July, scenes were enacted which are calculated to make humanity shudder, and to bring disgrace upon the country. The same inflammable spirit in our part of the country has caused excitement and tumult in a less dangerous degree. Finding more combustible matter in the South and West, it has kindled a flame which may in time endanger the safety of our institutions throughout the Union. There is an awful tendency toward insubordination and contempt of the laws, and there is reason to apprehend that good order and morality will ere long be overcome by intemperance and violence, and "Lynch's law" be made a substitute for written law and the regular administration of public justice. God forbid that the fair inheritance of our fathers should be laid prostrate by the lawless hands of their degenerate sons, in this early stage of its existence! As for me, I have no desire to be ruled by the maxim of government so fashionable in the extreme south and west part of our country, and I say, give us no more Tennessee presidents.

AUGUST 3. — The prices of property in and about Real Estate. this city and Brooklyn keep up astonishingly; unimproved lots on this island are higher than ever. Several great sales have been made at auction during my absence, but I think the greatest is the property of the late Mrs. Ann Rogers, which goes principally, I believe, to her grandchildren, the children of her daughter, Mrs. Heyward. It consisted of her proportion of the Rose Hill estate left by her first husband,

Nicholas Cruger, and the country-seat at Bloomingdale, about six miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson river. The amount of the sales of these two pieces of property was \$688,310. Fifteen years ago they would not have brought \$40,000. The money goes into good hands.

AUGUST 4. — Charles Matthews, the comedian, died in England, on the 29th of June, of an ossification of the heart. His health was bad during his last visit to the United States, and he had a dangerous fit of illness while in Boston. He dined with me once during that visit, was very agreeable, but not the man he was when here before. Even while amusing the public by his ludicrous performances on the stage, he was moody, fretful, and dissatisfied, and left the country for the last time in a very bad humour. Few men of the present age have contributed so much to the amusement of others, but in his best days he was subject to fits of discontent and lowness of spirits, and I have seen him at my own table delighting and surprising the company with stories, songs, and imitations, himself the only person whose heart was not light and joyous by the merriment he caused.

The following distinguished gentlemen have been appointed and have consented to pronounce eulogiums upon the character and services of the late illustrious Chief Justice: Judge Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; James Kent, of New York; Horace Binney, of Philadelphia; and Walter Jones, of Washington.

ROCKAWAY, THURSDAY, AUG. 6. — We left home this afternoon in the Rockaway omnibus, with Miss Lydia Kane. Mr. Nicholson drove Miss Helen Kane.

The house is not so full as it ought to be, but the company is exceedingly agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. R. Bayard; Mrs. Carroll; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson (Mrs. Carroll's other daughter); two beautiful Misses Willing, daughters of Richard Willing, of Philadelphia; Dr. and Mrs. McAuley, of Baltimore; Mrs. Davis; Miss E. Callender; and an excellent lot of beaux.

AUGUST 7. — The weather is delightful this morning, and we have had a day of amusement and pleasure. It was the birthday of Miss Elizabeth Willing, one of the handsomest and loveliest girls I ever saw. Count Streliski, who is chief manager and the best beau at the Pavilion, issued a programme of the amusements, which consisted of a trotting match, a champagne dinner, birthday ode, ball, and supper. The trotting match took place at ten o'clock, on the beach, and the company from all the houses assembled to witness it. Three one-mile heats were trotted. The race was won by Robert Goelet, who was regularly invested by the queen of the day on the ground with the prize, which was a beautiful embroidered scarf. This part of the day's sport went off well and afforded much pleasure. At the dinner, toasts and speeches in honour of the occasion went their jocund round. The ball in the evening was unusually splendid, for there never were a dozen handsomer girls assembled in one cotillion. A part of the arrangement consisted in my promising a birthday ode, which was set to music by Kendal and sung with great effect by the Count. It was well received, for the good-humour which prevailed rendered the company indulgent critics. Amongst the other delights of the day I had a most luxurious bath at noon. Why do people go to Saratoga to mix in a crowd of queer strangers, dragging out a tiresome day of artificial enjoyment, when they might come here and enjoy pure air, invigorating bathing, and refined society? *Chacun à son goût.* I prefer this.

NEW YORK, AUG. 11. — My beautiful namesake, the brig "Philip Hone," arrived on Sunday, from the Pacific ocean, to Howland and Aspinwall.

Riots in Baltimore. My poor country, what is to be the issue of the violence of the people and the disregard of law which prevails in all parts of it? On Friday night a mob collected in Baltimore, instigated by inflammatory handbills, to take vengeance upon several persons who had been directors of the Bank of Maryland, — an institution which stopped payment something

more than a year ago, and by which many persons had lost money. They attacked and broke the windows of the house occupied by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, which was built by James A. Buchanan, next door to Mrs. William Gilmore, near to Barnum's Hotel, and within a short distance of Meredith's house. The Mayor interfered, and the mob was addressed by several gentlemen, and dispersed without doing a great deal of damage, but only to renew the attack with increased numbers and greater ferocity. The same scenes were repeated on Saturday night and on Sunday, when the house was pulled down, as well as that of Mr. Glenn, another of the bank directors, who lived in North Charles street. All the furniture of both these houses was thrown into the street, burned, and destroyed. The troops fired upon the mob, several were killed, and a large number wounded.

The accounts published in the papers of this afternoon are up to yesterday morning, at which time the work of destruction was still going on. The scene is represented as horrible in the extreme, but the accounts are vague and contradictory. About twenty persons were killed and one hundred wounded. The house of the Mayor, who had done his duty well, was destroyed; the troops had refused to act any further, and the mob appears to have completely got the ascendancy. This is Lynch's law, or Club law, or Beelzebub's law, or Jackson's law. It is the state of things which the editor of the "Evening Post" must have anticipated and wished for when he congratulated his fellow-ruffians that the sheet-anchor of the law and the Constitution was lost; that the wise and the virtuous Marshall no longer lived to control the bad passions of the people. Where will it end?

ROCKAWAY, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12. — My feelings are Dreadful Fire. excited and my heart is sick at the scenes I witnessed this morning; but I am glad I happened to be in town, for it was better to see the work of destruction than to hear it described. At two o'clock a fire broke out in the large new brick building No. 115 Fulton street, occupied by a number of

bookbinders, etc. I saw the fire from my bed, and knew, from the direction and the reflection of the light on the steeple of the North Church near, about where it was. I did not arise for some time, until I concluded, from the progress of the flames, that Clinton Hall might be in danger. I then went out and witnessed the awful scene until seven o'clock. It has been the most destructive fire which has ever occurred in New York, with the exception, perhaps, of the great fire, thirty or forty years ago, at the Coffee House Slip; because in this case most of the buildings were new, five and six stories high, and of brick. This part of the city was the Paternoster Row of New York, in which two or three thousand persons were employed daily in the various departments of book making, binding, publishing, etc. Fifteen or twenty newspapers and other periodicals were published within its precincts, and the stock of books, most of which was destroyed, was immense.

The building in which the fire originated, with six others, occupying the whole ground on that side of Fulton street, including Bliss & Wadsworth's splendid book and stationery store and Abraham Bell & Co.'s counting-house, from the Dutch church minister's house to the North Church, were entirely destroyed, and nearly all the houses on the opposite side of Fulton street. The flames passed through the block to Ann street, and swept away all the new lofty buildings on both sides of the street, including Holbrook's store, Fuller's gymnasium, six stories high, and the Catholic church, which was the extent of the devastation in that direction. From Ann street it communicated to Nassau street, where ten or twelve buildings on the east side were destroyed; two of these, Nos. 110 and 112, were large new warehouses filled with books and paper, all of which was lost. The houses on Nassau street were the last destroyed, and at this period the immense establishment of the American Bible Society, Clinton Hall, and my property, Clinton Hotel, were in considerable danger; but happily the progress of the flames was arrested and all this valuable property escaped uninjured.

Five persons are known to have lost their lives: Mr. Blanchard, a respectable bookbinder, and two printers in the building where the fire originated. The former jumped out of a window in the fourth story and died in ten minutes; the others were burned, and two more were killed by falling walls. I witnessed the conflagration from the upper story of Clinton Hall, and it was astonishing to see the rapidity with which it progressed.

AUGUST 13. — Great excitement prevails in all parts of the country on the subject of the attempts made by the friends of immediate emancipation to excite the slaves of the South to resist the authority of their masters; at least, such is the alleged tendency of the indiscreet measures of those fanatical persons who have engaged in that cause. Inflammatory publications have been circulated in the slaveholding States by means of the mails, and the people of those States have resorted to violent measures to counteract their effects; among others, application was made to the Postmaster-General to prevent their distribution. The reply of that important functionary (the notorious Amos Kendal) contains the following sentiment, which embodies all the essence of the abominable doctrines on which the Vicksburgh and Baltimore riots were founded; viz., that the people are to be governed by the law just so long as it suits them, and constitutes them the judges of the time when they may release themselves from the obligation of obedience, and the manner of substituting "Lynch's law" for the written law of the land. The letter is addressed to the Postmaster of Charleston, S.C. "We owe an obligation to the laws, but a higher one to the community in which we live, and if the former be perverted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them." Every petty postmaster in the country is thus made the judge of the cases which justify his interposition, and he may stop the circulation of pamphlets, newspapers, and letters too, for aught I can see to the contrary. These postmasters are to a man the subservient tools of Jackson, Kendal, & Co., and may consider it "patriotism to disregard the laws" by preventing the

The Abolitionists.

circulation of all publications opposed to the reigning dynasty and the legitimate succession.

The abolitionists, Arthur Tappan and his fanatical coadjutors, are certainly engaged in a most mischievous undertaking, which may bring destruction upon their own heads and civil war into the bosom of our hitherto happy country ; but the remedy is worse than the disease. If they are punished, if their dangerous career is arrested, it must be done according to law. I do not choose to surrender the power of executing justice into the hands of the slave-owners of South Carolina.

Baltimore
Mob. AUGUST 14. — That affair is over. The mob have dispersed after pulling down five or six fine houses, burning the furniture, and drinking the old wine. The number of persons killed was exaggerated in the first accounts. It does not exceed seven. This was one of Amos Kendal's cases, in which the people determined that the " laws were perverted, and it was patriotism to disregard them."

Old
Ironsides. AUGUST 19. — The " Constitution " sailed this morning on a cruise in the Mediterranean, with Jackson's head disgracing her bow, and Commodore Elliot her quarter-deck. The vile sycophancy which caused the former to be placed where it is, obtained for the latter a distinction which would not have been awarded to him by any brother officer in the navy.

Anti-Abolition
Meeting. A meeting has been called in Boston for 21st instant, signed by fifteen hundred persons, at the head of whom is Harrison G. Otis, to express their disapprobation of the proceedings of the fanatics who are seeking to sow the seeds of discord among our fellow-citizens of the South, and to excite the slaves to revolt against their masters. This may be good. It will serve to convince the slave-owners that the number of those who seek to do them harm is too inconsiderable to give them uneasiness. I should approve of such a meeting in New York, if it could be conducted without violence and party-spirit.

AT HOME, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26. — The abolition question con-

tinues to agitate the public mind, and acquires hourly a most alarming interest. A great meeting is to be held to-morrow afternoon, in the Park, of those opposed to the incendiary proceedings of the abolitionists. The call is signed by several hundred persons, of different political parties, headed by the Mayor. One object of my coming to town is to attend this meeting, for I am desirous that persons of character should be present in the greatest possible numbers, with the twofold object of convincing the people of the South that the incendiaries constitute an inconsiderable proportion of our citizens, and to prevent any violence which might possibly be attempted by turbulent persons ever on the lookout for a row, for it is certain that in the present state of feeling the least spark would create a flame in which the lives and property of Arthur Tappan and his associates would be endangered.

AUGUST 27. — The public meeting of citizens opposed to the abolition society, and the interference of individuals between the masters and the slaves in the Southern States, was held this afternoon, at four o'clock, in the Park. The following were the officers, and if wisdom is found in a multitude of counsellors this must have been an eminently wise assemblage: President, His Honor the Mayor. Vice-Presidents, Thomas L. Oakley, William T. McCoun, David B. Ogden, Henry Parish, Peter Crary, Walter Bowne, John L. Morgan, Luman Reed, Isaac S. Hone, Campbell P. White, Prosper M. Wetmore, Philip Hone, Edward Curtis, Thaddeus Phelps, Joseph Cowdin, Daniel Jackson, Charles A. Davis, George L. Robbins, Charles L. Livingston, Reuben Withers, John D. Wolf, Seth Geer, Egbert Benson, John L. Graham, Isaac H. Varian, Robert Center, William L. Johnson, Joseph D. Beers. Secretaries, John R. Marshall, George Sharp, Robert Pitts, John L. Bailey, Isaac Townsend, Morgan L. Smith, R. C. Wetmore, James Lee, Henry H. Elliott, Seneca Stewart, Thomas C. Doremus, George L. Easton. The preamble and resolutions were all very temperate and proper, the proceedings orderly, and the large assembly broke up without the least indecorum.

AT HOME, TUESDAY, SEPT. 1. — The marine Pavilion is now “a banquet-hall deserted.” This establishment, gotten up and supported at so great an expense, has been neglected by the New Yorkers, with the exception of my family and connections and a few others. The house has been encouraged only by Philadelphians and other strangers. The fashionable people of our city have preferred the Virginia Springs, Saratoga, Newport, and a place they call Sachem’s Head, to a house of their own possessing advantages greater than any other.

We had a pretty sight at Rockaway. Shortly before
 Packets. we came away, the three outward-bound packets were all in sight in a line with the beach, about a mile apart; viz., the “Toronto,” for London; “Caledonia,” for Liverpool; and “Utica,” for Havre. The wind was light, but fair, and these noble vessels, under full sail, passed, slowly, steadily, and gracefully on to their several destinations. May they arrive in safety to “the havens where they would be”!

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5. — We landed the New-
 Trip to
 Boston. port passengers, of whom Mrs. Ritchie was one, at five o’clock. Mrs. James W. Otis came on to Providence. At eight o’clock we left Providence on the railroad and arrived here at three-quarters past ten. Dr. Wainwright was our fellow-passenger from New York. We got a tolerably good bed-chamber at the Tremont House, and were regularly installed into the comforts of Mr. Belknap’s pleasant parlour. I found, among the inmates of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bayard, Mr. and Mme. Podestad, Francis March, John C. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Bloodgood, Miss Mary Van Schaick, and many other acquaintances.

Speculation in real estate has reached as great a height as in New York, pulling down and rebuilding in the fashion of the day, and it seems as if all the world had entered into a combination to exhaust the quarries of granite in the neighbourhood. A company, consisting of Patrick T. Jackson, Abbott Lawrence, and William Appleton, have bought the ancient house and grounds of the late

Gardiner Greene, on Court street, and the adjoining property of Deacon Philips, at enormous prices, pulled down the houses, levelled a hill sixty feet in height, and made fifty or sixty building lots, of which they will make maps and sell the whole at auction, and, availing themselves of the present rage, will no doubt make a great deal of money.

SEPTEMBER 6. — In the afternoon I visited and had a delightful talk of two or three hours with Mr. H. G. Otis, where I drank tea, and went in the evening to Mr. Peter Parker's, Mr. Samuel D. Parker's, and Mr. Sullivan's, at each of which places I had been invited to those agreeable Sunday-evening parties for which the Bostonians are so celebrated, and which I enjoy so much.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8. — The Legislature is in session. I went this morning, first to the Senate and afterward to the House of Assembly. In the latter chamber, Mr. George Blake, who is a member, placed me in a most conspicuous seat, near the Speaker, and close to the clerk's table, in view of the whole House, where I received the attentions of several of the members with whom I was acquainted. This is an extra session for revising the laws of the State. The number of members is too great. The House consists of upwards of six hundred, of whom four hundred were present this morning. They are a good-looking, orderly body of men, and their business is conducted in a decorous, gentlemanly manner.

In the evening I went to a party at Mrs. Augustus Thorndike's. A prettier party, a more tasteful house, I have never seen. Madame Podestad and the Count sang delightfully. Mrs. Thorndike's sisters, Mrs. Delprat and Mrs. Calvert, and their father, Dr. Stuart, of Baltimore, are here on a visit.

SEPTEMBER 9. — At eleven o'clock precisely we started on the railroad for Lowell; arrived at a quarter-past twelve. Started on our return at two, and got to Boston at half-past three. The distance is twenty-five miles. There is a prodigious deal of travelling on the road. They take seventy-five minutes to perform the distance, and the punctuality is astonishing. There was not a varia-

tion of half a minute in starting and arriving, either way. Our time was rather short in Lowell, but long enough to see this lion of New England; this Manchester of America; this city of enormous brick factories, of canals and waste-gates, of billies and jennies, of jacks and spindles.

I dined at Mr. H. G. Otis's, and had, as is always the case in the house of this agreeable and hospitable gentleman, a most capital dinner. Mrs. Ritchie (who came with her mother yesterday from Newport) presided at the dinner, and imparted to it the charm which always attends her presence. The company, besides myself, consisted of Mr. and Madame Podestad, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, Messrs. Belknap, F. Grey, Sears, Middleton, J. G. Pierson, of New York, and Allyn Otis.

SEPTEMBER 10. — This day has been devoted to a sailing and fishing party, in the beautiful bay of Boston, on board the "Dream," — a pleasure schooner belonging to a company of gentlemen of this place. She was formerly owned in New York by Hosack, Center, and my son Robert and others. We left Boston at ten o'clock, the party consisting of Messrs. Brooks, Belknap, Whitwell, Isaac P. Davis, Colonel Freeman, Philip, and myself. After we had proceeded twenty miles down the bay, and were engaged in fishing, we were joined by the celebrated sloop (formerly Mr. Cushing's boat), whose passengers, Messrs. Forbes, Bryant, and Sturgis, joined our party. We sailed in company during the remainder of the day, which was passed in joviality and good-humour. We caught about three dozen codfish and haddock, ate our chowder, drank any quantity of punch, champagne, and old Madeira. The weather was fine as possible, the wind fair both going and returning, and we got home about eight o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 11. — I passed this morning in returning visits. Mr. Sears called to see me, and took me to his house to see a number of capital pictures which he has lately brought from Italy. They are copies from celebrated pictures, and possess great merit. Mr. Sears's house is certainly the finest in the United States. The

front, on Beacon street, is one hundred feet. They say it cost \$175,000; and this noble house is filled with treasures of art. Among the pictures are the "Miriam" and another of Allston's. Mr. Sears went to Europe for his health, which was much impaired, and returned quite well in July last.

SEPTEMBER 12. — This day must be marked with a white stone. It was one of the most pleasant of my life. I expected much from it, but my expectation has been more than realized. At six o'clock Philip and I went, by previous arrangement and breakfasted with the acting governor, Samuel T. Armstrong. After breakfast we started in his carriage, the party consisting of the Governor, his military staff, Adjutant-General Dearborn, Colonel Winthrop, and ourselves. The morning was lowering, but it soon cleared, and the weather during the day was peculiarly favourable. On arriving at Lexington, eleven miles from Boston, we left the carriage, and visited the celebrated spot behind the meeting-house where the first blood was shed in the glorious cause of American independence, on the 19th of April, 1775. A granite monument has been erected on the spot where the bones of the first martyrs in that cause were interred. No description nor drawing of the spot could convey to my mind so full an idea of the events of that important day in the history of my country as a view of it, with the detailed account I received from my companions.

We proceeded to Concord, seven miles farther by the same road which the British took after the skirmish at Lexington, where they were opposed by the militia, and where the first regular battle took place. At Concord, therefore, the revolution commenced.

We found the whole population in motion, waiting to receive us; proceeded, agreeably to arrangement, to the house of Mr. Hoar, member of Congress from the district, from whence we went to the hotel, where a grand procession was formed, escorted by a company of troops. The procession passed through a line of ladies and children (the latter pupils of the schools), and entered the

meeting-house in which the exercises of the day were to be performed. These exercises were introduced by prayer from the venerable pastor, Dr. Ripley, a hearty old gentleman eighty-four years old, as he informed me himself. Several odes were sung, and an excellent oration spoken by the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a young clergyman of distinguished talents and eloquence. It was full of interesting details relative to the first settlement of Concord, the first inland town settled in the colony. The grant which was made to the Rev. Peter Buckley and Major Simon Willard was dated 2d Sept., 1635, old style. The history of the sufferings and privations of the first settlers and their immediate descendants, their wars and adventures with the Indians, and many facts illustrative of those primitive times carefully collated from the ancient town records up to the time when this little republic of honest Yankees was called to act an important part in the revolution which separated the western world from the dominion of the mother-country, gave a vivid interest to the oration, the reading of which occupied two hours. The services all partook of the spirit of the olden times; amongst them was the "107th Psalm, tune St. Martin's," "from the New England version used in the New England churches in 1640," which was sung by the whole assemblage, the deacon giving it out line by line.

The exercises in the meeting-house concluded at two o'clock, when the procession formed again and marched to a great pavilion on the green, where tables and a cold collation were spread, and about four hundred as honest-looking Yankees as ever sat down to eat cold roast pig were assembled. Never have I seen anything of the kind so decidedly American; no foreign influence; no grating brogue; every man looked and acted as if the honour of his virtuous ancestors was in his sole keeping. Mr. Keyes, member of the General Court from Concord, presided with great ability. There were no regular toasts, but the president gave them, prefaced by some apt remarks calculated to draw out in succession the distinguished guests. We had speeches from Lieutenant-Governor Arm-

strong, Mr. Everett, Mr. Philips, member of Congress from Salem ; General Dearborn, and Colonel Winthrop, of the Governor's staff ; Judge Davis, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Emerson, the orator of the day. I also was called out by a toast from the Chair, complimentary to myself and the city of New York, and replied in a speech which must have been pretty good, unless I mistook the expressions of kindness to a stranger for an approval of his sentiments and his manner of conveying them to the audience. I closed my address with the following toast : "Concord and Boston, the birthplace and cradle of American liberty ; good nursing has made the babe healthy and vigorous, but she requires watching more now than ever."

Our party went from the dinner-table to visit the ladies, who had invited us to drink coffee with them at their banquet. The court-house was beautifully fitted up with festoons and wreaths of flowers and evergreens, and tables were spread at which all the ladies of Concord had dined. There was not a house in the whole town probably at which dinner had been provided this day, and not one which contained an inhabitant who was able to leave it, and here I was, talking to fine Yankee women and blooming Yankee girls until the Governor's carriage was announced, which carried us unwillingly away, and we arrived in Boston at nine o'clock. I have been delighted with this affair, for it was precisely one of those which I have long desired to witness ; and the honour which has been conferred upon me on this occasion I shall remember with gratitude.

I had forgotten to remark that we had amongst us, in the meeting-house and at the dinner, eight or ten old gentlemen who were soldiers of the battle of Concord on the 19th of April, 1775. They were eloquently alluded to by the orator of the day, and verbal laurels were showered upon their hoary heads in abundance by several of the gentlemen who spoke at dinner.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 13. — We went this morning to the King's Chapel, and heard a good sermon from Dr. Greenwood, the Unitarian pastor of that congregation.

One of the pillars intended for the portico of the new courthouse was brought into the city this evening from Quincy. It weighs between twenty-eight and thirty tons, and was drawn by forty-two yoke of oxen.

SEPTEMBER 14. — We went this morning to see the pictures at the Athenæum, principally a head by Allston, "Isaac of York," which, notwithstanding the praise so liberally bestowed upon it by the Bostonians, I do not like. But there are some fine pictures belonging to the Academy which required more time to examine than I had to bestow, for I had to return to my lodgings to take a luncheon preparatory to my departure.

SEPTEMBER 15. — The Legislature of Mississippi have passed a law offering a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of any person "who shall utter, publish, or circulate within the limits of that State, the 'Liberator,' or any other paper, circular, pamphlet, letter, or address of a seditious character."

SEPTEMBER 23. — The plan for macadamizing the ^{Paving} street before my house not having fully answered ^{Broadway.} public expectation, the corporation have been trying a new experiment in Broadway, in front of the block between Warren and Chambers streets, copied from a plan of paving in St. Petersburg, Russia. The street is excavated to the depth of about two feet; a layer of broken stone is placed, such as is used for macadamizing, on the top of which a regular pavement of round stones, the whole covered by a compact course of wooden blocks, sexagonal, one foot in length, and placed vertically. These are made to fit very nicely, the interstices (which of course are small) filled with liquid tar, and covered with a thin coat of gravel. The street was used yesterday for the first time, and the multitudinous train of omnibuses, carriages, carts, and wagons which infest Broadway appeared to pass over the new Appian way "pretty tolerably slick." But it remains to be seen whether hemlock timber is less destructible than Nyack stone, and whether three distinct layers of road may not peradventure cost more than one.

SEPTEMBER 30. — I took Mr. Brevoort, Mr. Louis McLane, and Washington Irving out in the carriage to dine with old Mr. Astor, at Hell-gate. We had a pleasant, easy, sociable dinner, and returned home at nine o'clock.

Jones Schermerhorn and Mary came in town this morning to stay with us until they sail. The day of their departure, alas! approaches very fast. This day week my dear girls leave me; it would be nothing to part with them if Mary's health were not precarious. If she were the gay, jocund, bright-eyed, and cherry-cheeked creature she formerly was, her voyage would be a pleasure to me as to herself; but Heaven will hear my prayers, unworthy as I am, and return in due time my beloved child to me, looking and acting and talking as Mary Hone used to do.

OCTOBER 5. — The penny papers and the two-penny people of our slander-loving city have nuts to crack in a spree which took place last night, in which the performers were the young noblemen who are here. The Marquis of Waterford, Lord John Beresford, Lord Jocelyn, and Colonel Dundas dined yesterday on board the yacht belonging to the Marquis, got drunk, came on shore, made a row, had a battle with the watch, were overcome, taken to the watch-house, and kept in durance vile until this morning, when they were liberated by the Mayor. The papers, with their usual veracity, charge upon the Mayor the offence of entertaining these gentlemen at dinner yesterday and making them drunk; but it is not true. Some of them dined with him on Tuesday, as I know, for I was there; but he is not chargeable with this Sunday's entertainment.

OCTOBER 8. — This has been a day of severe trial
Departure of
my Daughters. for me and my family. My daughters, Mary and Catharine, with Mary's husband, J. Jones Schermerhorn, and Gen. James J. Jones, sailed for Havre in the packet-ship "Poland," Captain Anthony. Everything was propitious. She is a noble ship, has admirable accommodations, and a first-rate

commander. The weather, which has been stormy the first of the week, cleared up, and a more beautiful morning never broke upon the eyes of anxious travellers and their friends. The wind, too, was quite fair, and it would have been a holiday for us had not my dear Mary's health been so delicate that fears, anxieties, and forebodings dashed the cup of enjoyment from their lips and ours. All the relations and intimate friends of the family called in the morning, and the anguish of parting and the excitement caused by the number of persons present was too much for poor Mary, and I thought at one time it would have overcome her, but she went off tolerably well.

OCTOBER 12. — The friends of General Harrison, Harrison's Festival. the Whig candidate, got up a festival and dinner on the 5th, the anniversary of the battle of the Thames, in which he was the commanding general. This affair took place twenty odd years ago, and this is the first time it has been celebrated in this part of the country; but as glorification is the order of the day, the Harrisonites thought it was better late than never. But the best of the joke is, that the Van Buren men determined to have a glorification of the same event, in honour of their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Richard M. Johnson, who fought in the same battle, and, as they say, killed Tecumseh; but he didn't. So they had a dinner at Tammany Hall on the same day. The Mayor presided, as a set-off against General Bogardus, the president of the other party; and amongst the regular toasts, and the one hundred and one volunteers, of which Johnson was the oft-repeated burthen, not a single man had the grace to mention the name of Harrison. The play of Hamlet was performed, the part of Hamlet (by particular desire) left out.

OCTOBER 13. — Miss Helen Kane was at our house last evening, and went home attended by Robert. A long time afterward a messenger came to inquire about her. Nicholson, her lover, met them on the way, took the lady from Robert, and one of those moonlight walks so dear to lovers was the consequence.

OCTOBER 14. — The gambling in stocks in Wall
 Gambling. street has arrived at such a pitch, and the sudden
 reverses of fortune are so frequent, that it is a matter
 of every-day intelligence that some unlucky rascal has lost other
 people's money to a large amount, and run away, or been caught
 and consigned to the hands of justice. It is one taken from the
 mass; there is some swearing among the losers, some regret on the
 part of the immediate friends of the defaulter, but the chasm on
 the face of society which his detection and removal occasions is
 filled up in a day or two. They go to work again to cheat each
 other, and the catastrophe of Monday is forgotten by Saturday
 night.

The Count Surveilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) arrived yesterday at
 Philadelphia, in the ship "Monongahela," from Liverpool. His
 visit to Europe was said, at the time of his departure from this
 country, to be in consequence of certain revolutionary movements
 in France, which indicated a chance for the restoration of the
 Bonapartes to the throne. If such was his motive he has been
 disappointed, and it is likely he will pass the remainder of his life
 in the United States.

OCTOBER 24. — The excitement about abolition
 Abolition Meetings. meetings is increasing, and, as I feared, the remedy
 is becoming worse than the disease. The abolition
 convention was to have assembled at Utica on Wednesday, and the
 Common Council had granted to them the use of the court-room
 in which to hold the meeting. This was highly disapproved by a
 large proportion of the citizens; the consent was withdrawn, and
 the convention procured one of the churches. An opposition
 meeting was held on the same day, which succeeded in preventing
 the convention from meeting, and compelled the members to leave
 the city, although in their number were reverend divines and sage
 judges, and a speech of that ass Lewis Tappan was cut short in the
 middle.

OCTOBER 25. — My birthday. I am fifty-five years of age. My

health is tolerably good, my faculties unimpaired, my mind capable, I believe, as ever it was, but less disposed to exertion ; my temper, I fear, a little more irritable than it should be, and I cannot jump so high, nor run so fast, as I did twenty years ago ; but, on the whole, I have not much reason to complain, and am better off in all respects than I deserve to be.

OCTOBER 26. — Mr. Van Buren has been in town about ten days. I called to see him and invited him to dine, but others had the start of me, and he was engaged for the whole of his stay in the city. He leaves town to-morrow. He looks very well, and, from his ease of manner and inperturbable good temper, it might be supposed that he had less to occupy and trouble his mind than any man in New York. His outward appearance is like the unruffled surface of the majestic river which covers rocks and whirlpools, but shows no marks of the agitation beneath.

The general meeting took place last evening, at Democratic Meeting. Tammany Hall, to approve of the nomination of a member of Congress in place of Campbell P. White, and the Assembly ticket. Great opposition was expected from the anti-monopoly agrarian and pledge party, and one of these rows for which Tammany Hall is famous took place, and great was the confusion and dire the din which prevailed in the wigwam. The opposition was directed principally against the nomination of Gideon Lee for Congress. He is thought to be a little too much of a gentleman. The regulars, however, having previously made their arrangements disregarding the opposition, declared the nominations agreed to, adjourned the meeting, and put out the lights. The malcontents, however, were not content to grope thus in the dark, but each producing from his pocket a tallow-candle, ten to the pound, and a loco-foco to ignite it, soon brought matters to light again, reorganized the meeting by placing the noted demagogue, Joel G. Seaver, in the chair, passed resolutions condemning banks and other monopolies and approving the system of legislative pledges, substituted Charles G. Ferris for Congress in place of Mr.

Lee, put Job Haskell and three or four others on the Assembly ticket, and marched up to the Bowery to the music of their own throats and the light of their own candles.

In the mean time the Native American Association, made up of different parties, and having no other bond of union than the total exclusion of foreigners from office, have had a meeting and nominated an Assembly ticket, of whom I do not know an individual ; but I like the ostensible object of this association, and am of the opinion that times may come and cases occur in which its influence may be favourably exercised.

OCTOBER 31. — The Native American Association have nominated James Monroe for Congress. The split among the Tammany folks is so wide, and their animosity against each other so bitter, that Monroe may very easily be elected if the Whigs can be interested sufficiently in the event to induce them to go to the polls.

NOVEMBER 11. — I went this evening to the Chatham-Oratorios. street chapel to hear the oratorio of the “Messiah” performed by the Sacred Music Society, and was astonished at the magnificence of the scene ; the audience, of whom a large proportion were ladies, must have amounted to between two and three thousand. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Franklin, Brough, and Pierson were the principal singers. The chorus consisted of upward of a hundred ; the females, all dressed alike in white and arranged on the opposite sides of the music gallery, formed a beautiful and interesting *coup d’œil*. The ground-floor, which is very capacious, and two large galleries were so crowded that I could scarcely find standing-room behind the benches, and I came away before this rational and delightful entertainment was finished.

How little do the people of such a city as New York know what is passing around them ! These oratorios have been going on for a long time, and I have never heard them spoken of ; while if I had attended such an exhibition in a foreign country it would have been the theme of a glowing and animated description, and very probably I should have lamented the want of such things in

my own country. So every night we have four theatres open, and one at least, the Park, full at every performance, and making money fast enough, I should say, to satisfy even Mr. Simpson, the proprietor.

The avidity with which people crowd to hear these oratorios, and the immense houses which Mr. and Mrs. Wood bring nightly to the Park, prove that the New Yorkers are not devoid of musical taste, notwithstanding that the Italian opera does not succeed, and the proprietors are about selling their opera-house (the neatest and most beautiful theatre in the United States, and unsurpassed in Europe); but there are two reasons for this, both of which savour much of the John Bullism which we have inherited from our forefathers. The first is, that we want to understand the language; we cannot endure to sit by and see the performers splitting their sides with laughter, and we not take the joke; dissolved in "briny tears," and we not permitted to sympathize with them; or running each other through the body, and we devoid of the means of condemning or justifying the act. The other is the private boxes, so elegantly fitted up, which occupy the whole of the second tier. They cost six thousand dollars each, to be sure, and the use of them is all that the proprietors get for their money; but it forms a sort of aristocratical distinction. Many people do not choose to occupy seats (more pleasant and commodious than they can find in any other theatre) while others recline upon satin cushions, and rest their elbows upon arm-chairs, albeit they are bought with their own money. These causes have prevented the success of the Italian opera, and I do not wonder at it. I like this spirit of independence which refuses its countenance to anything exclusive. "Let the proprietors," say the sovereigns, "have their private boxes and satin cushions; they have paid well for them and are entitled to enjoy them. We will not furnish the means of supporting the establishment, but go to the Park Theatre, where it is 'first come, first served;' where our dollar will furnish us with 'the best the House affords,' and where the Woods will provide us with that dollar's

worth of something we can understand without the aid of a bungling translation.

NOVEMBER 13. — This gentleman (who, by the bye, Booth, the Tragedian. I have never seen) has been playing at the Bowery Theatre. He is a great actor in high, strongly-marked tragedy parts, such as Richard, Iago, Sir Giles, and Sir Edward Mortimer. He is also remarkable for his eccentricities, and there seems to be little doubt that at times his mind is alienated; he gave a proof of this on Monday night. He was to play Iago. When all was ready, the play begun, and Othello (Hamblin) waiting for him, he stalked across the stage, made an irregular exit by a back door, and was seen no more that night and for two or three following days. Some of the audience got their money back, and the play went on with a substitute in the part. Poor Booth now comes out with a humble apology for the "sad and unconscious act," the excuse for which he says "is a serious visitation, affecting and enfeebling my nerves, and a long deprivation of sleep, acting on a body debilitated by previous illness, and a mind disordered by domestic affliction, occasioning a partial derangement." He prays to be permitted to appear again, and says very affectingly, "If I find by your reception that I have offended beyond forgiveness, I will immediately withdraw from that stage where I have ever been treated, both by the public and the manager, with kindness and liberality." Mr. Hamblin has by this apology been prevailed upon to consent to his appearance to-morrow evening in the part of Sir Giles Overreach, and there is no doubt that public sympathy will be excited to fill the house and give the poor fellow not only the forgiveness of the audience, but a kind and generous reception.

Harrison Meeting. A meeting of the friends of General Harrison was held, on Thursday evening, at Constitution Hall, to recommend him as the candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. I did not attend this meeting, nor do I intend to commit myself to the support of General Harrison, Judge White, or any other man, until it is clearly ascertained that

there is no chance for Mr. Webster. A meeting of his friends is soon to be called in this city. That meeting I *will* attend. Daniel Webster's claim is incomparably stronger than that of either of the other candidates. He is entitled to the people's votes, for he is their true friend, and not the friend of a party or a section. He merits the support of his country, for his patriotism is not of those scanty proportions which will cover only a part of his country, and the Constitution can never be so safe in any other hands as in his who has proved himself its ablest expounder and firmest supporter. I go, therefore, for Webster until it is made manifest that he has no chance of success, and then for the next best man, Harrison or whoever it may be.

NOVEMBER 26. — The following notice is published
 Webster
 Meeting. this morning with one thousand one hundred signatures :
 “ Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. The citizens of the city and county of New York, friendly to the election of *Daniel Webster* to the Presidency, are requested to assemble at Masonic Hall, on Friday evening, the 4th of December.”

There are now three candidates fairly in the field in opposition to Mr. Van Buren, very much to his satisfaction, no doubt ; the more the merrier, the greater the division amongst his opponents the more certain his chance ; such things do not happen in the party which supports him, — they are too well drilled, and, right or wrong, they “go ahead.” Judge White, of Tennessee, General Harrison, of Ohio, and Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, are the Whig candidates in opposition to the nominee of the Baltimore Convention ; the friends of each seem at present indisposed to abandon their favourite, but I should not be surprised if, in the end, they should give up their own *ground* and take to *Clay*.

Musical
 Taste. NOVEMBER 27. — The good people of New York are certainly not fairly chargeable with a want of taste in music, or liberality in rewarding musical talent, notwithstanding the failure of the Italian opera. That failure arose

from causes inherent in its own construction, which I have explained in a former part of this journal ; but the citizens of New York, not those alone who constitute what is called "good society," but respectable persons in the middle walks of life, who select with careful deliberation the kind of amusement which suits them best, are fond of music, and patronize it in preference to any other public or theatrical entertainment. This description of persons constituted a large proportion of the audience at the performance of Mr. Horn's oratorio on Wednesday evening, and it is said that the proceeds amounted to \$1,600. In corroboration of my opinion on this subject, the engagements of those beautiful singers, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, have been more profitable than any former one in this country.

Living in New York is exorbitantly dear, and it falls
Dear Living. pretty hard upon persons like me, who live upon their income, and harder still upon that large and respectable class consisting of the officers and clerks in public institutions, whose support is derived from fixed salaries. I can raise my rents, if the tenants are able and willing to pay ; but the increase of their pay depends upon others, who in their turn are precluded from the exercise of liberality by the fact of their being the stewards of others, who cannot be consulted, and who as individuals may be liberal enough, but collectively are very apt to verify the adage that "corporations have no souls." Marketing of all kinds, with the exception of apples and potatoes, is higher than I ever knew it. The sweat of the brow of New York all runs into the pockets of the farmers. I paid to-day \$30 a ton for hay, and not an old-fashioned ton of 2,240 lbs., but a new-fangled ton, invented to cheat the consumer, of 2,000 lbs. This is a cent and a half a pound, nearly three times the ordinary price. I paid also for my winter butter, 400 to 500 lbs., \$2.14 per pound. In the long course of thirty-four years' housekeeping I never buttered my bread at so extravagant a rate. Good butter is almost an indispensable article in the family ; but there are many persons in New York as good as

myself who must be content to eat dry bread this winter, or at least to spread the children's slices confoundedly thin.

Governor Mc-
Duffie's
Message. DECEMBER 2.—The message of the Governor of South Carolina to the Legislature is published in the "Commercial Advertiser" of to-day. It is altogether worthy of the redoubtable champion of nullification, it "out-Herods Herod;" it is made up of gunpowder bombs, blunderbusses, and hand-grenades. He has worked himself up into an exterminating passion, and it is impossible to read his speech without shivering with apprehension and looking around to see a fiery dragon issuing from the crater of a volcano; and all this rage is excited on the subject of the silly abolitionists, who, from mistaken views of moral and religious duty, have been meddling in things which did not concern them. See now, infatuated men, what you have done! Crittenden, of the Eagle Tavern, used to tell a story of a Yankee militia captain, who, in addressing his troops to "screw their courage to the sticking place," depicted in glowing terms the awful consequences which would result from the success of the enemy. "They will, gentlemen," said he, "lay your towns in ashes, ravish your wives, murder your children, and pull down your fences." So it may be said to the abolition meddlers, only the subject is almost too serious to joke about, and the application is only to be excused by Governor McDuffie's rhodomontade:—

"See, you abolitionists, ye Tappans, ye Thompsons, see what you have done,—you have sown the seeds of discord amongst friends and brethren of different sections of our hitherto happy land; you have sought to break down the solemn compact into which our fathers entered on the adoption of the Constitution; you have caused your countrymen of the South to tremble for their safety and their lives, and—you have made Governor McDuffie angry."

But in truth the temper of this document is ridiculous, and its arguments absurd. "It is my deliberate opinion," says the Governor, "that the laws of every community should punish this species of interference by *death without benefit of clergy*, regarding the authors

of it as enemies of the human race." He demands of the non-slaveholding States that they shall pass laws to punish, in the most exemplary manner, this nondescript and non-enumerated crime against the peace and dignity of South Carolina; and they had better be pretty quick about it. Governor Marcy, when he reads the following sensible passage, will be derelict of duty if he does not anticipate the meeting of our Legislature, and call them together to pass laws for the hanging instantler all the vile miscreants who have offended Governor McDuffie:—

"As between separate and independent nations the refusal of a State to punish these offensive proceedings against another, by its citizens or subjects, makes the State so refusing an accomplice in the outrage, and *furnishes a just* cause of war." A pretty pickle we of the North are going to be placed in! Louis Philippe on one side, and Governor McDuffie on the other. We shall have to apologize to both; the same formulæ will do for both, with the alteration of "the State of New York" for "the United States."

The course of reasoning in this message is not to prove that slavery is unavoidable, and cannot be abolished in the Southern States. Oh, no! he scouts that idea. He goes the whole hog. Slavery an evil? By no means. It is a positive benefit to the community, sanctified by God and man in all ages; it promotes religion and morality, and, what is more wonderful still, it proves incontestably the existence of liberty in its most fascinating shapes. The Governor does certainly work himself up into this absurd conclusion, and winds up his argument, like the stars which coruscate on the explosion of a sky-rocket, with the following magnificent paragraph:—

"Domestic slavery, therefore, instead of being a political evil, is the corner-stone of our republican edifice. No patriot who justly estimates our privileges will tolerate the idea of emancipation at any period, however remote, or on any conditions of pecuniary advantage, however favourable. I would as soon think of opening a negotiation for selling the liberty of the State at once, as for making any stipulation for the ultimate emancipation of our slaves.

So deep is my conviction on this subject, that if I were doomed to die immediately after recording these sentiments, I could say, in all sincerity and under all the sanctions of Christianity and patriotism, ‘God forbid that my descendants in the remotest generations should live in any other than a community having the institution of domestic slavery as it existed among the patriarchs of the primitive church and in all the free states of antiquity!’”

This Hotspur of the South having let off his steam by the safety-valve of this last flourish, and recovered his breath, turns suddenly around and vents the residuum of his vial of wrath upon poor Jackson. What he says upon the subject, “though I most powerfully and potently believe,” adds materially to the ludicrous wrath of this furious message. After telling the Legislature that he has not much to say on national affairs, and giving them the comfortable assurance that the corruption of the government will soon become incurable, he adds: “The chief magistrate of our imperial Republic is at this moment more independent of public opinion, and wields a more despotic power, than either the King of Great Britain or the King of France, and it remains to be seen whether the people of the United States, like the degenerate Romans in the time of Tiberius, will recognize his right to nominate his successor, by raising to the throne the imperial, though not very youthful, Cæsar, who has been already clothed in the purple with due solemnity, and formally presented to the people as the anointed and rightful heir to the succession.”

DECEMBER 8. — I have seldom been so much shocked
 Death of
 Judge Smith. by the sudden announcement of a death, or have realized so fully the uncertainty of life, as in the case of Judge Smith, — Nathan Smith, Senator of the United States from Connecticut. Exactly a week ago I met him at Nevins and Townsend’s office in Wall street, was introduced to and conversed with him a few minutes. I have always been struck with his appearance when I saw him in the Senate, and was much pleased to be made acquainted with him.

When I went home I described him to the family, — a fine, handsome, healthy-looking gentleman, aged sixty-six years, of great personal dignity, and of the old school in his dress ; a remnant of that race of men, the very form and fashion of whose clothes are a passport to deference and respect ; his white hair well powdered ; a handsome blue coat with shining gilt buttons ; drab kerseymere breeches and top-boots, the clean white tops of which were well contrasted by the elaborate black polish of the legs. Now that this worthy man has gone, I know of but one such pair of boots in American occupancy, and they are at present the admiration of Europe, on the well-formed legs of my learned and excellent friend, Dr. Mott, of this city.

I dined to-day with Mr. Charles March ; a very pleasant party, but its crowning feature was Daniel Webster. I have never seen him so agreeable ; for five hours he was the life of the company ; cheerful, gay, full of anecdotes, and entirely free from a sort of gloomy abstraction in which I have sometimes seen him, as it were, envelop himself. He amused us with anecdotes of his early life, stories of down-East and descriptions of down-East men and manners ; talked wisdom enough to let us see that he was wise, but evidently preferred the light gossip in which he delights to pass the social hour. On public affairs Mr. Webster avowed his determination to support the government in its stand against France. He says the President cannot make any explanation, and the honour of the country is concerned in his being borne out in his refusal. I inferred, however, from what he said on this subject (and he was quite free and communicative), that he does not apprehend any immediate difficulties of a serious nature, and appears to think that the French will yet do right.

DECEMBER 10. — Married last evening, December 9,
Weddings. Peter Augustus Schermerhorn, second son of Peter Schermerhorn, to Adeline Emily, youngest daughter of the late Henry A. Coster. The wedding took place at Dr. Hosack's. We were all there ; a large company was assembled. The Scher-

merhorns, the Costers, the Hosacks, and the Hones, all the links of several long chains, form a goodly number when they are collected together on such an occasion. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Sherwood, the respectable pastor of the Episcopal church at Hyde Park. The wedding supper was sumptuous, but no part of it so superb as the products of the doctor's greenhouse, which graced the upper end of the table.

Mrs. Hosack has now married the last of her daughters, and I am released from the guardianship of the last of my seven wards. I have had the principal management of their property for the last fourteen years, and am now preparing my accounts for a settlement with the last heir. The bride is very young, only seventeen years old on the 18th of May last.

DECEMBER 11. — The prevalence of westerly winds during the present cold weather has deprived us of news from Europe. The packet from Havre of the 24th of October has not arrived. This delay, though not unusual at this time of the year, occasions some anxiety in the present excited state of the public mind with regard to the dispute with France. It is understood that Mr. Barton has orders to make a formal demand of the indemnity, and in case of refusal, to break off the negotiation by returning home, in which event Mr. Pageot, the French *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington, will hand in his P.P.C., and both parties will draw off their diplomatic forces. Mr. Barton is expected to arrive in one of the first packets. I have, however, a more interesting reason to note the non-intercourse with France occasioned by storms and head-winds. It is sixty-four days since my daughters sailed, and we begin to be anxious for news from them. The first change of wind will bring it.

DECEMBER 15. — The practice of duelling has increased to such a degree in the South and West, and is marked with such savage ferocity and deadly determination, as to form a stigma upon the national character. It seems impossible to carry on a political election, which is in any degree warmly contested, without an excitement of feeling leading to quar-

rels amongst the most active partisans, and most frequently between the candidates themselves, which nothing but blood will settle. Scarcely a day passes that our newspapers do not contain accounts of some of those sanguinary semi-barbarous conflicts, and these Southern and Western men, like the brant shooters of Long Island, do not like to waste powder and ball for nothing. The order of combat is such as to preclude the chance of both the combatants escaping; it is not children's play; one at least, and frequently both, seal their political faith and write their title to fame in blood which could be better employed in defending their native soil and supporting the liberties of their country; and this practice unhappily prevails amongst the finest fellows in the community, the choice spirits possessing all those high qualities required to develop the resources and establish the institutions of a new country. But the vitiated taste of the people seems to require that a man in that part of the country should fight his way up to public notice, and his claim to serve his fellow-citizens is not so well established by talents, virtue, and patriotism, as by having "killed his man." The foregoing remarks have been suggested at this time by the publication in the "National Intelligencer" of a letter from Florida, giving an account of a desperate duel, fought on the 21st of November, between Captain Everett White, brother of Colonel White, the delegate to Congress from Florida, and Colonel A. Bellamy, late president of the legislative council, arising out of the circumstances of an election in which they were rival candidates, and White had been elected. The regulations of this combat were such as to render a fatal result inevitable. "The parties were to stand sixty feet apart, each with four pistols, and to advance and fire. Captain White advanced and received three shots without injury, and then fired at a distance of fifteen paces. His first shot passed through Colonel Bellamy's arm, the next through his body, and in the act of advancing with the other two pistols he received a mortal wound from Colonel Bellamy's

fourth pistol. Colonel Bellamy is not yet dead, but must certainly die of his wounds."

In this manner have the gentlemen proved themselves men of honour and courage, and their fellow-citizens sanction the act which has deprived them of one, at least, of their distinguished men, by their expressions of sorrow, unmingled with the slightest disapprobation of the savage practice which occasioned the catastrophe. The letter goes on to say: "I yesterday performed the painful office of following Captain White to the grave. The Court adjourned, and the funeral was attended by the Bar and the grand jury in a body. Every testimony of respect and deep-felt interest was evinced by the whole population of the place. All the stores were shut, and I have seldom witnessed a more general and sincere exhibition of sorrow than was manifested on this solemn occasion."

Unparalleled
Calamity by
Fire.

DECEMBER 17. — How shall I record the events of last night, or how attempt to describe the most awful calamity which has ever visited these United States? The greatest loss by fire that has ever been known, with the exception perhaps of the conflagration of Moscow, and that was an incidental concomitant of war. I am fatigued in body, disturbed in mind, and my fancy filled with images of horror which my pen is inadequate to describe. Nearly one-half of the first ward is in ashes, five hundred to seven hundred stores, which with their contents are valued at \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000, are now lying in an indistinguishable mass of ruins. There is not, perhaps, in the world the same space of ground covered by so great an amount of real and personal property as the scene of this dreadful conflagration. The fire broke out at nine o'clock last evening. I was writing in the library when the alarm was given, and went immediately down. The night was intensely cold, which was one cause of the unprecedented progress of the flames, for the water froze in the hydrants, and the engines and their hose could not be worked without great difficulty. The firemen, too,

had been on duty all last night, and were almost incapable of performing their usual services. The fire originated in the store of Comstock & Adams, in Merchant street,—a narrow, crooked street, filled with high stores lately erected and occupied by dry-goods and hardware merchants, which led from Hanover to Pearl street. When I arrived at the spot the scene exceeded all description; the progress of the flames, like flashes of lightning, communicated in every direction, and a few minutes sufficed to level the lofty edifices on every side. It crossed the block to Pearl street. I perceived that the store of my son was in danger, and made the best of my way, by Front street around the old Slip, to the spot. We succeeded in getting out the stock of valuable dry goods, but they were put in the square, and in the course of the night our labours were rendered unavailing, for the fire reached and destroyed them, with a great part of all which were saved from the neighbouring stores; this part of Pearl street consisted of dry-goods stores, with stocks of immense value, of which little or nothing was saved. At this period the flames were unmanageable, and the crowd, including the firemen, appeared to look on with the apathy of despair, and the destruction continued until it reached Coenties Slip, in that direction, and Wall street down to the river, including all South street and Water street; while to the west, Exchange street, including all Post's stores, Lord's beautiful row, William street, Beaver and Stone streets, were destroyed. The splendid edifice erected a few years ago by the liberality of the merchants, known as the Merchants' Exchange, and one of the ornaments of the city, took fire in the rear, and is now a heap of ruins. The façade and magnificent marble columns fronting on Wall street are all that remain of this noble building, and resemble the ruins of an ancient temple rather than the new and beautiful resort of the merchants. When the dome of this edifice fell in, the sight was awfully grand; in its fall it demolished the statue of Hamilton, executed by Ball Hughes, which was erected in the rotunda only eight months ago, by the public spirit of the merchants.

It would be an idle task to attempt an enumeration of the sufferers ; in the number are most of my nearest friends and of my family ; my son John, my son-in-law Schermerhorn, and my nephew Isaac S. Hone, and Samuel S. Howland were all burnt out.

The buildings covered an area of a quarter of a mile square, closely built up with fine stores of four and five stories in height, filled with merchandise, all of which lie in a mass of burning, smoking ruins, rendering the streets indistinguishable.

All the property within the following limits is destroyed : south side of Wall street from William street to East river, including the Merchants' Exchange, and excepting three or four unfinished buildings above Pearl street ; Exchange street, both sides, from Broad street, crossing William to Merchant street ; Merchant street, both sides, from Wall street to Hanover square ; Pearl street, both sides, from Wall street to Coenties Slip, with the whole sweep of Hanover square, Stone street, and Beaver street, nearly to Broad street ; Water street, Front street, and South street, with all the intersecting streets and lanes from Wall street to Coenties Slip, including the south side of Coffee House Slip. A large portion of the valuable estates of the Jones and Schermerhorn families was within these limits, and is not now to be found. The fire has been burning all day in the direction of Coenties Slip, and was not fairly gotten under until towards evening.

A calculation is made in the "Commercial" this afternoon that the number of buildings burned is 570, and that the whole loss is something over \$15,000,000. The insurance offices are all, of course, bankrupt, their collective capitals amount to \$11,750,000 ; but those down-town have a large proportion of the risks, and will not be able to pay fifty per cent. of the losses. The unfortunate stockholders lose all. In this way I suffer directly, and in others indirectly, to a large amount.

The Mayor, who has exerted himself greatly in this fearful emergency, called the Common Council together this afternoon for the purpose of establishing private patrols for the protection of the

city ; for if another fire should break out before the firemen have recovered from the fatigues of the last two nights, and the engines and hose be repaired from the effects of the frost, it would be impossible to arrest its progress. Several companies of uniformed militia and a company of United States marines are under arms, to protect the property scattered over the lower part of the city.

I have been alarmed by some of the signs of the times which this calamity has brought forth ; the miserable wretches who prowled about the ruins and became beastly drunk on the champagne and other wines and liquors with which the streets and wharves were lined, seemed to exult in the misfortune, and such expressions were heard as, " Ah ! they'll make no more five per cent. dividends," and " This will make the aristocracy haul in their horns." Poor, deluded wretches ! — little do they know that their own horns " live, and move, and have their being " in these very horns of the aristocracy, as their instigators teach them to call it. This cant is the very text from which their leaders teach their deluded followers. It forms part of the warfare of the poor against the rich, — a warfare which is destined, I fear, to break the hearts of some of the politicians of Tammany Hall, who have used these men to answer a temporary purpose, and find now that the dogs they have taught to bark will bite them as soon as their political opponents.

These remarks are not so much the result of what I have heard of the conduct and conversations of the rabble at the fire as of what I witnessed this afternoon at the Bank for Savings. There was an immediate run upon the bank by a gang of low Irishmen, who demanded their money in a peremptory and threatening manner. At this season there is usually a great preponderance of deposits over the drafts, the first of January being the day on which the balances are made up of the semi-annual dividend. All the sums now drawn lose nearly six months' interest, which the bank gains ; these Irishmen, however, insisted upon having their money, and when they received it were evidently disappointed

and would fain have put it back again. This class of men are the most ignorant, and consequently the most obstinate, white men in the world, and I have seen enough to satisfy me that, with few exceptions, ignorance and vice go together. These men, rejoicing in the calamity which has ruined so many institutions and individuals, thought it a fine opportunity to use the power which their dirty money gave them to add to the general distress, and sought to embarrass this excellent institution, which had been established for the sole benefit of the poor; but they have not the sense to understand, nor hearts to respond to, the benevolent feelings which prompt the managers of the savings-banks to devote their whole time and labour for the benefit of others. Now comes the most painful of all the reflections which arise out of this unnatural state of society. These Irishmen, strangers among us, without a feeling of patriotism or affection in common with American citizens, *decide the elections in the city of New York*. They make presidents and governors, and they send men to represent us in the councils of the nation, and, what is worse than all, their importance in these matters is derived from the use which is made of them by political demagogues, who despise the tools they work with. Let them look to it; the time may not be very distant when the same brogue which they have instructed to shout "Hurrah for Jackson!" shall be used to impart additional horror to the cry of "Down with the natives!"

DECEMBER 18. — I went out this morning with my
Dr. Hosack. wife to view the scene of the recent conflagration; but we had proceeded only a short distance when we met Robert Benson, who informed us that Dr. Hosack, the elder, had been seized a few moments previous with a fit of apoplexy. We of course returned, and I went immediately around to his house; and what a scene was there! What an awful instance of the uncertainty of life and the instability of human happiness! Here was the doctor laid upon a sofa, insensible to all around him, his limbs paralyzed, his faculties suspended, and his large and estimable

family surrounding his couch, with despair and anguish depicted in every countenance. Two days before, the very room in which he lies was the scene of festivity. The bride (Mrs. Schermerhorn) was receiving the visits of her friends, and I was there, a joyful witness of the happiness of both families. Since that time, in a space of less than forty-eight hours, Mrs. Berryman, the daughter of Mr. John G. Coster, has died suddenly. The calamity under which the city now suffers so severely has fallen heavily upon every branch of the connection. The splendid estate of the bride, which I was about to transfer to her husband, has been most seriously encroached upon by the same cause; and the highly respected head of her family, from being in the full possession of his bodily and mental faculties, lies extended on his bed of death, prostrated in an instant, in a situation which seems to preclude all hopes of recovery.

Further Particulars of the Fire. DECEMBER 19. — I went yesterday and to-day to see the ruins. It is an awful sight. The whole area from Wall street to Coenties Slip, bounded by Broad street to the river, with the exception of Broad street, the Wall-street front between William and Broad, and the blocks bounded by Broad street, Pearl street, the south side of Coenties Slip and South street, are now a mass of smoking ruins.

It is gratifying to witness the spirit and firmness with which the merchants meet this calamity. There is no despondency; every man is determined to go to work to redeem his loss, and all are ready to assist their more unfortunate neighbours. A meeting of citizens was held this day, at noon, at the Session Court-room, on the call of the Mayor. A committee of one hundred and twenty-five was appointed, which met in the evening at the Mayor's office and appointed sub-committees on each branch of duty submitted to them. I am of the committee to make application for relief to the State government. That committee is to meet to-morrow evening at my house. The utmost spirit and harmony prevailed at the meeting, which embraced all the best and most influential men

in the city. During the evening intelligence was brought in of the proceedings of a great meeting held yesterday in Philadelphia, at which the Mayor presided. Amongst other things a resolution was passed calling upon the general government to appropriate the sum of \$12,000,000 to our relief. This is an important step, for it will tend to remove the only objection to such a measure,—that of its being exclusive and partial in its operation. A body of four hundred Philadelphia firemen came on yesterday to relieve our firemen. They are to be seen about the streets and in the neighbourhood of the fire, in their peculiar uniform. This is truly a brotherly kindness and charity, and will never be forgotten.

Companies of soldiers are on guard all the time, and patrols of citizens are formed in each ward, who are on duty during the night; the exhausted state of the firemen and the disabled condition of their apparatus render these extraordinary measures necessary. A fire would be awful at this moment. The insurance offices are all bankrupt, and every man is his own underwriter.

The Merchants' Exchange is held at the Mechanics' Exchange in Broad street; the post-office removed to the rotunda in Chambers street. The printing-offices, of which a large number are burned out, are distributed into different places, and it is amusing to see the holes and corners into which the merchants have stowed themselves.

Mr. Biddle, President of the Bank of the United States, came on to-day to see what that institution could do for us. The first step must be to turn the bonds and mortgages held by the insurance companies into cash, to enable them to pay as much as they can of their losses. But the unfortunate stockholders, what is to become of them?

The following are the sub-committees appointed at the meeting of the general committee this evening: 1. Committee to ascertain the extent and probable value of property destroyed, and how far the sufferers are protected by insurance: Nathaniel Weed, Gabriel

P. Dissosway, Brittain L. Woolley, George S. Robbins, Walter R. Jones, Isaac S. Hone.

2. Committee on application to Congress for an extension of credit on duty bonds, and remission of duties, and on such other aid as it may be expedient to ask of the general government: Albert Gallatin, Preserved Fish, George Griswold, John T. Irving, Louis McLane, James G. King, Reuben Withers, Cornelius W. Lawrence, Samuel Jones.

3. Committee on application to the State and city government: Enos T. Throop, John L. Graham, John A. Stevens, Charles H. Russell, Thomas J. Oakley, Philip Hone, Daniel Jackson, Benjamin L. Swan.

4. Committee on the origin and cause of the fire: James B. Murray, George Douglass, James Lee, David Bryson, Marcus Wilbur.

5. Committee on change in the regulation of the streets: Samuel B. Ruggles, Jonathan Goodhue, David S. Jones, John Haggerty, John S. Crary.

6. Committee on the erection of buildings and the arrangement of the fire department: Stephen Allen, Peter G. Stuyvesant, John Leonard, Benjamin Strong, Charles A. Davis, George D. Strong, Prosper M. Wetmore, Seth Geer, George Ireland, James J. Roosevelt, Jr., Dudley Selden, and Stephen Whitney.

7. Committee on relief, with power to receive and distribute contributions: Samuel Cowdry, Jacob Lorillard, Samuel S. Howland, Benjamin McVickar, M.D., John J. Boyd, William T. McCoun, Ogden Hoffman, William L. Stone, Jacob Harvey, Thaddeus Phelps, John W. Leavitt, James Boorman, Edward Prime.

DECEMBER 21. — The sub-committee on the subjects of applications to the State and city governments met last evening at my house and agreed to a report recommending an application to the Legislature to issue a State stock, under the guarantee of the corporation, of six millions of dollars, and the appointment of a committee of five to go to Albany and confer with the Governor on the facts to be laid before the Legislature. The general committee met

this evening ; our report was accepted, but the resolutions amended so as to call upon the corporation to issue their bonds for \$6,000,000, to create a fund for the purpose of buying up the bonds and mortgages held by the insolvent fire insurance companies, and thereby enable them to pay their losses as far as they may be able.

DECEMBER 22. — The weather since the fire has become more mild. This day is very pleasant. This is a happy circumstance, for it facilitates the labors of an immense number of workmen who are employed in removing the rubbish. Goods and property of every description are found under the ruins in enormous quantities, but generally so much damaged as to be hardly worth saving. Cloths, silks, laces, prints of the most valuable kinds, are dug out partly burned, and nearly all ruined. A mountain of coffee lies at the corner of old Slip and South street. The entire cargo of teas, arrived a few days since in the ship "Paris," lies in a state not worth picking up, and costly indigo and rich drugs add to the mass of mud which obstructs the streets.

Crowds of spectators (amongst whom are many ladies) have been perambulating the streets in the neighbourhood, lost in wonder and absorbed in horror at the awful scene of destruction. Many curious facts are now coming to light in relation to the fire. A note of hand of fifty-seven dollars, in favour of the Ocean Insurance Company, was blown, during the fire, from a store in South street to a garden at Flatbush, Long Island, five miles distant. A gallant effort was made to save the statue of Hamilton by a young officer from the Navy-Yard, with a party of four or five sailors. They had actually succeeded in removing it from the pedestal, when the danger of the approaching fall of the dome compelled them to abandon it. The fire was seen at New Haven and at Philadelphia ; the firemen turned out, supposing the fire was in the suburbs of the city.

Death of
Dr. Hosack.

DECEMBER 23. — Hopes have been entertained that Dr. Hosack might survive his attack. There was an appearance of consciousness and a slight improvement

in his symptoms during the whole of yesterday ; but it would have been better otherwise, for it excited false hopes in his anxious family, which were doomed to be destroyed, for at eleven o'clock last night he died. He has never spoken since his attack, and it is quite doubtful if he has at any time recognized those about him. Thus has the house of joy been suddenly turned into the house of mourning.

Dr. Hosack was born on the 31st of August, 1769. He has passed an active and useful life, and filled a large space in society. In his profession he was learned, skilful, and bold, and, in my opinion, the best physician in the city. I remember him from my earliest years ; the physician of my father's family, and he has always been mine. His literary acquirements were of a high order, and although not a man of great genius, his industry and acquirements had rendered him a good writer. His style was correct and strong, without elegance, and his great experience will render his works respectable authorities to professional men. He retired a few years ago from general practice, and resided two-thirds of the year on his splendid estate at Hyde Park. His wife, the widow of Henry A. Coster, is my first cousin, by whom he became possessed of a large estate. She had seven children, of whom I was appointed guardian on the death of Mr. Coster.

CHRISTMAS DAY, but not by any means "a merry Christmas." The recent calamity bears so hard upon the whole community that it seems unfeeling to be joyful. Philosophy enables many of us to bear our own misfortunes without repining, and hope spreads its buoyant wings over the future ; but as all are not equally consoled by the former, or encouraged by the latter, respect for individual loss restrains all the appearance of mirth which belongs to this otherwise happy season.

I attended, as a relation, the funeral of Dr. Hosack, at one o'clock. The service was read in Grace Church by the Bishop and Dr. Ducachet. It was very impressive ; the large family connection and the great number of friends

Dr. Hosack's
Funeral.

which attended filled the church. The pall-bearers were, Colonel Trumbull, Mr. John Watts, Herman LeRoy, Edward W. Laight, Edward Livingston, Charles McEvers, Chancellor Kent, and Gen. Morgan Lewis.

1836.

AL BANY, JAN. 1. — It makes me somewhat melancholy to reflect that this is the first New Year's Day, except one, that I ever passed from home, and that one was passed at sea, on my return from Europe. I am here against my will. I would much rather have spent this day with my family and in the society of my friends ; but, alas ! it is not a happy day in New York.

The year 1835 is passed ; it began well ; the city prospered, and all went on swimmingly until its close. But now many aching hearts are in our borders. What blighted prospects, what disappointed hopes ! The calamity of the night of the 16th has reduced thousands from comparative independence to cheerless poverty. Not the poorest class, for if they were burned out, and exposed to the inclemency of the biting blasts of winter, a good fire, a warm bed, and plenty to eat and drink, as a temporary relief, would make them as well off as they were before : “take nothing from nothing and nothing remains ;” but this loss falls upon those who were accustomed to enjoy the comforts and little elegances of life, which must now be given up.

JANUARY 4. — I went yesterday morning with Mr. Stevenson to St. Peter's Church, and was so much pleased with the sermon from the Rev. Mr. Potter that I was induced to go again in the afternoon, although the hour, two o'clock, affords but a brief allowance of time for dinner. The church has been repaired and new modelled ; has a new organ and pulpit, and the handsomest, most comfortable, and best-arranged pews I have seen in any of our churches. There is a large and respectable congregation, and if their pastor is in the practice of giving them such sermons as I heard yesterday, they have no reason to be dissatisfied.

JANUARY 4. — Whilst I was writing in my room this evening

there was an alarm of fire. Two or three wooden houses were burned in the upper part of Market street. It was quite a refreshing sight, for it reminded me of home. It was a mark of civilization in a strange country, as the traveller said, who saw a man hanging on a gibbet.

The bills authorizing the city loan of six millions, Relief Bills. and for enabling the fire-insurance companies to settle their concerns and to resuscitate their businesses, have passed the Legislature with great unanimity.

NEW YORK, JAN. 16. — I went, this morning, to dine with Mr. John C. Stevens at his place on Long Island, about eleven miles from Brooklyn, and three miles from the race-course on the South road. Charles King, General Fleming, and Cornelius Low went with me in my sleigh. We arrived at Stevens's about three o'clock; had a most capital dinner, fine wine, good fires, and plenty of laugh, joke, and joviality. We found, on our arrival, John A. King, Commodore Ridgely, Mr. Botts, and Robert L. Stevens.

At half-past eight we started to return. It was very dark and had become excessively cold, and the road, being but little used, was hard to be distinguished. John soon planted us in a snow-bank, from which we extricated the sleigh and horses with some difficulty. King then undertook to drive, and had not proceeded above a mile when the darkness of the night, the narrowness and indistinctness of the road, and John Stevens's good wine combined to bother the skill of our new driver, and over went the sleigh. I was slightly scratched in the face and bled a little, but the rest of the party were uninjured. The sleigh was broken a little. We now held council of war, and concluded to return to the "place whence we came." This was accomplished without difficulty; our friends were still assembled, and a few hickory logs added to the fire, a renewal of the bottles and glasses, a reproduction of the remains of the dinner to serve as supper, and a cigar afterward, brought us to the sensible conclusion that it was better to be there

than in a snow-bank. After a few hours passed in pleasant conversation John A. King went home to Jamaica, taking with him General Fleming, Mr. Low, and Mr. Botts; Charles King, Commodore Ridgely, and I were well accommodated with good beds in the house of our hospitable host.

We had breakfast this morning at eight o'clock, and started for home. A fine, bright morning, but very cold. Charles King was sick; the Commodore had an unwelcome visit from an old acquaintance,—the gout,—which prevented him from putting on his boot, and I, who was the only sick man who went upon this pleasant frolic, returned the only well one. We left the Commodore at the Navy-Yard and arrived in town at eleven o'clock.

The following party dined with us: Mr. and Mrs. Boreel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brugiere, Miss Helen Kane, Captain Anthony, of the "Poland," Mr. Nicolson, Henry Hone, and Edward Schermerhorn.

JANUARY 20.—I went over to dine with Mr. John A. King, at Jamaica. Charles and James A. King and General Fleming went with me, in my sleigh. Besides ourselves, the party consisted of Robert Ray, Jacob LeRoy, Robert L. and John C. Stevens, and Mr. Nicholas. The weather was very fine and the sleighing admirable. On our return we came to Brooklyn ferry at ten o'clock, but found two steamboats there, blocked in by the ice, which detained us nearly three hours, and I did not get home until one o'clock.

There is an ill-looking, squinting man called Bennett, formerly connected with Webb in the publication of the penny papers which are hawked about the streets by a gang of troublesome, ragged boys, and in which scandal is retailed to all who delight in it, at that moderate price. This man and Webb are now bitter enemies, and it was nuts for Bennett to be the organ of Mr. Lynch's late vituperative attack upon Webb, which Bennett introduced in his paper with evident marks of savage exultation. This did not suit Mr. Webb's fiery disposition, so he attacked

The
"Herald."

Bennett in Wall street yesterday, beat him, and knocked him down. In the mean time Webb and Lynch maintain a relative position something like that of France and the United States : they carry clubs, but do not strike ; and look fierce at each other, but do not speak. They cannot adjust their pecuniary differences in an *honourable* manner, for each considers the other unworthy of his notice. None but men of acknowledged honour and good character are entitled to the privilege of having their brains blown out. If Lynch and Webb are both men of truth they are liars, and if neither is to be believed they are both honourable men.

The Opera House was offered this morning for sale Opera House. at auction, under the direction of Gardiner G. Howland and Robert Ray, trustees. It was set up at \$100,000 ; but there was no bid, and the sale was postponed. The articles of association designated the Merchants' Exchange as the place of sale, if ever it should be found necessary to dispose of the property. As there is unfortunately no such edifice at present, it was deemed necessary to have the sale on the porch, which is all that remains of that edifice. It was a melancholy illustration of the decay of commerce and taste to witness the auctioneer, mounted on the ruins of the Merchants' Exchange, endeavouring to sell the Italian Opera-House to the highest bidder.

JANUARY 21. — I dined with Mr. Henry Cary. We had Irving, Paulding, Brevoort, Gouverneur Kemble, Doctor Stevens, Professor Renwick, and such literary and learned men ; and, as is always the case, it was excessively stupid. There were more brilliant things said at John Stevens's the other day, when it was a party of no pretension, than could be elicited from these learned pundits in the course of a long life, and one of any of the thousand hearty laughs which we had on that occasion was worth all the wisdom of such a reunion. Washington Irving was the only man who ventured to say a good thing.

JANUARY 26. — The "Poland," Captain Anthony, sails to-day for Havre. In her go Monsieur Pageot, his lady, and their little son

Andrew Jackson, Mr. Saligny, *attaché*, and all the odds and ends of the French Mission. We are no longer on speaking terms with our dear friend and sister, France, and like two rival dames, who are desperately affronted without exactly knowing the cause, we stand pouting, turning up our noses, and tossing our disdainful heads at each other. The Lord knows who is to speak first now, and woe betide the one who first treads on the other's corns. What a ridiculous and unnatural position!

Madame Pageot is an American lady, daughter of Major Lewis, who is in one of our public departments in Washington. Her father being one of the kitchen Cabinet and a glorifier of "the greatest and best," and everything being sweet as sugar-candy between the two countries at the birth of her boy, it was determined to fill the measure of his infantile glory by giving him the august name of "Andrew Jackson." This was honour enough as long as the parents continued in this country, and affairs went on smoothly; but now, when the mighty brow of the warrior statesman is kindled with rage against our Gallic neighbours, and the presence of France in the person of her representative's representative is about to be removed from amongst us, the name of this young American Frenchman may not sound so pleasantly in the ears of his father's compatriots as in the land of his birth, and Andrew Jackson Pageot will not be the best possible name by which to be ushered into the regal halls of Louis Philippe d'Orléans.

JANUARY 27. — Reports have prevailed for the last two or three days of the massacre of two companies of United States troops in Florida, by the Seminole Indians. It was hoped that they might not be true, but the account is confirmed to-day by intelligence from Mobile. Major Dade had started with two companies from Tampa Bay, for Camp King, to join General Church, when on the morning of 28th of December, at eight o'clock, they were surrounded by a large body of Indians, supposed to number from eight hundred to one thousand men, and were *cut to pieces*; only three men escaped, and they

Indian
Massacre.

returned, badly wounded, to the station at Tampa Bay, to give the lamentable history of the fate of their comrades.

It is also reported that General Scott is to be sent immediately to take command of the forces in Florida ; the result of all this will be that, after some hard service and destruction of the lives and property of the whites, the Indians will be exterminated, and the government saved the expense of transporting them out of our territories and providing for their maintenance. Humanity may deplore the fate of the *red men*, and philanthropists talk as they will about equal rights and the oppression of power, but it is inevitable ; the Indians cannot live amongst, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, the whites, and this very battle in which temporary success has been won by their savage arms will be the ultimate cause of their destruction ; the blood of the gallant men who have fallen in this sanguinary encounter will not sink unrevenged into the sands of Florida, and the speculators in Florida lands will be consoled for this national disaster by the confirmation of their titles in the final removal of the original owners of their lands.

FEBRUARY 1. — The war of etiquette between the
Peace. United States and France is in a fair way now of being averted, and the trusty sword of “ the hero of two wars,” there is good reason to hope, will be permitted reluctantly to remain in its scabbard. John Bull, like a good, honest fellow, who never likes any fighting to go on and he not have a hand in it, has interposed his good offices and proffered his mediation to settle the silly dispute. He says there is nothing to quarrel about, and he does not want his commerce, flourishing as it is at present, to be knocked about by new belligerents, nor does he wish to have the trouble and expense attending the preservation of an armed neutrality between the two most important maritime powers. So the King of England, the sailor king, writes a loving letter to his brother, the soldier king (we call him President), begging him to think a little better of the affair ; and I suppose that noble old cock, Sir Charles Vaughan, has added a postscript, telling his Yankee

friends (of whom he has great store) that they must not make damned fools of themselves. (I use this expression, not that I think it looks as pretty on the page of a book as a rose does in a flower-garden, but to preserve the verisimilitude ; for I should hardly recognize my excellent friend, Sir Charles, even when drawn by myself, if he was not ushered in by one of those harmless, but very characteristic, expletives.) So the king and Sir Charles send over a king's ship in midwinter, "The Pantaloons" (in former times she ought to have gone to the other side first, the French being then *sans-culottes* ; her very name would have made them feel comfortable), and she brings a messenger, who confers with my good friend Bankhead. He delivers the pacific missives. The "greatest and best," albeit full of fight, his "ever-pointed" hair bristling defiance against Louis Philippe and all that belongs to him, cannot find it in his heart to disgrace such friendly wooing, or in his conscience to send the messenger "back as he came ;" so he becomes for the first time in his life amenable to reason, sends back a favourable answer, without consulting anybody. (Why should he? How can consultation and advisement enlighten the focus of America's glory?) The vessel returns forthwith, the business will be settled, France will pay the twenty-five millions of francs and America pocket it, without any wear and tear of national honour and dignity on either side, and England will have the credit of acting like a kind friend and good neighbour, and keep clear of a contingent scrape in the bargain.

Nothing certain is known about this business, for our guardian angel with upright hair holds it derogatory to his dignity to share "responsibility" with anybody. The people need not know anything about such matters until it suits him to tell them, and he is sure of their hurrahs in every supposable case ; but public opinion seems to have settled the question ; men have taken counsel from their hopes, and cry Peace ! Peace ! God send that it may be so ; and I cry Hurrah for William the Fourth and Andrew Jackson, the mediator and the *mediatee* !

FEBRUARY 6. — The following gentlemen dined with us, and sat honestly, like good fellows, until the “noon of night:” Mr. J. W. Wallack, George Barclay, Samuel Hay, Charles A. Davis, James G. King, Benjamin E. Bremner, Robert Ray, William L. Miller, Frederick Norton, Washington Irving, Henry Brevoort, and Henry Hone.

FEBRUARY 12. — The “Erie” and the “Rhone” arrived to-day from Havre, the latter bringing letters to the 9th of January. The President’s message had arrived in Paris. It was received with joy and exultation by the Americans, and is considered by the government and the chambers as removing all the obstacles in the way of carrying into effect the treaty of indemnification. These arrivals bring us letters from Paris, which we have been without for three weeks, owing to the horrible weather, which has kept all vessels from entering the harbour. The Americans in Paris are elated at the *éclat* which attended the reception of the message. Mary writes that she intends to shout “Hurrah for Jackson!” as long as she lives. His usual good luck has attended him throughout this whole affair, wrong as he may have been in the commencement. The French have managed so badly as to place him on the vantage-ground in every succeeding step, and circumstances have conspired to give him the power to trump the last trick and win the game whenever he pleased, without compromising his own pride or the national character.

FEBRUARY 13. — By the bye, I think the merchants are wrong in opposing so strenuously the wishes of the up-town people to have the Post-Office somewhere in the vicinity of the City Hall park. The Custom-House and the Exchange are properly located in Wall street, for they are exclusively devoted to the merchants, and their wishes should alone be consulted on the subject; but it is not so with the Post-Office. Many persons in the upper wards are in the habit of receiving letters, — not so many, certainly, as the Howlands and the Griswolds, but enough to give them a right to a say in the matter. But the strongest argument is one of policy, and in disre-

garding it the merchants are short-sighted ; the numerical strength of the upper wards is so great that they control our elections, and have on all municipal questions a controlling voice. They have been foiled in one or two affairs of this kind, and are somewhat savage at this determination of the "moneyed aristocracy" (for that is the term which the cant of the demagogues applies to the merchants) to keep the Post-Office to themselves ; they would consent to a compromise which would place this establishment near the park (the site of the present Bridewell would be a grand place, and a building similar to the Record Office would make a splendid finish), and that location would be permanent ; whereas there is danger that, if Wall street is now agreed upon, the pertinacity of the people of the first ward would be punished by its removal, before five years, to the Bowery or Union place.

FEBRUARY 18. — The following fact, proving the unprecedented severity of the present winter, and (I should say) the folly of the persons concerned in the exploit, I copy from one of the newspapers, as worthy of being preserved amongst the records of the weather in this vicinity : "A friend at Cow Neck informs us that two gentlemen (Thomas and Adam Mott), on the 7th of this month, crossed Long Island Sound on foot, — a distance of seven and a half miles, — on the ice, from the mouth of Hempstead Harbour to Rye Point, in Connecticut, and then returned, making a distance of fifteen miles."

FEBRUARY 19. — Mr. Biddle has foiled his implacable enemy, General Jackson. The United States Bank has been incorporated in the State of Pennsylvania. Every effort was made to defeat it and the stale charge of bribery brought against some of its friends ; but it passed both Houses, and the Governor, Rittner, having signed it, "the monster" is on its legs again, and the President must seek his retreat "in the deserts of Arabia," where he swore he would go whenever the bank was incorporated. I have no interest in the matter, and doubt much if the institution of so great a bank in a neighbouring

State may not prove injurious to New York ; but if it is the cause of Jackson going to Arabia to stay, I rejoice.

FEBRUARY 23. — Twenty lots in the “burned district,” the property of Joel Post, deceased, were sold at auction this day, by James Bleecker & Son, at most enormous prices, greater than they would have brought before the fire, when covered with valuable buildings. This, at least, is the opinion of the best judges of the value of down-town property. The settlement of the French question has had much to do in producing this result, aided by the spirit of speculation and the sanguine hopes of the merchants of a great business this year. The lots were formed principally out of the property bought by Mr. Post from the guardians of Mr. Coster’s children, for which he gave \$93,000. They fronted on Wall, William, and Merchant streets, and Exchange place, in the immediate vicinity of the site of the old Merchants’ Exchange, and where a new one is to be built, on a larger and more magnificent plan. The whole brought \$765,100.

Riots. FEBRUARY 24. — The trades-union people have been trying for some time past to get up a row, and succeeded yesterday. The journeymen and labouring men of different occupations have struck for wages, and their employers, in most instances, have resisted them with firmness. The stevedores and other labourers employed along-shore made a demand for an increase of wages, which the employers consented to, in consideration of the severity of the weather, the increased expense of living, and the abundance of work ; but this concession encouraged further demands, and they would not go to work without a promise of the new wages for a year in advance. This was resisted ; an immense body of the malcontents paraded the wharves all yesterday and attacked the men who refused to join them. Several vessels were armed to protect the men who were willing to work. Captain Waite, of the ship “United States,” loaded a four-pounder with grape and canister shot, determined to

oppose their boarding the vessel. The Mayor and police magistrates repaired to the spot; some of the officers were attacked by the rioters, one of whom, named Brink, had his skull fractured, and his life is despaired of. While this disgraceful scene was acting on the wharves, a large body of labourers assailed the men who were at work removing the rubbish from the ruins of the fire, with clubs and brickbats; the police were sent for, and succeeded, after a battle, in capturing four or five of the ringleaders.

The Mayor, who acts with vigour and firmness, ordered out the troops, who are now on duty with loaded arms, ready for action. These measures have restored order for the present, but I fear the elements of disorder are at work; the bands of Irish and other foreigners, instigated by the mischievous councils of the trades-union and other combinations of discontented men, are acquiring strength and importance which will ere long be difficult to quell.

The subscription for the new Exchange, on the enlarged plan, has been filled with a liberality which does great honour to our merchants. It will embrace the whole front on Wall street from Exchange place to William street, taking in the whole block, and will cost from \$1,000,000 to \$1,200,000. The certainty of the accomplishment of this magnificent project was one of the causes of the high prices of Mr. Post's property at the sale yesterday. The location of the Exchange in Wall street has made princely fortunes for the proprietors of lots in the first ward. If it had been originally placed in the park (as was strongly urged by many at the time) my house would now have been worth more money than all the property of Post's, which has been sold for \$765,100; without that I do not think that it would have brought the odd \$65,100.

MARCH 2. — The Fire-king reigns supreme in this devoted city; what with alterations, pulling down and burning up, the city in the aggregate is rebuilt, I should think, about once in seven years.

The Hon. John Tyler, member of the Senate from Virginia, a leading Whig and an influential member of that patriotic party,

resigned his seat, on Monday last, in a very handsome letter addressed to the Vice-President. It is understood that this gentleman has withdrawn his valuable services from the public at this important crisis when such men are so much wanted, from his view (a mistaken one, I humbly conceive) of his duty to his constituents, who have instructed him and his worthy colleague, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, to vote for the expunging resolutions (as they are called), in which they are to condemn their own act when they voted that the President, in certain of his rash measures, had transcended his powers and violated the constitution. This, of course, they cannot do, as honourable men, and Governor Tyler, maintaining the doctrine that the representative is governed by the instructions of his constituents, has no alternative but to resign his seat, and, to the gratification of the administration party, leave it open for one of their own men; the Legislature of Virginia having at present (temporarily, perhaps) a small majority of that sort of folks.

Thus it ever is. The honourable, high-minded men, viewing personal consistency as of greater importance than party fidelity, do not hesitate to maintain the one at the expense of the other, and persons less scrupulous usurp their stations in the government. Who ever knew a Jackson man to give up his seat one day before he was forced to, because the body of his constituents, much less an evanescent Legislature, held political opinions different from his? This change will, it is to be feared, place the Websters, the Clays, the Prestons, the Calhouns, and the Leighs in a minority, and the arm of power will be extended unchecked over this great, but hardly ridden, country. It is hoped the opinions of Governor Tyler's colleague do not coincide with his, and that he will not resign. If my view of his constitutional obligations is correct, he ought not.

MARCH 7. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. Alexander Duncan of Canandaigua, Mr. George Griswold, Samuel Hay,

S. S. Howland, J. B. Fleming, Mr. B. L. Swan, I. S. Hone, and Charles Clinton.

Sold my
House. MARCH 8. — I have this day sold my house in which I live, No. 235 Broadway, to Elijah Boardman, for \$60,000, to be converted into shops below, and the upper part to form part of the establishment of the American Hotel, kept by Edward Milford, in which I imagine Mr. Boardman to be interested. I bought this property on the 8th of March, 1821, after my return from Europe. I gave Jonathan Smith \$25,000 for it. I make a large profit; but the rage for speculation is at present so high that it will prove an excellent purchase. The house belonging to the Phoenix Insurance Company, two or three doors above Warren street, was sold this day at auction, for \$40,000. The building is worth little or nothing, and the lot only twenty-five feet by one hundred and six feet; mine is thirty-seven feet by one hundred and twenty feet, and is very cheap compared with the other.

I am to retain possession until the 15th of October, unless I choose to give it up before. I shall leave this delightful house with feelings of deep regret. The splendid rooms, the fine situation, my snug library, well-arranged books, handsome pictures, what will become of them? I have turned myself out of doors; but \$60,000 is a great deal of money.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9. — After the breaking up of the Board of the Savings-Bank, Mr. Swan and I walked out to the Second avenue, St. Mark's place, Tompkins square, and Lafayette place. I am turned out of doors, and he expects soon to be. Almost everybody down-town is in the same predicament, for all the dwelling-houses are to be converted into stores. We are tempted with prices so exorbitantly high that none can resist, and the old down-town burgomasters, who have fixed to one spot all their lives, will be seen, during the next summer, in flocks, marching reluctantly north to pitch their tents in places which, in their time, were orchards, corn-fields, or morasses a pretty smart distance from

town, and a journey to which was, formerly, an affair of some moment, and required preparation beforehand, but which constitute at this time the most fashionable quarter of New York. We did not see any lots which appeared to us so desirable as some on Lafayette place.

MARCH 12. — The winter is not yet over; the wind came out from the north-west last night; the thermometer is down to 18° this morning, and the high banks of ice in the streets have the appearance of solid walls of black marble. I make these remarks so frequently about the weather, because I imagine the winter of 1835-6 will stand hereafter recorded in our annals as the *hard* winter of modern days. I saw it mentioned in the papers that the ice has been sawed through in Connecticut river, opposite Hartford, and found to be forty inches in thickness.

Everything in New York is at an exorbitant price. High prices. Rents have risen fifty per cent. for the next year. I have sold my house, it is true, for a large sum; but where to go I know not. Lots two miles from the City Hall are worth \$8,000 or \$10,000. Even in the eleventh ward, toward the East river, where they sold two or three years ago for \$2,000 or \$3,000, they are held now at \$4,000 and \$5,000. Everything is in the same proportion; the market was higher this morning than I have ever known it, — beef twenty-five cents per pound, mutton and veal fifteen to eighteen cents, small turkeys a dollar and a half. This does very well for persons in business and speculators, who make, as the saying is, “one hand wash another;” but it comes hard upon those retired from business, who live upon fixed incomes, particularly public officers, clerks in banks and counting-houses, whose salaries are never raised in proportion to the increased expense of living.

MARCH 19. — I dined with Mr. Louis McLane. He occupies the house No. 1 Greenwich street, formerly Dominick Lynch’s, and more recently Abraham Schermerhorn’s, who owns it still. Mr. McLane is one of the ablest and

most agreeable men I ever knew, and has a delightful family. He has occupied several of the highest stations in our government; originally member of the House of Representatives for the State of Maryland, then in the Senate of the United States; in both houses he was one of the most distinguished members. In April, 1829, he was appointed Minister to Great Britain. On the breaking up of General Jackson's first cabinet, in April, 1831, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and subsequently, on the retirement of Mr. Livingston, he was made Secretary of State, which office he held until the *old chief* made the place too hot for him. He resigned, as was pretty well understood at the time, because he disapproved of the removal of the deposits; but he went quietly out of office, without assigning that as the reason. He was soon afterward elected president of the Morris Canal Company, with a salary of \$6,000, and became a citizen of New York, to the sincere gratification of all the New Yorkers who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

MARCH 24. — I dined with the members of the Reading Club, at Washington Hotel. There were about twenty; some bright spirits: the Duers, Irving, Hoffman, Charles King, Davis, Harvey, Colonel White of Florida, Fleming, Patterson, Halleck, etc.

I bought this day, from Samuel Ward, for \$15,000, the lot corner of Broadway and Great Jones street, twenty-nine feet wide and one hundred and thirty feet deep. It is my intention to build a house on this lot for my own residence, after I shall be turned out of the house I now occupy.

MARCH 26. — The Legislature of the State have
 Albany granted an act of incorporation to a company to con-
 Tunnel. struct a tunnel under the Hudson river, from the city
 of Albany to the east side. The directors named in the bill are: Joel N. Note, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Jr., James Stevenson, James Vanderpoel, and John Townsend. The charter is in perpetuity, without a reservation of the power to modify or repeal. The width of the tunnel is to be twenty-four feet and the height twelve feet,

the crown of the arch eighteen inches below the bed of the river. This is, I believe, the first tunnel under water in this country. New York is ever first in works of improvement and enterprise.

MARCH 29. — The Legislature of Massachusetts on Mr. Webster in Massachusetts. Thursday last in convention, renominated Mr. Webster for President, and nominated Mr. Granger for Vice-President. Their resolutions are patriotic and uncompromising. They go for principle, not for expediency. A letter from Mr. Webster was read at this convention worthy of himself. He prefers to retire from the contest, but will stand by his friends and by the Constitution, to use his own words, "whether in majorities or minorities, in prosperous or in adverse fortune."

APRIL 4. — I went this evening to a party given at Mrs. Frederick Sheldon's, Bowling Green. Everything was in admirable taste, and the pictures and other works of art which were collected by the host and hostess during their late visit to Europe were displayed to great advantage.

APRIL 5. — This celebrated lady is now in New York. She arrived here last autumn, and has been Miss Martineau. travelling in the Southern States. She brought me a letter from Mr. MacCready. Margaret and I called upon her. She has been at our house, and this morning I called again to see her. I was apprehensive, from her high literary reputation, that I should find her a little too blue to be agreeable. But it is not at all the case; she is pleasant and unaffected, has great vivacity, talks well upon all subjects, and is fond of laughing; with these qualifications she is, of course, an engaging companion. The only difficulty in conversing with her arises from her great deafness, which is obviated (at least so far as one speaker at a time is concerned) by the use of a trumpet formed of a tube of gum-elastic, one end of which she places in her right ear, while the mouth of the person conversing with her is applied to the other.

APRIL 7. — The Reading Club gave a dinner, at Washington Hotel, to Mr. John Duer, on the occasion of his departure for

Europe. My engagement prevented me from going until nine o'clock, at which time I joined the party, and I have seldom passed so agreeable an evening. I was too late for a speech from the distinguished guest, which was agreed on all hands to have been admirable, but the whole time until the hour of breaking up (half-past twelve o'clock) was a scene of joviality, wit, and brilliancy. Many excellent speeches were made, and innumerable good things said, which literally "set the table in a roar."

Henry S. Hoyt, eldest son of Mr. Goold Hoyt, was married at the college, this day, at noon, to Frances, eldest daughter of Wm. A. Duer, LL.D., President of the college.

APRIL 8. — We had a dinner-party to-day consisting of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. and Miss McLane (Mr. McLane is absent), President and Mrs. Duer, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hamilton, Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Chas. McEvers, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schermerhorn, Miss Sarah Duer, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Hone, Miss Elizabeth Jones, Miss Mary Hamilton, Mr. Hay, Mr. Nicholas Low, Edward Schermerhorn.

APRIL 22. — I this day hired the house belonging to Mr. Bloomer, the upper one of the two marble houses with porticos in Broadway, opposite Washington place, for \$1,600 per annum. It is a fine house, delightfully situated, and quite convenient to the place where I intend to build.

MAY 9. — There is much excitement in relation to the revolt of the people of Texas against the Government of Mexico. These people, fugitives and renegades from the United States, having raised the standard of rebellion (or revolution, I suppose they call it) against the Government under which they have chosen to live, and, having been unsuccessful thus far, now claim the protection of the Government of this country. They abandoned America as citizens, and General Jackson, having failed in getting up a French war, seems determined to recognize this sort of paternity, and have a tilt of some kind before he doffs

Mexican
Affairs.

his knightly armor as Grand Master of the Columbian Order. Instructions have been given to General Gaines to protect the United States frontier bordering on Texas, at all events. This is very well as far as it goes, but his orders will warrant him in leading his forces over the Mexican line, if, in his opinion, there should be indications of a hostile intention; in other words, giving him authority to commence a war without the sanction of Congress, and I have no doubt the "old chief" has intimated to him that that course would "break no squares" at Washington. These facts came out in the House of Representatives, on Friday last, on a resolution of Mr. Cambreling to appropriate a million of dollars for the protection of the Mexican frontier. Colonel White is in town; he told me on Saturday that he considers a Mexican war as a very probable event. The Western speculators will be all in favor of it.

MAY 14. — This has been a busy week for me. I have done more work than in any other week since I quitted business. On Monday morning I commenced the removal of the library; the bookcases were taken to pieces, carried to the new house, and are now nearly ready to receive the books, which are all there lying on the floor, tied up and labelled with the numbers of the shelves. Having had two wine-closets and a part of the cellar shelved and prepared, we began on Thursday morning to remove the wine from the garret and wine-room of the old house, in which a great part of it has remained untouched fourteen years. It went away in fifteen cartloads of baskets. I received it, stowed it away nicely, and took an inventory of two thousand one hundred and eighty quarts and two hundred and fifty-four half-gallon bottles of Madeira and sherry; so that job is done.

MAY 28. — There has been another disgraceful riot
 Row at the
 Theatre. at the Park Theatre. Mr. Wood, notwithstanding he
 sings so well, is the cause of this breach of harmony.
 Music may have "charms to soothe the savage breast," but not the
 breast of the pugnacious Mr. Webb, editor of "The Courier and
 Enquirer." This important personage charged Wood with unkind-

ness and a want of gallantry towards Mrs. Conduit, a little woman who sings well and is pretty, and has been associated with the Woods in some of their operas. This occasioned Mr. Wood to be hissed; he came forward and denied the charge. Webb reiterated it; Wood challenged him; the audience on a subsequent evening again expressed their disapprobation, and were not satisfied with his explanation. In yesterday morning's "Courier and Enquirer," Mr. Webb, in a most reprehensible article, calls upon the populace to go that evening to the theatre and drive Wood off the stage. This, of course, had the desired effect; for when was there a difficulty in finding ruffians enough not only to break into a theatre when thus instigated, but to pull down, set fire to, and destroy the city if they had a chance? Mr. Webb succeeded; an immense mob collected about the theatre, forced an entrance, and compelled Mr. Simpson to withdraw the Woods and promise that they would not again appear. This was the last engagement of those charming singers previous to their return, and I and others must be deprived of the pleasure of hearing them because Mr. Webb charges Mr. Wood with impoliteness, and he denies it. As well may this presumptuous newspaper editor exert the power of the press which he conducts to the gratification of personal pique or private resentment, and the public, the orderly part of the public, must acquiesce, and relinquish a rational amusement, or engage in a disgraceful contest with the loafers and Five-pointers who are ever ready to respond to such a call as they received on this occasion.

MAY 30.—I called yesterday to see an old friend, Dr. Peter Irving, who arrived on Saturday, in the ship "Erie," from Havre. He has resided in France twenty-seven years, during which time I have not seen him, for I missed him in 1821 when I was in Havre, owing to his absence from home. He expresses some surprise at my gray hairs, but he will find other changes equally astonishing. How strange must be the feelings of a New Yorker, absent so long, in witnessing the changes which have taken place; for no description can give the same idea of it as actual observation.

MAY 31. — I am a great lover of flowers. They furnish at all times, and particularly in the spring, enjoyment of the most refined and delicate nature, — a species of enjoyment which ranks with reading of poetry, looking at a fine picture, and drinking a glass of Château Margaux, in which the senses are gratified without sensuality.

JUNE 2. — There arrived at this port, during the month of May, 15,825 passengers. All Europe is coming across the ocean; all that part at least who cannot make a living at home; and what shall we do with them? They increase our taxes, eat our bread, and encumber our streets, and not one in twenty is competent to keep himself.

JUNE 3. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Chancellor Kent, Luther Bradish, Wm. H. Seward, Samuel B. Ruggles, Charles King, Charles H. Russell, John Van Buren, Murray, Isaac S. Hone, Charles A. Davis.

JUNE 6. — In corroboration of the remarks which I
Journeyman
Tailors. have occasionally made of late, on the spirit of faction and contempt of the laws which pervades the community at this time, is the conduct of the journeymen tailors, instigated by a set of vile foreigners (principally English), who, unable to endure the restraints of wholesome law, well administered in their own country, take refuge here, establish trades-unions, and vilify Yankee judges and juries. Twenty odd of these were convicted at the Oyer and Terminer of a conspiracy to raise their wages and to prevent any of the craft from working at prices less than those for which they struck. Judge Edwards gave notice that he would proceed to sentence them this day; but, in consequence of the continuance of Robinson's trial, the Court postponed the sentence until Friday.

This, however, being the day on which it was expected, crowds of people have been collected in the park, ready for any mischief to which they may have been instigated, and a most diabolical and inflammatory hand-bill was circulated yesterday, headed by a coffin.

The Board of Aldermen held an informal meeting this evening, at which a resolution was adopted authorizing the Mayor to offer a reward for the discovery of the author, printer, publisher, or distributor of this incendiary publication. The following was the hand-bill: —

“THE RICH AGAINST THE POOR!

“Judge Edwards, the tool of the aristocracy, against the people! Mechanics and working men! A deadly blow has been struck at your liberty! The prize for which your fathers fought has been robbed from you! the freemen of the North are now on a level with the slaves of the South! with no other privilege than labouring, that drones may fatten on your life-blood! Twenty of your brethren have been found guilty for presuming to resist a reduction of their wages! and Judge Edwards has charged an American jury, and agreeably to that charge, they have established the precedent that workingmen have no right to regulate the price of labour, or, in other words, the rich are the only judges of the wants of the poor man. On Monday, June 6, 1836, at ten o'clock, these freemen are to receive their sentence, to gratify the hellish appetites of the aristocrats!

“On Monday, the liberty of the workingmen will be interred! Judge Edwards is to chant the requiem! Go! Go! Go! every freeman, every workingman, and hear the hollow and the melancholy sound of the earth on the coffin of equality! Let the courtroom, the City Hall, yea! the whole park, be filled with *mourners*; but remember, offer no violence to Judge Edwards, bend meekly, and receive the chain wherewith you are to be bound! Keep the peace! Above all things, keep the peace!”

JUNE 7.—I had a letter to-day from the accomplished author of the “Ayrshire Legatees” and “Annals of the Parish” and “Eleven Strokes and Aggravations of Paralysis.” The latter, he says, “Have disabled me from taking part any longer in the uses of the world”; but his

mental faculties appear to be unimpaired, and he does me the honour to say, that unless I forbid him he intends to inscribe to me a "little book," for which he has been arranging materials, "that I may have an opportunity," he adds, "of stating my own impressions of the United States, for the topic now begins to be popular here, and favourable opinions begin to be appreciated."

JUNE 9. — Among the fleet of vessels which sailed yesterday and to-day were the "Havre," having as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Cottenet and children, Mr. and Mrs. Boreel, and Miss Langdon; the "Montreal," with Mr. Stevenson, the new Minister to England, his lady and Miss Coles and Allyn Otis. The "Sheffield," in which Mr. Wallack went; she was ready for sea on the 24th of May, and was prevented from day to day by the easterly storm. The "Montreal" was the packet of the first instant. Arrived yesterday, from Liverpool, the "Orpheus." Temple Bowdoin was one of her passengers.

JUNE 13. — Yesterday morning was clear, bright, and beautiful, and we enjoyed in our new residence up town all the pleasures of the country. The air was refreshing, the trees in full verdure, the birds sang sweetly, and when I walked down to Trinity Church (where I shall continue to go at least once a day), I met and overtook crowds of well-dressed persons on their way to the several places of divine worship. It looked indeed as the morning of the Christian Sabbath always should.

JUNE 17. — A new club is about being established, at the head of which are a number of our most distinguished citizens, to consist of four hundred members, and to be similar in its plan and regulations to the great clubs of London, which give a tone and character to the society of the British metropolis. A meeting was held this evening, at the Athenæum, to organize the club, at which I was earnestly invited to attend, but I could not get away from Mr. Griffin's in time.

JUNE 20. — In the ship "Samson," arrived yesterday from Lon-

Arrivals and
Departures.

Union
Club.

don, came passengers Charles Parish, N. P. Willis and his new English wife, and the Right Hon. Edward Ellice. Greenough the sculptor arrived here a few days since, and went to Washington. I did not see him. His talents are an honour to his country, and his fellow-citizens should be proud of him. He is engaged in a great work by order of Congress, a statue of Washington, which I presume is the object of his visit at this time.

Mr. Naudian having resigned, his place in the Senate of the United States has been filled by the appointment of Richard H. Bayard, by a vote of seventeen to ten.

This is the gentleman whose society and that of his charming wife afforded us so much pleasure last summer at Rockaway. He is a thorough Whig, but the party gains nothing in their number by his election, his predecessor being equally so. The little State of Delaware is a precious jewel in the political diadem. She has always been governed by good principles and represented by talents.

Excursion
in the
"Novelty."
ALBANY, JUNE 23. — A party of gentlemen consisting of the managers of the Delaware & Hudson Company, together with Matthew St. Clair Clarke, Colonel McKinny, Mr. Bradley of Washington, the Collector, Elisha Townsend, and others, went on board the "Novelty" this morning at six o'clock, at the foot of Chambers street in New York, and came to Albany in twelve hours.

This was the first voyage ever made from New York to Albany by a steamboat propelled by anthracite coal. Dr. Nott has been engaged for several years in contriving machinery to accomplish this important object, and has now succeeded completely. The great desideratum was to contrive the means of igniting the coal, and producing a flame sufficient to create the steam. This has been effected by condensing hot air, which, by injection into the bottom of the furnaces, accomplishes this object, and forces the flame into a chamber in which are a great number of iron tubes

of the size of gun-barrels, placed vertically. There are four of these furnaces. The quantity of coal consumed on this trip was about twenty tons, which at five dollars per ton amounts to one hundred dollars. The same voyage would have consumed forty cords of fine wood, the present price of which is six dollars, making a difference of more than one-half. Dr. Nott, who was on board, has made experiments the result of which is that the difference of expense on board the "Novelty" during one season will amount to \$19,000. The "Erie" left New York an hour after us, and arrived two hours after our arrival, but she made the usual stops, and we came directly on, so that their speed was probably nearly equal. The tide was against us all day, and there is a great freshet in the river. Dr. Nott has succeeded completely in this invention, which establishes the certainty that coal will supersede wood in all our steamboats, and the Delaware & Hudson Company will hereafter be able to sell all the coal they can bring down the canal at an advanced price.

Death of
Mr. Madison. JUNE 30. — This enlightened statesman and illustrious citizen, James Madison, former President of the United States, died on Tuesday last. He had been gradually sinking for some time past. It is a pity he had not lingered six days longer, that his death might have occurred, like those of Jefferson and the elder Adams, on the anniversary of the political birthday of the country over which they had severally ruled.

Count
Survilliers. JULY 2. — Joseph Bonaparte, formerly King of Naples and afterward of Spain, now bearing the title of Count Survilliers, after a residence in this country of twenty years, yesterday took his final leave and sailed for London in the packet ship "Philadelphia." During his residence in the United States he has conciliated the favourable opinions of all who knew him, and has left an exceedingly good name amongst his immediate neighbours at Bordentown, where he has a fine estate, on which he has lived for a great portion of the time of his residence among us.

JULY 11. — The discouraging accounts of Mary's health, and the

uncertainty we are in respecting the movements of my children, have determined me to go to Europe on Saturday next, unless we should receive letters before that day rendering it unnecessary. My daughter Margaret will be my companion. I went on board the ship "England" this morning and engaged our staterooms.

AT SEA, JULY 16. — We went on board the steamboat this morning at eleven o'clock. Many of our friends attended to take leave of us, and several accompanied us to the ship, which was lying below Governor's Island. The party partook of a luncheon on board, and leaving us off Fort Hamilton, with three cheers of encouragement and kind wishes, we commenced our voyage to Liverpool on board the good ship "England," commanded by Captain Waite, an able seaman and a gentlemanly man. The "England" is a noble, fast-sailing ship of 731 tons' burden.

The weather was bright at the time of sailing, but the wind northeast, as it has been for so great a portion of the time during the present summer, and the departure of our friends in the steamboat seemed to be the signal for its increase, for by two o'clock it blew a gale from that inauspicious quarter directly on shore, with a rough sea, and our ship pitching heavily.

JULY 18. — The wind north-east, blowing hard and cold, with a heavy cross-sea. The passengers generally sick, but I have recovered, and eaten my allowance. I dined heartily on a fresh salmon, and drank my usual quantity of wine at dinner. Margaret, the only lady at the table. She is a famous sailor; she sits on the bulwarks, to which lofty station she is assisted by me, or some other of the gentlemen, and enjoys the wild scene as the gallant ship makes her way through the mountain billows.

JULY 19. — We have had one of those incidents to-day which sometimes break in agreeably upon the monotony of a sea voyage. A sail ahead was descried early in the morning, which we soon made out to be a large ship steering the same course. We gained steadily upon her, until it was ascertained to be the "Charlemagne" under a great press of sail. How she got ahead so far to wind-

ward I could not make out. She must have gotten a streak of more favorable wind, but we came fast up with her. Captain Waite "whipped up," and to his great satisfaction passed her to windward at four o'clock and hoisted the "star spangled banner," which was returned by the "Charlemagne." This is certainly very interesting, and proves the perfection of the art of navigation. Here were two ships, starting together from New York, after three days sailing nearly five hundred miles, in gales of wind, come in sight of each other so near that every person on board can be distinguished and almost hear each other's voices. The "Charlemagne" sails fast, but we have certainly beaten her handsomely. It was a glorious sight, when we were abreast of her, and saw her swelling canvas—royals, studding-sails and all—and her bright, high sides, rising from the waves like a walled city and plunging again into the glittering abyss of waters.

JULY 28. — At four o'clock we were called from dinner to see a large ship which was nearly abreast of us to windward. She proved to be the ship "Kensington" from Liverpool bound to New York. The passengers exchanged cheers, and the captain might as well have come down to speak to us as not. We were as close to the wind as the ship could possibly steer, and, of course, could not have gone nearer. This appears to have been excessively churlish. It would have been a great satisfaction to us to hear news, but a much greater to send our greetings to those dear ones we had left at home. But the "Lexington" cannot well avoid reporting us on her arrival, and our friends will know that on this day, twelve days out, we have made about two-thirds of our voyage.

It was a glorious sight to witness these two splendid ships passing each other, both close-hauled, on different tacks. The "Kensington" rose and sank on the waves with the majesty of the eagle and the calmness of the swallow. This is always an interesting incident on a voyage, but there was something more beautiful in this view than in any of the kind I have ever witnessed.

JULY 29. — We have two ladies, passengers, who exemplify the

two extremes in the American female character. Mrs. May, of Boston, is a regular Yankee, quick of apprehension, intelligent, handy, self-confident, a person qualified to take care of herself in every situation in which circumstances could place her. She is (I undertake to say) in all respects a helpmate to her husband. Mrs. Hammond is soft, languishing, and inert, and her listlessness of manner proclaiming her at once a South Carolinian, with more feminine loveliness than the lady just described. She appears to be incapable of the least exertion, and would starve, I verily believe, if she had nobody to help her to food. She and her husband (who is a member of Congress from South Carolina) lounge all day on sofas in the cabin and a mattress on deck, and neither of them have been at the table during the voyage, except once that the lady made an effort and dined with the passengers. This may be accounted for by the bad health of both the husband and wife. But Mrs. May would require to be a great deal worse than either before she would consent to give up. There does not seem to be much congeniality between these two ladies. There is too much dissimilarity in their habits and dispositions to admit of it. The one must despise the other for her business-like qualities, and she in return wonders how a lady can submit to be served by slaves in matters which she ought herself to attend to. My daughter Margaret, from having been brought up on neutral ground, is nearer right in those particulars than either, and I am greatly mistaken if all the passengers are not of the same opinion.

JULY 31.—I arose early and went upon deck. It was a fine morning; the ship sailing ten knots an hour; the sea bright and blue, with that sort of crispness in the curling of the waves and the sparkling of the white foam which is usually a concomitant of westerly wind. We shall make a better run during this twenty-four hours than any since we left New York. Captain Waite says she sailed faster during the night than he ever saw her before, and he thinks her the fastest sailer in the American merchant navy.

Why is it that the Sabbath morning always appears more solemn

to me than any other? There are many things on shore to produce that effect. The hum of business is hushed; the streets deserted; the world reposes in a sort of conventional quietude, but here on the ocean there are no such marks to denote the return of the day of rest; and yet when I went on deck this morning I felt myself influenced by the consciousness that this day was set apart from the others, and that I was enjoined "to keep it holy." It is indeed a holy institution. No man who acknowledges a dependence upon the Almighty Governor of the universe can avoid feeling that upon this day of rest he is more immediately brought in the presence of his Maker. I hope I do not mistake my own sensations, and attribute to an innate principle of right the consciousness that one cannot help feeling of helplessness and reliance upon the Almighty when exposed to the dangers of a sea voyage, but I certainly felt this morning my mind elevated by the knowledge that this was the Sabbath of the Lord. At the request of the passengers, I read the morning service of our church, and I trust the manner was not less acceptable for the reflections of the morning, the result of which I have given above.

Our accommodations are excellent. The most abundant provision has been made, and we have every day as good a table as the most fastidious gastronome could desire. A sheep and a pig were killed last evening, and plenty of poultry; and our larder presents a most inviting appearance. The passengers are good-humoured, accommodating, and jovial, and if I were not anxious to see my children I should not have any great objection to prolong our voyage a week beyond the time at which we may expect to arrive, if the wind hold on.

AUGUST 3. — At noon, however, the wind died away, and it became perfectly calm and continued so during the remainder of the day. Not a breath of air was stirring to agitate the sails, and the waters of the variable Channel were smooth as a mirror. Oh, for a steamboat at such a time! Genius of Fulton! if ever thou art dear to the memory of thy countrymen it must be when, at the close of a long

voyage, they become suddenly becalmed within a few hours of the port of their destination. Wind and sails are nothing now compared to steam and paddles, and we had the mortification of realizing this fact this afternoon, by seeing a large steamer (I am in England now, and must talk as the English talk) puffing and wheezing and smoking rapidly on her course towards the Irish shore, while we were flapping and rolling and making no headway.

AUGUST 6. — And I once more set my foot upon English ground.

BOOTLE, SUNDAY, AUG. 7. — Mr. Heyworth took us to town this morning, where we attended divine service in the chapel of the Blind Asylum, which is the fashionable church. We sat in Mr. Brown's pew. Coming out of church Mr. William Rathbone brought Capt. Basil Hall to shake hands with us. He and his wife both expressed themselves in the following terms: "We are happy to see again a gentleman to whose kindness in America we are so greatly indebted." Pretty well, considering Mr. Rathbone asked me to meet Captain Hall yesterday at dinner at his house. After paying a few visits in town, we returned to dine and sleep at Bootle. I am charmed with all I see here. Our sweet friend, Charlotte Kane, has gotten a charming fellow for a husband.

LIVERPOOL, AUG. 12. — Having been honoured by an
 Dinner at the
 Town Hall. invitation from the mayor to meet the judges at dinner,
 Mr. Rathbone called for me at seven o'clock, and we went to the Town Hall. The doors of my hotel (The Waterloo) were beset by a crowd to see the egress of the high sheriff, a splendid, fierce-looking fellow, in full dress, with *chapeau bras* and a long black wand. He rode in a superb stage coach-and-four, with two dashing postilions. This gentleman's name is Standish of Standish Hall, a person of large fortune and high standing in the County of Lancashire. When we alighted at the door of the Council Hall, we were ushered by a train of servants in livery, by the beautiful staircase and vestibule to the splendid suite of rooms in which the mayor received his guests, the rich furniture being uncovered and everything arranged to suit the

occasion. The *coup d'ail* was perfectly magnificent. The ball-room, with the splendid chandeliers, was not in the dining part of the palace, but I was taken to see it.

My reception by the mayor (Mr. Corrie) was not only flattering but marked by extreme kindness, and the judges, Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Justice Coleridge, to whom I was introduced immediately on their arrival, were particular in their attentions to me during the whole of the evening. The company consisted of about fifty gentlemen, principally members of Parliament, country gentlemen, and barristers connected with the assizes which are now being held. A Mr. Alexander seemed to be considered the most eminent lawyer in the company. The courts, both criminal and civil, are open at the same time, Justice Park presiding in the former and Justice Coleridge in the latter.

The dinner-table was richly set out with a splendid plateau the whole length, and the services of china and glass suited to a banquet of kings, and as good a dinner, too, as I ever saw. Turtle soup, turbot, grouse (this is the first day for shooting them), and a great variety of pine-apples and peaches, were among the varieties, and the wines were capital. I was seated on the right of the mayor, next but two. One of the judges sat on each side of him, next on the right the high sheriff, and then myself. This latter dignitary and myself were soon good friends, and he pressed me with great apparent sincerity to visit him in London. These folk seem much pleased to come in contact with a Yankee.

AUGUST 13. — Our first visit was to this princely Chatsworth mansion and grounds. I do not know how to describe it. It surpasses the highest reach of my imagination. Eton Hall is, I think, a handsome exterior, but the grandeur, the sublimity, the solid magnificence of Chatsworth, induce me to give it a preference. It stands rather low, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, with the river Derwent passing close to the walls. The view from every part of the grounds is beautiful. This is one particular in which it has the advantage of Eton; then there are

a number of fountains and cascades, supplied by reservoirs on the adjacent mountain, all of which were made to play for us. One of these is a tree, which looks so much like nature that it did not attract my attention, until all of a sudden, hundreds of jets from the ends of the branches began a spirited cross-fire which made us jump with surprise. The Italian Gardens below the terraces are beautiful. Herds of red and fallow deer are seen sporting over the grounds, and the conservatories and hot-houses and stables are all fine.

The next object of curiosity was a visit across the Haddon Hall. country four or five miles to Haddon Hall, an old baronial castle belonging to the Duke of Rutland. The contrast between this and the place we had just left was singularly striking. This was erected before the Conquest, and displays all the rude, grotesque style of architecture of those days of feudal power. Towers and turrets, covered with the ivy of ages. The banqueting hall, kitchens, with fireplaces in which wild boar and the red deer were roasted whole for the iron-handed baron and his faithful dependents; the armory, the dungeons, and the antiquated bed-chambers hung with tapestry, the figures of which resemble nothing in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath, — are all preserved in spite of the ravages of time, to show Englishmen how their fathers lived a thousand years ago.

We visited this ancient place at a peculiarly favorable time: at the close of such a day as the poets of England delight to describe, when the last rays of the setting sun throw the long, deep shadows of the moss-covered turrets and lofty pines over the bright green sward, and the beautiful river crept silently along, as if afraid to disturb the solemn stillness of the scene. It was an incident of my life never to be forgotten to have seen Chatsworth and Haddon Hall on the same afternoon.

LEAMINGTON, AUG. 16. — Warwick is handsome, clean, and dull as ever, but the castle is even more glorious than my recollections of it. Its situation, the views up and down the Avon; its ancient

towers, lofty hall, superb wainscotted apartments; the venerable trees in the park; and the Warwick vase, the beau ideal of beauty, are all there in their former state, and some of the apartments (particularly the great hall of entrance and the dining-hall) have been recently repaired, and the ornaments retouched with great taste and delicacy. The part of Warwick Castle which most exceeded the recollection of my former visit is the pictures, which ornament the walls in every part; this arises probably from my having more taste for pictures now than at that time.

LONDON, AUG. 18. — The forenoon of this day was passed in visiting some of the most interesting objects in Oxford, the glorious metropolis of learning and literature. It was delightful for me to refresh my recollections of this magnificent city. This day's visit has realized all I have thought and said of it since I was there before.

At seven o'clock this evening, just as they were lighting the gas lamps, we were set down at the famous White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; amidst coaches innumerable, lords and chimney sweeps, ladies and blacklegs. Our luggage was placed in one of those detestable vehicles, a hackney coach, in which we came to Mrs. Friedman's boarding-house. A comfortable establishment, No. 12 Devonshire street, one door west of Portland place.

AUGUST 20. — Having been introduced yesterday to
 Visit to Parliament. Lord Palmerston, the minister for foreign affairs, he politely sent orders to Mr. Duer and me to go into the House of Lords to witness the prorogation of Parliament by the King in person, and we were fortunate enough to obtain very good places. The ceremony was very interesting to me, and the spectacle exceedingly magnificent. The attendance of the lords was greater than I expected. I saw several distinguished noblemen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Duke of Wellington, Duke of Norfolk, Lords Melbourne, Westminster, etc., in all I think nearly a hundred. A great attendance of foreign ministers and a handsome display of ladies elegantly dressed. The king arrived at half-past

two o'clock, attended by a numerous and brilliant cortege, and ascended the throne. He is much altered in appearance since I saw him at the coronation of his brother. He was then a stout man and walked erect; he is now old and bent, with a tottering gait, and has all the marks of advanced age. The young Princess Victoria will not, from his appearance, have long to wait for her exalted inheritance. As soon as the king was seated, the Commons were summoned, the Speaker (Abercombie) read the address in a very clear and distinct tone of voice, so that, notwithstanding, from his situation under the gallery, I could not see him, I did not lose a word. The king then read his speech, with a little prompting, which I also heard distinctly. Parliament was then prorogued until October, and the king retired as he came, amidst a discharge of artillery and the sound of trumpets. We got out in time to see the procession leave the House. The stage coaches, with the horse and foot guards, made a grand appearance, and everything went off well. I should have regretted exceedingly not to have witnessed this splendid pageant.

The manner of announcing the king's assent to the several bills is very singular, and the bows of the clerks in their robes and wigs, and the formal, quaint "*le roi le veut*" which accompanies each, had a ludicrous effect to such of us as had not before witnessed the ceremony.

We paid a few visits before dinner, which does not take place until six o'clock, one of which to Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "Characteristics of Women," gave me great pleasure. This gifted lady is to sail for New York next month to meet her husband who has a legal appointment in Upper Canada.

AUGUST 21. — Margaret, Mr. Duer, and I went to pass the evening with Mrs. Jameson, where we met our kind and attentive friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, and other nice persons, amongst whom was an old lady seventy-two years of age, Lady George Murray, and her daughter, distinguished equally for rank and talents, preceptress and governess of the Princess Charlotte, the

lamented “rose and fair expectancy of the state.” The young lady is the bosom friend of Lady Noel Byron, the widow of the immortal *roué* poet. I talked much with her on the subject of their separation. She describes Lady B. as a perfect angel, and although it may be necessary to make some allowances for the exaggeration of warm female friendship, the high character and intelligence of Miss Murray forbids the possibility of her coming to very erroneous opinions on a subject so important and so much disputed. Lady Byron mixes very little in society, but is much engaged in doing good.

AUGUST 23.—I took Margaret this morning to Westminster Abbey. She was much pleased, and I experienced anew and in a greater degree the awe and pleasure which the first view of this sublime and interesting edifice occasioned me.

This has been a busy day. Mr. Duer and I went to breakfast with Mr. Rogers, the poet, an agreeable, kind-hearted old gentleman. He is very rich, although a poet, and lives in handsome style; has a fine collection of pictures and other pretty things. After we left him he sent me a beautiful copy of his poems with illustrated vignettes.

DOVER, AUG. 30.—We left London at eleven o'clock on the top of the Dover coach. There was a crowd about the door, attracted by the Duke of Wellington's carriage. He appears to be popular here at any rate, whatever the London radicals may think of him.

AUGUST 31.—Colonel Cockburn introduced me this morning to Colonel Arnold, commander of engineers and of the garrison at Dover. This gentleman is son of the infamous Benedict Arnold. He appears about my age; a short, handy little man, and apparently a gentleman of good manners. It seems to be hard to apply the severity of the Levitical law to innocent men in these enlightened times, but I felt, while in his company, as if my prejudice was busied in “visiting the sins of the father upon the child.”

PARIS, SEPT. 3.—We started much earlier than yesterday, and

having less distance to go, arrived in Paris at eight o'clock P.M., and came to lodge at the boarding-house of Madame Bonfils, superbly situated in Rue de Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuilleries, of which I have a fine view from my chamber windows. Soon after we came, a storm of thunder and rain announced to the people of Paris that we had arrived.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 11. — Horse race at the Champs de Mars at one o'clock, and afterward to the *fête* of St. Cloud. I am ashamed to record it, Sunday as it was; but what is to be done? If such scenes are witnessed at all it must be on the day which *Christians* call Sabbath. We intended to go to church this morning to hear an eloquent Protestant clergyman, Mr. Athanèse Coquerel, who is preaching in the churches of our faith at present; but until one o'clock it rained very hard, notwithstanding which the races took place, and the queen and royal family were there, and a tolerable concourse of people. It stopped raining at one o'clock, and the men came out; but the course and all the grounds around were an ocean of mud. The horses running looked like the wizard horse of Leonora, only their halo was of a less luminous nature. We came away after the first two heats, and pursued our way to St. Cloud. A horse race in Paris is not by any means the same thing as an English one, nor even one of ours. I do not think it a favourite amusement of the French. It is the only one which does not appear to excite them. *Ils sont gais à la messe, et grave à la course.* The principal race to-day was won by a horse of the Duc d'Orléans, beating Lord Seymour, who has been in the constant habit of carrying away the purses from the natives. One would have thought there was something exhilarating in this, but there was no shouting, no triumph amongst the men, or flashing of bright eyes amongst the women.

The weather by this time had cleared, and the sun came out bright, so that when we arrived at St. Cloud the immense little world was congregating fast. Men, women, and children in their newest finery crowding to the long avenue, in which booths are

erected. Such chattering, such a variety of queer noises, such singular exhibitions, so many lures to attract customers to buy their wares, to witness their spectacles, or to eat their pâtés, were almost an excuse to break the Sabbath for once to visit the *fête* de St. Cloud. I shall not probably see another. We passed the first hour in viewing the apartments of the palace; the state apartments are open to everybody on Sunday. These we saw, of course, but were further permitted to pass through all the other apartments. Nothing can be more magnificent; the pictures are exceedingly fine, and there are several vases of Sèvres porcelain superb beyond imagination.

I remember that the king's bed, and those of all the family, even the princesses, are hard mattresses, a few inches thick, with no *paillaises*, and the bedsteads only about a foot from the floor.

The French are certainly Sabbath-breakers, and their religious habits do not set as close as ours, but one thing I will remark in their praise: In all this concourse of people to-day, formed principally of the lower classes, assembled for pastime and enjoyment, when eatables of all kinds were exhibited, such as cakes, hot waffles, pâtés, etc., I did not see a drop of spirituous liquor, nor do I believe there was one on the ground. No drink but lemonade, carried about by old women who carry as much acidity in their faces as on their backs.

SEPTEMBER 12. — Having determined to leave Paris for Geneva to-morrow, we have been employed in making preparations. Mr. Chazournes and I went in pursuit of a carriage, and succeeded in getting a commodious travelling callèche of a Mr. Panhard, Rue Bergue, for which I am to pay him two hundred francs. We take post horses, and go by the Dijon route across the Jura mountain. George W. Lafayette is in town. I did not know it until yesterday, when I called and left my card. I received a note from him this morning stating that he was engaged with lawyers to-day in an affair of family business, but would be with me to-morrow. This I interdicted, and requested him to postpone his visit until after our return.

Well, I have seen Taliogni. She danced this evening at the French Opera, in the ballet of the Sylphide. It was a single performance, and, fortunately, fell upon our last night in Paris. The immense theatre was crowded in every part. Bradford obtained excellent places for us in the course of the day. The opera was the "Siege of Corinth," which, did not interest me; but the ballet was certainly the poetry of motion and the sunlight of beauty. I never saw anything of the kind before which is not routed horse and foot out of my recollection by the force of this fascinating spectacle. Not only the calypso of the night, but her attendant nymphs all danced and moved and floated like beings of another world. The piece is exactly the same as that gotten up in New York as an opera when Mrs. Austin was there, under the name of the "Mountain Sylph"; but, fortunately, there was no singing or speaking here. It would have been too much, when one of our senses was completely absorbed, to have another invaded, and in danger of being captured; it might have ended in *nonsense*. The whole affair was so nicely managed, the machinery worked so well, the sylphs flew in the air, as if their little delicate feet had never touched the ground, and when their lovely sister died, four of them enveloped her in a net of gold and, each taking a corner, flew up with her into the air, where, I take it for granted, the Sylphic Père la Chaise is situated. Or, perhaps, the beauteous beings of their race, when defunct, are taken up to exhale in the regions above, and return to us in the form of dew-drops to sparkle on the leaves of the newly blown rose, or hide in the velvet recesses of the fragrant violet. Taliogni is small, delicate, and, I think, pretty, and her dancing excels that of any other woman as much as Mrs. Wood's singing does Mrs. Sharp's. It is not only in great agility and dexterity, but it is the perfection of grace and beauty, and addresses itself to the imagination, as it is, in fact, half the time something *between earth and heaven*. When this pleasant affair was ended, we went to Tortoni's and took our ices. This is the most fashionable house in Paris.

EN ROUTE, SEPT. 13. — We left Paris this morning in our carriage, with a number of little comforts, and put ourselves fairly *en route* for Geneva. The weather was bad; it rained with short intervals during the day, and the uninteresting country through which we passed, rendered more gloomy by the dark clouds which hung over it, and the cheerless, uncomfortable villages, with more mud and dirt even than usual, gave us frequent occasion to laugh at the absurdity of the application of the term “*la belle France*” to such a country. It is worse in every particular than when I was here before, and we are travelling through the very heart of France, and its most celebrated provinces. Formerly the cheapness of living in the country was more commensurable with its value (I speak not of Paris); but now the extortion, the cheating of all kinds with which the traveller comes in contact, is greater than in England, and you are not so well served. The porter at Madame Bonfils made a regular charge of fifteen sous for every trifling errand he performed for me. At one of the towns, this evening, I sent a boy for two candles to put in the lamps of the carriage. The young rascal said they cost him a franc, and I had to pay him ten sous for his trouble. It is so in everything. There is a gang of female harpies stationed in the lobbies of all the theatres in Paris to prey upon strangers. I suffer from being *prima facie* a John Bull, and he is fair game in France. They have a double motive in swindling him: their cupidity and the dislike they bear to him. France is fattening upon the food she loathes. These polite, disinterested ladies make me pay twenty sous for opening the box door, and demand the same sum for a little programme which is sold at the door for three sous.

GENEVA, SEPT. 17. — This place is filled with English and Americans. Our hotel is the fashionable resort of the latter, of whom there were thirty-four a few days since. There are now here, besides our party, Abraham Schermerhorn and family, Mr. George Ticknor and family, of Boston; Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, and his daughter, Mrs. Otis; General Jones, Charles McEvers, Mr.

and Mrs. Brinkerhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Ashurst, of Philadelphia ; Charles C. King and his brother, James T. Irving, Jr., Mr. Whitney, the Rev. Henry Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, our fellow-passengers in the "England," and others, perhaps, whom I have not met. From my recollection of what Geneva was like when I was here before, I was surprised, until I came now, that it should be made a place of so great resort. It was then a dull, confined place with dirty, narrow streets, and nothing but the beautiful lake to recommend it. I find it now a splendid, agreeable town ; streets of handsome houses have been erected on grounds which were formerly the marshy shores of the lake, and the course of the clear, blue, rushing waters is confined in massive stone docks, with a splendid bridge ; a pretty island has been formed, in which is a bronze statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau ; spacious public gardens ornament the part of the town remote from the lake. Immense hotels have been erected for the accommodation of the hosts of travellers who pass through on their way to Italy, and the whole has an air of splendor and gayety which must surprise the rigid, formal descendants of the reformers of John Calvin's severe days.

I am here with my three daughters and son-in-law, and surrounded by friends and acquaintances, my window overlooking the brightest blue waters the sun ever shone upon (except, perhaps, those of Lake George) ; splendid new edifices on the one hand and the green shore of the lake, with a majestic perspective of snow-clad mountains, on the other. I think I may say with the patriarch of old, "It is well to be here." One look out of Mary's bright eyes (and oh ! how much brighter than I expected to see them), with her whole heart mixed up with mine, conspire to render the few days of my sojourn in Geneva among the happiest of my life — but how to get away !

The English swarm so on the Continent. They are generally vulgar people, without taste, and with their pockets well filled, and the French and Swiss do love so dearly to handle their money that the market is spoiled for us Americans, who can better appreciate

the value of the articles offered for sale. This place has benefited more by the intercourse of foreigners than any on the Continent. It is on the direct road to Italy, and so pleasant that travellers in transit linger here as long as possible, besides which, many pass their summer here, and several English families have delightful villas on the banks of the lake, cultivated so much in the English style that the country around Geneva has greatly the appearance of England, which makes it a Paradise compared with the adjacent country which the traveller must pass to reach it. This all comes from John Bull; the substantial stone docks and lofty edifices, the sight of which from my window affords me so much pleasure, are all based upon English guineas. I have heard it estimated that four millions of pounds sterling are annually spent on the Continent, and Geneva gets a fair share of it; the Americans, too, are spending a great deal of money in Europe, and unfortunately there is no reciprocity in the trade (except as relates to England). How few of the dollars which we expend in France, Switzerland, or Italy, ever find their way back again. The people of those countries do go out to America sometimes, it is true, but for what? Not to enrich the country, but themselves; to carry on business and make their fortunes, if they can. Latrobe and Pourtalais and a few others are exceptions to these remarks, but it is the general course of the business.

SEPTEMBER 24. — The day of parting arrived at last. It is amusing to see how shy travellers (the English particularly) are of each other. They regard fellow-travellers, not as persons thrown in their way, whose society and conversation may afford pleasure and instruction, but who may rob them of their breakfast, or anticipate the post-horses. How different in our country, where travellers meeting on the road ask and answer questions, give and receive information, compare notes, and often form agreeable associations; and these Europeans have the impudence to curl their disgusting mustaches and ridicule those amiable traits in the American character. Yankee inquisitiveness forsooth! that's the way we come to know so much more than they.

FONTAINEBLEAU, SEPT. 25. — We were *en route* at eight o'clock in the wake of a carriage and four horses with a Count "Quelque Chose," his wife and child, which the etiquette of the road forbade our postilion to pass. Whilst we were changing horses at Joigny, I scraped acquaintance with our antecedent count (addressing him first, of course), and found him a sociable little man, and his wife an agreeable person. "Don't, father," said Margaret, but I was determined to give him a specimen of Yankee freedom of manners, and quite certain am I that neither of us were losers by the experiment. We travelled in company all day, and are at the same hotel.

Sunday brings no holiday for France. Everything goes on the same as on another day; the labors of the husbandmen are not suspended; the hammer rests not on the anvil; the shops are open, and carts loaded with wine and other merchandise pursue their wonted course on the roads where workingmen are employed in breaking stone. You see no groups of well-dressed people, as in England and our own blessed land, responding willingly to the summons of the cheerful village bell. I should like to know how this suits our reverend gentlemen who are so fond of visiting the Continent of late — the Springs and the Wainwrights, the Taylors and the Mortons. They cannot convert the Frenchmen, that's certain. I suppose they pray for them.

PARIS, OCTOBER 3. — George W. Lafayette made us a long visit this morning. He came in town last evening from La Grange. The family are very desirous that we should go out to see them, but our time is too short to permit it. He looks very well, talked much of his father, and gave us a great deal of information about the *Trois Jours*, the trial of the Carlist ministry, and other interesting events in which the general and himself bore conspicuous parts. Our meeting was quite tender; the style of greeting was somewhat amusing to Mr. Ludlow and Margaret. We kissed each other on both cheeks.

HAVRE, OCTOBER 7. — It rained with little intermission all the

morning. The prospect of our sailing to-morrow is not encouraging. We went on board the ship, the "Sylvie de Grasse," and a splendid ship she is. My bosom swells and my heart warms to see my beloved stars and stripes floating over vessels in this port, superior to those of any other nation. They are so trim and neat, so beautiful and yet so majestic; they hold the same station in the commercial marine which their nation is destined to hold amongst the nations of the earth. This is not bravado nor prejudice, everything tends to it, and I do "most potently believe it."

HAVRE, OCTOBER 10. — The storm continues with unabated violence, and we are still detained in this *triste* vestibule of "*la belle France*." I am punished now for having occasionally used this term when I wished to ingratiate myself with Frenchmen to whom I was writing or talking. We have certainly found nothing "*belle*" about it, except Paris and two or three of the royal palaces. We have found very little comfort or enjoyment. French politeness went out of fashion with the Bourbons, and "*place aux étrangers*" means nothing more now than a struggle amongst all classes and professions to cheat the English and Americans out of as much money as possible. The best thing they have is their noble king, and his amiable family; and Louis Philippe can no longer go abroad amongst his *loyal* subjects in the confidential manner to which his manly frankness would prompt him, from the constant apprehension that some vile assassin may be lying in wait to blow him up or to plant the parricidal steel in his bosom.

I repeat that France is not the country which I formerly knew. Perhaps I am changed myself. The eyes of fifty-six may not see things *couleur de rose* like those of forty; but it cannot be. I found England improved, as I fancied, and I know of no reason for my being prejudiced in my preference. My opinion may be influenced, too, by the constant bad weather I have experienced in France. I think there has not been a day since I crossed the Channel that it has not rained some part of the time, except on those five delicious ones which I passed with my children in

Geneva ; then, indeed, the heavens seemed to smile in unison with the joyous feelings of my heart. The wind here blows an unrelenting hurricane from the westward. Oh, for one of those north-easters which have so often caused me to fret while at home ! Here they come "with healing in their wings," if ever they do come, which my experience causes me to doubt.

AT SEA, OCTOBER 12. — I was not so much pleased as might have been expected, when we were summoned on board the "Sylvie de Grasse" this morning ; for, although we were about to be released from our tedious detention, the prospect was not by any means encouraging. The wind had changed a little to the southward, but the sky was black and stormy in the west, and there was evidently only a temporary suspension of the terrible storm which has raged for a long time. We came on board a little before noon, and the ship was towed out of the narrow harbour by a steam-boat. By the time the pilot left us, the gale recommenced with increased fury, and a more miserable set of people were never congregated together. Every hole and corner of the ship is filled with passengers. A dozen women and as many children of all ages, and men of all nations, speaking every language. Sea-sickness in its direst aspects attacked us all and sent us to our state-rooms before night.

OCTOBER 20. — We amuse ourselves so well that the time does not pass heavily. Eating and sleeping, the two great occupations of a sea life, are carried on with *amazing* spirit, and I perform my part of both without the least defalcation. Besides these, I read a great deal, and confine my reading to French, in which I think I am greatly improved ; there are a great many good books on board. Then we play whist, several parties of which are formed. Mons. Tavout, Mr. Niles, Professor Longfellow, and I make one. We all play pretty well, and our bet never exceeds a franc a game. Some of the passengers play on the violin and other instruments, and on Thursday evening we got up a cotillion on deck — *Ainsi va le temps*.

OCTOBER 28. — After a night of fine sailing, with the wind at north-east, which enabled the passengers to make up the arrears of sleep of which the gale of the previous night had deprived them, I went on deck this morning at sunrise, and never did the sun rise on a more beautiful morning. We were on the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in about 49 degrees of longitude, the thermometer at 50, immense numbers of aquatic birds, including ducks, hovering over our heads or resting on the waves. Amongst the other wonders of the deep a whale gave us a call and passed off astern. It soon fell calm, and the boundless ocean presented a smooth expanse of untroubled waters. The horizon in the west has a singular appearance. There is a fog which has an astonishing resemblance to land. I can almost fancy that the shores of our own Long Island lie exposed to my longing eyes.

NOVEMBER 3. — At eleven o'clock last night I went upon deck. The ship was sailing finely, at the rate of ten knots, before the wind, with studding-sails all standing. At one I was awakened by the noise and confusion upon deck, occasioned by a dreadful squall, which commenced at about one o'clock and continued four hours. Fortunately, the studding-sails had been taken in before the storm commenced, but it came on so suddenly and with such violence that the main top-gallant-sail and the mizzen-top-sail were torn away from the masts. I was alarmed, for I supposed the wind had changed to the south-west, and I knew we were not far south of George's bank; but this was not the case, the wind during the whole time was aft. The night was very dark, and the wind furious beyond description; but we have made nearly four degrees in the last twenty-four hours.

After the gale of last night had subsided the wind came out ahead, which was succeeded by a calm until five o'clock, when it began to blow again, and there was another violent gale which lasted all night. The motion of the ship was so disagreeable that I went to my birth. At ten I went on deck for a short time. The ocean appeared to be on fire. I have never seen this luminous

appearance to so great a degree ; not only the spray from the ship's bow, but every crested wave, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be formed of myriads of bright stars. The pitching of the vessel was so great that I could not remain on the deck, but returned to roll again in my berth. These have been two dreadful nights in succession, and so near the shore too.

NOVEMBER 6. — The wind is still most obstinately ahead. We are within half-a-day's sail of our port, with no more chance of getting in until the wind changes than we had a week ago. We have fallen more than a degree south of Sandy Hook. It is like being locked out-of-doors on a stormy night, without a night-key and all the family asleep.

NOVEMBER 8. — This morning found us in the same position. I packed up my concerns and made all ready for going ashore. The pilot came on board at eight o'clock, but it became nearly calm, and the wind we had was nearly ahead. The news-boat boarded us, and took off several of our passengers at noon, but they gained nothing by it, for there was not a breath of wind during the remainder of the day. The spacious bay lay all around us without a ripple to disturb its bosom. Vessels of every description were to be seen immovable like our own, and so we continued until the steam-boat came down with the "Charlemagne" in tow, and after separating from her was attached to our ship. Another steam-boat with the "Pennsylvania," the Liverpool packet of this day, took the "Oxford" (which had come up with us with the fair wind while we were lying to). It was a splendid illustration of the power of steam. Our noble ship was lying like a log on the water when the little steam-boat took her by the arm, and cantered off with her at the rate of eight miles an hour. We arrived at the dock, foot of Rector street, at seven o'clock, where we found Charles Brugiere, who had heard accidentally of our arrival from Mr. Saligny (one of our renegade passengers), who arrived only an hour before us. Margaret and I, with Brugiere, took a carriage, and at eight o'clock I was in my own house. I entered the room in which my wife and

son were without their having the least intimation of our arrival; for the packets of the 24th of September and the 1st of October, in both of which were letters announcing our intention of sailing in the "Sylvie de Grasse," have not arrived, and if they were, the case would not have been different, for no intelligence of our arrival had reached the city until an hour before we came to the dock.

The surprise and the joy of this unexpected meeting were almost too great, but we were soon the happiest little group in New York. My family and immediate friends are all well; there is a great deal of gossip which must find a place in this journal, but not now. I am once more at home by my own fire-side, — in my domestic circle, — doubly dear to me from a four months' absence.

NOVEMBER 18. — The series of five pictures by Cole, which he calls the "Course of Empire," I have seen in their progress, but the pleasure of seeing them finished was reserved for me until this morning. I went with my wife to the Gallery of the National Academy, where they are exhibited. My expectation, great as it was from the parts I saw before, has been more than realized. The conception is sublime and the execution admirable. Cole has immortalized himself; he has executed the greatest work, in his department of the arts, which our country has produced, and one which would take high rank in the best collection of Europe.

NOVEMBER 23. — This charming actress arrived to-day in the "Roscoe" from Liverpool. I saw her twice at the Haymarket in August, and was much pleased with her acting, and, while I was in London, Mr. Price informed me that he had engaged her for the United States. She was playing in a new tragedy by Sergeant Talfourd, which had a great run at the Haymarket during the summer vacation at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. I fancied I could perceive in Miss Tree the resemblance to Mary Schermerhorn which Fanny Kemble notices so beautifully in her pretty budget of impertinences.

DECEMBER 6.—In the evening I attended the anniversary meeting and dinner of the St. Nicholas Society. Gulian C. Verplanck, the newly elected President, presided, with Washington Irving and John A. King as Vice-Presidents. There were not more than sixty who sat down to dinner, and it was rather a forced concern. I doubt if there will be another anniversary. There is great difficulty in keeping up the other societies, even with the advantage they have in forming a rallying-point for their respective countymen lately arrived, a sort of home abroad, affording strong claims upon national sensibility; but in our society there is no such bond of union, and the zeal with which some of its founders entered into the undertaking has visibly subsided.

DECEMBER 7.—I dined with the governing committee of the Union Club at Windust's. There were twenty-three present.

The committee consists, when full, of thirty-five, to whom all the concerns of the club are intrusted; there are two hundred and fifty members, not a sufficient number to organize properly, but it was resolved to procure a house and commence immediately. A sub-committee of seven was appointed to carry the plan into effect and to admit members. I am on this committee, much against my will. If this club can be gotten up like the English clubs, it may succeed; little short of that will meet the views of the members.

DECEMBER 9.—The electoral vote of good old
 Massa-
 chusetts. Massachusetts has been given, as of right it should be,
 for Daniel Webster, President, and Francis Granger,
 Vice-President. These electors have done their duty, and may carry with them a good conscience. The very thought (wild and hopeless as it is) of having Daniel Webster President of the United States should make the heart of every American leap in his bosom and cause him to dream of the days of George Washington.

The Woods and the Forrests are no longer to be found in this country, but we have had the *Groves* for some time, and now a *Tree* has been transplanted on our shores, and never did a sweeter or a lovelier exotic grace our dramatic soil.

But to quit bad punning and descend to sober history, Miss Ellen Tree made, this evening, her first appearance in America, at the Park Theatre, in the character of Rosalind in "As You Like It," and Pauline in a sort of melo-drama called "The Ransom." Her Rosalind was a most fascinating performance, full of grace and refinement and the part well adapted to her style of acting. The play, admirable as it is, and abounding in Shakespeare's finest passages and most touching sentiments, is usually tiresome in the performance, and can be best appreciated in the closet; but on this occasion sweet Rosalind was so ably supported by all the other characters that it went off delightfully. The charming *débutante* was well received by a prodigiously crowded house, and was saluted by cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. I was struck again, as in London, by the great resemblance of Ellen Tree to my daughter Mary. Her profile is much like hers, and her smile so like that it almost overpowered my feelings; they are both pretty well off for nose, neither being of the kind called "snub" by any means; "quite to the contrary, I assure you," as Temple Bowdoin says; but Mary's eyes are finer and more expressive than Miss Tree's. Fanny Kemble was right in this matter.

DECEMBER 14. — This gentleman has written two Mr. Biddle. letters, addressed to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, on the subject of the derangement of the currency, in which he has exposed the fallacious arguments of the President and his Secretary of the Treasury, and exposed in language most eloquent, and reasoning the most conclusive, the mischief resulting from the gratuitous interference of these functionaries in matters which they evidently do not understand, and with which they had no concern. These letters are published, and have created a lively interest with all those who have read and can understand them; but, alas! how small a proportion of those whose voices control the affairs of the country are of this number.

If any man in the United States has reason to be proud of his standing in the community it is Nicholas Biddle. Assailed as he has

been by the malice and ignorance of unworthy men in high stations, he has performed his course with dignity and forbearance, illuminating his official path as by a sunbeam, and without the exultation of little minds, overcoming and placing under his feet all his opponents. If any man but Andrew Jackson had been at the head of the government, the Bank of the United States would still have been in existence, and the check which commercial and national prosperity has received would not have overwhelmed individuals in its operation, and occasioned the present unexampled embarrassments.

DECEMBER 16.—The anniversary of the great fire. It is just a year since the desolating calamity took place, which destroyed property to the amount of more than twenty millions of dollars. To the honor of the merchants, and as an evidence of the prosperity of the city, the whole is rebuilt with more splendor than before. No pecuniary engagements have been broken in consequence of the losses attendant upon it, and all this with no actual, effectual relief from the general or State governments, who, instead of extending their protecting arms over their worthy children, are at present occupied in throwing embarrassments in the way of trade, and checking, as far as they can by impertinent interference, the course of public improvement and individual enterprise.

DECEMBER 30. — I went this evening to a party at Mrs. Charles H. Russell's, given in honor of the bride, Mrs. William H. Russell. The splendid apartments of this fine house are well adapted to an evening party, and everything was very handsome on this occasion. The house is lighted with gas, and the quantity consumed being greater than common, it gave out suddenly in the midst of a cotillon. This accident occasioned great merriment to the company, and some embarrassment to the host and hostess, but a fresh supply of gas was obtained, and in a short time the fair dancers were again "tripping it on the light fantastic toe." Gas is a handsome light, in a large room like Mr. Russell's, on an occasion of this kind, but liable (I should think) at all times to give the company the slip, and illy calculated for the ordinary uses of a family.

1837.

JANUARY 1.—The beginning of another year. That of the last was inauspicious; the ruins of the great fire were still smoking, to remind our merchants and other citizens of the twenty millions of dollars which they had lost, and of which those melancholy ruins were the gloomy monument; but the indomitable spirit of the merchants soon recovered from the loss, and although they bent severely under the burden of their affliction, they were too proud and too honest to break, and if they had been let alone by General Jackson and the crew who surround him and minister to his vanity and humour his prejudices, they would have recovered their losses and been easy in their affairs; but the close of 1836 has been hard, indeed, to those who owed money, and depended upon others for the means of meeting their engagements; money is very scarce, and the usurers are fattening upon their two and one-half and three per cent. a month, which they make indirectly by the medium of bills of exchange. The poor borrowers are forced to pay for the ingenuity of the lenders in avoiding the penalties of the usury laws, and the price of money is talked of as familiarly as that of bank stock or cotton.

During the last year I, too, have had my troubles; my property nominally is worth as much as ever it was, but I am largely in debt, and cannot convert anything I have into money but at a sacrifice which I am unwilling to make. So I am compelled, like other poor devils, to bow to the men who have the money in their hands. This comes a little hard to me, who am not used to it; but I must put my pride in my empty pocket and hope for better times.

I have crossed the broad Atlantic,—an event which I little dreamed of at the commencement of the year; saw Old England

to great advantage ; enjoyed *les délices de Paris* ; passed through France and a small corner of Switzerland ; spent a few happy days with my dear daughters on the border of the lovely Lake Lemman ; had a short, and tolerably agreeable, voyage back to New York, escaping thereby many storms and tedious weeks endured by all those who sailed after us ; and arrived again in the midst of my friends, confirmed in my opinion that home is the best place for a man of fifty-six years of age. On the whole, I have great reason to be thankful for the blessings I enjoy. My health is good, my family happy, and my position in society respectable. I am not too old to have a taste for the enjoyments of life, and my circumstances admit of a reasonable indulgence in them. I am fond of literature, have a sort of smattering in the fine arts, and perceive no failure in those faculties which are required for their enjoyment. The year 1837 has commenced ; my prayers for better times are, I trust, sufficiently mingled with thanksgivings for the undeserved blessings I enjoy.

JANUARY 3. — Mr. Lawrence, the Mayor, kept open house yesterday, according to ancient custom ; but the manners, as well as the times, have sadly changed. Formerly gentlemen visited the Mayor, saluted him by an honest shake of the hand, paid him the compliments of the day, and took their leave ; one out of twenty taking a single glass of wine or cherry bounce, and a morsel of pound-cake or New Year's cookies. But that respectable functionary is now considered the mayor of a party, and the rabble, considering him "hail fellow well met," use his house as a Five-point tavern. Mr. Lawrence has been much annoyed on former occasions, but the scene yesterday defies description. At ten o'clock the doors were beset by a crowd of importunate *sovereigns*, some of whom had already laid the foundation of *regal* glory and expected to become royally drunk at the hospitable house of His Honor. The rush was tremendous ; the tables were taken by storm, the bottles emptied in a moment ; confusion, noise, and quarrelling ensued, until the Mayor, with the assistance of his police, cleared the house and locked the doors,

which were not reopened until every eatable and drinkable were removed, and a little decency and order restored.

I called soon after this change had taken place ; the Mayor related the circumstances to me with strong indignation, and I hope the evil will be remedied hereafter. But this comes of Mr. Lawrence being the mayor of a party, and not of the city. Every scamp who has bawled out “Huzza for Lawrence !” and “Down with the Whigs !” considers himself authorized to use him and his house and furniture at his pleasure ; to wear his hat in his presence ; to smoke and spit upon his carpet ; to devour his beef and turkey, and wipe his greasy fingers upon the curtains ; to get drunk with his liquor, and discharge the reckoning by riotous shouts of “Huzza for our Mayor !” *We* put him in, and *we* are entitled to the use of him. Mr. Lawrence (party man as he is) is too much of a gentleman to submit to this, and sometimes wishes his constituents and his office all to the devil, if I am not greatly mistaken ; and if he rejects (as he has now done) their kind tokens of brotherly affection, they will be for sending him there ere long, and will look out for somebody of their own class, less troubled than he with these aristocratical notions of decency, order, and sobriety.

Mr. Van Vechten. JANUARY 7. — The venerable Abraham Van Vechten died yesterday in Albany, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was one of the descendants of the Dutch settlers of Albany. A lawyer of the highest class, a statesman of the glorious old Federal school, honest in his politics and in his private character as the sun which shone above him, of a mind strong and vigorous as the winter of his native city, and a heart soft as the early summer breeze of the South.

A Compromise Disturbed. JANUARY 12. — The arrangement which was so happily effected a few years since by the public spirit of Mr. Clay, which was understood by all parties to be inviolable, and which healed the wounds of Southern feeling without sacrificing the great manufacturing interests of the country, has now been assailed by the ruthless hand of party, and our little

representative, Mr. Cambreling, was the chosen instrument to sharpen the weapon, and give its direction. He has introduced into the House of Representatives, as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, a bill to alter the tariff duties upon foreign manufactures, so that the reduction which, by Mr. Clay's compromise, was to be made gradually, is anticipated four years. Another section of the act takes off immediately the duties upon salt and coals. If this high-handed measure is sanctioned by the President-elect (of which there is very little doubt, for Cambreling is his acknowledged mouth-piece), a flame will be raised which may in time endanger the union of the States, prostrate the active industry of the East and North, and render the whole country dependent upon foreigners. No wonder General Jackson and his administrators, executors, and assigns are popular in England. They are an admirable party for the interest of John Bull. Huzza for Jackson and Van Buren! Down with the New York Whigs who opposed the "commercial representative," and were so near sending an honest man to take his place! These cries will be mighty popular in the "old country," and have more weight and unction than even "God save the King!" or "Down with the Bishops!"

JANUARY 14.—The ship "Wellington," of 740 tons burden, was launched this day from Bergh's ship-yards. She is intended for Grinnell, Minturn, & Co.'s London line of packets. The *great duke* (as the Spaniards used to call him) ought to be highly gratified at this compliment from republican America. How things are changed! A supposed predilection for Old England, charged upon the Federal party thirty years ago, lost them their political ascendancy. At that time men were afraid to wear a red watch-ribbon, lest it might be taken for a symbol of Toryism and bring the wearer a broken head; but now the two old women who govern England and America are great cronies, and their subjects better friends than they were before the battle of Concord; and the name of the Prince of Conservatives, the greatest aristocrat in Europe,

graces the bows of one of the noble ships of which America has reason to be proud.

FEBRUARY 16. — This terrible old man, whose term of office (happily for the country) will expire in a little more than a fortnight, has been committing one of those acts of violence in which he habitually indulges, toward a senator whose high character has hitherto preserved him from the personal insults of black . . . of meaner rank than his present assailant. The “old General,” as he is affectionately called; the “greatest and best,” as he is foolishly called; or the “second Washington,” as he is profanely called by the band of sycophants who have made him what he is, — is determined to die game; or, to use an expression which was brought into the American vocabulary about the same time that he assumed the crown and sceptre, he goes “the whole hog” in insulting the feelings of that part of the American people who have yet remaining some veneration for their country’s institutions. Mr. Calhoun laid before the Senate a letter which he had received from the President, calling him to account for remarks made in debate in regard to that most mischievous measure, the removing the national deposits from the late Bank of the United States. The Executive arraigning a senator who represents a sovereign State, and that the proud State of South Carolina, and abusing him for the exercise of a constitutional right, — the free expression of opinion on the conduct of another branch of the government, delivered, it is to be presumed, in a decorous and orderly manner, or his brother senators would not have permitted it. William of Orange would never have worn the crown of England had Parliament and the people been equally subservient to the dictates of power as are my dear, gullible countrymen. What would the Hancocks, the Adamses, and the Quincys; the Jays, the Clintons, and the Hamiltons; the Henrys, the Randolphs, and the Madisons, — have said at the bare suggestion of such a radical defect within the space of fifty or sixty years in the fair fabric which their patriotic labours contributed to erect, as could by

President
Jackson.

possibility permit such a usurpation on the part of the executive magistrate? He could not wait until his time was out to vent his spleen against a political opponent. It was more convenient to "assume the responsibility" (a hateful Jackson term) before the fourth of March should have taken from his shoulders the mantle of official impunity. Or, perhaps, as "the old cocks teach the young ones to crow," this act was intended to instruct his successor and favourite in the art of governing upon patent Jackson principles, and to give him the exact length and breadth of the forbearance of the American people; but, thank God! Mr. Van Buren, although a wiser and a better man, does not enjoy the baneful popularity, at least in any important degree, of the present chief magistrate, and cannot (even if he were so disposed, which I am far from believing) ever trifle with the feelings of his countrymen with the same indulgence. Mr. Calhoun, on presenting the letter to the Senate, repeated the remarks which had occasioned it, and with great eloquence, dignity, and self-possession appealed to that body to protect their privileges.

MARCH 4. — This is the end of General Jackson's administration, — the most disastrous in the annals of the country, and one which will excite "the special wonder" of posterity. That such a man should have governed this great country, with a rule more absolute than that of any hereditary monarch of Europe, and that the people should not only have submitted to it, but upheld and supported him in his encroachments upon their rights, and his disregard of the Constitution and the laws, will equally occasion the surprise and indignation of future generations. The people's indifference will prove that the love of liberty and independence is no longer an attribute of our people, and that the patriotic labours of the men of the Revolution have sunk like water in the sands, and that the vaunted rights of the people are considered by them as a "cunningly devised fable."

This is also the commencement of Mr. Van Buren's reign, the first New York President. He has said that it was "honour enough

to have served under such a chief," and will no doubt for a time speak with reverence of the ladder by which he has risen to the summit of ambitious hopes; but I do not despair of him. He will be a party President, but he is too much of a gentleman to be governed by the rabble who surrounded his predecessor and administered to his bad passions. As a man, a gentleman, and a friend, I have great respect for Mr. Van Buren. I hate the cause, but esteem the man; and, although I differ in my expectations from some of my political friends, I am disposed to give him a fair chance. What a tide there is in the affairs of men! The refusal of a Whig Senate to confirm his appointment as Minister to England made him President of the United States.

MARCH 6. — The new President was sworn into Inauguration. office at the Capitol, on Saturday, at noon. The ceremony was conducted as usual, in the presence of the "high dignitaries" of the nation, foreign ministers, etc., and as many of the "sovereigns" as could gain admittance to the presence of their "servant." Mr. Van Buren made an inaugural speech, which I think is very good. The principles on which he promises to govern are unexceptionable, and if he had not committed himself unnecessarily, and I think improperly, on the subject of slavery, by saying that he intends to veto any bill which may be passed by Congress to regulate that knotty subject in the District of Columbia, and if he could only have kept himself quiet about the old lion, who is now about to drag his reluctant steps away from the den, I should have said, Hurrah for Martin the First! His glorification of the "hero of a considerable number of wars" is too good to be lost.

MARCH 15. — This has turned out a great affair; Mr. Webster's Reception. everything went like clock-work. I arose at six o'clock. The morning was raw and looked stormy, but soon became bright, and it proved a pleasant day. At seven o'clock the committee of arrangements, consisting of myself, Messrs. Draper, Barstow, Leavitt, Johnson, Smith, and Benson, started in the steam-

boat and arrived at Amboy at half-past nine. On the arrival of the cars from Philadelphia we received Mr. Webster. The flags which had been prepared were hoisted on his coming on board, and we started immediately. We arrived at the steamboat wharf near the Battery at three o'clock; here the crowd was immense; the dock-houses, sheds, and that part of the Battery nearest the place of landing were covered with people. Mr. Webster was placed in my barouche, in which also D. B. Ogden, Peter Stagg, and myself were seated. An escort of horsemen, to the number of one hundred, preceded the barouche, and the carriages with the members of the committee followed. Broadway was filled with people from the Battery to the American Hotel (Mr. Webster's quarters), and he was cheered by the crowd on his whole progress with great enthusiasm. On his arrival at the hotel he addressed them briefly from a front window. The committee escorting Mr. Webster, with Mr. Granger, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, and a few others, went, at six o'clock, to Niblo's saloon, where an immense concourse was assembled by previous notice. The meeting was organized by the appointment of David B. Ogden, chairman, Robert C. Cornell, Jonathan Goodhue, Nathaniel Weed, and Joseph Tucker, vice-presidents, and Hiram Ketcham and Joseph Hoxie, secretaries. The resolutions passed at the first meeting were read, together with the correspondence. Our committee then ascended the stage with Mr. Webster, and I introduced him with a brief speech.

The chairman then read an address to Mr. Webster, to which he replied in a speech of two hours and a half,—one of those glorious exhibitions of talent for which he stands unrivalled in America. He gave a clear and forcible history of the administration for the last eight years; laid open his views and the course of his political conduct; told the Whigs, in glowing and animated terms, the duty they owed the Republic, even while in a minority; and sent home four or five thousand as good-looking men as I ever saw assembled, delighted and instructed, and unconscious that they had been standing in one position for nearly four hours. The use

of the Governor's room in the City Hall has been obtained for Mr. Webster, where he will receive visitors to-morrow from twelve until two o'clock.

MARCH 18. — Notwithstanding the hard times and my participation in their effects, I could not resist the temptation of having Mr. Webster to dine with me to-day; so I had a nice little party, and an exceedingly pleasant one. "The man whom every true American delights to honour" (there is no harm in stealing out of my own pocket) was more at his ease than I ever before saw him at dinner-table; he was talkative, cheerful, full of anecdote, and appeared to enjoy himself as much as he caused others to enjoy themselves, and we made a very gay termination of an exceedingly sorrowful sort of a week. Our party consisted of the following: Mr. Webster, Mr. David B. Ogden, Chancellor Kent, Robert Ray, Mr. Granger, Charles King, Mr. James Brown, Simeon Draper, Mr. George Griswold, President Duer. The troubles in Wall street kept away James G. King and Morris Robinson. A number of failures have taken place to-day; only the forerunners of greater disasters. The names are not worth recording, for such events will soon cease to be worthy of remark.

MARCH 20. — The prospects in Wall street are getting worse and worse. The Josephs do *not* go on. The accounts from England are very alarming; the panic prevails there as bad as here. Cotton has fallen; the loss on shipments will be very heavy, and American credits will be withdrawn. The paper of the Southern and Western merchants is coming back protested. Why should I be in such a scrape?

MARCH 28. — The general meeting of the Whigs was held this evening at Masonic Hall, to receive the nomination of Aaron Clarke for mayor. I was there for a short time. The great hall was filled, and great enthusiasm prevailed. I hope it will not evaporate. A much greater object is to be attained than the mere personal triumph of Aaron Clarke over John J. Morgan. This will be the first important election which has been held since Mr. Van Buren

assumed the reins of government, and it will be well to let him know whether the people approve of his driving (as he has intimated he intended to do) according to the Jackson plan.

A meeting of merchants was held this day at the Merchants' Bank, Wall street, for the purpose of agreeing upon a letter to be presented to Mr. Biddle, requesting the Bank of the United States, at Philadelphia, to step forward in this most appalling crisis and save the commercial community of New York. Mr. Biddle and the cashier, Mr. Jaudon, have come on purpose to ascertain the true state of things, and, if possible, to afford relief.

I was invited to attend this meeting; never was seen such an assemblage of woe-begone countenances. Despondency had taken place of that indomitable spirit which usually characterizes the merchants of New York, and Nicholas Biddle, the insulted and proscribed of Andrew Jackson and his myrmidons, is the sun to which alone they can look to illumine the darkness. Did ever man enjoy so great a moral triumph? He is the only man, and the bank over which he so ably presides the only institution, in the country which has stood erect before the implacable hostility of Andrew Jackson. Mr. Biddle, placing himself upon the firm base of honour and integrity, has retaliated the wrongs which he has received from a portion of his fellow-citizens, by serving them whenever a suitable occasion occurred, and now he comes forward in the day of their adversity to relieve them to the extent of his ability. He can do so much, and most assuredly will.

MARCH 31. — This was the greatest dinner I was ever
 Booksellers' Dinner. at, with the exception, perhaps, of that given to Washington Irving on his return from Europe. I had the honour of being an invited guest. The Association of Booksellers in the principal cities of the Union have a great annual or semi-annual feast, at which eminent literary and scientific men are invited to join the trade. This, I believe, was the first in New York; it was given at the City Hotel, and was gotten up, arranged, and conducted in admirable style. At five o'clock yesterday, the Association, with

their guests (I should think to the number of fifty), began to assemble, and when the company was seated the large dining-room was quite full. Mr. Crittenden told me this morning that two hundred and seventy-seven persons sat down to the table. Mr. David Felt presided in handsome style, assisted by F. Harper, Charles Carvill, W. Jackson, and James Conner, as vice-presidents, George Dearborn, master of ceremonies, and John Keese as toast-master.

Among the guests whom I noticed were Rev. Mr. Schroeder, Rev. Orville Dewey, Professor Follen, President Duer, and Professors McVickar, Anderson, and Renwick, of Columbia College, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Gallatin, Colonel Trumbull, Judge Irving, Washington Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Paulding, Hugh Maxwell, Dr. McMurtrie, Dr. Gray, Leggett, Herbert, Grenville Mellon, Inman, Weir, Chapman, Drs. Ticknor, Gilman, DeKay, and Francis, besides many gentlemen connected with literature in Philadelphia and Boston.

APRIL 10. — One of the signs of the times is to be seen in the sales of rich furniture. Men who a year ago thought themselves rich, and such expenditures justifiable, are now bankrupt.

Markets continue extravagantly high; meat of all kinds and poultry are as dear as ever. The farmers (or rather the market speculators) tell us this is owing to the scarcity of corn; but the shad, the cheapness of which in ordinary seasons makes them, as long as they last, a great resource for the poor, are not to be bought under seventy-five cents and a dollar. Is this owing to the scarcity of corn, or are the fish afraid to come into our waters lest they may be caught in the vortex of Wall street? Brooms, the price of which, time out of mind, has been twenty-five cents, are now sold at half a dollar; but corn is scarce. Poor New York!

APRIL 21. — An evidence of the pecuniary distress which pervades the community is to be found in the reduced price of stocks and unimproved real estate. All the local bank stocks have fallen below par. Railroads and canals will not bring in many instances more than half their value a year ago. The Delaware and Hudson, which is now in a more prosperous condition than at any former period, is

selling at sixty-five per cent., and Mohawk and Hudson Railroad about the same. As to lots which have been the medium of enormous speculations, the following fact will tell their story: Lots at Bloomingdale, somewhere about One Hundredth street (for the whole island was laid out in town lots), which cost last September \$480 a lot, have been sold within a few days at \$50. The immense fortunes which we heard so much about in the days of speculation have melted away like the snows before an April sun. No man can calculate to escape ruin but he who owes no money. Happy is he who has a little, and is free from debt.

APRIL 25. — This volume commences at the most gloomy period which New York has ever known. The clouds which have been for six months hovering over us have become darker than ever, and no eye can perceive a ray of hope through their obscurity. I participate personally, to a great degree, in the distress and embarrassment of the time. The difference in my situation and prospects between the commencement of the last volume of this journal and the present time is so great that it requires a good share of philosophy and resignation to keep up under the reflections which flow from the contrast, and I would throw down this steel pen (which don't write over and above well) and give up the task of journalizing on the threshold of this volume, if I had not a lingering hope that I may yet, one of these days, have cause to write in a more cheerful strain.

APRIL 26. — A meeting of merchants was held last Great Meeting
of Merchants. evening at Masonic Hall, "to take into consideration the present distress, and to devise suitable measures of relief." I took the chair of the largest and most respectable assemblage I ever witnessed.

The resolutions are pretty well spiced, and some softening alterations were made at my suggestion; as they are, they contain nothing but the truth, and the truth which in such an emergency ought to be spoken. But I understand some of the Wall-street gentlemen (particularly the few who owe no money) are opposed

to the meeting, or any other which may express the feelings of the suffering merchants and traders. But those who attended the meeting must have perceived a spirit there which cannot be quenched. The following committee was appointed, under one of the resolutions, "to repair to Washington and remonstrate with the Executive against the continuance of the specie circular, and in behalf of this meeting, and in the name of the merchants of New York and the people of the United States, to urge its immediate repeal."

I attended last evening the dinner of the governing committee of the Union Club, at Windust's. Nineteen present. The Executive Committee are engaged in preparing the house and laying in stores and furniture. They expect to be ready in about three weeks. This club will be well suited to the times. A single gentleman will be able to get a good dinner and his wine for half the price he would have to pay at a hotel.

I attended this evening an extra meeting of the directors of the Bank for Savings, called in consequence of applications from the Bowery and the Greenwich Savings-Bank to help them in their present difficulties. The poor and the labouring classes of the community, who constitute a large proportion of the depositors in those institutions, urged by their necessities, or by a want of confidence in all money institutions, are withdrawing their funds in a most alarming manner. The two banks above named will not be able to keep up, and I fear that even our great bank, with a deposit account of upward of three millions of dollars, will find it extremely difficult to meet the run which will be occasioned by the suspension of the others. Our funds have been safely and judiciously invested in State stocks bearing five and six per cent. interest, — good, if anything in America may be so considered in these times; but the run has already been dreadful. Up to yesterday the drafts in the present month amounted to \$280,000. We have sold a large amount of stocks at a very heavy loss, and every exertion is making by as discreet and able a set of men as ever had the control of a

public institution ; but there is reason to fear that the State stocks of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio will not much longer command money at any price, so entirely has confidence been destroyed in the community. A panic amongst such people as the bulk of depositors in savings-banks cannot be restrained ; it goes on to the destruction of themselves as well as the sources on which they depend for support. But there is no reasoning with them. Like the wild and frightened horse, their onward career cannot be checked by a curb or bridle, and reason might as well be employed to arrest the stormy waves of ocean.

APRIL 28. — Mr. Webster's great speech, delivered
Mr. Webster's
 Speech. at Niblo's on the 15th of March, is published in the

Whig newspapers, beside many thousand copies in pamphlet form. If the people would read this admirable address, it could not fail to produce the most salutary effects ; but they dare not put themselves in the way of having their faith in their idols shaken ; they heed not the charmer, "charm he ever so wisely." Mr. Webster did not aim at a display of eloquence in this address. His object, as he avowed it at the time, was to make a plain statement of the measures of the late administration, and a history of the causes which led to the present unparalleled state of distress and embarrassment here, and in all parts of this once prosperous country. Still it contains occasional flashes of eloquence in the most brilliant style of the accomplished orator.

MAY 2. — The number of failures is so great daily that I do not keep a record of them, even in my mind.

MAY 6. — The committee of merchants met at five o'clock to receive the report of the sub-committee, who returned this morning from Washington. Their interview with the President, as was expected, produced nothing. He insisted upon a written communication, to which he sent a reply. He will do nothing in regard to the specie circular, will not call an extra session of Congress, and will not take into consideration the subject of the government forbearance to enforce the payment of bonds. The committee are

under strong excitement, and I fear the consequences of a meeting which is to be held on Monday to receive this report. But there was no resisting it. It is a dangerous time for such a meeting; combustibles enough are collected to cause an awful conflagration; men's minds are bent upon mischief; ruin and rashness, distress and despair, generally go together, and a spark may blow us up. I must preside at this meeting, for it would be dishonourable to desert these men now. If I have influence, I will exert it to prevent violence.

MAY 8. — The Dry Dock Bank stops payment to-day. There was a meeting yesterday at the Mayor's office of the presidents and cashiers of the other banks in relation to the subject of helping the Dry Dock Bank. I saw the Mayor in the afternoon, who told me that they refused unanimously to come forward, on his representation that it was out of the question. This bank, with a capital of \$200,000, has discounted to the amount of \$1,200,000. It is not a safety-fund bank, but one of the pets selected by the government as a safer depository of the public money than the Bank of the United States, and has a government deposit of \$280,000, which will go in part payment of the cost of the fatal *experiment*.

But three banks at Buffalo, all safety-fund banks, are under injunction and their doors closed. The Legislature immediately passed an act directing the bank commissioners to assume the payment of their notes, which will consequently be received and paid at the Manhattan Bank. This will probably sweep away the famous safety-fund. The bubble will burst, and the public creditors of rotten banks will look in vain hereafter to that delusive hope for protection from loss. Where will it all end? In ruin, revolution, perhaps civil war.

MAY 9. — The meeting of merchants took place last evening, at Masonic Hall, in pursuance of a resolution adopted at the meeting of the 25th of April, to receive the report of the committee appointed to go to Washington. Great anxiety prevailed throughout the city in relation to this meeting;

Great
Meeting.

fears were entertained that in the present excited state of the public mind, particularly of that part of the community of which the committee were a part, violent proceedings might take place, and tumult and disorder destroy all chance of producing good by the meeting, — proceedings which would be an example and sanction to the lower orders of the people when bent (as they will soon be) upon mischief of some sort. I partook largely of these feelings, and determined to exert all my powers and influence to give a proper direction to the action of the committee of arrangements for the great meeting, and a hard time I have had of it. We met at three o'clock, at Delmonico's. The report of the Washington committee, which was prepared by Isaac S. Hone, is exceedingly well done. It was adopted, with some amendment; resolutions were proposed, true enough and very good; but, having been prepared under strong excitement and a sense of injuries inflicted by the government, were so strong, in my judgment, as to defeat the object we have in view, viz., to raise up a party opposed to the men who have brought us into our present unhappy situation. One in particular charged the President with statements "unfounded in fact;" to this I made serious objections, but without avail, until I was compelled to declare that I would not preside at the meeting unless the language I objected to was stricken from the resolution. I prevailed, and was allowed to alter the resolution, which was then adopted.

The great meeting took place at half-past seven. The same officers were appointed; the report and resolutions were read by Isaac S. Hone, who made an excellent address, explaining and elucidating some points in the report. Mr. Bryan was loudly called for, and made a good speech. The report was accepted, the resolutions adopted, the meeting adjourned, and the immense multitude retired without the slightest act of indecorum, much to the mortification of some of the adherents of the party in power, who hoped that this assemblage of the finest fellows in the State of New York would, by some act of violence, destroy the influence which the justness of their cause begins already to produce in the minds of

men of all parties, and which will undoubtedly rend the State from Mr. Van Buren at the next election. I am thankful that the situation in which I was placed enabled me to infuse a spirit of moderation into the proceedings. As they are, they do us credit, and will have a favourable influence over the minds of men in other parts of the country.

A constant run was made to-day for specie on all the other banks, which will inevitably drain them all in a week. *The banks will be compelled to suspend the payment of specie*, and the Legislature must pass an act, before they adjourn, to suspend, for a given period, the operation of the law forfeiting the charters of banks refusing to pay specie. Mr. Van Buren's precious safety-fund cries "Enough!" on receiving the first blow; the rotten fabric falls like the walls of Jericho on the first blast of the trumpet.

The Crisis,— MAY 10.— The *experiment* has succeeded; the
Banks sus- volcano has burst and overwhelmed New York; the
pended. glory of her merchants is departed. After a day of unexampled excitement, and a ruthless run upon all the banks, which drew from their vaults \$600,000 in specie yesterday, nearly as much having been drawn on Monday, the officers held a meeting last evening and resolved to *suspend specie payments*.

It was inevitable; and the banks will be sustained in this measure by all good citizens. The Legislature must pass an act immediately, suspending the operation of that part of the safety-fund law which annuls their charters on a refusal to pay specie; otherwise we shall be worse off than ever, having no circulating medium at all. They must also repeal the law which forbids the issuing of bank-notes under five dollars. I regret the necessity for the latter measure, having been always in favour of the law. It worked well, and would have continued to do so but for the accursed Jackson and Benton *experiment* (the word makes me sick. I wish it could be drummed out of the English language).

The savings-bank also sustained a most grievous run yesterday. They paid three hundred and seventy-five depositors \$81,000.

The press was awful ; the hour for closing the bank is six o'clock, but they did not get through the paying of those who were in at that time until nine o'clock. I was there with the other trustees, and witnessed the madness of the people, — women nearly pressed to death, and the stoutest men could hardly sustain themselves ; but they held on as with a death's grasp upon the evidences of their claims, and, exhausted as they were with the pressure, they had strength to cry, " Pay ! Pay ! "

While we were in session intelligence was brought that the banks had suspended specie payments. Great fears were entertained that these measures would produce serious consequences when they became known, particularly those adopted by the Bank for Savings, where there are twenty-five thousand depositors, and those generally of the poorest and most ignorant classes. I went down this morning ; the notice was hung out at the door of the bank. A crowd was collected, which continued during the day, but I do not think there were at any time more than one hundred persons. Some were a little savage, but they seemed to require explanation only. It was a sort of recompense for their disappointment, which they were entitled to ; and when I addressed them, and some of the other trustees who were present made the explanations they wanted, they were easily pacified, and went away, by the tens and twenties, tolerably well reconciled to their disappointment, and two hours before sunset the street was cleared.

In the afternoon the trustees met in the Mayor's office. I was mortified to be there, and expressed myself freely in reprobation of the pusillanimity which led them to give up the ship of which they had the command. I do not know by whose order the place of meeting was changed at this interesting moment ; but it was a sneaking affair, and most of the trustees thought so.

During the day Wall street was greatly crowded ; but there was no riot or tumult. On the contrary, men's countenances wore a more cheerful aspect than for several days past. The suspension of specie payments will restore confidence, the men of capital will

suffer by the deterioration of the value of the circulating medium, and John Bull (if he, too, has not been compelled to adopt the same measure ere this) will scold furiously, and stigmatize the Yankees as a nation of swindlers; but honest men who are in debt and wish to pay, and mechanics who are willing to work, will have cause to rejoice. As for myself, I am in the first predicament, and cry, *Laus Deo!* The limb is amputated, the symmetry of the body spoiled, but the life of the patient is saved. The new mayor has done his duty like a man. The troops were out during the day, and Major-General Hays, with his regiment of *Clubadiers*, have shown themselves at various points in strong force. Thus ends this most eventful day.

MAY 11. — A dead calm has succeeded the stormy weather of Wall street and the other places of active business. All is still as death; no business is transacted, no bargains made, no negotiations entered into; men's spirits are better, because the danger of universal ruin is thought to be less imminent. A slight ray of hope is to be seen in countenances where despair only dwelt for the last fortnight, but all is wrapped in uncertainty. Nobody can foretell the course matters will take. The fever is broken; but the patient is in a sort of syncope, exhausted by the violence of the disease and the severity of the remedies.

MAY 12. — The banks of Philadelphia suspended specie payments yesterday, except the Bank of the United States, and that must follow. It is impossible that that institution, mighty as it is, and reluctant to enter into the measure, can stand alone.

The Baltimore banks have also suspended. It cannot fail to become general. The commercial distress and financial embarrassment pervade the whole nation. Posterity may get out of it, but the sun of the present generation will never again shine out. Things will grow better gradually, from the curtailment of business, but the glory has departed. Jackson, Van Buren, and Benton form a triumvirate more fatal to the prosperity of America than Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus were to the liberties of Rome.

News from
England.

The London packet-ship "Wellington" arrived yesterday, bringing news to the fourteenth of last month. Everything in England is tending to a commercial crisis like that in which we are placed. The great American house of George Wildes & Co. has been sustained by the Bank of England. They owe the enormous sum of two million pounds. The bank sustains them, because, if they fall, they must carry all the others with them. The United States must ruin all the American houses, and they in their turn will cause such general embarrassments that even the Bank of England will not be able to stand.

MAY 19. — A Baltimore paper, after stating the report (which does not distress me as much as some things which I have heard, seen, and felt) that General Jackson "has lost by the recent commercial reverses so large a sum as to render it possible that his old age may be one of poverty even, instead of ease and opulence," introduces the following beautiful extract, than which nothing can be imagined more appropriate: —

"So, the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
That winged the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

MAY 20. — The part of Beatrice is, I think, the best of her acting. She played it last night, for her benefit, to a full house. There is a refinement, a grace, about her which suits the character. Miss Tree has not the force of Fanny Kemble, but more sweetness. She has less genius, but more nature. The Beatrice of the former is a virago; the latter makes her a spoiled child ripened into a wayward, fascinating coquette, but a lady always.

My daughter and I called the other day upon Miss Tree, and left an invitation to dinner for to-day. She declined, pleading a promise to play this evening for Hill's benefit. She returned our

visit yesterday. I was not at home. My daughters were exceedingly pleased with her, and enjoyed her visit greatly. All who know this lady, at home and here, speak of her in warm terms of commendation. She is intelligent, modest, and agreeable, and wholly uncontaminated by her profession.

The following party dined with us: Captain Marryat, I. S. Hone, Bankhead, Dr. McLean, Hay, President Duer, William Johnson, R. Freeman, Henry Brevoort, and Stevenson.

The lion, Captain Marryat, is no great things of a lion, after all. In truth, the author of "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful" is a very every-day sort of a man. He carries about him in his manner and conversation more of the sailor than the author, has nothing student-like in his appearance, and savours more of the binnacle lamp than that of the study. He appears pleased with the little he has seen of this country, and very desirous to see more; but the bad times will deprive him of much of the attention and hospitality to which his talents and celebrity entitle him.

MAY 22. — The loss of life by steamboats in this country, and especially on the Western waters, is shocking in the extreme, and a stigma on our country; for these accidents (as they are called) seldom occur in Europe, where they do not understand the art and mystery of steam devices, or, indeed, of ship-building, better than we do. But we have become the most careless, reckless, headlong people on the face of the earth. "Go ahead" is our maxim and pass-word; and we do go ahead with a vengeance, regardless of consequences and indifferent about the value of human life. What are a few hundred persons, more or less? There are plenty in this country, and more coming every day; and a few years in the life of a man makes very little difference in comparison with the disgrace of a steamboat being beaten in her voyage by a rival craft.

MAY 25. — The English writers indulge themselves greatly of late in quoting out-of-the-way words and queer sayings peculiar to the people of this country. "I reckon," as Brother Jonathan says; "go the whole hog," to use

Steamboat
burned.

American-
isms.

a Yankee expression ; and other phrases of that kind which occur frequently in the novels and stories with which the British press abounds, prove that they begin to take a little notice of us, and we shall soon become as proud as the happy individual who boasted that the prince on a certain occasion had honoured him by his notice, and ordered him to stand out of the way.

MAY 26. — A deadly calm pervades this lately flourishing city. No goods are selling, no business stirring, no boxes encumber the sidewalks of Pearl street ; stocks have fallen again, but not back to the prices at which they were before the suspension of specie payments. No remittances come from other States, and even where debtors are able and willing to pay, there is no means of getting the funds to New York. The French and English packets are greatly behindhand, as if to give us all the bad news they will bring in one *grand coup*. In the upper part of the city we shiver under the chilly blasts of a backward spring, and burn more coal than we can afford to pay for. Very few houses are being built, except in some cases like mine, where we began before the “evil day” came, and must go on. Lots which a year ago were like “rough-edge guineas,” and brought any price for fear they might run away, stand now in the same places, and do not look nearly so pleasant nor so valuable as they did then. “Gold and silver we have none,” and there is no change either in our prospects or our currency. No man has anything to comfort him unless it is he who is out of debt, and has no sympathy for the misfortunes of his neighbours.

MAY 27. — I dined with the governing committee of the Union Club, the first dinner in the club house, No. 343 Broadway. The house will be open to the subscribers on Thursday next. It is well fitted up, the furniture neat and handsome ; the servants are good, and, above all, there is a most *recherché chef de cuisine*. Subscribers will get a better dinner and pay less for it than at any hotel in town. It is a great resource for bachelors and men “about town ;” but I do not see how we married men can be

induced to leave our comfortable homes and families to dine "*en garçon*" at the club, even under the temptation of Monsieur Julien's *bon diners à la Paris*.

MAY 29. — Captain Marryat called to see us this morning. I like him better than I did at first ; but he has very little refinement of manner, and his conversation does not partake of the ease and fluency which characterize his writings.

MAY 30. — Mr. Webster, accompanied by his wife, is making a tour of the Western States. He has been received in all the principal towns with great demonstrations of respect. Public dinners and barbecues have been tendered to him in great profusion, and speeches made and answered at every place where there was a town-house or hotel large enough to hold the people. Even in Nashville, Tenn., General Jackson's own dunghill, a public meeting of the citizens was held, and a deputation appointed to invite him to partake of the hospitalities of the town. It would be amusing to see Mr. Webster at a Tennessee barbecue, with General Jackson as one of his entertainers,—the man who has done more mischief to the country than any other, proposing the health of him who has done the most to avert it.

Mr. Webster is boldly nominated in many of the Whig papers for the next President after the curse of Jacksonism shall have been removed from the land. This is premature ; but it may be the means of keeping out of the field second-rate men, on whom the party cannot unite. I am clear for using the best materials we have. Webster or Clay,—nothing short of this. If we cannot have either, then let the dear people have another dose of Van Buren.

MAY 31. — We rode out this afternoon to Mr. Schermerhorn's. The weather is now warm and pleasant and the country beautiful. The grass will grow, though desolation stalks through the streets of our city ; the trees will put forth their leaves and blossom, notwithstanding the suspension of all profitable business ; the flowers are dressed in all their gaudy and smiling array, as if to mock the

melancholy faces of the suffering merchants; and the birds sing merrily, regardless of the sighs and groans of the lords of creation.

JUNE 2. — My wife and I drove out this afternoon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoyt, who are living very pleasantly at Mr. Post's place, at Manhattanville, which belonged once to Lord Courtney. It is one of the finest places on the Island. President and Mrs. Duer were of our party.

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. JUNE 12. — This youthful scion of the Bonaparte stock, who was exiled for ten years from France for a silly attempt at revolt made by him at Strasburgh, after walking Broadway during the last three or four weeks, sailed to-day in the "George Washington" for Liverpool. The ill-health of his mother is the alleged cause of his sudden return. He will go from England to Germany. He had better have stayed where he was, for he is likely to get into new scrapes where he is going. His formal attempt was not of a nature to create much alarm, or Louis Philippe would not have let him slip through his fingers when he had him.

New Books. JUNE 23. — The number of new books coming out every day from the English press, as well as ours, sets at defiance the hope of keeping up with those, even, whose merits, or the circumstance of a personal acquaintance with the author, or other local or individual interest, render it incumbent upon one to read. Besides the standard French and English works which my late visit to Europe leads me to peruse, I am now reading Bulwer's "Athens," — a new work highly spoken of, — when down comes the second volume of Lockhart's "Life of Walter Scott," which (as I have read the first) is irresistible. Then comes the funny "Pickwick Papers," which, though lighter, shoves aside the others. Then, Miss Martineau's "Society in America," which some say is very saucy, and others very good, cannot be neglected if one would be in the fashion; and every feeling of good taste and friendship and patriotism calls upon us to lay everything else aside and read Washington Irving's "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

JULY 4. — The anniversary of the birth of our country was marked by most delicious weather. I wrote until noon, then walked down to see the crowd as far as St. Paul's Church. The bells were ringing a merry peal in honour of the day. Their sounds proclaimed the liberty and independence of my country; but now, for the first time, there appeared to me mockery in those sounds. The glory seemed to have departed. We are nominally in the enjoyment of the liberty which was bequeathed to us by the men of the Revolution; we have the glorious Constitution which they framed for us, but eight years of misrule has left us nothing but the empty name. Independent, too, we are of foreign control, — and long may God preserve us so! — but the tyranny of public opinion, supporting measures of the most oppressive character, has destroyed that proud and manly personal independence which was heretofore the characteristic of my countrymen, and men are governed by self-interest, or bound down by a strong, but invisible, chain of party-spirit, a badge of slavery like that of Wamba, or the Serf of the North.

AUGUST 1. — The packets which sailed to-day took out a million and a half of gold and silver, and no American passengers; this is as it should be. We must not buy any more goods or spend any more money in Europe until we have paid all we owe them. That is the only way to get out of the present scrape. If remittances continue in this way, with the aid of one or two cotton crops, and the realization of the present glorious prospects for the harvest, we shall not only get right, but the character of our merchants will stand higher than ever among the nations of the earth; for they will have evinced a determination to be honest in despite of the exertions of a corrupt government to make them otherwise.

The dial of the clock in the cupola of the City Hall was illuminated last night, and made a splendid appearance through the foliage of the trees in the park. It was attempted six or seven years ago, but soon discontinued, for some cause or other. A Whig corporation has been more successful, in this instance at least, in enlightening their constituents.

AUGUST 9. — I was one of a party of twenty-four who dined on turtle to-day at the Union Club House. The dinner was execrable, for a French *artiste de cuisine* knows nothing about turtle ; but we had good punch and wine, some excellent songs, many good jokes, laughing in season and out of season, and noise not a little, for we had John and Charles King, Bibby, John Stevens, Otis, etc., to say nothing of myself. Chancellor Jones presided, who is as punctual in filling the seat at the head of the club table as that on the bench of the Supreme Court.

AUGUST 31. — The ocean has, by the accuracy of nautical skill, been almost converted into a railway or turnpike road. The following circumstance is worthy of note: the packet-ships "South America," Captain Barstow, and "Garrick," Captain Robinson, sailed from New York on the 1st of July, and entered the Mersey together after a fine run of eighteen days. The two ships were in sight of each other for 2,000 out of the 3,000 miles between New York and Liverpool.

National
Theatre.

SEPTEMBER 4. — Wallack opened the National Theatre (late the Italian Opera House) this evening, with the comedy of "The Rivals." He has brought with him from England a very strong company, several of whom appeared this evening. I never saw a play go off with more spirit. Wallack, in the dashing part of Captain Absolute, with a handsome scarlet uniform coat, and his one beautiful leg (the other being a little crooked ever since he broke it by being upset in the stage at Brunswick), made a most captivating *entrée*, was received with great applause, and made, at the falling of the curtain, one of the best, most graceful, and eloquent speeches I ever heard on such an occasion. But I fear he will not succeed. The National is the prettiest theatre in the United States ; but it is not in Broadway, and the New Yorkers are the strangest people in the world in their predilection for fashionable locations. In Paris the theatres are scattered over the whole city, and the fashionable milliners, jewellers, tailors, and all those who depend for their support upon the gay, the rich, and the fashion-

able, are to be found in by-streets, or in the mazes of narrow, dark alleys; but our people must have their amusements thrust under their noses, and a shopkeeper, if he hopes to succeed in business, must pay a rent of \$4,000 or \$5,000 in Broadway, when he might be equally well accommodated for \$600 or \$800 ten doors from it. But there is a greater obstacle to the success of the new establishment in the great number of theatres at present open in the city, each one of whom has some "bright particular star" shining to attract and dazzle the eyes of the multitude.

It is almost incredible that in these times of distress, when the study of economy is so great an object, there should be nine of these money drains in operation: The Park; the old Drury, of New York, which has done well during the whole of the hard times; the Bowery, with Jim Crow, who is made to repeat nightly, almost *ad infinitum*, his balderdash song, which has now acquired the stamp of London approbation to increase its *éclat*; the Franklin, in Chatham square; Miss Monier's Theatre, in Broadway, opposite St. Paul's, — little and weakly, and likely to die; the Euterpean Hall, Broadway, below Canal street, — short-lived, also, I suspect; the Broadway Theatre, next to Tattersall's, which has been handsomely fitted up, and is to be opened next week; Mrs. Hamblin's Theatre, formerly Richmond Hill, where the Italian opera first placed its unstable foot in New York; the Circus, in Vauxhall Garden, nearly in the rear of my house; and Niblo's Vaudevilles, — the best concern of the whole at present, with a strong company playing little pieces *à la française*. Concerts, and rope-dancing, and other performances of the Ravel family, consisting of eight or ten of the most astonishing performers in their line who have ever appeared in this city. If Wallack can stand all this, he is immortal.

President's
Message.

SEPTEMBER 6. — The President's message was sent to Congress on Tuesday. It is a long document, written with ability, but the most mischievous in its tendency that has ever been presented to the American people. It is loco-

foco to the very core. It echoes the opinions on the subject of finance of General Jackson, Colonel Benton, and Blair, of the "Globe;" recommends a separation of the fiscal concerns of the government from all the banks, and the substitution of the Treasury Department, and the issuing of treasury notes as a national currency, by which means all power will be concentrated in the hands of the executive and his myrmidons. It abuses the merchants, coaxes the agriculturists, and tries, as usual, to humbug the people. If the doctrines of this message are approved and supported by the representatives of the people, adieu to the present prosperity and future hopes of America! If not, Mr. Van Buren's career is closed forever.

There are many gross misrepresentations in this message. The President puts forth his veto in advance on a Bank of the United States, and thereby deprives us of the chance of the only remedy (in my opinion) for the distresses and embarrassments of our merchants. The following paragraph occurs on this subject: "Again, to create a national bank as a fiscal agent would be to disregard the popular will, twice solemnly and unequivocally expressed. On no question of domestic policy is there stronger evidence that the sentiments of a large majority are deliberately fixed, and I cannot concur with those who think they see, in recent events, a proof that these sentiments are, or a reason that they should be, changed." Now this is not true; and the falsehood is advanced with so much boldness only to blind the eyes of the people who do not, one in ten of them, understand the subject. If the opinions of the people are to be taken from those of their representatives, they demand the re-incorporation of the late Bank of the United States; but if General Jackson, in the plenitude of his withering power, was not only the government (as he styled himself), but the people also, then is Mr. Van Buren's assertion correct, for he defeated the intentions of Congress by vetoing the act; and that *he* was hostile to the institution, there is, unhappily, the most abundant evidence.

Wonderful
Despatch.

SEPTEMBER 7. — There never was a nation on the face of the earth which equalled this in rapid locomotion. The President's message was brought on to this city, by railroad, steamboats, and horsemen, and carried from hence to Boston, which place it reached in the inconceivably short period of twenty-four hours from Washington, a distance of five hundred miles.

Death of Dominick Lynch. Poor Lynch died in Paris, on the 31st of July. He is said in the papers which announce his death to have been fifty years of age ; but I think it must be a mistake. I always supposed him to be about my age. How deeply impressive should be the decease of such a man ! How many happy hours I have passed in his society ! No man has ever contributed so much to the refined enjoyment of the circle in which he moved. He sang and played beautifully, was the ornament of female society, and infused spirit and joviality into the dinner-parties of his male friends, where he was a constant and favoured guest. He was for many years a wine-merchant, and we are indebted to him for some of the finest we have ever had. He introduced the Chateau Margaux, for which famous vintage he contracted for several years, and furnished it finer than we ever had it before or shall have it again. We are indebted to him for the introduction of the Italian opera, and the inimitable Signorina Garcia, and her father and family came to New York under his auspices. He also was the master-spirit who established and conducted the musical *soirées*, a few years since, — the most refined entertainment we have ever had. And now poor Lynch is gone ; his friends will utter an exclamation of grief when they hear of it, and his family will put on mourning, but not a glass of wine less will be drunk, nor will one person, except his immediate relations, deprive himself of a single amusement. Like a stone thrown into a lake which agitates the water for an instant, makes a few retiring circles, and leaves no trace upon its peaceful surface ; so his death will leave no chasm in the bosom of the society of which he was so great an ornament,

and will very soon be forgotten in the hurried progress of this world's events. And so it will be with me, and with all of us ; and it is better it should be so. This life is too short to be spent in unavailing regrets. Happy would it be for the survivors to reflect upon the insufficiencies of the enjoyments of this life and to prepare "for another and a better world."

I finished my job of removing the Madeira wine to the garret room in the new house, where it is nicely arranged, in an excellent place. The quantity of Madeira and sherry removed is 2,023 quart bottles and 237 gallons.

SEPTEMBER 13. — Another of my friends, one of the most delightful of my associates, died last night at Windust's Hotel, corner of Broadway and Leonard street. William Gaston, of Savannah, is no more. Mr. Gaston was a merchant of Savannah, of the most exalted and honourable stamp, upright in his dealings, agreeable in manner, amiable in disposition, benevolent in feeling, and hospitable in his mode of living. His house was the stranger's home, and Savannah acknowledged him her first citizen. I have passed many happy hours in his company, but none with so much real enjoyment as when I visited him at a cottage which he formerly owned on Long Island, at the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton. Here he was a host indeed, gay, entertaining, and eloquent ; his little dinners witnessed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." In large parties his powers were not always excited in the same degree ; and it was necessary to know him intimately in order to know what was in him, and what might be gotten out of him. Like all persons of sanguine temperament and enthusiastic disposition, his spirits were unequal, and this may also have been attributed in him to another cause, peculiarly applicable to him. In early life he was engaged to marry a young lady in New Jersey (Morristown, I believe) ; he left New York, full of love and anticipations of happiness, to fulfil his engagement, when he found the object of his affection dangerously ill, and soon followed her to the grave instead of the altar. This, to a mind of exquisite refinement and the most

acute sensibility, was a shock never to be recovered from, and a loss never to be repaired. He lived and died a bachelor.

SEPTEMBER 19. — Forrest made his first appearance since his return, at the Park Theatre last evening, in the part of Othello. I was there a short time. The house was crammed in every part, and his reception warm and enthusiastic. I think him improving; his acting is more quiet, and in person, deportment, and voice the Senate in its most palmy state never had so magnificent a commander, black or white, nor had ever Desdemona so good an excuse for her misplaced affection.

SEPTEMBER 21. — Congress are making very little progress in the important business for which they were called together; the object seems to be to develop the views of the men who aspire to lead the several parties which hope to rise to political power in the turmoil which attends the disordered state of things. Mr. Rives comes out as a conservative against the administration, hoping to receive the aid of the Whigs (a pretty strong party, thank God!) to hoist him to power; but the Whigs are not to be had for him. Mr. Calhoun, theoretical and visionary as he always is, has hitched upon Van Buren, but will not acknowledge it. He goes South against North, and would support the devil to lessen the political influence of New York. He has sagacity enough to discover that the doctrines and the measures of "New York's favourite son" are most inimical to New York, and is willing to support his suicidal measures to accomplish his object. Webster and Clay, true as steel to the best interests of the country, pursue a straightforward course. The people must come to them, or the country is ruined, and it really looks now as if they were coming to them. Congress will do nothing effectual in the present extra session, but hope is not broken.

SEPTEMBER 23. — Everybody complains of the success which attends the publication of libels on private character; everybody condemns the depravity of the times in which, and the community by which, they are encouraged; everybody wonders how people can buy and read those receptacles

of scandal, the penny papers, and yet everybody does encourage them; and every man who blames his neighbour for setting so bad an example occasionally puts one in his pocket to carry home to his family for their and his own edification. It is only for amusement, it will not corrupt his morals. It is bad enough, to be sure, but the sale of one copy, more or less, will not make any difference in the circulation.

The foregoing remarks are aptly illustrated in the following remarks in an English newspaper, written no doubt by one of the numerous tribe of "preachers, not doers of the word:" "Charles Kemble cudgelled Westmacott, editor of a scurrilous paper, called the 'Age,' for libelling his daughter Fanny in the character of Juliet, shortly previous to their expedition to the United States; the editor, however, consoled himself for these dry blows by the pecuniary profit he derived from the sale of his scandalous chronicle, which was reprobated by everybody, but was to be found stowed under the sofa-cushion in every drawing-room." I wonder who cudgelled Fanny when she libelled the Yankees?

Historical
Society.

SEPTEMBER 28. — I attended this evening a meeting of the Historical Society, the first held in their new rooms, in the splendid edifice erected by the Stuyvesant Institute, in Broadway, opposite Bond street. Three rooms have been given gratuitously to the society for a term of ten years. The library (which is the most valuable in this country in books and manuscripts relating to the history of the United States, particularly the State of New York) has been well and tastefully arranged, and as it is now to be kept open during several hours of each day, it will no longer be, as heretofore, a sealed book to the members.

Mr. Van-
denhoff.

OCTOBER 2. — I went this evening to Vandenhoff's benefit, at the National Theatre. The house was crammed, for this gentleman has gotten into the good graces of the New York audience, and my friend Wallack, the proprietor, has found him a good card to play against Forrest at the Park. Mr. Vandenhoff played Hamlet, and young Wilding in

the "Liar." I did not like him in Hamlet. I consider this character the most beautiful creation of the human imagination, and have some notions about the manner of playing it which few actors can ever come up to. Cooper did in his best days; so did Kean, and, if I recollect aright, Conway did not fall much short of it. Vandenhoff's Hamlet wanted sensibility and pathos, that part of it at least which I saw, for I came away in the middle of the second act; but Isaac Hone, whom I left behind, says there was a great improvement as the play proceeded, and that it closed finely. Young Wilding was capital. Mr. Vandenhoff's reading is excellent, and he has, by long practice, acquired a perfect knowledge of the stage.

OCTOBER 5. — I dined with Mr. Wallack, at the Astor House. The dinner was given to Vandenhoff at the close of his engagement at the National Theatre. It was one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind I have ever been engaged in. The dinner was capital. I never saw a table better set out, better provided, or a dinner better cooked. The party was principally theatrical: Wallack, Vandenhoff, Rice, Hackett, Russell, of the New Orleans Theatre, Captain Marryat, Mr. Cramer, Colonel Webb, Dr. Holland, etc. We had an abundance of singing, reciting, story-telling, and imitations. Rice's negro songs and melodies were exceedingly fine. I never heard them before under similar advantages, and was perfectly astonished at Jim Crow's powers in that department. He is one of the most entertaining men I ever met in company. Wallack gave us a beautiful recitation. It was a description of a shipwreck, with many affecting incidents, as related by two different persons, a clergyman and a sailor; they were as different as the pursuits and professions of the two narrators; no two expressions were alike, and yet the same thrilling incidents were described, with the same touching effect.

There was a fine scene between Wallack and Vandenhoff. The former addressed the company as Lord Meadowbanks presiding at the theatrical fund dinner, when he gave the famous toast, "The

Author of Waverley," which brought out Sir Walter, and withdrew the veil from the great "Unknown." Vandenhoff rose as Scott, and made the acknowledgment in the very words he used on that interesting occasion. The imitation was no doubt perfect, for there was a vraisemblance about it which could not be mistaken; it was admirable. I sat until nearly twelve o'clock, and the spirits of the company were then far from being exhausted.

A letter is published in our papers which was addressed, during the panic in London about American affairs, to the governor and directors of the Bank of England, by Lieutenant R. F. Stockton, of the American Navy. This gentleman went out to negotiate a loan for the railroad and canal in New Jersey, in which he is a large proprietor. What authorized him to volunteer as the representative of the American merchants I know not; but he is not one of the timid sort, and does not often find his modesty crossing the path of his undertakings. At any rate, there is a great deal of most excellent sense in his letter, and it is said to have had a salutary effect upon the decisions of the bank, and done more to enlighten the public mind in London than anything which has been "said or sung" on the subject of American affairs. The following paragraph appears to me to contain in few words the essence of all that can be said about the connection between the banks and the people, and places the whole of the specie "humbug" in a proper point of view: "Men of wealth who hoard up gold and silver do not usually borrow. The banks loan to the industrious and working classes, and cannot of course receive gold and silver in return. They loan on personal credit, or on the security of lands and houses. The money so obtained from the banks is paid to the labouring classes, and the moment you destroy credit, and declare that nothing is valuable in a country but gold and silver, the notes come back to the bank for specie which they did not represent, whilst the property which they took in exchange for them, and which they honestly and fairly represented, is made worthless by evil combinations, and will not be received in payment."

Professor McVickar, in his most elaborate lecture on his favourite science of political economy, never elucidated more clearly this knotty subject which is now bothering the brains of all the thinking people in this country, than this lieutenant of the navy in the short passage above quoted, and Albert Gallatin and Isaac Bronson might gather some useful hints on banking and currency from one whose trade has formerly been to go "down to the sea in ships." The "big wigs" of the Bank of England must have been astonished at being schooled in such a quarter; but the writer's maxim, like that of his country and his profession, is "nothing venture, nothing gain."

OCTOBER 16. Contrary to my forebodings, and the Congressional fears of many honest men, the famous sub-treasury bill, Proceedings. the device which was intended to place the foot of the government upon the necks of the people, was *laid on the table*, on Friday evening, after a long and animated debate, not to be taken up again during this memorable extra session. Some of the conservatives, the balance-of-power men, held out against the force of party discipline. Congress will adjourn to-day, having done nothing but pass a bill to extend the payment of bonds for duties, for which the merchants who are short of cash will thank them.

In the course of Friday evening's debate Cambreling said something saucy to Hoffman about his changing sides, and alluded to his having served in the navy, where he learned to "tack and veer." This attack brought a reply from Hoffman, in which the "Commercial Representative" was absolutely annihilated. It is said to have been one of the most scorching pieces of eloquence ever heard on that floor. Mr. Adams rose after Hoffman finished, and declared that he had intended to reply to Cambreling, but, tearing up his notes, said there was no use in attacking a dead man. Hoffman has immortalized himself during the present short session, and given earnest of a brilliant "hereafter."

OCTOBER 26. Broadway in the neighbourhood of Red Brethren. the City Hotel has been crowded for the last two days by curious spectators, watching to obtain an occasional glimpse of a large party of Indians, who, after having made a treaty at Washington, by which their "broad lands" are diminished in quantity by the trifling amount of a million and a quarter of acres, are now making a tour of the principal cities, receiving presents, and being stared at for the benefit of theatres, fairs, and lectures. There are two tribes, amounting in all to seventy individuals; the Sauks and Foxes, who constitute the most important part of the deputation, are at the City Hotel, and the Sioux at the National, opposite; for these two tribes are not on a friendly footing, and their white keepers do not think it expedient to get up a real war-fight for the edification of the spectators.

I went to see the Sauks and Foxes this morning, and finding Mr. Daniel Jackson there, who is a sort of agent for the tribes, was introduced to the principal chiefs. The whole party — warriors, squaws, and papposes — were seated or lying on the ground, most of them employed in opening and dividing some pieces of colored cord, such as is used for hanging pictures, which had been presented to them at the fair of the American Institute, and with which they appeared much pleased. Keokuk, the chief of the confederated tribes of Sauks and Foxes, and his favourite squaw were seated on a small carpet separate from the rest. He is a fine-looking, elderly man, of intelligent countenance and dignified deportment. I have heard General Scott speak of him; he thinks him a great man. In the expedition against the tribes, a few years since, Keokuk was friendly to the whites and opposed to Black Hawk, who was then the principal chief. Black Hawk is with the party at present, but appears to have lost caste. He sits with his son in one corner of the square, enveloped in a bright scarlet blanket, silent, surly, and picturesque. The son is a majestic man, aged about thirty, one of the noblest figures I ever saw, — a perfect Ajax Telamon.

I shook hands with these Herculese and Apollos of the woods. They are generally very stout and athletic, with immense lower limbs ; but their arms and hands are delicate and small. Keokuk's hand feels like the hand of a woman, while that of young Black Hawk is not so large as mine ; and yet in other respects I am much inferior in size and strength to either of them. This characteristic may be accounted for from the circumstance that they perform no manual labor, and the stoutness and great size of their legs and feet are owing to their constant exercise in the chase and other field exercises.

At seven o'clock this evening a rap upon the table in the large room of Masonic Hall took the hats off the heads of three or four thousand of as fine-looking men as ever constituted the "bone and muscle" of any community. They were the Whigs of New York ; and another rap, with a glorious responsive "Aye" from this assemblage, honoured me by placing me in the chair as the presiding officer. The report of the nominating committee was read by Daniel Ullman, prefaced by a very good address.

I put the meeting in a good-humour by addressing them in something like the following words : "Now, fellow-Whigs, I have given you your way in all things. I must have mine in one : I am going to put the final question, — a course which is not usually adopted, — in a form to please myself, Are you ready for the question?" — "Ready ! ready ! question ! question !" was the cheerful reply. "Then, as many of you as are in favour of the ticket, the whole ticket, and nothing but the ticket, and are determined to exert yourselves to the utmost to elect it, will signify it by saying Aye." Such a simultaneous, thundering, whole-hearted Aye was never before heard. "Those of a contrary opinion will say No ;" not a voice responded, and the meeting adjourned in good-humour, in high hopes of success, pleased with their cause, their chairman, and themselves.

NOVEMBER 6. — The election commenced this morning. It is the most interesting one we have ever had.

The Election. Former contests at the polls have been struggles for party supremacy, and, sometimes, for the indulgence of personal predilections ; but on this depends the continuance or the ultimate overthrow of a course of measures which have nearly ruined our noble city, and prostrated the energies of its enterprising citizens. It may not be of great importance in its immediate results, for we can hardly hope for such a change as would give the Whigs a majority in the Legislature. The mountain of misrule in the State is too mighty to be overthrown by a single political convulsion ; but the ultimate effect of a victory now would be certain, and its influence in other parts of our country, conclusive. The whole United States look to this election as the star to guide them on to victory, and Mr. Van Buren, and his cabinet, and his policy must rise or fall by its result. The Whigs enter the field with high hopes and a steady, fixed determination to do their duty ; of the respectable part of the Democratic party, some have come openly over to the Whigs, others stretch their necks over the fence and drop a few votes on our side, and none give their party a full and decided support. The loco-focos, the destructives of the city, have regained possession of Tammany Hall, and the battle is to be between them and the men of character, intelligence, industry, and sobriety. Even Preserved Fish has joined us openly, and Jacob B. Taylor, Daniel Jackson, George Sharpe, and many others of the same stamp attend the Whig meetings. The "Sun of Austerlitz" rose bright and glorious this morning, and I confidently hope will set, on the evening of the third day, upon a bloodless field of battle, won triumphantly by the friends of good order and the supporters of the Constitution.

NOVEMBER 8. — The battle has been fought and won. The election closed this evening at sundown, and the Whigs have succeeded in their whole ticket. New York has broken her chains and stands erect, regenerated. The moral and political

effect of this victory will be prodigious. The eyes of the whole United States were turned to us. The measures of the administration stand condemned before the nation, and Mr. Van Buren must alter his course or sink to rise no more. This contest has been conducted on the side of the Whigs from its commencement in a determined spirit, and with high hopes. Our men worked hard, but quietly, moderately; there was no bullying, no boasting, and it is greatly to the credit of the city that, notwithstanding the unusual excitement in both parties, and the enormous number of votes polled, — 36,500, — there was no commotion, no riots, and no call for the interference of the police.

NOVEMBER 16. — I received a warm letter of congratulation from Mr. Webster, in reply to one I wrote him the morning after our election, and a paper containing the result of the Massachusetts elections, which commenced on Monday. The victory there is overwhelming. Every one of the thirteen senatorial districts will return Whigs. Governor Everett's majority will be ten times greater than last year.

NOVEMBER 17. — The terrible abolition question is fated, I fear, to destroy the union of the States, and to endanger the peace and happiness of our western world. Both parties are getting more and more confirmed in their obstinacy, and more intolerant in their prejudices. A recent disgraceful affair has occurred in the town of Alton, State of Illinois, which is calculated to excite the most painful feelings in all those who respect the laws and desire the continuance of national peace and union. Alton is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, and opposite the slave-holding State of Missouri. An abolition paper was established there, called the "Alton Observer," which, becoming obnoxious to the slaveholders, was assailed and the establishment destroyed, some time since, by an ungovernable mob; an attempt was recently made to reëstablish the paper, which caused another most disgraceful outrage, in which two persons were killed and several wounded.

NOVEMBER 22. — Such a day of continued excitement I have never experienced; for nearly twelve hours every faculty of body and mind has been on the utmost stretch.

Great Whig Jubilee.

The out-door celebration (except the firing of the cannon) was prevented by a villanous fog, which hung like a dark mantle over us at sunrise. Until noon there were occasional symptoms of better weather, but before sunset it turned into rain, and the fireworks were “no go.” But the in-door operations were all carried out to the letter, and so brilliant and exciting a scene was never witnessed. At eleven o'clock I went to Masonic Hall to unite in the reception of the delegates from other States and cities, who presented themselves to the number of seven hundred and received their tickets for the dinner. At one o'clock the Mayor took the chair and addressed the delegates in an excellent speech; they were then called upon by States, and a member selected from each State addressed the meeting. It was perfectly astonishing that in this number of speakers, thus called together, and most of them entirely unprepared, there were no failures. All spoke well, — some of them with surpassing eloquence. I have never witnessed such a display of warm, glowing, impassioned oratory as some exhibited, nor so much pure, refined, convincing eloquence as fell from others. Colonel Winthrop's speech was one of the finest I ever heard, — it would have done credit to Webster or Clay; but all were excellent, and Granger's closing speech fixed the attention of an assemblage, who had remained during five hours in their several places, and most of them standing, wedged together the whole time. At five o'clock we all adjourned to Niblo's to partake of the dinner.

Seven hundred plates were set, and the floor and avenues of the saloon were crowded with persons who could not get seats. There were many speeches and volunteer toasts, but I left my seat soon after the regular toasts were done. Ten or a dozen of us, including some of the Baltimoreans, had a little supper at Niblo's; but I

left them soon, and came home nearly exhausted by the labours of the day, and intoxicated, not by strong drink, but by a strong and unintermitted excitement.

This celebration will have an extensive and most salutary influence. Never before has there been such an assemblage of Whigs. A bond of union and good-fellowship has been formed which will extend far and wide, and the delegates will go home delighted with their reception, filled with confident hopes of a return of a national prosperity, and with a determination to restore the government of the Constitution and the laws.

The indications of public feeling during the day, Henry Clay. which I have watched carefully, have been in my opinion decidedly in favour of Mr. Clay as the Whig candidate for President. Whenever allusions were made to Mr. Webster and him they were received with cheers and applause; but those for Clay were more animated than the others. The delegates seemed to say that either of those patriots was good enough for them, but that "Harry of the West" would be the most available candidate. The question should not be agitated now; our duty is to get Van Buren out, and then — .

NOVEMBER 23. — I dined with Mr. Gardiner G. Howland, where I met Messrs. Meredith, Kennedy, Morris, and Dr. Alexander of Baltimore, Mr. Granger, and other gentlemen. I have frolicked too much this week, and require quiet and temperance, which I fear I shall not get.

NOVEMBER 25. — I had a pleasant dinner-party. It was intended for some of my Baltimore friends who attended the jubilee of Wednesday; but Mr. Swift, the Mayor of Philadelphia, forestalled me and took them *in transitu*; all but Meredith and Kennedy, who, like good fellows, stayed to dine with me. Our party consisted of Jonathan Meredith, John P. Kennedy, the Mayor, President Duer, Francis Granger, Mr. Graves, M.C., from Kentucky, James Watson Webb, Charles King, Abraham Ogden, and I. S. Hone.

Bank
Convention.

NOVEMBER 28.—A convention of delegates from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York convened yesterday at the Mayor's office, City Hall. The object of this convention is to deliberate on a resumption of specie payment, at some time to be agreed upon. There is great difference of opinion on this momentous question. I think they can't do it.

The Bell
Dinner.

NOVEMBER 29. — The great dinner is over, and I have a prospect of a day or two's peace and quietness. The dinner was given at the Astor House; about two hundred and twenty, including the guests, sat down at half-past seven o'clock, and stayed all night! We had speeches upon speeches, some very good, but most of them too long. The principal speakers were John Bell of Tennessee, Graves of Kentucky, Mr. Southard and Governor Pennington of New Jersey, Kennedy of Baltimore, Sturges of Boston, Granger, etc. Ogden Hoffman presided, with eight vice-presidents, of which I was the first. The toasts, which were intended to call out the distinguished guests, were severally given by the president and the vice-presidents. Mr. Bell spoke an hour and a half; Mr. Southard made an excellent speech, a little too much about himself; but the great gun of the evening, that which constituted the chief attraction, and kept the company together to an hour unprecedented in the annals of New York jollifications, was *Daniel Webster*. He rose at two o'clock in the morning, intending, in consequence of its being, as he said, *to-morrow*, to be very brief; but his auditors insisted upon his going on; they would not allow him to stop, and he, apparently "nothing loath," kept on in a strain of unwearied and unwearying eloquence until *four o'clock*. One hundred and fifty persons, most of them men of sober, steady habits, fathers of families, remained immovable in their seats, with no indications of fatigue or inattention until he finished at an hour when "night was almost at odds with morning." There is scarcely another individual in the United States who could thus have fixed their attention at such an unreasonable hour. I looked around frequently, and I verily believe not a person left the room while he

was speaking. What a wonderful gift is this public speaking, and what gourmands we Americans are when we get hold of a dish of popular oratory!

Mr. Webster was clear and distinct in his manly and patriotic surrender of personal claims upon the people, and a determination to abide in all things by the decision of a majority of the Whig party. This part of his speech did him great credit, and was received with much enthusiastic applause. When he closed, at four o'clock, I left the company reseating themselves, ready for more toasts and more speeches, and I doubt if they broke up before breakfast-time. I was glad to get away, fatigued and worn out, but too much excited to sleep.

NOVEMBER 30. — Day of general thanksgiving and prayer, recommended by the State and city authorities. There are many causes of thanksgiving, some of which our present rulers would not be willing to acknowledge as such.

DECEMBER 5. — A Mr. Price, sub-editor (as I am informed) of a scurrilous paper published in this city, called the "Herald," has addressed me a letter as chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Bell dinner, to know whether Charles King was authorized to forbid him to take notes of the speeches at the dinner, on which subject a correspondence has taken place between him and Mr. King. The gentleman is *bien enragé*. He says he bought his ticket like other people, and had a right like other people to take notes or anything else he pleased. King, who, I presume, thought he had no right to take anything but his dinner, would not allow him to proceed, and, being of the Hotspur breed, very probably showed him the door, and the man lost his ten dollars and his dinner in the bargain. For this he called King to account, and, his explanation not being altogether satisfactory, I was appealed to by the aggrieved party. In my reply I state that "the practice of reporting in the public prints the doings and the sayings of our convivial meetings without the consent, and frequently to the annoyance, of the parties who are thus unwillingly brought before the public, a practice so entirely repugnant to the feelings of our

citizens, is happily confined as yet to so inconsiderable a portion of the press that it did not, I presume, occur to the committee to take any measures in advance to prevent it ; but that I was of the opinion that Mr. King was authorized, by the expressed sentiments of the gentlemen forming the committee, to oppose the introduction of reporters for that object." This brought a rejoinder, and then the matter ended between Mr. Price and me ; but the "Herald" will make two or three columns of the affair to dish up to his customers who like high-seasoned dishes.

DECEMBER 6. — Congress met on Monday ; the President's Message. President's message was sent on Tuesday. This document does little credit to Mr. Van Buren, and I trust that it seals his political condemnation. All the abominable doctrines of his September message are reiterated. He recommends the sub-treasury system, with its hosts of government locusts to eat up the people's substance, or if that will not go, then something else ; but the merchants must be deprived of the use of any part of the money which their enterprise and intelligence have been the means of furnishing to the support of the government. No matter what becomes of it, so that they do not get it. Was ever a commercial people cursed with such rulers? Better would it be for poor New York if a volcano were to break out in the midst of her than that this suicidal policy should be adopted !

In relation to the late elections the President has his usual cant about the will of the people. He pretends that the late changes are no expression of their will. It was owing to bank influence, and the people will go round to him again, and then they will be right. Faugh ! With his usual sycophancy and want of independence, he refers to "his predecessor" eight times in the course of this message.

DECEMBER 20. — We had a pleasant dinner-party, consisting of Samuel S. Howland, George Dorr, James W. Otis, J. G. Pearson, Robert Ray, John C. Delprat, P. G. Stuyvesant, Charles A. Heckscher, Peter Schermerhorn, Samuel Welles of Paris, and William H. Aspinwall.

1838.

JANUARY 1. — I verily believe there never was so pleasant a New Year's Day. The sun rose this morning through a delicious haze, which looked like impalpable gold-dust, and from which it emerged gloriously. During the day the air was soft and balmy, and the temperature warm as June. Visiting commenced earlier than usual, and was kept up with great spirit until near night. Broadway was thronged with male pedestrians, and at the open door of every fashionable house a grinning domestic was seen ushering in the visitors to the well-furnished saloon in which fair inmates were ready to receive with smiles their homage and good wishes. I began my cruise at noon, in the neighbourhood of the Bowling Green, working my way up, and intending to visit my up-town friends last. But when I arrived at St. Thomas's Church, it was five o'clock, and I was compelled to make my visit to Dr. Hawks (the most excellent pastor of that church) my last for the day; but I made some visits in the evening, and came home fatigued with my pleasant exercise.

Last evening we were all assembled in the dining-room, — myself, my wife, my six children, and son-in-law, — a goodly family party, gay, cheerful, and happy, until eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, with hobbling gait, took his ugly face away, and, turning his ill-omened back upon us, made way for his smiling, youthful successor. God grant he may not "follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," except as regards the weather, in which particular we certainly have no reason to complain of the defunct! for never, surely, was a year of such fine weather known among men. We have not had equal to a month of unpleasant weather during the year, — a lovely spring, a cool summer, and the autumn and winter, thus far, delicious as the climate of the plains of Normandy. But

in other matters it has been a disastrous year. The acts of government have thrown the affairs of the country into utter confusion. The enterprise of the citizens, which, it must be confessed, led them sometimes too far, was suddenly checked and paralyzed by a sudden breaking up of all the elements which gave life to the social compact, and excited the honest industry and enlightened enterprise of our people. During this year we have lived upon each other; no wholesome business has been carried on; the sources to which we have looked for the payment of honest debts have generally failed; real estate, which in good times is the best and surest foundation of credit, has lost its value, and those who have money will neither invest in it nor lend on it. Confidence is shaken to its very centre, and the springs of national and commercial prosperity are dried up. Amidst all this scene of national and individual calamity, one redeeming ray of sunshine has burst forth,—the people have risen in their might and reprov'd the ruinous schemes of their rulers; the popular elections have gone generally against the administration, and nowhere has the voice of reproof been more loudly uttered than in our own State. If we hold on in the good cause the same voice will call abler and better men to the councils of the nation, and better days may dawn, and the Republic yet be safe.

During the past year I have removed to my new house, corner of Broadway and Great Jones street, which proves a most delightful and comfortable residence. I would not, if I could, have it altered in a single particular. God grant that in my prayers for better times I may be sufficiently thankful for the blessings which I yet enjoy!

JANUARY 5. — The ship "Pennsylvania" sailed from Sandy Hook at noon, on the 8th of November, and arrived in the Mersey on the evening of the 23d. I think this is the shortest passage as yet; but it is impossible to say what may happen in this "go-ahead" age. A letter which I received by the "George Washington," dated in London 15th of November, from William H.

Stephenson (he who was here on a visit last summer, and to whom we all took a liking), states that the new steamer intended for this port was to sail in about a fortnight. If she succeeds, this fifteen-day passage of the "Pennsylvania" may hereafter be considered quite a dilatory proceeding.

JANUARY 6. — The weather continues beautiful beyond all former experience, — warm as June. If we do not have a change soon, we shall want ice to cool our champagne next summer. The North river is open to Hudson. If the weather continues, the navigation will be unobstructed to Albany, — an event which I think has never occurred in the month of January during my lifetime.

JANUARY 22. — I received to-day from Mr. Webster
 Sub-Treasury a copy of the bill of abominations, now before the
 Bill. Senate, and have read it attentively. It is worse, even, than I supposed, from having given it a cursory perusal as it was published. It should be called General Jackson's rod bequeathed to his successor, wherewith to scourge the refractory merchants, and Mr. Van Buren's vial of wrath, to be poured upon his devoted city of New York more especially, as punishment for political backslidings. Its leading feature seems to be the total preclusion of the merchants, whose enterprise supports the government, from any participation in the use of money collected through their means on any security whatever. It directs it to be locked up in gold and silver in the Custom-House and post-offices in all parts of the country, and creates a host of political locusts worse than those who of old overran the land of Egypt, devoted soul, body, and conscience to their masters, to have the custody of the people's money, and to beg, borrow, or steal it, no matter how, so as the benefit to accrue from it shall be confined to the faithful. I do venture to assert that there never has been an instance, in the history of civilized man, of so much power being vested in the hands of an executive magistrate, call him as you may, — king, emperor, dictator, autocrat, or Tartarian khan, — by a legislative enactment, as this bill gives to the Republican President of a people who do

actually dream sometimes that they are free. The amiable gentlemen above enumerated have occasionally indulged in strange freaks at the expense of their loyal subjects; they squeeze them tolerably hard, and if they prove refractory cut off their heads; but they have not the assurance to pretend that they have law for what they do. The suffering people have the consolation to know that they had no hand in forging their chains, but here representatives of the people (as they falsely style themselves) are about to twist the lash, to sharpen the sword, and hand them to their rulers, praying them to use them for the good of their constituents; and use them they will, if this ill-omened bill passes the Senate. A majority of that body are the merest tools of party, and will vote for it; but there is some reason to hope that honest men enough will be found in the House of Representatives to stay the cause.

This gold and silver currency is the prettiest sceptre with which to rule a people who do not give themselves the trouble to think much about public affairs, that a tyrant could desire. Mr. Van Buren is not exactly a tyrant yet; but wait, my masters, until this bill passes. The late Dey of Algiers thought so, and he was *the government*. The French found something in his cellars besides potatoes and cabbages; the cellars provided in this bill are more numerous than those which belonged to his turbaned highness, but the treasures they contain will be equally under the control of the *government*, and, although not intended to be applied to the purchase of chibouques and slippers for the personal use of our *revered chief*, or laid out in gewgaws for the ladies of the harem, they will be the means of corrupting the minds of the people, blinding their eyes to the faults of their rulers, and transforming a nation of freemen into a herd of time-serving and man-worshipping sycophants unworthy the name of Americans.

JANUARY 27.—I was favoured by an invitation to
Kent Club. meet the Kent Club this evening at the house of Mr.
William Kent. There were about twenty gentlemen,
among whom were Judges Jones, Edwards, and Tallmadge, Chan-

cellor Kent, President Duer, several eminent lawyers, and a few laymen, consisting of Charles King, Webb, and myself. There was also Mr. Mackintosh, son of the celebrated Sir James Mackintosh, and the author of his well-written biography, a gentleman who came to this country on a visit during the last autumn. We had a handsome supper, with oceans of champagne. I was right in calling it "high jinks," for a more jovial, noisy, roystering set I never met with. They seemed to contemn all law but that of passing the bottle, and the counsel on both sides summed up together without regarding the admonitions of the court.

FEBRUARY 14. — When Mr. Webster was in New York he dined on the 14th of December at the Astor House with a party of good Whigs. On this occasion he invited the party to dine with him in Washington on Washington's birthday, since which, on renewing the invitation to each of us, he has altered the day to the 21st inst., in consequence of a ball which is to be given on the 22d in honour of the anniversary, and here I am this evening in Philadelphia, on my way to fulfil the engagement.

I left New York at half-past six this morning. It was very cold, but the admirable railroad, go-ahead mode of travelling brought us to Philadelphia by one o'clock, and I got into good quarters at Head's. Mrs. Davis came on to surprise her husband, who has been here two or three days. I called upon Mr. Biddle at the bank, and had a nice little talk about matters and things.

I was shown this afternoon, at the shop of Messrs. Fletcher & Co., in Chestnut street, the most superb service of plate I ever saw, to be presented by the directors of the old Bank of the United States to Mr. Nicholas Biddle. It is to cost \$15,000. The inscription recites all his valuable services to the institution and to the country at large, and among other things his having "created the best currency *in the world.*" He deserves all they can do for him, but the world is a big place. Fletcher & Co. are the artists who made the Clinton

The Biddle
Plate.

vases. Nobody in this "world" of ours hereabouts can compete with them in this kind of work.

The Banking-
House. The portico of this glorious edifice, a sight of which always repays me for coming to Philadelphia, appeared more beautiful to me this evening than usual, from the effect of the gas-light ; each of the massive fluted columns had a jet of light from the inner side so placed as not to be seen from the street, but casting a strong light upon the front of the building, the softness of which, with its flickering from the wind, produced an effect strikingly beautiful. How strange it is that in all the inventions of modern times architecture alone seems to admit of no improvement ! — every departure from the classical models of antiquity in this science is a departure from grace and beauty.

BALTIMORE, FEB. 15. — I was within half a minute of losing my chance this morning in the railroad cars. The omnibuses leave Market street at eight, and had started just as I got there ; but I saved my distance. They go to Grey's Ferry on the Schuylkill, from where the cars start on the new Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, which has been in operation about a week, and go by Wilmington and Elkton, — nearly the old mail-stage route. We got here at three o'clock, an hour later than usual, in consequence of the ice and snow on the tracks. But what a contrast is this to the old winter travelling between the two cities, over a detestable road and a dangerous ferry, and two days and a night consumed on the journey. The Susquehanna at Havre-de-Grace is crossed in a steamboat superior to anything yet produced in America. The passengers descend by a stairway into this floating palace, where everything comfortable is provided. The cars are then brought on a platform overhead level with the road. The immense machine then starts, breaking the ice, whatever may be its thickness ; the passengers then ascend on this side by another substantial staircase, resume their seats in the cars, and find themselves again in rapid motion on *terra firma*, having, as it were by enchantment, crossed this ferry, which was formerly one of the greatest bugbears

to travelling in the United States in the winter season. It snowed when we started this morning, and has been the most unpleasant day I have experienced during the present winter. But the cars, which held about seventy persons each, are provided with stoves, which made them (as Polly Stymets said) a *little too comfortable*. The fare on this capital road is only four dollars.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 19. — Called this morning, by appointment, upon Mr. Webster, who accompanied me to the Senate at eleven o'clock, and obtained for me a place on the floor, — an exceedingly difficult thing under the present orders. The galleries were all filled two hours before the time of the Senate's meeting. I was indebted for my good place to some hocus-pocus between Mr. Webster and the sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. Clay rose to the order of the day (Mr. Wright's bill, commonly called the sub-treasury bill) at one o'clock, and spoke until half-past five. It was a great speech, as all his speeches are ; but I thought it too long. It would have borne a curtailment of an hour advantageously. Mr. Clay's physical force was not so great as usual, and I thought he laboured under the effects of indisposition ; but the close of his argument was the best part. He belaboured the last and present administrations, quoting from Mr. Van Buren's reply to the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, in which he speaks of himself as "the honoured *instrument* to carry out the measures of his illustrious predecessor." Mr. Clay said that the meaning of the word *instrument* given by Webster's Dictionary is "*tool*," and continued to speak accordingly of the *honoured tool* of General Jackson.

In the course of the speech Mr. Clay bore somewhat hard upon Mr. Calhoun for his recent apostasy, and replied to his arguments in favour of the bill, to which the latter replied in a few exceedingly harsh and ill-natured remarks. He charged Mr. Clay with having "misrepresented all his arguments," and threatened "in his own good time to settle accounts with him," to which Mr. Clay rejoined that he was "ready to settle with the gentleman from

Mr. Clay's
Speech.

South Carolina in any way, and at any time," he chose. Mr. Calhoun, like all men whose position is doubtful in their own minds, is, no doubt, very sensitive. I thought there was a degree of acrimony and ill-nature in his reply much greater than the occasion justified. When I shook hands with this gentleman this morning I felt grieved that so brilliant a mind and so gallant a spirit had been cast away by the influence of prejudice and paltry interested motives.

FEBRUARY 20. — I called upon the President this morning, who received me with his usual urbanity. He inquired about my family and other persons of his acquaintance, talked about the weather, his habits and mode of living, but asked no questions about the state of things in New York, and, of course, did not touch upon politics.

FEBRUARY 21. — The long-expected day arrived at last. Mr. Webster's great dinner to the New Yorkers took place to-day at five o'clock. We went in a body to his house, and were met by an equal number of the most distinguished Whigs in the United States, and some of the greatest and best men which our country can boast of. The dinner consisted, as near as I can recollect, of the following party, — I shall endeavour to put them all down here, for this was an affair long to be remembered: The New York party, fourteen in number; Mr. Webster, Governor Davis, Governor Lincoln, of Massachusetts; Mr. Robbins, Mr. Tillinghast, of Rhode Island; Messrs. Tallmadge, Sibley, Hoffman, Curtis, of New York; Meredith, Wise, of Virginia; Bell and Graves, of Tennessee; Crittenden, of Kentucky; Bayard, of Delaware; Colt and Dr. Alexander, of Baltimore.

Toasts were given and speeches made by almost everybody. Mr. Wise was eloquent and entertaining; Mr. Webster very fine. Old Mr. Robbins delivered a beautiful eulogium upon Washington, in a soft and tremulous voice, and in language classical and pure. It was a glorious affair. When I arose at the table (at which I had the seat of distinction) I was awe-stricken, and for a moment em-

barrassed, but recovered instantly. I felt as if in an assembly of the gods. These were men who *can* and *will* save the country. I told them so, and they responded, Amen!

The next thing in order was the dinner which the New York party gave to the Whig delegation from our State. One senator (Mr. Tallmadge, a conservative, with us now heart and soul) and ten of the lower House, besides whom we had Messrs. Clay, Webster, Crittenden, Wise, Graves, Waddy Thompson, etc.,—in number about forty. I presided, and they all say it was the greatest thing I ever did. But how could it be otherwise? I had Clay on my right and Webster on my left. I felt inspired myself, and infused inspiration into all around me. Alluding to my relative position, I made them all pledge themselves to make one of us three President of the United States. How we apples swim! At ten o'clock we broke up, and most of the party went to the ball in honour of Washington's birthday, which was a brilliant affair. The President was there, and the Vice-President, heads of departments, foreign ministers, etc.

Mr. Pontois, the French Minister, has been exceedingly civil to me. He wants to give me a dinner, and appears greatly disappointed that I cannot accept it. Colonel and Mrs. Howard have pressed me very hard, as have everybody here; but we go to Baltimore on Saturday, where further honours await us. I am almost tempted to return with Charles King and some others of the conspirators, but cannot; and perhaps it is better to break off in the midst of my enjoyment. I received this evening a letter from the Baltimore committee, informing me that an extra train of cars has been provided, to start from here on Saturday at noon. This is a comfortable and kind arrangement, as we should otherwise have been compelled to start at six in the morning, and very convenient for men who sit every night "carousing until the second cock."

BALTIMORE, FEBRUARY 24. — A dreadful affair had happened at Washington to-day, which only came to my knowledge a few

minutes before I left Washington this morning. Mr. Webb, the editor of the "Courier and Enquirer," was attacked with great violence in the House of Representatives by Mr. Cilley, of Maine, who took part in the debate on the subject of the charge made by Mrs. Davis (author of the "Spy in Washington") against Mr. Ruggles, of the Senate, of corrupt and dishonest conduct in relation to a patent. Mr. Cilley, in debate, asserted that Davis was employed by Webb, a scoundrel editor, who had been bribed by the president of the Bank of the United States, etc. Webb was of our party to Washington, and soon after his arrival took measures, it appears, to obtain satisfaction. He applied to Mr. Curtis and Mr. Draper to bear his challenge, both of whom very properly refused. He then called upon Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, a very fine fellow, who has been with us almost constantly, and he unfortunately consented. He called upon Mr. Cilley, who refused to accept the challenge, on the ground that Webb was not a gentleman, and, moreover, that he was not bound to account for words spoken in debate; upon which Mr. Graves, according to the ridiculous code of honour which governs those gentlemen, insisted upon his fighting him, and after some negotiation it was agreed that they should fight this day. The first suspicion I had of what was going on arose from my meeting Webb in the passage at Gadsby's, about eleven o'clock, when I told him I was going to take leave of Mr. Clay, who lives in the same house with Mr. Graves; on which he said that Mr. Clay, not knowing of the extra train of cars at noon, had gone to Baltimore early in the morning. I went, however, to their lodgings, inquired for Mr. Graves, and was told by a servant that he had gone to Baltimore; but on inquiry found that Mr. Clay was at home, and went to his room, where I saw and took leave of him. This circumstance, together with the mysterious appearance of things at our lodgings, caused me to make inquiry, and I found that Graves and Cilley had gone out to fight with rifles at eighty yards' distance, the former with Mr. Wise and the latter with General Jones, of Wisconsin, as seconds; both adepts in this damnable

practice, who would carry things to the utmost extremity, and who are said to have gone armed for the purpose of shooting any person who might come upon the ground to prevent this most unnatural combat.

The friends of Graves, who is a gallant and amiable gentleman, who has his wife here and his children at home, are doing everything to prevent the meeting and bring about a reconciliation ; and Webb is much distressed at being the cause of his engaging in this quarrel, which he had nothing to do with, and much reason, I think, he has. This unhappy affair has caused a gloom among our friends, and prevented the members of Congress from coming on to the public dinner prepared for us in Baltimore. We came, however (all but Webb), in the extra car, soon after twelve o'clock, and arrived here at three. The party consisted of King, Blatchford, Giraud, Ward, Blunt, Hoxie, Patterson, Draper, Ketcham, and myself. The car on our arrival was surrounded by the populace, who expected to see Webster and Clay, and were greatly disappointed when they found none but us unimportant New Yorkers, although we were the honoured guests and they, with the other members, the adjuncts of the party. On our arrival we were waited upon by the committee, who escorted us to the Eutaw House to the great dinner.

It was gotten up in a most splendid style, and we were received by two hundred of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore, with honour and distinction never to be forgotten. Dr. Alexander presided, with a large number of vice-presidents. I, as chairman of the New York party, was seated on the right of the president, and Colonel Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia, on his left. It was, of course, my duty to reply to the third toast, which was a compliment to New York. I was alarmed beforehand for fear I should not do well, for I had no time for preparation, and my mind was engrossed with the duel at Washington ; but the occasion seemed to inspire me. I spoke three-quarters of an hour, and all my friends agree that it was an excellent speech. I feel myself that it was

the best effort I ever made. Speeches were made in the course of the evening by King, Gerard, and Patterson, of our party; by Colonel Swift, Colonel Finlay, Reverdy Johnson, John P. Kennedy, Judge Hanson, Mr. Poe, Mr. Barney, Mr. Ewing, member of Congress from Indiana. We had a most beautiful speech by a young lawyer named Wallace, who, if he redeem the promise given on this occasion, will be a distinguished man. We broke up at twelve o'clock precisely, the arrival of the Sabbath preventing us from sitting longer; and thus ended the most agreeable public dinner I ever witnessed, and the highest compliment I ever received.

FEBRUARY 25. — I heard early this morning of the fatal termination of this savage *rencontre*. Mr. Cilley was killed on the third fire. It was reported that Webb and Mr. Duncan, of Ohio, were to fight to-day; but it is contradicted by a letter which I received this evening from Charles King, of which the following is an extract: "The fatal issue of the duel of yesterday has caused a deep sensation. There will not be, however, in my opinion, any more fighting. Webb is truly and deeply distressed. He will remain here till Tuesday, rather so as not to appear to avoid any consequences, than because there are any consequences to be apprehended. Graves is, of course, sobered and saddened, though with the consciousness that he had done all that he could have done to avoid fighting. They fought about five o'clock, on the Annapolis road, and fired three times; the third shot from Graves passed into the cavity of Mr. Cilley's stomach. He placed his hand on the wound, made a convulsive movement to his second, fell, and died without uttering a word. It is singular that Cilley, who, in practising the day before, had shot eleven balls in succession into a space not bigger than your hand, did not hit Graves at all. So confident were Mr. Cilley's political friends that Graves would be killed, that in the House, during the day, there was, it is said, manifest exultation at the idea. Some washerwoman or servant told Mrs. Crittenden, in the hearing of Mrs. Graves, that Mr. Graves had

gone out to fight, and she had to pass five mortal hours in all the agony of suspense. Mr. Clay, whom I saw in his bed this morning, told me he had had an interview with her, so fearful that it had absolutely kept him awake all night, and made him so sick and nervous this morning, from the mere recollection of it, that he cannot get up. The event of Mr. Cilley's death will be announced to-morrow. The funeral will then take place, and of course both Houses will adjourn. It is not impossible that after the death is announced some discussion may arise upon the manner of the death, and some attempt be made to censure the practice generally, and perhaps in this particular case even."

MARCH 6. — A committee of the House of Representatives has been appointed to investigate the circumstances attending the late duel between Messrs. Graves and Cilley, with power to send for persons and papers. In the Senate, Mr. Prentiss, of Vermont, has introduced a bill to prevent duelling in the District of Columbia, making it death for the survivor, and imposing ten years' imprisonment upon all persons concerned in sending a challenge.

MARCH 10. — The papers are filled with this painful subject. Some of the vile supporters of the administration attempt to give it a political bearing. These men, who have always supported Jackson and made him the standard of their religion, morals, and politics, are now loud in their condemnation of the practice of duelling, although the wooden god of their idolatry was known as one of the most notorious duellists in the United States, and even had a *rencontre* of the most savage and sanguinary character with another of their oracles, Mr. Benton, of the Senate. The Supreme Court of the United States, consistently with the dignity of its high station, put the seal of condemnation upon the practice of duelling, by refusing to attend officially the funeral of Mr. Cilley, and declaring the determination of the court not to unite hereafter in the funeral obsequies of any person who shall have fallen in a duel.

MARCH 15. — The speeches on this all-engrossing subject in the Senate still go on. Mr. Calhoun has replied to Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay has come in with a rejoinder. Mr. Bayard has spoken with his usual grace and urbanity against the bill, and Benton, with his "*front de bœuf*," has roared in its favour; and that admirable old man, Asher Robbins, of Rhode Island, who charmed us at Mr. Webster's dinner with his eulogy on Washington, has added his testimony against the bill to that of his illustrious coadjutors, in a short speech, pure, eloquent, and classical as usual. The giant of Massachusetts, the defender of the Constitution, came to the rescue on Monday last, on which day he spoke five hours, and finished on Tuesday in a continuation of four hours. It is said on all hands to have been the greatest speech he ever made, greater even than his reply to General Hayne, on Foote's resolutions.

The Hon. Paine Wingate, of Stratham, New Hampshire, died last week, at the age of ninety-nine years.

He was a graduate of Harvard College, and for several years (since the death of Dr. Holyoke) the oldest graduate of that institution, a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire from 1798 until 1809. He was emphatically a gentleman of the old school; the confidant and adviser of Washington while President. His gait was erect and his deportment graceful. He wore a cocked hat, breeches and top-boots, and cambric ruffles at his breast and wrists. His lady survives him at the age of ninety-five. She is the sister of the late Thomas Pickering.

MARCH 16. — Died last evening, John Treat Irving, in the sixtieth year of his age, — one of my oldest acquaintances; we were playmates forty-five years ago; afterward associated in the literary institutions, to which I now look back as the sources from which in my youthful days I derived great enjoyment, and prospective advantages during my future life. We have ever since been good friends, and the most cordial feelings have subsisted between us. Of different professions, and disagree-

Sub-Treasury
Bill.

Last of the
Cocked Hats.

Death of
Judge Irving.

ing in politics at our start in life, the intimacy which commenced so happily did not continue so close as in our early years, but our personal friendship and mutual regard was never impaired; and I now mourn for his loss, as almost the last of the associates of my early years.

MARCH 24. — The Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Assembly have made a report on the finances and internal improvements of the State, said to be the production of their chairman, Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, member from this city, — one of the ablest financial and statistical State papers which has ever been produced in this country. It presents the most glowing picture of the present resources and future prospects of the State, the result, not of sanguine and exaggerating fancy, but of plain facts and accurate calculations. It shows the most perfect ability to carry into effect all the splendid plans of internal improvement which have been projected or advised by the liberal-minded politicians of the State, and refutes most conclusively the arguments of Silas Wright, when he was comptroller, and his political hangers-on, that the works then in progress could not be completed without recourse to direct taxation. On the contrary, all the facts and arguments of the masterly report tend to support the opinion expressed in the concluding resolution: "That it is not necessary or expedient to levy a direct tax." This report appears to be the result of deep study and elaborate investigation. It is extremely well written, remarkable for close reasoning, and a style, clear, simple, and occasionally eloquent. It has no hard words, no popular clap-traps, no metaphysical humbug, but is better to read and easier to understand, by all sorts of people who can read or understand anything, than any paper on the same or a similar subject, extending to the length of eight close columns of a newspaper, that I have ever read.

When Mr. Wright, then comptroller, in order to convince the people of the State that they were going too far in the works of internal improvement, and would have to resort to taxation, told them that the revenue of the canals at that time, 1817, which

amounted to \$150,000, was the true basis of a prospective calculation for the ensuing ten years, and when Mr. Ruggles now shows them that this revenue amounted during those ten years to more than ten millions, they will begin to doubt, one would think, the infallibility of their wooden oracle. And when they remember how obstinately the wise plans and enlightened predictions of DeWitt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris, and Jonas Platt were opposed, ridiculed, and thwarted by this same Mr. Wright and the men who now swear by him, until they could no longer hope to deceive the people, but were compelled to come into those great plans which contributed so largely to the glory and prosperity of the State, and then ungratefully sought to deprive those men of the merit of originating the plans, — when all these things, I say, are seen and reflected upon, it would seem impossible that the people should not turn from their false prophets, no longer rely upon those who have so often deceived them, nor fail to discover that Samuel B. Ruggles is more worthy of credit than Silas Wright.

MARCH 26. — This hard-fought and long-debated Sub-Treasury Bill. bill passed the Senate late on Saturday night. Every senator was present; but before the finishing stroke was put upon it, it was divested of its most exceptionable features. It was no longer the monster which Silas Wright introduced, inso-much that Mr. Calhoun, who has so deeply compromised his fair fame in its support, was constrained to vote against it on the final vote. It was not bad enough for him. Its effects would not be so sudden nor so certain as he wished, to break down the North and East. It can be considered in no other light than a triumph for the talents and patriotism of the glorious band of Whig senators. The first cut of the pruning-knife slew the 23d section, which made the dues of all kinds to the government payable exclusively in specie. Mr. Webster moved to fill up the vacancy by inserting a section providing “that no distinction shall hereafter be made between the different branches of the revenue, as to the funds or the medium of payment in which the debts or dues accruing to the

government shall be paid or discharged." This amendment, which was carried, 37 to 14, repeals the famous specie circular, the favourite measure of Benton and the other Loco-focos, and is a solid triumph of the Webster policy.

MARCH 27. — The administration men, who are endeavouring to make a political use of the late unfortunate duel at Washington, are reminded by the Portland "Advertiser" of the opinions of their Grand Lama, General Jackson, on this subject, by the publication of the following horrid anecdote relating to the bloody murder of Dickenson by Jackson, in 1806. The account given by Dr. May, the surgeon of Jackson, in letters dated Nashville, Sept. 16 and 17, 1817, states: "They were to fire as soon as the word was given. When the word was given Dickenson fired instantly; but Jackson, after Dickenson had fired, deliberately buttoned up his coat, took deliberate aim, and fired. Dickenson fell on his face, uttered a groan, and expired. In a letter to a friend soon after, Jackson said: 'I left the damned rascal weltering in his blood.'" This is one of the good deeds for which Andrew Jackson has been rewarded by the people with the highest honours in their gift.

ALBANY, APRIL 5. — The weather being fine, and a nice little day-boat called the "Vanderbilt" starting to-day, I came here to indulge my desire to see our Whig House of Assembly, and my friend, the admirable Speaker. If the Whigs are not proud of both the one and the other, they have not so much pride in their work as they had discrimination in the selection of the materials. When I arrived in Albany the House was in session; there never was so hard-working a set of men in any public body; they meet at nine o'clock in the morning, and continue in session until late in the evening, with an interval of an hour to bolt their dinners *à l'Américaine*. Never did men earn harder their stinted pay of three dollars a day, — about two shillings an hour for working-time; a price at which I used to find it difficult to hire labourers to hoist goods for me at the old corner.

The House was in Committee of the Whole when I went in, and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the Speaker, and my numerous other political friends, who collectively make this House a credit to the State. I certainly have never seen so good-looking a legislative body; it comprises a large proportion of talents and character, and is marked for decorum, propriety, patriotism, and zeal in the public service.

APRIL 6. — The House of Assembly has passed a general banking law, which, it is thought, will afford relief to the city of New York. It is expected to pass the Senate. Other measures also will be adopted for the relief of the banks. The time for the resumption of specie payments is near at hand, and great alarm exists in New York from the fact, now ascertained, that the same measure will not be adopted in the other cities.

Luther Bradish is the very model of a Speaker; never was a chair so filled. With a perfect knowledge of the detail of legislative business, there is a dignity of deportment, a suavity of manner, promptitude of action, and correctness of decision which has secured for him the affection of his political friends, and the respect of his opponents, in a greater degree than any of his predecessors have ever possessed. It is, indeed, "well worth while," as Ruggles said in a letter which I lately received from him, "to take a trip to Albany only to see *our own Jove* seated on his high Olympus."

Mr. Ruggles has gained great renown by his admirable report on "the finances and internal improvement of the State." It has worked wonders in the minds of the members, and all parties are now striving to be foremost in carrying out the principles of that report. The city of New York has reason to be well satisfied with its delegation, — the best we have had for many years, — and they possess an influence in the Legislature, the want of which has been hitherto severely felt. Silliman, from Kings, and John A. King, from Queens, are worthy coadjutors of their brother Whigs from New York. These gentlemen have taken a high stand and are much respected.

APRIL 21. — Gold has flowed into our city, during the present week, in streams more copious than has ever before been known. The influx of the tide is greater than was its reflux. The fall in the exchange with England, and the astonishing accumulation of specie in England, have caused shipments to the enormous amount of two millions of pounds sterling. The Bank of England sends out a million of sovereigns, the Rothschilds 250,000, and the rest by other banking-houses, while at the same time large amounts are arriving daily from South America and the West Indies. A great proportion of the shipments from England come to Prime, Ward, & King. It was to effect this negotiation that James G. King went to England, and it is presumed that he has pledged American stocks for the amount he has brought away. This change in the money affairs of the country will facilitate the resumption of specie payments by the banks of our State, which must take place in the middle of May, or their charters will be forfeited, the Legislature having adjourned without extending the time of suspension beyond that period. It is also hoped that this golden stream will force open the doors of the banks in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, which have refused to come into the measure, and will produce the desirable effect of a simultaneous resumption at the time our banks have fixed. Without this the domestic exchanges will continue to be ruinous for the New York merchants; but, with a unity of action on this highly interesting subject, there is a reasonable prospect of better times. All we want is, that honest men should be enabled to realize the means of paying their debts, at least as far as those means are adequate to the purpose.

Great Britain hastened the awful crisis in this country by withdrawing suddenly the support of the bank from the American houses, and now that she finds herself suffering for the want of our custom, our merchants being determined to buy no more goods until they have paid their debts, she pours back upon us of the superfluity of her metallic treasures, by which she hopes (and with good reason) to set again in motion the wheels of commerce, and,

like a kind, relenting mother, to coax back to her arms her sturdy offspring. Both parties seem to have come to the conclusion that they cannot do without each other.

I went this evening to a meeting of the Kent Club, at Mr. J. Prescott Hall's. We had a large party of judges and lawyers, with Granger and Seward, and other distinguished strangers; Charles King and myself the only resident laymen. The last hour of these very pleasant reunions bears a pretty strong resemblance to the *high jinks* which Sir Walter Scott describes so well (and no doubt from personal knowledge) in "Guy Mannering."

APRIL 23. — The British steamer "Sirius," Lieut. Richard Roberts, of the Royal Navy, commander, arrived here last evening, having sailed from Cork on the 4th. She has performed the voyage without any accident, except the slight one of grounding at Sandy Hook, from which she will have been extricated by this time. She has on board forty-six passengers.

The "Sirius" comes out as pioneer to the great steam-packet which is preparing to come to this country. She was to have sailed on the 2d inst. from Cork, and has been looked for with some anxiety the last three or four days; but the wind has been westerly during her whole voyage, and her passage has been longer than it will be hereafter. The arrival of the "Sirius" is an event of so great an interest that the corporation of the city appointed a joint committee to receive and visit her on her arrival. This committee, of which Alderman Hoxie is chairman, have made arrangements with Mr. Buchanan for that purpose, and they will probably make a jollification on the occasion. It is stated in the morning papers that the "Sirius," since her departure from Cork, has used only fresh water in her boilers, having on board Mr. Hall's condensing apparatus.

It was an agreeable coincidence that the great steam-boat of which the "Sirius" was, as I said, the pioneer, should have arrived this morning just in time to have the event celebrated and the officers entertained at the anniversary

The "Great Western."

dinner of St. George's Society, the red-cross banner floating from the windows of the "banquet hall," the Carlton House.

The "Great Western" (for such is the rather awkward name of this noble steamer) came up from Sandy Hook about two o'clock, passed around the "Sirius," then lying at anchor off the Battery, and, proceeding up the East river, hauled into Pike slip. She is much larger than her *avant-courrier*, being the largest vessel propelled by steam which has yet made her appearance in the waters of Europe. Her registered measurement is 1,604 tons, length 234 feet, breadth from out to out of the paddle-boxes 58 feet, with her engines and machinery of 450 horse power. She is commanded by Lieutenant Hoskin, of the Royal Navy, and owned by the "Great Western Steam Navigation Company." She sailed from Bristol on the 8th inst., four days later than the departure of the "Sirius" from Cork, performing thus her voyage, under the disadvantages of new machinery and a prevalence of head-winds, in fifteen days.

The city was in a ferment during the day, from the arrival of these two interesting strangers. The Battery and adjacent streets were crowded with curious spectators, and the water covered with boats conveying obtrusive visitors on board. The committee of arrangements of the Corporation have fixed upon to-morrow, at one o'clock, for the two Houses, with their guests, to visit the "Sirius," where a collation will be prepared for them, on which occasion her commander, Lieutenant Roberts, is to receive the freedom of the city.

The passengers on board the two vessels speak in the highest terms of the convenience, steadiness, and apparent safety of the new mode of conveyance across the ocean. Everybody is so enamoured of it, that for a while it will supersede the New York packets, — the noblest vessels that ever floated in the merchant service. Our countrymen, "studious of change, and pleased with novelty," will rush forward to visit the shores of Europe instead of resorting to Virginia or Saratoga Springs; and steamers will con-

tinue to be the fashion until some more dashing adventurer of the go-ahead tribe shall demonstrate the practicability of balloon navigation, and gratify their impatience by a voyage *over*, and not *upon*, the blue waters in two days, instead of as many weeks, thereby escaping the rocks and shoals and headlands which continue yet to fright the minds of timid passengers and cautious navigators. Then they may soar above the dangers of icebergs, and look down with contempt upon the Goodwin sands or Hempstead beach. As for me, I am still skeptical on this subject. It would be presumptuous in this age of mechanical and scientific miracles to doubt the success of any startling experiment, or even to hint the possible difficulty of a contrivance by which a man might bite off his own nose ; but, after the experience I have had of such ships as the "England" or the "Sylvie de Grasse," I should hesitate to trust to the powers of the air or the fire-god for my transportation and safe-conduct over this rivulet of blue water of three thousand miles in width, which separates us from the land of our fathers.

APRIL 24. — The following gentlemen dined with us : Messrs. Francis Granger, William H. Seward, John A. King, Charles King, John Duer, R. M. Blatchford, Samuel Welles, Charles H. Russell, and M. H. Grinnell.

APRIL 25. — The arrival of the two British steamers, the "Sirius" and the "Great Western," is the engrossing topic of our novelty-loving population ; but whilst all honour is awarded to the projectors of these voyages, and every sort of compliment extended to the gallant commanders, Yankee pride is a little aroused, and the merit of originality in the daring enterprise of crossing the ocean by steam is successfully wrested from our brethren on the other side. The first voyage was made in 1819, from Savannah, in the steamship "Savannah," built in New York by Francis Fickett, owned by Daniel Dodd, and commanded by Capt. Moses Rogers. She went to Liverpool, and thence to Stockholm and St. Petersburg, where she was visited by, and the

First Atlantic
Steamship.

commander received presents from, Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, and from the Emperor of Russia. The same vessel went afterward to Constantinople, where the Sultan conferred on Captain Rogers similar compliments. This experiment, it would appear, however, did not succeed entirely; it is certain that she did not make short voyages, which circumstance may account for so long a time having elapsed before the attempt was renewed.

The fact of the Americans being the first inventors of sea navigation by steam is consolatory to our national pride, but should not derogate from the credit of the British, who have now proved so triumphantly its feasibility, any more than the immortal discovery and construction of the steam-engine by British subjects should lessen the merit of our own Fulton, who first applied its power to the most important of its uses, the propelling of vessels.

APRIL 27. — Having received an invitation to accompany the Mayor and Corporation in their visit to the British steamer "Great Western," I went to the Mayor's office at one o'clock, where was assembled, besides the members of the Corporation, a large company, among whom were the judges, members of the Legislature, Mr. Webster, Governor Mason of Michigan, Mr. Bradish, the Speaker, the editors of papers, etc. From the hall we proceeded to the foot of Beekman street, where the company was taken on board the barges to the number of about twenty, each commanded by an officer in full uniform, with a fine set of bargemen and bearing the American flag in her stern. When the company was embarked, the barges formed in procession, a band of music in the first, the whole commanded by Captain Stringham, of the United States Navy, and proceeded to the steamer, which was moored a few yards from the dock, off Pike street. We were received in good style by Captain Hoskin and his officers, and, after examining the stupendous machinery of the great vessel, the company were escorted to the saloon, and seated (all who could get seats) at a plentiful collation, arranged in excellent taste, with oceans of champagne. Messrs.

Bradish, Webster, Maxwell, the Mayor, and other gentlemen made speeches and gave toasts, and the British captains, Hoskin of the "Great Western," and Roberts of the "Sirius," appeared to be as happy as they said they were. The lovely Queen of Britain was toasted with enthusiasm equal to any which warms the hearts of her own subjects in their own country, and John Bull and Brother Jonathan were as loving as a young couple in the honeymoon. Long may these feelings continue! The whole affair went off brilliantly. The day was uncommonly fine, and the scene on the water, with the crowds of spectators on the wharves, was not the least exciting part of the pageant.

The vessel exceeds my expectation. Her steam-engine of four hundred horse power and the other machinery are upon a magnificent scale, and the accommodations for passengers in the best possible taste; the principal saloon is surrounded by forty-two state-rooms, sufficiently capacious. The ornaments are of the quaint, old-fashioned style, and the panels are decorated by exquisite paintings, in the costumes of the reign of Louis XV., which give to the whole of this beautiful apartment the appearance of a cabinet of old Dresden china. One of the greatest advantages which this saloon has over the cabins of the packets consists in the height of the ceiling, which affords light and air equal to a well-proportioned dining-room or parlour on shore. All that is now wanting to confine to the steam-vessels the patronage of all the passengers going to Europe is the assurance of safety, and that will be obtained by one or two more passages across the Atlantic.

MAY 1.—The "Sirius" sailed at one o'clock, passed the packets in fine style, and, the weather being pleasant and the sea calm, was soon out of sight ahead. The Battery was filled with spectators, who gave repeated cheers to the interesting stranger, and she was saluted from the forts on her progress down the bay. May she perform her return voyage with as much safety and expedition as the voyage out, and thereby es-

establish full confidence in this admirable mode of communication between Great Britain and the United States!

The most shocking disaster on board a steamboat which has yet been recorded occurred on the 25th of April, at Cincinnati. The steamboat "Moselle" started from the wharf on her voyage down the river. She went up about a mile to take in a family; and during the time of her stopping, the steam was held up, for the purpose of showing off her speed in passing the city, when, at the instant her wheels made the first revolution, the boilers burst with a noise equal to the most violent crash of thunder. The vessel was blown into a thousand pieces, and of two hundred and eighty passengers on board only ninety were saved. Most of the persons on board belonged to Cincinnati, and in the number were many of the most respectable citizens, who were thus destroyed in an instant by the culpable conduct of the captain and other officers, in sight of their families and friends, who were assembled on shore to witness their departure. The captain paid the penalty of his crime, he being of the number killed. The papers are filled with the details of this shocking catastrophe, which cannot be read without shuddering.

MAY 4. — The subject of the late unfortunate duel between Messrs. Graves and Cilley, which resulted in the death of the latter, was referred in the House of Representatives to a special committee, of which Mr. Toucey is chairman. To the disgrace of the administration party, instead of making this lamentable case the occasion of correcting the popular code of morals in relation to these personal encounters, and thereby removing as far as practicable this stain of blood-guiltiness from our land, they seized it with avidity, and endeavoured to turn it into part of their detestable party capital. The Speaker appointed on the committee of seven, a chairman and three other thorough whole-hog men, political enemies of Mr. Graves and his second in the duel, Mr. Wise, — fellows who would sell their souls

Report on the
Duel Case.

for their party, and have no more notion of political honesty than they have of the refined feelings of gentlemen. This committee has now brought in a report, recommending that Mr. Graves be expelled and Mr. Wise reprimanded by the House, — the most outrageous proceeding I have ever known in a legislative body, — a grand jury trying the accused, convicting them, and awarding their punishment; a greater violation (as Mr. Adams told them) of the privileges of the House than the offence itself, which the committee were appointed to investigate.

This report has been before the House several days, and occasioned a warm debate. Some high-minded gentlemen of the administration party cannot be made to swallow it. Mr. Adams made a great speech, in which he placed the unworthy conduct of the majority in such a point of view as would have made them blush, if their instructions had permitted. On Monday last, Mr. Graves and Mr. Wise both addressed the House, protesting against this unparliamentary course of proceeding, which would constitute four political adversaries their judges, and condemn them unheard.

Mr. Graves closed his speech with the following touching remarks, which, while they depict his sensibility and distress of mind for the part which he had to sustain in that unhappy affair, portray in glowing colours the absurdity of the tyranny which is exercised by public opinion over the minds and consciences of the people of this country in all things relating to affairs of honour, as we most unwisely call them. Who that read them would venture to decide that the lot of the survivor in this duel is better than that of the victim? And who that knows as I do, this amiable and high-minded gentleman, would not desire to pour the balm of consolation into his afflicted bosom, rather than seek to make the event which he, in common with all good men, so deeply deplores, a subject for the display of personal hostility and a weapon of political warfare? “Sir,” said Mr. Graves, “I was involved in the commencement of this unfortunate affair in-

nocently. I never conceived it possible that such consequences would have devolved upon me when I consented to become the bearer of that ill-fated note. Otherwise I should never have taken upon myself the task. I am not, and never have been, the advocate of the anti-social and unchristian practice of duelling. I have never up to this day fired a duelling pistol; and, until the day when I went to the field, I never took any weapon in my hand in view of a duel. Public opinion is practically the paramount law of the land; every other law, both human and divine, ceases to be observed, yea, withers and perishes, in contact with it. It was this paramount law of this nation and of this House that forced me, under the penalty of dishonour, to submit myself to the code which impelled me unwillingly into this tragical affair. Upon the heads of this nation and at the doors of this House rests the blood with which my unfortunate hands have been stained."

MAY 5. — Captain Marryat, having given lately at Toronto a very injudicious toast, complimentary to Captain Drew and his associates, who destroyed the American steamboat "Caroline," the wise people of Lewistown held a solemn town-meeting, at which they resolved to burn all Captain Marryat's books which could be found in the village. This most ridiculous resolve was duly carried into effect. A bonfire was kindled on the shore directly opposite Queenstown, and all the "Peter Simples," "Jacob Faithfuls," "Japhets," etc., which could be found were cast in the flames; the officiating high-priest at the altar of popular absurdity pronouncing aloud the title of each as it was immolated.

Captain Marryat, I dare say, made a fool of himself (not a very difficult task, I should judge, from what I have seen of him); but the Lewistownians have beaten him "all to smash," as the Kentuckians say. How mortified he must have been to hear that his books had been burned after they were paid for; and how sorry the booksellers, that their praiseworthy labours to enlighten

the American people should be so ungratefully requited, and so many copies of their publications come to an untimely end! What a grand "flare up" of American resentment! What a glorious ending in smoke of patriotic indignation! They ought to have passed a resolution at the meeting to burn all articles of British production or manufacture, *especially coals*. The village newspaper, in its virtuous wrath, announces that "'Midshipman Easy' would not burn, its stupidity rendering it fire-proof." "Werry sewere," as Sam Weller says.

Departure of the "Great Western." MAY 7.—This has been a gala-day in New York. The British steamer "Great Western," Captain Hoskin, sailed at two o'clock from Pier No. 1, North river. All the city went to behold the sight. The Battery was a mass of living witnesses to this event. Castle Garden was filled, and all the adjacent wharves and houses were thronged with spectators. When the steamer started she was accompanied by a dozen large steamboats with crowded decks and ornamented by flags, among which the loving embraces of St. George's Cross and the Stars and Stripes were conspicuous in every instance. I went with a party on board of the "Providence." The day was very fine, and the gallant fleet presented a scene in the bay not unlike that at the great Canal celebration, when Dr. Mitchell mingled the waters of Lake Erie with those of the ocean, and I was the fugleman to nine cheers so loud and astounding that it is doubtful if the highlands of Neversink have to this day recovered from the trembling which they occasioned.

Having reached the bay below Staten Island, the "Great Western" stopped, and the "Providence" went alongside and took off a large party of gentlemen who went down in her, among whom were Governor Marcy, Mr. Seward, and many other distinguished persons. We then left her with shouts and good wishes for her safe and speedy return to the public-spirited company who undertook this enterprise, and sent her out a successful pioneer. She pursued her course in fine style, and we returned to the city and

got home to a late dinner. There was a great crowd on board the "Providence," in which were many ladies, and the excursion was quite a pleasant one. An interesting incident occurred whilst we lay alongside of the "Great Western," in the bay. The ship "Colon," from Havana, came in with a number of passengers, with all sails set. Sailing beautifully on the wind, she passed through the fleet of gay steamboats, cheered the "Great Western," went close under our bows, almost touching the bowsprit, and passed triumphantly rejoicing on her way to the renowned city of Gotham; it was a fine offset of sails and rigging against steam and paddles.

MAY 8. — Died yesterday, in Philadelphia, Thomas Bradford, successor to Dr. Franklin, and the oldest printer and editor in the United States. He was in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

MAY 12. — The history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, by William H. Prescott, an American, I am proud to say, has been published in three volumes. I have just been reading it, and I think it is entitled to a place alongside of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Great care has been bestowed upon it, and no modern work displays more accurate knowledge or laborious investigation. Irving has treated some of the leading subjects of this history in the "Life of Columbus" and his "Conquest of Granada," over which he has thrown the charm of his poetical style; but here is a book, rich in all the lore of the Spanish archives, diving deep into authorities with which the reading world has been heretofore unacquainted, and making clear the dark passages of that interesting period of European history, the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries.

MAY 14. — The Pennsylvania Bank of the United States has sent on \$20,000 to Charleston for the relief of the sufferers by the fire. This is a *monstrous* act of munificence, and proves the danger of such an institution in a free country. Biddle must have

some horrid design in this, — nothing short of an overthrow of the Government and destruction of the liberties of the people.

MAY 18. — Our neighbouring city of Philadelphia was disgraced yesterday by a riot, which ended in the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall, a place of meeting for the discussion of abolition questions. A meeting was held in the forenoon, and speeches were made which exasperated the mob. Another meeting was to have taken place in the evening, but it was prevented by the interference of the Mayor. The mob, still farther instigated, it is said, by the wanton outrage of public opinion in the exhibition in the public streets of white men and women walking arm in arm with blacks, assembled in greater numbers in the evening, broke into the hall, destroyed everything they could find, and set fire to the building, which was entirely destroyed by ten o'clock. The excitement was so great that the Mayor and other civil officers were unable to prevent the outrage, and some of the number (particularly Mr. Watmouth, the sheriff) were dangerously wounded. A large proportion of the abolitionists assembled in the hall were females, of whom several harangued the meeting, and were foremost in arousing the excited populace. This dreadful subject gains importance every day, and reflecting men see in it the seeds of the destruction of our institutions.

MAY 19. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Governor Mason of Michigan, Mr. Bullock of Kentucky, Mr. Charles A. Davis, Mr. James W. Otis, Mr. Delprat, Mr. Abraham Schermerhorn, Mr. Irving Van Wart, Dr. McLean, General Fleming, and Charles A. Heckscher.

MAY 31. — The fine weather this afternoon tempted my wife, my daughter, and myself to go to Hoboken. We crossed from Canal street, walked to the Pavilion in "Les Champs Elysées" (a place better entitled to the name than the more celebrated one near Paris), and returned home at eight o'clock. It is many years since I visited this beautiful *suburb of New York*, which has been greatly improved. New walks have been laid out, the grounds beautifully

arranged, the woods cleared, and a fair chance given to Nature to show off her charms to the greatest advantage.

JUNE 1. — A resolution offered by Mr. Webster to Specie Circular Repealed. repeal the specie circular passed the Senate on the 28th by a strong vote of thirty-four to ten. On the question of engrossing this resolution for a third reading the ten votes in the minority were given by the following Senators. It is amusing to see in what company Mr. Calhoun, the great southern nullifier, has placed himself. What bedfellows political inconsistency may bring a man acquainted with! Nays: Messrs. Allen, Benton, Brown, Calhoun, Hubbard, Linn, Morris, Niles, Smith of Connecticut, Strange. Of these, five may be called Yankee loco-foco loafers; viz., two from Connecticut, one from New Hampshire, and two from Ohio, the latter being virtually a New England State, although far from its fatherland. Now, these five men do no more speak the language of their constituents than they do that of truth, honour, and patriotism, and here is Mr. Calhoun amongst them; the proud, tenacious, high-minded Carolinian, Mr. Calhoun! Well, as he likes best, so be it! As he sows so he shall reap.

This resolution was taken up in the House of Representatives on Wednesday, and carried through, without debate, in less than no time. The vote on the question "Shall the joint resolution from the Senate, repealing the treasury circular, pass?" was carried by the astonishing, unexpected vote of one hundred and fifty-four to twenty-nine, and the resolution sent back to the Senate in half an hour after the House was called to order. In the virtuous minority, our two hopeful city representatives, Cambreling and Moore, are to be found, of course; but as far as I can judge from running my eye over the Ayes and Nays in the newspaper, very few other members from our State were willing to be seen in such bad and unfashionable company. This great event, together with Mr. Biddle's letter to Mr. Adams, written in consequence of it, have infused a joyful spirit of confidence amongst our New York folk. Verily, Wall

street rejoiceth ! Stocks have risen and domestic exchanges fallen, and it would seem that the touch of Webster (as he said on a certain occasion of that of Alexander Hamilton) has caused the corpse of public credit to rise on its feet and stand erect.

JUNE 8. — Immediately after the passage of Mr. Webster's resolution rescinding the specie circular, business revived. Confidence was restored to financial operations, and hopes were entertained of better times ; but a blight has come upon our bright prospects. The evil influence of the administration, which seems determined to oppose the wishes of the people, has again been at work. Mr. Woodbury has issued a circular, misconstruing the intentions of Congress, and prohibiting the receiving of the notes of all banks who have since some day in 1836 issued small bills, thereby "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children." This ungracious measure of the administration, together with the tardiness of the banks of Philadelphia in declaring their intentions to resume specie payments, has thrown all things back again. Stocks in New York have fallen more than five per cent., and foreign and domestic exchanges have risen. The administration and the party which supports them seem determined to "die with harness on their backs." If they go out of office they will leave a ruined and bankrupt country to their successors.

JUNE 14. — It has been often said that a man must
 Acquittals by
 Juries. have great luck to get himself hanged in this country.

It is certainly a melancholy proof of the depravity of our morals, that the most flagrant offences against the laws, and the most atrocious violations of the peace and good order of society, go daily "unwhipped of Justice," by the misjudging lenity, if not the base corruption, of men elected to preserve, as jurors, the purity of our legal institutions. Two cases have lately occurred, not by any means calculated to make us proud of the name of Americans.

Some time last winter a personal dispute occurred, during the session of the House of Representatives of the State of Arkansas,

between a Mr. Wilson, the Speaker then presiding, and Major Anthony, a member, in the course of which the former came down from his chair, drew a large knife (a weapon which it appears these modern barbarians carry about their persons), attacked his adversary and killed him on the spot. Anthony endeavoured to defend himself (he had also his knife); but the movement of the honourable Speaker was so sudden as to render his efforts ineffectual, and I suppose it was "out of order" for other members to interfere in the parliamentary discipline of their presiding officer.

Wilson has been tried for this flagrant outrage. There is a full account of the trial in the newspapers, taken from the Arkansas "Gazette." From the testimony it does not appear that any violent provocation was offered by the deceased, and the facts above-stated were substantially proved, notwithstanding which the verdict of the jury was as follows: "Guilty of excusable homicide, and not guilty in any manner or form as charged in the indictment;" and the prisoner was discharged from custody. Further accounts state that immediately after this mockery of justice, the jurors, with the sheriffs and witnesses, had a grand drinking frolic at the expense of the defendant.

The other case has just occurred in our own Court of Sessions. During the last election for Mayor and Corporation, an affidavit was distributed at all the polls, made by a rascally Irishman, named Edmund Burke, in which our respectable Mayor, Mr. Aaron Clark, was charged with having offered a bribe of a quarter's rent to Burke, who was his tenant, if he would vote for him and the rest of the Whig ticket. This fellow was instigated to commit the perjury by James Thea and other worthy supporters of the Van Buren party, who carried him to the magistrate to take his deposition, paid the expenses, had the hand-bills printed, and let the poison work its way into the public mind, well knowing that the antidote would come too late, and knowing also that there was not the shadow of truth in the charge. Mr. Clark had never seen the

man in his life, owned no such house, and the whole story turned out (as might well be supposed) an infamous falsehood. Burke was tried for the perjury. His worthy friends and coadjutors advised him to plead insanity and drunkenness, which plea found favour in the eyes of the jury, and he was *acquitted*, to be used again, when occasion shall require him, to blacken the character of some other virtuous citizen, and promote the success of the party which Mr. Van Buren calls his own.

JUNE 15.—A great curiosity is to be seen on the Stuyvesant's Third avenue, at the corner of 13th street. A fine, Pear-tree. healthy, patriarchal pear-tree, which annually bears leaves and blossoms, and would produce fruit if boys would let it. This tree, which, by the regulation of the avenue and streets, is now at the corner close to the curb-stone, and has been recently protected by a substantial wooden railing, was formerly one of the trees in the orchard of Governor Stuyvesant, a great distance from New York, but now in the midst of a large city population. Tradition has been ransacked for its history, which forms a part of our city statistics. Grave essays have been written upon its longevity, and poetry has sung its praises. This tree was the subject of conversation at Mr. Stuyvesant's table to-day. There is no doubt of the fact, I believe, which I now record, that it was brought out from Holland by Governor Stuyvesant, and planted with his own hands on the spot where it now stands. Governor Stuyvesant came to New York in the month of May, 1647; the pear-tree is, therefore, one hundred and ninety-one years old.

JUNE 21.—The heart sickens, and the pen falters, in recording the dreadful disasters which occur almost daily in the steamboat navigation of the United States. I fear it will soon become doubtful whether Fulton's great invention will not prove a curse, rather than a blessing, to mankind. It certainly will, or the use of steam in navigation be discontinued, unless measures are adopted to punish negligence and temerity, and to insure safety by using necessary precautions.

JUNE 22. — The unworthy representative of New York in Congress, Mr. Cambreling, brought forward the sub-treasury bill on Tuesday last, in the House of Representatives, where it has been debated ever since, many conjectures having been formed about its fate, and calculations made of the state of the vote on the passage of this obnoxious bill. It will be exceedingly close; not more than two or three majority either way. I confess I have great fears of the result. The Government is reckless of consequences; determined to support themselves by the power which this measure will give them, they put all the screws upon their political partisans, and hold out every sort of corrupt inducement to those who may have had occasional qualms of honesty or patriotism. My fears are excited in proportion to the extent of the evil which I apprehended from the passage of the bill, and my want of faith in the ability of some half-way Whigs or Conservatives to resist the bribes which a corrupt administration will not hesitate to offer. If these things continue, and the people do not arise in their might to rebuke them, the republic is at an end.

JUNE 27. — This odious measure of a corrupt administration was rejected on Monday last by a majority of *fourteen*. Every new attempt to increase the President's power, and to counteract the will of the people, is frustrated by their representatives with increased majorities. The administration is on its back. May it never rise again!

JULY 12. — The members of Congress from East and North have arrived in town, glad to be released from the servitude of public duty in this scorching weather. They have been in session ten months, with the exception only of the few weeks intervening between the close of the extra session and the opening of the regular one. I called upon Mr. Webster this morning. He appears much fagged with hard work, and pants for relaxation and sea-air at one of his favorite resorts on the shore of his own State; and well is he entitled to that or any other comfort, for well has he

wrought in the cause of the people, as one of the leaders of that noble band, who, although wanting in the power to do much good, have succeeded in preventing much evil. I saw, also, our worthy representative, Edward Curtis, who shows the marks of a long and distressing illness, with which he was afflicted at Washington, during which he, also, suffering as he was with the pains of inflammatory rheumatism, was compelled to keep his seat in the House when the vote of every honest man was indispensable to counteract the mischievous designs of the administration party. Honour and praise to the noble Whigs and Conservatives! They have saved the country.

ROCKAWAY, AUG. 10. — We had a very pleasant ball this evening. I had an interesting conversation with Mrs. Fanny Butler, late Miss Fanny Kemble, who is here with her husband and two little daughters. This lady, whom I greatly admired when she arrived in this country with her distinguished father, Charles Kemble, has seldom visited New York since the publication of her journal, in which she took some foolish liberties with me and my family and others of whose hospitality she had partaken. I was never seriously offended at what she said in this book, but viewed it “more in sorrow than in anger;” for I thought it a pity that a woman so brilliant, who was capable of better things, should have compromised her literary reputation by giving to the world her inconsiderate, girlish remarks upon the daily events which amused her lively and excitable imagination, when I knew her talents were worthy of better employment. This, then, was the first time we had met, and she felt doubtful of what I might consider our relative positions. As soon as she entered the room I seated myself at her side, told her I was happy to renew an acquaintance, the recollection of which had always given me great pleasure, and danced with her. In the course of our conversation she said to me, with great earnestness and solemnity, and much agitated, “Mr. Hone, I cannot express to you how happy you have made me by the notice you have taken of me on this occasion. Believe

me, I am extremely grateful." I, of course, turned it off as well as I could, observing that she had no reason to be grateful; my motive was selfish, as I sought my own gratification in renewing an acquaintance so congenial to my feelings, etc. During this conversation the tear which stood in her flashing, expressive eye convinced me that this highly gifted woman, with all the waywardness of thought and independence of action which the circumstances of her early introduction into life had ingrafted upon her natural disposition, possesses that warmth of heart which I thought I had formerly the sagacity to discover, and for which I have never failed to give her credit.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Granger is in town. I called to see him this morning, at the Astor House. I told him that I thought the selection made at the Broadway House, on Friday evening, of delegates to the Convention unfavourable to his chance of being nominated Governor, for I consider them Seward men. He seems to think, notwithstanding, that he has more strength at the West than Seward. This question must not be suffered to create a schism in the Whig party. We have higher principles of action than any personal preferences between the friends of Mr. Granger and Mr. Seward.

SEPTEMBER 10.—The two curses of our country, or rather two of the curses,—for General Jackson's administration of the Government entailed enough of them upon us,—are the fanaticism of the abolitionists of the North, and the violence of the nullifiers of the South. A late transaction which has taken place in this city inculcates some of the former gentry most fearfully, and I should not wonder if they are sent to carry out their doctrines of emancipation within the walls of the Penitentiary.

The facts are these: A negro boy, the slave of a Mr. Darg, a Southern gentleman, who was here on a visit, robbed his master of \$7,000 and absconded; was harboured by a fellow called Ruggles and others, his philanthropic associates, into whose hands the money got by some means; and a Mr. Barney Corse, a man of some standing, one of the Society of Friends, was employed as

plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace with the master, the conditions of which were, that on the payment of \$1,000, which he had offered as reward, and the manumission of the slave, with a pledge not to prosecute him for the robbery, the remainder of the money should be restored. This he agreed to, and received the principal part of the money. But the police, having received information of the transaction, interfered with the high contracting parties, and annulled the treaty. Mr. Corse and Ruggles were arrested, and I cannot very well see how they are to avoid the penalty of a pretty serious crime into which their officious interference has involved them. It is not pretended that Mr. Corse, at any rate, was concerned as instigator or party to the robbery; but their subsequent conduct will bring them in as accessories after the fact, and the excitement of the public mind on the subject of abolition and everything that relates to the blacks is so great, that these men will have little chance to escape the penalty of the law.

SEPTEMBER 14.—The Whig Convention assembled at Utica, on Wednesday, in the court-house. William H. Seward was nominated Governor, and Luther Bradish Lieutenant-Governor. These are excellent nominations, and will be supported with unanimity by the Whig party. Mr. Seward is a man of superior talents, unwavering principles, and popular manners. Consulting my personal predilections I might, perhaps, have preferred my old friend, Mr. Granger, who, having stood the brunt when there was little hope of success, seems to have had the strongest claim upon the party now, when the chance of success is so much better. But the canvass shows the undiminished confidence of his friends. He wanted but three votes on the third ballot of being the nominee, and on that ballot there were five scattering votes. As for Luther Bradish, no man in the State of New York is better qualified for any office to which the people may call him.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Died this day, Mr. Jacob Lorillard, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, — a benevolent man and a good citizen; intelligent and active in all the social relations of life,

and scrupulously just in all his concerns. He retired from his business (that of tanner and currier) a few years since, having amassed a very large fortune, of which he made a good use. Mr. Lorillard and I were associated together in the German Society, in the Presidency of which he was my immediate successor, and no person in the city possessed more influence with the German population. I deeply lament the death of this excellent man.

SEPTEMBER 29. — The ex-king Joseph Bonaparte, arrived here with a numerous suite on Saturday, in the packet-ship "Philadelphia," from London. He left the United States four or five years since, as was supposed, to take advantage of some political movements which seemed to indicate the chance of a restoration of the House of Bonaparte; but he has returned, and, I trust, to spend the remainder of his days quietly in this best of all Yankee republics. He is a gentlemanly, orderly man, and has contrived to save out of the two crowns which he has worn jewels enough to make himself comfortable and to benefit his neighbors. As for his chance to reign in France, it is "no go." If the French get rid of their excellent monarch, and overthrow the present order of things, they will have something better or worse than the "House of Bonaparte" to rule them. The whole sap of the family tree ran into one branch; the rest has not fire enough to kindle a new conflagration, or strength enough to put it out if it should be kindled by others.

OCTOBER 3. — The elections in the several States which are to settle the important question between the present administration and the people are now commencing. The interest taken in these elections is unprecedented, as well for their own importance as for the influence which their results will have upon the great crowning contest, which we are to have in November.

OCTOBER 13. — The Whigs, ever sanguine, had politicians

certainly, discouraged by unfavourable reports, and elated by the news of success, made up hastily from unreliable estimates, have experienced several severe disappointments of late. Pennsylvania has gone against us. Porter, the loco-foco candidate for Governor, has beaten Rittner by five thousand majority at least; Ohio, which we thought our own, is, I fear, all wrong; but the strangest thing of all is our next-door neighbour, New Jersey. The election was held on Tuesday and Wednesday last. We had it all: six members of Congress by general ticket, and the Legislature by great majorities; but yesterday the tables began to change, our majorities were reduced and those of the Van Burenites increased. Our air-built castles began to totter; every fresh account was less favourable. The Whig majorities, like Paddy's candle placed before the fire to dry, became smaller and smaller; the Tories began to bet, and now our hopes are reduced so low that the most we claim is fifty to one hundred on the canvass of the whole State, and it seems probable that we may not get more than one or two Congressmen out of the whole ticket. Nothing is left for the good cause but a great victory in the State of New York, and already the despondency which succeeds disappointment has taken hold of our friends; we must fight.

Here the issue is to be tried. I cannot think that the great work which was so auspiciously commenced last fall is now to be overthrown. The cause of the constitution and the laws, the preservation of our precious institutions, are in the hands of the Whigs of New York, and there appears to be zeal and spirit in our ranks worthy of such a cause, and of a motive of action so exciting.

OCTOBER 15.—The Van Buren men have agreed
 Loco-foco upon a ticket for Congress. Loco-foco to the hub:
 Congressmen. Cambreling, Eli Moore, John McKeon, and Edwin
 Forrest. The latter is the celebrated tragedian, with no claim,
 that I have ever heard of, to the honour of representing the people

of New York in Congress, but that of exciting, by dint of loud words and furious stamps, the pit of the Bowery Theatre to raise their shirt-sleeves high in the air and shout Hurrah for Forrest! He may be a leader of the *Pitt* party, but no statesman. True it is that these men may “steal a horse when we cannot look over the hedge.” I remember well how I was berated by some of my political friends, when, as Mayor, I assisted in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Bowery Theatre, and made a speech on the occasion. No act of my public life lost me so many friends, and here we have a regular-built actor presented to the people for their suffrages; and he will probably (if he should consent to serve) receive the greatest number of votes on their ticket. The *Pittites* will, of course, shout most obstreperously for him, but the better sort of men, the gentlemen (the few that belong to the party), the moral men, as well as the Five-point politicians and disciples of Fanny Wright, will vote for Forrest and Eli Moore, without the slightest compunction; and why? Because they are spell-bound, and conscience-shackled by those powerful cabalistic words, *regular nominee*.

OCTOBER 18. — I attended this evening a meeting
 Whig
 Meeting. of leading, influential gentlemen of the Whig party, at the Astor House. There were sixty or eighty present. I was appointed chairman, and R. M. Blatchford, secretary. The object of this meeting was to confer with several of our friends from different parts of the State on the prospects for the important approaching election. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Benedict, of Albany, were with us, and our candidate for Governor, Mr. Seward. The accounts were cheering, and a noble spirit pervaded the meeting, undismayed by recent disasters in other States. It was represented that a sum of about \$5,000 was required, to be distributed in five or six of the counties. Subscriptions were taken on the spot, and \$3,400 subscribed down, and about the same sum in addition, conditioned upon the success of the Whigs in the city elections; in addition to which a committee of seven, including the chairman and

secretary, were appointed to raise further contributions. This is an irksome duty for me to perform, but, situated as I was, I could not shrink from it. The committee consists of David B. Ogden, J. P. Phoenix, Simeon Draper, Jr., Thomas Tileston, Jonathan Amory, Blatchford, and myself.

OCTOBER 19. — The Committee on Collections met this morning, and divided into separate committees of two. David B. Ogden and I sallied out in a pelting rain, in which we paddled about for upwards of three hours. We called upon several of our rich citizens, some of whom gave liberally, and others, having no regard for their own characters, or sympathy for our ducked condition, refused to give; but we have done our duty, disagreeable as it was. We shall get \$5,000, but there is more required for the expenses of the city election.

OCTOBER 20. — The following gentlemen (a pleasant, jovial set) dined with us: Colonel Hunter, Mr. John Henry, and Mr. Molyneux of Savannah, Mr. Power, Mr. Nicholson, Governor Mason of Michigan, Mr. Charles Heckscher, Mr. Edward Heckscher, Mr. Thomas Moore, and J. D. P. Ogden.

OCTOBER 22. — Ten gentlemen met and dined to-day at Mr. John Ward's, Bond street, being the first meeting of a club which was there organized to dine at each other's houses every Monday, at five o'clock punctually. The present members are, Simeon Draper, John Ward, Moses H. Grinnell, William G. Ward, John Crumby, Roswell L. Colt, Edward R. Biddle, Jonathan Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, and Philip Hone.

It was agreed to extend the number to twelve by the admission of Charles H. Russell and James W. Otis, to which number the club is limited. A sumptuary law was enacted, confining the dinner to soup, fish, oysters, and four dishes of meat, with a dessert of fruit, ice-cream, and jelly. The host is allowed to invite four gentlemen, not members of the club. The members did me the honour to name the club "The Hone Club," and I was appointed the President.

OCTOBER 26. — This new enemy to the peace of
Abolition. mankind, which I fear is destined to overthrow the institutions of our country, has of late raised its head proudly in this State. The candidates nominated for office at the approaching election, from Governor downward, have been addressed in circular letters by committees of the abolitionists, proposing in rather a peremptory style certain questions regarding slavery and the political disqualifications of the free blacks. Such of these missives as were addressed to the candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor are signed by William Jay and Garrett Smith. Messrs. Seward and Bradish have replied at length. Their letters are published. That of the former is exceedingly well written, somewhat evasive, and not by any means satisfactory to his inquisitors. Mr. Bradish is much more conclusive. He comes out boldly and answers all the questions in the affirmative. This does not by any means prove him to be an abolitionist, but will be so construed by that party, and will do him great injury with the Whigs in this part of the State. I regret it exceedingly, because I think this gratuitous committal was unnecessary; nor do I allow the right of a set of men, standing upon their own ground, and having views and motives abstracted from the great leading principles of political faith, to propound questions of this nature to the persons set up for the suffrages of the people, and make their favourable response the condition of their support. Such a course of inquisitorial scrutiny into men's consciences, if persevered in, will have the effect to destroy that lofty independence and integrity of mind which should characterize the representatives of the people, palsy the executive arm, and sully the purity of the judiciary. Already have I heard the most opprobrious epithets applied to my excellent friend Bradish. I know not whether the votes he loses here may not be overbalanced in the West, where the great strength of the abolitionists lies; but I regret that a man so upright and intelligent should expose himself to the reproaches of any portion of his political friends, by a supererogatory declaration of opinions which I

maintain no set of men had a right to call for. The same system is in operation here. On the announcement of my name as a candidate for the Assembly the following letter was sent to me. I copy it at length, because I consider it to be the root of a noxious plant, which in its growth will overshadow the land, corrupt the soil of republican America, and produce the fruits of anarchy and disunion : —

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1838.

PHILIP HONE, ESQ. : —

SIR, — We notice that you are nominated to represent this county in the Assembly of this State. As citizens and legal voters of this city, the undersigned, in behalf of themselves and others, beg leave to propound the following questions : —

Are you in favour of the immediate repeal of such laws of this State as permit slaveholders to introduce slaves, and hold them here as such? Are you in favour of enacting a law which shall secure a trial by jury to every person claimed in this State as a slave? Are you in favour of so amending the constitution of this State that civil rights shall not be granted or withheld according to complexion? Are you in favour of the passage (by the Legislature) of resolutions declaring the power and duty of Congress immediately to abolish slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, and to prohibit immediately the inter-state slave-trade; and, also, resolutions protesting against the annexation of Texas, or the admission to the Union of any State whose constitution tolerates slavery? An early answer to the foregoing questions is respectfully requested, and should you neglect to reply it will be considered equivalent to a negative answer.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,

A. LIBOLT, *Chairman*.
 ANTHONY LANE,
 E. A. LAMBERT,
 THOMAS RITTER,
 A. O. WILLCOX,
 W. S. DORR,
 M. R. BERRY,
 THOMAS O. BUCKMASTER,
 C. S. DELAVAN,
 ADRATUS DOOLITTLE,
 ASA PARKER,

L. W. GILBERT,
 S. W. BENEDICT,
 J. H. COLTON,
 LEWIS TAPPAN,
 THOMAS F. FIELD,
 HIRAM TUPPER,
 JOHN JAY,
 P. B. SMITH,
 ADDISON A. JAYNE,
 JOHN W. HILL.

To this letter I returned the following brief reply. I wish with all my heart that the answers of Seward and Bradish had been equally brief. "The least said," particularly in *black and white*, "the soonest mended."

OCTOBER 26, 1838.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your letter of this day, propounding several questions to me as a candidate to represent this city in the Assembly of the State. I am relieved from the obligation of answering these questions (if such obligation exists on the part of a candidate toward a portion of his fellow-citizens), by the circumstance of my not having accepted the nomination with which I was honoured by my political friends. I am, etc., P. H.

Messrs. A. Libolt, etc., etc.

Whig
Meeting.

OCTOBER 29.—The meeting was held this evening at Masonic Hall to receive the report of the nominating committee. The house was full as usual, up-stairs and down-stairs and round about. That excellent old-fashioned federal Whig, David B. Ogden, presided, with twenty vice-presidents and four secretaries. It is refreshing once in a while to see a relic of honest political principles, like David B. Ogden, allowed to take a prominent place in public affairs. It is almost the only thing of the kind I have seen in relation to the coming election. I cannot recognize the name on either ticket of a leading Federalist or National Republican,—they are permitted to work and pay money; they must bake the loaves and catch the fishes, but they get precious few of them for themselves. Every man on the Congress ticket was in full communion at Tammany Hall five years ago. They are generally good men. A better fellow is not to be found, nor a more efficient Whig, than Moses H. Grinnell; yet some of us who have borne "the heat and burden of the day" are entitled at least, one would think, to as good "a penny" as the eleventh-hour man. The tickets for Congress and Assembly went down admirably; the meeting swallowed Monroe and all without a wry face. This is all right; this unanimity "gives

token of a goodly day to-morrow." We must gain the victory now, and afterward try to get some of these little matters, which are out of joint at present, adjusted to the satisfaction of all good men and true.

OCTOBER 31. — "Who reads an American book?"
 American Literature. was the impertinent question of an English coxcomb.

Somebody must have read Prescott's excellent "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," with delight equal to my own, and also Stone's "Life of Brant," which I intend to read with equal pleasure one of these days. For of both these popular works three editions have been published, and the last edition of the latter was sold at an advance from that of the first of a dollar and a half, the original price of three dollars and a half having been found insufficient to leave a profit to the publisher. This is honourable to the taste of our reading public. They are not mere works of amusement, but standard histories, recording the events of days and of countries widely separated.

NOVEMBER 1. — My journal partakes unavoidably in
 Jersey Elections. a large degree of the subject which occupies and absorbs the minds of nine-tenths of all the folks one meets about these times. Election, Monroe; abolition, Bradish; nullification, Calhoun, — all other topics run into and are swallowed up by this troubled reservoir of party spirit and infuriated patriotism. What a happy country to be so well looked after by its citizens! A man is almost considered tainted with treason toward the sovereign people who pretends to attend to his own business.

NOVEMBER 2. — A great meeting of Whig merchants was held this day in Wall street, opposite the new Exchange. Benjamin Strong presided, with a number of vice-presidents. Spirited resolutions were adopted, condemning the measures of the Government, and inciting the merchants to union and exertion in the approaching election. But it was not required; the spirit of the Whigs is raised to the highest pitch. The merchants have given freely, the

workingmen are prepared for action, and the whole party well organized. Our hopes are high, and every man in the Whig ranks says to his neighbour, in the words of one of Oliver Cromwell's officers, "Trust in the Lord, but keep your powder dry."

I was appointed by the committee to open the meeting and read the resolutions. I spoke for about twenty minutes, and then read the resolutions with all the voice I could command. But my position in the open air, with the large openings and broken masses behind me, made the task somewhat painful; but I believe nobody could have been better heard, for my voice is strong, and I think I read very distinctly.

The scene, from the elevation on which I was placed, was exceedingly picturesque. The immense mass of heads on the level street, the groups on blocks of granite and the irregular eminences of the unfinished edifice, the heads projecting from the windows, and the crowds on the stoops of the opposite side of Wall street, with the brightness of the weather, and the animated expression of every honest Whig face that beamed upon me while speaking, presented a *coup d'œil* such as no other occasion could have produced. After I finished, Mr. Perit addressed the meeting, when the question was put on adjournment, and the feelings of the people were so strongly and so agreeably excited that it was fairly voted down. They called for Hoffman: he was not there; for Chandler Starr: he was out of town; for me again: I had spoken; for "Anybody, then!" shouted half-a-dozen voices. At length a popular orator, Mr. Reynolds, came forward, made a long speech, which nineteen out of twenty did not hear, and the meeting then adjourned.

NOVEMBER 6. — The Whig cause continues bright as ever. The greatest procession of Whigs that ever assembled paraded the streets last evening, after the returns from the wards had been received at head-quarters. They honoured me with a visit, and their fine band played several martial airs before the house. I regretted much that I was not at home to address them.

NOVEMBER 7.—The election closed this day at sunset, after the severest contest we have ever known.

Whig
Success.

The whole Whig ticket is elected. The official returns are, of course, not complete; but enough was known by eleven o'clock to make it certain that the Whig majority for the Congress ticket is about fifteen hundred, and the Assembly will not vary materially from that result.

The greatest excitement prevailed during the evening. Masonic Hall was crammed full, and the street from Pearl to Duane street a solid mass of Whigs, anxious at first and exulting afterward, but orderly during the whole time. This election probably determines the question in this State, and Mr. Van Buren's chance of reëlection may now be considered desperate. The good news of the election comes in from the North and West; the river counties have turned out better than we calculated. Dutchess and Ulster have given the Whigs thundering majorities. We have, without doubt, secured a majority of members of Congress, and Seward and Bradish are elected by large majorities over Marcy and Tracy. There is one alloy to this triumph, however. Benjamin Silliman, in Kings county, and John A. King, in Queens, two of the best members in the last House of Assembly, have lost their elections, the former by one or two votes, and the latter by thirty-two. The notes of victory were again sounded this evening before my house by the Whigs. I opened the window of the library, congratulated and thanked them, and they "went on their way rejoicing."

NOVEMBER 13.—The dark clouds which covered the political and mercantile horizon at the commencement of the last volume of my journal, and overshadowed the future prospect of individuals, though not entirely dispelled, have been broken, insomuch that some bright rays of sunshine do occasionally burst forth, and men are encouraged to hope for clearer skies and better days to come.

Business has revived. Debts from afar begin to come in without the sacrifice occasioned by ruinous exchanges. The English

and French creditors have succeeded in collecting their American debts much better than they expected. Mechanics find good employment; the suspended improvements of our city in private and public buildings have been in many cases resumed, and to all this may be added the glorious victory of the Whigs in the election which has just terminated in this State. The returns of the election are all in but one or two small counties, which will not materially vary the result. We have lost two or three members of Congress and Assembly by very trifling majorities, so that we do not stand quite so well as was at first reported; but we have Congress 21 to 19 and Assembly 80 to 48. Seward and Bradish are elected by ten thousand to eleven thousand majority.

The only improvement in my private affairs is the increased facility I have found in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest on mortgage of my real estate, by which I have been enabled to pay a large proportion of the debts I assumed for my sons. But the collections come in very slowly, and I have no reasonable hope that the ultimate amount of my losses will be less than I calculated at first; still I have great reason to be thankful. My health and spirits are good; my family are all under my roof, in the enjoyment of health and happiness. My daughters are with us. Mary's health is improving daily. I stand as high, I hope, in the estimation of my fellow-citizens as I ever did, and with a firm trust in God all will yet be well.

The city has been agitated to-day by reports of a Great Defalcation. defalcation in the accounts of the late collector of the port, Samuel Swartwout, to the amount of a million and a quarter of dollars. He has taken the public money and engaged with it in wild speculations of Texas lands, gold mines, and other humbugs, which have caused ruin for several years past to men of more means and greater judgment than Mr. Swartwout. A large proportion of this abstraction of the public funds took place during the first two years of his collectorship, and the amount has been increasing ever since. How it was possible that so enor-

mous a deficiency should never have been discovered until now is perfectly inconceivable! It is a dreadful commentary upon the manner of conducting business at Washington, and it would appear impossible that there should not have been connivance on the part of some of the coördinate branches of the department, either there or here. This is a pretty illustration of Mr. Van Buren's hopeful sub-treasury scheme, by which the collectors are made the depositaries of the public money. Banks are not to be trusted. The money must not be lent, upon the best securities in the world, to the merchants whose enterprise has earned, and whose integrity has paid it to the Government; but such men as Mr. Swartwout may take it to speculate in land in the moon, or elsewhere not much nearer home, or in imaginary treasures which the teeming earth is supposed to hold within its womb, and as yet has refused to render up even to such skilful midwives as our late collector.

President Jackson, on his accession to office, made a great fuss about public defaulters, prosecuted several petty offenders, whom he got imprisoned, and swore in his usual amiable manner that they should never be released, and at the same time appointed his personal friends, who were notoriously irresponsible, to offices of the highest trust, whose claims consisted only in their unscrupulous devotion to him and his party; and when a committee of Congress was raised to investigate the affairs of the treasury department, which investigation would have naturally led to the discovery of this and other similar frauds, he interposed between his servants and the representatives of the people, would not allow them to answer questions, and took upon himself the responsibility.

The Hone Club dined yesterday with Moses H. Grinnell. We had Hoffman, Curtis, Wetmore, and other Whigs. There were more guests and more dinner than the law allows; but I suppose it must be overlooked, in consideration of this being the first dinner which our friend has given since his election to Congress.

I went this evening with the Schermerhorns to the farewell benefit of Mr. Charles Matthews, at the Park Theatre. It was a full

house ; but he and his wife have not received the encouragement which foreign stars usually receive in this country, nor do I think as much as they deserved. They came out upon a long engagement, which their want of success has suddenly terminated, and they return disappointed, and ready (as in the case of Matthews's father) to abuse us for the want of a proper appreciation of their talents.

NOVEMBER 15. — Mr. Webster, having invited
 Visit to
 Boston. Messrs. Draper, Duer, Blatchford, and myself to dine
 with him in Boston, we prepared to go this day ; but the
 weather proving unfavorable I gave up all thought of going until
 I received a note from Draper ordering me on board the steam-
 boat at half-past four o'clock ; so I took an early dinner, and met
 Draper on board the "Narragansett" at that hour. Messrs. Duer
 and Blatchford being prevented from going, the party was reduced
 to Draper and myself.

NOVEMBER 16. — Mr. Draper and I left New York in a north-
 east storm, arrived at Stonington at two in the morning, and came
 to Boston, by the railroad, at nine o'clock this morning. This is
 a most expeditious mode of travelling ; leaving New York at the
 close of one day and being in Boston, two hundred and forty miles
 away, at the commencement of the next.

Mr. Webster called at the Tremont House as soon as we arrived
 and invited us to dine. He and I walked out. In the course
 of our walk we called upon Mr. H. G. Otis and Colonel Perkins ;
 both these worthy old sons are laid up with the gout. We did
 not see the Colonel, and I afterward received a kind note from him,
 urging me to repeat my visit. Mr. Otis wants me to dine with
 him to-morrow, and in the evening he repeated his invitation in a
 note. Several other friends called and invited me ; but the weather
 promises to be fine to-morrow, Mr. Draper must be at home on
 Sunday, so I shall not extend the flying visit to Boston beyond its
 original limits.

We met a pleasant party at dinner at Mr. Webster's : Governor

Everett; Mr. Winthrop, the Speaker; Governor Lincoln; Mr. Ticknor, who has lately returned from Europe; Mr. Fletcher Webster, of Illinois, and his pretty wife, who are on a visit to their father; Messrs. Davis, Sturges, etc. We sat until eleven o'clock.

NOVEMBER 17.—I received the usual kind calls this morning, and pressing invitations to dinner, and availed myself of a fine cold day to walk out and see the Boston lions and make some visits; among the rest to Colonel Perkins, who lives *en prince*, and has a fine collection of pictures, to which he made many valuable additions during his last visit to Europe.

NEW YORK, NOV. 19.—On Thursday last arrived the successful steam-packet "Great Western." She sailed from Bristol on the 28th of October; has had very hard weather and heavy winds. She has many passengers; in the number are Mr. and Mrs. William H. Aspinwall, Mr. William Heyward and his family, Rev. Dr. Schroeder and his family, and my old acquaintance, Vincent Nolte.

Captain
Marryat. NOVEMBER 21.—In the ship "President," which sailed yesterday for London, went passenger Captain Marryat, not any better pleased with the Americans than they with him. It would have been better for both parties if the sailor author had been known on this side of the Atlantic only by his writings. When he arrived in New York he brought me a letter of introduction. I called upon him, and he dined with us; but neither I nor my family, nor the friends whom I invited to meet him, could discover in his conversation any of the talents which his works had taught us to expect, or in his deportment the ease and knowledge of the world which is frequently to be met in its pages.

He is a good seaman without doubt, and has, somehow or other, the materials for writing good stories, and a style well calculated to give them popularity; but he has evidently never enjoyed the benefits of refined society, or intercourse with people of literary talents. He is a sort of Basil Hall, without his impudence.

Wall-street
Property.

The house at the corner of Wall and Hanover streets has been sold to the North American Trust and Banking Company, by Thomas E. Davis, for the enormous sum of \$223,000; higher than anything which has yet been heard of. This building is somewhat notorious from its having been erected upon the site of one built by J. L. and S. Joseph, which, about the time it was completed, fell to the ground one night with a crash which shook all Wall street; and its fall was the precursor of a much more tremendous crash in that celebrated street, commencing with the failure of the firm that erected it, and ending with the suspension of specie payments, and the bankruptcy of one-half of the merchants and traders of New York.

Fenimore
Cooper.

NOVEMBER 22. — This gentleman has just been publishing two new works, "Homeward Bound" and "Home as Found," which are reviewed, and the author most unmercifully scourged, in an able leading article of the "Courier and Enquirer" of this morning; a more severe, and, I add, a better written, castigation was never inflicted upon an arrogant, acrimonious writer than this. Mr. Cooper, spoiled at first by the kindness of his countrymen, and inflated by the praise of Europeans, who read his books without coming into personal contact with the writer, has returned to his own country full of malicious spleen against his countrymen, because, as I verily believe, he could not bully them into approving his dogmatical opinions, and liking his swaggering airs as well as the patriotic principles and unpretending deportment of his distinguished rival, Washington Irving.

The works now published, of which copious extracts are made in the "Courier and Enquirer," represent everything in this country in the most disparaging light; the misrepresentations are as gross, and the uncharitable temper as disgusting, as anything to be found in Basil Hall's, or Captain Hamilton's, or Mrs. Trollope's lying histories, and (what is more wonderful coming from such a quarter) the style of the works is puerile and the incidents ridicu-

lous ; more worthy of the talents of a silly girl than of the matured genius of the author of "The Spy" and "The Pioneers."

NOVEMBER 23.—In the packet-ship "Siddons," which arrived yesterday, came passengers, Mr. William Brown and his lady, of Liverpool. Mr. Brown is the senior partner in the great house of William and James Brown & Co., of that place. They have, I presume, come out to attend the wedding of their only son, who is to marry his cousin, the daughter of Mr. James Brown, of this city.

DECEMBER 5.—Congress met on Monday. The Meeting of Congress. House is so nearly divided that it is not probable that the sub-treasury scheme, or any other of the Government abominations, can be carried through. The President's message was sent to Congress on Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, and, by an arrangement made by the post-office with the railroad, reached the city of Jersey, two hundred and forty-five miles, at half-past ten o'clock last evening, and was delivered at our post-office. If this is not quick work, the deuce is in it,—twenty-three miles an hour, the whole distance, one-half of it after dark.

The message is long enough, six newspaper columns closely printed. There is the usual quantity of humbug about the power of the sovereign people, although all the world knows that the writer and "his illustrious predecessor" have done more to crib this power from the dear people than any who went before them ; a plentiful use of such pretty, set phrases as "The anti-republican tendencies of associated wealth," "Vortex of reckless speculation," "Banks perverting the operations of the Government to their own purposes," and such unmeaning twaddle, whilst he knows in his heart and soul that he and his party in his own State have created all the banks here to subserve their political objects ever since they have had the ascendancy, and now rail against them when their subserviency begins to fail. He does not say a word this time about the elections, nor does he seek to propitiate the "sober, second thoughts of the people," having found that to be "no go."

St. Nicholas
Dinner. DECEMBER 6. — The anniversary dinner of the St. Nicholas Society was held to-day, at the American Hotel. Mr. Cozzens gave as good a dinner as I ever sat down to; all excellent, hot and well served, and the wines capital. There was the usual quantity of toasting and speaking. The President (Mr. Verplanck) made a long address, in the form of an annual report of the state of the society, in his quaint, amusing style. Dr. Francis, as physician-general, was very happy. I made a short address when called upon, and concluded with the following toast: New Yorkers, "at home" to all the world; let them not forget that they are masters of the house.

Another
Defaulter. William M. Price, the United States Attorney for this district, another of General Jackson's pets, and one of Mr. Van Buren's depositaries of the public money, "in spite" (as Mr. Cambreling said) "of the lamentations of the people," took himself off this morning "without beat of drum." His flight was not known until an hour or two after the departure of the British steamer "Liverpool," when Wall street was in an uproar on the receipt of the intelligence that this faithful steward of the Government was a passenger.

These are the men who, for political services formerly rendered (and in the case of Price continued unblushingly to the last), were appointed to the two most responsible offices in the gift of the general Government, at a time when neither of them could have got the credit upon his personal responsibility for a hundred dollars. Here are some of the fruits of the corrupt, demoralizing system which originated with his country's curse, Andrew Jackson, and has been unscrupulously carried out by the puppet who thought it "honour enough to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." Price was formerly a violent, brawling Federalist, and when he found he could get nothing by that he became a Democrat and Tammany man, more violent and brawling louder even than he did on the other side, but with better success. He became the Marat, the Danton of the party, the Anacharsis Clootz, the

orator, *not* of the human race, but of the profligate race whose vigils were held at Tammany Hall and the several subordinate pandemoniums of the respective wards ; supporting through thick and thin the pernicious measures of his master, and denouncing all honest men who dared to doubt their infallibility. A demagogue of the first rank, he was precisely the man they wanted. They knew their *Price*, and he knew his, and the unsuccessful Jacobin of the Federal party became the pampered minion of the Loco-focos.

The city is in an uproar ; every hour brings fresh reports. This glorious election ! Well are we rewarded for time and money spent and services rendered in the good cause. The light of truth is now penetrating into the dark recesses of corruption. The spoilers will be condemned to disgorge the spoils which they have themselves "told us belong to the victors," and, if it be not too late, honest men may come to their rights and the Republic be saved.

DECEMBER 7. — The breaking up of the Loco-foco Party forces in different parts of the country produces every day some new development of party atrocity ; a state of things exists in Pennsylvania extremely alarming ; little short, indeed, of civil war. The return of the judges of the election for the county of Philadelphia being in favor of the Whig candidates, they, as well as those on the other side, appeared at Harrisburg on Tuesday last, at the organization of the Legislature, and claimed their seats as members of the House of Representatives. The Whigs, having the returns of a majority of the judges, were entitled to their seats until the house was organized to receive the protest of their opponents ; but this legal course of proceeding was opposed by the Van Buren men, and a scene occurred more outrageous than ever before witnessed in a country professing to be governed by written law and established rules. Both parties elected their own Speaker, and both proceeded to business in the same hall. Confusion and disorder reigned for a time, until brutal violence was resorted to and the hall was left in possession of the Loco-focos, supported by a mob of ruffians in

Party
Violence.

the galleries. The whole was a scene hitherto paralleled only by the sittings of the National Assembly of France, or the Jacobin Club of Paris in the horrid days of anarchy and bloodshed which ushered in the Revolution and led to the destruction of everything "good and lovely and of good report" in that devoted country. God grant that the same causes here may not produce the same results! Virtuous men here begin to fear the worst. Now is the critical moment of our country's fate. If the Whigs continue to grow in numbers and remain firm in the good cause they may succeed in subjecting the rabble of Loco-foco Jacobins to the power of the laws; but if not, the time is close, very close, at hand, when this noble country of ours will be subject to all the horrors of civil war; our republican institutions, theoretically so beautiful, but relying unfortunately too much upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, will be broken into pieces, and a suffering and abused nation will be compelled to submit to the degrading alternative of Jacobin misrule or the tyranny of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Bonaparte. To return to Harrisburg: the mob having possession of the Representatives' hall next attacked the Senate, where the Whig majority is so large that no dispute could possibly arise. That House attempted to meet in the afternoon, but the same scene was re-enacted there; riot and confusion prevailed throughout. The president's chair was usurped by a demagogue named John McCahen, who addressed the ruffians around him, instigating them to violence. The senators were assailed, beaten, dragged out, and driven from their seats. The accounts do not as yet inform us that any lives were lost. The Governor has issued his proclamation, calling out the troops, and general orders are published in the Pennsylvania papers for troops to assemble and march from other parts of the State to Harrisburg, the seat of war.

The times are out of joint. The United States are surrounded by difficulties and dangers requiring a strong arm and a better head and purer political morality than are ever to be found in a mere party manager and popular demagogue. The dishonest

servants of a corrupt administration running away with the people's money; the halls of Legislature invaded in a neighbouring state by a ruthless faction, and the laws of the Commonwealth openly set at defiance; abolitionism fomented by fanaticism on one side, and restricted by pride on the other; our misguided citizens meddling with other people's concerns on the northern frontier, and running their foolish heads into Canadian halts, and sympathizing on the southern with a band of reckless buccaneers whose brotherhood would lead to endless strife and ultimate disunion; the treasure and blood of the republic expended and spilt in an Indian warfare in tenfold quantities, to remedy the bad management of our rulers; character, talents, and moral worth rendered of no account in competition with the claims of political services, — from the effect of all these evils “ Good Lord, deliver us ! ”

DECEMBER 8. — The Legislature of the State of Missouri did themselves the *distinguished honour*, on the 21st of last month, to elect that prince of humbugs and enlightener of the Loco-focos, Mr. T. H. Benton, senator of the United States for six mortal years more.

The Baptist meeting-house at Reading, Conn., was blown up by gunpowder on the night of the 28th of last month. A man named Colver, an abolition lecturer, had been holding forth in the church, and was to lecture again, when a fanatic on the other side of the question placed a keg of powder under the pulpit, and blew the whole “ sky high.”

We had to dine with us to-day Mr. Christopher Hughes, American *chargé* at Stockholm, Col. Webb, Mr. William B. Astor, and Dr. Francis. Whilst we were at dinner there was a ring at the street door-bell. The boy Daniel went out, and found nobody there; but there was a basket on the sill of the door, which he brought into the dining-room, and it was found to contain a lovely infant, ap-

Election of
Benton.

Anti-abolition
Violence.

An Unex-
pected Visitor.

parently about a week old, stowed away nicely in soft cotton. It had on a clean worked muslin frock, lace cap, its under-clothes new and perfectly clean, a locket on the neck which opened with a spring and contained a lock of dark hair; the whole covered nicely with a piece of new flannel, and a label was pinned on the breast on which was written, in a female hand, Alfred G. Douglas. It was one of the sweetest babies I ever saw; apparently healthy. It did not cry during the time we had it, but laid in a placid, dozing state, and occasionally, on the approach of the light, opened its little, sparkling eyes, and seemed satisfied with the company into which it had been so strangely introduced. Poor little innocent, — abandoned by its natural protector, and thrown at its entrance into life upon the sympathy of a selfish world, to be exposed, if it should live, to the sneers and taunts of uncharitable legitimacy! How often in his future life may the bitter wish swell in his heart and rise to his lips, that those eyes which now opened so mildly upon me whilst I was gazing upon his innocent face had been forever closed. My feelings were strongly interested, and I felt inclined at first to take in and cherish the little stranger; but this was strongly opposed by the company, who urged, very properly, that in that case I would have twenty more such outlets to my benevolence. 'I reflected, moreover, that if the little urchin should turn out bad, he would prove a troublesome inmate; and if intelligent and good, by the time he became an object of my affection the rightful owners might come and take him away. So John Stotes was summoned, and sent off with the little wanderer to the almshouse.

The group in the kitchen which surrounded the basket, before John took it away, would have furnished a capital subject for a painter. There was the elegant diplomat, the inquisitive doctor, the bluff editor, and the calculating millionaire; my wife and daughters, standing like the daughters of Pharaoh over the infant Moses in the bulrushes, — all interested, but differently affected, the maids shoving forward to get a last peep; little

Emily, the black cook, ever and anon showing her white teeth ; James and Dannie in the background, wondering that so great a fuss should be made about so small a matter ; and John, wrapped up in his characteristically neat overcoat, waiting, with all the dignified composure which marks his demeanor, to receive his interesting charge and convey it to its destination.

DECEMBER 12. — The troops from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Rebellion. under the command of General Patterson, having arrived at Harrisburg, something like order has been restored, and the two houses of the Legislature have met daily, not in their usual place of meeting, nor for the despatch of business, but for the purpose of adjourning legally. Commodore Elliott has also arrived, with other officers, under the authority of the general Government, to command the United States forces at Carlisle. These measures may keep the insurrection under whilst the troops are present ; but the flame appears to be only smothered, to break out whenever they are withdrawn. Charles J. Ingersoll, the author of all the mischief, and other leaders must be hanged to restore order.

DECEMBER 14. — Hospital in the morning, Savings-bank in the afternoon, and, afterward, dinner at Mr. Abraham Schermerhorn's. I did not, of course, arrive at my last post of duty until an hour after the time I was invited for dinner, but quite in time for all beneficial purposes. I noticed a fact at the dinner table to-day, which proves the increased intercourse between the people of the United States and Europe. Of a party of twenty seated at the table every person has been to Europe, although of the number only two, Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Maitland, were foreigners. When I first dined out frequently, that distinguished class of *learned pundits* who had been "abroad," as the term then was, was so small, that if we had one native who had enjoyed that high privilege in a dinner-party he was looked up to with profound respect and deference ; "a rare bird, and somewhat like a black swan." Now the streams of accumulated knowledge may be obtained at innumerable fountains : the families

of Abraham Schermerhorn, of James J. Jones, of T. L. Gibbes, of Nathaniel Prime do pour forth streams of intellectuality (I wish I had the wheelbarrow which Dr. Francis alluded to at the St. Nicholas Dinner, to carry this long word) sufficient to assuage the thirst of the most ardent and untravelled seeker of knowledge.

DECEMBER 15. — A Loco-foco member of Congress, Congressional Proceedings. from Maine, named Atherton, brought into the House of Representatives, on Tuesday last, certain resolutions on the subject of slavery, declaring that the subject was not to be touched, that no petitions should be received, and that Congress had no right to meddle with slavery in the District of Columbia. This political tool was instigated to this measure by his brother Locos of the South, who were, no doubt, pledged to uphold him in his subsequent course. The resolutions may or may not have been proper; that is not the question; but the outrageous impudence of the fellow, and the profligate support which it received from his unprincipled party, were evinced in his speaking for nearly an hour in support of his resolutions, and concluding by moving the previous question, thereby precluding all reply, and forcing the dose down the reluctant throats of men of all political parties. And to the disgrace of the House, and the mortification of all honourable men, the motion was carried and the resolutions adopted without a word of comment (even to the phraseology, which John P. Kennedy said was so ungrammatical that his stomach, which had been to school, could not swallow it), except those which the mover had used in their favor, which it is presumed he thought unanswerable, and therefore determined should remain unanswered.

I do not recollect that this precise case has ever occurred before. Its unblushing impudence is absolutely amusing. But I would ask the *southern* gentleman from Maine, whether some of his sagacious constituents *down east* may not consider it a sort of acknowledgment of weakness, and dread of consequences a little similar to that of the school-boy, who, coming behind his companion, hits

him a punk on the back, and then takes to his heels for fear of the counter-punk.

DECEMBER 17. — Mrs. Brevoort opened her splendid house on Saturday evening to a large party. I went with my daughter. It was a grand affair; there is not a house in the city so well calculated to entertain such an assemblage; five large rooms open on one floor, and a spacious hall besides, with a noble staircase. This is the first time all this has been shown to the *bon-ton*, and the capriciousness of the master and mistress is so great that it may remain a sealed book for half a dozen years, unless the present freak should continue.

The "Utica" brings the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Eliza Rumpff, wife of Vincent Rumpff, minister resident at Paris from the Hanse towns, and daughter of Mr. John Jacob Astor. She died at her residence in Switzerland, near Geneva. This lady leaves no children. There are, therefore, but three children to inherit the largest fortune in the State, — William B. Astor, Mrs. Langdon, and a son who is not likely to interfere with the claims of the others. If William lives to old age he will probably be richer than his father now is.

DECEMBER 25. — The club dined yesterday at Mr. Crumby's, Bond street. Of the members, Messrs. Grinnell and Duer were absent; a good dinner, good singing, and plenty of wine. The following ode, which I wrote for the club, having been set to music by Mr. C. E. Horn, was sung, for the first time, by Major Tucker: —

ODE FOR THE HONE CLUB.

I.

Our club, like a jury impanelled, we view,
 Composed of twelve freemen, all good men and true;
 We have hearts for our country, religion, and laws,
 And we find a true verdict in her holy cause.

Answer, then, Mr. Foreman, are you all agreed?

President: Agreed.

Chorus: Agreed, agreed; we are all of one mind.

For our country and freedom, our verdict we find.

2.

Will you stand by her commerce, unfettered and free?
 Shall the Star Spangled Banner still float on each sea?
 Shall mercantile faith a just recompense claim,
 Protection at home, and abroad a good name?

How answer you then? Are you all agreed?

President : Agreed.

Chorus : Agreed, agreed; we are all of one mind,
 To stand by the merchants, our verdict we find.

3.

In the cause now before you, the plaintiffs appear,
 Good order, and Reason, and Union are here;
 'Gainst corruption and power they plead their own cause,
 Relying on Truth, Constitution, and Laws;

Shall the good cause prevail? Are you all agreed?

President : Agreed.

Chorus : Agreed, agreed; we are all of one mind,
 In support of the good cause, our verdict we find.

4.

Shall Truth, Love, and Friendship our club still unite,
 And the cares of the day ne'er extend to the night?
 Shall innocent mirth and good-humour abound,
 And our bosom beat high as each Monday comes 'round?

Gentlemen of the jury, are you all agreed?

President : Agreed.

Chorus . Agreed, agreed; we are all of one mind,
 For Truth, Love, and Friendship, our verdict we find.

5.

Shall our bumpers be quaffed as the wine sparkles bright,
 And the talesmen join who are with us to-night?
 Our hearts warmed by friendship, the toast shall it pass,
 " May temperance fill, and joy empty, the glass " ?

In this honest toast you are surely agreed?

President : Agreed.

Chorus : Agreed, agreed; we are all of one mind,
 For temperate enjoyment, our verdict we find.

1839.

JANUARY 1. — The year 1839 commences under more favourable auspices. The commerce of the country is much improved; such of the merchants as have been only sadly bent are considerably straightened; the broken ones remain broken; for myself, although not a merchant, I have been a severe sufferer as surety for others. There is an awful change in my circumstances, which can never be repaired. I have lost two-thirds of my fortune, and I have only to call to my aid philosophy and resignation, and to be thankful for the blessings I still enjoy. It is a consolation that as yet I have met all my obligations honourably, and have no reason to fear my ability to continue to do so. My children shall inherit a good name from their father; they must make the most of it, for I greatly fear it will be their only inheritance.

In a political view matters have improved during the last year. The elections, in the aggregate, have been favourable to the Whig cause. Parties in the present House of Representatives are equally balanced. The next will have a majority of Whigs, without any reasonable doubt. In the State of New York we have a Whig Governor, and a majority of about forty in the House of Assembly; but, unfortunately, we are in a minority in the Senate: that, too, we shall correct in the fall election. The city for the first time in many years will be represented in the next Congress by four Whigs, and the Mayor and a majority in both branches of the Common Council are on the same side. On the whole, we may sing

“ A requiem for thirty-eight,
And a health to thirty-nine.”

JANUARY 7. — The club dined at Mr. Russell's, Messrs. Duer and Colt absent. We had, among the supernumeraries, Mr. Webster,

who is here on his way to Washington. He was in exuberant spirits, and more agreeable than I have seen him on any former occasion. We sat until eleven o'clock, and broke up after a grand chorus of "Auld Lang Syne."

Professor
McVickar. JANUARY 28. — I heard a capital sermon yesterday morning in Trinity Church, from Professor McVickar, of Columbia College. He does not often treat us; but when he does, it is a treat indeed. He comes with a sermon well prepared, logical, learned, of the purest English, and a style surpassingly beautiful. His voice is bad, and it causes a little pain to listen so closely as is necessary for one who, like myself, has not the sharpest ears in the world, in order that no part should be lost of that which is so well worth hearing.

Chancellor
Kent. Take this gentleman for "all in all," he is the loveliest man I ever knew, and I consider the intimacy which exists between us one of the greatest privileges and highest honours I enjoy. He has "dropt in" frequently of late to see us; last evening he sat about an hour, cheerful, playful, and instructive; such a mixture of learning and simplicity; a head so sound and a heart so light; a conscience free from reproach, and an imagination poetical as that of a youthful lover! And this man is seventy-five years of age. So much for good habits, early assumed and never departed from; industry, sobriety, a course of life void of offence before God and man; an enthusiastic love of literature and an habitual aversion to debt, that fell disturber of the happiness of professional men. Such is James Kent. May he live as long as this world and those "which it inherit" shall continue pleasant to him! As for myself, "I wish that Heaven had made *me* such a man."

Stephen Van
Rensselaer. This excellent man, the contemporary and friend of James Kent, I now mention on this page, not to record his living virtues, but to mourn his decease. He died on Saturday last, at his home in Albany, suddenly, whilst seated at the dinner-table. General Van Rensselaer has been better known

by the familiar and affectionate title of "The Patroon," — a Dutch word to express "The lord of the manor," from his extensive patrimonial estates. He has held many important civil and military offices. He was a Federalist of "the old school," and the candidate of that party on more than one occasion for the office of governor. Few men were more extensively known and beloved. Of gentlemanly manners, one of "the Lord's noblemen," of an amiable disposition, great benevolence, and active public spirit. His ability to do good, which from his great wealth was greater than that of most of his fellow-citizens, was never sparingly exerted for the benefit of his fellow-men, nor for the promotion of the public works of the State. He was closely identified with the great Canal System, and an early and active coadjutor of DeWitt Clinton in the great work which immortalized him.

JANUARY 29. — My wife and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Ludlow; the party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gracie, General and Miss Tallmadge, Mr. Gabriel Shaw, Mr. William H. Harrison, and ourselves.

MARCH 18. — We had an uncommonly pleasant **Hone Club.** dinner of the club at Blatchford's, — gay, jovial, and somewhat noisy. This was caused by the presence of several distinguished and agreeable guests: Mr. Webster, Mr. Southard, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Curtis, Mr. John A. King, and Mr. Young. We sat until to-morrow was near at hand.

MARCH 22. — The rumors of war on the north-
Hard Times. eastern boundary, — burn the pine logs which have set it a-going, — together with the bank difficulties in the Southern and Western States, occasioned by a premature resumption of specie payments, have caused another panic in New York. The blossoms of hope which had sprung up in the brief sunshine of confidence are again blighted by the frost of suspicion. The pockets of rich men which had opened a little are now closely buttoned up, and "No trust" is once more the chilling maxim of

commercial dealings. Stocks have fallen suddenly ; trade is at a standstill. New York cannot collect her debts, and the banks are looking to their own safety. In the mean time the markets are higher than ever. Beef and mutton sell at eighteen to twenty-five cents a pound, and how the poor man manages to get a dinner for his family passes my comprehension. Suppose we succeed in turning out Van Buren and his scurvy pack, shall we be any better off ? Doubtful, very doubtful !

MARCH 29. — I went, as usual, to church this morn-
 Good Friday. ing, and afterward into Wall street, where the din of
 business drowns the sound of the bell's invitation to
 worship, and the gravity of devotion is put out of countenance by
 the restless, anxious looks of speculative men of "this world." Good Friday was formerly kept with a considerable degree of solemnity. The banks and most of the shops were kept closed, and Episcopalians, especially, made it a point to abstain from business as strictly on that day as on the Sabbath ; but it is now scarcely observed at all. A few "church people" attend worship in the morning of the day, and usually hear an excellent sermon ; for if there be anything *in* the preacher, the sanctity of the occasion, and the touching service of the church for the day cannot fail to bring it *out* ; but as for the suspension of business, the high rents in Broadway and the dearness of the markets will not allow the shopkeepers to lose a day.

MARCH 30. — The monster no longer keeps guard
 Mr. Biddle's at the mouth of his den. The spectre which for so
 Resignation. long a time frightened old Jackson "from his propriety," and subsequently disturbed the slumbers of his successor, is "laid in the Red Sea ;" or, to speak more to the point, the undaunted opponent of arbitrary power, and the skilful regulator of currency and credit, has retired from the field of his triumph and his labours. The resignation of Mr. Biddle as a director and the president of the Bank of the United States is announced in the papers of this day. This event, unexpected here, and known only to a few friends in

Philadelphia, took place yesterday, in an address to the directors. He puts his resignation upon the ground of a desire for retirement, the necessity for which is indicated by a delicate state of health, which may be attributed to most laborious exertions for twenty years past in the service of the bank. This is, no doubt, the true reason, although rumor has given out others, among which is the preposterous one of his being called by Mr. Van Buren to the head of the Treasury Department. A better appointment, certainly, could not be made ; but the President is not in the habit of doing magnanimous deeds, and, besides, it would not work well for his political objects. His own party would find it somewhat difficult to justify the appointment of a man whom they have been taught by their masters for the last eight years to decry and vilify at Tammany Hall, and all the outposts of the Loco-foco army of stipendiaries. Nor would he get credit with his political adversaries for honest intentions, or a desire to promote the public good. The public good ! Fudge ! What does it mean ? The term is often used for purposes of humbug, but its meaning is obsolete.

The truth is, that Mr. Biddle is a good writer, and rather prone to trifle in the flowery paths of poetry ; and now that he has had glory enough as a financier, it is not unnatural that he should seek for literary distinction. Besides, he possesses a beautiful seat on the banks of the Delaware, where there is a miniature fac-simile of the monster's marble den in Chestnut street ; and he raises fine grapes, and gets a good price for them in the Philadelphia market, and has as good a right to enjoy *otium cum dignitate* as anybody I know.

APRIL 5. — Died on Tuesday last, at Wilmington, Delaware, Hezekiah Niles, the conductor of "Niles' Register" (the best statistical publication and record of national events in this country), and the father of the "American System." His name stood high on the *tariff* of private worth and public service.

APRIL 8. — Attended the monthly meeting of the vestry of Trinity Church. An application from a committee of the Historical Society for the use of St. Paul's Church, in which to celebrate

the fiftieth anniversary of the Inauguration of Washington, was refused (improperly, I think). Preparations are making by the society to have a grand affair on this occasion, on the 30th. Mr. John Quincy Adams has consented to deliver the oration.

ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT WESTERN." APRIL 15. — The arrival of this packet has been looked for with great anxiety. She sailed on March 23, and arrived at twelve o'clock last night, having encountered on her voyage an unchanging series of head-winds and severe gales. This is the longest voyage the "Great Western" has ever made; but it proves, more than any other, the advantage of steam navigation. Captain Hoskin says that a sailing-vessel would not (with the wind and weather he has had) have been now more than three days on her way out.

The Hone Club dined at Mr. Amory's. All the members were present except Mr. Duer, — gone to Europe. In the number of guests was Mr. Webster, jovial and agreeable as usual. I think it not by any means improbable that if a special minister should be appointed by the President, under the act of Congress, to go to England about the boundary question, Mr. Webster may be the man. He told me that the Governor of Maine, the members of Congress, and the Legislature of that State had united without regard to party in an application to that effect, and I am tolerably sure that he expects it.

APRIL 20. — Died last evening, at Jersey City, Colonel Aaron Ogden, aged eighty-three years. He was one of the noble band of revolutionary soldiers, which is now nearly extinct. A fine old American gentleman; but, like many of his class, his latter years were sparingly cheered by the smiles of fortune, and he was compelled to rely upon the scanty emoluments of the office of collector of the port, without commerce, of the City of Jersey.

ARRIVAL OF THE "OLD IRONSIDES." APRIL 23. — The frigate "Constitution," the fine old bull-dog whose bark was heard first in the late war, is now in our harbour, waiting to sail on a cruise, under command of Captain Claxton. She lies at anchor in the North

river, off the Battery, in the tranquillity of strength. The "Massachusetts" steamer, on her return yesterday from the excursion to Sandy Hook, passed up the river close to her, and gave us an opportunity to see this noble arm of the naval power of the United States.

Artists' Supper. I went this evening to the Artists' Supper of the National Academy, to which I was invited as an honorary member. This entertainment was given preparatory to the opening to-morrow of the spring exhibition. The number at table was about fifty, with the estimable president, Mr. Morse, at the head, who returned from Europe in the "Great Western," and myself in the post of honour, at his right hand. Our table was placed in the middle of the great exhibition-room, brilliantly lighted, and we were surrounded by the beautiful collection of pictures, fresh from the easels of the accomplished artists, who were partaking of the double enjoyment of the banquet before them and the well-earned reputation derived from the successful result of their interesting labours. How insignificant, in comparison to these, would have been the most gorgeous array of costly mirrors, luxurious hangings, rich carpets, and golden ornaments! These are, indeed, the precious products of an art the tendency of which is to refine the mind, enrich the imagination, and soften the heart of man.

This will be one of the best exhibitions of the Academy. It is delightful to witness the improvement from year to year of the young artists, the result of study and practice under the instruction and from the fine classical models of the Academy; and the older members grow richer and more mellow as their talents ripen into maturity.

The school of Mount, the American Wilkie, appears to have attracted many aspirants after the honours of that class of subjects in which he excels, and they have produced several capital things. Foremost in the number stands two pictures by Mr. Edmonds, an amateur painter, — one representing the reading of a penny paper ;

the other, "Commodore Truncheon" and "Tom Pipes," from "Roderick Random," both admirable; indeed, I prefer the latter to a new picture of Mount's, "The Rabbit Trappers," which he has painted for Mr. Charles A. Davis.

I am puzzled to know how Mr. Edmonds finds time, in the midst of his laborious occupation as cashier of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, to devote himself to an art so foreign to his ordinary pursuits, and how, under so great a disadvantage, he should have arrived at such proficiency.

Death of Gen-
eral Smith,
of Baltimore. APRIL 24. — Mr. Christopher Hughes has just heard of the death of his father-in-law, General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who died on Monday last, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. His death was remarkable, and such as every old man should desire. He had returned from riding, lay upon the sofa to refresh himself, and was found dead by a servant who entered the room.

General Smith was another of the old revolutionary officers, to whom the country owes so much, and pays so little. Happily, in his case no pecuniary aid was requisite; he was a rich man. He signalized himself on several occasions during the war of the Revolution, and has been almost constantly since in public life; for many years a representative of the State of Maryland in the Senate of the United States, frequently in the Legislature of that State, and at the time of his death Mayor of Baltimore, to which latter office he was elected (although an administration man, unopposed by the Whigs) for his gallant conduct on a recent occasion when the peace of the city was disturbed by one of those mobs to which Baltimore has unhappily been rather frequently exposed.

APRIL 25. — In the packet-ship "Siddons," which sailed to-day for Liverpool, went passengers, Mr. William Brown and wife, of Liverpool; their son, Mr. Alexander Brown, and his wife, the daughter of James Brown, of this city. These are all partners or adjuncts of the great mercantile houses of William and James Brown & Co., of Liverpool, and Brown Brothers & Co., of New York.

The visit of William Brown and his wife has been very pleasant. They have married their only son to his cousin, and thereby keep the cash from going out of the family. They have travelled a great deal in the United States, visiting last winter the Falls of Niagara, passed considerable time with their friends here and in Baltimore, and now return in a fine ship, at the most favourable season of the year; and in twenty days probably the senior will again be engaged in making money, the junior in devising plans to spend it, and the ladies in telling their friends and neighbours "all about it."

APRIL 26. — General Scott has returned from his last excursion to the northern frontier, where he was sent to set matters to rights between the *loafer* royalists of Canada and the *loafer* patriots of the United States. I do not know how he has succeeded, for I was not at home when he did us the honour to call this morning. The girls saw him, and say he looks very well, considering the labour he has performed within the last two or three months, during which time he has been constantly employed in the public service, adding to his military renown the blessings which await the "peacemaker." In the course of this severe tour of duty he has travelled (by land principally) forty-seven hundred miles. He is now "the observed of all observers;" and who knows what he may be hereafter?

APRIL 30. — The semi-centennial celebration of the Celebration of the Historical Society. Inauguration of Washington, which took place in this city on the 30th of April, 1789, was held this day, and went off triumphantly. I was one of the committee of arrangements, and, as the day approached, became extremely anxious and nervous, from an apprehension that sufficient interest had not been excited, and that the distinguished guests of the society from other States might witness a failure. But my fears were groundless. It could not have been better.

The members of the society and invited guests assembled at the City Hotel, and walked in procession to the New Dutch Church, in

Nassau street. The church was filled on our arrival, and hundreds could not obtain admission, seats having been reserved for the persons forming the procession. On the stage erected in front of the pulpit were seats for the orator ; for Mr. Stuyvesant, the president ; for myself, vice-president of the society ; and for Judge Davis, of Massachusetts ; Judges Thompson and Betts ; Rev. Drs. DeWitt, Knox, and Wainwright ; Governor Pennington, of New Jersey ; Mr. Southard and General Scott. The ceremony commenced with a prayer from Dr. Knox, one of the pastors of the church. Long, dull, and inappropriate, to which succeeded an ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Bryant, and sung by the choir of the church to the sublime tune of Old Hundred Psalm. The ode, in my judgment, is very so-so, considering it is the production of the crack poet of New York.

Then came the oration, by the venerable ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams. It was in truth "well to be there." It does not often fall to the lot of any man to hear or read so masterly a production, eloquent in language, powerful in argument, refined in taste, glowing with patriotism, and fraught with instruction. The history of the formation of the government, of the desolate state of public affairs in the dreary interval between the termination of the war and the Declaration of Independence ; the violent and pertinacious opposition of the Anti-Federalists to the new Constitution ; and, finally, the glorious consummation of the principles of the Revolution and the establishment of liberty and peace by the adoption of the Constitution, the seal to which was affixed by the event we were celebrating. All this, together with some touching and interesting details of events attending the triumphal journey of Washington, his reception in this city, and the administering of the oath in front of the City Hall, — this day fifty years ago, — were given in a voice and manner eloquent and animated, but tremulous and feeble. The orator occupied a little more than two hours in reading it, and skipped over many leaves. I am much mistaken if, when it comes to be

read, it does not prove to be one of the most able political papers known in this country. Broad, old-fashioned, federal doctrine, strongly laid down and stoutly supported, and proven to have been that on which alone the Government could be successfully formed and happily maintained.

The ceremonies in the church were concluded by a truly apostolic benediction from the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, delivered with all that fervour and devotional solemnity which characterizes my reverend and estimable friend.

Then came the tug-of-war. At five o'clock the subscribers to the dinner and the invited guests began to assemble at the City Hotel, and a few minutes before six the company were seated at the table. I had been dragged into this affair somewhat unwillingly, for I doubted if there was patriotic feeling enough in this busy, money-seeking, interested community to get up and carry through a thing of this sort, upon abstract principles of patriotism, without political excitement or present popular impulse. There was no danger about the ceremonies of the church. Admission cost nothing, and there would be naturally more or less curiosity to hear a gentleman whose talents all acknowledged, and whose public career has been marked, of late, with considerable eccentricity. There was no ground for apprehension on that subject. But the dinner — the dinner — there was the rub ; and after inviting some twenty distinguished guests, to have failed there and presented a beggarly account of empty seats would have been mortifying indeed. Impressed with these feelings I worked tolerably hard, toward the last, to avert the consequence I apprehended ; but my mind was never at ease until the hour of assembling, when I found that all was right. There was an assemblage of first-rate men, large as the saloon of the City Hotel could conveniently accommodate. There were three tables down the length of the room, each containing sixty-two places, all filled, besides the cross-table at the top, at which were seated the guests to the number of about eighteen. Mr. Stuyvesant, the president,

presided. I was the first vice-president, and Judge Betts and Charles King the others.

The guests consisted of Mr. Adams ; Mr. Southard, United States senator from New Jersey ; Governor Pennington, of Massachusetts ; Rev. Mr. Day, of Connecticut ; the delegate of the Historical Society of Maine ; Judge Thompson, Supreme Court ; General Scott ; Commodore Claxton, commanding the frigate "Constitution," now in port ; Gen. Morgan Lewis ; Col. John Trumbull ; Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of the Episcopal Church ; Rev. Dr. DeWitt and Dr. Knox, of the Dutch Reformed Church ; Mr. Grenville Mellen ; Count Roenne, Prussian *chargé d'affaires* ; President Duer, of Columbia College ; besides which there were present, as subscribers, all the city judges, many eminent lawyers, and distinguished literary men. A strong choir, consisting of Mr. Charles E. Horn, his son, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Kyle, sang fine old glees, and occasionally a solo ; and performed *Non nobis, Domine*, with great solemnity, immediately after Dr. Wainwright's eloquent benediction. An ode was also recited by Mr. Mellen, which was written by him for the occasion. The hall was decorated by Stuart's fine portraits of the first five presidents, the property of Col. George Gibbs, and in front of the orchestra was suspended Pyne's original portrait of Washington, belonging to Mr. Brevoort. A transparent painting was placed behind the president's chair, representing the old Federal Hall, formerly at the head of Broad street, with the ceremony of the inauguration as it was then performed. This was covered with a curtain, and was exposed to view when, in the course of the proceedings, the first allusion was made to it.

Mr. Adams replied to the third toast in a touching and eloquent speech. Commodore Claxton acknowledged the compliment to the Navy. Governor Pennington, Mr. Southard, Judge Davis, and several other gentlemen addressed the company. The address of Mr. Southard was particularly fine ; its subject, the "Judiciary," to which important branch of the government the orator paid a deserved tribute of homage.

After the regular toasts the president called upon me for a volunteer. I made a speech in allusion to the great events which occurred on the day we were celebrating within the gallery of the old Federal Hall, the view of which was directly in front of me, and read some extracts from an account of the proceedings, and from the speech which was then pronounced by Washington, all of which I had previously obtained from the "New York Gazette" of May 1, 1789. I also took occasion to pass a compliment upon the veteran Governor Lewis, now present, who then, as Colonel Lewis, commanded the troops who escorted the President from his lodgings to the hall. I concluded my speech by the following toast, which was well received: "The old Federal Hall: it witnessed the greatest contract ever made in Wall street. It is our precious inheritance; let us ever remember that we, also, have a covenant to perform." Thus ended brilliantly the day which I had anticipated with painful misgivings.

MAY 1. — May day is fine, pleasant weather, much to the comfort of jaded wives and fretting husbands. There is a great deal of moving in the streets out of Broadway, in the upper part of the city, but less, I think, than usual amongst the tenants of good houses. But the pulling down of houses and stores in the lower parts is awful. Brickbats, rafters and slates are showering down in every direction. There is no safety on the sidewalks, and the head must be saved at the expense of soiling the boots. In Wall street, besides the great Exchange, which occupies with huge blocks of granite a few acres of the highway of merchants, there is the beautiful new Bank of the United States opposite, still obstructing the walk. Besides which, four banks — the City, Manhattan, Merchants', and Union — are in progress of destruction; it looks like the ruins occasioned by an earthquake. The house on the corner of Broadway is undergoing alteration, which usurps the sidewalk. My poor, dear house, 235 Broadway, is coming down forthwith, and in a few weeks the home of my happy days will be incontinently swept from the earth. Farther up, at the corner of

Chambers street, a row of low buildings has been removed to make way for one of those mighty edifices called hotels, — eating, drinking, and lodging above and gay shops below; and so all the way up; the spirit of pulling down and building up is abroad. The whole of New York is rebuilt about once in ten years.

MAY 3. — Dined with Mr. William H. Aspinwall, when I met the army and the navy, embodied in General Scott and Commander Claxton, myself observing a sort of amphibious neutrality between the two.

MAY 6. — I went on Saturday evening to a meeting Kent Club. of the Kent Club, at David B. Ogden's.

These have been pleasant reunions throughout the winter. The club consists of judges and lawyers, who meet and sup at each others' houses on Saturday evenings in succession; distinguished strangers are invited, and a few laymen, in which last number it has been my good fortune to be frequently included. I have not always been able to attend when invited, but when I have, the conversation of these learned "luminaries of the law" has greatly instructed and delighted me. The evening is usually divided equally between wisdom and joviality. Until ten o'clock they talk law and science and philosophy, and then the scene changes to the supper-table, where Blackstone gives place to Heidsieck, reports of champagne bottles are preferred to law reports, and the merits of oyster *pâtés* and *charlotte-russe* are alone summed up.

New Church
of the
Messiah. A splendid church edifice has been erected in Broadway, opposite Waverly place, for the congregation under the care of the Rev. Mr. Dewey, — Unitarians, who worshipped formerly in the church corner of Prince and Mercer streets, which was burnt down. The new church was dedicated on Thursday last, and there was service in it yesterday morning and evening. The congregation is very large, which, with a large number of persons of other denominations, attracted by the popularity of the preacher and the beauty of the edifice, occa-

sioned a crowd sufficient to fill the church and all the approaches to it. The building is of stone, with a noble square tower, which is conspicuous the whole length of Broadway. The interior is very fine, and the arrangement of the pews, the pulpit, and the choir novel and commodious. The walls are painted in fresco, giving a solemn religious aspect to this splendid temple, equalled by no other in the city. But, in fact, the architecture of the upper part of the city, both in private and public buildings, is so greatly improved, that the two extremes present an appearance as dissimilar as that of the old and the new towns of Edinburgh.

Governor
Seward. MAY 14. — During my absence Governor Seward has been in town for two days, Thursday and Friday. He came to attend the anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society, where he made a speech. He did me the honour to call upon me. Blatchford says that, in speaking of me, he said I was one of the few men in New York to whom he was desirous to make the first visit. I was invited to meet him at dinner on Thursday, at Mr. Amory's. Neither the sport on Long Island nor the pleasure of my recent excursion was sufficient to compensate me for the loss I sustained in not meeting my good friend, the excellent Whig governor.

New Common
Council. MAY 15. — Loco-focoism triumphed yesterday in the result of their late unrighteous success. The new mayor, Isaac L. Varian, was sworn into office by his "illustrious predecessor," Aaron Clark, who appears to have performed the ceremony with an exceeding good grace. Whether the new functionary will "follow in his footsteps" is exceedingly doubtful. This, however, is not so bad, except so far as it indicates the downfall of good principles in the city government generally, for I think Mr. Varian the best man of his party. He is an illiterate man, but honest and of a strong mind, and will discharge his duties well, if his party will let him. But he will be ashamed sometimes of the shoulders upon which he has ridden into office, and the disorderly proceedings of the mob in

the common-council chamber, on the occasion of his inauguration, must have given him an unpleasant foretaste of the characters of his supporters. It was a shameful exhibition of riot and blackguardism. They rushed into the area of the chamber, usurped the places of the members, interrupted the proceedings, knocked down the officers, and even in the sacred presence of "old Hays" himself didn't "care a damn for Uncle Barnacle."

The work of destruction and the distribution of the spoils is not ready, but the knife will be sharpened, and the rewards of faithful electioneering services prepared against the next meeting.

MAY 20. — The Church of the Messiah is all the The Church of the Messiah. fashion. The crowds which attend it on Sunday morning make our neighbourhood exceedingly gay. The ladies, in particular, pass by in great numbers, attracted by a handsome new church, and doctrines somewhat out of the regular track of Orthodoxy. Dr. Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, preached in the morning. I promised my friend Grinnell, last evening at Hall's, to go and hear him; but the church was filled at an early hour, to the exclusion of thousands. I went, however, to the evening service, and heard the regular pastor of the congregation, Dr. Dewey, who preaches very pretty moral sermons.

MAY 30. — One hundred and sixty-one lots, being Sale of Lots. part of Henry Eckford's property on Seventh and Eighth avenues, and 22d, 23d, and 24th streets, were sold to-day at auction, at very high prices. The sale amounted to \$224,045, being an average of more than \$1,500 a lot, and a large part of the property remains unsold.

Among the maritime exploits with which these Iron Steamer. adventurous times abound, the arrival, on Wednesday last, of a little steam schooner, called the "Robert L. Stockton," from England, is one of the most remarkable. She sailed from Gravesend on the 13th of April. She is only ten feet wide and seventy feet long, and her burthen is thirty tons.

She is built entirely of wrought sheet-iron, and intended as a towing vessel on the New Jersey canal. The commander is Captain Crane. She performed her voyage in forty-six days, with no serious disaster except the loss of one seaman, who was washed off this little cockle-shell by one of the seas which were constantly sweeping her decks. Never, I presume, was the western ocean crossed in so small a craft. There was not room enough to lie straight nor to stand erect. This little vessel lies near the Battery, and is visited by hundreds of curious persons, anxious to realize the possible truth of the nursery story about the "three men of Gotham" who "went to sea in a bowl."

Arrival of the "Great Western." JUNE 1. — This most fortunate of all steamers arrived here last night. She sailed from Bristol on her regular day, the 18th of May, making her passage in thirteen days,—the shortest western passage ever yet accomplished. Captain Hoskin, whom I saw in Wall street this morning, says their voyage was delightful. One of our North-river steamboats could have made it in the same time, and as pleasantly.

This seems to be incredible. I turn back a few leaves of this journal, and find there, that on the 22d day of April, just thirty-nine days ago, we accompanied the "Great Western" to sea. Four days previously Mr. Pontois dined with us, and this morning I shake hands with the captain, and have the account of the minister's arrival. On my way to market this morning I met Wallack. It is exactly six weeks since I saw him act at his farewell benefit, since which he has been to England, engaged performers, made all his arrangements for a theatrical campaign at the National Theatre, spent several days with his family, and here he is again, kissing the ends of his fingers to me in Broadway before nine o'clock. I knew he was a passenger on board the "Great Western," recognized him through the disguise of a new pair of moustaches, but in the realization of the whole thing I was inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses. The steamer is full of passengers,—about one hundred and ten,—and in the number

are several of our friends and acquaintances: Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cruger, Mr. Thorn and his son Herman, John Van Buren, and George Parish.

JUNE 6.—The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. Robert Gilmor, Jonathan Meredith, Herman Thorn, Robert Ray, Henry Brevoort, and William H. Aspinwall.

JUNE 18.—I went out yesterday with my wife and daughter to dine with my old friends, the Lydigs, at West Farms, and had truly a delightful day. The beautiful grounds on the Bronx river are in fine order; such a profusion of roses and other flowers I have scarcely ever seen. We had an excellent dinner: Lydig's fine old wine and abundance of delicious strawberries, with a welcome hearty as the one, and unstinted as the other. Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, with some of their family, were of the party. Lydig and Suydam are both in indifferent health, and the latter dreadfully hipped, and prone to water-drinking. But our gossipings about old times, the good cheer and lovely scenery, set the old gentlemen on their legs for the time being, and both, I am persuaded, went to bed better than they have been for a twelvemonth. So much for the innocent enjoyments which this world, bad as we think it, affords.

JUNE 24.—The state of the markets in Europe for the two great products of the South and West, as reported by the arrival of the "Great Western," has produced a state of things in our commercial world of Wall street and elsewhere, disastrous and gloomy almost as that of the great crisis three years ago. Flour has fallen three dollars a barrel, and cotton has become a drug in the hands of the holders. The quantity on hand of both these great articles is unusually large, owing to the rapacity of the producers and the speculators, who, not satisfied with regular business and moderate profits, must try to get rich in a single year. Now many of the millers and cotton-planters are ruined, and their factors here have suffered severely. The natural consequence of all this is a recurrence of dreadfully hard times. The jobber cannot collect his debts nor sell his goods; the capital-

Cotton and
Flour.

ist gripes his money with the hand of death ; confidence is again at an end. Stocks are low, and ordinary beef is selling from eighteen to twenty-one cents per pound.

JUNE 30. — Feeling a little in want of exercise, I crossed the Christopher-street ferry to Hoboken, this afternoon, walked on the beautiful bank to the *Elysian Fields*, and found a shady spot to smoke a cigar and read “Childe Harold.”

Arrival of
the President. JULY 3. — Mr. Van Buren, agreeably to previous arrangement, arrived in New York on Tuesday. The party have made the most they could of this event. There was a great military parade. His arrival was anticipated by committees who met him on the way. The Loco-foco corporation, united to the faithful of Tammany Hall, received him at Castle Garden. Mr. Edmonds, formerly of the Senate, an office-holder under the government, addressed him ; and his reply, confirming all the principles of the abominable sub-treasury project, was received with shouts by his partisans. The military parade was very imposing ; but, besides that, it does not appear that there was much to gratify his feelings, if he estimates at their true value the unbought attentions of gentlemen and honest men.

JULY 9. — I called yesterday morning and paid my respects to the President, at his quarters in Washington Hall. He left this morning to visit Mr. Hunter at Westchester, Washington Irving and Governor Kemble on the North river, and after these and other visits to his friends, and an affectionate recognition of Kinderhook, the town that claims the honour of being his birthplace, he intends to pass a few weeks at Saratoga, where *the faithful* will, no doubt, be summoned to meet and render homage to him. During the President's stay in New York he has visited most of the public places in the constant custody of a set of men who are not (unless he has greatly changed) the sort of folks he would have chosen for his associates ; but party politics, like poverty, bring men “acquainted with strange bedfellows.” Moxie told me that he saw him the other evening at the Bowery Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Ming, a

fellow called Riall, and a young lawyer who had been discharged from the office of Davis for dishonesty. The old Republicans either choose to stand aloof, or are not allowed by the Loco-foco rabble, who have gotten possession of his person, to approach too near, lest they might do something to lessen their own influence. As President of the United States he was entitled to, and would have received, the attentions of men of all parties ; but as he has avowed that his visit was intended for his own political friends, and has consigned himself to the care of the worst part of that clique, it is well to let them retain possession of him. "As he has baked, so let him brew."

JULY 10. — My wife, my daughter, and I passed a delightful day at Gardiner G. Howland's, at Flushing. Howland's noble farm is in superb order. The teeming earth groans under the weight of the golden harvest, and the whole face of Nature smiles with the prospect of abundance which she is about dispensing to mankind. Oh, if the farmer would be satisfied with his crops, the merchant with regular gains, the fruit of moderate enterprise, and the professional man with the exercise of his legitimate talents, and all of them keep clear of extravagant speculation, how much more happy and independent we should be !

JULY 16. — We are here located (as we Yankees
Saratoga have it) at the United States Hotel, and no watering-
Spirings. place in this or any other country can boast of a pleasanter establishment, or one better conducted. We have a suite of two parlours and four bedrooms, in the delightful south wing. Several additional buildings have been erected since the last season, and the ground laid out in a well-mowed and well-rolled lawn, and clean gravel walks. A large club-house and two cottages, in an exceedingly pretty style of architecture, add to the beauty of the grounds and the comfort of the visitors. On the whole, there has never been accommodation so good at Saratoga.

The house is nearly full, but as yet not many of my intimate acquaintances have made their appearance. My excellent friend,

Mr. Bradish, the lieutenant-governor, left Saratoga this morning much to my regret. Governor Seward will, however, be here in a few days, and Mr. Clay is expected on his return from Quebec. With such auxiliaries the Whigs will hold up their heads "sky high, sky high, Mr. Speaker." The President was expected at the United States; but it is said that he will go, on his arrival, to the Pavilion. We are not Loco-foco enough for him, or perhaps not genteel enough; for it has been proved lately that he mingles with none but choice spirits, and holds communion only with Riall gentlemen. Apropos of puns: approaching a little knot in the drawing-room this evening, I overheard Mr. Mead saying, "If a man had five hundred wives, so and so." "What do you think," said St. Clair Clarke, "of a man with five hundred wives, Mr. Hone?" "Why, I think," I replied, "he must be a *harem-scarem* fellow."

JULY 17. — The papers give a gloomy account of commercial affairs in New York, which is confirmed by the reports of our New York visitors. Business is dull, stocks low, and money scarce. All are looking with anxiety for the arrival of the great new steamer, the "British Queen," while none expect favourable news by her. As a set-off against all these evil influences, the accounts of the crops in every part of the country are extremely cheering; people from all parts of the Union are here, and all agree that the prospects of great crops have in no former season been exceeded. The State of Michigan, which, two or three years ago, bought all the flour she used, will have this year a surplus for sale of a million and a half bushels of wheat. I do not know what political economists may say to this, but it does appear to me that good must come of it.

JULY 19. — A ball this evening, but I do not think it was as pleasant as the hop on Wednesday evening. I officiated as manager, with Colonel McAllister, Messrs. Wilson, Stockton, Tevis, etc. The balls are understood to require more dressing, and a greater degree of etiquette prevails, so that the young ladies do not engage in them with so great avidity as in the hops; but, on the other

hand, there are champagne, and ice-cream, and blancmange, whose agreeable presence is confined to the most dignified of these amusements.

An extract from a St. Louis newspaper states that
Buffaloes. the hunters had come in with twenty-four thousand buffalo-robbs and a quantity of beaver, worth altogether \$100,000. Twenty-four thousand buffaloes! what a sublime idea for any man who has ever seen a buffalo or a drawing of one, or heard him described; only imagine a drove of twenty-four thousand oxen—but the imagination cannot keep pace with the magnificent scale on which the works of nature are represented in the regions of the great West. I suppose that immense number of huge living animals would look on the prairies like a flock of sheep on Hempstead Plains.

JULY 23. — The “Great Western” arrived at New York yesterday, having sailed from Bristol on the 6th. The movements of this fine vessel have gotten to be as regular as the rising and setting of the sun, or the flux and reflux of the tide. She brings intelligence quite as bad for the commercial world as was anticipated. Cotton has fallen, American stocks a drug, and the rate of bank interest five and a half per cent., and about to be raised to six. The United States of America, by the grace of God, free and independent as they vaunt themselves, have, by a course of extravagant speculations, aided by bad management of the government, and the indulgence of personal spite of “the Greatest and Best,” brought themselves into a state of thralldom to their old masters nearly as great as that which existed previous to the Declaration of Independence. All we undertake to do is predicated on the chance of borrowing money from John Bull. We try to borrow so much, that the credit even of the State stocks is impaired. Cotton, the only thing we have to pay with, is placed at the mercy of the creditors, and the Bank of England becomes the arbiter of the fate of the American merchant. All this comes from the rage for speculation here; the desire to grow rich in a short time, which incites the

growers of cotton and flour, instead of selling at a fair price the bounties of God's providence, to hoard them up. By and by comes "a frost, a killing frost," and then the planter loses the product of many years of regular cultivation, his factor is ruined by liberal advances, and every department of business suffers from the shock.

JULY 24. — Every house is well filled. It is computed that there are two thousand visitors at the place *Saratoga*. At Congress Hall and this house there are many distinguished men and fine women; antiquated belles of a by-gone generation, enjoying with gayety and cheerfulness the scenes of their former triumphs; fine married women and lovely girls, the ornaments of the present and the hopes of the future; and men uniting as in one brilliant focus the talent, intelligence, and civic virtues of the various parts of the country.

JULY 29. — The long-expected steam-packet, the *The "British Queen."* "British Queen," arrived in New York, on her first voyage from Portsmouth, yesterday morning. One of her passengers came here this morning in the first train of cars. This is certainly doing business in great style. This gentleman left England only three days before we left home for this place, and what have I done in that time? Events now pass like the shadows of a magic lantern. The "British Queen" sailed on the 12th. She is commanded by Captain Roberts, formerly of the "Sirius," the Columbus of steam, who first of British steam-men reached our shores. She is the largest steamer ever built, being of the following dimensions: Length from figure-head to taffrail, 275 feet; length of upper deck, 245 feet; breadth within the paddle-boxes, 40 feet 7 inches; breadth including the boxes, 64 feet; her engine is of 500-horse power; burthen, 2,016 tons. The "British Queen" arrived in New York on the 28th. Her log is published. She had head-winds all the way. Her greatest distance in one day was two hundred and forty miles; the least, one hundred and thirty miles.

JULY 30. — Webb, of the “*Courier and Enquirer*,” came passenger in the “*British Queen*.” He went out in the “*Great Western*” on the 13th of June, and has been absent only forty-five days. Colonel Webb says that Mr. Webster is the greatest lion they have had in England, with the exception of Marshal Soult, since the visit of the allied sovereigns. He has not breakfasted or dined at his lodgings since his arrival in London. A great public dinner is preparing for him in Liverpool, as the friend of commerce throughout the world. At this banquet, which is to be attended by great numbers of the nobility and gentry, it was expected that “the defender of the Constitution” would come out with his heaviest guns.

JULY 31. — My daughter and I visited *Her Majesty* this afternoon, where she is lying in state at the foot of Clinton street; but God forbid that either she or her royal godmother should be defunct; far from it, for such a scene of life, bustle, and animation in and about her is not often witnessed. This is only the third working day since her arrival, and she is preparing and will sail to-morrow in company with the “*Great Western*,” which lies quietly alongside of her. It will be a trial of speed, and prodigious interest is excited in the result. The friends of both are sanguine of success, and the death-like dulness of Wall street is somewhat relieved by the betting on the race.

We were admitted on board, although the wharf was filled with persons who were excluded, and we saw every part of this leviathan of steam. Her cabin is superbly fitted up, and the staterooms adjoining it are convenient and pleasant as possible; but the sleeping apartments below are dark and confined, and I doubt whether the whole amount of good sleeping accommodations is equal to that of the “*Great Western*.” The scene on deck was a “perfect show:” discharging in one place and receiving and stowing cargo in another; boxes and barrels of stores; cart-loads of fresh meat; great lumps of ice, and George Haws, with his pleasant, red face, reeking with perspiration, employed in stowing it away; mountains

of coal sinking into the crater of the lower hold ; live cows and poultry wondering what part of the pandemonium is intended for them ; sentinels employed in the unthankful office of keeping back disappointed visitors ; and officers more agreeably engaged in doing the genteel thing by our more favoured selves.

Governor
Seward. When the committee of glorification were making arrangements to receive the President as the chief of their party, a note was addressed to Governor Seward at Albany, to come to New York and join the procession. This he declined in a letter, which the Loco-focos stigmatized as insulting and disrespectful, but which they refused to publish, although urged by the Whigs to do so. Their taunts all proving unavailing, the Young Men's General Committee applied formally to the Governor for a copy of the correspondence, which he furnished, and which is now published. The letter is long, and my time is insufficient to copy it, as I would wish ; but it is admirable. The Whigs have reason to be proud of their man. I never read anything more "germane to the matter." Soft as silk, but cutting as a razor ; manly in sentiment, but courteous in manner, — it is no wonder they refused to let it see the light. I am proud of the noble little Whig governor, and feel honoured in being allowed to call him friend.

Sailing of the
Steamships. AUGUST 1. — The " Great Western " and the " British Queen " went to sea this morning, as well as the packets for London, Liverpool, and Havre, all filled with passengers. The crowds which lined the wharves and the Battery were greater than on any former similar occasion. I went to Castle Garden to see the two noble steamships ; but as I could not see through my countrymen, and more particularly countrywomen, I had an imperfect view. The " Great Western " preceded the " British Queen " about an hour. The weather was very fine, and the water as well as the shores presented a lively and animated scene. Giving the " Queen " sixteen days' passage, she will have made her voyage out and home to Portsmouth in thirty-

six days, bringing out nearly two hundred passengers and returning with one hundred, discharging one cargo and taking on board another. Go ahead! is the impulse which now governs the world.

AUGUST 2. — The times are worse than ever. Wall street is in a state of consternation; money uncome-at-able and confidence at an end. A national bank is the only remedy (if, indeed, things have not gone too far). That, with a change of the administration, are the only straws we have to catch at. Let us try them, unless the people are determined to complete the ruin which hangs over them. If they are, so be it!

SARATOGA. — In the number of arrivals during my
The President. absence is the President of the United States, and Mr.

Secretary Forsyth, with Mr. Edward P. Livingston and a few others of the faithful. The President was met some distance from the village by a cavalcade, and followed to his quarters in the United States Hotel by a motley group. The Whigs say it was a slim concern, and the Locos say otherwise. But here he is, conducting himself with his usual politeness, and making the best of everything, as he is wont to do. I called upon him yesterday, immediately after my arrival, and was most graciously received. He hoped I would pass an occasional spare half-hour in his apartment. He has been civil to my wife, and sends his bottle to her and me to drink with him at dinner. I have studied to treat him with all the respect due to his high station, and the regard I feel for an old friend, and I acknowledge the kindness with which my advances have been received. This conduct has been pursued by most of the gentlemen, political opponents as well as political adherents; but there has been one exception, on the part of a lady, which, in my judgment, was equally at variance with good taste and proper feeling.

AUGUST 6. — The President takes the head of one of the tables, and the *modest* Mr. Bennett, of the "Herald," the other. The President cannot help this, to be sure, and the juxtaposition is

somewhat awkward. Bennett will make a great thing of this with those who are not aware that any person may take this seat who has impudence enough, and that it would require a pretty smart rifle to carry a ball from one end of the table to another. I wish the President would leave his seat, and give the "Herald" man all the honours of the table.

AUGUST 7. — The village is alive with preparations for Mr. Clay's reception. I received a letter from him, dated Montreal, 4th inst., and another by a messenger who was sent hence to confer with him, dated on his voyage to Burlington, 6th inst. He is to lodge at Lake George to-morrow night, and will come to Saratoga on Friday afternoon, where apartments are provided for him at the United States Hotel. A programme of his reception is published, signed by a committee of more than one hundred Whigs. We wished to repress this public demonstration, but it could not be. The movement is spontaneous, and the people seem to be determined to out-glorify the other party.

The Whig visitors at Congress Hall have been in a ferment about the impropriety of bringing Mr. Clay in contact with his great rival at the United States Hotel. Conferences have been had and disputes held on the subject; but the difficulty is removed by the President's determination to leave Saratoga on Friday. He is to dine with the young Loco-focos at Ballston, and go to Troy, to be received there by his friends on the same evening, and will not return until the first of next week. This may be *accidental*; but it is a happy coincidence for us, and I am mistaken if we do not model something handsome out of this *Clay*.

AUGUST 9. — The day was ushered in by clouds and rain, thunder and lightning; but all passed away, and the glorious sun shone out by eight o'clock and dispersed the vapours from the natural, as we trust the man who comes among us will those from the political, horizon.

Mr. Clay's
Arrival.

Secretary Forsyth took away his discontented countenance last

evening, and Secretary Poinsett went this morning to Cattaraugus on business relating to the Indian Treaty. The President also went back to Ballston, and thence to Troy.

Arrangements having been made for a number of the visitors to meet Mr. Clay on his approach to Saratoga, a large number, on horseback and in carriages, left the village at eleven o'clock, and went to Emerson's Tavern, nine miles on the Glenn's Falls road. In less than half an hour he arrived, accompanied by committees from Caldwell and Glenn's Falls; and after our salutations we sat down to a collation, prepared under direction of Colonel Westcott, and served up in rather homely, but hearty style. Provisions had been sent out in the morning from Saratoga, and champagne was taken by the gentlemen. The company, which consisted of seventy or eighty, comprised many bright spirits and distinguished men. I had the honour of presiding at the feast, and it is certain that we made the most of the time allowed us.

At three o'clock we left Emerson's, and came to a place two miles in advance of the Springs, where the carriages, wagons, horsemen, and pedestrians who were to form the procession were collected to receive us. Mr. Clay was placed in a new barouche, drawn by Gerald Coster's four gray horses; the other seats occupied by Judge Walton and two other gentlemen of the Saratoga committee on arrangements. The line of march was then taken up, preceded by Frank Johnson's band of music; and such a cavalcade was never seen before in the county of Saratoga. It formed a compact line a mile and a half long. I rode in a barouche with Dr. Duncan, of Mississippi, Mr. Green, of Louisiana, and Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore. Our approach was announced by the discharge of artillery from the hills, and the line of march preserved until we came to the United States Hotel, where quarters were prepared for "the man whom the people delight to honour." Here the avenues to the hotel were blocked up with the expecting crowds, who made the village ring with shouts of welcome. The large piazza in front of the hotel was filled with ladies, for whose

exclusive use it had been reserved. It had been arranged that the address should be made, and the reply received, from the steps of the hotel; but this was rendered impracticable by the crowd, and the horses were taken out and the barouche dragged around in front. Here Mr. Clay was addressed by Mr. John W. Taylor, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, and replied in a speech to the assembled multitude of more than an hour; too long, I thought, for the occasion, and entering too much into political detail; but I suppose it was unavoidable. The towns-people had the regulation of this part of the ceremony, and they were not disposed to let the opportunity be lost to the people of hearing an account of the misdeeds of their rulers from the lips of the oracle of the day. After the address Mr. Clay was conducted, amidst the shouts of the men and the waving of the women's handkerchiefs, to his apartments, fatigued with travel and exhausted with excitement.

But the affair did not end here; the great dining-room of the United States Hotel had been fitted up during the day with bouquets of flowers and festoons of evergreens, and in the evening the most splendid ball was given that was ever witnessed here; eight hundred persons were present, comprising a greater number of distinguished men and fine women than have probably ever been collected in this country.

I was the senior manager, and by previous arrangement, after the first set of cotillons, Mr. Clay and his son were led into the room by me and Mr. Meredith, the band playing "Hail Columbia," and the company opening to the right and left to afford us a passage to the upper end of the room. It has been a day of prodigious excitement, and everything went off well.

AUGUST 10.—The New York papers contain every day an account of increased commercial distress, affording a striking contrast to the gayety and extravagance of this place. More money has been spent here than in any former season, some of which, I have no doubt, belongs more justly to the pockets of creditors at home than of the hotel-keepers here.

AUGUST 12. — This is the meridian of the Saratoga season. All the world is here: politicians and dandies; cabinet ministers and ministers of the gospel; office-holders and office-seekers; hum-buggers and humbugged; fortune-hunters and hunters of wood-cock; anxious mothers and lovely daughters; the ruddy cheek mantling with saucy health, and the flickering lamp almost extinguished beneath the rude breath of dissipation. In a few days this brilliant company will be scattered over the face of the land, and who can tell for how many of them this will be the last season?

A little circle was formed this evening in the grand saloon, which occasioned much curious speculation. It consisted of the three prominent candidates for the next presidency: Mr. Van Buren, who returned this morning; Mr. Clay; and the gallant General Scott, whose star is rising fast. Each had fair ladies receiving their attentions, and many good-natured jokes were passed between them.

NEW YORK, AUG. 21. — Our dinner to-day was interrupted by the great procession for the reception of Mr. Clay, which passed the house a little before five o'clock. Mr. Clay came down from Newburgh in the steamboat "James Madison," and by previous arrangement of the Whig committee was landed at the foot of Hammond street, whence he was escorted to Union place, and thence down Broadway to the Astor House, by the greatest cavalcade I ever witnessed on such an occasion. All Broadway was filled with spectators; from the windows handkerchiefs were waved, and shouts ascended from the crowds collected at the corners. We all left the dinner-table and went to the balcony in front of the house, whence we had a fine view. We received the salutations of Mr. Clay in passing, and I was further honoured by a salute from the band. In the barouche with Mr. Clay sat General Lynch, Dudley Selden, and General Van Courtlandt. On the arrival of the procession at the Park, and before Mr. Clay was taken to his lodgings, he was carried to the front of the City Hall, where he was addressed by Mr. Selden, and replied in a good speech of less than half an hour. In the evening he went to the Bowery Theatre, where he was received with

new honour from other thousands. I went down after dinner with Gilmore and Meredith to the Astor House, which was filled like a market-place with people waiting for the return of the honoured guest from the theatre.

Viewing this affair as a spontaneous expression of public opinion, accomplished with no expense and very little preparation, and unaccompanied by military parade, it exceeded anything of the kind we have ever witnessed, excepting the reception of Lafayette. It would seem to indicate that the patriotic senator must be the favourite candidate for the presidency of the Whigs hereabouts; and I have no doubt that he is, and would stand a good chance of success, and the country be thereby saved from the further progress of ruin, were we not the most untractable, unreliable party which ever stood up against corruption and bad government.

Mr. Clay's
Departure. AUGUST 24. — Mr. Clay received visitors on Thursday, in the Governor's room, City Hall. After an ineffectual attempt to see him there (for the room was so crowded that not one in twenty who went could get admission) I called upon him at the Astor House, where I saw and conversed with him for a few minutes. The civilities of the New Yorkers have nearly annihilated him. He is hoarse and fatigued; but he went, nevertheless, to the Park Theatre in the evening, where he was received, as usual, with great applause.

Trinity
Church. AUGUST 26. — We are vagrants now on Sundays. Poor old Trinity being nearly razed to the ground, and a new church to be erected on the same spot, which will require two or three years to complete, we shall be compelled during that time to hire a pew in one of the up-town churches, or quarter upon our friends.

When the committee of the vestry of Trinity Church began with the edifice, it was intended to repair and remodel the interior only, leaving the venerable exterior and the noble, dark-looking spire in their original integrity; but in the progress of the work the building was found to be in such a state of decay as to be

rendered irreparable, and the time-honoured temple of the Lord, the parish church of New York, the nucleus of Episcopacy, was doomed to destruction. I found, on my return to the city, a shapeless heap of ruins on the spot where my imperfect devotions have been performed for the last thirty-seven years. It occasions melancholy reflections to see the dark mass of ruins still overlooking the magnificent temples of mammon in Wall street, and to think of the changes which have occurred there during the time the venerable spire which is now removed has thrown its shadow over the place "where merchants most do congregate."

May I not also see in this dilapidation a type of my own decay and speedily approaching removal? When I first went to Trinity Church I was young, ardent and full of hopes, capable and industrious, and I should now be ungrateful not to acknowledge that in most cases my hopes were realized and my industry rewarded; but the storms within the last three years have beaten upon me, the timbers are decayed, the spire no longer "like a tall bully lifts its head," and the vestry has no funds to rebuild me.

Capture of a
Slaver. AUGUST 31. — There has been great interest excited for several days past about a mysterious "low, black-looking schooner," which was seen and spoken several times off Long Island, filled with pirates, as was said. This "flying Dutchman" was captured on Monday last, between Gardner's Island and Montauk Point, by Captain Gedney, in the United States surveying brig "Washington." She proves to be very much as reported. The schooner "Amistead," a Spanish vessel. She sailed from Havana bound to Guanaja, another port in Cuba, with fifty-four slaves belonging to Jose Ruiz, a passenger on board, who had bought them at Havana from a slaver just arrived from the coast of Africa, and was conveying them to his plantation.

Pedro Montes, another passenger, had also four slaves. Four days after leaving Havana, the blacks rose upon the crew, murdered and threw overboard the captain and a mulatto cook, and compelled Montes (who had formerly commanded a vessel) to take

the helm and steer easterly for their own country, under threats of being also murdered. This he did during the day, but at night altered his course, and kept upon the American coast, until on Monday last, whilst at anchor near Montauk, the blacks having gone ashore for water and provisions, the schooner was descried by the "Washington," boarded and taken possession of, the whites released from their dreadful state of bondage, and the slaves captured. The vessel was taken into New London, and an examination held on board by Judge Judson, of the United States District Court. The schooner, with the remains of her cargo, which consisted of dry goods and other articles calculated for the use of a plantation, were taken possession of, and the slaves ordered for a trial at Hartford, on the 17th of September.

The ringleader in this revolt is a Congo negro, named Joseph Cinques, about twenty-six years of age, a fine, intelligent fellow, who would be exalted into a hero instead of a pirate and murderer if his colour was right, and he had been taken under other circumstances.

I am afraid this affair will be attended with unpleasant consequences at this time, when the minds of men in this country are influenced by the question of abolition. These poor wretches were stolen from their homes, carried to a strange country, and sold to servitude, from which they sought to escape on the first occasion which offered. They committed murder, it is true; but their situation may have rendered it inevitable. They spared their owner, which would seem to prove that human blood was not their object. If these men are tried in Connecticut, and some condemned to death, Joseph particularly will be justified by one party, and his case will excite great sympathy. If, on the other hand, the revolt should be considered only as a measure of self-preservation, and the culprits escape punishment, it will be considered by the slaveholding fanatics as a new proof of the enmity of the abolitionist fanatics; so that either way it makes trouble. I wish they could all be sent back to Havana, and perhaps it may take that course.

SEPTEMBER 7. — The following gentlemen dined with us; it was a very pleasant party, as might be expected from such material: Charles Kean, Lieutenant-Governor Bradish, Hon. Richard Bayard, United States Senate, Hon. Edward Curtis, Hon. Ogden Hoffman, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, Dr. H. McLean, G. H. Carter, Dr. Arnoult, and Robert Greenhow.

Times are certainly hard. Money is scarce and provisions dear. Goods won't sell, and customers don't pay. The banks won't discount; stocks are down to nothing, and real estate unavailable. And yet, with all this, the rage for amusement is unabated. Indeed, men seem to reason that, as they cannot last long, a dollar more or less will make very little difference either to themselves or their creditors, as the case may be.

But we are a great, overgrown city, full of strangers at this season, who bring money to pay old debts, perhaps, and furnish credit for new ones.

SEPTEMBER 13. — I went last evening to the National Theatre, and saw Charles Kean in "Lear." He is so hoarse from a cold that it was difficult at times to hear him. He is his father all over again in this part; but I did not perceive many of those thrilling passages which left an impression upon my mind never to be effaced. This may be my fault, not his; my sensibility is not so acute as in the days of the elder Kean. The son looked Lear admirably, — never was there a more perfect little old man.

SEPTEMBER 17. — The vestry of Trinity Church has adopted plans for the new church. The old one is removed, and Wall street has an unobstructed view of the bright blue western sky, — the only bright prospect left for the thousands who daily visit that street.

SEPTEMBER 18. — My wife and I left home this morning on a gossiping jaunt up the North river, to Samuel S. Howland's.

SEPTEMBER 19. — The morning was delicious. After breakfast we drove out to visit some of the neighbours. Mr. Howland's house is only about two miles from Dobb's ferry, in the midst of the pleasant neighbourhood around about Tarrytown. Our first

visit was to Mr. Sheldon's. He has just finished a lovely Gothic cottage, which is furnished in excellent taste, ornamented the grounds, and among other improvements converted a tumbling, noisy brook into a series of cascades, and made a succession of shady walks and rural seats, enough to turn the brain of a romantic seeker after the beauties of nature.

We next visited Washington Irving, who lives with his sister and nieces on the banks of the river. Our friend Geoffrey Crayon's cottage appeared rather to a disadvantage after leaving its tasteful and elegant neighbour a mile or two farther up. It is a quaint, Dutch-looking cabin, with small rooms, inconvenient, and only one story high; but the admirers of the gentle Geoffrey think, no doubt, that one *story* of his is worth more than half a dozen of other people's.

Mr. James A. Hamilton next was honoured, when we found him and his family (as in the other houses we had visited) very glad to see us. His house is large and the rooms handsome, but no part of the work appears very substantial. The view from the front is splendid, and the want of trees is not so apparent as when seen from the river.

We returned to dine at Howland's, and went by invitation to drink tea at Mrs. Constant's. This is a noble place, formerly owned by Mr. Edgar, about a mile below Dobb's ferry. The fine old trees which line the roads and surround the house give an air of magnificence to the spot.

OCTOBER 3.—I was invited to dine yesterday at
 Dinner at
 Harlem. Nowlan's Tavern, with the president and directors of
 the Harlem Railroad Company, on the occasion of the
 completion of a double track the whole distance from City Hall. A company of about one hundred, including the Chancellor, the Court of Errors, Judges and members of the Corporation, partook of an excellent dinner, and there were toasts and speeches in abundance, as usual. The best speeches were made by Ogden Hoffman and Mr. Brooks of the "Express." My toast was "The

locomotive — the only good *motive* for riding a man on a *rail*." The weather during the day and evening was delicious.

OCTOBER 9. — Wall street, the commercial and political barometer, was grievously disturbed to-day. A great crash has taken place, which, now that it has happened, appears to have not been unexpected. The Bank of the United States in Philadelphia has suspended specie payments, and the other banks of that city will have to follow its example. Those in Baltimore must pursue the same course, and the thousand rotten banks of the South will be but too happy to follow suit. Our banks carry a bold front and will not suspend, they say. In order to place themselves in a situation to hold this lofty language, they have been compelled for a long time past to squeeze the poor merchants to death. They are placed under the "nether millstone," where struggling is in vain. I hope, for the honour of New York, that all their sacrifices will not be in vain; but it is hard to stand alone against the shock of universal bankruptcy.

How that old — Jackson will rejoice in his unsanctified retreat at Nashville, at this catastrophe! It would have been worth a play ticket to witness his triumph on the receipt of the news. "I told you so!" he must have said, as he dashed his pipe to the ground with savage joy. "Where is Nick Biddle now? — down! down! where I have tried to get him for so long a time. Shout, my liege subjects, for your master's victory! Throw up your caps, my faithful Loco-foco supporters, and renew the yell so grateful to my ears: Hurrah for Jackson, and down with the merchants!" True, indeed, he did tell them so; and we Whigs also told them so. This and all the other miseries we are suffering are to be attributed to the measures of hostility inflicted by this vindictive man upon the Bank of the United States.

OCTOBER 10. — The Senatorial Convention of the Whigs of this district was held this day at the Broadway House, at noon. The members proceeded to canvass informally and inconclusively for a nominee to the Senate.

Alarm in Wall street.

Senatorial Convention.

Observing my name to be high on the list, I stated to my colleagues the difficulty of my position in being present during the discussion which would naturally arise. I certainly did not desire the nomination, and would support most heartily any other candidate who might be selected; nor would I decline it. I was precluded from the latter course by implied pledges made to my political friends last year as the condition of their consent to the withdrawal of my name from the Assembly ticket, that I would agree to serve them this year if they should continue of the same mind. In order to be relieved from the awkwardness of my situation I requested and obtained leave to retire during the discussion. After an hour's absence I was sent for and the balloting commenced. On the first ballot I had eight votes, Daniel Lord, Jr., seven, and Mr. Jay one (my vote). Finding my name still before the convention, I declined voting again, and on the third or fourth ballot I received eleven votes and Mr. Lord four. On this the question was taken by ayes and nays, and I had *every vote*. So I am in nomination as the Whig candidate for the Senate of the State at the ensuing election. I hope it will come to good for the cause, and that I may be elected now that I am up; but, in truth, it would be very inconvenient for me to pass my winters in Albany. My opponent in the convention, Mr. Lord, was supported by the lawyers, who deem it important to have gentlemen of their profession in the Court of Errors; but everything that occurred was highly complimentary to me, and it is no small gratification to have had as my principal competitor such a man as Daniel Lord, Jr., who, besides standing at the very top of the New York bar, is, in every respect, one of the most estimable men in the city.

The fearful apprehensions of yesterday were realized. The banks of Philadelphia have suspended specie payments. New York stands yet — but how long?

OCTOBER 14. — My nomination for the Senate excites great interest with all parties. It is somewhat amusing to read the comments upon my character in the newspapers. The Whigs, of

course, express their approbation, some of them (the "Commercial Advertiser" and "The Daily Whig") in terms of exaggerated encomium, whilst the other party are not sparing abuse. The "Herald" (Bennett's paper) says I am the most unpopular candidate that could have been put up. This must all go for as much as it is worth. I shall preserve these precious documents, and some of these days copy them here, to show hereafter the discrepancies of party opinions on plain matters.

It annoys me a little to be told that some of the Loco-focos of my own party (for we have such amongst us) are opposed to the nomination. "I am a gentleman," they say, — very much obliged to them! — "and no gentleman can succeed." These are the men that ruin a good cause. If they are right in what they say, the party is not worth sustaining; better would it be that everything should go back to the dunghill of Democracy, and let us see if something better may not spring from it. As a set-off against the annoyance which their reports have given me, I have been gratified by the visits of several influential Whigs in the upper wards, who assure me that I shall run a better chance than any other person could have done. I have strong doubts of the success of our ticket; but I should hate confoundedly to find that I had been an injury to it.

OCTOBER 17. — Three of my young female friends have embraced the willing chains of matrimony, besides Miss Julia Coster, whose wedding I noticed yesterday. Miss Sarah Ogden made Robert Goelet happy, and to-day Miss Mary Tallmadge, loveliest among the lovely, weds Philip L. Van Rensselaer, son of the late excellent Stephen Van Rensselaer. This last marriage is celebrated at General Tallmadge's country-seat in Dutchess County, and is, I presume, a very satisfactory union to all parties concerned; pride of birth (all that we Republicans are allowed to have of it) will be gratified. Great wealth comes in to make things comfortable, and good character gives a reasonable chance for future happiness.

OCTOBER 22. — There is great excitement in relation to the arrest of the two Spaniards, José Ruiz and Pedro Montez, the owners of the revolted slaves who were taken on board the “Ami-*stead*,” and are now in prison in Connecticut. This outrageous proceeding is the work of the abolitionists, who, in their officious zeal, have obtained affidavits from the wretched Africans, who, ignorant of our language, probably knew not what they were swearing about. These affidavits, charging their owners with assault and battery, were made the grounds of this arrest, and the Spaniards are in prison. Writs of *habeas corpus* have been issued, and the subject is now submitted to the judges, who, it is hoped, will see reason to discharge the men who escaped so narrowly from the conspiracy in which the lives of other white men were sacrificed. The fanatics are working day and night to make this bad matter worse; under the specious cloak of an abstract opposition to slavery, they are blowing up a flame which may destroy the Union, and light up a civil war between men who have no interest so strong as to belong to a brotherhood of patriots.

OCTOBER 23. — My old friend, Benjamin L. Swan, marries his daughter Mary, this evening, to Mr. Charles N. Fearing. My son Robert is one of the groomsmen, and Miss Eliza Russell a bridesmaid.

OCTOBER 26. — I am fairly in for it; every evening I am *toted* somewhere to show myself to the voters, to make a speech and solicit their “sweet voices,” not for myself, — oh no, by all means! — but for the cause of which I am the deputed representative and organ. This is a distinction which requires some address to make, but the people seem satisfied with it. A committee called upon me yesterday to invite me to a great Whig meeting, at the Military Hall, Bowery. I went, was received with the most enthusiastic greetings, made a tolerably good speech, which was received with shouts and hurrahs, and on the whole made an excellent hit.

OCTOBER 31. — I went, by invitation of Mr. Grinnell, this morn-

ing, and partook of a collation on board the splendid new ship "Patrick Henry," intended for Grinnell and Minturn's line of packets. She is the *ne plus ultra*, or will be until another ship of her class shall be built.

NOVEMBER 4. — My vanity has been tickled again by a call signed by a large number of merchants' clerks, for a meeting to be held on Saturday evening, at the Shakespeare Hotel, of "the young men of the city of New York friendly to the election of *Philip Hone* to the Senate." This meeting, so flattering to me, was held on Saturday, at the appointed place, and was (I am told) a great and enthusiastic assemblage.

NOVEMBER 6. — The Sun of Austerlitz succeeded this morning the violent storm of last night. The Whigs hailed it as a harbinger of victory, but the canvass this evening of the senatorial votes shows that we have suffered a Waterloo defeat. I am beaten by a majority of eighteen hundred, and the Assembly ticket has no doubt fared equally badly. This result is unexpected to me, and somewhat mortifying. I feel a selfish joy in having escaped the excessive labour and the numerous discomforts and deprivations which would have been the consequences of my election to the Senate; but I deplore deeply the failure of so good a cause as ours, and this triumph of principles so broadly and openly avowed by the successful party, which, in the sincerity of my heart, I conceive are calculated to destroy the only hopes of a recovery from the deplorable state in which the country is placed. Our hopes of the State have been sanguine, and it may yet save the cause; but they were equally so of the city. I fear the worst. God's will be done. Party-spirit and personal ambition and desire of power rule the country, and must rule; and their instruments are the worthless part of the population, which, unhappily, is the most numerous.

NOVEMBER 9. — I had a dinner-party of Whigs, principally members of the "Hone Club," invited "for congratulation or for con-

dolence as the case might be," which turned out to be the latter, — no mistake about it, — so far as the host was concerned in this rascally city. But congratulation came in for a good share of the business of the day. By the time my guests assembled it was pretty clearly ascertained that the Whigs had triumphed again in the State, and secured a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. My appetite was not injured, nor was my wine less bright, from my knowledge that I was to be left at home to enjoy them and other greater comforts, instead of devoting time and labour, perhaps without thanks, to the service of the State for four years to come. It is a reprieve for which I ought to be thankful. We had a pleasant dinner. The party consisted of Moses H. Grinnell, Ogden Hoffman, Edward Curtis, James Monroe, R. M. Blatchford, John Ward, Simeon Draper, Jonathan Amory, W. T. Brigham, S. B. Ruggles, and Dr. Francis.

Gov. Seward
and Office-
seekers.

NOVEMBER 21. — The Governor came in town to attend a public dinner given to him by the line officers of the militia, and returned home yesterday. He feels now the weight of his office. The result of the late election, by securing a majority of his political friends in the Senate, and thereby giving validity to his nominations for office, has opened the flood-gates of application, — enough to sweep him away in the current; but he seems to stand it very well. His spirits are good, his tact admirable, and he has a good word for each of the crowd of importunate solicitors for executive favour who beset him without intermission or relaxation. I have my troubles, too, in a subordinate capacity. Having been a candidate for office, and supposed to be somewhat in His Excellency's good graces, I am beset all day long by office-seekers to sign their petitions, to speak to the Governor, or to write him letters in their behalf. We Whigs are certainly the most disinterested patriots in the world. We have no interested motives, — not we! The country, and the cause, and the good of the people were our only motives in working at the elections; and now that the loaves and fishes are to be distributed,

there are not more than about fifty baskets held out for each, each applicant having convinced himself that he is the only one qualified for the office, and ready to curse the Governor and desert the party if he should not be successful. I have had them every hour in the day for the last two or three weeks. I do not know of late the pleasure of eating an uninterrupted meal. I dread the sight of a square folded paper taken from a whited-brown envelope. Men are affronted if I refuse to certify that they are in all things qualified, when in truth I know nothing about them, and go off in an unappeasable huff if I hesitate to ascribe to them qualities which *I do* know they do not possess. Persons apply to be made water commissioners, who do not know a culvert from a bridge; measurers and inspectors of grain and flour, who can scarcely tell the difference between wheat and rye; and inspectors of pot and pearl ashes, who would have to consult an encyclopædia (if, perchance, they can read) to ascertain if the article on which they are to pass judgment be a mineral or a vegetable production. The poor Governor has not now a refractory Senate opposed to him, as he had last session, on whom he could lay the blame of the failure of the Whigs' application. He must stand the brunt of the affair, and get over as well as he can the consequences of making one cool friend and forty-nine enemies amongst his political partisans in the case of every appointment.

NOVEMBER 22. — Poor Wallack cannot succeed with his company at Niblo's (his place of refuge after the burning of his theatre). His stock company was good, and his milky way was not deficient in stars. He has had Vandenhoff and his charming daughter, Charles Kean, Forrest, and the best opera corps in the country; but all would not do. The theatre was closed the first of the present week. The stock actors are standing *stock* still, and the planets move no longer in their accustomed orbits. The Park lingers on, but it is doing a bad business. There are but few strangers in town, and the pockets of our citizens, for the most part, are too low to stand the united demands

National
Theatre.

of Fulton market and the theatres. Economy begins to follow reluctantly in the dirty footsteps of necessity.

Death of
Mr. Ward. NOVEMBER 27. — Mr. Samuel Ward, senior partner of the great banking-house of Prime, Ward, King, & Co., died this day at noon. There are few citizens in New York whose death would have caused so great a void in the circles of active business and social intercourse as Mr. Ward's, the moving spirit of a great financial concern, whose ramifications extended not only over all parts of this country, but were known and felt throughout Europe. Liberal and munificent in a degree greater perhaps than that of any other person, he employed a large portion of his wealth in works of benevolence and public spirit. Possessed of a good heart and a sound head, he was, nevertheless, too much the slave of systems, which he applied indiscriminately to all dispositions and characters, and measured all men by the same rules; even his own habits were subjected to a system of government too rigid for his constitution. He became all of a sudden a total-abstinence man, at a time of life when the experiment was dangerous, and drank nothing but water, when, in my judgment, a moderate use of the good wine which he had in his cellar would have been more congenial to his health. Mr. Ward was about fifty-five years old. He went to live with Mr. Nathaniel Prime at the age of fourteen, became in the course of time his partner, and continued an active member of the house, and the senior since Mr. Prime's retirement. Mr. Ward lived in a noble house, which he built a few years ago, on the corner of Broadway and Bond street, — the corner below my house, — where he had a picture-gallery and one of the finest libraries in the city. He was a rich man, and made a good use of his money; and such men are not easily spared at this time.

Thanksgiving. NOVEMBER 28. — This was the day of general Thanksgiving, appointed by the Governor of the State and the city authorities, and was very generally observed. Never had a people more reason to be thankful for the

blessings of Divine Providence. The year has been especially marked by genial weather, abundant harvests, and exemption from war, pestilence, and famine, and all the minor evils with which it is the pleasure of the Almighty to visit at times his unthankful children. There are troubles enough, certainly; but they are “the work of man’s hands,” and show how wayward and weak he is when left to his own “inventions.” Our constant prayer should be that he may not be thus left.

Coal. I was forcibly struck this morning in examining a table of the quantity of coals produced from the mines of Pennsylvania during the last nineteen years. In the year 1820 the whole quantity sent to market was three hundred and sixty-five tons from Lehigh; in the present year more than a million of tons will have been sent. Nine years ago the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company made their first shipments, amounting to seven thousand tons; this year they have shipped to Rondout on the North river one hundred and twenty-two thousand tons, — the greatest quantity sent in any one year.

What an argument is this in favour of internal improvements, and what a reproof to the miserable tools of party faction, who, to secure their election to the State Legislature, have bound themselves by unholy pledges to break down these noble enterprises, and to check an experiment so eminently successful! Here is an increase of an article indispensable for the use of all classes of our citizens, whether for manufactures, steam navigation, or domestic fuel, to the amount of six or seven millions of dollars, and making a reduction in price to the consumers of as much more; an article which, although known to exist in an inexhaustible extent in the mountains of a neighbouring State, was as worthless as the soil which covered it, until the means were adopted by the construction of roads and canals to bring it to market; and all these glorious benefits, the fruits of public spirit and private enterprise, were to have been abandoned to secure the influence of a set of miserable politicians, who would sacrifice all

the great interests of the country to promote the designs and perpetuate the power of their leaders. But, thank God! the pestilential breath of party-spirit engendered in this rotten political atmosphere has not infected the State at large, and for one year at least its councils will not be polluted by its deleterious influence.

DECEMBER 4. — I went this morning, by invitation of Monsieur François Gouraud, to see a collection of the views made by the wonderful process lately discovered in France by Monsieur Daguerre, which is called by his name. Mr. Gouraud is the pupil and friend of the inventor, and comes to this country to make known the process. The pictures he has are extremely beautiful, — they consist of views in Paris, and exquisite collections of the objects of still life. The manner of producing them constitutes one of the wonders of modern times, and, like other miracles, one may almost be excused for disbelieving it without seeing the very process by which it is created. It appears to me a confusion of the very elements of nature. It is nothing less than the palpable effect of light occasioning a reproduction of sensible objects. The reflection of surrounding images created by a camera, obscured upon a plate of copper, plated with silver, and prepared with some chemical substances, is not only distinctly delineated, but left upon the plate so prepared, and there remains forever. Every object, however minute, is a perfect transcript of the thing itself; the hair of the human head, the gravel on the roadside, the texture of a silk curtain, or the shadow of the smaller leaf reflected upon the wall, are all imprinted as carefully as nature or art has created them in the objects transferred; and those things which are invisible to the naked eye are rendered apparent by the help of a magnifying glass. It appears to me not less wonderful that light should be made an active operating power in this manner, and that some such effect should be produced by sound; and who knows whether, in this age of invention and discoveries, we may not be called upon to marvel at the exhibition of a tree, a horse, or a

ship produced by the human voice muttering over a metal plate, prepared in the same or some other manner, the words "tree," "horse," and "ship." How greatly ashamed of their ignorance the by-gone generations of mankind ought to be!

DECEMBER 5. — My old friend, Henry J. Wyckoff, died last evening, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Mr. Wyckoff was a good man, actively and efficiently engaged in public institutions of benevolence and charity. He was formerly a merchant of highly respectable standing, of the firm of Suydam & Wyckoff, and, I presume, died rich. We were formerly intimate companions, members of the same club, and meeting at dinner-parties two or three times a week. Thus another tie is broken, and another warning given.

A most outrageous revolt has broken out among the tenants of the late patroon, General Van Rensselaer,

The Patroon's
Tenants.

in the neighbourhood of Albany, of a piece with the vile disorganizing spirit which overspreads the land like a cloud, and daily increases in darkness. The tenants of the manor of Rensselaer, which is in extent from twenty to forty miles, having waited for the decease of their respected proprietor, the late patroon, have now risen *en masse*, and refuse to pay their rent to his son Stephen, to whom that portion of the estate of his father has been bequeathed, except upon their own terms, and at their own good pleasure. They have enjoyed their leases for so many years, upon terms so easy, and have been treated with so much lenity, that they have brought themselves to believe that the lands belonged to them. Since the death of General Van Rensselaer they have had meetings, and resolved that in a land of liberty there is no liberty for landlords; that no man has a right to own more land than his neighbour, and that they have paid so little rent heretofore that it is not worth while to pay any hereafter; and that master Stephen, with as good a title by inheritance as any known to the laws of the State, shall neither have his land nor the income of it. This outrageous proceeding of the Rensselaerwickers has occa-

sioned great consternation in Albany. The sheriff resorted to the ancient process of summoning the *posse comitatus*; the citizens were ordered out to march against the rioters; several hundred went, and met the enemy in the disputed territory. The sheriff, with seventy followers, went forward in advance; but finding them armed and mounted to the number of several thousands, determined to resist, and swearing by Dunder and Plixsen that they would pay no more, nor surrender their farms to the rightful owner, he returned to the main body of his forces, faced to the right about, and marched back to Albany.

This is alarming, certainly, but nothing more than a carrying-out of the Loco-foco principles of the people of the State, — those principles which prevailed in this city at the late election, — to the support of which the members-elect of the Legislature are pledged, and from which the councils of the State have been lately saved by the greater virtue of the country, but which must, in a short time (perhaps the very next year), sweep away all the wise restraints of law and justice, and cause the destruction of individual rights. Let it come, if come it must; the evil will be remedied some time or other; but this fair dream of Republicanism will be dissipated by its cure.

DECEMBER 9. — The Harrisburg Convention on
Whig Nomi- Saturday completed their business, and adjourned.
nation.

The nomination is made, and nothing remains but to support it with unanimity and zeal. William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, for President, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice-President, are the true, regular candidates of the Whig party of the United States. My preference was for Mr. Clay. His services have been greater than those of any other person; and his devotion to genuine Whig principles merited, and, in my opinion, should have received, from the party the highest proof of its approbation and gratitude; but this tribute which a great majority of the Whigs have ever been ready to pay him has been now withheld, from an apprehension that the opposition of the abolitionists in the Western.

States, and in a large portion of the State of New York, would destroy his chance of success, and that General Harrison, being the favourite of the Whigs of the "free States," would run better. This is not the last mischief to be apprehended from this quarter. The accursed question is destined to mix up with all national questions, and in the end to alter the essential features of our government, if not to cause a separation of the States and a dissolution of the Union. The opposition to Mr. Clay from this quarter is so strong, that even if nominated he could not (in the opinion of a majority of the convention) have been elected, and it was perhaps good policy to take Harrison, who may succeed if the friends of Mr. Clay exercise that magnanimity which it appears they could not calculate upon from a portion, at least, of the friends of his rivals. But the matter is now settled, and I, for my part, am determined to forget that any other candidate than General Harrison has ever been thought of, or named to the people. The informal vote on Friday is understood to have been, for Winfield Scott, 16; Henry Clay, 90; William H. Harrison, 148.

DECEMBER 10. — In removing the foundation of the Curious Relic. tower of Trinity Church a vaulted grave was opened, which contained the coffin and bones of Lady Cornbury, wife of the governor of the colony, who died in this city in the year 1706, and was buried under the original church, which was burned in the time of the Revolutionary war. A large plate and fragments of the coffin were found, which are now seen in the office of the architect; the former is perfectly legible, and nearly uninjured by its inhumation of one hundred and thirty-three years. The arms of this noble lady, who was sister of the Earl of Richmond, and a viscountess in her own right, are engraven on the plate, with her pedigree, age, and time of her death, etc., distinctly, but very rudely, written below. She died at the age of thirty-four. This relic is interesting and valuable, as it marks the period of Lord Cornbury's government, one of the early English governors, whose name is affixed to the charter of Trinity Church. How

many generations of men have passed away, and what changes have occurred, since this plate of silver, emblazoned by the hands of an unskilful artist with the pompous display of heraldic pride and the unerring record of death's doings, was placed in its dark, cold repository, to be brought forth again to the light of day to undergo the scrutiny of a generation of men who were not thought of in those days, and who care no more about the remains of this branch of the Richmond family than those of the poor Indian chief who was driven from the spot before her husband came to it as the representative of the Majesty of England!

The place where these remains were interred was, at the time, the *northern* boundary of the city of New York. The charter of Trinity Church (a copy of which I have in my possession) provides for the erection of a church in that spot, *near* to the city of New York. It has now become in fact the *southern* boundary. The solitary tomb of this young and noble lady has echoed for more than a century the footsteps of busy men, ardently engaged in the cares of business and the pursuit of wealth; for it was close to Broadway, opposite Wall street. I proposed last evening, in the vestry, that these relics should be presented to the Historical Society; but it was not granted. They determined to have a new tomb provided, in which they are to be re-interred.

The De Ruyters, the Von Tromps, and the Stuyve-
A New Dutch War. sants, of the manor of Rensselaer, remain still in an attitude of open rebellion to the laws of the land.

Equally opposed to good order as to *good manors*, they won't pay their rent to him whom they style the *pretended* proprietor, oppose every attempt of the constituted authorities to enforce the demands of justice, and treat with indignity everything in the shape of legal process. This outrageous proceeding has become so serious that the Governor has ordered a body of fifteen hundred of the infantry of this city to hold themselves in readiness to repair to Albany at a moment's warning, and has provided two steamboats to transport them to the seat of war. Division and brigade orders fill a column

in the morning papers, and names of major-generals, A.D.C.'s, and brigade-majors are blazoned in staring capitals. Young men with muskets, unconscious yet of murderous lead, parade the streets, "panting for the fray," and anxious to flesh their maiden swords in Dutchmen's blood; and many a one whose nose looks red and bright on frosty mornings may find it turn blue when he comes to poke into the hostile camp of the belligerent Rensselaerwickers. But in truth and soberness this is a serious business. Conduct so disorganizing must be resisted, and the laws be maintained at all events. The affair is in good hands. Our excellent little Governor understands what he is about, and if the last attempts of the sheriff in Albany county should be unsuccessful, the arm of executive power will not be raised in vain.

A correspondence between the malcontents and Mr. Van Rensselaer is published, in which it appears to me they are all wrong, and he all right. The letter of Mr. V. R. contains the description of the boundaries and extent of the Van Rensselaer patent. It is enormous, and such a territory in the hands of an individual certainly does not conduce to the public advantage. At the time of the grant it consisted of little better than wild land, inhabited by Indians, and unproductive as the prairies of Arkansas or the Rocky mountains; whereas it is now the heart of the State, near the capital, and capable of indefinite improvements if the occupants held it in fee. But these men do not go the right way to work; they have no more right to refuse the payment of the trifling rent than the tenants of houses in New York have to say they will pay but one-half of their stipulated rent, or none at all.

DECEMBER 12. — The disturbances in the Rensselaer manor are in a fair way of settlement without calling in the aid of the troops from New York. This effect has been mainly produced by the firm and discreet course of Governor Seward, who issued a very judicious proclamation to the revolted tribes of the Helderberg, giving them little to hope from the hostile attitude in which they had placed themselves, and

much from a suitable obedience to the laws and reliance upon the justice of the Legislature.

An attempt was made during the course of this affair, by the profligate politicians who are in the ascendant in this devoted city, to get up a meeting at Tammany Hall to express their horror at the thought of troops being employed to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens, and to raise party capital by condemning the measures adopted by the Governor; but this cankered sore of Jacobinical corruption did not come to a head; their hearts were black enough, and their heads sufficiently willing to carry out such a design, but it was thought rather too radical. The time has not quite come, — it is not far distant.

DECEMBER 13. — Great anxiety has prevailed for some time past about the French packet “*Ville de Lyons*,” Captain Stoddart, which has been out about seventy days from Havre, with two hundred passengers. Mrs. Cutting, the elder Miss Cutting, and the wife and children of Francis B. Cutting, with a number of others in whose fate great interest was felt, were known to be on board, and this day apprehensions were relieved by accounts being received that the ship had just put into Bermuda, dismasted and otherwise greatly disabled by severe weather. The perils and dangers of the voyage will be likely to induce passengers to prefer the steam-packets in making a western passage during the winter months.

DECEMBER 14. — Mr. Robert Lenox, who has been ill for several weeks, died yesterday, in the eightieth year of his age. He was formerly a merchant and magistrate of this city, and died one of its richest citizens.

DECEMBER 19. — Anthony I. Bleecker has been appointed marshal of this district, in the place of W. C. H. Waddell. In this appointment the President, it is said, has given mortal offence to the butt-enders and indomitables who form the *élite* of his party in New York. These gentry had made up their minds to the appointment of a Major Hopkins to this office, and sent a deputation

of their *respectable* order to Washington to that effect, demanding that their rescript should be obeyed, and their favourite receive his share of the spoils of the victory which their prowess had gained. This demand, it would appear, was urged with a degree of insolence which the President could not brook. He smiled, however, upon his tools, rough as was their deportment, gave them soft words in return for rude enforcements, bowed the unshaven dignitaries of the Loco-foco body-guards out of his palace, and forthwith appointed this Mr. Bleeker to the office, who is a gentleman, — sufficient, one would think, at this time to disqualify him. This contumelious treatment has given mortal offence to the sovereigns, and some of their ultra papers have gone the length of abusing the President in good set terms. One or two more such acts of rebellion against the expressed will of the party will get Mr. Van Buren out of their good books. He has occasionally evinced a disposition to act like a gentleman, which will be his ruin if he does not take care.

DECEMBER 20. — The nomination of General Harrison works like a charm among the Whigs. They said that the choice of the Harrisburg Convention should be the signal of union, and that all personal predilections should be offered up on the altar of patriotism, and nobly have they redeemed their pledge. All have forgotten their first choice, and every man's banner is inscribed with the name of Harrison. In this honourable course the friends of Henry Clay have been the foremost; and the man of their choice, he who has done his country better service than any man alive, and better deserves its highest recompense, was the first to set the glorious example. Mr. Clay will never be President; but why should he wish it? He has reached a higher eminence. He has sacrificed personal interest to the public good. Is he ambitious? What is there in the title, or troublesome duty, or empty distinction of being President of the United States for four years (for that is to be the ultimatum hereafter) to fill the measure of a reasonable ambition equal to that of his present position? He has drawn off his troops at a moment

when they were ready to fight for him to the death. He has submitted even to the force of prejudices, and acknowledged that popularity with the people did not follow from his best public acts. He has sacrificed the reward of a long life of public and private devotion to his country to the noble sentiment of the patriotic Virginian, "Union for the sake of the Union," and relinquished the doubtful chance of the enjoyment for four years of the glitter of office, with the vapid, dull, and useless remainder after the expiration of his term, for the proud certainty of being enthroned in the hearts of the honest, high-minded portion of his countrymen as the disinterested patriot who has always served them well, and stands ready to serve them well hereafter.

After the adjournment of the Harrisburg Convention many of the members went to Washington, where it was found that there were one or more delegates from eighteen out of the twenty-two States which had been represented in that patriotic and enlightened body. They called in a body upon Mr. Clay, to do homage to the high moral principle which had influenced his conduct. The friends of Harrison and Scott, with those who originally enlisted for Webster, were as ready to acknowledge the high claims of Clay to the proud distinction of their nomination as he and his friends had been to surrender those claims in favour of a candidate who was thought to be more available. The particulars of this touching ceremony, together with those of the great Whig dinner given on the same day, are detailed admirably in the "National Intelligencer."

DECEMBER 26. — The message was not delivered until Tuesday. It is well written, delusive, and calculated to strengthen the President with his party, — thoroughly *Loco-foco*. Two-thirds of the enormous mass of words are used to minister to the bad feelings of the anti-bankites. The President recommends, in the boldest and most undisguised terms, the sub-treasury system, — an exclusive circulation for government purposes. State banks are condemned without mercy, and the plan of a national bank is declared not only unconstitutional, but

President's
Message.

altogether inexpedient. The government is to be banker, broker, and money-dealer for the whole country. These doctrines will probably be carried out in their fullest extent, and in a few months the whole policy of the country will be changed, and the general government (or rather the President and his myrmidons) become the masters of the people, and the regulators of their private as well as public affairs. Good-by, then, to all the sound influence of wholesome credit and national faith.

DECEMBER 30. — I called yesterday to see Mr. Webster. He is in good health and spirits, and greatly pleased (as he could not fail to be) with his visit. His splendid talents and high standing in his own country have been suitably appreciated where he has been, and he has met with a flattering reception and kind treatment. I had half an hour's agreeable conversation with him. He does not appear anxious to go to Washington immediately, for he sees no chance of doing any good there. His mind is full of gloomy forebodings of the unhappy result of measures which it is too certain will now be carried. The accession of Mr. Calhoun and his little squad of anti-federal nullifiers to the grasping, reckless policy of the administration, which sanctions any coalition, however corrupt, and consents to any violation of the Constitution, however flagrant, which may serve to secure the permanency of their power, gives the death-blow to the patriotic efforts of the Whigs of the North and the East. One hundred and ten good men and true in the House of Representatives are to be ruled by eight or ten who are neither good nor true, and if anything is to be gained by an occasional assistance from that quarter it must be by a sacrifice greater than the object is worth. Mr. Calhoun's party are the worst politicians in the country, — enemies of the Constitution, more dangerous than Benton and Wright, Frank Thomas, or Aaron Vanderpoel.

PART II

THE DIARY
OF
PHILIP HONE

1840

JANUARY 1.—Another year has passed, and it would be well if the black lines of Benton, the great expunger, could be drawn around 1839 in the calendar. It has been marked by individual and national distress in an unprecedented degree, the effect of improvidence and a want of sound moral and political principles on the part of the mass of the people, and bad government and a crushing down of everything good and great to subserve party objects on the part of the rulers.

The New Year comes in bright and clear. It is by far the coldest day this winter; the ground is partially covered with snow; the ice which covers the walks in some places is hard as adamant, and the north-west wind blows up the cross-streets keen and sharp, as if it had been whetted upon the everlasting ice of the north pole. Notwithstanding all this, the gayety of the season has not been diminished. There has been as much visiting as usual. Broadway was lively as ever, bright eyes and warm receptions indoors, and blue noses and cold fingers without. I took my "auld cloak about me," and trudged about for nearly five hours, paying

a large number of pleasant visits, and leaving many more equally pleasant unpaid. The extent of the visiting circle in New York has become too great for the operations of one day.

JANUARY 7. — The Cuttings, who were passengers in the “*Ville de Lyon*,” the unfortunate packet “*Ville de Lyon*,” from Havre, which put into Bermuda disabled, after a long and disastrous voyage, have had additional troubles by another long and uncomfortable voyage of twenty-six days from the latter place to Savannah, in the British ship “*Alexander Grant*,” which vessel they chartered to bring them out, at an expense of five hundred pounds sterling, and found themselves. By the last accounts they were all safe upon a plantation in South Carolina, where they will remain for the winter. They will not be tempted to tempt the sea again very soon, I am inclined to think. We have had some pretty severe gales and cold weather, but there have been no shipwrecks near to New York.

JANUARY 8. — I was reminded this morning, by seeing the flags displayed upon the City Hall and Tammany Hall, that it is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, an event glorious in the history of our country, and consolatory to the pride of every true American, but one which in its effects has proved most injurious to the present prosperity and future prospects of the land, “and all which it inherit.” For the laurels gained by General Jackson on that occasion and the popularity which is certain to follow a successful military chieftain, paved the way for his elevation to the Presidency, made him the idol of the people, turned his head, and gave him the power to indulge his personal prejudices and antipathies at the expense of the Constitution and the laws, trample upon the rights of the people who were huzzaing for him, and sacrifice every interest to promote his own objects and those of his party. With a full share of the exultation which all should feel in the event of a battle gained, and with no desire to detract from the well-earned fame of the commanding generals, I do not hesitate to say that, in my opin-

ion, the evils resulting from that event, in its consequences as described above, outweigh the benefits of fifty such battles; and so posterity will say, to the third and fourth generation.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 21. — I left Philadelphia at eight o'clock, by the railroad, and got here at three o'clock P.M. On my arrival I found an affectionate note from Mr. Gilmor, who in a few minutes came in person to tell me that he had a party engaged to meet me at dinner, soon after which Mr. Meredith came and invited me for to-morrow; and Mr. McLane, Mr. Birkhead, and Dr. Alexander all called, and there is a seat for me at every man's table, and apparently a place in his heart, and I am received, as I always have been in Baltimore, with the most hearty welcome and overflowing hospitality. We had at dinner at Mr. Gilmor's, besides the host and hostess, Meredith, Dr. Alexander, Mr. Birkhead, John P. Kennedy, David Hoffman, Mr. Pennington, and myself. A most capital dinner, and such wine as scarcely another man can show at present in the United States. There was one bottle which I was told had been kept exclusively for me. I wish I could think myself worthy of the compliment as the wine was of the generosity of the donor. I certainly never drank any better in my life. The pleasure of our party was enhanced by the addition of that excellent townsman of mine, David B. Ogden, who arrived from Washington during the evening on his way to New York. He is a great favourite here, as he is amongst all who know how to appreciate superior talents and honesty.

JANUARY 23. — In the evening I went to a musical party at General Harper's, where I found a great number of very agreeable people. I certainly think there are more handsome young married women and girls in Baltimore than in any circle of society of the same size I have ever known; but you never see them except at a party of this kind; for they are not seen much in the streets, nor have they a Broadway to walk in. I had the pleasure to meet Mrs. Caton and her sister, Mrs. Harper, from whom I received a most friendly recognition. I called upon her yesterday, and received a very

particular message, that she was lying down, but that I must certainly call again. She is old, not ugly; infirm, but exceedingly gracious in her manners; and nearly blind, but lively and quick of apprehension. She was unquestionably (as I told her) the belle of the evening. Every gentleman, on entering, made her a bow, which she returned with much grace, after inquiring his name (for she finds it difficult to recognize her most intimate friends except by the voice), and every lady took her hand in parting. How much of this arises from the circumstance of her being the mother of a duchess, a marchioness, and a countess, it might be somewhat difficult to ascertain; but I am quite sure, that if she were haughty and disagreeable as she is affable and ladylike, this homage would not be paid with that willing cheerfulness which I witnessed and admired this evening. "You ought to be happy, madam," said I, "to find yourself so much beloved." — "Indeed, I am, sir," she replied; "you can have no idea how happy it makes me." We had fine music; several of the ladies sang. If we had such parties in New York I would attend more frequently.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 24. — I left Baltimore in the four-o'clock cars. On my arrival here, about seven o'clock, I found everything handsomely provided for me at Gadsby's, by my good friend Mr. Granger, with whom, and his daughter Miss Adèle, I am to mess. After tea I had retired to my room, and in night-gown and slippers was prepared for an hour's reading and an early bedding, when in "came one in hot haste with missives from the king," informing me that a party was assembled to sup at Boulanger's, nearly opposite my lodgings, and that I must report myself forthwith. I went and found Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, General Scott, Colonel Dawson of Virginia, Lee of Maryland, Gen. Waddy Thompson, Mr. Botts of Virginia, and one or two more. We supped in Boulanger's best style, played whist, and talked politics. Mr. Clay looks remarkably well. He is almost worshipped by the Whigs since his late magnanimous conduct in regard to the nomination of General Harrison, and yet occasionally "this eagle towering in his pride of

place" is "by an owl hawked at and pecked." A man from Mississippi, who is known in common parlance and recognized by the laws as a senator of the United States, by the name of Walker, abused him yesterday grossly in debate, the cause of which was that Mr. Clay refused to reply to some of his remarks, but *would* reply to Mr. Buchanan, or some other gentleman of that party. But in truth an attack upon Mr. Clay from such a quarter is about as ridiculous as Noah Brown firing a musket-ball at the British frigate cruising off Rockaway Beach.

I intended to visit, and succeeded only in going to inquire about, Commodore Chauncey. My excellent old friend is past hope. I saw his son, who gave me the melancholy intelligence that this will in all probability be the last day of the earthly cruise of the noble old sailor. I fervently pray that he may find a safe harbour in a better world. Here is another of my ties of early friendship about to be sundered. There are few men to whom I have been longer or more tenderly attached. His son told me that within a day or two he has spoken of me affectionately as one of his oldest and best friends.

Whilst in that part of the city I called upon Baron Marechal, the Austrian Minister. I am in the mess of Mr. Granger and Abbott Lawrence. They invited three or four members to meet me at dinner. I could not have better quarters.

JANUARY 28. — Celeste commenced an engagement at the theatre last evening, and I am told had not fifty people in the house. I wonder why they come here. Everybody has some better engagement, and you seldom hear the theatre mentioned. I dined with Mr. Monroe; an exceedingly nice dinner and a gay party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. and Miss Granger, Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton from New York, Mr. Saltonstall, Mr. Bard from New York, and myself. After which I went to sup at Boulanger's, with Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, Governor Barbour, Mr. Fox, the British Minister, General Scott, General Thompson, and Mr. Lee. This high living, or

the climate, has given me the last two nights the most excruciating cramps, and I have a very interesting touch of lumbago.

William Cost Johnson, of Maryland, has been speaking two days on the never-ending, still-enduring, and ever-exciting subject of abolition petitions. He is a fine fellow and a true Whig, but an out-and-out anti-abolitionist from principle,—not as Bynum and other such fellows are, to turn it to party purposes and make it a vehicle of personal abuse against their political opponents; and so he told them in the plainest, straightforward manner, and rebutted in his person, and by flat contradiction, that the Whigs, as a body, are inimical to the interests of the South. A resolution offered by Mr. Johnson as a standing rule was adopted after an animated contest by a majority of six in a full house. It goes farther than any former action upon this vexatious subject. It forbids the reception of any petition against slavery in the District of Columbia or elsewhere, or the entertaining of anything by the House which relates to slavery. It strikes me as an unfortunate measure. It is the very thing to please the abolitionists; the cry of persecution strengthens their cause. It is unjust, and I am inclined to think unconstitutional, and this apparent triumph of obstinacy over fanaticism will redound, I fear, to the benefit of the latter.

I spent a few minutes this morning in the Supreme Court. What a contrast between the gravity and decorum of that hallowed sanctuary of the laws, and the levity and disorder of the House of Representatives!—the quiet, subdued tone of the former, and the noisy declamation of the latter; and the reverend black-silk gowns of the judges, and the piebald costume of the people's representatives.

JANUARY 29. — I dined with Mr. Grinnell, who lives in handsome style, has his family here, and his carriage, and gives capital dinners. Our party to-day was a delightful one, consisting of the *élite* of the Whigs, and a more jovial set is not often to be met with. It consisted of Mr. Webster and Mr. Preston, of the Senate, Mr. Bell, Mr. Graves, Colonel Dawson, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Curtis,

Mr. Rice, Mr. Garland, Mr. Granger, the host, and myself. Mr. Webster was in the midst of his friends, and delighted us with an account of his travels, of the places he saw, the visits he made, the attention he received, and the result of his deep searches into the characters of the eminent men of England. Preston is one of the most captivating men I ever saw. His voice is like music, and there is a natural eloquence about him, and a vein of jocund good-humour quite irresistible. Hoffman was in high spirits; Bell, declamatory; Dawson, gentlemanly; and when I came away (which, in consequence of an attack of lumbago I have had for a day or two, and which, once in a while, brings drops of sweat upon my forehead, was earlier than I wished), the elements of good fellowship were admirably mixed up in this little party.

Commodore
Chauncey's
Funeral.

JANUARY 30. — At eleven o'clock I went to the funeral. At the request of Mrs. Chauncey, I followed as a mourner in the carriage with her three sons, and am now wearing the badge of mourning on my hat. She sent for me to her room, took my hand on my entrance, exclaimed, "Here is my husband's old friend!" and sobbed aloud in the bitterness of grief. I was completely overcome, and left the room without saying a word. Commander Morris, who had charge of the funeral arrangements, told me that Mrs. Chauncey made a point of having Mr. Webster and me pall-bearers until she found it was to be a military funeral. The bearers were General Scott, General Macomb, Commander Morris, Commander Wadsworth, Commander Ridgely, Colonel Henderson, Commander of Marines, and the former and present Secretaries of the Navy, Messrs. Woodbury and Paulding. The President and heads of departments attended, with a splendid array of naval and military officers in uniform, and there was a handsome escort of marines and volunteers; but they had a hard time of it, the ground being covered with ice, snow, and water, and the rain falling at intervals during the tedious march of about three miles to the Congregational burying-ground, where the remains of the noble old sailor were interred.

Eloquence in
the Senate.

I had a high gratification in the Senate, where my good-fortune carried me, and I was kept enchained unti the hour of their adjournment. The whole Whig strength was brought out in opposition to the report of a special committee, of which Mr. Grundy, the late attorney-general, is chairman, — a report suicidal in its tendency, as are all the measures of the party of which Mr. Grundy may be considered the leader in the Senate ; the object of which is to show to the world the amount of indebtedness of the several States, exaggerated in its statements and uncandid in its conclusions, charging the States with improvidence and extravagance, telling the creditor, foreign or at home, that he has trusted too much, and it is doubtful if he will be paid ; and, like a cruel step-mother, the government seeking to discredit her own children and discourage their future exertions. But what a burst of eloquence was poured from *our* side of the Senate upon the heads of these unworthy forgers of lies ; these tinkers of government jobs ; these false lights of a misguided people ! Speeches were made by Crittenden, Southard, Webster, and Preston. What a host ! There never was a time in the British Parliament when four such men made speeches upon one subject. They were all great, but I was most pleased with Mr. Preston. It was the first time I had ever heard the eloquent South Carolinian. He is a tall man, of a strongly marked expression of countenance and not very graceful manner ; but he pours forth a flood of eloquence like a mountain cataract, — broad and impetuous at one time, and clear and sweet and beautiful at another ; flowing deep and solemn now, and again breaking into myriads of shining particles, illuminated by the sunlight of a poetical imagination, and reflecting the varied hues of classical imagery ; solemn and playful, argumentative and satirical, by turns. His voice is powerful, with occasional touches of surpassing sweetness ; and then, in private intercourse, he is so playful, his conversation so varied, and his spirits so buoyant, that I am of the opinion at this moment that I have never met a more lovable man. I sat near Mr. Preston on the floor of the Senate whilst

he was speaking. He came to me after he had concluded. "There !" said he ; " I made that speech on purpose for you. I had no idea that you should go home without showing you what I could do."

I am curious to know what the colleague of this noble gentleman, — what Mr. Calhoun thought of his position during the delivery of this and the other speeches on the same side. This is true, honest, legitimate State-rights doctrine ; no nullification, no hinting at separation, but an honest, independent standing-up for the rights of the States ; an indignant resistance to the arbitrary interference of an unnatural parent with the welfare and prosperity of her children. My eye glanced from the towering height from which one of these men launched the thunder of his eloquence upon the unworthy associates of the other, to the opposite place, where I saw the dark, scowling aspect of disappointed ambition and fallen greatness.

JANUARY 31. — I dined with the President. The party consisted of about five and twenty gentlemen ; a splendid affair, and I think in good taste. The President does the honours with dignity and graciousness. There is no fuss in the business, and every guest has his full share of the attentions of his host. I thought myself particularly favoured, and so I presume others did. The President sat on one side of the table, with Mr. Southard on his right and Mr. Sturgeon, the new senator from Pennsylvania, on his left. Immediately opposite to him was Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, with General Scott on his right and me on his left, — an arrangement which the Secretary informed me before dinner was made by the President's order. The President's first glass of wine was drunk with General Scott, and the second with me.

FEBRUARY 1. — My son Robert writes me that an awful state of consternation exists in the city ; business is at a stand ; all description of stocks fallen still lower, and the fire-insurance companies refuse to insure any more. I should not be surprised if the

Dinner at the
President's.

companies should break again, and if they do they will never be resuscitated. Poor New York! a garden sowed with sand running fast into desolation.

I dined with Mr. Barnard; a nice little party, consisting of General Scott, Mr. Granger, Mr. Grinnell, the host, and myself. I got along very well, notwithstanding the pain and stiffness of my back; but, wisely I think, declined going to Mons. Bodisco's, who expected me to pass the evening.

NEW YORK, FEB. 20. — The fashionable folk are remarkably well off just now in the possession of an inexhaustible topic of conversation in Mrs. Brevoort's *bal costume, costume à la rigueur*, which is to *come off* next Thursday evening. Nothing else is talked about; the ladies' heads are turned nearly off their shoulders; the whiskers of the dandies assume a more ferocious curl in anticipation of the effect they are to produce; and even my peaceable domicile is turned topsy-turvy by the "note of preparation" which is heard. My daughters are all going in character, and I am preparing to play the harlequin, in my old days. If Cardinal Wolsey don't astonish the folk with his magnificence, then have I spent in vain my money in the purchase of scarlet merino and other trappings to decorate the burly person of the haughty churchman.

FEBRUARY 24. — This venerable and amiable old gentleman died last evening, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. He was a native of Virginia. His ninety-fourth birthday occurred about ten days since. Mr. Maury was the first American Consul at Liverpool, appointed by Washington, a distinction of which he was always proud. This office he held for nearly half a century, and was removed by General Jackson (the second Washington, as he was sacrilegiously called by some of his flatterers). On his return a great public dinner was given to him in New York, by the merchants and others, of which I was a vice-president. He settled here with his sons and daughters, where he has resided ever since, in peace and domestic enjoyment.

His daughter seemed to live for him alone, — a pattern of filial affection and devotedness, — and he has now, full of age, and enjoying the respect and veneration of his friends, sunk calmly and without suffering into the grave which seemed to have had a natural claim to him many years ago.

FEBRUARY 25. — There is little dependence upon newspapers in a record of facts, any more than in their political dogmas or confessions of faith. If they do not lie from dishonest motives, their avidity to have something new and in advance of others leads them to take up everything that comes to hand without proper examination, adopting frequently the slightly grounded impressions of their informers for grave truths, setting upon them the stamp of authenticity, and sending them upon the wings of the wind to fill the ears and eyes of the extensive American family of the *gullibles*.

The great affair which has occupied the minds of the people of all stations, ranks, and employments, from the fashionable belle who prepared for conquest, to the humble *artiste* who made honestly a few welcome dollars in providing the weapons; from the liberal-minded gentleman who could discover no crime in an innocent and refined amusement of this kind, to the newspaper reformer, striving to sow the seeds of discontentment in an unruly population, — this long-anticipated affair came off last evening, and I believe the expectations of all were realized. The mansion of our entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort, is better calculated for such a display than any other in the city, and everything which host and hostess could do in preparing and arranging, in receiving their guests, and making them feel a full warrant and assurance of welcome, was done to the topmost round of elegant hospitality. Mrs. B., in particular, by her kind and courteous deportment, threw a charm over the splendid pageant which would have been incomplete without it.

My family contributed a large number of actors in the gay scene. I went as Cardinal Wolsey, in a grand robe of new scarlet merino, with an exceedingly well-contrived cap of the same material; a

The Fancy
Ball.

cape of real ermine, which I borrowed from Mrs. Thomas W. Ludlow, gold chain and cross, scarlet stockings, etc. ; Mary and Catherine, as Night and Day ; Margaret, Annot Lyle in the "Legend of Montrose ;" John, as Washington Irving's royal poet ; Schermerhorn, as Gessler, the Austrian governor who helped to make William Tell immortal ; Robert, a Highlander ; and our sweet neighbour, Eliza Russell, as Lalla Rookh.

We had a great preparatory gathering of friends to see our dresses and those of several others, who took us "in their way up." I am not quite sure whether the pleasantest part of such an affair does not consist in "the note of preparation," the contriving and fixing, exulting and doubting, boasting and fretting, and fussing and scolding, which are played off in advance of the great occasion ; and perhaps, after all is over, the greatest doubt is "*si le jeu vaut la chandelle.*" And if ever that question is tested, it must be by this experiment, for never before has New York witnessed a fancy ball so splendidly gotten up, in better taste, or more successfully carried through. We went at ten o'clock, at which time the numerous apartments, brilliantly lighted, were tolerably well filled with characters. The notice on the cards of invitation, "*Costume à la rigueur,*" had virtually closed the door to all others, and with the exception of some eight or ten gentlemen who, in plain dress, with a red ribbon at the button-hole, officiated as managers, every one appeared as some one else ; the dresses being generally new, some of them superbly ornamented with gold, silver, and jewelry ; others marked by classical elegance, or appropriately designating distinguished characters of ancient and modern history and the drama ; and others again most familiarly grotesque and ridiculous. The *coup d'œil* dazzled the eyes and bewildered the imagination.

Soon after our party arrived the five rooms on the first floor (including the library) were completely filled. I should think there were about five hundred ladies and gentlemen ; many a beautiful "point device," which had cost the fair or gallant wearer infinite pains in the selection and adaptation, was doomed to pass

unnoticed in the crowd; and many who went there hoping each to be the star of the evening, found themselves eclipsed by some superior luminary, or at best forming a unit in the milky way. Some surprise was expressed at seeing in the crowd a man in the habit of a knight in armour, — a Mr. Attree, reporter and one of the editors of an infamous penny paper called the “Herald.” Bennett, the principal editor, called upon Mr. Brevoort to obtain permission for this person to be present to report in his paper an account of the ball. He consented, as I believe I should have done under the same circumstances, as by doing so a sort of obligation was imposed upon him to refrain from abusing the house, the people of the house, and their guests, which would have been done in case of a denial. But this is a hard alternative; to submit to this kind of surveillance is getting to be intolerable, and nothing but the force of public opinion will correct the insolence, which, it is to be feared, will never be applied as long as Mr. Charles A. Davis and other gentlemen make this Mr. Attree “hail fellow, well met,” as they did on this occasion. Whether the notice they took of him, and that which they extend to Bennett when he shows his ugly face in Wall street, may be considered approbatory of the daily slanders and unblushing impudence of the paper they conduct, or is intended to purchase their forbearance toward themselves, the effect is equally mischievous. It affords them countenance and encouragement, and they find that the more personalities they have in their papers, the more papers they sell.

FEBRUARY 29. — As this brilliant affair is not soon to be forgotten, I have gotten my girls to make out from recollection a list of the characters; it is correct as far as it goes, and contains a pretty good portion of all who were present: Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Turk and Spanish lady; Mr. Austin, Highlander; Mrs. Brevoort, Joanna of Naples; Miss Brevoort, La Juive; and the children, pages and a brigand; Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Don Juan of Austria and Spanish lady; Miss Boggs, Clemence d’Isaure; Mrs. Brancher, lady of the old *régime*; Mrs. Burns, Madame du Bourg; Mr. and Mrs.

George Barclay, fox-hunter and peasant woman ; Miss Barclay, fine old lady ; Miss M. Barclay, Lalla Rookh ; Miss Bradbury, of Boston, Diana ; Mr. Berry, l'Incroyable ; Mr. Belmont, German postilion ; Mr. Bowdoin, peasant ; Mr. Bell, German miner ; Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Coster, pirate and Clotilda ; Mr. and Mrs. Washington Coster, Arab boy and Leila ; the Misses Cruger, Quakeresses ; Miss Callender, Dutch girl ; Messrs. Gore and Stanhope Callender, Spanish muleteer and Highlander ; Mr. and Mrs. Constant, fox-hunter and Corinna ; Mr. Coolidge, Chinese ; Mr. C. Davis, Quaker ; Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Norman paysanne ; Mrs. Dutilh, Miss DeRham, and Mr. DeRham, Jr., Greeks ; Mr. Delprat, Don Basilio ; Mr. F. Dorr, Don John ; Mr. Delaunay, Duc d'Orleans ; Mr. and Mrs. Emmet, the former a school-girl, and the latter her brother ; Mr. Thomas Emmet, Dutch woman ; Mr. Robert Emmet, Dr. O'Toole ; Miss Elwell, Greek ; Miss Fleming, Jeffriee ; Mr. Fleming, Highlander ; Messrs. Asa and William Fitch, Mantilini and Arab ; Mr. Frederick Foster, gentleman of the old school ; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Graves, peasant and Lady Grandison ; Mrs. Robert and Mrs. William Gracie, Portia and La Dame Blanche ; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hamilton, watchman and Quakeress ; Misses Mary and Angelica Hamilton, Fenella and old lady ; Mr. Alex. Hamilton, domino ; Mrs. Haight, two characters, Jemima Jenkins and Lady of the Knight of the Polar Star ; Mr. Haight, Turk ; Mr. E. Howland, mufti ; Mr. and Mrs. Hills, monk and old lady of quality ; Miss M. and Miss E. Hills, Ann Page and Persian ; Mr. C. Hoffman, friar ; Mr. Harmony, Spanish muleteer ; Miss Mary Jones, Diana ; Miss Kearney, Queen Esther ; Mr. P. Hone, Cardinal Wolsey ; Messrs. John and Robert Hone, royal poet and Highlander ; Miss M. Hone and Miss C. Hone, Annot Lyle and Day ; Mr. and Mrs. Jones Schermerhorn, Gessler and Night ; Miss Lydia and Mr. Delancey Kane, sorceress and goldfinch ; Miss Margaret and Mr. Harrison Lynch, Night and Arab ; Mr. D. Lawrence, sportsman ; Mr. G. Livingston, Greek ; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Livingston, each half Quaker and half ancient marquis ;

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Ludlow, Court dresses ; Miss LeRoy, Greek ; Miss Meredith, Fair Star ; Mr. Edward Light, Roland Graeme ; Mr. La Forest, consular uniform ; Mr. Laurie, Crusader ; Mrs. Anson Livingston, Virgin of the Sun ; Misses Langdon, French paysannes ; Miss Helen McEvers, Swiss paysanne ; Mr. Charles McEvers, Spaniard ; Mr. Bache McEvers, William Penn, and afterward Cupid ; Miss McVickar and Mr. Messinger, Greeks ; Mr. Robert Mason, old gentleman ; Mr. McCarty, French marquis ; Mr. McKeon and Mr. Major, Indians ; Mr. and Mrs. Maroncelli, Dante and Beatrice ; Miss Major, nun ; Mrs. Norrie, old lady of quality ; Misses O'Donnell, of Baltimore, Greeks ; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Otis, old gentleman and Night ; Mrs. Jonathan Ogden, Queen Catharine of Arragon ; Miss Oakley, Priestess of the Sun ; Mrs. Rufus Prime, Esmeralda ; Miss Palmer, Italian peasant ; Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, courtier and Spanish lady ; Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, uniform and Scotch lady ; Mrs. Panon, Folly ; Miss Phelps, Spanish lady ; Mr. William Robinson, old gentleman ; Messrs. Schuyler, peasants ; Mr. N. Schermerhorn, Dutch girl ; Messrs. John and James Schermerhorn, postilions ; Mr. and Miss Russell, Mameluke and Lalla Rookh ; Mr. Steiner, Figaro ; Mrs. Sheldon, Spanish lady ; Mr. H. Sheldon, Paul Pry ; Miss Seton, Greek ; Miss Watson, Greek ; Mr. S. Williams, old gentleman ; Mr. Wright, Spaniard ; Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilkes, courtier and peasant ; Mr. John White, Russian soldier.

The "Herald" of this morning contains a long account of the ball, with a diagram and description of Mr. Brevoort's house ; but, as it was an implied condition of the reporter's admission that it should be decent, it was tame, flat, and tasteless.

MARCH 7. — The ancient mansion of the late Mrs. Real Estate. E. White, No. 11 Broadway, opposite the Bowling Green, was sold at auction one day this week, by order of her executors, and brought only \$15,000. The lot is thirty-nine feet front on Broadway, twenty-seven feet wide in the rear, and extends through to Greenwich street nearly two hundred

feet. This is the saddest proof of the fall in real estate in this devoted city that has been realized as yet. There has been no time within my recollection that this lot would not have brought more money, and before General Jackson's accursed experiments it would have been worth double the price it brought.

At noon to-day this fortunate steam-packet made her appearance, after a voyage of sixteen days, having sailed on the 20th of February. None of her competitors have made their trips with equal despatch and regularity. Owing to an unprecedented delay in the arrival of the regular packets, we have been without accounts from England for forty-one days, which gap has now been filled up by the arrival of the "Great Western." There does not appear to have been much doing the other side of the water during this long period. The most important event was the marriage of the Queen.

MARCH 11. — My daughter Margaret received, as a present from London, a piece of the Queen's wedding-cake, enclosed in a letter from Mrs. Stevenson, lady of the American Minister, and brought in the "Great Western" by Mr. Cracroft, who was introduced by the same letter. This is all very well, but nothing to the present which I am told was received by the same conveyance by Miss Rush, daughter of the former Minister from the United States. Hers came from the Queen herself, — a piece of the cake, with a letter enclosed in a beautiful satin-wood box, on which the letter V is emblazoned in diamonds. This young lady was probably a companion of Victoria's in their youthful days, when, perhaps, her childish dreams dared not to soar to the height of her present greatness, and the "Sea of Glory" on which she now "swims" had no place on the map of her imagination.

MARCH 12. — The Marquis of Waterford says that the New York watch-house is the most shocking one he was ever in.

MARCH 19. — The following is in the "Commercial Advertiser": "Among the deaths mentioned in the English papers we notice that of Madame D'Arblay,

"Evelina"
and "Cecilia."

better known as Miss Burney, author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' two excellent novels that were once extremely popular. She died in London, on the 6th of January, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. Her husband was General Piochard, Count D'Arblay." What a rush of the recollections of old times is here! Miss Burney, "Evelina," "Cecilia;" their palmy days were also mine. When I was a lad, the "young idea" first beginning to put on its percussion-caps, — fond of reading all things, but especially doting on novels, — with what avidity did I banquet upon "Evelina," "Cecilia," and the host of novels, all of that class, with which the British press teemed! They are dear to my recollection as identified with, and forming part of, the enjoyment of that period of my life when the curtain of futurity was rudely drawn aside by my impatient hands, and I saw a bright and beautiful world before me; but its brightness dazzled the eyes so that the dark places were not distinguished, and beauty was more pleasant to look upon than deformity.

This class of writings has completely passed away. The plum-cake school of novels, in which love was the raisins and sentiment the citron, has given place to Scottish oat-cake, English ship-biscuit, and French rolls. Walter Scott's glorious prose stories, in which the substantial dish composed of traditional history was charmingly garnished by familiar dialogue and well-known localities; and more recently the multitudinous offspring of the prolific imaginations of D'Israeli, James, Bulwer, Marryat, and the incomparable Dickens, have created a new and a better taste; and although at this time of day we may go back to Smollett and Fielding with some remains of our first love, the works of Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Porter afford no more enjoyment than do the marbles and tops of boyhood to the middle-aged man engrossed by the cares of this life.

MARCH 20. — My wife and I dined yesterday at Mr. Peter Schermerhorn's. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Constant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, Mr. and

Mrs. Heckscher, Mrs. Brevoort, General Jones, Mr. Khremer, Jones and Mary Schermerhorn, Mr. Maturin Livingston, and ourselves.

Congress
and the
Legislature.

MARCH 27.—The present session of Congress disgraces the annals of the country. It is a constant scene of tumult and disorder; an unscrupulous majority rides rough-shod over the Constitution and laws, regardless alike of the rules of parliamentary proceedings and of good manners. The decent Loco-focos (if there are any) resign the reins of party government to the greatest blackguards in their number, and silently record their votes in favour of measures which they are ashamed to justify by reasoning.

Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, and Dr. Petriken, of Pennsylvania, are the acknowledged leaders of the administration party in the House of Representatives; and surely never was poor patient subjected to the treatment of two such political quacks. Yet there are some decent men, high-minded Southerners, too (as we have been wont to call them), who submit to the degradation of mixing the pills, cleaning the gallipots, and administering the glysters of this precious brace of political empirics. Another of those disgraceful scenes which have followed each other in such rapid succession during the whole of the session occurred on Tuesday. The Treasury-note bill was to have been forced through without allowing the minority to be heard, and a scene of disorder, vulgarity, and personal abuse continued without intermission for twenty nine hours. The House met at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, and continued in session until five o'clock on Wednesday evening, when they adjourned without taking the question. These daily recurring scenes of violence and disorder and the protracted sessions render the situation of the gentlemen of good habits and respectable characters anything but agreeable, and one consequence of the irregularities is the inroad which it begins to make in the health of some of them. That excellent man, Abbott Lawrence, who is beloved by his friends, and respected even by his adversaries, has been at the point of

death. He is an amiable man, and a wise man, and a gentleman, and therefore unsuited for the society of the Robespierres, and the Marats, and the Couthons, who constitute the present majority of our modern Jacobin Club at Washington; and of such men as Abbott Lawrence the Whig party in that House is mainly constituted. Never was seen a contrast so great in all the qualities that go to make up a man as is to be seen there; but the gentlemen cannot maintain much longer the contest with the blackguards. The Duncans and the Petriken — God help us! — must prevail. Must things grow worse before they get better? I fear it greatly. If so it is to be, so be it!

Whilst these scenes are passing in Congress, the Legislature at Albany is in a state nearly as bad. The registry law has passed the Senate, and is now in the House, unless it passed there yesterday. James J. Roosevelt, the leader of the blackguards, in whose person, as its representative, our poor city is disgraced, takes the lead in opposition to the law, and resorts to every species of vile, disgraceful conduct and language, in which he is supported by the whole pack. Order, decency, and subordination are openly condemned, and they are supported and encouraged by meetings in Tammany Hall, in which such men as Benjamin F. Butler, district attorney, and John W. Edmonds, — intruders among us, — blow up the coals of sedition; and their Loco-foco followers swear that if the law is passed they will not observe it, but vote as heretofore, and send their own men to the Legislature in spite of it, and carry by personal violence their men and their measures against the laws, if the laws do not happen to suit them.

A member of the New York delegation named Lasak, a German, who cannot write, nor even speak English correctly, but who, it appears, is a little more honest than his colleagues, had the independence the other day, in a speech he made, to differ from his party on some question of national policy, — something relating to the currency. He slipped his neck for a brief moment out of the collar, when immediately he was ordered down to Tammany Hall

to give an account of himself; his answers were not satisfactory to his masters, and since his return a committee has been sent up to demand his resignation. What my countryman will do I know not, but it is tolerably certain he will not do for his party.

MARCH 28. — There was a great meeting last evening at Masonic Hall, called by the Whigs to approve the registry law. It was made the occasion of one of those scenes of riot and disorder of which we shall have many more unless such a law is passed. A party of Loco-focos, instigated by the Butlers and Edmondses of Tammany Hall, and by the accursed newspapers supported by them, got possession of one corner of the room, and on the first movement being made to organize the meeting they commenced a riotous opposition by hissing, shouting, and every kind of violence. In the midst of this tumult Alderman Benson was placed in the chair, with a large number of vice-presidents and secretaries. The address and resolutions were read and passed unheard, and everything done in “most admired confusion.” Finally this could be no longer borne. The Whigs, who behaved with great firmness, put the whole rascally gang of banditti out of the room, and order was so far restored that Prescott Hall was suffered to go on with an unanswerable argument in favour of the law, and David Graham, being called for, addressed the meeting. At this stage of the proceedings, the room being exceedingly hot, I came away. On leaving the hall I found myself in the midst of a crowd of several thousands, who filled Broadway from the Hospital to Duane street, and one of the friends and disciples of Benjamin F. Butler addressing them from a temporary elevation, and scattering firebrands in this mass of human combustibles. When the meeting in the hall was about to adjourn, the banditti returned with a strong reinforcement, broke the furniture of the room, and the heads of some of our people, and had theirs broken in return; and so ended the first scene of a frightful drama which is to be enacted in this devoted city. As for myself, “I like this rocking of the battlements.” I consider it an evidence of the

conscious weakness of the enemy. As long as they felt strong in the power of numbers they did not marshal their forces to interrupt the meetings of the Whigs, and their leaders professed themselves in favour of this most righteous law until they found it was likely to be passed. We have gone too far to retreat; the word must be onward now, or we must "ever after hold our peace."

MARCH 30. — Our friends have been alarmed by a The Registry Law. report, which was brought down from Albany yesterday, that Governor Seward hesitates in signing the bill. It passed the Legislature on Thursday, and was not returned on Saturday. This hesitation gives new courage to the opposition, and fresh ferocity to the bloodhounds who are instigated to hunt down the Whigs. The very delay is appalling to our friends in the city; but if the Governor refuses his assent, he and his political friends are ruined, the State lost, and the glorious sun which "gave promise of a goolly day to-morrow" will set in the darkness of Loco-foco misrule and party despotism.

John Duer and Amory went up this afternoon. At their request I wrote a letter to the Governor, in strong and urgent terms, but, I trust, a respectful one. This is an alarming crisis. Seward has proved himself an able man; but he has in some things evinced an unworthy courting of popularity, an affectation of independence fraught with danger to his party, and I fear he is somewhat obstinate. He has probably some doubts about the power of the Legislature to pass a law so local in its application; but Duer has gone armed with legal authorities to remove all constitutional scruples. I wish His Excellency had heard Prescott Hall on this branch of the subject, on Friday evening. They tell me that I have some influence with him; if it be so, my letter will do no harm. The news by to-night's boat will be anxiously looked for. Governor Seward has the destiny of the country in his hands. God grant he may make a proper use of his power!

APRIL 1. — To our surprise, this morning's boat brought the news of the Governor having signed the bill as it passed the Legislature.

APRIL 10. — The Whigs are more ardent and active, and, they say, better organized than usual, for the character election, which is to be held on Tuesday. Immense meetings take place every night at the general and ward places of rendezvous. Processions parade the streets at night with music, torches, and banners; the prevailing device for the latter is the *log-cabin*; and we had hard cider, which has become the fountain of Whig inspiration. In an evil hour the Loco-focos taunted the Harrison men with having selected a candidate who lived in a log-cabin and drank hard cider, which the Whigs, with more adroitness than they usually display, appropriated to their own use, and now on all their banners and transparencies the temple of Liberty is transformed into a hovel of unhewn logs; the military garb of the general, into the frock and the shirt-sleeves of a labouring farmer. The American eagle has taken his flight, which is supplied by a cider-barrel, and the long-established emblem of the ship has given place to the plough. Hurrah for Tippecanoe! is heard more frequently than Hurrah for the Constitution! “Behold old things are passed away, and all things have become new.” Thus is it that our opponents have, by their silly, disparaging epithets applied to the Whig candidate, furnished us with weapons, the use of which is understood by every man in our ranks; and, whatever may be the result of this election, the hurrah is heard and felt in every part of the United States.

ALBANY, APRIL 19. — I went to the Governor’s this morning, and accompanied Mrs. Seward and him to St. Paul’s Church, — a beautiful edifice in South Pearl street, which was formerly the theatre. The rector is the Rev. Mr. Kip, son of Leonard Kip of this city, and son-in-law of Isaac Lawrence. He gave us a good sermon, and appears to be a favourite of a very respectable congregation. The temple of Thespis is greatly improved since it has been dedicated to the worship of the Most High, and sanctified by the name of the great apostle of the Gentiles. There is no theatre at present in Albany; and it is somewhat remarkable that in this large

city, the resort of persons from all parts of the State, the seat of the Legislature and of the Supreme Court, during a large portion of the year the theatre has never been successful.

Having no other day to give to my excellent friend, the Lieutenant-Governor, I dined with him to-day at his lodgings, at Mrs. Lockwood's, in Pearl street, and a most delightful dinner it was. Our party, besides the host and hostess, consisted of the Governor, who came in soon after dinner, Sibley, Ruggles, John A. King, E. Townsend, of New York, and myself. We sat until nine o'clock; talked wisdom and nonsense, law and poetry, puns and politics; drank deep of delicious wine, the venerable resident for thirty years of the Lieutenant-Governor's wine-room in Pearl street, near our Battery, and broke up a protracted sitting, each with the conviction that "it was well to have been there."

AT HOME, APRIL 20. — I left Albany at seven o'clock, in the "North America." She is a fine new vessel, and burns Lackawanna coal, which answers exceedingly well, and only costs half as much as wood. The use of coal for steam navigation must inevitably become general; all the boats built hereafter will be adapted to its use. Travelling on the North river is cheaper than anything I know of, except American shirtings at five cents a yard. Passengers are conveyed one hundred and fifty miles in a vessel with every convenience and luxury, and get a good breakfast and dinner, all for two dollars. I wonder people do not live on board instead of going to the Astor House. We arrived in New York at half-past five o'clock.

APRIL 23. — One of those scenes occurred in the Congress. House of Representatives on Tuesday, the almost daily occurrence of which has, of late, called up the blush of shame upon the cheek of every American who retains the least regard for the honour of the country. That superlatively dirty dog, Jesse A. Bynum, whilst Mr. Saltonstall was speaking, left his seat, went near to that of Mr. Garland, of Louisiana, whom he designated by the *courteous* appellation of a "damn'd liar," whereupon Gar-

land seized Bynum by the collar and struck him. The latter seized a knife, which he was prevented from using by the interference of the members. This new outrage upon the small remains of dignity in the people's own representatives was submitted to a special committee, consisting of Underwood, Cooper of Georgia, Briggs, Butler of Kentucky, and Clifford, with power to send for persons and papers, light up a little fire whilst the indignation lasts, and then smother it in party smoke.

APRIL 24. — My daughter and I went last evening to a party at Mrs. Van Rensselaer's, the lovely Mary Tallmadge of other times. They reside with the General, in Waverly Place. The party was very pleasant, and I found many agreeable people there. My going to a party has become quite a notable event.

MAY 3. — The "Great Western" arrived this morning, in eighteen days from Bristol, with a great number of passengers, among whom are the celebrated opera-dancer, Fanny Ellsler, and her sister, who are engaged for the Park Theatre. She has been anxiously looked for, and will create a sensation like that which marked the advent of George Frederick Cooke. She is second only in Europe to the immortal occupant of mid-air, the Taglioni. Madame la Comtesse de Merlin, the biographer of Malibran, is also a passenger, and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Moulton, Mr. Cunard of Halifax, and the widow of Stephen Price.

The news by the "Great Western" is unfavourable. Cotton is dog-cheap; and American securities, owing, I suppose, to the rascally conduct of the Pennsylvania Legislature in refusing to provide for the payment of the interest on their loans, are in bad odour in England. It must be an embarrassing thing to a true-hearted American (if there is such a one in Europe) to know how to act when he hears his countrymen designated as a nation of swindlers, to which he must be hourly exposed.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity — and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

MAY 11, 1840. — On my return from Long Island I found two

letters, which were brought by Fanny Ellsler, she who has set New York agog for marvellous saltatory exhibitions, and whose heels are to turn all our heads. They are from Christopher Hughes, at Stockholm, and Samuel Welles, at Paris. Hughes asks me to give "to this really excellent and kind-hearted stranger the benefit and the honour of your kindness and protection," and adds, "I can assure you that Miss Fanny is as good as she is graceful." Welles's letter is as warm as Hughes's, making the proper allowance for the difference in the temperament of the two writers. I could not, therefore, do less than call and pay my respects to the fair *danseuse* as early this morning, after my return, as possible. I went to the American Hotel at twelve o'clock, sent my card, and was told the lady was not dressed, but would be charmed to see monsieur at four o'clock; now I think, four o'clock being his dinner-hour, "monsieur" will not find it quite convenient to visit mademoiselle at that hour.

The papers are filled with accounts of the great Whig Convention held in Baltimore on Monday last. The number of delegates was prodigious, — thirty thousand, it is said. There was a grand procession, with banners, log-cabins, cider-barrels, balls in motion, and every device which the fancy could suggest. All the States were represented, and each endeavoured to outvie the others in the loud, exulting shout of "Hurrah for Harrison!" Several distinguished members of Congress came on from Washington to attend this affair, which is represented, in one of the accounts from Baltimore, as "the most remarkable assemblage, in point of numbers, character, harmony, and zeal, ever gathered together in these United States." Messrs. Webster, Clay, Graves, Hoffman, Cost Johnson, and Salstonstall were of the number, and made speeches in Monument square and at the Assembly Rooms, where the meetings were held. It could hardly be supposed that the Loco-focos, goaded to madness by such an overwhelming foreshadowing of defeat, could be restrained from acts of violence. The procession was assaulted by some wretches with stones and brickbats, and a respectable carpenter

of Baltimore, a delegate to the convention, named McLaughlin, was killed by one of those missiles, and the body of another, with a Harrison badge, was found, with marks of violence, in the basin. Amongst the other proceedings of the convention a resolution was adopted to raise a subscription for the relief of McLaughlin's family, to which none were allowed to contribute more than a dollar; and with this restriction an amount of between \$7,000 and \$8,000 was raised, of which the Massachusetts delegation contributed \$1,000.

A Van Buren Convention was organized in Baltimore, on Tuesday, at which General Carroll presided.

It appears to have been a sickly concern, a creeping plant, withering under the shade of the mighty Harrison tree, which overshadows the land, and keeps the sun of popular favour from shining upon its "unwholesome neighbour." At this meeting, on the motion of Mr. Buchanan, it was resolved to dispense with a ballot for President, no opposition having been raised to Mr. Van Buren; but not so with the Vice-Presidency. On this subject the demon of discord had already lighted his torches. The Tecumseh killer, the present incumbent, has not by any means so clear a title, and the claims of Mr. Forsyth of Georgia, and Mr. Polk of Tennessee, presented obstacles so formidable to the necessary appearance of union, that further drilling was thought necessary, and it was voted inexpedient to nominate a candidate for the second office in the government. This result was so unpalatable to the Southern pride of Mr. Forsyth, the Secretary of State, that he has since come out with an address to his party, under his proper signature, in which he retires from the contest with a very bad grace, snarling and showing his teeth, and retreating tail foremost, like a disappointed cur who has been driven from the bone for which his mouth watered.

MAY 12. — I called yesterday upon Miss Fanny Fanny Ellsler. Ellsler. She is an exceedingly fascinating person, not very handsome. Her face has lost its bright bloom,

and her complexion appears to be somewhat faded, — the result, probably, of the violent muscular exertions which are required in the profession; but her manners are ladylike. She is gay and lively, and altogether the most perfectly graceful lady I have ever seen; further the deponent saith not. She is to make her first appearance at the Park Theatre, on Thursday evening, in the ballet of “La Tarantule,” which all the world will witness, who can gain admission to the theatre. Fashion and taste and curiosity are all on tiptoe to see her on tiptoe, and the pocket of many a sober pa will be drained to furnish the means to his wife and daughters to witness her *pas*.

MAY 14. — A *déjeuner à la fourchette* is something
 Mr. Douglass's of a novelty in this country, and the last imitation of
 Breakfast. European refinement. This series of breakfasts given
 by Mr. William Douglass, at his fine mansion, corner of Park place and Church street, can hardly be called an *imitation*; for in taste, elegance, and good management it goes beyond most things of the kind in Europe, and seems to be placed as a bright object in the overwhelming flood of vulgarity which is sweeping over our land. The first of these breakfasts was given last Thursday, and they are to be repeated weekly until further notice. My daughters went then, and their favourable account induced me to join the throng of beauty and fashion this day. The company assembles at about one o'clock, and remains until four. Breakfast is served at two o'clock, and consists of coffee and chocolate, light dishes of meat, ice-cream and confectionery, with lemonade and French and German wines. The first two floors, elegantly furnished, of this spacious house are thrown open; the dining-room opens into a beautiful conservatory, in which, amongst other pleasant objects, is an aviary of singing-birds, the delicate notes of the canary mingling sweetly with the shrill pipe of the foreign bullfinch, and the whole concert regulated and stimulated by the great leader of the feathered orchestra, our own native mocking-bird. A band, also, of a more material nature, plays at the head of the stairs during the

whole time of the entertainment, and after the young folk have partaken of their breakfast-dinner, cotillons and waltzes are danced until the hour of reluctant departure. The honours of the house are performed in good taste by the bachelor host, assisted by his sisters, Mrs. Douglass Cruger and Mrs. Monroe, and his cousin, Mrs. Kane.

Many an I many a night has passed since the walls of the Park have witnessed such a scene. Fanny Ellsler, the bright star whose rising in our firmament has been anxiously looked for by the fashionable astronomers since its transit across the ocean was announced, shone forth in all its brilliancy this evening. Her reception was the warmest and most enthusiastic I ever witnessed. On her first appearance, in a *pas seul* called *la Cracovienne*, which was admirably adapted to set off her fine figure to advantage, the pit rose in a mass, and the waves of the great animated ocean were capped by hundreds of white pocket-handkerchiefs. The dance was succeeded by a farce, and then came the ballet "La Tarantule," in which the Ellsler established her claim to be considered by far the best dancer we have ever seen in this country. At the falling of the curtain she was called out; the pit rose in a body and cheered her, and a shower of wreaths and bouquets from the boxes proclaimed her success complete. She appeared greatly overcome by her reception, and coming to the front of the stage, pronounced, in a tremulous voice, in broken English, the words "A thousand thanks," the *naïveté* of which seemed to rivet the hold she had gained on the affections of the audience.

All the boxes were taken several days since, and in half an hour after the time proclaimed for the sale of pit tickets the house was full, so that when we arrived, which was a full hour before the time of commencing the performance, placards were exhibited with the words "Pit full," "Boxes all taken." This wise arrangement prevented confusion. The house, although full in every part, was not crowded, and a more respectable audience never greeted the fair *danseuse* in any country she has charmed.

MAY 29. — This splendid estate on the North Hyde Park river, formerly the property of the late Dr. Hosack, has been sold by his heirs to Mr. Langdon, Mr. Astor's son-in-law, for \$45,000. The ground sold with it is all on the west side of the Post road, and extends to the grounds attached to the cottage which belongs to Mrs. Hosack. The creek and water-power are reserved by the heirs. This is the finest place on the North river; indeed, I never saw one anywhere which possessed natural advantages so great.

JUNE 2. — The career of the infamous editor of the "Herald" seems at last to have met with a check, which his unblushing impudence will find some difficulty in recovering from. Some of his late remarks have been so profane and scandalous as to have drawn out the other editors from the contemptuous silence which they have hitherto observed toward the scoundrel. In one of his late attacks upon the editors of the "Evening Signal" and another paper, in alluding to some personal deformity in each of them, he uses the shocking expression that they are "cursed by the Almighty." The evil has reached a pitch of enormity which renders further forbearance criminal, and a simultaneous attack is made upon the libellous paper, its editor, and those who, from fear or a fellow-feeling, support it. The "Evening Star" has several excellent articles on this loathsome subject. Bennett is absolutely excoriated in the "Signal;" and all the other papers, without regard to party, have joined the righteous crusade. This is the only thing to be done; the punishment of the law adds to the fellow's notoriety, and personal chastisement is pollution to him who undertakes it. Write him down, make respectable people withdraw their support from the vile sheet, so that it shall be considered disgraceful to read it, and the serpent will be rendered harmless; and this effect is likely to be produced by the united efforts of the respectable part of the public press.

JUNE 5. — The steamer "Unicorn," the first of Mr. Cunard's line, which is to run from Liverpool to Halifax and thence to

Boston, arrived at Halifax on Monday, the 1st instant, and departed thence the same evening for Boston, where she arrived on Wednesday evening. She left Liverpool on the 16th of May. This is an important event for Boston. The newcomer was received there with firing of guns and other rejoicings. The establishment of this line will take from New York a considerable part of the great passenger business, which she has heretofore exclusively enjoyed. The British officers can go all the way to Quebec in these steamers, and the people of the British North American colonies, naturally preferring an enterprise of their own, and finding it less expensive, as they avoid transshipments and land travelling, will no longer spend their money in New York hotels or help support the New York packets. Boston, too, will come in for a share of this lucrative business, and with the assistance of their great railroad, which is nearly complete to Albany, will soon crow as loud as we do; but it is to be hoped there is enough for all.

JUNE 11.—The sixteenth volume of this journal is placed upon the shelf, and I now open up the window which looks upon a long vista of pages yet unsullied to constitute the seventeenth. Shall I live to fill them; or, if alive, will the ability and the inclination remain? If the first be granted, I fervently pray the latter may not be withheld. Life without the power of indulging in a habit so pleasing, which, while it gratifies me, injures no one, would scarcely be worth enjoying. Before this volume is filled I shall have completed my sixtieth year, and with some cause for repining at my altered circumstances, I have much to be thankful for. My health is good, except some occasional twitches of lumbago, which causes me to grunt a little and make wry faces when I arise from my chair. I live pleasantly with all my family around me, but it grieves me to see three grown-up sons out of employment.

The hard times (of which I participate largely) still continue with unabated severity. Business of all kinds is completely at a stand; the productions of the country at the lowest ebb; flour

four dollars a barrel ; cotton a drug in foreign markets ; American securities, by the bad management of some of the State governments, are in the worst possible repute in those countries where formerly they were relied upon with full confidence ; party-spirit prevailing over the land and obstructing the course of justice and wholesome legislation ; and the whole body politic sick and infirm, and calling aloud for a remedy.

The only comfort in this dismal state of affairs is, that a remedy does seem to be at hand in the daily increasing confidence that the administration, whose bad measures lie at the root of all evil, is about to be put down. The Whigs are sanguine in their hopes of electing General Harrison to the Presidency, which happy event, by restoring public confidence, will go far to bring about a better state of things, and individual enterprise will naturally grow up alongside of national prosperity. If I live, the volume I now commence will record this "consummation devoutly to be wished," or its pages will bear the melancholy intelligence of hope destroyed forever.

JUNE 12. — Strange inconsistency ! It is hard reasoning against facts ; every word I have said in the preceding pages about hard times and pecuniary difficulties is strictly true, and yet the fascinating creature whose name heads this article finished last evening her engagement at the Park Theatre, having danced fifteen nights, and brought to the house something like \$24,000, at the ordinary prices, of which sum she puts \$9,000 or \$10,000 in her own pocket. The seats have all been taken every night, and it appears to me if the theatre had been twice as large it would have been equally full. She took her leave last evening in the ballet of "La Sylphide," and two of her favourite dances, smothered under a shower of wreaths and bouquets of flowers. Amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and three full, thundering rounds of hurrahs, she came and, in a short speech of sweet, broken English, expressed her gratitude, the regret with which she left New York, and her determination soon to return.

She is to dance in Philadelphia on Monday evening, where she has made an engagement at the *moderate* price of \$500 a night ; her receipts here being predicated on the amount in the house each night, and that amount being greater than ever was received for the same number of consecutive nights, has produced more than what she has stipulated for in Philadelphia. Her success has been increased by the certainty of her stay being short. She is determined to visit Niagara and other places after her engagement is completed, and must sail on the first of October, as she is engaged in Paris the middle of that month. It is well for us that it is so. If she were to continue long enough in this country, and the popular fever remain at its present height, she would carry back to France all the indemnity money which Brother Jonathan squeezed out of his "ancient ally."

There was a sort of informal revival of the club *Hone Club*. yesterday at John Ward's, who succeeds his brother Samuel, at the corner of Bond street. The old club, with four or five supernumeraries, dined together in our ancient pleasant style. Of the members, eight were present: viz., John Ward, William G. Ward, Simeon Draper, Charles H. Russell, Roswell L. Colt, J. Prescott Hall, S. H. Blatchford, Jonathan Amory, and myself. We agreed to dine with Mr. Colt at Paterson next Friday.

JUNE 16. — Another link is broken in the chain of my social relations, another warning given of the passing away of my generation. My old and valued friend, David Lydig, died this morning, at six o'clock. He has been in bad health the last two years, but had rallied of late, and appeared to be gaining strength until his last illness. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, much older than I, but an intimate friend and associate for nearly forty years. He was one of a set who, although my seniors, were my intimate companions about the time of my entrance into society, and with whom I continued in pleasant association until they dropped away one by one, and now I am almost the only one left. How many good dinners I have eaten at poor

Death of
Mr Lydig.

Lydig's expense, and how many hours have I passed in his society ! He was a just man, prudent and careful in the management of his affairs, unexceptionable in his deportment, with some old-fashioned aristocratic notions, an exceeding good liver, fond of fine wine, which, however, he drank in moderation, but less prudent in the enjoyment of the other pleasures of the table. He was, in short, a gentleman of the old school, — a race which is nearly extinct ; for as the old oaks decay and die off, their places are supplied by an undergrowth less hardy, majestic, and graceful.

The great log-cabin in Broadway, near Prince street,
 Log-cabin Meeting. was dedicated this evening to Harrison and Reform.

It is a large edifice, constructed of unhewn logs, in the most primitive style, with a large pavilion connected with it. The whole occupies the entire area of ground, fifty feet by one hundred, and will hold an immense number of persons ; its capacity was tried on this occasion ; every part of the spacious cabin was full. The meeting was organized by the appointment of General Bogardus as president, with seventeen vice-presidents and three secretaries. There were capital speeches from gentlemen of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, amongst whom Mr. Ewing, the former distinguished United States senator from Ohio, whose hand was warm from the recent pressure of General Harrison's, was exceedingly interesting. Joshua Spencer, of Utica, was one of the speakers. Blunt, also, made a speech, and Hoxie. The whole affair was cheering and enthusiastic. Never did the friends of Mr. Van Buren make so great a mistake as when by their sneers they furnished the Whigs those powerful weapons, "log-cabin" and "hard cider ;" they work as the hickory-poles did for Jackson. It makes a personal hurrah for Harrison, which cannot in any way be gotten up for Van Buren, and which will, from present appearance, carry him into the Presidency.

JUNE 18.— It is strange that this term, by which was
 Federalism. designated in former times the purest, the wisest, and the most patriotic political party which ever existed,

should continue to be a term of reproach, and the means of exciting the bad feelings and prejudices of the people, even now, when it has ceased to be a bond of union or badge of party, and when all but those who use it for sinister purposes are more ignorant of its meaning than they are of the Talmud. The fact is, that the Federal party, as it was originally constituted, embraced nearly all the great and glorious spirits of the Revolution, and all the real friends of the people. It numbered its Washington and Greene in the field of battle, its Ames and Morris in the halls of Legislature, its Jays and Ellsworths on the bench, and its Hamilton and Marshall at the forum. But this great party is extinct; the disinterested and patriotic part of its members stand upon their original ground as the advocates of national liberty and sound principles, and are opposed to the present corrupt administration, which sacrifices the rights of the people to the maintenance of the party's supremacy; whilst the men whose ultra-tory principles brought into disrepute the name *Federalist* are odious in the eyes of the people. Both parties apply the word as a term of reproach to their adversaries; the poor term, which abstractedly means everything good and gracious in America, and in its application sought only the good of the people and the preservation of Republican principles, is bandied about like a shuttlecock by the public press on both sides, and by partisan declaimers from the Senate chamber down to the log-cabins, where the sovereigns assemble to prove their patriotism by abusing their political opponents.

Even General Harrison, in whose support all the good men of the country are banded together under the name of Whigs (a name, by the bye, to which I stand godfather, having been the first to use it at a political meeting, of which I was president, at Washington Hall), and on whose success the permanency of Republican institutions mainly depends, deems it necessary, in order to gain the favour of the people, to repudiate, as the greatest calumny with which he has been assailed, the charge of having formerly been a Federalist. In his speech at the recent great Whig cele-

bration on the battle-ground of Fort Meigs, where thirty thousand persons are said to have been assembled, his renunciation of the charge of having belonged to a party of which Washington was the leader, was thus indignantly made, and thus responded to by the assembled multitude: "I have been called a Federalist (here was a loud cry of 'The charge is a lie, — a base lie; you are no Federalist!') Well, what is a Federalist? I recollect what the word formerly signified, and there are many others present who recollect its former signification also. They know that the Federal party was accused of a design to strengthen the hand of the general government at the expense of the separate States. That accusation could not, nor cannot, apply to me. I was brought up after the manner of Virginian anti-Federalism. St. Paul himself was not a greater devotee to the doctrines of the Pharisees than I was, by inclination and a father's precepts and example, to anti-Federalism."

JUNE 24. — Dined at R. B. Minturn's, where we had a famous party of Whigs, with a great deal of joviality, for we had good wine and good company; much speaking, for we were composed of congressmen, senators, and lawyers principally; and entire unanimity, inasmuch as we were all of one mind on the only subject which divides men now-a-days, and excites personal asperity. We had Grinnell and two fine Georgians, members of the House of Representatives, Dawson and King, Verplanck and Sibley of the State Senate, and a fine, fat fellow, Swain of New Bedford, who goes amongst his friends by the title of "Governor," famous for hospitality and kind feelings, and all sorts of qualities for endearing himself to them, and with a most authentic certificate in his broad, good-natured face of the possession of all the good qualities imputed to him.

JULY 3. — There is an admirable letter published of Mr. Webster's "the defender of the Constitution," in reply to an Letter. invitation from the Whigs of New Hampshire to attend their convention, which he declines. Nothing more able than this letter has ever issued from Mr. Webster's pen; it is the

best, the clearest, and the most condensed exposition of the measures of the administration, and their effects upon the present prosperity and future prospects of the country, I have seen from any quarter, and must produce conviction, even in poor, misguided New Hampshire. Mr. Webster speaks in terms of the greatest confidence of General Harrison's election.

ALBANY, JULY 17. — In the morning I went to see the two glorious pictures, which are nearly finished, of the series my friend Cole is painting for Mr. Samuel Ward's family (they having been ordered before his death). These pictures are glorious. The series, when completed, will form an allegory of the four stages of life.

JULY 22. — The United States Hotel, large as it is, and capable of accommodating so many, is now quite full. A large proportion, however, are persons whom I have never seen before; a few are agreeable, but much the largest proportion consists of awkward women and stupid men. A little yeast, however, has been infused to-day into this mass of unintellectual dough by the arrival of several of our clever New York lawyers, who have come up to make *motions*, — not such *motions* as people generally make who come here, but motions in the Chancellor's little house up the road. There is William Kent, Dudley Selden, Prescott Hall, Charles O'Connor, Samuel A. Foot, and General Sanford. The first two have brought their agreeable wives with them. They are quite a pleasant accession to the circle in the ladies' drawing-room.

JULY 23. — I passed a couple of hours this morning in the Chancellor's Court, and was much pleased; it is held in a small office in a wing in his dwelling-house, which serves as a law library, very extensive, and I should judge well selected. His Honour sits at his desk, on a platform raised about a foot, his habiliments not remarkably neat, pantaloons drawn half-way up to his knees, drinking most intemperately of water (his only drink, as he is president of the teetallers), talking familiarly with the lawyers on points as they

Saratoga
Springs.

Chancellor's
Court.

arise in the case, and frequently interrupting the speaker, in what appeared to me rather an abrupt manner, which I think must be a stumbling-block in the way of young counsellors ; but I liked it very much. There were about twenty lawyers, seated without order, some at a green table, but the greater number on chairs with their backs against the wall, and their legs cocked up ; everything was easy and unconstrained, but quiet and decorous. The Chancellor does a great deal of the talking himself, but is treated with great respect. It looked very like a schoolmaster and his pupils, only the boys were a little too big to answer the description of the latter.

The cause before the court whilst I was there was a motion for an injunction to prevent a man named Lance from selling a famous nostrum called "Brandreth's Pills," or, rather, from using a counterfeit label, with a signature and device of the "real Simon Pure." Mr. Muloch argued the cause for the defendant, and the motion was sustained in an able speech by Mr. O'Connor, a distinguished member of the New York bar, and a very clever fellow. The nature of the cause gave occasion to some mirth, in which even the grave Chancellor was compelled sometimes to join. In one of his interruptions he asked Muloch some question about the pills. "We'll take the pills directly," said the counsellor, quite innocently. — "Not I," said His Honour ; "I shall not take any of your pills." — "If he does," said General Sanford (who was employed for the complainant), "I trust they will be the genuine ones."

In the course of the argument a printed paper was produced, which caused some amusement. It was one of those stupendous puffs of Dr. Brandreth, in which was enumerated all the diseases, fifty-two in number, which were cured by the pills, and which leads me to wonder why mankind should stupidly refuse to render themselves immortal at so trifling an expense. To these modest credentials was affixed the signature of B. Brandreth, M.D., with the additional letters in capitals, M.E.V.P.L.V.S. This gave room

for sundry learned and philological inquiries into the meaning of these cabalistical letters, which unfortunately for the cause of science led to no successful results. Whilst this was going on, I wrote with my pencil and handed to Mr. O'Connor the following solution, which was handed amongst the lawyers, and was very near getting up to the schoolmaster's desk, — in which event my impertinence might peradventure have been rewarded with the ferule, — Most Excellent, Veritable Pills, Laxative, Vomitive, Sudorific.

On the whole, I was favourably impressed with the colloquial manner of transacting business in this great court of little form, the objects of which seem to be, to elicit truth and administer justice.

JULY 27. — The friends of Van Buren and arbitrary rule have had a great jollification this afternoon, in Castle Garden, to celebrate the passage of the sub-treasury bill. And so they would, if Mr. Van Buren, like the Austrian Governor Gessler, had succeeded in placing his cap upon a pole, to receive the homage of his Swiss followers. John Targee presided at the meeting, and Aaron Vanderpoel and a celebrated Van Buren serf, Rantoul of Boston, addressed them; and a hundred guns were fired, and caps were thrown up, and shouts rent the air at the prospect of the people of these United States, by the grace of God, free and independent as the formula prescribes, having been brought under subjection.

The good people of Boston are so delighted at the prospect of rivalling New York, that they are in perfect ecstasies at the arrival of the steamship "Britannia," and have made a glorification of my little friend Cunard, the enterprising proprietor of the line, of the most magnificent proportions. He was fêted and feasted, and toted and toasted, to his heart's content. A grand pavilion was erected at South Boston, where the line of packets have their wharves. Two thousand persons partook of the good cheer; Mr. Webster and Mr. Grattan and other eloquent men made speeches; and Mr. Cunard did not make a speech, because (as he said) he didn't know how. The

bright eyes of hundreds of the fair daughters of Boston enlightened the brilliant scene, and the roar of cannon might have been heard, had the wind been easterly, by the unwilling ears of the chop-fallen New Yorkers. Among the toasts was the following, "not so bad either," as Fanny Kemble said of my poetry: "Mr. Cunnard, the only man who has *dared* to *beat* the 'British Queen!'"

SEPTEMBER 1. — Power made his first appearance
 Power. last evening, at the Park Theatre. I went this evening to see him in a new farce, "Last Legs," and enjoyed it most heartily. He is the very life and soul of genuine, unadulterated humour, and if laughing be wholesome his acting is a panacea of more value than the far-famed pills of "B. Brandreth, M.D., M.E.V.P.L.V.S." It is a great evidence of Power's powers in the art of *drawing* that he brings good houses now in this dull season, and when the playgoing people have been so heavily dragged by Fanny Ellsler. But the fact is, the roast beef and plum-pudding of Power does not relish the worse for our having feasted on "*volaille au suprême*" and "*ailles de pigeon*." His "Last Legs" pleased me quite as much as the last legs I saw of the divine *danseuse*, and his Irish brogue is quite effective, if not so fascinating, as her "tousand tanks."

BOSTON, SEPT. 9. — Here I am, to join the Whig
 Whig Convention. Convention. to be held to-morrow on Bunker Hill, and from appearances it will be the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. I left Newport in the steamer "Massachusetts," and arrived at Providence at half-past eight, having two hours and a half on my hands before the time of starting of the cars for Boston. I employed the time in walking through the town with Mr. Ruggles, a gentleman of Newport, and viewing the fine houses and noble establishments of the nabobs of that wealthy and prosperous place.

On my arrival in Boston everything was in commotion; the Whig delegations were pouring in from every quarter; the streets were crowded, and happy was the man who had a permit to sleep

in the market. I soon found that my good star was in the ascendant. I had notes and messages from several friends to say that they had lodgings provided for me; amongst others, Mr. Otis brought me an invitation from Mr. Cabot. Mr. Sargent was the most pressing; he had provided beds for Ogden Hoffman and me. Hoffman accepted; but Mr. Belknap having vacated his room for me in the kindest manner, I took possession of it, and remained at the Tremont House, where I was lodged like a prince. One of the most remarkable things about this great Whig festival, and which proves most clearly the spirit with which it is entered into, is the noble hospitality with which the first people in the city have opened their doors, spread their tables, and vacated their bedchambers for the accommodation of the delegates. Mr. Otis is to have a table spread for all comers. The committee of arrangements are constantly receiving notices from the most respectable of the citizens: "I have so many beds;" "I shall have a luncheon;" "Send me so many strangers to take care of!" It is so like Boston.

SEPTEMBER 10. — The great day is over, and how shall I attempt to describe it? The weather, which was doubtful last night, was bright this morning, and the delegates from other States and from the different towns in Massachusetts began to assemble on the Common at nine o'clock, with their standards, badges, and other paraphernalia. The scene began very soon to be of the most exciting character. Crowds were pressing toward the spot from every quarter. The windows of the fine houses which surround the Common were filled with well-dressed ladies. Horsemen were galloping to and fro, and old men of the Revolution tottering toward the places allotted to them. The marquee of the chief marshal, Franklin Dexter, was placed in the centre of the Common, whence issued troops of handsome young men on horseback and on foot, with their badges of office, conveying his orders to distant points and completing the general arrangements. I was directed to join the other invited guests at the State House, where

I met Webster, the president of the day, and many other distinguished men. The procession did not begin to move until twelve o'clock. It was headed by an escort of men on horseback to the number of more than two thousand ; then followed forty or fifty carriages, containing the Revolutionary soldiers and some others who were too aged to walk ; after which the chief marshal and committee of arrangements, the president of the day, members of Congress and invited guests, and then the different delegations, with flags and banners "floating the skies," devices of all kinds, and mottoes, some excellent, others so-so, and others displaying more party zeal than either wit or good sense. Of those I saw I was most pleased with a whale-boat from New Bedford, with all the apparatus for taking the whale and extracting the oil, manned by six old masters of whale-ships, and drawn on a car by six gray horses ; and with a colossal shoe from Lynn, in which were seated a number of sturdy shoemakers from that celebrated town of Massachusetts, in which shoemaking is the *sole* occupation. The procession moved up Beacon street and down the other side of the Common ; thence through several of the principal streets in that part of the city, by Faneuil Hall, around which it made a complete circuit, and so by the wharves and streets occupied by working-people, to Charlestown Bridge, which it crossed, proceeded through Charlestown, and arrived at Bunker Hill after a march of two hours and a half.

The president and invited guests occupied a stage, and the delegations were marshalled in their allotted places as they severally came on the ground, — a work which occupied a long time, and before they all got to it the ceremonies commenced by a short address from Mr. Webster. The Bunker Hill declaration (copies of which had been printed and distributed on the route) was then read by Mr. Winthrop, after which several of the distinguished visitors were introduced to the audience, and each, in turn, made a short speech much to the purpose. This honour was conferred upon me. Mr. Webster presented me as his friend, and informed

the people that I was the person who first distinguished the party by the appellation of Whigs. I spoke a few minutes, and concluded by saying that it appeared to me that all the men in the United States were present, and that they had better cut the matter short by going into the election at once. "As many of you, therefore," I said, at the top of my voice, "as are willing to have William Henry Harrison for your President will please to say Aye." This was responded to by a shout that rent the skies, and I came off with flying colours.

The skies, which had been threatening for some time, waited until the ceremonies were over, and then burst into a shower which set the mighty mass scampering. I went with Mr. Webster and a few other gentlemen to the house of a Mr. Pratt, near the place of assemblage, where we had a cold collation, and plenty of cool, refreshing drink; and, to crown the whole, were waited upon by the ladies of the family, which, I understand, has been the fashion of the day.

The most remarkable part of this most splendid spectacle was the appearance of the streets through which the procession passed, and the enthusiastic participation of the people in the triumph. It was, after all, only a party affair, not one of general or national import, in which the current of public opinion may have compelled some reluctantly to join. We took nothing by compulsion; nobody was compelled to shout, and yet the whole line of march was enlivened by the cheers of the men and the smiles of the women. The balconies and windows were filled with women, well dressed, with bright eyes and bounding bosoms, waving handkerchiefs, exhibiting flags and garlands, and casting bouquets of flowers upon us; and this, too, was not confined to any particular part of the city, or any class of inhabitants; young children were exhibited in rows, with flags in their little hands, and, whenever their greetings were returned, mothers and daughters, old women and beautiful young ones, seemed delighted that their share in the jubilee was recognized.

The stores and shops were all closed ; flags were suspended over the streets ; arches were erected, with suitable devices and inscriptions, at the entrances into the several wards, and "Welcome, Whigs!" met us at the corners of the principal streets. When we had crossed the bridge and entered Charlestown, the same cheering spectacles were presented, and an arch of triumph and welcome, with an extract from one of Mr. Webster's speeches, received the procession. It was Whig all over ; there are certainly Loco-focos in Boston, but I am puzzled to know what became of them on this occasion.

I returned to town with Mr. Webster in a carriage, and went at a late hour, with Ogden Hoffman and Prescott Hall, to dine with Mr. Sargent. In pursuance of the directions of the committee of arrangements I went, at seven o'clock, to Mr. Webster's lodgings, at the United States Hotel, where I found a number of gentlemen, and we accompanied him to Faneuil Hall, where he was to preside. When we came to the hall it was crowded to suffocation, and it was extremely difficult for him or the speakers to get to their places. Mr. Webster opened the meeting with some remarks, and Mr. Leigh, Governor Pennington, Governor Ellsworth, and others spoke. It was allotted to me to speak ; but I was overcome with fatigue and the crowd and the heat of the room, and I made my escape before I was called.

SEPTEMBER 11. — I found Gardiner and Samuel Howland and their wives, Samuel's daughter, and Lydia Van Schaick, yesterday, at Mr. Robert G. Shaw's. They are on their way home from an excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I was invited to dine to-day with Mr. Benjamin Welles, in Boston ; but my coming away prevented me. Judge Warren and Joseph Grinnell of this place having made arrangements for Ogden Hoffman and me to visit New Bedford, we left Boston at half-past four o'clock. Judge Warren remained in Boston, and Mr. Grinnell and his wife came on with us. We came on the railroad, with an enormous train of cars, having the Whig delegates from this town and Nan-

tucket, and a large number of those from New York returning. There was shouting and hurraing all the way.

To counteract the effects of the overwhelming Whig meeting all over the country, a meeting of merchants, supporters of the administration and friendly to the sub-treasury, was held yesterday, at two o'clock, in Wall street, in front of the new Exchange. The call for the meeting was signed by some dozen respectable merchants, and filled up by names never heard of on 'Change. A Mr. George Douglass presided. The meeting was addressed by Silas Wright, senator, and Benjamin F. Butler, maid-of-all-work in the administration kitchen, who essayed to convince the merchants that the times are very good; that all government has been doing is good for us, and that the banking business will operate very nicely when it is all in the hands of Mr. Van Buren; that gold and silver is more portable and handy than bank rags, and that the safety of the country depends upon a continuance in power of the present dynasty.

SEPTEMBER 28. — The great meeting of Whig merchants took place to-day, at two o'clock, in Wall street, at the Williams-street corner of the Exchange. I got a place in a third-story window of the new building occupied by the city bank. I could not hear; but the appearance of the mass of people below was perfectly sublime. It was a field of heads, occupying a space about six times as large as the area of Washington hall, from which I calculated the number at fifteen thousand; all respectable and orderly merchants and traders, intent on hearing the words of wisdom and patriotism from the lips of "the defender of the Constitution," capable of understanding their meaning, and determined to follow where they led.

Jonathan Goodhue was president, with twenty-six vice-presidents and five secretaries. The resolutions were read by Moses H. Grinnell, and at twenty minutes past two o'clock Mr. Webster rose to address the most numerous and attentive audience I ever saw assembled. It was agreed by all who heard him (which was, indeed,

a small proportion of the number) to have been one of his very best speeches. I have reason to know that he was better prepared than usual, for I lost the pleasure of his company at dinner on Friday, from his keeping close to his task on that day. He spoke until five o'clock.

Loco foco
Meeting.

As a set-off against the merchants' meeting, the administration leaders ordered a muster of their forces at the same hour, in the park. A large number assembled; not one-third, however, as many as the opposition party, and as inferior in quality as in quantity; but they greatly outnumbered the Wall-streeters in orators. Their principal speaker was a Mr. Hunt from somewhere; but his harangue was too dull to suit the fiery tempers of his auditory, many of whom went away whilst they were yet awake, and the rest broke up into squads to listen to more animated appeals from a Colonel Hepburn, — a noisy, frothy demagogue from Savannah, — Colonel King, of the Custom-House, and that exemplary sprig of Loco-focoism, John T. Munford, each of whom got up his own little "line of battle," and all blazed away at the same time; by this means there were four sets of lungs playing at once, and of course four times as much wisdom went simultaneously into the ears of the sovereigns than at the gathering in Wall street.

Boston Mu-
nificence.

OCTOBER 16. — The chairman of the Bunker Hill Monument Association acknowledges the receipt of a donation of *ten thousand dollars* from Amos Lawrence, towards finishing the work, which, together with the money collected at the fair, will amount to about \$40,000, including Fanny Ellsler's contribution. The Bostonians do these things better than any others in America, and this family of Lawrences are noble fellows, and deserve, from their business habits, liberality, and patriotism, to be styled the Medici of Boston.

Great Loco-
foco Discov-
ery.

OCTOBER 23. — A gunpowder plot has been brought to light, of which the horrid Whigs were the conspirators. The administration papers are filled with awful

details of this nefarious conspiracy against the rights of the people and the majesty of the laws. It appears that, previous to the fall election of 1838, some of the leading Whigs employed a fellow named Glentworth to go to Philadelphia, and procure men to come to New York and assist in detecting illegal voters, who, it was understood, had been brought to vote here. This Glentworth had been appointed by Governor Seward, with the consent of a Loco-foco Senate, to the office of tobacco inspector (the only appointment of his of any consequence which was confirmed by that Senate), with an understanding, as appears now, that he should divide the spoil with a man named Stevenson, a devoted Loco-foco who had held the office. How Seward should make such an appointment is not easily to be understood; but when Glentworth lost it he communicated to his partner the fact of his having been to Philadelphia, and falsely charged the Whigs with having sent him to procure men to vote at our election, for which they were paid \$30 each. As soon as these facts came out, a conclave, consisting of Benjamin F. Butler, attorney-general, Jesse Hoyt, collector, and John W. Edwards, a man formerly in the Senate, who has been imported into New York to do the dirty work of the administration, was held at Hoyt's house, where they got Stevenson and Glentworth, and got from them affidavits charging the crime of procuring illegal votes upon Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper, Robert C. Wetmore, Richard M. Blatchford, and James Bowen. The Loco-foco papers of this morning are full of the horrible plot, with the addition that Governor Seward is arrested, and Grinnell and Wetmore absconded. The Recorder, R. H. Morris, Attorney-General Butler, and Justice Marshall held a sort of Star-Chamber inquisition, in which the affidavits are taken and Glentworth sent to prison. In the mean time the Whigs charged make their affidavits denying any participation in the frauds, and produce a copy of a letter written by them to Glentworth, ordering him to desist from doing anything and to come home, as soon as they were led to suspect that he was exceeding his orders and get-

ting men to vote, instead of watching voters. There is a great deal of excitement in the city. The Whigs were great fools to employ a lying coxcomb like Glentworth in any business requiring secrecy and good faith, and especially in anything which might be liable to misconstruction; but it does not appear that they were guilty of the crime imputed to them, and the conduct of Butler in attempting to implicate the Governor and other honourable men in a disgraceful transaction, upon the testimony of two scoundrels, is infamous; and so everybody except his infamous associates seem to think. The affair is an unpleasant one, but the Whigs will gain more than they will lose by it. It discloses a disgusting scene of villany in the conduct of our elections, and proves that universal suffrage will not do for great cities. It proves also the necessity for a registry law, which is a Whig measure, and has been violently opposed by the very men who are now so sensitive on the subject of illegal voting, when it works against them.

OCTOBER 24.—Grinnell, as I have stated before, declined a re-nomination for Congress with Hoffman and Curtis, and a new ticket was nominated last evening, when the charges were brought against him which his affidavit so successfully repelled. Tallmadge, who has consented to run, withdrew from the ticket. The committee nominated Grinnell by acclamation, and went down in a body insisting upon his consent, which, urged by these circumstances, he gave, and is now before the public for condemnation or approval. It was an excellent move, which cannot fail to benefit the party.

Butler has been addressing his followers this morning in the park, with his characteristic, hypocritical cant. He talked to them about the interposition of Divine Providence in making him the instrument to bring to light this wicked plot. They laughed at the impious assumption, but threw up their caps and hurraed for Butler, and damned the Whigs, according to orders.

OCTOBER 25.—My birthday; I am sixty years old. It is no cause of rejoicing. I feel old, and have certain pains which indicate

that threescore is a pretty heavy score against a man ; but as to health and strength, and preservation of my faculties, I have great reason to be thankful. If my circumstances were such as they were four years ago, I should be a tolerably happy elderly gentleman ; but I am doomed to vexations and trouble arising from pecuniary embarrassments for the remainder of my life. God grant I may have firmness of mind and strength of body to meet it all !

OCTOBER 26. — There is a remark in one of the Philadelphia papers about a prisoner in the State prison, condemned to the utmost punishment of the law for fraud, — if he wished to escape punishment, he should have committed murder. There is much good sense and truth in this severe remark. Any offence against men's pockets is sure to be punished, because every juror has been cheated at some time, and rejoices in an opportunity to revenge himself upon his fellow-men. But none has ever been murdered ; and then there is always some provocation, some palliation, — insanity, drunkenness, or something of the kind, — as if a man must be proved free from vice, a stranger to habits, and not influenced by malevolent passions, to entitle him to the privilege of being hanged. The truth is, human life is not held in as high estimation as money, and he who takes the first has a better chance of escaping than he who makes free with the other.

NOVEMBER 3. — The greatest excitement prevails ; men's minds are wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, and, like tinder, a spark of opposition sets them on fire. The vote for presidential electors in Pennsylvania is so close, that out of two hundred and eighty thousand votes it is probable that neither will have five hundred majority. Both parties here claim the victory, and every hour the wheel turns each uppermost. Betting is going on at an enormous extent. Riot and violence stalk unchecked through the streets, and lying is no longer considered a crime. A gang of several thousand Loco-foco ruffians paraded the streets last night with clubs, and assaulted and drove off several of the Whig processions. The police seem to be afraid to oppose the majesty

of Democracy ; and the Mayor, with oracular wisdom, says, “ If the people will be peaceable, there is no danger.” Right, Mr. Sands !

Meeting in
Wall street. There was a great meeting of the merchants, at two o'clock, in Wall street, in front of the Exchange, to express their opinion in favour of Moses H. Grinnell, the commercial representative to Congress, who has been so shamefully traduced by the district attorney and his associates in the Titus Oates plot. James G. King was president, with a number of vice-presidents, of whom I was one. The resolutions were presented and read, partly by Mr. Perit and partly by myself. I introduced them with a speech, as he did also. An excellent speech was made by Daniel Lord, Jr., and Mr. John R. Hurd made a short address. Mr. Lord's was in the nature of a law argument against the abominable proceeding of the recorder and his Star-Chamber, in seizing the papers of Glentworth and exposing them to the public, — a most tyrannical and illegal attack upon the rights of the people, which ought to subject him and his coadjutor, the Mayor, to the indictment of a grand jury, and the former to impeachment by the Legislature. When the chairman put the question for adjournment it was clearly lost ; the meeting would not break up, but insisted upon more speaking. I was called upon and made a second speech, short and to the point, which was well received, and they went away well pleased.

NOVEMBER 4.—The fire is out, the powder expended, and the smoke is passing away. The election throughout the State ended when the sun went down. Ours was held only to-day, and, thanks to the registry law, forty-three thousand men went to the polls, voted, and came away without confusion, and generally without riot or opposition. In some of the Loco-foco districts crowds of violent men assembled, but not to the extent formerly experienced. This beneficial change has been produced by dividing the wards into election districts, so that not more than about six hundred are taken in one place, and all in one day. Instead of seventeen polls, as it used to be, there are

now eighty odd, and the elements of riot and disorder are weakened by being divided. The polls are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, and by ten o'clock two-thirds of all the votes in the city were in. The number of votes registered in the second district of the fifteenth ward, in which I reside, is six hundred and seventy, of which six hundred and sixty-four voted.

I was selected by the general committee to act as chairman this evening, at Masonic Hall, where the mighty mass of Whigs assembled to hear the reports. It is hard duty, and I am hoarse and sore, and jaded as a horse in an omnibus. I took the chair at seven o'clock. The interval of time before the reports came in was filled by speaking and singing Whig songs. By and by messengers began to arrive with reports from the several wards, which soon satisfied us that we had lost the battle. Many of our people had been sanguine enough to calculate upon our gaining the city, and it was most desirable that we should have sent again to Congress a Whig delegation, particularly Grinnell, whose election would have so severely rebuked the men who assailed him on the eve of the election, and the State senator and members of Assembly would have been a prodigious gain; but, although many of us hoped for such a result, none acquainted with the state of the parties calculated upon it, and the result is, in fact, a cause of triumph. The administration majority is not over twelve hundred; they reckoned upon three thousand. We were beaten a year ago by about eighteen hundred; that was the majority against me for the Senate. The State will go for Harrison, I think, without a doubt; but his majority will not be so great as was expected. The contest has been violent; every effort which a party, unscrupulous at all times, but desperate now, could make to sustain themselves in power, has been resorted to; but it will not do. The sceptre has departed from Mr. Van Buren.

Scenes of violence, disorder, and riot have taught us in this city that universal suffrage will not do for large communities. It works better in the country, where a large proportion of the voters are

Americans, born and brought up on the spot, and where, if a black sheep comes into the flock, he is marked immediately. But in the heterogeneous mass of vile humanity in our population of three hundred and ten thousand souls the men who decide the elections are unknown ; they have no local habitation or name ; they left their own country for ours, to better their condition, by opposing everything good, honest, lawful, and of good report, and to effect this they have banded themselves into associations to put down, at all hazards, the party in favour of order and good government. A mighty army of these banditti paraded the streets last night under the orders of the masters, who, no doubt, secretly directed their movements, attacking every place where the Whigs met. National Hall, in Canal street, the conservative headquarters, was besieged by this army of Jack Jades, and its appearance this morning is a melancholy sample of the effects of unrestrained power in the hands of a mob of political desperadoes. All the windows of this large building are broken ; bushels of brickbats cover the floors, and the doors show where the ruffians endeavoured to gain admission by setting fire to the house. This evening, thus far, has been quiet in my part of the city. I came home from Masonic Hall as soon as the result was known, and did not witness any disturbance. Having beaten us in one way, they don't think it worth while to do it in another.

NOVEMBER 5. — The same subject day after day ; but Elections. this week settles all. At present it swallows up everything else. No business is done ; the hammer is suspended on the anvil ; the merchant neglects his counting-house, and the lawyer his office. Nobody invites a friend to dine, and no topic of conversation is permitted but election.

NOVEMBER 10. — The election returns come in from all quarters in favour of Harrison and the Whig cause. It is thought that Mr. Van Buren cannot get more than fifty votes out of two hundred and ninety-four. In our own State, though the city went against us by a greatly reduced majority, and the first accounts from the river

counties were somewhat discouraging, all has been redeemed by the North and South. The Harrison electoral ticket is elected by twelve thousand majority. Seward and Bradish are reëlected, and the Whigs have majorities in both branches of the Legislature. Seward runs behind the other tickets several thousand, owing to his having recommended the free bill, which has disturbed the political consciences of the lawyers through their pockets, and more especially by the ill-judged favour which he has shown the Catholics, by which he has lost many of his friends, and not gained the votes of those whom he sought to propitiate. His motives were, I believe, correct; but his policy in this latter affair is justly condemned.

NOVEMBER 16. — There is a chasm of three days in this journal, and, gracious heaven, how has the time been filled! My strength fails me when I attempt to account for it, and yet I feel that it will afford me a sort of melancholy consolation. My heart sinks within me whenever my thoughts are concentrated upon the greatest grief which has ever oppressed it. May the indulgent Father of mercies sustain me and my bereaved family in our great affliction, and teach us with resignation to exclaim, "Father, thy will be done!" My dear, beloved Mary left this world of trouble and affliction, and, as I firmly and confidently believe, joined her sister angels in heaven, on Friday morning.

DECEMBER 2. — This is the day which decides the Presidential Election. fate of Mr. Van Buren and his administration. The electors of President and Vice-President meet simultaneously in each of the States of the Union, and will quietly, and in discharge of the constitutional rights of the people, deposit two hundred and thirty-four votes for William Henry Harrison for President, and John Tyler for Vice-President, and sixty votes for Martin Van Buren for President, and Richard M. Johnson, or some other person, for Vice-President. And thus the dynasty is changed. The party which has been in power forty years yields the sceptre to its adversary, and the policy under which the country has hereto-

fore been governed will be abandoned for one more consonant to the opinions and wishes of the present majority. This is a beautiful illustration of the operation of a popular government. If Mons. De Tocqueville should publish a new edition of his excellent work on the Democracy of America, he will have in this event a striking confirmation of his principles, and our institutions will be the subject of a new and merited eulogium from his able pen. The late election, and its consequences, afford a field for deep reflection. There is not probably a country in the world where a change of such prodigious magnitude could have been effected in the same time, with so little apparent machinery, and in so orderly and decorous a manner. It does, indeed, afford encouragement and hope to those patriotic Americans who are Republicans in feeling and judgment, but may, at times, have doubted of the continued practicability of the operation of self-government in a country of so great an extent as the United States.

Levi Woodbury, at present Secretary of the Treasury, has a good place provided when he receives notice to quit, which will be as soon after the fourth of March as may be. The State of New Hampshire, immovable as her granite hills in bad political principles, has elected him a Senator in Congress, and thereby given him a chance to vote on the question of his own ejection from office. If he makes as indifferent a senator as he did a secretary, he will be a suitable representative of the party which sends him to Congress.

The Legislature of South Carolina (the only State in the Union in which the people are not immediate electors of the presidential electors) have given the vote of the State to Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; and this they did, not from any predilection for the *great rejected*, but to be in opposition to the Northern and Eastern States. The high-minded Carolinians (as we have been in the habit of coaxingly calling them) are the most clannish, selfish people in America; they have no affection for anything except South Carolina; their patriotism is centred in themselves, and

Loco-foco
Movements.

Union means nothing more than their own sticking together. Their apostle, John C. Calhoun, would coalesce with the Devil (as he has with one for whom he has not much greater affection) if he saw in such a course the smallest chance of bringing down New York to the level of Charleston, and would rejoice in a revolution of nature which should cause the Atlantic to recede from our shores, and leave her ships rotting in the mud of her harbours.

DECEMBER 5. — A monument has been erected at The Rockaway Muse. Rockaway over the remains of the unhappy sufferers on board the ships "Bristol" and "Mexico," wrecked on the Long Island shore in the winter of 1836-7. The Hempstead people have done well to evince their sympathy in this manner; but it was too bad, after the cruel suffering and miserable deaths of these poor strangers, that their memory should be handed down to posterity in such wretched poetry as the following inscription, which graces one side of the monumental stone: —

"In this grave from the wide ocean doth sleep
The bodies of those that had crossed the deep,
And instead of being landed safe on the shore,
On a cold frosty night they all were no more."

Visit of Mr. Clay. DECEMBER 23. — Mr Clay came in town on Saturday, to visit (as he gave out) his grandsons, who are at school in Jamaica, Long Island, and returned on Tuesday to Washington. I passed half an hour very pleasantly with him on Monday morning. He told me some of the arrangements of the next Cabinet. Mr. Webster is to be Secretary of State, and Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, Attorney-General. A glorious beginning! The United States do not contain two better men for those respective stations. The other heads of departments are not yet designated. Mr. Clay was offered by General Harrison, for himself, a *carte blanche*; but he declines office, proposing to retain his place in the Senate, where he thinks he can most effectually serve the new administration, and to be ready to enter the field four years hence, to which I say, Amen, and success attend him!

1841.

JANUARY 1.—I cannot find a spot on the page of history marked in the margin 1840 on which to place a “white stone.” My debts have increased, and my property is reduced in value, while those who owe me cannot or will not pay, and there is but little hope that they ever will; for the most sanguine anticipations of a return of prosperity, the result of the late political revolution, seem to be founded upon the calculation of a sponge being applied to all foregone engagements and a free course to enter again upon the race of commercial speculation.

Great as has been the bereavement we have sustained in the death of our beloved Mary, and melancholy the void it has occasioned in my domestic circle, I am not without many sources of happiness, and have great cause for thankfulness in the present condition of my family. My health is good, although I have occasional attacks of gout, rheumatism, or lumbago, as the case may be, and my limbs have had to submit to many hard rubs. I wish they were the only ones I have to submit to. But welcome, 1841! Let not the storm which marks thy advent prove prophetic of thy course.

JANUARY 16.—Yesterday was an important day in the money annals of the country. The banks of Philadelphia were compelled, under a law of the State, to resume the payment of specie. Some apprehensions were entertained that the Bank of the United States, from the crippled state of her affairs, might find a difficulty in complying with the law, from which cause alone the other banks would be embarrassed; but that institution, having effected a loan in England of 500,000 pounds sterling, by negotiating their bills, were enabled to meet their demands, and all things went on well, so far. Further south they hold out yet; the Baltimore banks say that they

can pay, but will not, unless those of Virginia come into the measure of resumption.

JANUARY 20. — I dined yesterday with Mr. William G. Ward, — a sort of revival of the “Hone Club,” with all its pleasant rules and social observance. Dinner at five to the instant, the stragglers coming in within five minutes after the time, and ere the soup was gone, each, with watch in hand, disputing the edict which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, never changes: a strict observance to the limitation of four dishes, so strict that by gastronomic sophistry it extends to a dozen; brant being transformed into fish, oysters coming under the denomination of vegetables, and veal sweet-breads being pronounced of the genus confectionery. The “Ode” was sung by Major Tucker, with a full chorus; and other songs and pleasant converse and good fellowship made us forget the bad times which have caused a suspension of our meetings.

JANUARY 30. — There was a brilliant ball last evening at the City Hall, — a sort of revival of the old city assemblies, which were formerly held in that time-honoured saloon. It was gotten up by the young men. Heads of families were not allowed to subscribe, but were invited, with their wives and daughters. The whole affair was conducted in a genteel manner; the ball was well attended by the most respectable of our citizens, and gave great satisfaction. Another is to be given, probably on Washington’s birthday. The managers are Abraham Schermerhorn, Edmund H. Pendleton, James W. Otis, William Douglass, Henry Delafield, Henry W. Hicks, Jno. Swift Livingston, Jacob R. Le Roy, Thomas W. Ludlow, Charles McEvers, Jr., William S. Miller, Charles C. King.

Financial
Panic. FEBRUARY 4. — There is a panic to-day in the money market. The great bank in Philadelphia, falsely called the “United States Bank,” after having resumed specie payments with the other banks in that city, a few days since, finds itself compelled to suspend again, and has refused payments of drafts from this city. The effect of this, it is apprehended, will be

to compel the other banks to suspend again. Baltimore, Charleston, and other Southern cities will have to follow suit; and all the horrors of a disturbed currency and ruinous exchanges, of which we thought we were relieved, will be returned upon us for a period of time for which no one can form any opinion of the duration.

FEBRUARY 5.—The suspension of the United States Bank is confirmed to-day. The stock of that institution fell nearly ten per cent. Large quantities were sold at from forty to forty-two per cent.; and, from the opinions of persons better informed than myself, I am induced to believe that it is as much as it is worth. Indeed, it was sold “ahead,” as the brokers call it; that is, to be delivered within a certain time, at the option of the seller, as low as thirty-four. Taking the cash price to-day, there is a loss to the stockholders from the par value of \$60, of \$21,000,000,—equal to that occasioned by the great fire, to say nothing of all that was bought at 120 or 125 before the charter expired, and was transferred into the State institution. This enormous loss falls heavily upon the European holders, who will not in the future be disposed to trust us; but there is a great deal held by widows and children, public institutions, and trustees. When Jackson, the old despoiler, crushed the national institution under the iron heel of vindictive power, the plague-spot upon commercial prosperity first made its appearance; but the disease was not incurable until the bank attained, at an unwarrantable expense, a charter from the State of Pennsylvania to do mischief to the nation, without the ability or the obligation to do good in any but a local sense. At that time, if the concern had been wound up and rested peaceably in the tomb to which party rage and personal malignity had consigned it, the loss to the stockholders would have been comparatively small, and an obstacle in the way of the establishment of a sound national bank would have been removed: a bank solid and uncrippled, whose benignant sphere of action would have been coextensive with true bonds of union; whose duty, as

well as its interest, would have been directed to the preservation of a sound currency and the accommodation and support of honest commercial enterprise ; and such a one we must have. The necessity becomes more apparent every day. The prejudices created by the violent measures of the Attila of Tennessee and his furious partisans begins to give way before the light of reason, and if the downfall of the Pennsylvania bank should be necessary to give place to such an institution, it had better be brought at once to that issue. The present vessel is rotten and unseaworthy, and must be broken up as soon as may be, and a new one, the property of the whole, and not a part of the partners in our great national concern, be set upon the stocks without delay, launched, rigged, and set upon her voyage with none but a *national* ensign at her mast-head ; and if John Bull will not ship on board her, we must endeavour to make the voyage on our own hook.

FEBRUARY 8. — There has been a dreadful panic to-day among the brokers and “money-changers” in Wall street. The suspension of the Bank of the United States has been followed by that of the other banks of Philadelphia. Some of them continue to pay specie for their notes of \$5 ; but it is only the faint flickering of the expiring candle. Baltimore, also, has suspended again. This unhappy state of things has caused a fall in prices of every description of stock in New York. Delaware and Hudson Canal stock, which has nothing to do with Philadelphia financial operations, fell from ninety-five to eighty-eight per cent. A panic in money matters is like one in an army during a battle : when a part runs away, others follow and prick onward with their bayonets those who may be disposed to stand firm, until a general rout is the consequence. United States Bank sold to-day at twenty-five per cent. Here is wholesale ruin. Here is a loss from the par value of \$26,250,000, to be borne by all classes of our citizens, and an utter destruction of American credit in Europe. How happy would it have been for all parties if, when the national institution was killed, it had stayed killed !

The Presi-
dent-elect.

FEBRUARY 9. — General Harrison made a sort of triumphal entry into Baltimore on Saturday, where he was received by crowds of citizens, who formed a procession to conduct him to his lodgings; and he made a speech which, in my judgment, he might better have let alone. Preparations are making to receive him to-morrow with similar honours at Washington, where he is to remain two or three days. He then goes to Virginia to visit his friends, returns to Washington toward the close of the month, will be inaugurated on the 4th of March, and then his troubles (not few nor small) will begin.

“ I vow 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.”

Official
Courtesy.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13. — The day after General Harrison's arrival in Washington he visited President Van Buren, who received him with the greatest politeness. They passed half an hour in agreeable conversation, and the next day the President, accompanied by the heads of departments, returned the visit at the apartments of the President-elect, at Gadsby's Hotel. This compliment was the more marked as the etiquette is for the President not to return visits. General Harrison was also to dine with the President to-day, and the dinner will, no doubt, be a very pleasant one, for nobody knows better than Mr. Van Buren how to do such things. His tact is admirable, and, whatever may be his feelings in regard to the success of his distinguished rival, he will never afford his political opponents the triumph of letting them be known. Calm and unruffled as the bosom of a lake under the tranquil influence of a summer's sun, there is nothing to indicate the storm which may have passed over it. This is in far better taste than the petulant conduct of the elder Adams, who left Washington in the night to avoid the mortification of wit-

nessing the accession of Mr. Jefferson ; or of General Jackson, when the people in an evil hour wrested the sceptre from John Q. Adams to place it in his ruffian hands. General Harrison visited also the ex-President, Adams.

Journey to
Washington. WASHINGTON, FEB. 18. — Left Baltimore in the nine-
o'clock train, and arrived here about the opening of the
houses of Congress ; got a tolerable room at Gadsby's,
that caravansary of long, cold galleries, never-ceasing ringing of
bells, negligent servants, small pillows, and scanty supply of water.
I am better off, even in these particulars, than three-fourths of the
people in the house ; but, if a man wishes to appreciate the comforts
of home, let him come to Washington. As for the eating part, I
am fortunately situated. I am regularly entered of Mr. Granger's
mess, with his daughter and Meredith, which promises well, if I
should have any chance to enjoy their society.

I found an invitation to dine with the Russian Minister, which he
had politely sent in anticipation of my coming, and accordingly
rode over to his residence at Georgetown, where I met a large
party of distinguished gentlemen, embracing most of the leading
Whigs. The dinner was a magnificent affair, a ponderous set-out ;
it was like dining in a gold mine ; immense, lofty, and massy gilt
candelabras on the table, in which I counted eighty wax candles
burning, besides others in different parts of the room ; rich orna-
ments of every description ; a great variety of wines, some of which
were good, but the *cuisine* not comparable with an every-day dinner
at my own house. Servants below stairs with gilt-laced cocked
hats, and surrounding the table with tarnished liveries, which, from
their variety, would seem intended to represent all the provinces of
Russia ; but the host did the honours with great propriety, and
treated me with marked attention. The number was about four and
twenty, of which I remember the following : Mons. Bacour, French
Minister ; Mr. Fox, British Minister ; Mr. Stockel, Russian Secre-
tary ; Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Tallmadge, Mr.
Rives, Mr. Merrick, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Southard, Mr.

Dawson, Mr. Cushing, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Austen of Massachusetts, Richard Peters, Mr. Mangum, Mr. Sargent, and Colonel Stuart. There was whist after dinner. I got at a table with Messrs. Bodisco, Fox, and Clay, and sat until we were the survivors of the large party.

FEBRUARY 19.—I called this morning upon President Van Buren. He received me alone in his study, in the kindest and most gracious manner; talked a little about the late political contest, professed an undiminished friendship for me, notwithstanding my opposition, which he said he had been gratified to learn had been unaccompanied by the use of any expression of personal disrespect. He is fat and jolly, with the same self-satisfied smile upon his countenance. A stranger would be greatly at a loss to discover anything to indicate that he was a defeated candidate for the high office which he is about to vacate.

The Supreme Court was for two hours the point of Mr. Webster's superior attraction. Mr. Webster was engaged in one of those great arguments on a constitutional question in which he stands unrivalled, the interest of which was enhanced from its being one of the last in which he will be engaged. He has resigned his seat in the Senate, of which he will take leave on Monday, and on the 4th of March he commences a new sphere of action as Secretary of State in General Harrison's Cabinet. The Supreme Court presented a sublime and beautiful spectacle during Mr. Webster's argument. The solemn temple of justice was filled with an admiring auditory, consisting of a large proportion of well-dressed ladies, who occupied the seats within the bar; the nine judges, in their magisterial robes, attentive and thoughtful; and all minds and bodies bent upon one great object, and that object a single man, of commanding presence and intellectual aspect, not remarkably correct in his costume nor graceful in his action, but commanding, by the force of his giant intellect, an irresistible control over the minds of all who heard him, and enchaining all their faculties to one point of observation and attention. It was, in

truth, a noble illustration of the power of mind over the material faculties of humanity.

FEBRUARY 20. — I dined with Grinnell and Hoffman. We had a good dinner, fine wine, and a very pleasant party, consisting of Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Southard, Mr. Habershaw, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Holmes of South Carolina, Mr. Graham of North Carolina, Mr. Sargeant, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Lincoln, the Speaker, Mr. Tallmadge, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Lowe of New York, and P. H.

DEBATE IN THE SENATE. FEBRUARY 22. — I have been all day in the Senate, and greatly interested. The principal business was an animated debate on a motion made by Mr. Crittenden to bring a bill, formerly presented by him, to prevent the interference of office-holders in elections. This motion was supported in an eloquent speech by the mover and the leading Whigs, and opposed by Messrs. Buchanan, Calhoun, Wright, etc., and defeated by a strict party vote. They could not stand the implied odium which the passage of such an act would cast upon the party going out of power, nor acknowledge the magnanimity of their successors in binding themselves in advance not to use the same means to secure a continuance of their own, which have heretofore been employed against them. Mr. Preston's speech in support of this measure gave rise to an incident of considerable excitement. He closed his speech with an eulogium upon Mr. Crittenden, on the occasion of his quitting the Senate to assume the office of Attorney-General in General Harrison's administration. Never did human voice utter anything more beautiful than this well-merited panegyric. It was warm and glowing, tender and touching, by turns. The Senate was full, and the galleries crowded to the utmost. I was seated on the floor, behind the eloquent Carolinian. The audience seemed to be rapt in mute attention until the close, when the effect was irresistible, and there was a pretty general applause in the galleries. This unwonted outbreak gave great offence to the *Loco-focos*. Several arose at once, and with loud screams and violent gesticulation demanded the clearing of the galleries. "Turn them out!" said

Clay of Alabama, Sevier Cuthbert, and even Calhoun. "Turn out the blackguards!" exclaimed the refined Mr. Benton, striking the desk with great vehemence; and the Vice-President, with evident reluctance, proceeded to give the harsh order. Mr. Clay, with his wonted suavity, interposed to save the ladies. He was "sure they could not have joined in the offence, and ought not to be included in the punishment;" and the Vice-President, nothing loath, saved them and the men in their gallery from being turned away to gratify the spleen of half-a-dozen demagogues who are forever talking about the *dear people*, and let no opportunity escape of affronting them. There was an easier way for them to clear out the galleries: let either of them arise to make a speech, and the object is accomplished without a resort to violence. But what a glorious triumph of eloquence! I would have given the world at that moment to have been Preston; but I would have given such worlds to be Crittenden! The latter was greatly moved; those that were near him say that he wept visibly. He is beloved by all parties. Mr. Buchanan, a political opponent, but the most gentlemanly senator on that side, paid him a handsome personal compliment in a speech in which he opposed his motion. This exhibition of vulgar rage gave occasion to the following *jeu d'esprit*, which was handed to me the next morning by a senator:—

““Turn out the blackguards!’ If they do,
Friend Benton, what becomes of you?”

As soon as this affair was ended, a new excitement was created, which continued until the adjournment. Mr. Webster having retired from his place, a letter addressed to the Vice-President was read, in which he resigns his seat, and took leave of the Senate; immediately upon which a firebrand from Georgia, Mr. Cuthbert, arose and attacked him. He regretted that the senator from Massachusetts had not made a verbal valedictory, as he had intended to put certain interrogatories to him touching his doctrines on the subject of the transmission of slaves from one State to another,—

doctrines which Georgia's senator denounced as "damnable heresies." He evidently desired to get up a quarrel. His manner and his language were equally insulting, and there was something so discourteous, so unkind, in his taking that moment to vent his spleen against the absent senator, when the tide of generous feeling was flowing so strongly in his favour, that there was not an individual of Cuthbert's party who, by word, look, or action, seemed disposed either to countenance or support him. Mr. Clay rebuked the ruffian in a manly and eloquent speech, in which the character and principles of his friend were ably defended, and Mr. Rives and Mr. Preston followed in the same strain. The former gentleman came in for an undue share of the wrath of the Hotspur of Georgia; his manner toward him was provoking and insulting, and met with haughty scorn and defiance. Mr. Rives, at the commencement of his speech, happened to apply to Cuthbert the parliamentary term, "My honourable friend." — "No, sir; no friend," was the uncivil reply. — "So be it," retorted Mr. Rives; and it is not likely the term will be repeated very soon. Mr. Rives defended Mr. Webster with great ability, approving, though a Southern man, his opinions on the exciting subject of slavery.

FEBRUARY 26. — Rufus Choate is elected a senator from Massachusetts, to fill Mr. Webster's place; and Mr. Morehead, after several ballots, was elected, by the relinquishment of two of his Whig opponents, to fill that of Mr. Crittenden, as senator from Kentucky. It is a fearful venture for those gentlemen to undertake to supply the void occasioned by the setting of those two "bright particular stars" of the Senate.

I dined with Mr. Barnard; a small and very pleasant party, and an excellent dinner of French cookery and good wine. The party consisted of Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Richard Bayard, Gouverneur Wilkins, Abbott Lawrence, Mr. Jackson of Philadelphia, and myself. Mr. Adams was, as usual, the fiddle of the party. He talked a great deal; was gay, witty, instructive, and

entertaining. It is a privilege, and an era in one's life, to see him as he was on this occasion. A man must be stupid, indeed, who can listen to this wonderful man for three or four hours, as I have done to-day, without being edified and delighted.

The President's Dinner to General Harrison.

We had an account before I left home of some amiable passages of courtesy between the outgoing and the incoming Presidents, in which the former had great credit for courtesy extended to the latter, particularly in inviting him to dine. I have heard since I came here some particulars about this dinner, which have satisfied me that it was not the kind of compliment which we gave him credit for. Instead of inviting to meet the General his personal and political friends, such as Webster, Clay, Crittenden, Southard, etc., the party consisted, besides General Harrison and Colonel Chambers and Mr. Todd, his personal suite, of the following: the cabinet ministers, Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, Silas Wright, and Aaron Vanderpoel,—all Loco-focos of the bitterest stamp, and his most decided political opponents. He was in the camp of the Philistines; it seemed as if they were there to take advantage of the old man's kind, benevolent openness of disposition, and treasure up for future use anything which may have fallen from him in an unguarded moment.

News from Home.

They write me from home that times are hard in New York, despondency prevails among men of business, and melancholy forebodings of worse times to come. The State of Illinois will not pay the interest of her debt, and doubts are entertained of the great State of Pennsylvania. Stocks have fallen very much; Delaware and Hudson down to eighty per cent.

MARCH 1. — I went yesterday to St. John's Church, where I caused some remarks to be made by my sitting in the President's pew, for which I had afterwards to stand some shots from the Whigs, who have not the taste to understand how a man may continue on good terms with a gentleman whose election he has worked hard to defeat. The truth is, the President passed me in

his carriage on his way to church, and when I arrived I found his son Smith waiting for me at the door, to take me to his father's pew, — a civility which I accepted most willingly, and did not find my devotions interfered with, nor my political principles contaminated, by the company I had the honour to be placed in.

MARCH 2. — Broadway on a fine Sunday, when the churches are emptied, does not present a more animated spectacle than Pennsylvania avenue on this bright and beautiful morning; there are men here from every State in the Union. Our good city of New York has its full proportion. I have remarked, and heard it remarked by others, that there is not a country in the world where in such a crowd, so gotten together, there could be found so large a proportion of good-looking and well-behaved persons. I was talking about it with Mr. Bell yesterday, and he remarked that he was here at the time of General Jackson's inauguration, when the same objects and motions brought together a greater crowd, and the difference in appearance and deportment of the people is most striking; but now they are Whigs and gentlemen, then Loco-focos and ——

I was forcibly stricken this morning by a characteristic circumstance, of which an American may well be proud. Passing through the crowd of which I was just speaking was to be seen an elderly gentleman dressed in black, and not remarkably well dressed, with a mild, benignant countenance, a military air, but stooping a little, bowing to one, shaking hands with another, and cracking a joke with a third; and this man was William H. Harrison, the President-elect of this great empire, whose elevation has been produced by a severe throe which has been felt in the most remote corners of the land, which has destroyed and elevated the hopes of hundreds of thousands, and which is destined to effect a change of principles and policy to which the whole world looks with interest; and there he was, unattended, and unconscious of the dignity of his position, — *the man* among men, the sun of the political firmament. People may say what they will about

the naked simplicity of Republican institutions ; it was a sublime moral spectacle.

MARCH 3. — This city is an immense mass of animated Whig matter ; every hole and corner are filled ; thousands have arrived to-day, and happy is the man who finds “ where to lay his head.” A large building has been erected in the court at Gadsby’s, in which four hundred breakfast, dine, and sup ; and the dining-room is a vast camp-bed. This has been a day of confusion ; everybody running against his neighbour, all full of business, and nobody accomplishing any.

I witnessed the last moments of the 26th Congress. At twelve o’clock the refractory old lady terminated the career which she so naughtily began. The Speaker sang a requiem to her departing moments in a very respectable speech, somewhat too long and a little too school-boyish. He is an amiable man, and has acted with impartiality, but no more fit to be Speaker than I to dance on the tight rope. On the whole, the scene was imposing, and more orderly and decorous than I had anticipated. The aforesaid old lady behaved with propriety, “ and, like immortal Cæsar, died with dignity.”

MARCH 4. — The affair is consummated. General The Inauguration. Harrison has taken the oaths, and is President of the United States. The day was fine. A great procession, consisting of several militia companies in uniform, Tippecanoe clubs, and citizens from different States, under the orders of marshals on horseback, with sashes and batons, escorted the President to the Capitol. He was mounted, and passed through the streets amidst the shouts and hurrahs of fifty thousand men, and almost as many women waving their handkerchiefs, whilst he, like the haughty Bolingbroke, —

“ Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, ‘ God save thee, Bolingbroke ! ’
You would have thought the very windows spoke.”

As for Van Buren, "No man cried, God save him!" He was snug at the house of the Attorney-General, McGilpin.

I attended the great inauguration ball last evening, at the National Theatre. The crowd was very great; all the great men of the nation were there; an exceedingly brilliant collection of ladies, of whom Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, a mother of nine children, was preëminent. The President came in about half-past ten o'clock, with a numerous escort, and was marched through files of ladies up and down the room. This ceremony, with his previous visits to two other public balls, added to the severe labours of the day, has tried the old soldier's stamina; but he appears to stand it very well. If the opponents of the administration expect to make capital out of his imbecility of either body or mind, they make a woful mistake. He'll do his duty well and faithfully. The gentlemen had a supper in the lower regions of the theatre, from which in former times ghosts and hobgoblins and infernal spirits made their "exits and their entrances." I was escorted by the managers to this subterranean banquet-hall, where I found senators, cabinet ministers, military officers, and common men like myself, eating, drinking, laughing, and joking in a strain somewhat uproarious.

The nominations of the new cabinet have, it is said, been confirmed, all but that of Mr. Granger, against whom charges of that crying sin, abolitionism, having been brought by the opposition, his friends consented to let it lie over until to-morrow. This is a base and ungentlemanly proceeding; but it will have no other effect than that of misrepresenting his principles, for he will certainly be confirmed to-morrow.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23. — Dined with Mr. Blatchford. The dinner was given to Mr. Edward Curtis, the new collector, who was there, and his brother, George Curtis; Mr. Tallmadge, the new recorder; Grinnell, Minturn, Prescott Hall, Charles King, Ruggles, John Ward, Bowen, etc. There was talk about the appointments and other political matters. I am pestered to death to sign recom-

mendations and write letters to the collector, in behalf of applicants for office in the Custom-House. It is distressing to see how many worthy people are compelled to be suppliants for little, contemptible situations, the emoluments of which are hardly sufficient to keep life and soul together.

Mr. Van
Buren's
Arrival.

MARCH 24. — *The friends of the people*, the real Loco-focos, had a grand triumphal entry of their chieftain, the ex-President, yesterday, on the arrival of the cars from Philadelphia. The man of the people, whom the people have rejected by an electoral vote of two hundred and thirty-four to sixty, was received by the people on foot, on horse-back, and on carts. The *conquering hero*, who was elected by sixty votes, the other two hundred and thirty-four having been thrown away upon one William H. Harrison, was escorted up Broadway to Bleecker street, and down the Bowery to Tammany Hall, where he was addressed by the people in the person of ex-Recorder Morris, that immaculate Republican who, under the sanctum of official station, enters men's houses at night and steals their private papers, to which address of the people the aforesaid people's President (who was elected as aforesaid by the unanimous voices of the people, not counting those votes which were improperly cast for his opponent) read a feeling and suitable reply, after which he and Mr. Forsyth, his Secretary of State (whose place has been recently usurped by one Daniel Webster, an obscure individual from the rebellious State of Massachusetts, against the will of the people, expressed as aforesaid), were escorted, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the people, to the quarters provided for them at the Carleton House, named in honour of the Prince Regent of England; and in the evening the people were gratified with a view of the men of their choice, and permitted to cheer them again at the Bowery Theatre. The worst of this affair was, that it rained "cats and dogs" during the progress of the procession; but this was as it should be. His *reign* being over in Washington, New York's favourite son was entitled to *rain* here; and he stood it, as if, like his

friend Benton, he had been born a *veteran*. His followers, too, enjoyed the joke, albeit not a *dry* one; their begrimed skins expanded and were softened by the unwonted ablution, whilst the spirits *within* happily remained undiluted by the water *without*.

MARCH 27. — I dined with Mr. G. G. Howland, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, after which Mr. Lawrence and I went to Moses H. Grinnell's, where we had also been invited to dine. Here we met a large party of good Whigs, "full on mirth and full on glee," as Billy Taylor says, and sat until midnight. There were Mr. Crittenden; Mr. Berrien, the new senator from Georgia; Messrs. Barnard, Hoffman, Ruggles, Blatchford, Bowen, Minturn, Griswold, John Ward, Davis, Prescott Hall, Aspinwall, etc.

MARCH 30. — Mr. Webster came in town this morning, with his wife, to see Mr. Herman Le Roy, her father, whose long and virtuous life is drawing to a close. He is compelled to return to Washington to-morrow morning. I saw him a few minutes this evening, by his appointment. The object of the interview was to acquaint me that a certain affair in which I am deeply concerned might be considered settled, and to my satisfaction.

APRIL 2. — There is a pretty good hit in one of the The Curtii. Southern papers upon the rather redundant introduction of classical illustrations in the President's inaugural address; for, if there is a fault in it, it consists of a little too much interlacing of Greece and Rome with its sound principles and honest professions. The writer says that General Harrison was prevailed upon to consent to the appointment of Edward Curtis as Collector of New York, by being told that he was a lineal descendant of the Curtius of Rome.

APRIL 3. — There was a rumour yesterday of the illness of our worthy President, General Harrison, which has assumed to-day a shape somewhat alarming. He has a severe attack of pleurisy, or inflammation of the lungs. The report to-day speaks of danger, which, until now, was not apprehended, but adds that he is better. God grant that

he may recover ! His death just now would be, indeed, a severe national calamity.

APRIL 5. — With a mournful heart and trembling hands I record the sad and unexpected (unexpected, at least, until yesterday morning) event which will fill this country with sincere grief and melancholy forebodings. The noble and virtuous old man whose recent elevation to the chief magistracy so lately established the triumph of our popular institutions, and lighted up the hope of a dispirited people ; the honest patriot, whose acts during the brief period in which he held the reins of government gave the fullest evidence of his intention to pursue that policy which was best calculated to redound to his country's glory and secure the happiness of her citizens, — has, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, to which we are bound to bow with cheerfulness and resignation, been called away from the exalted station which he has occupied during the space of one little month. On the 3d of March I took his hand in Mr. Granger's parlour, at Gadsby's, in Washington, and congratulated him, but more especially his country, on the auspicious event of his election ; and on the following day I witnessed, at the capitol of the nation, the consummation of the people's will, in his solemn pledge before the Almighty to devote all his faculties to the just government of the Republic. And I heard the accents in which "the old man eloquent" poured forth the aspirations of his honest heart for the prosperity of that people, and the preservation of the free institutions of that Republic ; and in one short month — one month of unremitted labour and ceaseless anxiety, in which he was taught the painful truth that "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" — that heart has ceased to beat, the account so auspiciously opened has been suddenly closed, and his virtuous intentions now sleep with him in the silent grave.

General Harrison is the first President who has died in office, and Mr. Tyler will be the first Vice-President who has ever exercised the executive functions. He will be President, if he lives, during the long period of three years and eleven months. If he

carries out the government on the principles avowed by his illustrious chief, and to which his able cabinet stands virtually pledged, all will go well, for Governor Tyler is an able man and true patriot; but there is some danger that his opinions in the leading measures, which we in this part of the country consider important to the restoration of public confidence, such as the establishment of a national bank, and the annulling of the sub-treasury system, do not coincide with theirs. He is a Virginian, and we think their policy on these subjects fraught with danger. If this, unfortunately, be the case, the cabinet must, of course, be dissolved, and all our bright hopes, in their virtuous and patriotic administration of the government, be overthrown. May we not trust in the goodness and mercy of Heaven, that the blow we have experienced may not be rendered more afflictive by the occurrence of so disastrous an event.

General Harrison, in his last moments, expressed much solicitude on this subject, and his last words expressed a confidence in the wisdom of his successor. Governor Tyler was absent at the time of this melancholy event, and an express was immediately sent to him.

There seems to be very little doubt that the President's illness was brought on, and its severity increased, by the constant labour and deprivation of comfort brought upon him by his new duties. He told his friends that his time was so much occupied that he had been prevented from performing the necessary functions of nature. The sudden change from the quiet occupations of his life for several years past to the turmoil of public business, and the sacrifice of his personal convenience and comfort to the impracticable task of attending to every man's business, had been too much for the debilitated frame of a man nearly seventy years of age; the strength of the mortal covering of clay was not commensurate with the ardour of the immortal spirit within.

APRIL 6. — On the receipt of the news here yesterday morning a spontaneous exhibition of the badges of woe was seen throughout the city; the flags on all public places, as well as on

the shipping in the harbour (not excepting Tammany Hall), were exhibited half-mast, and some of them shrouded in black. The courts in session immediately adjourned. The newspapers were clothed in mourning, all but the "Evening Post," whose malignant, black-hearted editor, Bryant, says he regrets the death of General Harrison only because he did not live long enough to prove his incapacity for the office of President. Most of the places of amusement were closed in the evening. The last words uttered by the President, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government; I wish them carried out, nothing more."

APRIL 7. — This volume of my journal commences at a moment when great grief overspreads the American nation, and doubt and uncertainty, mingled with some degree of solicitude, has taken possession of the public mind in regard to the political prospects of the country, and the bearing they must inevitably have upon individual interests. The patriotic ruler of this great country, called from the bosom of retirement to carry out the great measure which a large majority of the people deem essential to their welfare, has just been called from his elevated station to render an account of his stewardship while upon the earth, the most important part of which was comprised in the little month immediately preceding his lamented decease, and which, according to my imperfect judgment, was calculated not only to secure the approbation of all good men, but to give a bright presage for a better condition of things.

The mantle of rule falls suddenly and unexpectedly upon the shoulders of the Vice-President for a period, if he should live so long, nearly equal to a full presidential term, — for good, or for evil. We may be permitted to hope for the former, of which the honourable character of Governor Tyler would seem to be a guarantee; but the times are so ticklish, that the effects of this change are looked to with deep anxiety. Never was there a time when political measures were brought so closely home to men's bosoms, and

men are compelled to be politicians in despite of their natural disinclination.

The news of the break-down of the Bank of the United States and of the confinement and indictment of McLeod caused great excitement in London, and poor Brother Jonathan gets all he deserves, and something more, from his brother, Mr. Bull. The greatest dissatisfaction was caused by the violent and ill-judged report of Mr. Pickens, in the House of Representatives, and its having been adopted by a strong majority; but, if they would only suppress their rage and wait a while, they would see the gentleman who was foremost in the opposition to that report placed in the cabinet as Postmaster-General under the new administration, which might be considered an evidence that the principles of that ill-judged report were not to be adopted by the present ruling party. But the English papers say that an absolute demand has been made on our government to surrender the mischief-making loafer, and in case of refusal that Mr. Cox is to demand his passport. It is also reported that a squadron is ordered off our coast to carry their hostile measures into effect. If this be so, the difficulties in the case may be greatly increased; but it is likely that the love of marvellous and startling subjects, which are sought for with equal avidity by British and American readers, is gratified there, as here, by the unscrupulous writers for lying newspapers.

Funeral
Ceremonies.

This is the day set apart in Washington for the funeral of the late President. It has been observed here with great solemnity, and a sort of gloom has overspread not only the appearance of the city, but the countenances of the citizens. In accordance with the programme published by the joint special committee of the common council, all business was simultaneously suspended at noon. The banks and insurance offices, with the stores generally, throughout the city were closed. The flags were suspended from the public places, theatres, and hotels, half-mast, and some tastefully enshrouded in black. The vessels in the harbour bore a similar badge of grief until two o'clock.

APRIL 9. — I am invited by the committee of arrangements of the corporation to assist in the funeral ceremonies of to-morrow as pall-bearer at this great affair. The following are the names of the pall-bearers ; the number, twenty-six, was made to correspond with the number of States in the Union : Gen. Morgan Lewis, John W. Hardenbrook, Major William Popham, Peter R. Livingston, Stephen Allen, Isaac Lawrence, Aaron Clark, John Rathbone, Cornelius W. Lawrence, Edward Taylor, Walter Bowne, Philip Hone, Chancellor Kent, George Griffin, Richard Riker, John L. Morgan, John Targee, Sylvanus Miller, Peter A. Jay, Leffert Lefferts, John Wyckoff, Jeremiah Johnson, Daniel Winship, William Furman, Peter Bonnet, Robert Bach.

APRIL 10. — This was the day designated by the joint special committee of the common council of New York and Brooklyn for the grand funeral solemnities to commemorate the death of Gen. William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, who, after having responded to the call of his fellow-citizens, and worthily fulfilled the high functions of the exalted station to which their suffrages have called him, during the brief period of a little month, was called by the sudden mandate of divine power to lay down his earthly honours, and seek in another and a better world, it may be hoped, a brighter reward of his virtuous actions.

The corporation of the city, a large majority of whom were political opponents of General Harrison and his party, have done themselves great credit by the zeal and spirit with which this great affair was planned and carried into execution. The arrangements of the committee were made upon the grandest scale, and the citizens of all ranks, professions, and parties entered into their measures with a full and spontaneous expression of the most profound grief. Business of every description was suspended ; all the public places, markets, hotels, the shops, and many private houses on the route of the procession, were covered with festoons and hangings of black, and other mournful devices. Minute-guns were fired, and the bells tolled during the four hours' progress of the melancholy

parade. Flags were suspended intertwined with black crape across the streets, and the whole city was clothed in the habiliments of woe. Ours is a remarkable population in such matters ; once satisfy their judgment that the call made upon them either to mourn or to rejoice is a proper one, and their spontaneous expression of feeling bursts forth without bonds or limitation. On this occasion, as in the reception of Lafayette, the populace seemed to take the affair into their own hands. The committee of arrangements published in advance an admirable programme, and the people, one and all, became the actors in the great drama. All was order and regularity in the tremendous mass of humanity which formed the greatest civil and military procession ever witnessed in the city, for spectators occupied every window, and the house-tops, or covered the entire streets, leaving only a space sufficient for the passage of the procession.

APRIL 17. — Mr. Biddle, late president of the Bank of the United States, of the United States, he who so lately was incumbered with the load of his greatness, to whom men's knees were bent, and the beavers came off of their own accord, and who is now so fallen that there are "none so poor to do him reverence," — this financial Lucifer has published three letters on the subject of his connection with the bank, in which he seeks to prove (and, it would appear, with tolerable success) that the ruin of the institution is not attributable to him, but to the jealousy, cupidity, and negligence of the directors ; that when he said, on leaving the office of president, that its affairs were prosperous, they were so in fact, and that the loss of its immense capital was all brought about in the short space of time subsequent to his abdication. If this be so, these gentlemen cannot be charged with a want of industry, for certainly the road to ruin, smooth and easy as it is, was never before travelled with half the speed. Railroad progression is a snail's pace to this. These letters are admirably written, like everything that comes from the pen of the last president of the bank, and are calculated to make warm blood in Philadelphia, and to cause

astonishment elsewhere. One precious disclosure is made which must brand with infamy the whole concern. Mr. Biddle asserts distinctly that certain money operations planned and executed sometime since by the committee of directors, but since he relinquished the presidency, were intended to compel the New York banks to suspend specie payments at the time when those of Philadelphia were compelled to adopt that measure, or rather, to use Mr. Biddle's more emphatic language, "to ruin the New York banks."

This neighbourly operation was to be effected by drawing bills on the house of Hottinguer & Co., in Paris, without funds and without advice, and with a knowledge that they would not be accepted for any amount beyond the funds in hand. These bills were sold in New York for any price they would bring for New York funds, the specie drawn from the banks to be remitted to meet the bills; and thus the New York banks were to be broken, and brought down from their high and honourable position to a level with themselves. But the attempt was signally frustrated; demands were suddenly and unexpectedly made in one day for \$1,200,000 in specie, and notaries were ready to protest the drafts if (as was supposed) they could not be promptly met; but they *were* promptly met; those drafts and all others were paid without a moment's demur, and our friendly neighbours were left to mourn over their unsuccessful attempt to *equalize the currency*, and to make good the loss upon this hopeful speculation.

MAY 27. — Yesterday the great Conservative dinner
 Dinner to Mr. Tallmadge. was given to Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, United States senator, at the saloon, Tivoli Gardens. Five or six hundred persons, Whigs and Conservatives, were present. George W. Bruen presided; the intended president, John L. Lawrence, being detained in Albany. A great many toasts were drunk, speeches and letters of excuse from great men read, and the affair appears to have gone off with enthusiasm and good feeling.

JUNE 2. — There is much difference of opinion amongst the wiseacres of the Whig party about the message ; some say it is not sufficiently explicit on the leading measures to be adopted by those who rule the roost in Congress. I think otherwise ; it is a plain, sensible speech. The President says there must be a new fiscal agent, a sort of Jupiter to help the State wagon out of the mud. Pet banks, sub-treasury and treasury notes have been repudiated by the people, and now he leaves the matter with their representatives, and whatever they agree upon shall have his sanction, provided he does not deem it unconstitutional. If this does not mean a national bank, it is difficult to say what it does mean. Mr. Tyler is a good, old-fashioned Republican, and with his able cabinet will do all that can be done to get things right.

I find, on referring to my journal, that on the 12th day of March I dined with a party at Mr. Robert B. Minturn's, and remember well the dreadful walk I had from his house, pretty late that night. It snowed and rained very hard, and the wind blew with such violence that I found it almost impossible to navigate up Broadway ; and to carry an umbrella was out of the question. In referring to that walk, I have always said it was the most tempestuous night to which I was ever exposed.

JUNE 10. — The same party which dined on Tuesday at Mr. Russell's (excepting Mr. Kernochan) dined to-day at James G. King's, at Highwood, in addition to which we had Mr. Daniel Lord, Jr., and Dr. Wilkes. Everything about this magnificent place is in the finest order ; our dinner was capital, the weather superlatively fine, and the entertainment in all respects worthy of the host and hostess.

JUNE 14. — Fanny Ellsler appeared this evening at the Park Theatre, after her long tour of triumph and profit to Havana, New Orleans, etc. She performed in the ballet of "Nathalie," and danced the Cachuca. The house was so full that it could hold no more. She was well received and much applauded, and on being called

out after the performance made a very neat little speech in broken English, which every one in the audience thought was worth his dollar. I went with our lovely neighbour, Eliza Russell. Some of the newspapers — the “Commercial Advertiser,” “Evening Signal,” and “Tribune” — have, with a degree of insufferable arrogance, undertaken to write down this amusement, and abuse those who go to see it, calling them fools and idiots, and lying abominably about the proofs of admiration bestowed upon this graceful *danseuse*. This sort of interference between men and their consciences, and dictation as to matters of taste, has become very common of late, and people seem determined not to submit to it. I have no doubt that many, like myself, went to the theatre to evince their disapprobation of this kind of impertinence.

JUNE 15. — The House of Representatives is all in Congress. confusion. Mr. Adams has thrown a firebrand among the combustibles of the South, and Mr. Wise, the most inflammable among them, blazes away, to the utter destruction of all that is orderly and dignified in legislation. The vote by which the twenty-first rule was rescinded, which rejected without reading all petitions on the subject of slavery (which vote was carried through by the pertinacity of Mr. Adams), has been rescinded, and another vote carried, which annuls the resolution adopting the rules of the last session; so that, after being in session a fortnight, and the most violent proceedings having taken place, the House is precisely in the same situation it was at the commencement of the session, with no organization and no rules to govern their proceedings. The Whigs neglect the urgent business which occasioned the meeting of Congress at this unusual season, and indulge in violence and recrimination against each other, and the Loco-focos take every occasion to “fan the embers.” The South is arrayed against the North. Mr. Adams brings forward “in season and out of season” his anti-slavery opposition; and Mr. Wise drives over friend and foe, calling the best men of the party, with which he pretends to act, nullifiers. He spoke yesterday six hours on this

exciting subject, to the bitter annoyance of all the members, who wish to get through the important business of the extra session. He is either crazy, or has not so good an excuse for his conduct. He apes John Randolph, without a scintillation of the genius which gave to that talented and eccentric man so great a popularity. He pretends to think for himself, and act as he pleases, regardless of the opinion of his friends and of the bonds which should unite together gentlemen who are honestly engaged in a patriotic cause, and virtually pledged to honest measures. It would be happy for the country, and I doubt not agreeable to their colleagues, if the fox of Massachusetts and the wild-cat of Virginia were both tied up in some menagerie for the remainder of the session.

JULY 5.—This has been celebrated as the sixty-fifth anniversary of American Independence: the usual military parade; booths at the park; ringing of bells; firing of guns in a regular way, and “Independence file firing” (as we used to call it in the artillery) of muskets, pistols, and crackers from the juvenile lazzaroni of the city, to the bitter annoyance of all persons of quiet habits and sensitive nerves. Added to all these, and the divers amusements at theatres, gardens, and other public places, there was a great procession of temperance societies, with banners, water-carts, and other diluting emblems and devices, with Benjamin F. Butler in the midst, who was the orator of the day, and enforced, no doubt, by his own precept and example, sound doctrines of temperance, in all things but politics, and honesty, too, when it is not crossed by party discipline. Another gentleman, a Mr. Brownson, delivered an oration to another section of the teetotallers. This is all very well, and may be made productive of good, if it be not perverted by designing men to improper ends, or led by mistaken zealots out of the paths of cool reason, in which case reaction may be produced highly injurious to morality, temperance, and good order. Governor Seward came in town to review the troops, which ceremony I witnessed in front of the Astor House. His Excellency did us the honour of a visit yesterday, and I called upon him just in time

to "see the review" (as Caleb Quotem says) from the window of his room. I dined at Blanchard's Globe Hotel, with the State Society of the Cincinnati. The dinner was capital, but the interest of the occasion was lessened by the absence of the little band (only five or six in number) of original members. Their venerable limbs have no longer the strength to bear them to the festive hall, and the independence they fought for must in future be celebrated without their presence.

Webb, after sundry mutterings of distant thunder
"Courier and Enquirer." foretelling a storm, and suppressing with considerable difficulty an occasional outbreak of his mortification at not being appointed postmaster of New York, has at length broken ground in his papers of yesterday and to-day in the regular attack upon President Tyler, his cabinet, and several of the leading Whigs and Conservatives. There is certainly some reason to complain of timidity and something like a time-serving policy on the part of the cabinet who enlisted under General Harrison, and do not find it so entirely conformable to their principles to adopt the half-and-half Virginia policy of his successor. But it is ungenerous to charge them with sacrificing their principles in order to retain office. God knows they sacrifice enough in remaining where they are, and deserve the people's gratitude for their patriotism. What would be the situation of the Whig party, and what would become of the reforms, which their elevation to office gave the country a right to hope for, if they were to resign at such a time as this? Every day brings us fresh cause to lament the untimely decease of the "good President." It was, to be sure, the signal for all the discordant materials of the Whig party to ferment and boil over, or, rather, the Conservatives, for the true Whigs are all true men yet; but the agitation is about to subside, the scum and froth will soon settle down, and the political pot boil once more heartily and quietly, notwithstanding the Loco-foco fire which, without the slightest regard to the people's welfare and the nation's health, is treacherously supplied to keep it in uneasy motion. In the mean

time here comes this Colonel Webb, a *soi-disant* leader of the Whig daily press, a self-created fugleman of the party, who has not been long enough in the ranks to entitle him to command, with language such as this to feed the flame of discord, and cause (so far as he has influence to effect it) the pot to boil over.

JULY 12. — I was elected yesterday president of the Bank for Savings, in the place of Mr. Pintard, whose resignation was accepted at the last monthly meeting of the trustees. I cannot but feel gratified at having been elevated by the unanimous vote of my associates to the honourable station of president of the greatest associated institution in the United States, — greatest in the influence which it exerts over the community; greatest in the amount of business which it transacts, and by which it is drawn into intimate contact with the people; and greatest (I think I may from experience assert) in the good which it has already done and all it may hereafter (with a continuance of the blessings of Almighty God) be the means of doing.

JULY 19. — On Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Howland, my wife and I, went on a visit to Mr. Thomas W. Ludlow's, below Yonkers, — a drive of eight or nine miles, principally along the valley of the Saw-Mill river; a more beautiful drive is not to be found anywhere. The trees are glorious, the lands diversified by hills and valleys, and the whole in the highest state of cultivation. Mr. Ludlow has lately taken possession of his new house on the bank of the Hudson, — a cottage in the true Gothic style of architecture, replete with every convenience and elegance, and the situation splendid. We were kindly entertained by old Mr. Robert Morris and his wife until Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow returned home from a drive. We had a pleasant visit, and returned to dinner, after which the same party, with the addition of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Aspinwall (who were visitors, like ourselves) and the young folks, went on another pleasant excursion up the valley to Tarrytown and around by the river. In the course of our drive we went to see Mr. Paulding's magnificent house, yet unfinished, on

the bank below Tarrytown. It is an immense edifice of white or gray marble, resembling a baronial castle, or rather a Gothic monastery, with towers, turrets, and trellises; minarets, mosaics, and mouse-holes; archways, armories, and air-holes; peaked windows and pinnacled roofs, and many other fantastics too tedious to enumerate, the whole constituting an edifice of gigantic size, with no room in it; great cost and little comfort, which, if I mistake not, will one of these days be designated as "Paulding's folly." But the situation, the prospect, and the form of the grounds are all admirable; with good taste and a great deal of money it may be made to equal Hyde Park. As for the splendid marble house, I would not exchange Howland's plain, respectable, airy mansion, embosomed in one of the most charming groves I ever saw, for a dozen of it.

On Sunday morning we all went to the Episcopal Church, near the landing, where the service was performed by the respectable pastor, my old acquaintance, Dr. Creighton, who officiates alternately, morning and afternoon, there and at Tarrytown. We found a great number of our friends, residents in the neighbourhood, who form the congregation of this pleasant little temple of the Lord, whose kind greetings and pressing invitations gave us abundant reason to believe that our visit in these parts might be very agreeably and advantageously prolonged. After a hasty dinner of cold meats, the usual Sunday fare at Howland's, we attended the afternoon service in the Presbyterian Church, situated near to that in which our morning's devotions were performed, but less to my satisfaction. Returned home to the well-regulated, cheerful, happy place of our sojournment, ate a good supper, united in the religious services of the family, which are performed in a devout, unostentatious manner every morning and evening, and retired to rest.

"And thus did pass away, brightly as it began,
A rural Sabbath day."

After an early breakfast this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall,

my wife and I, drove to Dobbs's Ferry, took the "Kosciusko" at half-past eight o'clock, and in two hours we were at home. Our visit has been exceedingly pleasant; everything at my friend Howland's wears the aspect of comfort, happiness, and elegant hospitality. God grant that the estimable inmates may live long to enjoy the blessings of which they are so well deserving!

JULY 30. — The long agony is over. The man who Bank Veto. was elected by the Whigs to the second office in the government, and has by the death of the *good President* been unfortunately elevated to the first, has put his veto upon the most important measure of Whig policy. The bank bill having been in his possession ten days was returned to the Senate yesterday, with the President's objections, in a message, which, in my humble judgment, is one of the weakest and most puerile State papers we have ever had from the Executive Department. It is all his own; for every member of the cabinet is opposed to its principles, and not one of them (if it were not so) would be desirous to claim any part of the paternity of this confused, egotistical, inconclusive argument. It wants more talent than Mr. Tyler has evinced in this document to "make the worse appear the better cause." "He has always been opposed to a bank," and therefore to sanction one would "be to commit a crime which he would not willingly commit to gain any earthly reward, and which would justly subject him to the ridicule and scorn of all virtuous men." If this is not the quintessence of "twaddle," I know not what is. Why did he accept the nomination for Vice-President, involving the dreadful contingency which has occurred, opposed, as he says he was, to a national bank in any form, — one of the cardinal points to which was directed the ultimate success of the party which nominated him. Governor Tyler has, however, succeeded in making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Tammany Hall was in ecstasies on the receipt of the news. Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, when that jackass Benton was making a fuss about some fellow in the gallery of the Senate who hissed on the reading of the veto

message, begged his *friend* to withdraw his motion. "His heart was so full of joy and gratitude to the acting President" for his course in this business, that he could not bear to have those feelings interrupted by anything of a less pleasant nature. Poor Tippecanoe! it was an evil hour that "Tyler too" was added to make out the line. There was rhyme, but no reason, in it.

AUGUST 19. — Washington Irving is very ill with a bilious fever, at his cottage at Tarrytown. I regret exceedingly to hear that his case is considered dangerous. A newspaper, giving an account of his illness, attributed it to his excursion with me to the coal-mines and Honesdale. It may be so; but he certainly was never better in health and spirits than during the whole time of our pleasant trip, and he and I separated on our arrival here, delighted with all things we had done and seen, and with no indication that either of us was the worse in health, spirits, or experience. As the boys say in such cases, he will die *after* it, but I should say, not, by any means, of it.

AUGUST 26. — Died, on Saturday last, at the great age of ninety-four, Mr. Henry Brevoort. He lived all his life upon his farm, now in Broadway, a short distance above my house, which cost him a few hundred dollars, and is now worth to his heirs a half million.

Edward Ever-
ett's Nomina-
tion. AUGUST 30. — One nomination has not been acted upon by the Senate, and rumour says that it will be rejected, — that of Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, as Minister to England. The result of this, in my judgment, is of more consequence than President's Tyler's veto of the bank, the rejection of all the great Whig measures, the dissolution of the cabinet, and all the other mischievous consequences realized and anticipated as the fruits of Whig inconsistency and Southern impracticability. If Mr. Everett's nomination is not confirmed it will be upon the ground that he is a Northern man, and, by the inference, an Abolitionist. And some general observation on the subject of slavery in the abstract, which was used by the gentleman whilst Governor of Massachusetts, is now brought up to strengthen

the unholy cabal. This rejection cannot be accomplished except by the votes of two or three *soi-disant* Whigs or Conservatives from the slaveholding States, united with the unflinching profligate phalanx of the opposition, who would reject the great apostle of the Gentiles if he came before them (and no doubt he would) covered with the mantle of Whig principles.

This dreadful question comes now broadly and clearly before the American people; all extraneous matter is cast away from it, and Edward Everett stands forth the embodiment of a principle upon which is to be made an issue of the deepest solemnity, one on which the union of the States and the prosperity of the country depend. Governor Everett is acknowledged on all hands to be perfectly qualified in every respect for the dignified appointment to which he has been nominated. No mere party objections can be brought to bear against him, for the opposition cannot hope or expect by defeating him to get a man of their own; nor is it possible that any predilections in favour of Mr. Stevenson, the present Minister, if such existed strong enough to overcome party preference, could have any influence in this case, for that gentleman has solicited his recall, and is waiting in London for the arrival of his successor. The case, therefore, stands in its naked beauty or deformity. If the nomination is rejected it will be by the union of pseudo-Whigs with exterminating Loco-focos, to punish a patriot and a statesman because he is in favour of the right of petition, which it would be treason in a public man to deny, and because he refused to exclaim with Mr. McDuffie and the other hotspurs of the South, that slavery is a positive blessing to the land. Perhaps it is well that this star of baleful influence should appear now when the political horizon is enveloped in darkness, and "the planets shoot madly from the spheres." Let us settle all the hash at once. If Everett's nomination is rejected upon the grounds above stated, and the people of the East and the North and the Northwest submit to it, they deserve to change places with Mr. McDuffie's troops in South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama.

SEPTEMBER 6. — On my arrival in Albany I found Second Veto. bad news from Washington. President Tyler sent in to the House of Representatives, where the bill originated, his veto message of the act to create a fiscal corporation, a national bank, framed, as was thought, to make it acceptable to the fastidious palate of the accidental executive. The message is weak and devoid of argument as the former one. He was always opposed to a national bank, and therefore his oath and conscience forbids him to sanction one. A very good sort of Jacksonian argument, which, being the only one, we are bound to abide by. Congress has done all they can, and will adjourn on Monday, unless the measures necessary to be adopted in relation to a disgraceful occurrence, which I am about to have the mortification of recording here, should render a longer session necessary.

Thursday is distinguished by another black mark in Fracas in Con-
gress. the congressional proceedings of the President's veto.

On that day a fracas occurred between two of the hotspurs of the South, which caps the climax of vulgarity and violence, so common of late, and which have rendered the American Congress little better than the National Assembly of France during the reign of terror, when *poissardes* and *sans-culottes* controlled their proceedings, and the guillotine carried their bloody edicts into execution. In the course of a debate on the bill making appropriations for diplomatic services, a motion being before the House to dispense with the *chargé* at Naples, Wise, of Virginia, whose conduct of late has been that of an infuriated madman, charged Stanley, of North Carolina, who is nearly as rash and hot-headed as himself, with inconsistency, and applied to him the *gentlemanly* and *parliamentary* epithets "little and contemptible;" to which Stanley, of course, replied in language equally mild and conciliating; soon after which Wise left his seat, crossed over to Stanley, and renewed the dispute in vituperative terms. Warm words passed. Wise invited Stanley to follow him into the lobby, which he declined. Wise told him he was "beneath his contempt."

Stanley called him a liar. Wise struck him; the blow was returned, and the hall of the House of Representatives was defiled by a thumping match between two men who call themselves gentlemen, and represent the chivalry of the South. The House became a scene of confusion; the Speaker in vain attempted to restore order. Whilst the main battle was raging, several agreeable little codicil fights were gotten up between the friends and champions of the combatants, the principal one of which was enacted by Colonel Butler, of Kentucky, and Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee. I blush to acknowledge that all four of these ruffians call themselves Whigs. Such a weight is sufficient to break down any party.

After the fight was over, Mr. Wise apologized to the House for his conduct, which he attributed to his having received the lie from Stanley (a pretty hard word to swallow), and offered to make any atonement. Mr. Stanley said he had no apology to make; they might do with him as they pleased, or he would resign, but he gloried in having punished his assailant, and regretted that interruption prevented him from giving him all he merited. A committee was appointed to investigate the circumstances and report. Many members were in favour of expelling Wise *sur le champ*, which, in my judgment, would have been the best course, but not that perhaps which comported best with the dignity (if any may be left) of the House.

Mr. Wise's conduct and deportment, during the whole of the last and present sessions, has been unruly, arrogant, and ungentlemanly, and if he is not crazy he has no excuse; his expulsion would give equal satisfaction to all parties. He calls himself a Whig, but he has done the Whig party more injury than any half-dozen of their most violent political opponents. These men may escape punishment, from the anxiety of the members to adjourn and return to their families, after this painful and vexatious session; but if I were one, I would never consent to rise until this committee reports, and the House shall have taken suitable steps to vindicate their own characters and that of the country.

SEPTEMBER 14. — The prediction of Mr. Webster is
 Cabinet Resig- verified. The cabinet, with the exception of Mr.
 nations. Webster and Mr. Granger, sent in their resignations on
 Saturday, which were accepted by President Tyler, and their suc-
 cessors nominated to the Senate.

The select committee, of which that prince of demagogues, In-
 gersoll, of Philadelphia, was chairman, reported on Saturday on
 the case of Wise and Stanley, and Colonel Dawson announced to
 the House that the business had been amicably settled between the
 parties. The House accepted the report, which slurred over the
 matter in the most approved manner; the dignity of the people's
 representatives remains insulted, and in future every well-behaved
 man, whose abilities and patriotism may entitle him to take a part
 in the deliberations of the House, and is ambitious of serving his
 country and justifying the choice of his constituents, must do it at
 the risk of being bullied, brow-beaten, and perhaps otherwise
 beaten, by Mr. Wise and other Southern hotspurs.

SEPTEMBER 15. — Edward Everett's nomination as Minister to
 England has been confirmed by the Senate by a vote of twenty-
 three to nineteen; so that dark and portentous cloud is happily
 removed from our distracted political horizon. There is enough to
 excite angry feelings, and disturb the tranquillity of the country,
 without leaving that firebrand unquenched.

SEPTEMBER 20. — The "New York Herald" is now
 American understood to be the champion of President Tyler; and,
 Press. if report speaks true, its correspondent in Washington
 (a person named Parmely) is his confidential adviser, enjoys in
 the most enlarged degree the run of the presidential kitchen, and
 is favoured with copies of his messages and other public acts be-
 fore they have been submitted to his cabinet ministers. For these
 high privileges and distinguished favours he, of course, evinces his
 gratitude, and does his share of the dirty jobs about the palace, by
 abusing in the most gross and vulgar language the members of the
 late cabinet; and Mr. Ewing, the late Secretary of the Treasury,

having been the most prominent among the abdicators, comes in for the largest share of this reptile's venom. A long article is published in the "Herald," filled with the grossest vituperation against this gentleman, against whom the tongue of slander has never until now been raised.

SEPTEMBER 2.—The ex-Postmaster General came Mr. Granger. to see me on Monday evening, when I was not at home; and I called upon him yesterday, and had a long and interesting talk with him about the unhappy state of things which had lately existed at Washington, and the difficulties and mortifications to which he has been subjected in the discharge of his official duties by the faithless and wayward conduct of Mr. accidental President Tyler. To the embarrassment which this conduct has caused him, more than to the famous veto of the bank bill, the resignation of the Postmaster General is to be attributed. The most active and violent opposers of the Whig administration have been retained in important post-offices against his most urgent remonstrances, to serve the ulterior views of the President and to create personal partisans out of political adversaries; by which temporizing policy our friends have been disgusted, and their accustomed exertions in the "good cause" been paralyzed and rendered ineffectual, and for the sins of omission the head of the department has received all the blame. Mr. Granger mentioned several cases of this kind of the most flagrant nature. His representations have been disregarded. Assurances have been given from time to time and promises made, which have been violated and broken with a want of good faith and the comity supposed to exist between official characters standing in so intimate relations with each other, for which no excuse can be found but in the utter inability of the present Executive for the discharge of his high and responsible duties. Among other matters, of which I have now been for the first time made acquainted, is one in which I was concerned, and which satisfies me that Mr. Granger has been true to me; he informed me that on one occasion he succeeded so far in obtaining

Mr. Tyler's consent to the removal of Mr. Coddington, and my appointment, that he was about to leave him, with directions to send up my name, when he was called back and told that more time was wanted to determine upon the propriety of removing an active and violent political opponent from the important office of postmaster of New York, and putting in his place a true and undoubted Whig. This vacillating and time-serving policy has broken up the party, and my friend Granger could not remain in a place where he was exposed to contumely and deprived of power.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Having received from the President and Directors of the New York and Erie Railroad Company an invitation to attend the ceremony of the opening of the first section of the road from Piermont, on the North river, through the county of Rockland, to Goshen, Orange county, I was one of four hundred and fifty guests who assembled yesterday morning on board the steamboat "Utica," and started on our excursion at eight o'clock. Such a crowd of important and distinguished men, official and unofficial, I have seldom or never seen collected. An accident like that of the "Lexington" on the Sound, or the "Erie" on Lake Erie, would have vacated more offices, broken up more establishments, and broken more hearts than a seven-years war or a general conflagration of the city. We had the Governor, judges of all grades, the bishop of the diocese and other clergymen, the Mayor, Recorder and members of the Common Council, ex-mayors, merchants, bankers, generals, distinguished men from other States, Whigs and Loco-focos, pipelayers and editors of newspapers; and thus huddled together, with scarcely standing-room on the deck of the steamer, we arrived at the company's pier at Piermont, twenty-five miles from New York, were stowed away as close as Loco-foco matches in a box (but happily not rendered equally combustible by attraction) into the cars prepared for the occasion, some of which were temporary platforms with seats of rough plank, calculated for one hundred persons

each, and exposed to a constant shower of sparks and cinders like those which accompany a visit to Vesuvius or Ætna, only not half so romantic and worthy to be talked and written about. Thus placed, and *toted* by two whizzing, snorting, fire-and-smoke-vomiting locomotives, we set off under the discharge of cannon, the hurrahs in English and Irish of the men, and the occasional waving of handkerchiefs (when they had them) of the women, by which we were also saluted on the whole line of the road. We went on rather slowly, to be sure, but fast enough, perhaps, for so great a weight on a new and untried road, and arrived at Goshen, forty-six miles, at two o'clock. Here the cannon were firing, bells ringing, and such a collection of people from the adjacent country as were probably never before assembled in the "land of Goshen."

SEPTEMBER 29. — The noble steam-frigate which was Sailing of the
"Kamschatka." built in New York, on the plans and under the direction of Robert and George L. Schuyler, sailed (I must write sailed until some other word is invented; but how can it be called sailing when no sails are used?) this morning. I was one of a large party of gentlemen invited to go down in her. We assembled on board a steamboat at the foot of Liberty street, at eleven o'clock, whence we were taken to the "Kamschatka," lying in the stream, and by noon the anchor was weighed and the tremendous mass of timber and iron put in motion down the bay. It had been raining in the morning, but the sun came out about this time, and her voyage down to the Hook was very pleasant.

SEPTEMBER 30. — Mr. Stanley, Wise's competitor in Congressional
Lyrics. the disgraceful fracas which lately occurred in the House of Representatives, although a clever man and a good fellow, is fiery as a Loco-foco match, and as easily ignited by hard rubbing; and so small and boyish in his appearance that Pickens once contemptuously called him Cock-Robin, and he in return let out a broadside of cannon-balls, bomb-shells, and chain shot, each apparently larger than the calibre of the gun itself. It must have been funny to hear this little man with a big heart

boast of the fisticuffs he inflicted upon Mr. Wise, and what he would have done if they had not been separated. These remarks are suggested by reading the following nursery lines, taken from a Western paper, as a sort of heading to an account of the congressional battle : —

“Stanley, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To pummel Mr. Wise.”

OCTOBER 5. — The Commencement of Columbia College took place to-day, in St. George’s Church, Beekman street. I walked in procession from the college, and remained in the church until nearly four o’clock. The medals were presented, the degrees conferred, and most of the other ceremonies performed by President Duer, whose feeble health and sickly appearance created a strong sensation of sympathy and apprehension among his friends that he was risking too far his impaired powers ; but he got through it, and boasted that he was not fatigued ; but I am afraid there was more pride than sincerity in the declaration. The speaking was generally very good ; the valedictory, especially, was a fine composition, well delivered, but too long, and the music, a double dose. Thirty-one of the senior class graduated, of whom the following delivered exercises : James Emott, Jr., George W. Collord, Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, James H. M. Knox, H. T. E. Foster, John J. Townsend, John Rankin, Robert Le Roy, Jr., T. B. Dibblee, and Robert D. Van Voorhis.

OCTOBER 16. — The following gentlemen dined with me : Francis March, J. T. Brigham, Charles H. Russell, M. H. Grinnell, J. de Peyster Ogden, James W. Otis, Charles A. Davis, Charles A. Heckscher, John A. King, Robert Tyler, son of the President. This was a picnic for wine ; each gentleman sent his bottle of Madeira. I decanted and numbered them in such a way that nobody could recognize his wine but by

its taste. There was a great display ; it is not extravagant to say that such another could not be made out of an equal number of other wines. After tasting around, a vote was taken, and a bottle furnished by Mr. Grinnell bore off the palm by all the votes except two ; this was wine formerly belonging to Mr. John B. Coles. Besides this, our board was graced by Kirby wine, March and Benson, 1809 ; Butler, Helicon, etc.

Ogden Hoffman, Butler King, of Georgia, Prescott Hall, and Judge Kent were kept away by sickness or business. The latter gentleman is working like a slave in his new vocation, to clear away the accumulation of business in his court, caused by his predecessor being less active and industrious than himself ; but I fear it will be the labour of Sisyphus, — the more work he does the more he will make to do, for there is always burden enough for the back of the willing horse. Judge Kent was employed in the morning in sentencing one wretch to the gallows, and another to the State prison, and I should have thought that was grave work enough for one day ; but he proceeded in the afternoon to try civil causes, and so lost his dinner, but sent his bottle to represent him. Mr. Grinnell brought Mr. Robert Tyler, who, by his request, I had previously invited ; he is the young man who married Miss Penelope Cooper, remarkable for nothing, that I could discover, but a very strong resemblance to his father.

Governor Marcy said once, in the Senate of the Spoils. United States, "To the victors belong the spoils." This is a maxim acted upon by the political parties in our country, but not usually avowed so openly as in this instance. But the Romans, in the plenitude of the power of the mighty republic, when she was mistress of the world, when monarchs bowed at her footstool and no nation existed except by her sufferance, had the prettiest notion of spoils ; not such as our American senator had in his eye, which are extorted from one portion of the citizens to be bestowed upon the other, but those acquired from foreign nations as the fruits of victory, the price of peace, and wages of corruption.

This was the time of Rome's greatest power, but not of her greatest glory ; *that* had departed with her Catos, her Ciceros, and her Fabii. Honour and patriotism had been succeeded by rapine and corruption, and the Roman name, though still feared, was no longer honoured. The only consolation humanity derives from the lesson is, that the very spoils which she wrung with their liberties from tributary nations was the cause of her downfall.

OCTOBER 25. — My birthday, — I am sixty-one years old ; and it does not require a record in “black and white” to remind me of it. It appears to me that I am more than a year older than I was last year on this day. How much faster we go down than up hill, and how much less time there is to stop and gather flowers by the way ! There are not so many flowers, either, or perhaps we cannot see them, or want the taste to enjoy them. Stones and ruts and jolts there are enough, and sorely do our bones feel the effects of them ; but on we go ! The downward impetus cannot be resisted, and our best hope is that we may find a quiet, comfortable spot at the foot.

OCTOBER 28. — The new church recently erected at Church of the Ascension. the corner of Tenth street and the Fifth avenue for the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, who were burned out in Canal street, is a noble Gothic building, upon the same plan, but of smaller proportions and less elaborate workmanship than the new Trinity Church, or rather cathedral, which is slowly raising its massive walls, its beautiful arches, and graceful turrets, at the head of Wall street. The exterior of the Church of the Ascension is of hammered stone. Trinity is of polished stone, and the material more beautiful ; but the proportions of the former are faultless, and the interior is finished in a style of appropriate solemnity and excellent taste. The church is so nearly finished that notice is given of the consecration, to take place on Friday of next week.

Croton Water-Works. Mr. Franklin and I went out to the reservoir on Murray Hill, — a short drive from the city, — which I have not seen for more than a year. I fortunately found

on the spot. Mr. Thompson Price, the contractor, who showed and explained to us everything about the gigantic work, which is nearly completed; and the whole work is in such a state of forwardness that the fourth of July next is already fixed upon for the ceremony of letting in the water. The principal reservoir, which will contain a surface equal to thirty acres of water, is near Yorkville, about four miles farther from the city, from which the water is conveyed by double rows of enormous iron pipes to this, which is called the distributing reservoir; of less extent, but of more costly workmanship. This is divided into two equal compartments, which, together, will contain nineteen millions of gallons. The walls are of granite, of prodigious thickness, finely wrought on the exterior, and affording a pleasant promenade on the top, from whence to view these two Mediterranean seas, so well calculated to carry out the object of the temperance teetotallers. Some idea may be formed of the whole expense of this great work, from the fact that the contract for this one item amounts to half a million of dollars. The Philadelphians may boast of their Fairmount works; they are no more to be compared to this than the Schuylkill to the Hudson. I doubt whether there is a similar work in Europe of equal extent and magnificence with the Croton aqueduct, — its dams, bridges, tunnels, and reservoirs.

OCTOBER 30. — The excitement in relation to the Catholic school fund, and its distribution for the exclusive benefit of the Catholics, *per se* (as President Tyler would say), is increased to fever heat by the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of that religious faith held last evening at Carroll Hall, at which the Catholic Bishop Hughes was the prime mover and generalissimo, and at which he made an inflammatory speech, urging his flock to come out at the election “upon their own hook,” repudiating the candidates on both sides who were opposed to the alteration of the school system as at present conducted, and presenting a new ticket, composed of those who were supposed to be in favour of such a law as they desire. The senators

on both sides came under the ban of the Right Reverend regulator, and Charles O'Connor and a Mr. Gotzberger are nominated in their places ; and a ticket for Assembly, containing the names of ten of the Loco-focos, whom the Bishop says are favourable to his views, and three new ones in place of that number of impracticable heretics. This is certainly a most impudent interference with the rights and privileges of native Americans ; an unblushing attempt to mix up religion with politics, — an unpalatable dish in this country, — but it may be the means of assuring the success of the Whigs, particularly the Senate ticket. Good may come of evil ; but evil it undeniably is.

NOVEMBER 5. — The people will be amused ; they
Lectures. must have some way of passing their evenings besides poking the fire and playing with the children. The theatre does not seem exactly the right thing ; when it revives a little and raises its head, the legitimate drama — good, honest tragedy, comedy, and opera — has to encounter a host of competitors ready to administer to a vitiated public taste. The good is mixed up with the bad ; Shakespeare and Jim Crow come in equally for their share of condemnation, and the stage is indiscriminately voted immoral, irreligious, and, what is much worse, *unfashionable*. But the good folks, as well as the bad, must be amused, and at the present time lectures are all the vogue. Regular courses have commenced at the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Institute, the Lyceum, and the Historical Society, at all of which some of the ablest and most distinguished men of this and other States have agreed to contribute their learning and eloquence. Jared Sparks, for the Historical Society, is engaged in a course of eight lectures on the "Events of the American Revolution," to which crowds so numerous are attracted that the chapel of the New University cannot hold them, and they have had to adjourn to the Tabernacle, the *omnium gatherum* and hold-all of the city. Concerts, vocal and instrumental, are also well attended. Mr. Knoop fiddles and Braham sings to large audiences, whose \$400 or \$500 a night is

made as easily as a broker's commissions ; and ladies' recitations come in for a good share of public patronage. This is all right ; it is more rational than the expensive parties for which New York was formerly celebrated, where friendly intercourse was stifled in a crowd of oyster-eating parasites, modest merit put to the blush by reckless extravagance, and good fellowship voted vulgar by parvenu pretension ; but I cannot help thinking that the theatre, well conducted, should come in for a better share of support : its morals will always be regulated by the countenance it receives from the respectable part of the community. Vice naturally shrinks from the contact with virtue. If good plays are encouraged and decent theatres frequented by respectable people, none but such will be presented to the public.

Merchants' Exchange. NOVEMBER 17.—The rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange in Wall street, the magnificent room in which the merchants of New York are to "congregate," was opened this day for their use. The façade wants three columns to be complete, and the offices are all occupied by brokers, banks, money-changers, and those who deal in *pigeons*, if not "those who sell doves." The following memoranda are taken from an account in one of the morning papers of this superb edifice, which will be an ornament to the city, but a very bad concern for the stockholders, of which number I am one to the amount of \$2,500. I may say as Gomerts, the Philadelphia Jew, said to me, when I congratulated him on the news of peace, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Hone ; but I wish I had not bought them calicoes." The ground on which the building stands cost \$750,000. The cost of the building will be about \$1,100,000, so that the whole expense will not be much short of \$2,000,000 ; and it is doubted whether the revenue of all kinds, with all the advantages of situation and contiguity to the great centre of business, will be more than sufficient to pay the interest on the foreign debt contracted over and above the amount of subscriptions raised from such simpletons as myself for the erection of this costly temple of mercantile pride.

NOVEMBER 23. — This nobleman came in town on Lord Morpeth. Thursday. I called this morning, with Mr. Buchanan, to see him, at the Astor House, and invited him to dine with us on Saturday next. He is a plain man, ill-dressed, rather undersized, with gray hair, which makes him look older than his age (something under forty), with fine teeth and good eyes. In his manner he is, like most of his countrymen, fidgety and ill at ease, a forced vivacity, a desperate determination to do "the agreeable," come what may; all of which would seem to indicate a want of polish which intercourse with good society alone can impart, did we not know that in this case no such question can arise. No individual in England can claim higher breeding from ancestral blood, high connections, finished education, and dignified employment. He is evidently what is called in his country "a clever man." He talks much and well, forms no ridiculous pretensions upon his rank, and is delighted with everything he has as yet met with in this country.

NOVEMBER 25. — I was at a dinner given by Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, to Lord Morpeth. The party consisted of the host and his two sons, Lord Morpeth, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Morris, the Mayor; Mr. Fanshaw, Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Thomas W. Moore, Mr. Jephson, Col. Nelson, a West Indian; Judge Oakley, Judge Betts, Mr. Curtis, the Collector, and myself. It was a pleasant, cheerful dinner. His lordship improves upon acquaintance. Chancellor Kent was very agreeable, and the judges gave good opinions. I advised his lordship to accept an invitation he has received from the corporation to the Joinville dinner on Saturday, and agreed to postpone mine until Wednesday of next week.

The following statement is copied from an article in the "American," the object of which is to prove that the ruinous depreciation of personal property is mainly to be attributed to the party warfare which terminated in the destruction of the Bank of the United States. This frightful exhibit relates only to the fall in the value of certain stocks here

Record of
Ruin.

in New York ; it is even worse in some of the other States, in which banks are broken, the solemn obligations of the State repudiated, and the mass of the people standing ready to avail themselves of the new bankrupt law as soon as it goes into operation. And yet the prostituted press of the party which is about to resume its ascendancy has the impudence to tell the people that the country is as prosperous as ever. "To convey some idea of the immense amount of money sunk in stocks within the last three years, we give below a list of the prices that a small portion only of those bought and sold at our stock-board alone, within that period, have ruled at, and their prices at the present day. The difference, in many instances, seems incredible ; but unfortunately it is true."

	Prices within three years past.	Present prices.
United States Bank	122½	4
Vicksburg Bank	89	3
Kentucky Bank	92	56
North American Trust	95	3
Farmers' Trust	113	30
American Trust	120	nothing
Illinois State Bank	80	35
Morris Canal Bank	75	nothing
Mohawk Railroad	76	63
Paterson Railroad	75	53
Harlem Railroad	74	18
Stonington Railroad	70	23
Canton Company	54	23
Long Island Railroad	60	52

NOVEMBER 27. — The great affair given in honour of Mrs. Mott's Ball, the French Prince de Joinville, by Dr. and Mrs. Mott, at their elegant house in Bleecker street, formerly the residence of Washington Coster, came off last evening, in a style of magnificence which we have not witnessed for a long time. Cut-

ting of limbs has been a better business of late than trade, and the doctor, having been absent in Europe during the dark days of New York, has had no temptation to invest his money in stocks which have become worthless; "*tant mieux pour lui.*" I rejoice in the worthy doctor's ability to honour his royal guest, and do credit to our city in a manner equally worthy of himself and the occasion. My wife and daughters and myself were invited, but I alone represented the family. I called and took Mr. Hughes to this "Doctor's mob," for such, in fact, it was. The house is curiously constructed, with a great number of small rooms, but none large enough to accommodate such a great crowd; and the fine women and lovely girls, dressed in a style of taste and splendour for which they are remarkable, were squeezed in corners by fat men in black, and boys with long beards which the bloodthirsty Venetian Jew might have envied in his day. And as for dancing, one cotillon was all that could find room, and that only the one in which the Prince and his happy partner were exhibited from time to time to the admiring multitude who gazed upon him, the tall ones over the heads of the short ones, and the short ones under the arms of the long ones. I came away before supper, which I am told was in equal splendour with the rest of the entertainment. It was a superb, hot-pressed edition of New York's "good society," elegantly bound, with gilt edges and rich illustrations. Lord Morpeth divided the notice of the company with the distinguished guest of the evening. His society and conversation were much courted.

The Corporation of New York gave a grand dinner this day to the Prince de Joinville, at the Astor House. The company, for so large a one, was very select, including none of the vulgar hangers-on of the corporation, who are apt to creep in and ungentlemanize the company on these occasions. The company, about two hundred in number, consisted, besides "their honours," of the prince and officers of the Belle-Poule and Cassarde; the French committee; officers of the Army and Navy of the United States; militia officers of the

Civic Feast to
the Prince.

rank of general; members and ex-members of Congress; chancellors and judges; ex-mayors, which dignified corps was confined to C. W. Lawrence, Aaron Clarke, and myself; Lord Morpeth; Colonel Clive and Colonel Percival; Mr. Bacourt, French minister; Christopher Hughes, *chargé d'affaires* at Stockholm; Francis Granger, postmaster-general, out of place; Bishop Onderdonk; Dr. Knox and Rev. Mr. Verrin; and a fair representation of the respectable gentlemen of the city, Whigs as well as Loco-focos. The Mayor, of course, presided, with Aldermen Bennett and Shaler as vice-presidents; there was good material in the company, but the president had not the tact to bring it out, until after the French guests retired, which was soon after the regular toasts were done, when affairs took a livelier turn, and the usual amount of speech-making and toastifying came into play. The Mayor, in his toast, the first after the regular ones, paid a handsome compliment to Lord Morpeth; to which he replied in a short speech, in excellent taste and fine language, evidently prepared, however, and committed to memory, and delivered in the strained, awkward, sing-song style of elocution which characterizes most of the parliamentary orators. The handsome dining-room of the Astor House was tastefully decorated with the flags of France and the United States, and devices and inscriptions appropriate to the two nations; and the dinner, which cost the good people of Gotham \$2,000, was gotten up in Stetson's best style.

DECEMBER 1. — We had a very pleasant dinner-party, consisting of the following gentlemen: Lord Morpeth, Henry Brevoort, Mr. Charles H. Russell, Peter Schermerhorn, Washington Irving, E. H. Pendleton, John Duer, Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Francis, Ogden Hoffman, James G. King.

His lordship has been so *fêted* and lionized at large public dinners, and has been so thrust forward to make speeches and be stared at, that he declared himself delighted with the ease and sociability and repose of this little party of talented and agreeable men. He left at ten o'clock to attend an evening party at Mr.

Isaac Jones's; but some of my guests remained until half-past eleven. Lord Morpeth grows upon us amazingly; his fine talents, improved by education of the highest sort, and the frank urbanity of his social intercourse, makes us overlook his awkwardness of manner, and a half-hour's conversation almost persuades us that he is a handsome man.

DECEMBER 6. — This being the anniversary of the
 Launch of the "St. Nicholas." tutelar saint of the New Netherlands, the new ship built for a Havre packet, which bears his name, was launched, at three o'clock, from the ship-yard at the head of Cherry street. The ceremony was delayed a fortnight to grace the anniversary, and she was launched into her destined element, with all her masts standing, — a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. At the appointed time, in fine style, Alderman Benson, the president of the St. Nicholas Society, in full Dutch costume, with a cocked hat and orange ribbon, performed the ceremony of the christening, by pouring the mystical libation of Holland schnapps over her bows. The owners of this noble vessel provided an appropriate banquet for the members of the society, in a warehouse from which an excellent view of the launch was obtained. We were treated with coffee, spiced rum (known in the Dutch nomenclature as hot stuff), nice bread and butter, Dutch cheese, herrings, doughnuts, New Year's cookies, crullers, mince pies, and waffles. The ship bears on her bow a full-length figure of the patron saint, in full canonicals, and her stern is ornamented with a representation of the same worthy in his better-remembered capacity of the friend and benefactor of our early days. He is represented here entering a chimney loaded with his annual gifts for "good children," which he is supposed to have brought from Holland, *via* his aerial railroad, in less time than is required in these boasted times of rapid locomotion to get up the steam of the "Great Western;" and in another portion of the same carving we see the kind-hearted saint filling the stockings with his far-fetched treasures, the thoughts of which are preventing the slumbers or

employing the dreams of their expectant recipients. The latter scene is copied from Weir's admirable picture on this subject.

The marble statue of Washington, executed in Italy, Greenough's Statue. by the American artist Greenough, was placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington on the first instant. It is pretty severely criticised by some of the newspaper correspondents, one of whom goes so far as to condemn it as another of the caricatures which disgrace that spacious apartment ; but these folks are so much in the habit of furnishing lies to their employers about living subjects, that they cannot tell the truth when marble is to be treated of.

DECEMBER 14.—Bills of indictment have been found Mr. Biddle. by a grand jury of Philadelphia against "Nicholas Biddle, Samuel Jaudon, John Andrews, and others to the jury unknown," for robbery, cheating, swindling, and all the other crimes, true and technical, known to the criminal law, and described in its exuberant phraseology. "How are the mighty fallen!" The great financier, the golden calf of Chestnut and Wall streets, at whose approach the well-brushed hat of the cosey millionaire, or the business-like cap of the money-broker, instinctively came down from its empty eminence, and the pliant knee could with difficulty restrain its idolatrous genuflection, the "monster" of General Jackson's imagination, and the very "Old Nick" in the path of Loco-foco politicians,— "fallen, fallen, from his high estate," now "none so poor to do him reverence." Indicted for high crimes and vulgar misdemeanors by a secret conclave of greasy householders, who, a few short months ago, reflected back the complacent smile from his good-natured visage as he ascended the marble steps of the classical temple of Mammon, of which himself was the high-priest, and, marking the animated step and comfortable rotundity, wondered and exclaimed with the jealous Cassius : —

" Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed,
That he has grown so great? "

But these worthy men, influenced, no doubt, by a zeal for justice and a regard for the public morals, had each of them a sharper prompter to those holy impulses stowed away in his little morocco pocket-book in the shape of an unredeemed five-dollar note, or had been compelled to write off in his stock account a reluctant line on the dark side of the profit and loss account, where first his jocund pen had caused a ray of light to play around the consolatory word *dividend*.

DECEMBER 15. — I attended the sale of Commodore Chauncey's wine, at the City Hotel, to-day. The fine old sherry of 1786 and 1789 brought four and a half dollars per bottle, much less than I expected; but I doubt if it is *the* wine which we used to extol so highly. He had several kinds, all good; but the great wine, probably, is all gone the way of all wine. I felt melancholy when reminded, by seeing this wine under the auctioneer's hammer, of the delightful days when this liquor was an adjunct of the hospitality and good cheer of which I have so often partaken at the table of the noble old commodore. Peace to his ashes, and revered be his memory! The race is dwindling away; when will my turn come?

DECEMBER 20. — President Tyler's plan of a *ma-Fiscal Agent*. chine to go without wheels, a mill without water, a steam-engine without fuel, a sort of bank and no bank, has been received and referred in the Senate to the standing committee of ways and means, of which Evans is chairman; and in the House of Representatives to the special committee, of which Cushing is chairman. The Whigs, who have yet respectable majorities in both Houses, seem disposed, now that their own schemes to regulate the currency and provide the means to carry on the government have been defeated by the President, to give those he offers a fair chance, and will do nothing under the influence of party-spirit to obstruct the administration of public affairs. At present, things at Washington are calm and quiet.

DECEMBER 21. — I came out last evening in a character which I

had laid aside for a long time : I went to two parties ; first, to one at Mrs. Hammersley's, in the handsome new house, her share of the Mason row, above us in Broadway, where everything was in the finest style of elegance and good taste ; and afterward to Mrs. Charles Heckscher's, where the party was given in honour of the bride, Mrs. Washington Coster, late Miss Elizabeth Oakey, where I found many agreeable people, a capital supper, and fine wine. I was very well pleased at both places ; in these cases *c'est le premier pas qui coûte* ; the difficulty is in saying, "I will go," and going upstairs into a cold room to dress at an hour when you ought to undress to go to bed. I went to Mrs. Hammersley's at ten o'clock, and found half-a-dozen ladies collected in the receiving-room ; and at eleven, when I came away, it was difficult to make my way through the crowd.

DECEMBER 23. — This society celebrated their anniversary yesterday, by an oration at the Tabernacle, from Professor Hadduck, of Dartmouth College, and afterward a dinner at the Astor House. The last was remarkable for two circumstances, — Yankee inventions, — one wise and in good taste, the other exceedingly doubtful in both those characteristics. The tables were graced by the presence of ladies, but chilled by the exclusion of all beverages but water, — the "pure element," as they call it. The water, it is true, was brought from the neighbourhood of Plymouth ; but the *spirit* of the Pilgrims has evaporated long since, and I suspect that those on whom the duty devolved of making speeches and singing songs would have gotten on better if a substitute had been provided in the shape of a glass of Stetson's good Madeira, or the spur to intellect which is found in a sparkling tumbler of champagne. The Pilgrims could not boast of many such stimulants, and were compelled to drink "water from the rock ;" but I shrewdly suspect that if from the rock streams of champagne had issued, instead of water, it would not have been suffered to run to waste or sink untasted into the earth. There is a scandalous report prevailing, that after the dinner was

ended, and the company had dispersed, the bar-rooms and oyster-cellars in the neighbourhood of the Astor House had an unusual run of custom, and soon gave evidence that this grand temperance jubilee was to them at least an *empty* boast.

I dined to-day with Prescott Hall. The party consisted of Messrs. Curtis, Grinnell, Minturn, De Wolf, Draper, Gerard Coster, Brigham, Dr. Sparks, etc. Several of these gentlemen were leading men yesterday at the New England dinner. They made ample amends to-day for their unwonted abstinence on that occasion; their libations gave evidence of a "foregone conclusion" destructive to the capital wine furnished by our hospitable entertainer. This descendant of the Pilgrims has no particular predilection for the "pure element."

1842.

JANUARY 1. — If the moral, social, and political year which has now commenced shall take its features from the earth, the air, and the heavens this day, it will be all bright sunshine, balmy air, and cloudless skies. Never was there a more beautiful New Year's Day, and never did people seem disposed to make more of it. Broadway, from ten o'clock until the shades of evening, was animated by pedestrians of all ranks, sexes, and ages, and by every description of vehicle that ever was contrived as a substitute for legs. I entered upon the spirit of the game, was fairly on the go from noon until five o'clock, and paid many agreeable visits.

The year comes in under gloomy auspices and discouraging forebodings. We are, as a community, much worse off than we were at the commencement of the year which has just passed off forever. And the aggregate of individual loss, embarrassment, and disappointment is most fearfully increased. Real and personal property is diminished greatly in value, and the confidence which promotes success in the dealings of men seems to have fled.

Here, in the city of New York, trade is stagnant. Local stocks are lower than ever. Real estate is unsalable at any price; rents have fallen and are not punctually paid, and taxes have increased most ruinously. The general government has, by a course of bad management and corrupt measures in the last administration, and a want of harmony and concert in the present one, been reduced to bankruptcy; there is not enough money in the treasury to pay the members of Congress, nor patriotism and honesty enough in the rulers to agree upon any feasible plan to make matters better. And, to add to this babel of enormities, several of the States are holding meetings, to deliberate upon the propriety of repudiating State debts. Elections have gone in favour of this damnable principle,

and we shall stand before a jury of nations, a nation of swindlers, not entitled to the ordinary courtesies of the civilized world, and a by-word and a reproach ; all of which, New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio must suffer for the rascality of Mississippi, Michigan, and, I greatly fear, Pennsylvania.

JANUARY 17. — Died in Philadelphia, on Saturday, in the seventy-third year of his age, Francis L. Hopkinson, Death of Judge Hopkinson.

Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court for the State of Pennsylvania. Few men in this country have enjoyed, during a long life, so good a name, or deserved it more ; he was a man of taste, learning, and public spirit, an agreeable companion, and a gentleman, as such things were formerly understood in this country, before it was Jacksonized. Judge Hopkinson has been more celebrated as the author of the national song “ Hail Columbia,” than for many more important services rendered to the people, and higher evidences of talents.

JANUARY 22. — We had a pleasant dinner-party of young folk, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Kane, Miss Eliza Russell, Miss Emma Meredith, Mr. Charles Brugière, Genevieve Anthon, Edward Laight, Emily Hone, Frederick Foster, Caroline Howland, and William Schermerhorn.

Arrival of Charles Dickens. JANUARY 24. — The steamer “ Britannia ” arrived in Boston on Saturday evening, having left Liverpool on the 4th inst. She brings news thirty days later than we had before. Among the passengers in the “ Britannia ” are Mr. Charles Dickens and his wife. This gentleman is the celebrated “ Boz,” whose name “ rings through the world with loud applause,” — the fascinating writer whose fertile imagination and ready pen conceived and sketched the immortal Pickwick, his prince of valets, and his body-guard of choice cronies ; who has made us laugh with “ Mantilini,” and cry with poor “ little Nell ;” caused us to shrink with horror from the effects of lynch law, as administered by the misguided Lord George Gordon, and to listen with unmitigated delight to the ticking of “ Master Humphrey’s Clock.” The

visit of this popular writer has been heralded in advance. He was expected by this packet, and I signed, three or four days ago, with a number of other persons, a letter to be presented to him on his arrival in this city, giving him a hearty welcome and inviting him to a public dinner, which, from the spirit which appears to prevail on the subject, will be no common affair.

The news by this arrival is of a more sunny nature than we have been accustomed to of late. The language of the quotations from the public papers is more conciliatory, and there seems to be a greater disposition to shake hands than to crack crowns. Every favourable symptom on this side of the water is made the most of. The temperate tone of President Tyler's message has contributed to produce this effect, and Lord Morpeth's reception, and the attentions he has received in this and other cities of the United States, have not been without their influence upon public opinion. But the best evidence of a return of good feelings, and a sincere desire on the part of the British government to adjust the unpleasant difficulties between the two countries, is the appointment of Lord Ashburton on a special mission to the United States (which appointment he has accepted) to settle, if possible, the points in dispute. This is an unusual piece of condescension on the part of our haughty elder sister. It will make Brother Jonathan feel his importance, and the devil is in it if it does not put him in a good humour. Besides the gracious nature of the act itself, the choice of the messenger of peace may be considered highly complimentary. Lord Ashburton is better known as Mr. Alexander Baring, head of the great mercantile house of Baring Brothers & Co., closely identified with American commerce, and long known as the bankers of the American government; and it would be strange if he had not some predilections in favour of a country whose blood runs in the veins of his children, Lady Ashburton being an American lady, the daughter of Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia.

Happy will it prove for us that Mr. Webster has remained in

the office of Secretary of State when this special Minister shall have arrived, and great will be the triumph over those who abuse him for remaining at his post when his colleagues resigned, if he shall prove to be the happy instrument in settling the painful difficulties between the two countries in an honourable manner, and averting a war so little desired by either. Let these two men get fairly together at Washington, and, if the sores are not speedily healed, they may be pronounced incurable.

JANUARY 25. — Isaac Iselin, formerly of the house of Le Roy, Bayard, & Co., and more recently connected with that of De Rham & Moore, died on the 10th of December, at his residence in Bâsle, Switzerland, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. I visited Mr. Iselin, at Bâsle, in the year 1821. He was a banker, dealing largely through Paris in exchange and stocks, and lived in the dull, aristocratic style of the dullest and most aristocratic city of Europe.

The House of Representatives presents every day a scene of violence, personal abuse, and vulgar crimination, almost as bad as those which disgraced the National Assembly of France in the early stages of the "Reign of Terror." Mr. Adams, with the most provoking pertinacity, continues to present petitions intended to irritate the Southern members, and by language and manner equally calculated to disgust his friends and exasperate his enemies, and does something every day to alienate the respect which all are disposed to render to his consummate learning and admirable talents. To those outbreaks of ill-temper Wise replies in language which the veriest demagogue of a porter house would blush to use to his vulgar associates.

Among other insane movements of the ex-President, he has presented a petition praying *for a repeal of the Union*, because the petitioners are deprived of the privilege of agitating the terrible question of slavery; and their right to bring forward a proposition so monstrous, and his to be their organ of communication with the Congress of the nation, is enforced with the indomitable obstinacy

which marks all his conduct of late. Wise calls him "black-hearted traitor;" and Adams, in return, pours out the vials of his wrath upon the fractious Virginian. Happy would it be for the country if these two firebrands were expelled from the House! Indeed, a motion has been made to expel Mr. Adams for subordination of treason in the presentation of the obnoxious petition above mentioned; and in the present temper of the members, it will require all the reverence which is felt for his age, his talents, and the exalted office which he formerly bore, to save him from that or some other signal mark of disgrace. In the course of this unprofitable debate Mr. Gilmore made a happy application of a well-known couplet to Mr. Adams, who expressed his regret at seeing that gentleman play the *second fiddle* to Mr. Wise. Mr. Gilmore said he played second fiddle to no man; all he wished to do was to stop the music of a man

"Who, in the space of one revolving moon,
Was statesman, fiddler, poet, and buffoon."

While scenes are represented in one part of the great chamber in which "the collected wisdom of the nation" is presumed to be assembled, in another, one of this kind is enacted: "Mr. Dawson, of Louisiana (who, by the bye, always goes armed), deliberately took his seat by Mr. Arnold, and, after applying to him a number of most violent and abusive epithets, told him that if he rose from his seat he would cut his throat, at the same time significantly pointing to the bowie-knife he carried in his bosom." How long will it be before the people of this abused country will begin to look with favour on the sad alternative of a master? If we had a Julius Cæsar at the head of his victorious legions, now would be the time for him to march to the Capitol. . . . We are a factious people and a conceited people; but we are also a calculating people, and have sense enough to know that in such a dangerous experiment the chances are fearfully against us.

JANUARY 27. — In addition to the dinner which it is intended to give Mr. Dickens on his arrival at New York, a grand ball is to be gotten up for him and his lady, at the Park, where it is proposed to have *tableaux vivants* and other devices illustrating some of the prominent scenes in his admirable stories. For this object a meeting was held last evening at the Astor House, which was attended by fifty or sixty very respectable gentlemen.

The Mayor presided, and a letter, of which I was selected to be the author, was agreed upon, signed by all present, and intrusted to David C. Colden to be delivered by him in person to Mr. Dickens, in Boston, inviting him to the *fête*, and requesting him to name the day on which it shall take place. This is all well, but there is danger of overdoing the matter and making our well-meant hospitalities oppressive to the recipient. We are a people of impulse; when we get fairly mounted upon the back of a *lion*, we are apt to drive with might and *mane*, until the "royal beast" is fain to escape from the menagerie.

JANUARY 31. — Another sign has been exhibited in the House of Representatives; another movement toward the accomplishment of my recent melancholy prediction. That indomitable, pugnacious, wonderful man of knowledge, without tact, John Quincy Adams, has presented a petition from some people in Haverhill, Mass., praying for a separation of the Union, as the only means of obtaining the right of petition, the maintenance of which they consider of more importance than the union of the States. A monstrous doctrine, the very whispering of which has a sound as of thunder, more awful than that of foreign war! But, after all, it is precisely the same threat, founded on better ground, as that made by the Southern anti-tariff nullifiers; but now that the brat is born of Northern parents, these patriotic hotspurs are horrified beyond all example; their indignation knows no bounds. "Treason!" "Expulsion!" "The guillotine!" resound from the whole slaveholding part of the

Reception of
"Boz."

Signs of the
Times.

House, both Whig and Tory. Wise vomits fire like the Dragon of Wantley. Gilmor and Marshall seem ready, like Curtius, to spring into the gulf to save the Constitution, when such parts of it as happen to suit them are thought to be in danger; and all the little dogs — Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart — join in the cry, and snap at the heels of the sturdy mastiff of Massachusetts, who growls on and guards with pertinacious obstinacy all approaches to his kennel. A motion to censure the ex-President is now before the House, with amendments more or less violent, which he combats inch by inch, and which probably, after consuming the time of the House (which the people pay for) a week or so, and increasing the flames of discord, which may be seen issuing from every crevice in the political volcano, will end in smoke and the foreboding sound of internal thunders.

FEBRUARY 1. — I went to two *Boz* meetings last evening; one at the Carlton House, of the dinnerites, at which Chief Justice Jones presided. A committee of arrangements was appointed and the officers of the dinner selected. They consist of Washington Irving, John Duer, John A. King, Judge Betts, and myself, and we are to determine on the presiding officer and the names of the vice-presidents. The other was a meeting of the ballites, at the Astor House, the Mayor in the chair. A long report from the committee was adopted. This affair is in a forward state, and promises to eclipse the Lafayette ball at Castle Garden.

FEBRUARY 3. — Dined with Mr. George Curtis, Washington place: a pleasant party, good dinner, and fine wines; after which I joined the girls at a party at Mrs. Archibald Gracie's, Waverly place.

FEBRUARY 9. — After I came from the committee last evening, I went to Mrs. Ray's fancy ball, by special favour, as nobody. It was a beautiful affair. The house and furniture and everything thereunto appertaining is new and splendid, — the greatest thing, by common consent, in the city. The party consisted of about ninety, all (with two or three exceptions) in fancy characters, some of which were mag-

Mrs Ray's
Ball.

nificent and others highly characteristic. The scene was extremely brilliant.

Mr. Adams
Acquitted. The vote of censure in the House of Representatives, which has caused so great an excitement, was laid on the table on Monday, by a vote of one hundred and six to ninety-three. This is a triumph for the pertinacious ex-President, who, it is to be feared, will be encouraged by it to keep the floor, to the exclusion of all other business but the presenting petitions, for the remainder of the session. The Southern men are so exasperated at their failure in the attempt to punish Mr. Adams for presenting a petition praying for a dissolution of the Union (a proposition, horrible though it may be, yet one which these Southern men have regarded with no small share of favour themselves), that some of them are unwilling to work in the same team with him. Messrs. Gilmor, Hunter, Rhett, Proffit, and W. Cost Johnson, members of the important committee on foreign affairs, have been excused from serving on that committee, because, as they say, they "are unwilling to work with a chairman who has shown himself an unsafe repository of the public trust, and who has not the confidence of the members of the committee." All this the old hero takes very coolly, and moves for the appointment by the Speaker of members to fill the vacancies.

Minister
to Spain. Washington Irving is nominated Minister to Spain, and will be, or has been by this, confirmed by the Senate. In many respects this is a good appointment. Mr. Irving has spent some time in Spain, and some of his best works were written in that country, from materials collected on the spot. The appointment, he says, was altogether unexpected by him; but I have no doubt, from his manner of speaking of it, that he is pleased, and will accept it. The place has been vacant since the return of Major Eaton.

Bennett's
Sente y. FEBRUARY 14. — This impudent disturber of the public peace, whose infamous paper, the "Herald," is more scurrilous, and of course more generally read,

than any other, has been tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and convicted on two indictments for a libel on the Judges Noah and Lynch, of the Court of Sessions; he was sentenced this morning to pay a fine of \$250 on one, and \$100 on the other. This will do him more good than harm; he will make money by it; the vitiated appetite for slander which pervades the mass of the people will be whetted by the notoriety which this trial will give him, for dearly do people love the scandal of which themselves are not the subject! The court consisted of Hon. William Kent, president, and two Loco-foco aldermen, Purdy and Lee; the two latter "birds of a feather" overruled the judge in making up the sentence, of which he took care to inform Bennett in the address which he made to him in announcing it, telling him plainly that if he had had his way he would have sent him to the penitentiary, and intimating that whenever he gets a chance he may expect it at his hands, on the commission of another such offence.

Death of
Mr. Barhyte. Old Mr. Barhyte died, one day last week, at his farm near Saratoga Springs, where he lived so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He was closely identified in my memory with many pleasant trout dinners and card-parties at his plain Dutch house, situated on the brow of a hill, at the foot of which was his fish-pond, surrounded by a beautiful forest of dark-green pine-trees, whose tall, spiral tops seemed to bow into the clouds. This was formerly a favourite resort of Governor Clinton, whose moments of ease and hilarity I have often shared. Many a joke of his have I enjoyed, when he laid aside his state to be a boy once more, and many a good dinner have I helped him to eat in the old Dutchman's house. Here, too, have I enjoyed pleasant intercourse with Mr. Otis, Mr. Van Buren, Colonel Drayton, Louis McLane, Governor Lewis, and many other distinguished men; listened to the charming notes of poor Dom Lynch, and enjoyed the enjoyment of my brother John. Old Barhyte would permit us to use his house and eat his trout as a special favour, and charge us double price for everything, with a fair under-

standing, fairly expressed by him, that if we did not like it we need not come again. His civility was extended rather sparingly, and only to those to whom he had a liking, of which number I was always one. Presidents and governors, judges and generals, all fared alike. He sold his trout, his cool drink, and his pleasant seat on the piazza, only to those who found favour in his eyes, and as for the rest, "they might go whistle."

FEBRUARY 15. — "The agony is over;" the "Boz" ball, the greatest affair in modern times, the tallest compliment ever paid to a little man, the fullest libation ever poured upon the altar of the muses, came off last evening in fine style; everything answered the public expectation, and no untoward circumstances occurred to make anybody sorry he went.

The theatre was prepared for the occasion with great splendour and taste. The whole area of the stage and pit was floored over, and formed an immense saloon. The decorations and ornaments were all "Pickwickian." Shields with scenes painted from several stories of Dickens, the titles of his works on others surrounded with wreaths, the dome formed of flags, and the side walls in fresco, representing the panels of an ancient oaken hall. A small stage was erected at the extreme end, opposite the main entrance, before which a curtain was suspended, exhibiting the portly proportions of the immortal Pickwick, his prince of valets, and his body-guard of choice cronies. This curtain was raised in the intervals between the cotillons and waltzes, to disclose a stage on which were exhibited a series of *tableaux vivants*, forming groups of the characters in the most striking incidents of "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," etc. The company began to assemble at half-past seven o'clock, and at nine, when the committee introduced Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, the crowd was immense; a little upward of two thousand tickets were handed in at the door, and, with the members of the committees and their parties who came in by back ways, the assembled multitude numbered about two thousand five hundred. Everybody was there,

and every lady was dressed well and in good taste, and decorum and good order were preserved during the whole evening. Refreshments were provided in the saloons on the several floors, and in the green room, which was kept for the members of the committees and their families. This branch of the business was farmed out to Downing, the great man of oysters, who received \$2,200. On the arrival of the "observed of all observers" a lane was opened through the crowd, through which he and his lady were marched to the upper end, where the committee of reception were stationed. Here I, as chairman of that committee, received him, and made a short speech, after which they joined in the dancing.

The author of the "Pickwick Papers" is a small, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking young fellow, thirty years of age, somewhat of a dandy in his dress, with "rings and things and fine array," brisk in his manner, and of a lively conversation. If he does not get his little head turned by all this, I shall wonder at it. Mrs. Dickens is a little, fat, English-looking woman, of an agreeable countenance, and, I should think, "a nice person."

FEBRUARY 16. — Charles Aug. Davis invited a number of us yesterday to meet Dickens at dinner; but, lo and behold! an apology was received from him, stating that he was confined to his room by a sore throat, and was inhibited by the doctor from going out. Two very good-humoured notes were received from him, and so we had to perform the tragedy of "Hamlet," the part of Hamlet omitted; but we made a good thing of it, notwithstanding the hiatus in our ranks. The major and his charming wife were agreeable, as usual, and if any party could get along without missing Mr. Boz it would be one formed of such materials as the following: Mr. John Duer, Judge William Kent, Samuel B. Ruggles, F. G. Halleck, Dr. De Kay, J. Prescott Hali, William B. Astor, Washington Irving, John A. King, Gulian C. Verplanck, Judge Betts, David S. Kennedy, Henry Brevoort, P. Hone.

Dinner to
Dickens.

FEBRUARY 19. — The great dinner to Dickens was given yesterday, at the City Hotel, and came off with flying colours. Two hundred and thirty persons sat

down to dinner at seven o'clock. The large room was ornamented with two illuminated scenes from the works of "Boz," busts of celebrated persons and classical devices, all in good taste; and the eating and drinking part of the affair was excellent. The president was Washington Irving (I beg pardon, "His Excellency"). "Non Nobis" was sung by Mr. Horn and his little band of vocalists, who gave several glees during the evening. After the unintellectual operation of eating and drinking was concluded, the president rose and began a prepared speech, in which he broke down flat (as he promised us beforehand he would), and concluded with this toast: "Charles Dickens, the literary guest of the nation." To this the guest made his acknowledgment in an excellent speech, delivered with great animation, and characterized by good taste and warm feeling.

An unusual feature in this festivity was the presence of a coterie of charming women, who were at first stowed away in a small room adjoining the upper part of the hall, and who, with a laudable and irrepressible curiosity to hear me, and others equally instructive and agreeable, at the lower end, edged by degrees into the room, and finally got possession of the stage, behind the president, to the discomfiture of certain pleasant old bachelors and ungallant dignitaries, but to the great delight of us who profess to have better taste in such matters. This flying squadron of infantry consisted of Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Colden and Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Wadsworth, the Misses Ward, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Parish, Miss Anna Bridgen, Mrs. McCrackan, Mrs. Brevoort, and others, all of whom were greatly pleased, and some of whom seemed to regret they could not take a more active part in the business of the evening. This dinner, with the ball on Monday night, is a tribute to literary talents greater than any I remember; and, if the English people do not repay it in some shape to our eminent men, they are no great things.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 15. — Dickens and his wife are here. There has not been much fuss made about him. They laugh at us in

New York for doing too much, and have gone upon the other extreme. He has been invited to dine by several gentlemen to whom he brought letters. Amongst the rest Mr. Adams invited him and his wife to dinner on Sunday, at half-past two o'clock. (This early hour was fixed, I suppose, to keep up the primitive beauty of New England Republican habits.) Some clever people were invited to meet them. They came, he in a frock-coat, and she in her bonnet. They sat at table until four o'clock, when he said, "Dear, it is time for us to go home and dress for dinner." They were engaged to dine with Robert Greenhow at the fashionable hour of half-past five! A most particularly funny idea to leave the table of John Quincy Adams to dress for a dinner at Robert Greenhow's! He is to be here on Tuesday or Wednesday, and Kennedy has written to Mr. Gilmore to take charge of him and keep him out of bad hands; as I also have urged him to do, but I don't think he will. He detests humbug. Washington Irving, Ogden Hoffman, and Moses H. Grinnell came here last evening; the former to receive his instructions previous to his departure for Spain, and to read up, as he expressed himself to me, to the political state of affairs, and to the nature of his official duties. He is a charming good fellow, a feather in the literary cap of his country.

Mr. Granger gave us a grand dinner to-day at Gadsby's. I did not think it possible to get up anything so genteel in this house. The service was beautiful, the dinner excellent, the attendance unexceptionable, and the guests of the highest grade. The party consisted of Mr. and Miss Granger, Mr. Webster, Washington Irving; Legaré, Attorney-General; Martini, Dutch *Chargé*; Rives; Bodisco, Russian Minister; Mr. and two Misses Hone, Fletcher Webster; Lerruys, Belgian *Chargé*; Barnard, Van Rensselaer, Grinnell, Gouverneur Wilkins, and Nordin, Swedish *Chargé*.

Mr. Webster was in his happiest mood; I had a nice talk with him. He is seriously impressed with the melancholy situation of the domestic affairs of the country; not entirely free from solicitude about his own position, but full of hope regarding the issue of the

vexed questions between us and Great Britain. They will be settled before September, he said to me, with a solemnity of manner and emphasis of expression, with the volcanic fire flashing from out of the caverns of his dark eyelashes, which struck to my soul and which I never can forget. "They will be settled if they will give me a fair chance!" And I believe it! All I fear is that the people do not deserve such a man as Daniel Webster, and that Justice rather than Mercy will be awarded to us.

We went this morning to Mrs. Webster's drawing-room, Tuesday being her day for receiving company. It is a good arrangement; it makes one of those pleasant places of resort for ladies and gentlemen which serves to take off the rough edge of party violence and Republican vulgarity. From Mrs. Webster's we went to call upon Mrs. Madison, who was not at home. She is a *young* lady of fourscore years and upward, goes to parties and receives company like the "Queen of this new world."

This has been a day of great business. After our
 President's dinner-party broke up, we went to the President's
 Levee. levee,—the last of the season, and the crowd was great. The east room, which is one of the most splendid I ever saw, was a complete jam; but, considering the facility of access, the sort of people who do the honours and those who receive them, the company was highly respectable; the first people in the land were there, and the women were well dressed. I witnessed no gaucheries, no vulgarity, and I doubt if any society in any country so organized could have turned out so decorous and respectable an assemblage. As for the host and his immediate satellites, they seemed to be in the situation of King George's apple in the dumpling,—wondering how the devil they got there. It struck me that a majority of all the men over the age of thirty were more fit to be President than Mr. Tyler. He walked from one magnificent apartment to another, holding a little child by each hand, to show, I suppose, how amiable he was, how simple in his habits, how affectionate in his feelings. Shades of Washington, Adams, Madi-

son, Monroe, do turn aside your heads from such an exhibition ! Even the hickory face of Jackson would smile, and the courtly nose of Van Buren turn up, at such an absence of dignity.

Dickens was at the levee, and Washington Irving, and, as far as I could judge, Irving out-bozzed "Boz." He collected a crowd around him ; the men pressed on to shake his hand, and the women to touch the hem of his garment. Somebody told me that they saw a woman put on his hat, in order, as she told her companions, that she might have it to say that she had worn Washington Irving's hat. All this was "fun to them," as the frogs said, but "death" to poor Irving, who has no relish for this sort of glorification, and has less tact than any man living to get along with it decently. I was, however, rejoiced to see it ; it showed that the refreshing dew of popular favour could be shed upon the indigenous, as well as the exotic, plants of literary talents.

MARCH 24. — I passed the morning in walking through the streets of Philadelphia. Notwithstanding the dreadful times they have experienced, many new buildings are going up ; the shops exhibit their accustomed display of costly merchandise. The markets are well supplied with provisions, and there seems to be no lack of customers. The marble fronts of the houses in the fashionable streets are kept bright and clean, as usual, and the noble portico of the Bank of the United States looks down proudly as ever upon the ruin which the institution has occasioned. Such of the banks as are not hopelessly crippled have resumed the payment of specie, and the Philadelphians clap their wings and crow at the triumph of exchange on New York being a quarter per cent. below par. But the merchants are suffering. There is no business, and the Western exchanges are worse than ever.

AT HOME, MARCH 25. — We left Philadelphia at nine o'clock this morning, and got home at three. Washington Irving joined us on starting, and made a very pleasant addition to our little party. He is more gay and cheerful than he is wont to be, and talks a great deal, enlivening his conversation with stories of old

times, literary reminiscences, and pretty fair jokes. He is evidently much gratified with his unexpected elevation to diplomatic dignity, and is making his preparations to sail for England on his way to Spain, in the packet of the 7th of April.

APRIL 4.—The anniversary of the death of William Henry Harrison, the good President. The flags are suspended at half-mast from the Whig public-houses and some other conspicuous places; and well may they be! The bells should be tolled, and if the people were to put on sackcloth and ashes such manifestations of grief would not transcend the cause. The decease of the good old man, much to be lamented by his personal and political friends, was to him of small importance. He had arrived at the summit of a man's ambition in this country, and could not have died at a better time for himself; but how little did the American people comprehend the extent of their bereavement! One year of the rule of imbecility, arrogance, and prejudice has taught them the folly of selecting for Vice-President a man of whose fitness for the office of President they had no reasonable assurance. The "New York Herald," which is said to be high in favour with Mr. Tyler, and considered a sort of semi-official, says that he is about to resign. God grant it may be true! but if he does, he will gain no credit for it. He would undoubtedly serve his country more effectually by such a step than by all the actions of his previous life, and would for once be entitled to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens; but he would not receive it. No credit would be given to him for a motive so patriotic; it would rather be attributed to that sort of patriotism which caused Hull to desert his post and surrender Detroit when he spied out in the cloud which darkened the horizon a hostile force approaching. But the report can have no foundation. It is only raised to keep Bennett's hand in, who lives by lying. John Tyler resign! Why, he is just *weak* enough to believe himself the *strongest* man in the United States! He has all the self-conceit of him who announced in the plenitude of his arrogance that "he would administer the laws as *he*" (not the Supreme Court) "under-

stood them ;” while at the same time he does not possess a tithe of his force of mind and strength of intellect.

APRIL 5. — The British ship of war, “Warspite,” with Lord Ashburton’s Arrival. Lord Ashburton, the special Minister on board, arrived at Annapolis on Saturday, and his lordship was to depart immediately for Washington ; so that by this time it is probable he and Mr. Webster have gotten *toe to toe*, and put their *heads* together, by which means it is to be hoped they may reëstablish matters on a friendly *footing*, and preserve their respective countries from cracked crowns and bloody noses. The sending out on this mission so distinguished a man, nay, the sending a special Minister at all, ought to be considered a strong proof of the desire on the part of the British government to preserve friendly relations, if possible, with this country. So it is distinctly understood by Mr. Webster, with whom the negotiations will of course be conducted, and who assured me the other day that he had the fullest confidence in being able to settle *all* the differences with England before the first of September. If these two men cannot effect this important object, none can, and then the Lord have mercy upon John Tyler and Queen Victoria, and all their men !

APRIL 21. — A terrible hubbub has been going on in Rhode Island. the redoubtable little State of Rhode Island for some time past ; a party of disorganizing, radical demagogues, unable to accomplish their object of changing the politics of this steady State and bringing themselves into office, by fair means, have set about defeating the will of the people (of which, when it suits them, they pretend to be the champions and supporters), and, having made a constitution of their own, have elected a governor (one Mr. Dorr) and State officers ; whilst the sober part of the community, proceeding according to law and the Constitution, have reëlected the present governor (King) and the State officers as at present constituted ; so the smallest State in the Union is the only one which can boast of *two* governors, and the sword of civil commotion is likely to be drawn in a quarter hitherto

distinguished for good order and obedience to the laws. The incendiaries, headed by Dutee J. Pierce, and other such warriors, many of whom are auxiliaries from other States, impelled solely by a love of liberty and reverence for other men's rights, swear that the State belongs to them, and that they will govern it; whilst the other party swear that it does not, and that they shall not, and so they are preparing to go to blows about the matter. President Tyler, on being applied to by the regulars, has written a letter, which is published, in which he avows his intention, in a manly, frank manner, to carry out the duty prescribed to him in the Constitution of the United States, by supporting the Constitution of the State and standing by the right, and, if more gentle means are unavailable, United States troops will be sent to settle the hash. What acts of tyranny are committed now-a-days under the name of *liberty*, and how the people's will is defeated by those who profess to be their best friends. The Rhode Island rebels, as well as the New York Loco-focos, have no notion of heeding the *vox populi*, when that *vox* fails to raise the one to power in the State, or to secure to the other the patronage and emoluments of municipal supremacy.

APRIL 25. — This patriotic song, which, like the Hail Columbia! "Song of the Rhine," in Germany, and "The Marseillaise Hymn," in France, has been adopted as the national anthem, and still continues a sort of "smoke-pipe" for overheated patriotism, was written by the late distinguished Judge Hopkinson, who died in Philadelphia on the 15th of January last. It was first sung at the theatre at the benefit of a young actor, whom the author was desirous of serving. This was in the summer of 1793, during John Adams's administration, when a war with France was supposed to be inevitable, and party-spirit raged with great violence, the American people being divided into an English and a French party. The object of the author was (as he himself expresses it in a letter to the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, now published) "to get up an American spirit, which should be

independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honour and rights." These were the famous black-cockade times, when the wisdom and patriotism of Washington were insufficient to control the "madness of the people," who, in espousing the quarrels of the Europeans, had almost ceased to be Americans. Judge Hopkinson was then, and continued always to be, one of that noble "band of brothers joined," a true American Federalist; not of that section of the band who have since been Jackson Federalists, or Harrison Conservatives, but a true American Whig Federalist, born of the Revolution, educated in the school of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, and acknowledging no party but his country.

APRIL 26. — When I returned home I found that Dr. Wainwright had called in the course of the morning to invite me to a family dinner, to meet Mr. William H. Prescott, of Boston, — the accomplished author of the "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," — who had just arrived in town on a very short visit. I joined the pleasant little party after they had dined, and enjoyed a highly intellectual treat. The party consisted of the doctor, Mr. Prescott, Henry Brevoort, George Griffin, John C. Hamilton, Henry Cary, and myself. Mr. Prescott is rather a handsome man of about six and forty, of intellectual appearance, good manners, agreeable conversation, and much vivacity. Mr. Prescott reminded me that we had met before, at dinner at General Lyman's in Boston.

APRIL 28. — Our city was disgraced by a meeting, last evening, at Tammany Hall, called by Alderman Purdy, Messrs. Slamm, Vanderpoel and such persons to approve the proceedings of the insurrectionists in Rhode Island, who are in arms against the constitution and laws of the State, and to encourage them in their factious opposition to the constituted authorities, and their contempt for the expressed opinion of the general government. Aaron Vanderpoel (the Kinderhook roarer, as he is familiarly called by those who have listened to

Incendiary
Meeting.

the dulcet tones of his voice in the House of Representatives), was most appropriately chosen chairman of the meeting, and addresses were made by Mr. Parmenter, a Rhode Island Jacobin, and Mr. Davezac, Mr. Edmunds, and other New York patriots, and resolutions were passed suited to the occasion. What would these fellows have said if the people of Providence had held a meeting to denounce the law of the last Legislature of New York, repealing the late salutary registry act, or that which destroyed the beneficial influence of the public schools to propitiate the Irish Catholics and secure their votes at the expense of the rights of native Americans? That would have been stigmatized as an impertinent interference in other people's affairs, whilst their meeting last night was a generous ebullition of patriotic sympathy in favour of the oppressed victims of official tyranny.

This powerful agent, which regulates just now the affairs of the world ; this new element, which, like the other four, is all-potent for good and for evil, — has not only almost annihilated distance, and overcome the obstacles which nature seems to have interposed to locomotion, and reduced the value of most of the articles in use for which we formerly depended upon the labour of men's hands, but it has become a substitute for war, in the philosophical plan of keeping down the superabundance of the human race, and thinning off the excessive population of which political economists have from time to time expressed so much dread. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of some steamboat being blown up, and hundreds of human beings suddenly summoned to give an account of the "deeds done in the body," and hurried off, "unanointed, unannealed," to another world, for which most of them are unprepared ; or of a locomotive running off the railroad, and thus bringing many to an unexpected termination of their journey. These are some of the wholesale operations of steam ; the retail business is of comparatively no importance, and we only hear of those cases which occur in our immediate neighbourhood ; but they

are most deplorably frequent. One day last week a young man jumped from the car on the Harlem railroad, to recover his hat, which had blown off, fell on the rails, and was killed in a shocking manner; and yesterday a fine lad, eleven years of age, son of Mr. John Steward, Jr., an old acquaintance of mine, was killed, near Elizabethtown, New Jersey, by a similar act of carelessness, and in the same manner.

MAY 2. — The following gentlemen dined with us: Mr. William H. Prescott, Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Brevoort, I. S. Hone, W. B. Astor, D. C. Colden, Lieutenant-Governor Bradish, James G. King, and Charles A. Davis. Mr. Prescott is exceedingly pleased with the attentions he has received in New York, and in truth he deserves them all. He is agreeable in manners, and bright in conversation, free from pedantry, and modest, as we always wish to find a man of such talents. He is engaged at present in writing a history of Mexico, which requires about a year to be finished. His "Ferdinand and Isabella" has been eminently successful, it having passed through eight editions since it came out in 1838, and is still a very salable book.

MAY 3. — To-morrow is the day appointed by the Rhode Island. Rhode Island insurgents for the organization of their pretended government under the officers illegally elected by what is called the "free suffrage party." In expectation of the violence which it is feared will attend these insurrectionary proceedings, United States troops have been sent on to Providence from the different stations; two companies went from Governor's Island a day or two since, and yesterday a detachment from Norfolk passed through this city. General Wood is on the spot prepared for *business*, and it is hoped that the prompt interference of the general government to "keep the peace" will prevent bloodshed for the present; but finally it will result, as it always does, in the "fierce democracy" getting the better of law and good order. Downward, downward, is the tendency of all political affairs in this country! If old King George the Third, who so

reluctantly released us from colonial bondage, could raise his obstinate head, and take a look at us, how would he rejoice to contemplate the probable failure of our experiment of self-government.

MAY 13. — The Union Club is now pretty well settled in its new quarters, — Mr. William B. Astor's large house, in Broadway, higher up the street, and on the opposite side from the former situation. The house is exceedingly well calculated for the club, or will be, after a new building is finished in the rear, intended for the public dining-room, and kitchen below. It has been newly furnished and put in handsome order at an expense (including the new building) of \$7,000, — an excellent lounging place for old and young beaux, each of whom would fain wish to be thought what the other is; where horse-racing and politics are discussed by those who know little about either of those abstruse sciences; where the "young idea" is taught to shoot billiard-balls, and study the mystery of whist; and where I frequent, notwithstanding the satirical tone of the present remarks. Such is the inconsistency of man's desires! Happy at home, I seek amusement abroad; and, preferring my library to all other places, I join the society of men who know nothing of books but "the history of the four kings."

MAY 19. — The face of affairs has changed in Rhode Island. Governor Dorr, the supernumerary governor of that redoubtable little State, who came to New York a lamb, and was sent on to Providence a lion, by the Tammany sympathizers, drew his sword, planted his cannon, fortified his castle, issued his proclamation, and doomed to death, without "benefit of clergy," every man opposed to him. But finding that his friends fell from him, and his enemies gathered strength and courage, he sheathed his Durandina, withdrew his bloody sentence, as he did his own person, and, his cannon refusing to *go off*, went off himself in the middle of the night; and when Governor King, accompanied by the sheriff, went to arrest him yesterday morning, he had "absquatulated," "mizzled," "made tracks" (either of

which terms may be used, each being considered equally classical in the slang nomenclature of the day, and particularly appropriate and expressive in the present case), —

“ And Governor Dorr
Was seen no more.”

The first accounts from Providence led us to suppose that, with the retreat of the leader, the opposition to the laws and the constituted authorities had ceased ; but it appears that a body of his followers still retained possession of the cannon, and had thrown up a sort of redoubt for their defence ; but this was probably intended as a means of securing a favourable capitulation, and the steamboat to-morrow will, it is hoped, bring us the agreeable tidings that the civil war is at an end.

Now, what a pretty figure do the men cut who encouraged the Rhode Island rebels, and denounced the general government for the interference to which it was enjoined by the Constitution ! Some of them begin already to back out. Stephen Allen has published a sort of half-way disavowal. He only meant “ to *advise* the President, not to interfere.” “ He did not mean to take sides with the insurgents,” — not he, good, easy man ! “ He was engaged, and did not attend the meeting.” Most virtuous citizen ! But he *did* allow his name to be used by a set of fellows of whose companionship he was ashamed, for a purpose which he knew could come to no good ; and so he will again, whenever his tools say he must, and so will Walter Bowne, and John J. Morgan, and Churchill C. Cambreling, and Campbell P. White ; but they have done a deed, the bad odour of which they will never be able to shake from their garments. If, hereafter, any of them shall go to Newport or Providence, the finger of scorn will be pointed at them, as incendiaries who threw from a distance a brand to light the flames of civil discord in a sister State, and put weapons in the hands of misguided men to shed the blood of their brethren and neighbours. I record with pleasure the fact that some of the leading men of the Loco-foco

party refused to be made parties to this nefarious proceeding. My old acquaintance, John Targee (whose orthodoxy nobody can doubt), told me to-day that he refused to sign the call for the meeting, as an affair which he did not understand, and an interference which he could not justify; and, furthermore, if they used his name he would come out publicly and disavow it.

MAY 30. — Robert C. Winthrop has resigned his seat in Congress, as representative from Boston, in consequence of the illness of his wife. This is a great loss at such a time as the present, but one which can be repaired, as it is understood that Abbott Lawrence, whose health is restored, will consent to resume his place if he should be elected, of which, for the credit of Boston, there is no doubt.

MAY 31. — Ex-President Van Buren, who is on an excursion to the South and West, accompanied by Mr. Paulding, late Secretary of the Treasury, after having paid his respects, as in duty bound, to his "illustrious predecessor" of the Hermitage, went to Lexington, Kentucky, where, as the account states, "he was immediately called upon by Mr. Clay, with an invitation to go to Ashland (Mr. Clay's residence). On the next day, in company with Mr. Paulding, he went to Ashland, in compliance with Mr. Clay's invitation, where he remained for a day or two." I wonder if they talked about Tyler.

JUNE 8. — Yesterday was quite a day of jubilee with me. On coming down to breakfast I found a kind note from Mr. James G. King, to attend, with one of my lady folk, a parting breakfast, given at Highwood, to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Margaret and I went over at ten o'clock, where we found the Boz and Bozess, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gracie, Miss Wilkes and the Doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Colden, Miss Ward, and the charming family of our host and hostess. We had a breakfast worthy of the entertainers and the entertained; and such strawberries and cream! The house, and the grounds, and the view, and the libraries, and the conservatory were all more beautiful than I have ever

Courtesy of
Rivals.

Departure of
the "George
Washington."

seen them. Having been favoured with an invitation from Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., the owners of the ship "George Washington," to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Dickens to Sandy Hook, I left Margaret to take Mrs. Colden and Miss Wilkes in the barouche to town, and was driven down to Jersey City, where, by previous arrangements, a steamboat was sent to take us on board, and we embarked with a "hurrah" from the people assembled on the dock. We found on board the steamboat a large party of gentlemen, among whom were the owners, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Drs. Francis, Cornell, and Wilkes; Mr. Chapman, Mayor of Boston; Judge Warren, of New Bedford; Mr. Crittenden, the distinguished Kentucky senator; Charles King, D. C. Colten, Simeon Draper, James Bowen, Henry Cary, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, and his son, and other gentlemen, — a right pleasant merry company. We went delightfully down to Sandy Hook, where the ship lay at anchor. Soon after we came on board a cold collation was spread, to which and to an infinite number of bottles of champagne wine the utmost justice was done. Speeches and toasts and bright sayings went around, of all which Dickens was the most fruitful theme. I gave his health in the following toast: "Charles Dickens: the welcome acquired by literary reputation has been confirmed and justified by personal intercourse." At the conclusion of this jolly repast we took leave of the passengers with many hearty shakings of the hands and good wishes, returned to the steamer, towed the ship to the point off Sandy Hook, and having cast her off and given three cheers, which were returned in proper style, she went "on her way rejoicing," and was soon out of sight, and the party returned to the city about six o'clock.

I was invited to dine at Mr. Charles A. Davis's; but my attendance at the Bank for Savings prevented my being there at the commencement of the dinner, and I thereby escaped the dull part, that is, the eating part, of such entertainments. The dinner was given to the great financial giants who arrived in the "Great Western," — Messrs. Horsley Palmer and Sampson Ricardo; besides whom we had Mr.

Labouchère, and a gentleman whose hard German name I cannot recollect, who represents the great house of Hope.

I was placed by Mr. Davis in the lady's seat after she retired, where I had an opportunity of talking a great deal with Messrs. Palmer and Ricardo. The former gentleman is the governing spirit of the Bank of England, which governs England; England governs Europe, and Europe governs the world, etc.

This world was made for Horsley Palmer; his solid, portly presence, and the bright, shining face of Mr. Ricardo, seem to be the suitable representative and embodiment of the bank-notes and the gold and silver of Great Britain. It is their first visit to this country, of which they appear to have favourable predilections, notwithstanding they have pretty considerable quantities of unpaid coupons for interest on State loans. The rest of our party consisted of Judge Oakley, the Collector, William B. Astor, Moses H. Grinnell, Blatchford, Parish, John I. Palmer, James G. King, Cornelius W. Lawrence.

JUNE 14. — I went from court yesterday to dine with Mr. Robert B. Minturn. It was a most delightful dinner. We had Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Horsley Palmer, Messrs. Griffin, Grinnell, George Curtis, John C. Hamilton, Russell, Cary, Depeyster, Ogden, etc. At nine o'clock Dr. Wainwright (who had also a dinner-party, to which I was invited) joined us, with several of his guests; viz., Ogden Hoffman, Daniel Lord, Jr., Mr. Curtis, of Boston, and Judge Warren, of New Bedford. The whole party sat and drank fine wine, and had conversation of the most brilliant kind, until the "noon of night."

FIRE-PLACE, JUNE 24. — The weather being fine this morning I determined to make a visit to my old friend Sam Carman. I got Mr. Crandell to send me alone, in a nice little wagon, with a man to drive a pair of horses; alone, for I could not get a single companion, the rest of the party having planned another excursion to the bay. Won't the blue-fish be glad when they are gone! I got here at one o'clock, tried for trout in the pond before dinner, and

again all the afternoon, and took only two ; the water is full of grass, it is too late in the season, and, if the truth was known, I do not believe there are as many trout in the pond as there used to be ; at any rate, I will console myself with the reason that unsuccessful fishermen generally give for bad luck. I had, however, a good dinner and supper, and after an hour's gossip with Carman and his son Joe, I retired to a comfortable bed in the little back room in which I have so often in the olden times courted "Nature's soft nurse." This will be a short visit, mayhap the last. It is about forty-five years since the first.

JUNE 27. — Affairs in Rhode Island between Gov-
Rhode Island. ernor King and the friends of law and good order,
and the spurious Governor Dorr and the insurgents,
with the aid of their auxiliaries from this State and Connecti-
cut, on the other side, have drawn to a crisis. The rebellion,
after being apparently smothered for a while, has broken out
afresh. Governor Dorr, as he is styled, is regularly encamped at a
place called Chessacket, between Providence and the Connecticut
line, and about six miles from the latter, with a force of about eight
hundred ragamuffins, of which a large proportion are volunteers,
sympathizers from New York and Connecticut, instigated by such
men as Walter Bowne, John J. Morgan, and Stephen Allen, none
of whom are understood as yet to have gone to the wars. Perhaps
they will, when the first heroes shall have been killed in battle, or
hanged, as they certainly will be if "the King" (I mean Governor
King) "comes to his right." The insurgents have twenty pieces
of cannon, principally ships' guns, planted on a hill which commands
the Providence road, and the barns, cattle-sheds, and hen-roosts of
the farmers are laid under contribution to keep out "the foul fiend"
from the stomachs of this heterogeneous mass of rebellion
and rapine.

In the mean time Governor King and the regularly constituted
authorities of the State are adopting the most energetic measures,
which are nobly supported by the citizens. A proclamation was

issued on Saturday by the Governor, declaring the State under martial law ; banks are closed by the same authority ; the students of Brown College are dispersed, and the college turned into barracks. No person is allowed to cross the river after eight o'clock, to enter or leave Providence without a permit, and all shops and houses must be closed before ten o'clock. The citizens are armed and doing military duty ; troops come in hourly from other parts of the State ; a force of three thousand men is organized, under the command of Major-General William Gibbs McNeill, an old acquaintance of mine (and a sort of cousin, his wife being Mrs. Charles Cammann's daughter), who has assumed the command, with a strong staff of the most respectable men in the State ; and the city of Providence, one of the most pleasant, and hitherto most orderly, cities in the United States is suddenly transformed into a garrison, and the noise of drums and trumpets and the "pride and circumstance of glorious war" have succeeded the hum of business and the tranquillity of elegant retirement for which this capital of "the Providence Plantations" has always been celebrated.

JUNE 28. — Yesterday the ceremony took place of letting in the waters of the Croton river into the upper reservoir at Yorkville, from which the city is to be supplied with "pure and wholesome water," at an enormous expense, which is felt by the present, and will be by all future, generations of our posterity.

JUNE 30. — The civil war in "the Providence Plantations" seems to be suddenly brought to a conclusion.

The friends of law and good order, full of fight and good spirit, as they certainly were, marched out from Providence to the enemy's entrenchments at Chessacket, but could not get a fight, because "they found no enemy to fight withal," and Major-General McNeill has gathered laurels none the less bright for being guiltless of blood. On the arrival of the troops at Governor Dorr's "headquarters," the hero had again run away, and left his adherents to shift for themselves and make the best terms they could

with the conquerors. There was some little skirmishing between a portion of the insurgents and the regular troops, in which one man was killed and two wounded; but the camp was taken quiet possession of, with the arms and ammunition, powder and pumpkins, guns and geese, pikes and potatoes, and by this time the good people of Providence have returned to their peaceful pursuits, for which happy deliverance they are mainly indebted to their own gallant conduct, and the wisdom and determination of their rulers. Dorr escaped, nobody knows where. It is said that he has been seen here in New York, — not very unlikely, for he makes this his “City of Refuge.” Here are friends to sympathize in his misfortunes, and stimulate him to future “deeds of daring.” Tammany Hall infuses in his manly bosom a certain quantity of valour with which, from time to time, he marches to the field of battle, but which, like a Yankee clock, is only warranted to go for a certain short period, and, like a bottle of champagne manufactured for a specific market, is sure to evaporate as soon as the cork is started at his “Headquarters, Gloucester, R.I.”

The friends of law and order are indebted for this happy and bloodless result of the dangers with which they were threatened, to their own manly spirit and uncompromising devotion to the true interests of their gallant little State; they marched out to fight the insurgents with courage and promptness worthy of their sires, and besides the actual citizens of the State, many of her native sons resident in other States rallied around her in the “hour of her need.” I saw young Blatchford, who was sent by Governor Seward to ascertain if any of the arms or munitions belonging to the State of New York had been surreptitiously conveyed to Rhode Island, or any of our citizens taken in arms among the insurgents. He told me he saw my neighbour, Charles H. Russell, with his sword at his side and spurs on his heels, serving as *aide-de-camp* to General McNeill, with whom he rode out to the camp of the insurgents when a battle was expected, and returned the same night after the enemy had fled. Insurrection and rebellion have no terrors when

met thus, and boldly confronted by patriotism and loyalty, and the spirit now manifested will be the best security from future attempts against the peace of the State.

JULY 12. — My wife and I drove out this afternoon Croton Works. to see the two reservoirs in which the Croton water was introduced a few days since. This great work is thus completed, with the exception of the magnificent aqueduct by which it is intended to convey the water across the Harlem river, where pipes are now temporarily laid down from one bank to the other on a level with the water. We visited first the receiving reservoir near Yorkville, consisting of two basins which cover about thirty acres, a solid fabric, erected on a height sufficient to convey the water to the tops of the houses in the city. The outer walls are of handsome wrought stone, the basins lined with a dry slope wall, one twenty and the other thirty feet in depth. They are at present about half full, and the clear, sweet, soft water (clear it is, and sweet, and soft; for to be in the fashion I drank a tumbler of it, and found it all these) is flowing in copiously, and has already formed two pretty, limpid, placid, Mediterranean seas, of wholesome temperance beverage, well calculated to cool the palates and quench the thirst of the New Yorkers, and to diminish the losses of the fire-insurance companies. There were a great number of visitors at this place, — pedestrians, horsemen, railroad travellers, and those who, like myself, came in their own carriages (which, if they had no more right than me to do, was very reprehensible), — for it has become a fashionable place of resort; and well it may, for it is well worth seeing.

We then came down and stopped at the lower, or distributing, reservoir, at Murray's Hill, about two miles above my house, which I had not seen since the arrival of the waters. The two basins here have about one-third of their quantity of water, and the distributing pipes are filled and the waters being supplied to such places in town as are prepared for it. This great enterprise will cost \$10,000,000, and it is somewhat remarkable, and an evidence of its

acknowledged utility, that with the certainty of a tremendous increase of taxation consequent upon it, to the present generation and its posterity, and in party times, too, when men are so hard to please, not a voice has been raised against it, and all parties hail the advent of the "pure and wholesome water," after its journey on the earth, and under the earth, and across the watercourses of miles, as a proud event for our city, and one which enables the Knickerbockers to hold their heads high among the nations of the earth.

JULY 13. — The splendid edifice fronting on Wall, ^{New York} William, and Pine streets is now entirely completed, ^{Custom-House.} and has been occupied as the New York Custom-House, in all its manifold and complicated departments, since the first of May. It is intended to collect the import revenue upon the commerce of the nation ; but how if it should prove that, the commerce being annihilated, there will be no revenue to collect? A splendid reservoir has been prepared, with fountains whose streams are to irrigate the land in all quarters ; but how melancholy would it be to discover that, after all these preparations, the springs are to be dried up and the waters have ceased to flow. It looks awfully like it just now. The natural earth is sufficiently soaked, in all reason ; but the exchequer is dry, — dry as powder. The waters are stagnant, but the government *runs* in debt alone. The building of the Custom-House was commenced in May, 1834, and the edifice finished, with its furniture complete, in May, 1842 ; cost, \$985,000.

The statement of the cost of this magnificent *winding sheet* of departed commerce is taken from an elaborate and well written description published in the "Commercial Advertiser," of this afternoon. A stranger walking from Broadway down Wall street would laugh heartily at these lugubrious expressions of mine, and be apt to remark, "If these are the grave-clothes of commerce, of what materials were her bridal garments composed?" With his back to "New Trinity," the most beautiful structure of stone in America (and I know of none more beautiful anywhere), he passes the

Custom-House, which cost a million; eight or ten banks, each a palace for the worship of mammon; and the New Exchange, with a portico of granite columns such as Sir Christopher Wren had no notion of; worthy, indeed, of Palladio or Michael Angelo, — an edifice the cost of which sunk all the money of myself and other fools who subscribed for it, besides contracting a debt of which nothing but the interest will ever be paid out of the income. These, with brokers' offices and the "seats of money-changers" (there are none who "sell doves," that I know of, though there may be many *pigeons*), some of which have cost extravagant sums, would convey to the mind of the wayfaring man an image wholly different from that of commercial distress and pecuniary embarrassment; and yet that these do exist at this moment, in a degree altogether unprecedented, there can be no doubt. Verily, the good people of New York, and especially the merchants, like the apothecary in the "Honey Moon," have "new-gilded their pestle and mortar in the jaws of bankruptcy." The cage is splendid, but the bird has fled. The setting is costly enough, but the jewel is lost, or has been pawned or gambled away. There must be a recuperative principle in this great country to restore things some time or another, but I shall not live to see it.

JULY 27. — I was grieved to see, in a New York paper, that my old friend, Goold Hoyt, died at Sharon Springs, on Friday, 22d instant. He was in the seventy-third year of his age.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH ENGLAND. AUGUST 2. — Mr. Webster's emphatic declaration, which he made to me in March, that all the negotiations between us and Great Britain would be settled before September, seems to be in a fair progress of accomplishment. The ugliest knot is now said to be disentangled. Nothing official has been published; but it is generally understood at Washington that the basis of a treaty in relation to the Maine boundary has been settled between Lord Ashburton and the Secretary of State, with the concurrence of the commissioners who represent the States of Massachusetts and Maine.

The terms, no doubt, are mutually honourable and advantageous, notwithstanding some of the demagogues in Congress who would consent to see the ship of state a wreck, rather than that she should be saved by a Whig pilot, are making a clamour about the terms of the settlement agreed upon before they know what it is, and condemning measures which they could not understand, to minister to the morbid appetite of party-spirit. It is reported and believed that the terms agreed upon are a cession by the United States of a portion of the disputed territory sufficient to give Great Britain a transit from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Canada, for which a portion of land, I believe, in the vicinity of Lake Champlain is ceded to us. For this relinquishment Great Britain is to pay \$400,000 or \$500,000, which will probably go to quiet the two States which claim the territory, and there is very little doubt that they will sell their worthless swamps and barren hemlock lands at a good round price; and, what is of more consequence, a joint participation in the navigation of the St. John's river is secured to the United States, which, by giving an outlet to the lumber, will increase the value of the remaining lands.

In confirmation of the report that this difficult question is in a certain train of amicable adjustment, Mr. Webster gave a dinner the other day to Lord Ashburton, at which were present the President, the cabinet ministers, and the commissioners of Massachusetts and Maine, at which much mutual good-will was exhibited, and loving toasts and tender speeches were made by the reconciled lovers. Lord Ashburton gave "The President," with a complimentary sentiment to "Brother Jonathan;" to which the Secretary responded, coaxing "John Bull" through his lovely queen; and the President gave "The Commissioners," with "Blessed are the peace-makers;" from which latter circumstance it may be inferred that no danger is to be apprehended in that wayward and unreliable quarter.

AUGUST 17. — A letter has been published in some
"Boz." of our newspapers, signed "Charles Dickens," dated
July 15, and addressed from "Devonshire Terrace,

Parkgate," "To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,'" which contains some sentiments so derogatory to our country, in which the writer has been so recently honoured to the full extent of his deserving, that nothing is left for Mr. Dickens but to deny its authenticity, to save himself from the merited charges of wilful misrepresentations and gross ingratitude. I have written him a letter, calling for his avowal or denial of this unworthy piece of splendid impudence, which is copied in my letter-book; and he must stand or fall, in my estimation, by his answer, if he chooses to make one. If the following sentiments are, indeed, Mr. Dickens's, he has proved himself a slanderer more vile than any of his predecessors, in the disreputable trade of misrepresenting the United States and their people:—

"Though in my travels from city to city I, of course, found much to be pleased with and astonished at, yet the total difference between our good old English customs and the awkwardness, the uncouth manners, and the unmitigated selfishness which you meet everywhere in America, made my journey one of a good deal of annoyance. I do not think the Americans, as a people, have much good taste. To a person brought up among them, and in their own way, of course the glaring faults that strike a stranger do not appear; but to any well-bred man from abroad, the effect of the prevalent features of the American character is by no means agreeable." The following is a part of this letter, so arrogant and so ungrateful that I am led to hope the whole may be a forgery: "It may be said that I, of all persons, ought to be blind to the dark spots of American character, treated as I have been by the American people. I do not agree with this view of the case. I did not seek their attentions, their dinners, and their balls. On the contrary, these things were forced upon me; many times to the serious inconvenience of myself and my party. The kindness of a friend, if it is troublesome and officious, often annoys as much as the injuries of an enemy. The Americans have most of the faults both of the English and French, with very few of their virtues. I never thought that I was petted, merely for *myself*; but

as a kind of *monster*, to look at, and imbue my keepers with somewhat of the notoriety that enveloped myself. I can freely and confidently say that this was the case, almost without exception."

Treaty and
Tariff. AUGUST 23. — This day should be marked with a white stone. Two gleams of sunshine have broken through the dark clouds which obscure the political horizon, and men look round upon each other, as who should say, "May not these things lead to better times?" This day we have two pieces of agreeable intelligence: the treaty with England is ratified by the Senate and promulgated, and the tariff bill has passed the House of Representatives.

Lord Ash-
burton. His mission of peace having been accomplished, this distinguished nobleman, who has "bought golden opinions" during his sojourn in Washington, came this way on a short excursion, previous to his sailing for England in the "Warspite" frigate, which has been lying in our harbour to await his departure. His lordship came to New York on Monday, where the "Governor's Room," in the City Hall, has been handsomely appropriated by the common council to his use; but which, from his short stay, he did not avail himself of. He dined yesterday with a party of gentlemen at James G. King's splendid seat at Highwood, Weehawken. Mr. King took much pains to find me, to partake of this handsome feast and to pass the night at Highwood, where I should probably have gone if I had known of it; in which case I should have avoided Francis's dose, and perhaps not have been so well as I am to-day.

Tariff Bill. AUGUST 26. — "The deed is done:" the revenue bill, or the tariff bill, or whatever it is called by men of different opinions, passed the Senate on Saturday evening, with some trifling amendments, which will probably be instantly adopted by the House; and Monsieur Veto, it is thought, will not exercise his oft-used and abused privilege by refusing his assent. *Laus Deo*, however, I rejoice that this great question is likely to be settled. This and the Webster and Ashburton treaty

will make matters easier in this poor country, unless the patient has been brought so low that no remedies can save her. The circulation! the circulation is stopped!

Dinner to Lord Ashburton. SEPTEMBER 2.—The dinner to Lord Ashburton was given last evening, at the Astor House. Mr. Peter A. Jay presided, with James D. P. Ogden and Moses H. Grinnell as vice-presidents. Among the guests besides his lordship were the following: Messrs. Mildmay and Bruce, of the Legation; Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Grattan, British consuls at New York and Boston; Lord John Hay and the officers of the "War-spice;" Mr. Horsley Palmer and Mr. Speddings; Rev. Dr. Wainwright and Rev. Dr. Potts; the Mayor; Hon. George Evans, senator for Maine; Colonel Bankhead, U.S. Army; and Commodore Perry, of the Navy.

The dinner was exceedingly good, and the decorations of the room in admirable taste; and everything went off successfully, although some of the papers find fault with the committee of arrangements for some alleged neglect to that tenacious body of gentlemen, the reporters, who went off in a huff after the fourth toast; for this, and because the toast to the President was not cheered, some of them (especially the abusive "Herald") are pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the devoted heads of the committee of arrangements as if it was their business to indicate to the company the amount of approbation with which the toasts they had prepared should be received by the company, and to regulate the amount of their enthusiasm. It is true that a dead silence was spread over the room on the drinking of that toast, and it is equally true that the next one, "The Queen," was differently received; and I could have wished it otherwise. Mr. Tyler certainly had no claims upon the affection or respect of the individuals present; but I am quite sure that a sentiment of respect for the exalted office he holds would have prompted all present to receive the toast with the accustomed honours if the Chair had set the example, whose duty I think it was; and as there was none of

that spontaneous feeling in favour of the individual, which sometimes sets a company in the humour to cheer and applaud, the toast passed off with the ominous silence which has been complained of; but it certainly was not the fault of the committee. The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the committee of arrangements, — and things have come to a pretty pass in our heterogeneous city, if such men, most of whom have devoted their lives to the gratuitous service of their fellow-citizens, should be thus abused by a foreign blackguard, who gains a livelihood by administering to the bad taste and worse morals of an ungrateful public: James D. P. Ogden, Prosper M. Wetmore, James Lee, Benjamin L. Swan, George Griswold, James G. King, Robert B. Minturn, Stephen Whitney, William B. Astor, Cornelius W. Lawrence, and Theodore Sedgwick.

SEPTEMBER 14. — The amusement of prize-fighting, the disgrace of which was formerly confined to England, to the grief and mortification of the moral and respectable part of her subjects, and the disgust of travellers from other countries, has become one of the fashionable abominations of our loafer-ridden city. Several matches have been made lately; the parties, their backers, betters, and abettors, with thousands and tens of thousands of degraded amateurs of this noble science, conveyed by steamboats chartered for the purpose, have been following the champions to Staten Island, Westchester, and up the North river, out of the jurisdiction (as was supposed) of the authorities of New York; and the horrid details, with all their disgusting technicalities and vulgar slang, have been regularly presented in the "New York Herald," to gratify the vitiated palates of its readers, whilst the orderly citizens have wept for the shame which they could not prevent.

One of those infamous meetings took place yesterday on the bank of the North river in Westchester, the particulars of which are given at length in that precious sheet and others of a similar character. Two men, named Lilly and McCoy, thumped and bat-

tered each other for the gratification of a brutal gang of spectators, until the latter, after one hundred and nineteen rounds, fell dead in the ring, and the other ruffian was smuggled away and made his escape from the hands of insulted justice.

Executive
Proscription. SEPTEMBER 17. — The people seem at last to be a little aroused at Mr. Tyler's tyrannical and proscriptive administration of the government. His last act is intolerable, and if there was any spirit in the people it would be visited with impeachment. He has removed from the office of Collector of Philadelphia a fine old American gentleman, — Jonathan Roberts, a man of his own appointment, who has acted in all things upon the very principles in relation to political matters in the discharge of his official duties which our inconsistent President laid down on his entrance into the office which he so unworthily fills.

Mr. Tyler orders the collector to turn out of office thirty inferior officers, tide-waiters, measurers and weighers, for the alleged crime of being friendly to Mr. Clay, and to appoint in their places others whom he designates, — Tyler men. This mandate is given in a tone worthy of the Grand Sultan, — “for reasons satisfactory to myself.” When Mr. Roberts attempted to remonstrate with the President, saying that the present incumbents are capable and honest, and that they are men of family, and come up to the President's standard of non-interference in politics, the savage order is further enforced by the sapient son and secretary of the unfeeling despot, who closes his official rescript in the following language, worthy of that amiable autocrat, Paul of Russia, “He, therefore [his honoured papa], has ordered me to say to you that he desires the requisition he has made on you in the matter to be at once and to the letter complied with.”

This is *le roi le veut* with a vengeance. But Mr. Roberts is not pliant and subservient enough for the times and for Mr. Tyler. He goes on to Washington, and, after much contumelious treatment from the satrap of the palace, is admitted to an audience by Kouli Khan, who cuts him dead, as the saying is, and tells him plainly, “Turn

these men out, or I shall turn you out." The old veteran does not understand this language. He refuses to obey the order, saying, in his honest heart, "I'll see you d—d first." He returns to Philadelphia, where he has hardly arrived when a supersedeas is handed to him by a Mr. Smith, who is appointed in his place, and stands ready, no doubt, to do this or any other dirty work to which he may be ordered. In the mean time Mr. Roberts is applauded for his firmness and honoured for his independence. Meetings are held in Philadelphia to condemn the President and to exalt his victim, of whom it will be said in his retirement:—

"Great Cincinnatus, at his plough,
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show
When seated on a throne."

SEPTEMBER 30. — My old friend, Thaddeus Phelps, having been cited to appear before the grand jury to testify in the examination of the facts in the duel case between Webb and Marshall, appeared, but refused to give evidence, on the ground that information was derived from another person in confidence, and that he was in honour bound not to betray him. He stated, however, that his informant was not Colonel Webb, nor any other person concerned in the duel. This, I think, should have been satisfactory to the grand jury; but they thought otherwise, and Phelps was taken before the court, where he persisted in his refusal, but disclaimed any intentional disrespect, and was ready to "bow to their mandate;" on which he was sent to prison for ten days. But his confinement is only a technical sort of affair, for I find his wooden leg is still stumping its way in Wall street; in custody, I presume.

OCTOBER 1. — Great interest has been excited in the political circles, by a promised speech to be made by Mr. Webster to his friends in Boston. He had declined the offer of a public dinner, expressing his preference for a meeting

Phelps in
Limbo.

Mr. Webster's
Speech.

of the Whigs, before whom he might define his position in relation to Mr. Tyler's cabinet. This meeting took place, and the great speech was made yesterday in Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty, and the theatre of many of the proudest triumphs of the accomplished orator and patriotic statesman who now appeared before the assembled multitude of Whigs. The speech is published in several of our newspapers, reporters having been sent from this city, who appear to have done justice to the important subject. It is a *great* speech; on such an occasion, and from such a source, it could not be otherwise, but it will throw the whole Whig party into confusion. Mr. Webster defends his continuance in the cabinet, and gives good and sufficient reasons for it, in the labour he has performed and the success he has achieved in the negotiation of the British treaty; and in this all the good men of his party, and all candid men in the nation, would now willingly bear him out; but, unfortunately, he goes further. He intimates pretty clearly that he means to remain, and justifies in many particulars, to which his friends will not consent, the course of Mr. Tyler's administration. For these causes moderate Whigs are sorry, and violent ones abusive; and the latter description of politicians are for hauling neck and heels out of the party the man who has heretofore been its ornament and pride, — the theme of their extravagant panegyric, as he is now of their violent denunciation. How uncertain is the favour of the people! How unsatisfactory the calling of politics! Such a man as Daniel Webster may be in an instant blown down by the same breath which set him up. There is no breathing-spell in the popular voice between the last vibrating shout of "Hallelujah" and the first appalling cry of "Crucify him!"

Mr. Webster's recent movement will, no doubt, be prejudicial to the prospects of the Whig party; but for himself personally there is much palliation. The flood which has set in with a force so irresistible for Mr. Clay as the next candidate for the Presidency can never convey Mr. Webster on its bosom to personal honour or political distinction. These two eminent men are undeniably

rivals ; their talents, public services, and exalted rank in the great Whig army of the Union have raised for each a personal party, and, their pretensions being equal, the elevation of one forbids that of the other ; the sun of popular favour shining on one must inevitably throw the other into the shade ; and, whatever simulated expressions of good-will may pass between them, it is impossible they should be friends. It is, perhaps, unfortunate for the party that it has two such men in its ranks ; their political opponents are not so troubled.

Mr. Webster is not a party to his unceremonious ejection from the cause, nor from among the men with whom he has been so nobly identified during his whole brilliant career of political service. He only differs on the best means of serving them ; he deprecates the measures of the administration in some particulars, avows his steady opposition to the fatal exercise of the veto power, but submits to his hearers whether the cause they support and the principles they advocate cannot be better served by *him* as a member of the cabinet, than by some other person who may be appointed his successor, less acquainted with their interests, and less capable of promoting them. In short, shall he, a tried friend, leave his place at the risk of seeing it filled by an enemy? Plausible, certainly, if not convincing ; but, whatever may be his determination on the subject of his own course in relation to his continuance in the cabinet, which constitutes the main ground of difference between him and the other friends of Mr. Clay, he thus expresses himself proudly and emphatically as to his undeviating adherence to what he considers Whig principles. And if Daniel Webster does not understand the meaning of the term, where shall we look for its exposition? “I am a Whig,” he says ; “I always have been one, and I always shall be one ; and if anybody undertakes to turn me out of the pale of that communion, let him see to it who gets out first ! I am a Massachusetts Whig, — a Faneuil-Hall Whig, — breathing her air now for twenty-five years, and meaning to breathe it on the spot so long as God shall please to give me life.” On the whole, this speech is one of the most important in-

cidents that ever occurred in the political history of the country, and as such will be referred to in all future times of the Republic. Daniel Webster stands alone in the Whig party.

OCTOBER 4.—The annual commencement of Columbia College was held this day, in the middle Dutch Church,—an Episcopal literary institution, endowed by the church and established upon its principles, compelled to resort to the liberality of the seceders for a place to hold its anniversary exercises, because an intolerant bishop and a subservient rector (both of whom are trustees of the college) have made the mighty discovery that such exercises are a desecration of the holy temple of God, the main support of which depends upon a successful system of moral and religious education, such as is imparted by Columbia College to the youth of our country. The attendance was greater than usual. Many distinguished persons were present (among whom was the Governor of the State) ; and the inauguration of the new president, Dr. Nathaniel F. Moore, with the address made to him by the president of the board of trustees, Peter A. Jay, Esq., and his own in reply, formed an interesting feature in the exercises of the day.

Thirty members of the graduating class received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, of whom fourteen delivered orations, in the following order : Abram Stevens Hewitt, William L. Kernochan, Robert Jaffray, Jr., William Henry Ebbetts, William Pinckney Stewart, Robert M. Olyphant, John Lyon, Wheelock H. Parmly, David R. Stanford, Silas Weir Roosevelt, Oliver Everett Roberts, W. Rodman, Zebedee Ring, Jr., Edward E. Potter.

OCTOBER 7.—I found, on my return last evening, the following letter from Mr. Dickens, in reply to one I wrote him on the 19th August. It turns out as I supposed. The scurrilous remarks on the United States, to which his name is subscribed, and which were so promptly taken up by the rascally penny papers and published through the country, were a base forgery, gotten up probably by one of the craft on this side of the water.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, ENGLAND,
16th September, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: — I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which I have received with real pleasure. It reached me last night, being forwarded from London to this sea-side fishing town, where we are enjoying ourselves quietly until the end of the month. I answer it without an hour's delay, though I fear my reply may lie at the post-office some days before it finds a steam-packet to convey it across the ocean. The letter to which you refer is, from beginning to end, in every word and syllable, the cross of every *l* and the dot of every *i*, a most wicked and nefarious forgery. I have never published one word or line in reference to America, in any quarter whatever, except the copyright circular, and the unhung scoundrel who invented that astounding lie knew this as well as I do. It has caused me more pain, and more of a vague desire to take somebody by the throat, than such an event should perhaps have awakened in any honourable man. But I have not contradicted it publicly, deeming that it would not become my character or elevate me in my own self-respect to do so. I shall hope to send for your acceptance next month my "American Notes." Meanwhile, and always, and with cordial remembrance to all friends,

I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

OCTOBER 8. — Dr. Doane, the health-officer, sent me a fine little turtle the other day, which he has had fattening for me at the quarantine, and I invited the following party to assist us in disposing of the delicious soup: Mr. D. S. Kennedy, Mr. J. P. Giraud, Mr. F. C. Tucker, Mr. Charles A. Davis, Mr. J. D. P. Ogden, Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, Mr. R. M. Blatchford, Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, Mr. W. G. Ward.

OCTOBER 12. — Nothing is talked of or thought of in New York but Croton water; fountains, aqueducts, hydrants, and hose attract our attention and impede our progress through the streets. Political spouting has given place to water-spouts, and the free current of water has diverted the attention of the people from the vexed questions of the confused state of the national currency. It is astonishing how popular

Dinner-party.

Croton Water.

the introduction of water is among all classes of our citizens, and how cheerfully they acquiesce in the enormous expense which will burden them and their posterity with taxes to the latest generation. Water! Water! is the universal note which is sounded through every part of the city, and infuses joy and exultation into the masses, even though they are out of spirits.

OCTOBER 14. — The fine weather, which has continued without interruption twenty-four days, held out one day longer, to smile upon the great pageant. The other elements, with becoming politeness, united to do honour to the triumph of water, and nothing occurred in “the heaven above, nor the earth below,” to mar the splendid scene; as for “the waters under the earth,” they were all brought to the surface on this occasion, and made a great *spouting* about their emancipation. I was invited, as “ex-Mayor,” to take a place in the procession, for which purpose I went to the City Hall at nine o'clock. At this time the whole population of the city, and as many more from other places, were in motion. At ten the procession began to move. I was placed in a barouche with Aaron Clark, another ex-Mayor; Mr. Hart, ex-Mayor of Troy; and Mr. Murphy, Mayor of Brooklyn. This detachment consisted of about a dozen barouches, in one of which was Governor Seward; his staff was under the orders of Mr. Morris, the Mayor of the city. We went down to the Battery, where we were placed in the line immediately after a splendid military escort, and proceeded up Broadway to Union place, where the Governor reviewed the troops. Thence the procession continued down the Bowery to Grand street, through Grand street to its junction with West Broadway, and down the latter street to the Park, where the whole was reviewed, in front of the City Hall, by the Mayor and Common Council.

The whole line of the procession extended about five miles; it embraced, besides the different regiments of troops, the firemen, of whom there were fifty-two companies, including several from Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark, and Poughkeepsie. This part of the procession was a mile and a half in length, and beautiful it was, with

the machines, banners, and other devices ; and a finer-looking set of men, nor a more orderly one, I never saw. Then there were the butchers on horseback, the temperance societies, the different scientific and civic institutions, mechanic associations, among whom were the printers, with a car on which was placed the identical press at which Dr. Franklin once worked. This was employed during the transit of the procession in printing and distributing an ode written in honour of the occasion by George P. Morris, which was sung in front of the Hall by a choir of two hundred male and female performers, who were placed on a stage erected for the purpose.

The whole of this great "turn-out," which embraced everything and everybody, did not finish its round until five o'clock, when an address was made by Mr. Samuel Stevens, president of the old board of water commissioners, and a reply made by Mr. John L. Lawrence, president of the new board. Such of the dignitaries and guests as had tickets, and could get in, were then taken to the large court-room, where a collation had been provided, not by any means the best feature of the day's festivities. Here the Mayor made a speech and toasted the Governor, who made a very good speech in reply. By this time it was night, and the public gardens, theatres, and fountains completed the great celebration of the triumph of Croton water.

It was certainly a great affair ; but nothing struck me with more pleasure and surprise than the perfect order and propriety which prevailed among the immense masses of male and female spectators on the route of the procession ; not a drunken person was to be seen. The moral as well as the physical influence of water pervaded everything. Ardent liquors were not proof against its predominating power ; there was no quarrelling, no resistance to authority, no unruly behaviour ; the people stood and looked on delighted and unfatigued during the three hours occupied in the passage of the pageant. It was a day for a New Yorker to be proud of.

OCTOBER 25. — This is my birthday, — I am sixty-two years old.

Sixty-two years of active life, not always, I may hope, uselessly employed, prosperous during the greater part of this long period, and always in the enjoyment of more of the blessings of this life than I was thankful for. Sunshine has illumined my path for many of the years that are gone by, and my journey has not been impeded by more obstructions than are usually met with; and even now, when I have my share of the darkness which overspreads the land, I can enjoy some rays of light which are denied to others who are not less deserving than myself.

Governor
Seward. OCTOBER 31. — Now that this gentleman is about retiring from office, the people of the State seem willing to give him credit for the talent which he certainly possesses in an eminent degree, and some of his own party cease to cavil at some of his public acts, and pass complimentary resolutions at their political meetings. It has been said (and I think not without reason) that he has courted popularity a little too much, especially in some injudicious concessions to the Roman Catholics; but I believe he was always influenced in those measures by good motives, by a sincere desire to serve the cause which is supported by his political friends, and which we Whigs at least must uphold as the people's cause. There can be no doubt, however, of Governor Seward's talents, especially as a writer of pure English. His style is perspicuous and nervous, free from the tawdry and unmeaning embellishments of our modern public documents, and equally fitted for the good taste of the scholar and the comprehension of the plain man of sense.

Hamilton
Fish. NOVEMBER 2. — Mr. Hamilton Fish, the Whig candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, gave a supper last evening to the nominating committee and other Whigs. I was one of the invited, but other engagements prevented me from going. It will require sundry good suppers and something stronger than his father's fine old wine to make my friend Fish swim into Congress; and, if he should, I hope he will not be out of his depth. These good things, moreover, would have a more effica-

cious influence if administered to the other party. "Who cares for our friends?— we are sure of them." That is the true political morality, of which the Whigs are not unmindful. But it requires a new miracle of loaves and *fishes* to feed such a multitude.

NOVEMBER 3. — A noble ship of one thousand one hundred tons, built for Grinnell, Minturn, & Co.'s line of packets, was launched yesterday morning with the good taste and patriotic feeling of those fine fellows. They have called her the "Ashburton," — a handsome name, and a suitable compliment to the British negotiator of the treaty with England.

NOVEMBER 4. — This has been a great day for the Mr. Webster. Secretary of State. He has recovered much of the ground he lost by his late speech at Faneuil Hall, and his continuance, against the wishes of his Whig friends (such at least as go for Mr. Clay), in the cabinet of Mr. Tyler. The common council having assigned to Mr. Webster the use of the Governor's room in the City Hall for that purpose, he received the visits of the citizens from eleven until two o'clock. An immense crowd waited upon him, the number of which was probably enhanced by the announcement that the Chamber of Commerce were to attend his levee in a body, agreeably to a resolution which had been previously adopted. At one o'clock the members were received by the Secretary on the platform in front of the hall, when an address was made by the president, Mr. James D. P. Ogden, on presenting the resolution of the chamber. It was a pleasing coincidence, that during this interesting ceremony one hundred guns were being fired in the Park on account of the news, which had just been received, of the ratification of the treaty by Great Britain, which were answered by an equal number from several other places in the vicinity of the city. This was, no doubt, a kind of interruption, not less agreeable to the orator than the applause of the thousands of spectators who listened to the address. Whatever may be the opinion of Mr. Webster's Whig friends as to his political position, they cannot deny him the credit of being the

main instrument in effecting this important measure, the value of which posterity will appreciate.

Dinner to Mr. Webster. This gentleman having declined the invitation to a public dinner, which was signed by seventy of our most respectable citizens, a select knot of four-and-twenty Whigs had him all to themselves yesterday at the Astor House. I was one of the fortunate number, and "it was well to be there." This dinner was an event not soon to be forgotten. The party consisted of the following: Mr. Webster, Moses H. Grinnell, Charles A. Davis, Simeon Draper, Ogden Hoffman, Edward Curtis, Russell H. Nevins, Mr. Wetmore, M. C. Patterson, Robert B. Minturn, R. M. Blatchford, John I. Palmer, Samuel G. Raymond, George Curtis, Mr. Lyman, Mr. Stone, Hiram Ketcham and his brother, James W. Gerard, John Ward and myself, and two or three others whom I do not recollect. By previous arrangement, Messrs. Grinnell and Davis were placed at the head and foot of the table, and Mr. Webster in the centre, with Mr. Palmer on his left hand and I on his right. The dinner was capital; Stetson's heart was in the matter. The honoured guest appeared to be delighted, and was in turn delightful, full of anecdote and pleasant gossip; his expressive eyes shone with unusual lustre from under the dark canopy of his overhanging brows, and the infection of his brilliancy pervaded the whole table, and made the occasion a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

After the cloth was removed there was a temporary pause in the conversation, and I was requested by two or three to say something which would bring out the lion of the day. This I did. After this Mr. Gerard made a short speech in his usual good taste, with a sentiment complimentary to the Ashburton treaty and to the American negotiator. Then the dark brow at the head of the table became contracted; the noble intellect began to arrange itself and the bright eye to gather up its lightnings, piercing but benignant as those which irradiate the darkness of a summer evening.

Mr. Webster, after having gained the attention of the company,

began a *talk*, not a *speech*, without rising from his seat, with no declamation, no oratorical nor rhetorical ornaments ; without gesture, in a plain, business-like, colloquial strain ; but in language pure as the dew of heaven, and full of such instruction as might proceed from such a mind as his to the minds of men to whom he paid the high compliment of considering his equals. He gave a full history, in all its stages, of the negotiation which resulted in the treaty, from his first interview with Lord Ashburton at Washington. He took up each point separately : the Eastern boundary, the case of the "Carolina," that of the "Creole," the subject of impressment, the right of search, the suppression of the slave-trade, and other incidental questions ; stated the difficulties which had occurred, the mutual concessions arising out of a sincere and earnest desire on both sides to consult the interests and honour of both nations in a spirit of good feeling and honest intention, rather than to resort to the exploded arts of diplomacy or to insist upon advantages merely technical. It was agreed, said the eloquent speaker, that such arts were unworthy of two such nations as Great Britain and the United States. They had met in a spirit of unity to settle important questions, and went to their work like men of business. This exposition lasted an hour, and left every auditor as well acquainted, in his own mind, with the treaty, and all that appertained to it, as he who made it. This branch of his subject being finished, Mr. Webster turned to me, and, meeting my bow by a graceful one of his own, he said, "And now as to my friend Mr. Hone, and in reply to his allusion ; if I mistake not, that gentleman gave its name to the Whig party. I was christened at his font, and have continued firm in his faith. I am too old to change my politics or my religion."

He then went on in a strain similar to that which had characterized his former remarks. He attributed the unhappy divisions which exist at present in the Whig party in relation to the course of the Executive, to the unfortunate alteration of the Constitution which made it necessary to designate in the presidential election the candidates for President and Vice-President. Previously to this

change, which, like all others, has been productive of great mischief, the candidates were selected with reference to the fitness of both for the highest office, to which either was equally liable to be elected; and since that change, the second officer was usually selected with a view to personal predilections, sectional interests, or party preferences, to fill an office of no political importance (except in such a melancholy contingency as has now occurred) and devoid of personal responsibility. He then defined his position in relation to Mr. Tyler's administration. In his judgment it was better for the people and for the Whigs to make the best of existing circumstances during the remainder of the present term of the President; to secure the appointment of wise and patriotic Whigs in the foreign diplomatic department, rather than, by opposition, to throw the Executive bodily into the arms of our opponents.

The whole of this exposition of his sentiments was given in a frank and confiding manner; the interest excited was intense, and a stillness prevailed in the room during its delivery such that you might literally "hear a pin drop;" not a word was lost, not a glance passed unnoticed. A sketch of the speaker and his audience at the moment when the former said, "And now one word for Mr. Hone," would have been a sublime moral study, a noble illustration of the omnipotent power of intellect. When he had finished, I bowed low and said, "Mr. Webster, as one of this delighted and instructed company, I thank you for the history you have given of your important negotiation; and, for myself, I feel honoured overmuch by the notice you have taken of my remarks and the explanations they have been the means of eliciting." The company continued in delightful session until midnight.

NOVEMBER 7. — The "Great Western" brings out
Dickens's the much-talked-of "Notes on America, for General
New Work. Circulation," by the celebrated author of the "Pickwick
Papers." I am much afraid that the desire of the illiberal and malevolent penny-paperists and other fault-finders, who confidently expected to find "offence in it," will be disappointed. I have not

read the book ; but one of the extracts, which is much abused in the "Herald," and held up as its greatest monstrosity, viz., a most glowing picture of the mischief affected by just such papers as this "Herald," and the national disgrace attending their wide circulation, is precisely to my taste ; it is true, every word of it ; and if there is nothing worse in the book, I say, with all my heart, "ditto to Mr. Burke."

NOVEMBER 12. — Mr. John Delmonico, the respectable proprietor of the great hotel and restaurant in William street, died on Thursday morning, in a strange and awful manner. He was with a party, deer-hunting at Snedecors, Islip, L.I. He was placed on a stand up the creek, and a deer coming, he fired. The deer, badly wounded, took to the water, and was killed by one of the number on another stand. After some time his companions, going to join him, found him lying on his face in the same spot where he had fired, quite dead, of apoplexy, probably produced by the excitement which the sport of deer-hunting always occasions with persons unaccustomed to it. Mr. Delmonico was an amiable man, very obliging in his house, and will not fail to be remembered as long as good dinners dwell pleasantly upon the recollection.

NOVEMBER 14. — This is the somewhat singular title of Dickens's new book, which has just been received here. Its advent was expected with a vast deal of curiosity, and no *notes* have ever had a more prompt or rapid *circulation*, nor, in my opinion, has any writer been more unfairly treated by my countrymen. Lies were circulated in advance ; sentiments were attributed to him which he never uttered. His name was forged to papers which he never saw ; his distinct and indignant disavowal was refused the publicity which was accorded with satisfaction to the slanders regarding the unworthy character of the present work. These slanders have been refuted by the appearance of the book itself. Because a few hospitable people here and in Boston made a little too much fuss about him on the occasion of his late visit to the United States, but more especially because

"American
Notes for Gen-
eral Circula-
tion."

Mr. Dickens saw with an unprejudiced eye the horrible licentiousness of the daily press in this country, and uttered in the language of truth his denunciation of the stupendous evil, and would fain assist in wiping out the foul blot from our national escutcheon (for all which I humbly conceive we ought to be greatly obliged to him), this lively writer, whose works have been hitherto so popular in this country, is now vilified and misrepresented. And so will any man be who has the moral courage to make battle against this frightful monster, who stalks unrebuked through the land, blasting with its pestiferous breath everything bright and lovely which is too sensitive to resist its influence, and receiving the daily homage of those who, like the men who cater for their depraved appetites, have no sympathy for virtues and accomplishments which they themselves do not possess, and whose insignificance affords them an immunity from the attacks which they enjoy so much in the persons of their superiors.

The truth is, that, contrary to the predictions of the conductors of the vile penny press, and greatly to their disappointment, Mr. Dickens has written a very fair and impartial book about this country; not very creditable, I think, to its author as a literary production, and not by any means so amusing as might have been expected from a writer who, in his previous works, has afforded us so much and such highly wrought and varied amusement. It is written carelessly; his sketches are drawn from hasty observation, and it is evident that his volatile wing has not rested long enough in one place to enable him to understand its peculiarities, nor to discourse wisely upon its characteristics. But the public institutions of the country, its manufacturing establishments, hospitals, prisons, courts, and colleges are praised and censured with equal justice and impartiality, and not unfrequently most favourably contrasted with similar institutions in his own country.

Singular Ad-
vertisements.

“Business is business,” as some man says, in some play. The following notice, which was published the day after the funeral of poor Delmonico, is very

much in the style of the inscription on a tombstone in Père-la-Chaise, which runs somewhat in this form: "Here lies the body of Pierre Quelquechose, who died so and so. This monument is erected to his memory by his widow, who takes this occasion to inform her friends and customers that the pastry-cook establishment is continued at such a number Rue Saint Honoré, where she will be happy to receive their orders."

This is the counterpart:—

"A card.—The widow, brother, and nephew Lorenzo, of the late much respected John Delmonico, tender their heartfelt thanks to the friends, benevolent societies, and Northern Liberty Fire Engine Company, who accompanied his remains to his last home. The establishment will be reopened to-day, under the same firm of Delmonico Brothers, and no pains of the bereft family will be spared to give general satisfaction. Restaurant, bar-room, and private dinners No. 2 South William street; furnished rooms No. 76 Broad street, as usual."

Death of Wm. Ellery Chan-
ning, D.D. William Ellery Channing, D.D., the great apostle of the Unitarian faith, the eloquent divine, the philanthropist, and the champion of religious and political freedom, died at Bennington, Vermont, on the 2d of October, aged sixty-three years. A funeral ceremony was performed on the 13th ult., in the church of the Messiah in this city, on which occasion a eulogy on the character, writings, and Christian labours of the deceased was pronounced by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of which I received a copy to-day. It was warm, glowing, eloquent, and metaphorical, as I am inclined to think all the productions of that gentleman are, and which I suspect are the characteristics of most of the eloquent divines of the Unitarian church.

NOVEMBER 26.—James Watson Webb was brought up in the Court of Sessions this day, and sentenced by the Recorder on his plea of guilty of the charge of leaving the State to fight a duel, and fighting a duel with Thomas Marshall. The sentence was two years imprisonment in the State

Webb's
Sentenc.

prison,—the shortest term prescribed by the statute. There is very little doubt that this sentence will be followed immediately by an unconditional pardon from Governor Seward, to whom petitions to that effect have been forwarded, signed by fourteen thousand citizens of New York. In this large number are included most of the leading men of the party in politics opposed to Colonel Webb, fourteen of the seventeen members of the grand jury who found the bill, every alderman and assistant of the city except one, a great many of the clergy, judges of the several courts, and members of the bar. The roll was upward of four hundred feet in length. This is all very flattering to the delinquent who has fallen into the law's danger; but there is good reason to believe that Governor Seward did not require this strong appeal to incline him to exercise the most agreeable prerogative of executive power. The pardon is, no doubt, prepared already, and all reasonable men will justify it on the present occasion.

Prize
Fighters.

NOVEMBER 28. — The trial in Westchester before Judge Ruggles, of Sullivan, McCluster, and Kensett, seconds in the battle fought at Hastings by Lilly and McCoy, which resulted in the death of the latter, closed on Saturday. The jury brought a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree," which will probably subject the accused to two years imprisonment in the State prison. It remains to be seen whether executive clemency will find the same extenuating circumstances in this case as in that of Webb. We are deplorably in want of an example to break down the ruffianism which has been growing up amongst us; but it will puzzle His Excellency to draw a distinction in favour of a pistol, which in most cases is intended to produce death, and the fist, from which it may incidentally occur. Webb, to be sure, stands acquitted, by the letters which he wrote before the duel, from the murderous intent which characterizes such meetings on ordinary occasions; and an ounce of lead is an argument so much more genteel than a handful of knuckles. But, after all, the "*quo animo*" is not so bad in the latter case as in the former.

I was wrong, the other day, in stating that Lilly, the principal in the fight, was on trial at White Plains. That worthy "absquatulated" immediately after the "Olympic games" were over at Hastings, and the paper this day announces his arrival in Liverpool by the "George Washington," on the 30th of October. He will be all the fashion in that refined country, whose sensitive tourists faint at the recollection of the tobacco chewing and spitting Yankees, and lose their delicate appetites at our vulgar substitution of the knife for the fork. The man who killed his man here will, by that heroic exploit, have un-Yankeeized himself there. He will become an associate of the magnates of the land. His name will be enrolled in the court calendar, with the Belchers and the Springs, the Cribs and the Dutch Sams, and his portrait will adorn a page of the elegant literature of British science; the Yankee *Lilly* alongside the black champion in a hot-pressed volume, in superb binding, — one of a set which sells at a guinea and a half a volume, such as I saw last evening at Prescott Hall's, and which occupy a place in the boudoirs of the British fair alongside of "Flowers of Fancy" and "Mills's Chivalry."

DECEMBER 13. — The late Minister to France is all General Cass. the fashion in New York. He receives company in presidential and gubernatorial style at the City Hall. He has defined his political sentiments in a letter to Governor Dickinson, of New Jersey, which is published with a flourish of trumpets for the benefit of all good Republicans who may have been troubled with doubts and misgivings on that important subject. He professes to be a Democrat of the Jefferson school, and opposed to a national bank. The return of General Cass at this time, his reception, and the declaration drawn from him in the above-mentioned letter seem to indicate pretty clearly that he is to add one to the number of candidates for the Presidency. He will be a thorn in the side of Mr. Van Buren, whose chances will be more affected by this new aspirant than by that of the Southern candidate. Whether all will work together for the benefit of the single Whig

candidate remains to be seen. It is pretty difficult for me to find out the claims of General Cass. But in that respect he stands about on a par with General Harrison at the time of his nomination. If Mr. Clay cannot be elected, I do not know that I shall not be prepared to hurrah for Cass. Anybody but Calhoun, even Van Buren. I am a Northern man, and a New Yorker. As such I can never consent to be ruled by one whose paramount principle is one of opposition to the interests and prosperity of this part of the Union. Mr. Calhoun has talents of a superior order. So much the worse ; for his enmity is the more effective. The canker of envy, hatred, and malice against the Northern and Eastern States lies deep in his heart. He would prefer that the cotton of Carolina should go to Europe in British vessels rather than in those of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia.

DECEMBER 17. — On our return to-day we found the city excited by the development of a dreadful story, of which there were some rumours when we went away. The United States brig "Somers," Captain Alexander Slidell McKenzie, arrived in this port on Wednesday night from a cruise on the African coast, and last from St. Thomas, from which latter port she had only eight days passage. During the whole of Thursday there was a strange mystery about this vessel. She lay in the bay ; nobody, not even the near relations of the officers, was permitted to visit her ; the brother of Lieutenant Gansevoort was forbidden to approach. The cause of all this is now explained. A dreadful mutiny had been formed when the brig left the coast of Africa, which was discovered soon after she sailed from St. Thomas. Of this conspiracy, Philip Spencer, a young man of twenty years of age, son of the Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of War, was the ringleader. The plan was to murder the captain and lieutenant, convert the brig into a pirate, and come to the American coast for the purpose of intercepting and robbing the packets, which were supposed to have large quantities of specie on board. The crew of the vessel consisted of about seventy-five young men from the

Case of the
"Somers."

naval schools, who had been sent out to complete their education. The mutiny was disclosed by one of the conspirators, when measures were immediately taken for its suppression. Two-thirds of the crew were engaged in the plot; but Captain McKenzie appears to have acted with the utmost decision and bravery. The mutineers were confined under hatches, a court-martial was held, and young Spencer, with two of his confederates, were hung *at the yard-arm*; the rest of the mutineers put in irons, in which situation they were brought home, and have been transferred to the "North Carolina."

A messenger was sent to Washington, and nothing was allowed to transpire until the return of the mail from that place. The imminent danger of the captain and lieutenant, with so large a proportion of the crew in a state of insubordination, no doubt rendered this dreadful and summary exercise of power unavoidable, as an example and measure of safety. If it should so appear (as there seems to be no doubt), public opinion will support, and the government will approve, the conduct of Captain McKenzie. But if it should prove otherwise, he will have assumed an awful responsibility, and his reckoning with the distinguished individual, the father of the principal sufferer, will be fearful, indeed.

Captain Slidell McKenzie is a brave, gallant young officer, son of my old friend Mr. John Slidell, of this city, brother of John and Thomas Slidell, of New Orleans, the latter of whom is husband to Fanny Callender. Young Spencer was a worthless fellow, who would have been cashiered for some misdemeanour on a former cruise but from feelings of delicacy for the respectable character and high station of his father, whose severe affliction is entitled to the deepest sympathy.

DECEMBER 19. — Further particulars of the mutiny and execution on board the brig "Somers" are published this morning, not differing importantly from yesterday's statement. The plot was disclosed to Captain McKenzie by Wales, the purser's steward, on the 29th of November, and the three ringleaders executed on the 1st of

December. The conduct of Wales is highly commended by the captain and lieutenant. He pretended to give into the plot until he obtained all the plans of the conspirators, when, at a risk of his life, he made the disclosure. The two men who shared the miserable fate of Spencer were Samuel Cromwell, boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, seaman. Twelve men and boys are now confined in irons on board the "North Carolina," awaiting the action of the navy department. The public, with the exception of the editor of the "Herald," appear to approve the captain's conduct.

DECEMBER 21. — A statement is published in the *The Mutiny*. "Washington Madisonian," signed S., which will occasion some revulsion in the public mind in relation to the melancholy tragedy on board the brig "Somers." This statement, which the author asserts is "not made to excite prejudice, but to repel the attempt to create it, and to enable the American people to see what mighty principles are involved in this unheard-of proceeding," is evidently written by Mr. Spencer, the Secretary of War. It is one of those strong, forcible documents for which he is celebrated; fierce in style, rigid in argument, and certainly presents the subject of his son's execution in a light somewhat different from that in which it was received at first. If there exists any reasonable doubt of the absolute necessity for this awful exercise of power, Captain McKenzie may wish sincerely that he never had been born to meet such a responsibility. A more dangerous opponent than John C. Spencer could not be found in the United States; stern, uncompromising, obstinate in temper, determined and energetic in action, and with talents equal to any effort which his feelings may prompt, or his duty may call him to execute. It is officially announced that the navy department is not in possession of information sufficient to form a statement for the public eye. This would appear unfavourable to Captain McKenzie. If his official report were not so clear as to leave "no hook on which to hang a doubt," the doubt, the hesitation alone would be fatal to him. If the cabinet should take part with the bereaved parent, who is one

of its prominent members, in denying the existence of the necessity for the execution of the ringleaders of the mutiny, and if the laws should not support the measure, Captain McKenzie is ruined past redemption.

DECEMBER 24. — The following party, most of whom were members of the Hone Club, dined with me to-day, and passed a merry Christmas eve; we sat honestly until twelve o'clock, and ate and drank, and laughed and talked, as if the times were as good as ever: R. M. Blatchford, Moses H. Grinnell, John Ward, William G. Ward, Simeon Draper, Jr., Samuel Jaudon, J. W. Webb, Edward Curtis, James Bowen, Dr. J. W. Francis, Robert B. Minturn.

DECEMBER 28. — I dined at Judge Pendleton's. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Hammersley, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Jones, Mr. Ray, Mr. Boreel, Maturin Livingston, James Thomson, and P. H.

Court of
Inquiry. DECEMBER 29. — Great interest is excited by the proceedings of the court of inquiry, now sitting at the navy yard, on the affair of the "Somers." The first testimony was the production of the report sent on to the navy department by Captain McKenzie, immediately after his arrival in New York; and well would it have been for him if it had never seen the light. "Oh that mine enemy should write a book!" was the vindictive exclamation of some such person as the Secretary of War. I have learned by experience and observation, that nine-tenths of all the scrapes men get into are occasioned by writing or saying *too much*. Here is a document ten times longer than was necessary, written without consultation with any judicious friend, who, from not being immediately interested in the event, would have been better able to look at the consequences, full of public details of trifling circumstances and irrelevant conversation, and interspersed with sage reflections with which the public and the navy department had no more to do than with the cogitation of the Emperor of China on the invasion of the "outside barbarians," or the specula-

tions of London stockbrokers on the fall of American securities. He has aimed to be very impartial, and has conceded so much that the confidence of his friends and the public, who would fain be on his side, is shaken in the belief of the imperative necessity of the dreadful example which he felt himself called upon to make.

Not only the character of Captain McKenzie, but that of the flag under which he sails and of the nation which he serves, is deeply concerned in his making out a complete justification. There is no middle ground in this business; it was altogether right, or altogether wrong. And here, instead of a concise, manly statement of his proceeding on the discovery of the mutiny, the necessity which, in his judgment, existed for his summary exercise of power, and his regret that he had been called upon to adopt measures so painful to his feelings, we have a long rigmarole story about private letters discovered on the person of young Spencer, orders to blow out the brains of "refractory men," religious ceremonies, cheers for the American flag, and conversations with the accused, in one of which he said to Spencer that "he hung him, because if he took him to the United States he would escape punishment, for everybody got clear who had money and friends,"—a national reproach, which, even allowing it to be true, came with a bad grace from an officer of the American navy.

He makes an apology, it is true, for this indiscreet expression. But, in the name of all that is wonderful, why should he stigmatize himself by relating such a conversation in a document which will be carried on the wings of the wind to the most distant part of the earth? The truth is, there is much to be seen, in this statement, of the pride of authorship. Captain McKenzie, when he was Alexander Slidell, wrote a clever book called "A Year in Spain," which gave him some reputation as an author, and he disdained to take advice in regard either to the matter or the manner of the narrative. Even in this particular it is a failure; it will add nothing to his literary renown.

The oral testimony of his officers thus far is greatly in his favour,

and I trust he will stand justified before God and his country, notwithstanding his ill-judged report ; but, as the Unitarian divine said of St. Thomas's exclamation, " My Lord and my God," I wish he had not said it. There is abundant testimony of the utter depravity of young Spencer ; but doubts are freely expressed by many reflecting people of the guilt of Cromwell and Small, and of the sufficiency of the evidence on which they were condemned.

1843.

JANUARY 2. — Yesterday was the regular New Year's Day ; but being Sunday, it was only observed by the moral and religious sentiments which this occasion never fails to inspire, and which were inculcated by the Christian zeal and forcible eloquence of our clergymen. My excellent pastor, Dr. Wainwright, gave us on this occasion, as he did on Christmas Day, an exceedingly interesting sermon, which it is to be hoped some two or three of his congregation may remember to their own edification and the honour of the reverend orator, during the year 1843.

The festivities of the New Year were reserved for to-day, and there appeared to be no falling off from the time-honoured observances of our city. There were two snow-storms in the course of the morning, neither of which continued long enough to prevent the visiting, and, as the sleighing was excellent, all but the horses enjoyed it exceedingly. I started in a sleigh at twelve o'clock, and made forty odd visits, which occupied me until five. The ladies smiled and looked beautiful, the fires sparkled and looked warm, the furniture shone and looked comfortable, the whiskey-toddy smoked and looked strong, and everything was gay as it used to be in good times. The heads of the people were *up* to-day, however certain it may be that many of them will be bowed down by misfortune, and some laid low, before another year calls them to similar festivities.

The old year was marked by public calamity and individual misfortune, the former relieved only by the successful termination of the negotiations with England, and the latter by abundant harvests and the consequent low prices of provisions ; but business is unprofitable, confidence impaired, stocks and other personal property of little value, taxes nearly doubled, rents reduced, tenants

running away, debts wiped out by the bankrupt law, and Loco-focoism triumphant. So ends the year 1842, and so begins the year 1843. In all these particulars the latter will not only "tread in the steps of its predecessor," but tread so much harder on the "road to ruin" as to leave no remembrance of its footsteps; or I am a false prophet, that's all. Amongst the other calamities which mark the advent of the New Year, Governor Seward retires from office, and leaves Governor Bouck to fill his place — if he can.

JANUARY 3. — The survivors of the Hone Club had a pleasant dinner to-day, at Moses H. Grinnell's. The party consisted of the following old members: Grinnell, Blatchford, John Ward, William G. Ward, Draper, Prescott Hall, and myself; besides whom there were Robert B. Minturn, Edward Curtis, James Thomson, James W. Otis, Ogden Hammond, James W. Webb, M. Brigham, and James Bowen.

JANUARY 5. — I went over this morning to the navy yard, and after visiting Commodore Perry, and inspecting, greatly to my satisfaction, the library and museum of the navy lyceum, I attended for two or three hours the court of inquiry on board of the "North Carolina." The cabin was filled with spectators and newspaper reporters, for the examination is conducted by the greatest publicity. I was received with flattering respect by the president and members of the court, who invited me to a seat at their table. The proceedings are characterized by the utmost dignity and decorum. The witnesses examined to-day were Mr. Leycock, the surgeon, and Mr. Rodgers, senior midshipman; the latter a fine, sturdy fellow, a sailor out and out. I was amused by his seamanlike reply of "Aye, aye, sir," on two occasions when requested by the judge advocate and commodore to raise his voice. The witnesses are made to give a narrative, in their own words, of the events attending the mutiny and execution on board the "Somers," after which questions are put to them in writing by Commander McKenzie, and orally by the judge

Court of In-
quiry.

advocate. Their answers are prompt and manly. The evidence looks well for the commander. He looks careworn and anxious, as well he may. God send him a safe deliverance !

JANUARY 24. — I was greatly surprised and pleased
 “Kent’s Com-
 mentaries.” to learn from the gifted and amiable ex-chancellor of
 the continued sales and large profits afforded by this
 highly popular work. Ten thousand copies have been printed in
 four editions, which are sold by him at \$9 a copy. His profits ever
 since the work came out have been \$5,000 a year, — double the
 amount of the chancellor’s salary, — and from the undiminished
 demand for the work from all parts of the United States, as well
 as from England, where it is established as a text-book, the learned
 author does not apprehend any diminution of the profits of the sale
 for twenty years to come. I doubt if any American book has ever
 produced so much money. It gives the author a noble and most
 honourable independence for life ; and that God may grant that life
 to be extended to its utmost term of usefulness, and to the full
 measure of his family’s desire, is my most sincere and fervent
 prayer. I venerate him as a father, while I love him as a brother ;
 and the reverence I feel for him as an instructor is sanctified by
 my affection for him as a friend. The hour I pass in the twilight
 of every Sunday evening with Chancellor Kent and his amiable
 family (including the “wise young judge” from next door, and his
 wife) afford me the highest gratification, and I come away delighted
 with my visit as a young lover from the society and the smiles
 of his mistress.

JANUARY 27. — The English papers do abuse us
 shamefully for swindling, repudiation, cheating, and
 other trifling departures from rectitude, which abuse is
 all the harder to be borne from the difficulty we have in many of
 the cases of contradicting the truth of the charges. A man may
 know his wife to be a —, but if he has the spirit of a man he will
 not allow others to call her so. We are not the less disposed to
 resent an injurious epithet from the consciousness of meriting it ;

National
 Character.

but, on the contrary, our revenge is stimulated in proportion as we are deprived of the proud satisfaction of condemning a charge which we know to be false. John Bull, smarting under the loss of his money, charges the whole of us, indiscriminately, as a nation of swindlers; and such of us as are honest, besides defending our own characters, are bound, by a sort of family pride, to a much more difficult task, that of palliating the rascality of our brethren. Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have more to answer for at home than abroad. It is as much as we in New York and hereabouts can do to keep on our legs, without having the burden to carry of the disgrace of the dishonest part of the family.

FEBRUARY 1. — This is the quarter-day of the ruin of landlords. Rents are fifty per cent. lower and taxes fifty per cent. higher; nearly the whole burthen of taxes falls upon real estate, for it is the only tangible property. The pressure is severe enough upon the owners of houses and stores who are out of debt; but if the property is mortgaged, and the seven per cent. interest must be regularly paid, the Lord help the owners! Several of my tenants are unable to pay the rent of last year; all the good ones are going away, and the reduction of rent in the few cases where they remain is ruinous. Clinton Hotel, the lease of which to Mr. Hodges, at \$4,500 per annum, expires on the first of May, is rented to the same person for another year at \$2,500; but this year must determine the fate of New York; the patient is in extremity, and must die or be relieved before another comes round.

FEBRUARY 14. — The noble old Commodore Isaac Hull, the *Hull of the Constitution*, died yesterday morning, in Philadelphia, where he has resided since his return from the cruise in the "Ohio." He was the oldest officer in the navy, with the exception of Barron and Stewart. He it was that "plucked up drowning honour by the locks" on the ocean at the same moment that his namesake on the land was shoving it under. Hull's capture at Detroit, and Hull's capture of the "Guerrière," stood side by side in the chronicles of the day, and

Death of Com-
modore Hull.

the exultations of John Bull and Brother Jonathan were equally restrained by the one and the other.

DEATH OF MR. JAY. — FEBRUARY 21. — I am grieved to record the decease of Peter Augustus Jay. Few more learned and accomplished men, and none more upright and honourable, are to be found in this city than Mr. Jay, the son of the illustrious John Jay, the purest of patriots and the wisest of statesmen. Mr. Jay inherited a large share of those noble qualities which distinguished his sire. He was a gentleman of the old school; he adorned society by the example of his deportment and manners; by his strict integrity he rebuked the corruption of the times, and by his religious principles he set an example to his professional brethren. I was associated with Mr. Jay at the board of trustees of Columbia College, of which he was president, and as a vestryman of Trinity, of which he recently became a member. The deceased was sixty-seven years of age.

SPECIE. — FEBRUARY 23. — There is an absolute plethora of specie in this country; no more certain indication of the prostration of commerce and disordered state of trade. The banks in New York have two dollars in gold and silver for every dollar in circulation, lying like an ingot in the vaults, producing nothing and unable to get into circulation. What must be said by the croakers about an occasional scarcity of specie (which shows that something good is doing), when they read the following list of consignees by the steamer "Acadia"! She brings out 200,000 pounds sterling, and the "Great Western" will have 300,000 pounds, — two millions and a half of dollars; I wonder if Mr. Benton has a purse large enough to contain all this humbug personification of national prosperity; 850 pounds to Charles Hill; 1,700 pounds to George Pratt; 300 pounds to Joseph Shaw; 413 pounds to Heard & Welsh; 10,000 pounds to Sands, Fox, & Co.; 1,250 pounds to T. W. Ward; 20,000 pounds to J. E. Thayer & Bro.; 7,000 pounds to J. Dixon & Son; 3,000 pounds to Gossler & Co.; 20,000 pounds to order; 2,200 pounds to J. Shillaber;

2,000 pounds to J. & H. Thayer & Co. ; 5,280 pounds to Boorman, Johnston, & Co. ; 100,000 pounds to Brown Bros. & Co. ; 300 pounds to De Rham & Moore ; 1,000 pounds to C. H. Upham & Co. ; 20,000 dollars to T. Patten ; and several smaller sums.

FEBRUARY 25. — The court-martial at Brooklyn, on the McKenzie's Trial. "Somers" case, drags along its tedious length so slowly, and there is such an everlasting sameness in the examination, that the public here appears to have lost all interest in the matter, and you scarcely hear an inquiry made as to its progress, or the probability of its termination. Not so with our kind, officious brethren in the "mother country." One universal burst of vituperation comes from the pack of hireling papers published in London ; not only is Commander McKenzie saluted with the epithets of "murderer," "coward," "fool," "bully," and all others which may be supposed to be most offensive to a gentleman and an officer, but the navy is vilified, the civil institutions of the country derided, and the country itself insulted by the blackguards of the British press, and their coadjutors and supporters here. The editor of the infamous "Herald" blazons these offensive articles in the public view with evident satisfaction, and makes their publication the ground of insulting remarks to the court. When the court's actions were subject to the supervision of the American people only, it was not of much consequence how the proceedings were conducted ; but now that they come under the notice of the "British press ;" that the Bennets of St. Paul's churchyard have honoured the country by their animadversions, and established a tribunal in the slums of St. Giles for the trial of the triers, — it behoves them to be circumspect. They must blacken the character of McKenzie if they wish to preserve their own, and hang him if they would escape the gibbet themselves. So says Mr. Bennett. The vile bribe, which there is good reason to believe has set him in motion, shines through every line he now writes on this melancholy subject. The interest of the protracted affair has given place in the public mind to new subjects, and the character of an honoured American officer

is left to be worried and mangled by as filthy a cur as ever barked in foreign accents at the bidding of a corrupt employer.

I am not as clear as I could wish to be in my opinion of the absolute necessity of the dreadful act of discipline resorted to by McKenzie, and for his sake, as well as for the sake of national justice, I sometimes think I should like to have evidence of some clearly overt act of mutiny; but I do most entirely believe that he proceeded in his extremity with good motives, in a full conviction of the existence of the mutiny, and a persuasion that the execution was necessary for the safety of his vessel and the preservation of his men. Be this, however, as it may, I am indignant that this "scum of Britons" should avail themselves of this distressing occurrence to cast the contents of their "stink pots" upon my country, and that a wretch should be found among us base enough to ladle them out to the last loathsome drop. But, above all, am I humiliated that my fellow-citizens should give to this infamous journal a circulation greater (if the mendacious sheet may in any sort be believed) than that of any other daily newspaper in the country.

MARCH 6.—The House of Representatives and the
 Adjourment of Congress. Senate adjourned on Saturday; so there is an end of the Congress which floated into power on the great Harrison wave of 1840,—the people's Congress, from which so much was expected, but which, by untoward circumstances, by treason, misplaced confidence, and unchastened ambition has been thwarted and checkmated at every move; which has done little to redeem its pledges, and of that little has undone much. Like a goodly vessel, the pilot lost overboard, the rudder broken, and several of the crew in a state of mutiny, but with timbers sound, chart accurate, and a voyage planned which could not fail to prove profitable to the owners, she was soon cast adrift, made no headway, and has at last returned into port to refit, and, if possible, to recommence her voyage under better officers and crew. Much of this, however, will depend upon the owners, and they are not much to be relied

upon. The closing scene in the House of Representatives was marked by less asperity of feeling than might have been expected, from the previous squabbles of the members. They seemed to be afraid to trust themselves, and so, like wise men, they opened the galleries and laid themselves under petticoat government.

MARCH 9. — I dined with Mr. William B. Astor, in his noble mansion in Lafayette place, one of the finest houses in the city. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, General Tallmadge, Captain and Mrs. Bolton (Mary Lynch formerly), Mr. and Miss Ward, Mr. Havers, Dutch *chargé*; Messrs. West, Blant, Brevoort, etc.

MARCH 10. — I witnessed yesterday the launch of the “Liverpool,” a noble ship of one thousand one

hundred and fifty tons, built for the new Liverpool line of Woodhull & Minturn. She was built by Bell & Brown, and launched from their extensive dock-yard, foot of Houston street, East river. It was a beautiful exhibition. She is the largest packet-ship yet built; her figure-head is a fine full-length figure of Jenkinson, late Earl of Liverpool, in his peer’s robes, taken from an accurate likeness of that distinguished British minister. What must John Bull think of these superb specimens of Yankee skill and enterprise, arriving in his ports one after the other, and each more admirable than all that went before it? If we run in debt in some States of the Union more than we can pay, we have something to show for it by sea and by land, and, like Dickens’s raven, we say, “Never die yet.”

MARCH 14. — Died last evening, John Rathbone, aged ninety-two years. His son died a few weeks since. The deceased was father-in-law of Robert Chesebrough and Samuel B. Ruggles.

The “Madisonian,” the organ of President Tyler in Mr. Webster. Washington, which speaks his language, supports his doctrine, and registers his edicts, has the following semi-official notice on Saturday: “Mr. Webster has expressed a wish, because of certain considerations, well understood between the

President and himself, and which did not in the least affect their public or private relations, to retire from the cabinet. *The President has been pleased to grant him permission to retire.* This fact was publicly stated in the Senate; and it was declared by a senator authorized to do so, that Mr. Webster *would* retire in thirty days after Mr. Cushing's confirmation."

O Gog and Magog! John Tyler pleased to grant Daniel Webster permission to retire from office! Daniel Webster, the personification of pure Whig principles, consorting with treachery and corruption,— a giant shrinking before a dwarf,— Daniel Webster standing, cap in hand, before John Tyler, like a hard-pressed school-boy, asking from the pedagogue permission to *go out!* But it may be that necessity, which, we are told, knows no laws, and which bows the neck of pride to the footstool of imbecile power, may have something to do with this humiliation of intellectual greatness.

MARCH 21.—General Harrison was sung into the Clay Ball. Presidency, and, if Mr. Clay should succeed, it will be effected in some degree by dancing. The *voices* of the people in advance were clearly in favour of the former, and the latter has established a favourable *footing* with them. Clay balls are quite in vogue. They answer a good purpose; for while they assist by a little surplus of funds to furnish the ways and means for electioneering, they enlist the women on our side, and wives and daughters are famous auxiliaries in a righteous cause, and good supporters of a tottering conscience.

I went last evening, by invitation, to one of those political jollifications given by the Clay Club of the third ward, at Washington Hall. The large ball-room was handsomely decorated and well filled. There was a fair collection of ladies, some of whom were fair, dressed generally without much pretension, and of modest deportment; but the male division of the dancing part of the company would hardly have passed muster in former days at the Bath assemblies, when Beau Nash was the *arbiter elegantiarum*, or at

present in the courtly saloons of Almack's. Colored handkerchiefs and unpolished boots declared the determination of their wearers not to be laid neck and heels by the mandates of fashion; and, O Terpsichore! how they did dance! Their independent ears scorned to be controlled by the arbitrary measures of the music, and their pliant legs described every letter in the alphabet from A to Z. But it went off very well. The elderly ladies were pleased with their children, the young ones with their beaux, and the beaux with themselves. The Whig common councilmen and other politicians gave their august countenance with solemn jocularity to the affair, as a piece of political machinery, and the third ward gets \$250 towards the charter election.

MARCH 22.—This interesting trial, which has dragged Court-martial. out a tedious existence of six weeks, has at last come to a conclusion. As long as hopes were entertained that Commander McKenzie might be brought within the power of a civil court and jury, and the court-martial be thereby nullified, every artifice was resorted to by Mr. Norris, the judge advocate, to procrastinate the proceedings, exhaust the patience of the court, and worry out the accused and his counsel; but now that the learned and virtuous decision of Judge Betts has frustrated all hope of revenge from that quarter, the judge advocate consented to let the affair come to a close, and forego any longer his emoluments of ten dollars a day and ten dollars for engrossing every fifteen pages of his notes of evidence, which have extended, I am told, to five hundred and fifty pages, nine-tenths of which consist of the merest repetitions and the dullest technicalities that ever helped to swell a bill of costs. The examination closed yesterday, and as this was the day assigned for the reading of McKenzie's defence, the chapel in the navy yard, where the court has been held, was filled at an early hour by anxious spectators, including a large number of ladies. My daughters went over with Mrs. Depeyster, Mrs. John Hone, and Emily. I also formed one of the delighted audience; prejudiced, I acknowledge, in favour of the accused, and anxiously

desirous that a clear case of justification might be made out, but never until now so fully and thoroughly satisfied that his innocence has been established and the character of the navy redeemed.

The defence, which had been prepared by Mr. George Griffin, was read by that gentleman; the reading occupied about an hour and a half. Never was an audience more attentive, and, from all the indications I observed, never was there one better prepared for a verdict of complete and honourable acquittal, — a result of which I think there cannot be a shadow of doubt. Mr. Griffin has done himself immortal honour in this able document. Many new and striking points were presented, circumstances hitherto doubtful were elucidated, the most convincing and appropriate authorities produced; and occasionally scope was found for a display of the most thrilling eloquence, while throughout the whole defence the utmost taste and soundest discretion prevailed. There were no vindictive charges against the prosecution, no angry recrimination, no seeking after technical or legal advantages, but a straightforward appeal to the judgment and patriotism of the court, worthy of its dignity, the character of the accused, and the professional reputation of the learned advocate.

I cannot refrain from recording here the following thrilling and graphic picture, drawn toward the close of the address, of the case as it might now have stood if a different line of conduct had been pursued under the awful circumstances in which Captain McKenzie found himself placed. “To enable the court the better to judge of the necessity of the execution, permit me to bring the case to another test. I suppose that the execution had not taken place; that the unconfined malcontents had risen and released the prisoners; that the mutiny had triumphed, and the brig been turned into a piratical cruiser; that the faithful officers and members of the crew had been all massacred, except the commander alone; that, from a refinement in cruelty, the pirates had spared his wretched life, and sent him on shore that he might be forced to wend home

his solitary way, and become himself the disgraced narrator of what would then have been, indeed, 'the tragedy of the "Somers."' With what a burst of indignation would the country have received his narrative! How would the American press, with its thousand tongues, have overwhelmed him with exclamations and interrogations like these: 'You were seasonably urged, by the unanimous voice of your trusty officers, to save their lives, the lives of your faithful seamen, and the honour of your country, by the timely execution of these malefactors, who deserved to die, and whose immediate death was imperiously demanded by the exigencies of the case. Why did you not heed the counsel, the earnest counsel of your associates in authority, your constitutional advisers, with whose opinion your own, too, concurred? You did not, because you *dared* not. You faltered in the path of known and acknowledged duty, because you wanted moral courage to tread it. On you, in the judgment of conscience, devolves the responsibility of those murders, which you might and ought to have prevented; on you recoils the disgrace of that flag which never sustained a blot until it was committed to your charge.' To finish the picture, permit me to fill up another part of the canvas. I suppose that the 'Somers,' now turned pirate, while cruising off our coast had been permitted by Heaven, in an evil hour, to capture some vessel plying between this port and Europe, freighted with the talent and beauty of the land. The men are all murdered, and the females, including perhaps the new-made wife, and maidens just blooming into womanhood, are forced to become the *brides of pirates*. A universal shriek of agony bursts from the American people throughout their vast domains, and the wailing is echoed back from the whole civilized world; and where then could the commander of the 'Somers' have hidden his head, branded as it would have been by a mark of infamy as indelible as that stamped on the forehead of Cain?"

The court-martial will require two or three days to read the minutes of evidence, and close up their work. Their decision will

then be sent to Washington, until which time the anxious public must remain in ignorance of these interesting proceedings.

MARCH 30.—The finest pair of capons I ever saw formed the ostensible motive for a very agreeable dinner to-day at Prescott Hall's. The guests were Robert B. Minturn, Henry Grinnell, R. M. Blatchford, James Thomson, Gerard Coster, Mr. Dutilh, Mr. Post, and myself.

MARCH 31.—A similar call to that of yesterday, in the form of a fine mess of trout, brought together Moses H. Grinnell, R. M. Blatchford, Ogden Hoffman, Prescott Hall, Simeon Draper, and myself, at a cosey dinner at Robert B. Minturn's.

APRIL 10.—The agitation of the public mind in relation to the trial of Commander McKenzie is put to rest by the promulgation of the decision of the court-martial. The character of the navy is sustained and the majesty of the laws vindicated by the full and honourable acquittal of the accused from all the charges brought against him. This verdict is approved and confirmed by the President of the United States, and the gallant officer who has been the subject of those investigations is relieved from the anxiety which his unpleasant situation has caused him, except the painful reflection arising from the necessary act of severe discipline which he was called upon to perform by the circumstances in which he was unfortunately placed. It remains now to be seen whether the vindictive feelings of his enemies can find further means of annoyance and persecution.

APRIL 12.—*Tout perdu, sauf l'honneur.* Francis The Election. the First, when beaten by the imperial Loco-focos at Pavia, and a prisoner in the power of his inexorable enemy, the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, had a right to console himself by the saving clause in this celebrated and often-quoted passage in his letters to his mother. But the New York Whigs, who have *perdu* everything, have not, I fear, equal reason to claim the merit of having *sauvé* even their honour. Certain it is that in the election yesterday, though deficient in odd tricks, they have revoked

shamefully, and lost the game, — double, single, and the rubber. Morris is elected mayor by six thousand majority, and the Loco-focos have carried twelve aldermen and fourteen assistants out of seventeen in each board. The first ward gives Mr. Smith only one hundred and forty majority, and has elected a Loco-foco assistant by a division among the Whigs. The majority even in the great fifteenth (my ward) is reduced to six hundred. This was occasioned by a split on the collector; but my man, R. C. Wortendyke, got in by a very small majority. The eleventh gives Morris the unheard-of majority of thirteen hundred. There has never been an election in which frauds have been so openly and shamefully practised. Under the present system no restraint nor check upon illegal voting can ever be rendered available. I am thoroughly convinced that it is impossible for the country to sustain itself against the desolating effect of universal suffrage. Public virtue is the only foundation of a republican form of government, and that is utterly swept away. The edifice must fall; what comes next? And through what scenes of blood and violence are we to pass before we settle down into the death-like paralysis of despotic power? The old-fashioned honest men of both parties (for there are honest men in both) have nothing to say in the matter. The power is in the hands of a rabble, vile and savage as the *canaille* of the Faubourg St. Antoine at the commencement of the French Revolution; and in the number of red-flannel-shirt and turned-up-trousers men are thousands ready to cry "*À la lanterne!*" and Marats, Robespierres, and Le Gendres ready at hand to lead them on to works of blood and violence when the time shall come.

ASHBURTON
Dinner.

APRIL 25. — I landed from Long Island just in time to fulfil an engagement to dine with Moses H. Grinnell and Robert B. Minturn on board their splendid ship the "Ashburton." Our party consisted of Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn, Colden, Ogden Hoffman, James Thomson, Captain Rogers, Gibbes, Draper, Bowdoin, Mr. Barnard of Albany, John

Stevens, James W. Otis, James W. Webb, Charles King, Nicholas Low, Charles L. Livingston, Captain Huddleston, and myself.

MAY 11. — A letter is published, signed by three hundred merchants and others of our most respectable citizens, addressed to Commander Alexander S. McKenzie, expressing their approval of his conduct in the unhappy affair of the mutiny on board the "Somers," and their congratulations on his honourable acquittal by the court of inquiry and court-martial. His answer to this high compliment is much better written, and in better taste, than his unfortunate statement made to the government on his arrival. If he had said no more than, and said it as well, his case would have stood better before his fellow-citizens; particularly that portion of his friends who lament the necessity, while they justify the motives, of the dreadful act of discipline which he was called upon to perform. The merchants have raised a sum of money by subscription to pay the lawyers' fees and other charges attending the trials; but this fact is delicately kept out of view in the correspondence.

MAY 23. — Died this morning, at his seat in Westchester County, Mr. Peter Lorillard, in the eightieth year of his age. He was last of the three brothers of that name, himself the eldest, — Peter, George, and Jacob, — all rich men; he the richest. He was a tobacconist, and his memory will be preserved in the annals of New York by the celebrity of "Lorillard's Snuff and Tobacco." He led people by the nose for the best part of a century, and made his enormous fortune by giving them that to chew which they could not swallow.

MAY 24. — Mr. Webster, accompanied by some of Mr. Webster. the Le Roys, went down on Long Island fishing yesterday. His object, I suppose, is to get away from the crowd who press upon him here, and to prepare his thoughts in retirement and quiet for the address which he is to deliver next month on the occasion of the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, on which occasion President Tyler, the

heads of departments, and many other distinguished characters are expected to be present. Mr. Tyler's office-holders must hold themselves in readiness to receive him with all due reverence on his transit through New York, for woe be to him whose stubborn knee and ungrateful neck refuse to do proper homage to the master whose livery they wear !

MAY 30. — Died on Sunday evening, at his residence, Death of Noah Webster. New Haven, Conn., Noah Webster, LL.D., in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was lawyer, school-master, grammarian, and lexicographer ; a man of great learning, deep research, and laborious investigation ; a patriot of the Revolution, in which he took part as a volunteer while yet a junior student in Yale College ; a stiff Federalist and Washingtonian, a cause which he supported by his writings with great ability in his younger days, and in which good, old-fashioned faith he was content to die. As an author, he was best known by his works on elementary education, and his fame will rest principally on "Webster's Spelling-Book" and "Webster's Dictionary."

JUNE 8. — In the packet "George Washington," which sailed yesterday for Liverpool, went passengers Thurlow Weed and Mr. Schoolcraft, of Albany. The former is the able and influential editor of the "Albany Evening Journal," a firm supporter of the Whig cause ; somewhat of a radical, however, and in Whig times Governor Seward's conscience-keeper.

JUNE 12. — The accidental President, attended by President Tyler's Visit. the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, and young Mr. Tyler, made a triumphal entry into the good city of New York this 12th day of June, on his way to Boston, where he is to be present at the great Bunker Hill jubilee and the delivery of Mr. Webster's oration, on the 17th. Great preparations were made for this auspicious occasion by the civil and military authorities. I was honoured by an invitation from the joint committee of the corporation.

But "my arrangements would not permit." I did *not* go, be-

cause I did not choose to pay homage to the man who has deceived his friends, and betrayed those who spent time and money, and comfort and lungs, to place him where he is. Now, when old Jackson visited New York, I cheerfully helped to swell the loud hurrahs in honour of the President of the United States. We were opposed in politics, and had a right to be. I tried to keep him out, and had no right to expect any favour from him; and, moreover, with all his tyrannical notions of government, and reference of public matters to private considerations, there was a manliness of character about the old warrior which commanded respect. But this man has played false to his friends, and is of no use to any but his enemies; and well may Mayor Morris, and Alderman Purdy, and the rest of the crew, fire the guns, and ring the bells, and make speeches to him, and tender him the tenderest welcome, for in truth he is the best friend their party ever had.

JUNE 19.—The papers are filled with accounts
Bunker Hill
Celebration. of the great Bunker Hill celebration, on Saturday.

The heavens, and the earth, and the works of man all conspired to render the affair equal in all respects to the anticipations of those who planned and executed it. The storm of the preceding day (that on which the President of the United States made his *entrée* into Boston) cleared away during the preceding night; the sun rose bright on Saturday, and the lofty summit of the monument erected on the sacred spot (the completion of which was the object of the jubilee) pierced the unclouded canopy of a New England sky.

The procession was formed on Boston Common. The military display consisted of troops from all parts of New England, and a beautiful corps of National Guards from New York, who went on as an escort to a body of two or three hundred Yankees, residents of this city, who made (as they say themselves) a splendid appearance; and, if anybody should be disposed to gainsay it, I will refer him to Moses H. Grinnell. Then there was the President of the United States, John Tyler, and Robert Tyler. There was enough

of "Tyler too," but unhappily no "Tippecanoe;" Mr. Upshur, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Spencer, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Porter, Secretary of War; Mr. Legaré, Attorney-General; and Mr. Wickliffe, Postmaster-General; and then there was Mr. *Brimmer*, Mayor of Boston, *overflowing* with patriotism; and Mr. *Quincy*, whose throat was sore with huzzaing on the great occasion; and Mr. Cushing, whose diplomatic fame is about to be emblazoned in *china*. And there was the immortal Dan, the orator of the day, who added the brightest and the greenest leaf to the chaplet which adorns his brow, by the oration in which he invested with the *toga virilis* the monument, the offspring of New England patriotism, in strains of eloquence bright and impressive as those in which he announced its birth. And there were one hundred and seven soldiers of the Revolution, of whom thirteen fought in the battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775; and three, namely, A. Bigelow, L. Harrington, and P. Johnson, were present and mingled in the fight when the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Lexington in the month of April preceding, when, in the inspiration of prophetic patriotism, Samuel Adams exclaimed to his brother patriot, John Hancock, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" All accounts agree that this jubilee was a great affair, even for Boston, where they certainly do excel in such matters; and as for Webster's speech, no praise can do it justice, no extract can be fairly made, no passage can be selected as unequalled, while all are unsurpassed by others in the same great oration.

Repeal Meet-
ing in Boston.

JUNE 22.—Such an Irish howl as we had in New York the other day was gotten up in Boston in honour of their "distinguished visitors," and Mr. Robert Tyler, son of the President, heir apparent of his office as he thinks, heir presumptive of his vanity, and heir *de facto* of his talents, made a violent inflammatory speech, in which England and her throne, her government and her constitution, were attacked with all the fury of big words, sharp epithets, and senseless declamation. The

son of the Executive of the United States, under the eye of his father, and as is understood with his sanction, uniting with rebels and disorganizers in opposition to their government, and exciting civil war in a country with whom we are on terms of amity and friendship, is in the worst possible taste, to say the least of it; but there is reason to fear it is something worse than that. I wish with all my heart that the people of England knew what fools these men are, — father and son; it might be the way to turn their anger into contempt.

JUNE 23. — Died this day, Christian Bergh, aged eighty-one years, the oldest ship-carpenter in the city, the father of that great system of naval architecture which has rendered the city of New York famous throughout the world. He was the first to send on the great waters the models of packet-ships which have borne the palm from all other commercial nations; others have followed in his career, and of late some may have exceeded him, but Christian Bergh was the first to raise the character of Yankee packet-ships to a height which as yet has been unapproached by any foreign nation.

JULY 4. — I spent a delightful Fourth of July at Mr. Grinnell's, at Throgs-neck; the old club set had been duly warned, and at ten o'clock Prescott Hall and Gerard Coster called to take me out. On arriving at Mr. Grinnell's we found our party engaged in pitching quoits under the noble trees, with a flowing bowl of champagne punch to prepare them for the labours of the day. The party consisted of Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper, Jr., Edward Curtis, George Curtis, J. Prescott Hall, Gerard Coster, R. M. Blatchford and his son Bloodgood, Ogden Hoffman, John Ward, and myself. Our dinner was, of course, excellent, and the drink capital, and we left the quantity of the latter considerably diminished on coming away.

JULY 12. — This distinguished artist died at his residence, in Cambridge, near Boston, on Saturday evening last, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He

Washington
Allston.

was a native of Charleston, South Carolina; was educated at Harvard University, went early in life to England, where he became a pupil of Benjamin West, and an associate of Reynolds, Fuseli, and the other eminent painters of the day. He spent several years in Europe, and returned to this country one of the most distinguished painters among us. It may not be too high praise to say the *most* distinguished. The last twenty-five years of his life were spent in Cambridge, where he has been employed in his profession, painting not much, but well. For many years he has had in hand a great work, "Belshazzar's Feast," which was gotten up by the liberal subscriptions of some of the rich men of Boston. Great expectations were formed of this painting, which was intended as a national specimen of American art; but the unaccountable dilatoriness of the artist has left the subscribers nothing but "hope deferred" to repay them their advances, and many of them have died without seeing the picture, as it is feared the artist has, without finishing it. Money spent does not excite to exertion so much as money expected. Mr. Allston was equally successful in his literary as in his artistical labours. His writings are marked with the same stamp of excellence as his paintings. He published, many years since, a volume of poetry, which has been well spoken of, and a novel of great merit, entitled "Monaldi."

SARATOGA, JULY 21. — My first glass of Congress water was drunk this morning, at six o'clock precisely, bright as the sun gilding the hill-tops of Vermont, and restorative as Brandreth's pills. The effect of my morning draught has been found in a hearty breakfast and good spirits. I am in a mess with James DePeyster Ogden and Daniel Giraud, — a pleasant arrangement. The former contributes to my *intellectual*, as the latter does to my *material*, wants; the superabundance of words at Mr. Ogden's command makes up for Mr. Giraud's taciturnity; and as for ideas, I flatter myself that, without drawing largely upon the last-named gentleman, the average is tolerable.

Several of my acquaintances are here: Bowne, Haggerty and

his wife, Carow, James Thomson, a large lot of Le Roys, William Edgar, John Cox Morris, D. L. Haight and family, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Haight (by the bye, I have taken a liking to this lady; she is conceited, but in truth she has much cause for it). The Haights have with them a young lady who is to accompany them to Europe, a daughter of Dr. Jarvis, about twenty-one years old, an uncommonly lovely girl, bright, beautiful, and intelligent. Then there are Mr. Wetmore, the tall man, Mr. George Griffin, the taller, and Mr. Sterling, the tallest. The latter is an old Ballston acquaintance; he might regulate the town clocks without going up into the belfry. There are also Mr. and Mrs. Arnold of Rhode Island, — a charming woman she, and a clever fellow he; and Mrs. Vandenheuvcl and Miss Morris, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, daughter of Jacob Ridgeway, the millionaire who died the other day. Last, but not by any means least in anything but size, Daniel Lord, Jr., and his wife and daughter.

AT HOME, JULY 29. — Mr. Ogden, Mr. Daniel Giraud, and I, after dining yesterday at the Springs, arrived here early this morning; the rapidity of travelling astonishing us who remember how it worked before the use of steam and the invention of railroads, when a week was consumed in the voyage to Albany, and it was a day's journey (and a hard one, too) from thence to Saratoga. Now we dine at Saratoga, and arrive in New York before people are stirring.

Another great change has taken place, one which I do not like as well. The superior enterprise and public spirit of the Trojans have drawn away travel from Albany. Here have I been up the river and returned, stopping for a few minutes at the wharf in Albany, but not even landing, and continuing my voyage to Troy in going up, and embarking there in returning, turning "a cold shoulder" upon the good old city of the Van.

Dickens has just published, as one of the chapters of "Martin Chuzzlewit," an account of the arrival of his hero in New York, and what he saw, and heard,

"Martin
Chuzzlewit."

and did, and suffered, in this land of pagans, brutes, and infidels. I am sorry to see it. Thinking that Mr. Dickens has been ungenerously treated by my countrymen, I have taken his part on most occasions; but he has now written an exceedingly foolish libel upon us, from which he will not obtain credit as an author, nor as a man of wit, any more than as a man of good taste, good nature, or good manners. It is difficult to believe that such unmitigated trash should have flown from the same pen that drew the portrait of the immortal Pickwick and his expressive gaiters, the honest locksmith and his pretty Dolly of Clerkenwell, and poor little Nell, who has caused so many tears to flow. Shame, Mr. Dickens! Considering all that we did for you, if, as some folks say, I and others made fools of ourselves to make much of you, you should not afford them the triumph of saying, "There! we told you so!" "It serves you right!" and other such consolatory phrases. If we were fools, you were the cause of it, and should have stood by us. "*Et tu, Brute!*"

JULY 31. — This glorious old man, the type of the
 John Quincy Adams. Revolution, the apostle of pure, exalted, genuine Republicanism, has been making a tour, for the first time, to the Falls of Niagara and Canada; and to the honour of our people, and all the people with whom he has come in contact, he has been received wherever he went with demonstrations of respect. Committees have waited upon him to usher him into the bosom of their respective communities; honours, unbought and spontaneous, have been tendered, and the eloquent, wise, and patriotic old man has been petted and caressed by men of all parties, and women with their hearts in their hands. Not like John Tyler, who has offices to bestow. He had nothing to return for the homage of the heart and the incense of sentiment, but the recollection of a long life spent in the service of the country and devoted to the best interests of the people. There is a redeeming grace about all these demonstrations, which puts one in good-humour with the popular impulse. His career of triumph began at Saratoga, con-

tinued across the lines, and has followed his footsteps on his return ; he cannot be otherwise than gratified ; it is the only reward which such a man can be ambitious of receiving from his countrymen.

**Tribute to
Chancellor
Kent.** AUGUST 4. — Proud am I to record the proceedings of the New York bar in relation to my venerated friend, Chancellor Kent. Here is another octogenarian receiving the spontaneous tributes of his fellow-citizens without distinction of party ; the honours are not so general as those lately bestowed upon Mr. Adams, but more complimentary even, as coming from the members of the profession of which he is the acknowledged ornament, — that class of citizens who are best able to appreciate his talents and his virtues. The members of the bar of the State of New York, being “ desirous of once more meeting the venerable and honoured patriarch of the profession, and of testifying their respect, gratitude, and affection for his profound learning, eminent services, and private virtues,” have tendered to Chancellor Kent a public dinner. The letter of the committee to the Chancellor is published, and is signed by the following New York lawyers : David B. Ogden, John Duer, George Wood, Daniel Lord, Jr., George Griffin, Beverly Robinson, Benjamin F. Butler, Charles O’Connor, J. Prescott Hall, Samuel B. Ruggles, F. B. Cutting, James W. Gerard, B. D. Silliman, George W. Strong, Thomas L. Ogden, David S. Jones, Samuel A. Foote, Ogden Hoffman, James R. Whiting, James T. Brady, David Graham, Jr., A. L. Robertson, Theodore Sedgwick, John Anthon, Murray Hoffman, A. Crist, John W. Edmonds, Edward Sanford, J. S. Bosworth, A. L. Jordan. It is a beautiful letter ; written, I believe, by John Duer.

**Licentiousness
of the Press.** AUGUST 30. — Coming from market yesterday I saw on one of the corners a placard in large letters : “Crim.-con. Reporter, for sale at No. 98 Nassau street. Newsboys supplied at four dollars per hundred.” This is only a sample of the literary food supplied daily to the reading public of this great city, — something worse, to be sure, than the run of it ; but the same character prevails in all the transient publications ;

licentiousness, no matter how disgusting, lies however glaring, personal abuse without a shadow of foundation, must be served up to gratify the taste of the people, or the papers will not sell. And this is the case, too, in a church-going community, which boasts of its Sunday-schools and temperance societies. The moral sense of a majority of our people is opposed to this enormous evil; but none have the courage to come out and assist in putting it down. An association for this object, fearless of the attacks of profligate editors and the ridicule of their supporters, would do more good at this time than all the societies for sending missionaries among the Tartars and Scythians, or the total-abstinence men, who are working so hard in their vocation.

Rejected of
O'Connell.

SEPTEMBER 2. — Bennett, the editor of the "Herald," is on a tour through Great Britain, whence he furnishes lies and scandal for the infamous paper which has contributed so much to corrupt the morals and degrade the taste of the people of New York. If the following article, which is published to-day in the "Courier and Enquirer," be correct (and it is too circumstantial to admit of its being doubted), it will require all his impudence to get over the effects of it. Such a rebuff, from such a quarter, must have been unexpected as it was mortifying. "The rejected of O'Connell" is not an enviable title. The occurrence took place at a great repeal meeting held at Dublin, on the 7th of August, at which the "great repealer" was, of course, the most prominent actor. The statement relating to Mr. Bennett is as follows: "A gentleman, who had for some time been sitting beside Mr. O'Connell, here addressed Mr. Steele, and, handing him his card, requested an introduction to Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Steele accordingly presented the card, and intimated that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York, was present. Mr. O'Connell replied, 'He is a person with whom I can have nothing to do. He is the editor of the "New York Herald," one of the most infamous gazettes ever printed, and I shall have nothing to say to him.' This was a reception that Mr. Bennett

did not count upon, and he forthwith proceeded to take his departure. The room being very full, his movement was much retarded ; but, by the aid of the chairman, he struggled out amid the groans of the meeting."

SEPTEMBER 9. — I went with my wife and daughter
 "Queen of this morning to visit the last new packet, "The Queen
 the West." of the West," lately launched from Brown & Bell's yard, for Woodhull & Minturn. She is taking in cargo, and will sail for Liverpool on Saturday next. The improvement in this class of vessels is so uniform that each one is perfect until the next is built, when perfection itself becomes a convertible term. Certain it is that "The Queen of the West" exceeds all others in strength, beauty, and convenience, as she does in size. Her burden is thirteen hundred and fifty tons, and her length, one hundred and ninety-eight feet. The length of the gentlemen's cabin is sixty feet, and that of the ladies eighteen feet. The staterooms are double the size and better arranged than any I have seen. But her superiority is not confined to the cabin accommodations ; those in other parts of the ship are equally good ; the steerage and fore-castle, the kitchens, cooking apparatus, and ice-house are admirable. When I went to Liverpool, in 1821, with my friend Captain Rogers, in the "James Monroe," we thought our ship a splendid affair. She was four hundred tons burden, not one-third as large as "The Queen."

American
 Commerce. SEPTEMBER 16. — The fine new packet-ship, "Queen of the West," sailed on her first voyage this morning. If John Bull is not "knocked in half" by this specimen of Yankee naval magnificence and extravagance he has no sensibility. He will begin to think by and by that there may be some truth in the prediction of Monsieur De Tocqueville that "the Americans were born to rule the seas as the Romans were to conquer the world."

A state of things exists in the commerce of this country unprecedented, and worthy to be noted down among the notable occur-

rences of the day. This ship has taken out to England a cargo consisting of articles all (with the exception of the naval stores) of Northern production, and the "Ashburton," which sailed a day or two since, has not a Southern article on board. Not a single bale of cotton in both cargoes. The "Stephen Whitney" has only one hundred and nineteen bales of cotton. This fact, which may be the forerunner of important commercial change, is so extraordinary that a list of these three cargoes may prove an interesting subject of reference. The large shipments of provisions may be accounted for by Sir Robert Peel's new tariff. Cotton is higher here than in England, and rising.

The cargo of the "Ashburton" is 3,650 barrels flour, 249 boxes cheese, 62 bales hemp, 345 casks oil, 19 packages hams, 176 firkins butter, 97 barrels ashes, 8 boxes machinery, 480 barrels lard, 39 packages beeswax, 50 barrels beef, 96 packages tallow.

Of the "Stephen Whitney:" 3,200 barrels flour, 1,234 packages lard, 4 packages beeswax, 1,900 barrels turpentine, 1,137 packages cheese, 119 bales cotton.

Of the "Queen of the West:" 4,173 barrels flour, 274 barrels lard, 81 hogsheads and 30 cases merchandise, 2,400 barrels naval stores, 19 tierces beeswax, 212 tierces rice, 360 boxes cheese.

SEPTEMBER 16.—I dined at Mr. Jaudon's with the following party: Mr. Horsley Palmer, Mr. Webster, George Griswold, Samuel Nicholson, Charles A. Davis, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Edward Curtis, and P. H.

Mr. Webster came in town yesterday, on his way to Washington. He goes up on Monday to attend the cattle-show at Rochester, when another great speech will be expected,—agricultural, statistical, and perhaps a little political. It is announced that ex-President Van Buren will be there, and Governor Bouck; but the great Dan will be the lion of the day, and of the thousands who go to hear him none will be disappointed.

SEPTEMBER 21.—An Irish repeal meeting was held at the Tabernacle yesterday: a convention from the different States, to play

into the hands of O'Connell, and encourage a portion of the subjects of a foreign country with whom we have relations of amity and good-fellowship to rebel against their government. The whole number of delegates was something over two hundred. Robert Tyler came on from Philadelphia at the head of forty delegates, and was appointed president of the convention. If the disgrace of this miserable affair rested upon the head of this silly young man, and his equally silly father, it would be of little consequence. But every citizen of the United States is concerned in it, and must participate in the shame brought upon the country by this impertinent interference of the Chief Magistrate and his hopeful son, whom he is understood to encourage.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30. — They are preparing to make a railroad from Hartford to Springfield, which is a cheap and easy route. It will be finished next year, and this twenty-seven miles will make a continuous road from New Haven to Boston, by which means travellers will come from New York to Boston by daylight; and then good-by to Stonington, Newport, and Providence, and good-by to my stock.

BOSTON, OCT. 3. — The steamer from England arrived here early yesterday morning. It is a fact worthy of being recorded here as one of the miracles of steam navigation, that Mr. Dorr, of New York, who sailed from here on the first day of September, arrived in Boston yesterday morning, having been absent thirty-two days, of which he spent seven in England. What next?

BOSTON, OCT. 5. — Mr. Otis called in his carriage to take us out to Brookline to see Colonel Perkins. I was highly gratified. The house and grounds are in the highest taste, the gardens beautiful, and the grapes and other fruits unequalled. It was a pleasant sight to witness the meeting of these two gouty old gentlemen,—fine old gentlemen of the old school; and a capital school it was. Mr. Otis will be seventy-eight years old on Sunday next. We drank his health yesterday in anticipation of his birthday. Colonel Per-

Arrival of the
"Arcadia."

kins is a year older. We drove around the beautiful country of Brookline, and called to see a new house of General Lyman's. I dined with Mr. Truman, who is famous for giving the prettiest bachelor's dinners in Boston, and has the most exquisite claret. The party consisted of the host, Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Codman, Isaac P. Davis, Commander Nicholson, and myself. In the evening my wife and I went to a party at Mrs. H. G. Otis's, — a travelled lady, a virtuoso, and a lion-hunter.

NEW YORK, OCT. 11. — There was a handsome affair to-day at Highwood, the splendid seat of Mr. James G. King, near Hoboken. I went over at one o'clock, with my daughter, my son, and Miss Callender. But my duty at the Bank for Savings compelled me to leave the gay scene before the company was fairly engaged in the festivities. Everything was arranged with the good taste and elegance which is to be expected from the host and hostess. The day was fine as possible, the house and grounds in perfect order, the company large and of the very best quality, and everything went off so well that I was loath to go off myself.

OCTOBER 12. — Speaking of the United States, Mr. "Martin Chuzzlewit." Dickens says in the story which he is spinning out in one of the London periodicals, "That republic, but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, and but to-day so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, foul to the eye, and almost hopeless to the sense, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature with disgust." If the scamp had no regard for his own character, he ought to have had for ours, who made fools of ourselves to do him honour.

OCTOBER 14. — I dined at Jamaica with Mr. James DePeyster Ogden. The party, besides the host, consisted of Mr. Horsley Palmer, David S. Jones, James Brown, Henry Brevoort, John H. Hicks, Gen. James J. Jones, and myself. Mr. Ogden, who always does such things in the proper style, had an extra car provided for his company on the railroad, which was in attendance to bring us home at our own time.

I went last evening with my daughter to the Park Macready. Theatre to see Macready for the first time. He played Claude Melnotte in the pretty play of "The Lady of Lyons ;" but I did not like him as well as I expected. The part does not suit him ; he is too old for it. His reading is good, but his love wants tenderness, and his sorrow is too obstreperous. The last time I saw this play Charles Kean pleased me more in the part of Claude, and I should like Wallack still better in it. Lear, Macbeth, Richard, and Hamlet are better suited to Mr. Macready. When the age is in, love ought to be out.

OCTOBER 25. — My birthday, — I am sixty-three years of age, a great part of which have been prosperous and happy years ; but pecuniary troubles and embarrassments have embittered the few last, and rendered the recurrence of this anniversary anything but a joyous occasion. With the perversity of human feelings I am sometimes tempted to forget the former blessings of my life in my present deprivations, and to overlook those which are still left to me ; but I struggle against this rebellion of my nature, and pray that I may be taught to say, in heart and in judgment, "Thy will be done." It is a consolation to me that my wife is better. I think that she will be well again. For this I ought to be thankful. My children walk in the paths of honour and integrity. This demands my gratitude. As far as I know, I am respected by my fellow-citizens and possess the affections of my friends. Why, then, should I despond?

OCTOBER 26. — The members of the club dined to-day Hone Club. at Mr. Draper's. We had a pleasant, jovial dinner, in true club style. Seven of the old members were present, with a number of other gentlemen. The club was reorganized by the election of the following members ; the meetings are to take place once a fortnight under the old regulations, and each member drew for the day on which he was to give the dinner : Philip Hone, Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper, Jr., John Ward, William G. Ward, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, Roswell L. Colt,

George Curtis, Edward Curtis, Jaudon, Gerard, H. Coster, Thomas Tileston, Spofford, and James Bowen. Dr. J. W. Francis is physician to the club. Daniel Webster was elected an honorary member.

General Bertrand. OCTOBER 27. — This fine old veteran of the army of Napoleon, who fought in many battles at the side of his master and followed him into exile; true to him in adversity as in prosperity, and never forsaking his fortunes until death rendered his services no longer necessary, — this steady follower of the great captain is now in New York. He came here from the West Indies by the way of New Orleans, on his return to Europe. He is a lion of great magnitude in our wonder-loving city. Civil and military honours are showered upon him; the Corporation, Mayor, and all, wait upon him. He receives company in the Governor's room in the City Hall. Troops escort him from place to place. He visits all the public institutions; is received with military honours at the naval and military stations. The theatres are filled by the announcement of his name; the fair of the American Institute exhibits him among their rare productions, and General Morris and General Sanford are in most exalted feather on the occasion. He sent me a letter of introduction from Dr. Niles at Paris, and I called upon him this morning; but did not see him, he having gone out under the charge of the committee. He is described to me as a good-looking old Frenchman, seventy-one years of age, plain in his appearance, with a benevolent and intelligent expression of countenance, but nothing heroic in his deportment or manner; just such a man as one would wish him to be.

OCTOBER 30. — I had a long and interesting visit yesterday afternoon from the friend and favourite of Napoleon. He came to see me, accompanied by Mr. Louis Peugnet. There is much of the affability and *bonhomie* about this veteran soldier which characterized Lafayette, and no more of the warrior in his looks or manner than was seen in him. He likes to talk about his residence at St. Helena, and told me so much of the wonderful man,

to whose fortunes in adversity as in prosperity, in death as in life, his devotion was unwavering and unceasing, that I could have listened to him all day long. It seemed to me as if we had been acquainted half our lives. This fine old Frenchman is an interesting link in the chain of recollections of modern events, and revives in his person the image of his great commander.

NOVEMBER 1.—The public dinner given by the French residents to General Bertrand *came off* yesterday at the Astor House. It was the crowning affair of his highly complimentary reception in New York, and was in all respects worthy of the occasion. The best speech of the evening was made by Charles King, in pure, correct, and beautiful *French*.

NOVEMBER 3.—Died this morning, in this city, Edward P. Livingston, of Clermont, Columbia county, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, formerly a senator in the State Legislature, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State. A gentleman in manner and deportment, but a regular, well-trained Democrat, with abilities not above the average of the Livingstons.

NOVEMBER 4.—This demagogue, who has reigned so long over his discontented countrymen, and has made himself the rallying-point of sedition in Ireland, has been stopped in his career by an arrest for treasonable practices with several of his associates, on the eve of a great meeting which was to be held in Dublin. In the mean time O'Connell has left his favourite theme of repeal, and amuses his countrymen by abusing the United States. He opens his battery upon our most vulnerable point, slavery, and advises his disciples here to come out from among us. I wish they would take his advice. There is nothing "we would more willingly part withal." But what say Mr. Robert Tyler and his ridiculous father; Richard M. Johnson, who harangues the repealers in a red jacket which he ostentatiously wears as a trophy of his victory in the pretended killing of Tecumseh; and John McKeon and other patriots, who have lauded this O'Connell at the expense of all honest American

French
Dinner.

Daniel
O'Connell.

feeling? Let them hurrah in the Park and harangue in the Tabernacle for Ireland and O'Connell. But they should, to be consistent, renounce their allegiance to this country of slaveholders and tyrants, and stand ready, if needs be, to join O'Connell, if he should come over to mend our manners. This Mr. Tyler hopes to be reëlected President, and Colonel Johnson is also an aspirant for the same office.

NOVEMBER 10. — This eminent statesman, who, with Mr. Adams, all his simple habits and unostentatious manners, is as fond of distinction as other people, was so much pleased with the honours which were showered upon him wherever he went last summer, that he is now on a similar tour to Cincinnati, with the avowed object of assisting in the foundation of a public work for the promotion of scientific objects. The same glorification attends him wherever he goes; every city and town at which he arrives sends out its multitudes to welcome "the old man eloquent." Guns are fired, bells are rung, branches strewed in his path, speeches made and answers returned; and if eating and drinking may be taken as the criterion of glory, the first Adam, who was the sole possessor of all the good things in the world, made a poor figure in comparison with the Adams of these latter days. The rise of the bright sun of American patriotism was obscure, and its meridian splendour dim, compared with the effulgence of its setting beams. He is a noble specimen of straightforward American Republicanism, firm as a rock in his principles, as sharp in his angles and as unyielding in his materials, and deserves from the American people all the honours they are so fond of bestowing and he of receiving.

Death of
Colonel
Trumbull. NOVEMBER 13. — Col. John Trumbull died in this city, on Friday last, aged eighty-seven years. He has been a distinguished man during the whole of his long life, a patriot of the Revolution, a chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche*," a gallant soldier, one of the aides of Washington, a statesman and diplomatist intrusted with important concerns in

Great Britain at the close of the Revolutionary war. As a painter, his pencil has chronicled some of the great events of the fearful struggle, the issue of which was the liberty and independence of a great nation.

NOVEMBER 17. — One of the great articles of exportation to Great Britain at the present time is cheese.

Sending Coals to Newcastle. Every packet takes out immense quantities of this article. Who would ever have thought of John Bull eating Yankee cheese? It sells in England at forty to fifty cents per hundred pounds, which pays freight and charges, and leaves Brother Jonathan a pretty good profit. This is a strange turn in commercial operations, but does not illustrate so forcibly the saying at the head of this article as a circumstance of which I am informed. The "Prince Albert," Grinnell, Minturn, & Co.'s splendid new ship, which sails on her first voyage on the first day of next month, takes out as freight a quantity of anthracite coal! America shipping coal to England! Who knows how soon we may fit out Chinamen with outward cargoes of tea consigned to the successors of our old acquaintances, Houqua, Chinqua, & Co.!

NOVEMBER 25. — Mr. Wallack and Charles Clinton dined with us. Wallack delighted us with recitations and dramatic readings. He was exceedingly agreeable, more so perhaps than he would have been in a larger party.

NOVEMBER 27. — I went with Grinnell on board his splendid new packet-ship "Prince Albert," which is loading, to sail on her first voyage to London on Friday next. She is equal to the noblest, the best and most beautiful of her unrivalled class. This vessel is taking in one of those anomalous cargoes which we send now-a-days to John Bull, consisting of provisions, oil, lard, oil-cakes, cheese, coals, and Yankee clocks. This last is one of the triumphs of Yankee skill and ingenuity. Five hundred thousand clocks are made annually in Connecticut. I saw one of these clocks the other day in a merchant's counting-house. It was enclosed in a handsome mahogany case, with a looking-glass plate in

front, as fair a face as many of its betters can boast, keeps good time and goes well, of which it gives *striking* proofs; and all this costs one dollar and seventy-five cents. John Bull thought when he first traded in this article at seven or eight dollars that Brother Jonathan had stolen them. They seized some of them at the Custom-House in Liverpool, as undercharged. But Jonathan told them he would supply them with as many as they wanted at half the price.

“An eagle towering in his pride of place.” A circumstance occurred on Saturday, which among the ancient Romans would have been considered an omen of high importance. Augurs and soothsayers would have drawn from it presages of victory and triumph, and legions would have marched with confidence under its auspices. A large eagle, after sailing in the air of this busy city, so unlike his usual haunts, until his gyrations had attracted the notice of a large number of spectators, perched upon the truck of the foremast of the “Prince Albert,” now preparing for her first voyage, at the wharf in South street, near Fulton market. He sat there for some time, looking down in solemn dignity upon the busy scenes beneath him, and wondering, I suppose, how the “unfeathered bipeds” could make such fools of themselves. After resting himself sufficiently he spread his wings and took to flight again; not, however, without receiving a shot from some fellow below (privileged to kill game, I presume), which made the feathers fly a little, but did not impede the progress of the “bird of Jove.”

The ravishment of the musical *dilettanti* had reached Ole Bull. its highest pitch by the power of Monsieur Artot’s violin, when here comes another performer on the same instrument, with the unmusical name at the head of this article,—a Norwegian Bull, who drives monsieur out of the arena, and roars so much louder that his performance is all “fiddle-de-dee.” The last man appeared at the Park Theatre, on Saturday evening, and all agreed that his performance is admirable. I presume he is the best violinist (how much prettier that word is than fiddler) now living. Wallack says he plays better than Paganini did.

DECEMBER 11. — Dined at Mr. Robert B. Minturn's, with Governor Seward, R. M. Blatchford, two Curtii, M. H. Grinnell, P. Hall, etc., — fragmentary parts of the great Hone Club, which is the best thing extant. They are a set of capital fellows; talk well, eat well, sit well, drink well; and Rob. B. M. is a good fellow, though not a member.

DECEMBER 23. — The anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated in greater style than usual, and the *éclat* of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of Messrs. Webster and Choate, of Massachusetts, and Evans, of Maine. The oration was delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, by Mr. Choate. The subject, of course, was the landing of the Pilgrims, and never has this fruitful and exciting theme given scope to anything more thrilling, eloquent, and affecting than this splendid address. The other performances, consisting of several original hymns and choruses, were in good taste. The Tabernacle was full, notwithstanding the rain, which was hard and incessant. Having joined in the exercises of the former part of the day, I finished at the great dinner, which was given at the Astor House, and by one o'clock this morning, at which time I came away, was as good a Yankee as ever ate pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving Day.

There was, of course, a great deal of speaking; some very good. Mr. Choate was short, but brilliant and effective; Mr. Evans, not as good as I expected; Dr. Wainwright, happy; and Mr. Henry W. Bellows, the Unitarian clergyman, one of the very best of the day. Being called upon, I gave as a toast: "New England, and New England clocks; their striking qualities enhanced by the modesty which prompts them to place their hands before their faces. They look well, perform well, and speak well, and are less expensive than any others equally valuable of their species."

1844.

THE new year has set in propitiously so far as the weather is concerned. It has been pleasant during the day; cold enough to make excellent walking, with bright skies, and no cutting winds, and the population of our good city of Gotham have availed themselves of these favourable circumstances to an unusual degree. New York seemed to enjoy a general carnival. Broadway, from one end to the other, was alive with private carriages, omnibuses, cabs, and curricles, and lines of pedestrians fringed the carriage-ways. There must have been more visiting than on any former New Year's Day. I was out more than five hours, and my girls tell me they received one hundred and sixty-nine visits.

This fine old custom, almost peculiar to New York, does not lose favour in the eyes of our citizens, and foreigners are delighted with it. There is so much of life and spirit and heartiness in it, that it is to be hoped no new freak of fashion will ever interpose to prevent its observance.

The year which has just closed was one of trouble and difficulty. Lessons of economy have been more taught than practised; but people have, on the whole, been wiser than formerly; they have spent less money than heretofore, for the plain reason that they had not so much to spend. It is for this reason that my family expenses are reduced one-half from what they were seven years ago. The new year commences, however, with brighter prospects than the last. Trade is returning into its old channels, commerce reviving, and confidence gaining strength; and if all these encouraging appearances shall be realized, speculation, extravagance, and rashness, there is reason to fear, will follow in their train. The stream, in this busy, trading community of ours, may run dry for a while, but it never returns without a freshet.

JANUARY 16.—A very good letter of the Hon. W. C. Rives to one of his constituents is published in the Whig papers, in which he declares his determination to support Mr. Clay for President in preference to Mr. Van Buren, and comes down rather savagely upon the latter gentleman. This and other circumstances indicate that the Southern Democrats, and among them Mr. Calhoun, intend to refuse implicit allegiance to the dictation of the packed convention which is to be held at Baltimore. Such a course would be unfavourable to the ex-President.

JANUARY 18.—The new ship "Yorkshire" sailed to-day on her first voyage to Liverpool. Among her passengers was the interesting dwarf, who has delighted the citizens of New York, under the name and title of "General Tom Thumb." The greatest *little* man I ever saw, handsome, well-formed, and intelligent, eleven or twelve years old, and not taller than my knee.

FEBRUARY 28.—Nicholas Biddle died yesterday morning, at Andalusia, his country-seat, on the banks of the Delaware, eighteen miles below Philadelphia. Mr. Biddle was born in 1786. His father was a worthy of the Revolution, and the family have ever been known as staunch Whigs, of the right sort. In the year 1804 he went out to France with General Armstrong, studied law on his return, was subsequently member of the Assembly and of the Senate of Pennsylvania. In 1819 he was appointed a government director of the Bank of the United States, and in 1823, on the resignation of Langdon Cheves, was elected president of that institution.

The result of this last responsible trust is a matter of history, and a sad page it is in the history of this country: the record of ruin and distress to thousands here and in Europe, moistened with the tears of widows and orphans, and sullied with reproaches and vituperations which unhappily attach to the national character, and of which every American citizen is compelled to take his share. How much of all this is to be charged to the ungovernable passion

of General Jackson, and how much to the uncompromising pertinacity of Mr. Biddle, is a question in which personal prejudice and party predilection are so much mixed up that the present generation can never come to a just decision. Posterity, not being so immediately interested, will come to better conclusions on the subject; one thing is certain: that between them they caused a shock to be given to commercial credit, a stab to national character, and ruin to innumerable families, which the grave cannot hide, nor party-spirit palliate.

The great financier is no more. He whose appearance in Wall street at a certain period broke like a ray of sunshine through the clouds of financial difficulty; he whose word established and overthrew banks, whose fiat governed the rate of exchange and regulated the price of cotton, is now laid low. "And none so poor to do him reverence." He left, amongst a host of enemies, a few firm friends, who lament the misfortunes which attended his management, but are unwilling to attribute them to his incapacity or imprudence, and entertain no doubts of his honesty.

Bryant, the editor of the "Evening Post," in an article of this day, virulent and malignant as are usually the streams which flow from that polluted source, says that Mr. Biddle "died at his country-seat, where he passed the last of his days in elegant retirement, which, if justice had taken place, would have been spent in the penitentiary." This is the first instance I have known of the vampire of party-spirit seizing the lifeless body of its victim before its interment, and exhibiting its bloody claws to the view of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends. How such a black-hearted misanthrope as Bryant should possess an imagination teeming with beautiful poetical images astonishes me; one would as soon expect to extract drops of honey from the fangs of the rattlesnake.

FEBRUARY 29. — Horrible! most horrible! An express arrived at two o'clock, bringing an account of an awful catastrophe which occurred yesterday, about four o'clock P.M., on board Captain Stockton's steam-frigate "Prince-

The "Prince-
ton" Disaster.

ton," — the vessel which was here a few weeks ago, fitted up with Ericsson's propellers, and carrying an enormous wrought-iron gun, which threw, by the force of forty-five pounds of powder, a ball of proportionate size three miles at each discharge. This murderous projectile was called the "Peace-maker;" and most deplorably has it earned its name, by making, in an instant, the *peace* of several of the most distinguished men of the country, and sending them "where the wicked cease from troubling." As far as the accounts have reached us, it is certain that in discharging this gun with a ball, near to Alexandria, on the Potomac, it exploded at a time when there was a party on board of five hundred ladies and gentlemen, including the President and heads of departments (all except Mr. Spencer), with their families, naval and military officers, senators and members of the House of Representatives, and all the distinguished persons resident and visiting at Washington. The effect of this tremendous explosion was the immediate death, under the most shocking circumstances, of Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State; Governor Gilmor, Secretary of the Navy; Virgil Maxcy, late *chargé d'affaires* at Belgium; Mr. David Gardiner, late State senator of New York, from Long Island; Commander Beverly Kennon, United States Navy; and some others whose names are not yet given. Several persons are wounded; in the number, Captain Stockton dangerously, Colonel Benton slightly, etc.

There were two hundred ladies on board; but, fortunately, they were all below, dining and drinking toasts. The noise of mirth and joviality below mingled with the groans of the dying on deck. By this circumstance they were saved. Not one of the ladies was injured. But oh the anguish of wives and daughters on the sight of the mangled remains of their husbands and fathers! Nothing so dreadful has ever happened in this country, except the shipwreck of the "Rose-in-Bloom" and the conflagration of the Richmond theatre. The wife of Governor Gilmor was on board. The story of her woe is melancholy and touching in the extreme. Her lamented husband entered upon the office of Secretary of

the Navy a few days since, and the estimation in which he was held is proved by his nomination having been unanimously confirmed without debate by the Senate. Mr. Gardiner's two daughters were also witnesses of their father's death. To-morrow will bring us more particulars of this scene of woe.

President Tyler gave a new instance of folly and
 Bad Taste. bad taste in a toast which he gave at the entertain-
 ment which terminated so tragically on board the
 "Princeton." It was: "Oregon, the 'peace-maker,' and Captain
 Stockton." Oregon is the bone of contention at this time between
 Great Britain and ourselves, to settle which difficulty a new Minister
 has just landed on our shores. It is a subject which requires to be
 handled with the greatest delicacy. The "peace-maker" is the
 great gun which was to hurl defiance at Great Britain, or any other
 nation which might stand between the wind and Colonel Benton's
 popularity; Captain Stockton is the firebrand which was to ignite
 the whole; and in the excited state of the public mind on this
 subject the President gives this mischievous sentiment. The
 "peace-maker" at the same moment broke the peace in the
 manner which has been described, and amidst the melancholy
 reflections arising from this fatal day's excursion will be mingled
 a feeling of contempt for this act of folly.

MARCH 6. — Having on my hands a quarter of an
 Appearance of the Bay. hour before going to Mr. David S. Kennedy's to dine,

I walked on the Battery, — a luxury which the distance
 of my residence from the spot does not permit me frequently to
 enjoy; and a more delightful scene can nowhere be found. The
 setting sun threw a bright glow over the tiny waves; there was just
 wind enough to give motion to hundreds of vessels of all sizes;
 a golden haze was spread over the Jersey shore and Staten Island;
 every now and then a steamboat came puffing and blowing with
 the speed of a race-horse across the Bay, or a barge skimmed
 rapidly around the corner of the Battery, and vanished under one
 of the openings of the bridge; groups of children were sporting

under the still leafless trees, and the air was so mild that one might well doubt the authority of the almanac, which points to the 6th of March.

MARCH 18. — I attended the funeral of Mr. John S. Schermerhorn as a pall-bearer; the service was performed in Grace Church. The following were the pall-bearers: Abraham Ogden, Edward W. Laight, Henry Beekman, Benjamin W. Rogers, John Oothout, Jacob R. LeRoy, Edmund H. Pendleton, and P. H.

MARCH 19. — The annexation of Texas to the United States — a measure which many of our best and wisest citizens have looked at with most anxious apprehension — seems now likely to take place. The Executive incubus of the country, to gain Southern capital for his personal and political objects, has been for some time past flirting with the Texan government, the result of which is said to be a treaty of annexation, signed, and ready to be submitted to the Senate. The belief in this report, and the dread that a majority of the Senate will ratify this alarming act of Executive power, caused a panic in Wall street. Stocks fell; United States six-per-cents fell four per cent.; men looked alarmed, and shook their heads in fearful doubt. A war with Mexico would be the immediate consequence of this measure, and privateers would be fitted out in the Mexican ports of the Gulf of Mexico, to prey upon the immense commerce of the United States, having themselves little or nothing to risk in return. The Mexican flag would be made to cover a predatory marine fifty times larger than belongs to them, and I fear much that many of my virtuous countrymen are already rejoicing in the chance of expatriating themselves, to appropriate to their use the treasure and merchandise of their fellow-citizens. There are nice pickings in that quarter.

MARCH 22. — I dined yesterday at Mr. Simeon "The Man." Draper's with a pleasant party (principally clubbists), gotten up for Mr. Webster, who came in town Thursday. The great negotiator was in one of his happiest moods. He

talked like a book, and was pleasant as the morning twilight; his dark eyes looked like stars in their deep caverns. He has none of those moody fits of abstraction which were wont to come over him at times when his great mind was overtaken with public or professional business. On the contrary, he was the fiddle of the party, full of anecdote and amusing gossip; by turns instructive and amusing, he found his auditors willing to indulge a very natural desire he has to be well listened to; nor did he withhold his fair quota of hearty laughter at the wild, enthusiastic extravagances of our learned and jolly Dr. Francis. Like the school-boy relieved from his daily task, the great Yankee statesman seems to enjoy, "to the top of his bent," his temporary release from the cares and responsibilities of public life.

APRIL 8. — The venerable Major-General Morgan
Death of Gen-
eral Lewis. Lewis died yesterday, in the ninetieth year of his age.
He was born in this city on the 16th of October,
1754. He was a son of Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence (a glorious ancestral trophy), and was educated at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1773. He joined the army of the Revolution in June, 1775, as a volunteer, and assumed the command of a company at Boston. In November he was appointed first major of the Second Regiment, of which John Jay was colonel. John Jay, a soldier, sounds strangely. I never heard of this title of the great statesman and jurist of the Revolution. Mr. Jay did not, however, take the command, and Major Lewis succeeded to it. He went to Canada with Gates, and was at Ticonderoga until its evacuation in July, 1777; he was present at the capture of Burgoyne, and was the officer who received the surrender of the British troops. He served with honour in the valley of the Mohawk, and accompanied Governor George Clinton to Crown Point. After the war he resumed the practice of the law; was soon after appointed Attorney-General, Judge and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and was elected Governor, and afterwards a senator. In the last war he also served

with distinction ; was appointed quartermaster-general of the army of the United States, and saw good service on the Niagara frontier.

Dinner-party. APRIL 10.—I am “spreading pretty considerable canvas” just now, as Captain Salters said of his son Nick. I dined yesterday with Mr. David S. Jones, at his house in Fifteenth street. It was a large, old-fashioned party, of seventeen guests, consisting of a variety somewhat incongruous, and affording some striking contrasts. There was Dr. Wainwright, all mildness and grace, and Mr. Samuel Niell, presuming and blustering ; Vice-Chancellor McCoun, portly and plain in appearance, and the exquisite Mr. Westerlo Van Rensselaer ; James Gerard, brisk as a bee and loquacious as a whip-poor-will, and Thomas E. Davis, with head full of lands and hereditaments ; James G. King and young Mr. Newbold ; William B. Astor, who thinks twice before he speaks once, and James Watson Webb, who speaks a great deal and does not think at all ; Edmund Pendleton and Charles King, who laugh obstreperously at their own smart sayings, and Charles Clinton and young Mr. Edgar, whose position as family appendages seemed to forbid their making smart sayings themselves, or helping to carry off those of others. But the dinner went off very well. We drank the Judge’s old wine, humoured his punctilios, and rejoiced sincerely in the favourable turn of his affairs, of which this dinner was one of the evidences. He is an honourable, high-minded gentleman, and his conduct in temporary adversity has been such as to render him worthy of permanent prosperity.

Supper-party. After leaving the dinner-party, some half a dozen of us came down on the Harlem Railroad. The streets in the upper part of the city were alive with masses of people shouting at the success of the Native American party in the charter election held this day. The returns were not all in this evening ; but it is certain that Harper is elected Mayor, and the Whigs and Loco-focos, bundled up together, are thrown overboard. I am very well pleased with the result ; but it is the first time I

ever rejoiced in the success of candidates for whom I did not vote.

Charles King, Webb, and I, being engaged to sup at Grinnell's, we went there at the time we ought to have gone to bed, and found a pleasant party of Curtises and Hoffmans, Bowens, Drapers, Blatchfords, etc., with plenty of all sorts of good things, provisions enough to sustain a besieged city, and rivers of cool wines to tempt palates already placed by previous indulgence beyond the reach of temptation. Grinnell is an out-and-out Native American party man, and this supper was given to celebrate a victory which he anticipated with great accuracy, as the event proved.

APRIL 11. — I attended, yesterday, the funeral of Funeral of General Lewis. General Lewis, as a pall-bearer. The deceased was Grand Master of Masons and President of the Society of the Cincinnati, which caused a great display at his funeral. The Masons, in all their ancient paraphernalia, attended; and the Cincinnati, with military officers and martial music, made a grand and solemn procession. The streets were full of people on the whole line of march, from the General's house, on Leonard street, to St. Paul's Church, where the obsequies were performed. The ceremonies in church were very impressive. After the religious service, which was performed by Dr. Taylor, the whole body of Masons, with their insignia, marched in single file up the aisle, and, in passing, each member laid a sprig of myrtle on the coffin; after which some silent ceremonies were performed, and they left the church. The following were the pall-bearers: Chancellor Kent, Chief Justice Jones, Mr. William Bard, Thomas Morris, Walter Bowne, Jonathan Goodhue, E. H. Pendleton, and myself.

The most interesting spectacle on this occasion was the venerable Major Popham, the vice-president of the Cincinnati and the only survivor of the original members of that time-honoured institution, who is ninety-two years of age. He sat in church near the coffin, hale and hearty, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the

occasion, but apparently prepared to follow his venerable friend when the brief remnant of his days shall be spent.

APRIL 13. — A most nefarious instance of the corrupt and tyrannical course of the administration of the man whom accident has placed at the head of affairs (doubtless for the sins of the people) has just been perpetrated. Edward Curtis has been removed from the office of collector, and Charles G. Ferris, formerly Loco-foco member of Congress, nominated in his place. But it is impossible that the present Senate should ever sanction so gross an outrage upon public feelings as to confirm the nomination. Posterity will not believe that the American people would have, in this enlightened period, submitted to be so insulted. Mr. Tyler's son came on to New York, with two of his toad-eaters, bearing the mandate. Charles A. Clinton was called upon, and the office tendered to him, on condition that he should turn out every man in the Custom-House who would not pledge himself to support the pretensions of his papa to the Presidency. This, Clinton promptly and indignantly refused. (He ought to have kicked the puppy.) Ferris, being more conformable, was placed in the gap; and there let him stick. Shame! shame! As an American, I blush.

APRIL 17. — I dined to-day with a pleasant party at Mr. M. H. Grinnell's. The hospitalities of the famous back dining-room were, as usual, freely extended, and the tables abundantly spread with everything good to eat and drink, to honour especially John M. Botts, the great Whig member of Congress, who does not like Mr. Tyler as well as he formerly did. Our party consisted of Messrs. Botts and Taylor of Virginia, Granger, Edward Minturn, R. B. Minturn, David Graham, J. Prescott Hall, Charles King, Edward Curtis, Ogden Hoffman, James Monroe, Simeon Draper, R. M. Blatchford, J. D. P. Ogden, and myself.

In the evening Judge Jones, King, Hall, and I went to Dr. Wainwright's, to a large party of gentlemen, assembled to meet Mr. Prescott, the popular historian, to whom we and the reading

world are indebted for "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "The Conquest of Mexico." We had all the clergy, — Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Unitarian, high church and low church, Puseyite and liberal; but there were no Roman Catholics on the one side, nor do I believe that the tolerant principles of my reverend friend went so far as to invite, on the other, his bitter and uncourteous antagonist, the self-sufficient Dr. Potts. It was a pleasant reunion; all the literary men of the city were there, all the distinguished men; the learned and the wise, by their own estimate or that of their compeers, were assembled to honour the man who has raised so proud a monument of the literary glory of his native country.

APRIL 25. — I attended, last evening, a great meeting at the Tabernacle, convened to protest against a favourite measure of the administration, — the annexation of Texas to the Union. This is one of Mr. Tyler's electioneering schemes, fraught with injustice to others and danger to ourselves. If this measure is adopted, and if the treaty which is now before the Senate should be approved, it will lead us into external difficulties and endanger the Union of the States.

The venerable Albert Gallatin presided, with the usual array of vice-presidents. Good speeches were made and strong resolutions passed, and all things would have gone well had not a gang of ruffians, headed by one Mike Walsh, and formed of prize-fighters and pardoned felons, got possession of one corner of the room and interrupted the speakers by groans and hisses and exclamations of Hurrah for Texas! for Calhoun! and vituperative epithets of British gold, Wall-street brokers, etc.; but their number was too small to make head against the immense multitude of respectable persons who were there to condemn the measure which these "minions of the moon" are concerned in supporting.

The spirit of the "fierce democracy," a sample of which is recorded in the preceding article, blazed forth with more lustre on Tuesday, in the House of Representatives at Washington, which is now the "Five Points" of

Disturbance in Congress.

America. Mr. White, in defending the character of Mr. Clay from the ribaldry of several of the blackguards who represent a portion of the people of this happy land, was insulted by a Mr. Rathbone, and blows passed between these "grave and reverend" senators. A general *mêlée* took place; a man named Moore (not a member) mixed in the fight and discharged a pistol, the ball of which passed through the door and lodged in the thigh of Mr. Wirt, one of the House police. How long will it be before this *liberty* of ours becomes so licentious that we shall be compelled to take refuge in the arms of despotism?

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26. — In pursuance of my design to attend, as a looker-on and supernumerary, the great Whig Convention to be held at Baltimore on Wednesday next, I left home this morning at nine o'clock, and came by the railroad to Bordentown and thence by steamboat to this city, where I arrived at three o'clock.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 27. — The discomforts of my journey were fully compensated, on my arrival in Washington, by the excellent quarters provided for me, by the care of my good friends Joseph and Moses H. Grinnell, at Mrs. Whitwell's, on the hill near the Capitol. I have never been so pleasantly accommodated in this place. I find myself in a mess consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell, Mr. Evans of Maine, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Cabot, Mr. Bates, the two senators from New Jersey, Messrs. Miller and Dayton, and some other gentlemen whose names I have not yet learned. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy went up to Baltimore this afternoon. The loss of their company is not, however, without some consolation, as it gives me possession of their apartment, and I have the prospect before me of an excellent bed, with which I hope in five minutes to be better acquainted.

APRIL 29. — I made a delightful visit yesterday, in the afternoon, to Mr. Adams, who talked as no man ever talked before.

Poor General Scott is in distress. I walked with him from church, and am to see him this morning. I cannot imagine a more severe trial, for a heart susceptible as his, than that which he is

about to undergo. His daughter, a lovely young woman, twenty-two years of age, has determined to take the veil in the convent at Georgetown, and shut herself out from the world forever. No entreaties of her parents have the least effect to divert her from her rash resolution, and their tears are unavailing to save her from self-immolation. I know what it is to resign a beloved daughter to the hands of Him to whose bounty I was indebted for the precious gift; but the bereavement had its accompanying consolation: she died in the faith of her sorrowing parents, her Heavenly Father received her back from the arms of her earthly one, and her dying words were not breathed into strangers' ears.

Greenough's colossal statue of Washington has been removed from the rotunda and placed in an octagonal building erected temporarily in the beautiful grounds in the rear of the Capitol. I do not like it as well as I did when I first saw it. It does not give a correct idea of the "Father of his Country;" there is too great an exposure of the naked body. It looks like a great, herculean, warrior-like *Venus of the bath*; a grand martial Magog, undressed, with a huge napkin lying in his lap and covering his lower extremities, and he, preparing to perform his ablutions, is in the act of consigning his sword to the care of the attendant until he shall come out of the bath.

It strikes me that the sculptor has failed in representing the character by its adjuncts. The Roman toga would have done better, — that grand resort for artists in search of the picturesque; a suit of ancient armour even, obsolete though it may be, or the ungraceful Continental uniform; either would have been more appropriate than a body naked from the waist upward. Washington was too prudent and careful of his health to expose himself thus in a climate so uncertain as ours, to say nothing of the indecency of such an exposure, — a subject on which he was known to be exceedingly fastidious.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 30. — Mr. Grinnell and I left Washington at six o'clock this morning, and came to this city. We found our

kind host, Mr. Morris, waiting for us at the depot, who took us to our delightful quarters, at his house in Mulberry street, opposite the Cathedral. We had an excellent breakfast, and found ourselves in the midst of every comfort which our hearts could desire.

MAY 1. — This has been a day of excitement, of Whig National Convention. jostling and crowding, in the good city of Baltimore beyond anything I have witnessed elsewhere ; and it is not difficult to account for it in the fact that the number of males within a certain space is double, nay, within these precincts, quadruple, that which is usual. At ten o'clock the masses began to move toward the church in which the convention was to assemble, and by the time I reached the spot every avenue to the church seemed to be filled, and I did not entertain a hope that I should be admitted ; but by good fortune, or some other cause more flattering to my vanity, I found myself carried forward by two members of the delegation and placed in the midst of that august body of patriotic Whigs, in one of the best seats in the middle aisle.

After the formal proceedings, Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, arose, and with a few remarks presented the following resolution: "That this convention unanimously nominate and recommend to the people of the United States *Henry Clay*, of Kentucky, as President of these United States."

The question on this resolution was put at ten minutes past twelve o'clock, and in the language of the reporters of the ceremonies, "A thousand voices sounded *Amen* and *Amen*, accompanied by such cheers and clappings of hands as the world never heard before. The cheers were prolonged for many minutes, and with such deafening shouts as made the church quake."

This was certainly one of the most sublime moral spectacles ever exhibited: the twenty-six States of the American Union, by their representatives, consisting of the best talents, virtue, and patriotism of that portion of the several communities which constitute the great Whig party, voted by acclamation to present to the people,

as the choice of the party for the highest office in the Republic, a citizen who stood so prominent in their ranks as to preclude all the forms usually adopted on such occasions, and without a doubt or the shadow of dissent to place him before the people as their first and only choice ; “and the people said Amen.” It was all done in less time than I have taken to record it.

Now came the nominations for Vice-President, and Theodore Frelinghuysen was then declared by an unanimous vote the candidate of the convention, and the delegates from the States who had preferred other candidates gave their most hearty concurrence in the choice. Thus, in the most perfect harmony, ended this sublime and exciting ceremony, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from my mind. I shall always rejoice that I was present.

I left the convention before the speaking was over, to prepare for dinner, and went to Mr. Meredith’s, where I joined the following agreeable party : Mr. Ewing, Crittenden, Granger, ex-cabinet ministers ; Grinnell and Saltonstall, ex-members of Congress ; Mr. Chapman and myself, ex-mayors, the former of Boston ; a large proportion of *ex’s*, with Mr. Grattan, an *ex-otic* of rare fragrance ; Mr. Kennedy, of North Carolina ; Mr. Quincy, of Boston ; and Mr. Robert Gilmor. Meredith’s house is so near the scene of action, Monument square, in which the concourse of people was prodigious and the speeches and shouting without intermission, that we were scarcely allowed to *eat our crust* in quiet.

MAY 2. — I went to bed last night before my companion, Mr. Grinnell, came in, and was fast asleep, when suddenly, about half-past one o’clock, I was awakened by his entrance, accompanied by a man, who stood erect and silent at my bedside. There I was, stuck up in bed like that “wicked Captain Smith” quailing before the ghost of “poor Miss Bailey,” unpacified by “the one-pound note.” Is this a constable? thought I, with my companion in custody for some nocturnal irregularity committed in this Saturnalia, and shall I be his bail, if required?

An Apparition.

“I certainly will,” continued I to myself, “for he would do the same for me.” But my doubts were soon removed, when, with one more rub of my eyes, I perceived the dark brows of *Daniel Webster* hanging over me. “I have no hat on,” said I; “but off goes my night-cap;” and I sat uncovered in the presence of the great man of the East.

The solution of this spectral visitation is, that Mr. Grinnell waited for the arrival of the cars from Philadelphia in which Mr. Webster was expected, and escorted him to Mr. Birkhead’s, where he was to be lodged; but at this late hour access could not be obtained, and he brought him to Mr. Morris’s to put him to bed in my room, and there he remained, enjoying a good sleep, until six o’clock this morning. Mr. Webster comes to Baltimore at the solicitation of his Whig friends, to give in his adhesion to the nominations. And right glad does he seem to be to have an opportunity to define his position in relation to Mr. Clay and his friends, and to assume the lofty rank among Whigs, from which some have thought he was inclined to swerve. But he told them all about it to-day. His appearance here and the part he has played is one of the most interesting incidents in the great drama.

Yesterday was the solemn formula enacted by the
Ratification
 Convention. Whigs of the United States in the selection of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States; but this has been the day of jubilee. Ten thousand men of the other States came to Baltimore to ratify the choice. This great mass of noble, fine-looking fellows, from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the green prairies of the great West, formed in procession this morning; and each State under its proper banner, and each individual swelling out its numbers, with flags and patriotic devices, badges and the weapons of peace, passing under triumphal arches, cheered on by the bright eyes of the prettiest young women in the world, for whose use every window-sash on the route of the procession was taken out, and with handkerchiefs waving overhead and wreaths and bouquets thrown at their feet, did this

mighty army march out to the Canton race-course. Being in the procession myself, in the New York ranks, I cannot judge what appearance it made; but the street, the whole of Baltimore street, presented a pageant more bright and brilliant than any I ever beheld. The field to which we marched is about three miles from that part of the city with which I am acquainted. The weather was doubtful and the sun did not shine; the dust was the only annoyance. But everything went off well, and the rain which threatened during the morning had the politeness to keep away until nothing was left undone but a few speeches, which are a commodity so plentiful just now that the people could afford to wait. Of this great meeting John M. Clayton, of Delaware, was appointed president. Mr. Webster was called out by unanimous acclamation, and addressed the people in an excellent speech, approving the nominations without the least reservation, and pledging himself and receiving the pledges of all in his hearing to an unwavering, united, and zealous support of the people's candidate.

Dinner at Mr.
Johnson's.

At six o'clock I joined a large party at dinner at Mr. Reverdy Johnson's, whose noble mansion, on this occasion, has been the seat of elegant and profuse hospitality. We had at dinner, and afterward at supper, all the great geni of the Whig party; and such an array was never before presented to my view: Benjamin Watkins Leigh, Judge Berrien, Mr. Webster, Governor Morehead, Judge Spencer, Governor Metcalf, Governor Sprigg of this State, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Crittenden, Butler King, Stanley, General Dawson, Governor Johnson of Louisiana, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Granger, Mr. Kennedy, etc. I was never concerned in a more jovial affair, and never heard more small shot fired from big guns. I was eight hours on my legs in the morning of this great day, and eight hours seated at the table, and shall now get eight hours' sleep, if I can.

The Secretary
of the
Treasury.

MAY 4. — John C. Spencer has resigned his place in the cabinet, and a pretty business he has made of it. Discarded by all parties, and spurned by the hand

which he basely condescended to lick, he will have nothing but his own bad feelings to feed upon. As his stern old father said the other day, "He has dug his own grave, and must lie in it." John Tyler could never tolerate the man whose father was the president of a *Clay* convention.

Dined with Mr. Robert Gilmore. Our party consisted of Messrs. Kennedy, Birkhead, Byron of somewhere South, Abbott Lawrence, David Hoffman, Robert Gilmore, Jr., Granger, Grattan, Thomas Oliver, Meredith, and myself. The city has assumed its usual appearance; Barnum's is approachable and traversable, Reverdy Johnson's shut up, the rostrum in front of the Court-House taken down, Loco-focos beginning to peep out of their holes, and friendship and hospitality assuming their usual quiet habits of entertainment.

NEW YORK, MAY 14. — The annexation of Texas
Texas. to the United States is now the question which regulates all our politics, the pivot on which party-spirit moves, and the stepping-stone from which presidential candidates rise, or on which they stumble, to rise no more. The discussion of the treaty lately entered into by President Tyler and his cabinet with Texas has laid open a scene of executive usurpation which ought to subject the chief to impeachment, and such of his advisers as remain (some of them were blown up in the "Princeton"), to disgraceful dismissal from their offices. Mr. Tyler has, in this instance, usurped the power of Congress to make war, by ordering naval and military forces to carry out his treaty before its ratification by the Senate, against the anticipated opposition of Mexico, — a nation with whom we have the most friendly relations, whilst we are plotting to steal a valuable part of her dominions.

Here is the great question of severance between the North and the South, which is one day to shake this overgrown Republic to its centre. The Southern States desire the annexation of Texas to the Union, to strengthen their position geographically and politically by the prospective addition of four or five slaveholding

States. We of the North and East say we have already more territory than we know what to do with, and more slavery within our borders than we choose to be answerable for before God and man. So this Texas question is brought up by the man whom accident has placed at the head of affairs, and used by designing demagogues to promote their personal objects at the risk of a separation of the Union, and the downfall of liberty in the Western world. The several aspirants to the Presidency have been called upon to declare their opinions on this distracting question. Mr. Clay, with his characteristic frankness, condemns the project as dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, unjust to Mexico, and dishonourable in the eyes of the world. Mr. Van Buren, in language less explicit, avows the same sentiments. These opinions have left a door open for other would-be candidates, who would struggle upward by means of the most unscrupulous conduct. In this number is General Cass, who, after having made himself ridiculous by interfering in affairs with which he had no concern, comes out now in favour of the measure in all its length and breadth, declaring war against Mexico, threatening Great Britain, and scoffing at all the old-fashioned notions in favour of union and harmony. This is the horse on which this demagogue would ride into power. Clay must beat them all, for the country cannot stand a fourth administration like the present and its two predecessors.

MAY 24. — Seeing in the newspaper this morning a *Old Times*. statement that in pulling down an old house on the corner of John and Dutch streets some pieces of cannon were dug up from the cellar, it occurred to me that this must be my father's house. So I went that way to the office, and, sure enough, the old house in which my youthful days were passed was no more to be seen, and a shapeless mass of ruins marked the spot. I was born in Dutch street, near by. My father bought the house at the corner something like sixty years ago, and carried on his business there, and thence spring all my early recollections. How

the old house stood so long (for it was a slight building) I know not, but whilst I stood gazing at the ruins I mourned over the departure of an old acquaintance.

But how came the cannon there? There are three pieces, which, from the fixtures attached to them, belonged probably to a vessel (a rebel privateer, perhaps), and were secreted in the cellar of this house at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, before my father bought the property. I saw two of these pieces in a blacksmith's shop near by (the other had been taken away), and tried to get one, as a relic of old times; and I may yet, if the purchaser consents to part with it. They have been so long in a state of confinement that, like the old man who was released on the destruction of the Bastille, it will be difficult to make them go off.

One of those incidents occurred this morning so characteristic of our dear Chancellor. He mystified me completely. Coming suddenly into the insurance office, with a book under his arm, he took a chair beside mine, and the following dialogue took place: "Do you write marine risks?" — "Certainly, sir, it is our business." — "I want some insurance." — "You," asked I; "what can you possibly have to do with marine insurance?" — "I have an interest in a vessel which I wish insured for nine months." — "Very well, sir, what vessel is it?" — "I suppose that I must disclose everything?" — "Certainly." — "Well, she is as good a vessel as ever floated, staunch and sound; but I have no confidence in the captain, and am afraid of barratry, which I would insure against." — "Well, sir, what is her name?" — "The good ship Constitution; John Tyler, master; will you write her?" Acknowledging myself completely taken in, I replied, "Change the captain, stop up the leaks with *clay*, and we will write her upon the most favourable terms." And off went the bright and amiable octogenarian as suddenly as he entered.

MAY 28. — The "Monumental City" is again the scene of a great political gathering; but how different from that I lately witnessed there! Then all was

Baltimore
Convention.

union, harmony, confidence, and enthusiasm. Now the Loco-focos have possession of the ground; and discord, suspicion, doubt, and apprehension prevail in their ranks. The convention met yesterday. Mr. Hendricks, of Pennsylvania, was elected president, with a vice-president from each State.

The *party* does not seem pleased with either of their numerous candidates. Mr. Van Buren, heretofore the standing candidate, has gotten into *bad smell*, as the Count Lowendahl once said to me, when he attempted to do *mauvaise odeur* into English. Dick Johnson says he won't ride to immortality in the same cart with the New York candidate; and, disgraceful as it would be to the country, there are serious thoughts of that demi-savage being brought forward for the first office. I would prefer that Mr. Van Buren should be the man, for in the present state of parties he would be most easily beaten; and, in the unlikely event of Mr. Clay's defeat, I would rather have him than any other candidate on that side.

MAY 30. — Van Buren is killed (politically), and Cass is no better. The Loco-foco Convention yesterday threw them both overboard, and nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for President, and Silas Wright, of New York, for Vice-President. How it was brought about belongs to the Loco-foco chronicles of the times; but Polk and Wright! Alas for poor Van Buren! He is the best of the bunch by great odds, and to be so repudiated by his political friends who have so long been accustomed to swear by him! *Et tu, Brute!* And then, the idea of running Silas Wright subordinate to General Jackson's chief cook and bottle-washer, Colonel Polk! Some Northern Loco-foco, speaking of the nomination, says very smartly, "The ticket is like a kangaroo,—it goes upon its hind legs."

The United States frigate "Constitution" (dear old Mr. Wise. "Ironsides") sailed yesterday for Rio de Janeiro, having on board His Excellency Henry A. Wise, Minister to the Court of Brazil, and his family, and Mr. Sargeant, his

secretary. Success attend the new Minister! If he is half as troublesome there as he was here, they will wish to have my old acquaintance, Mr. Hunter, back. Some of his colleagues in Congress would send him on a mission to the antipodes or elsewhere, and keep him there, if they thought there was any chance of his being reëlected to Congress on his return.

MAY 31. — Among the recorded deaths we sometimes see the names of men whose services in the Revolutionary Men. olutionary army must endear them to the present, and their memory to all future generations. Two are recorded in the papers of this day; namely, at Schenectady, on the 23d May, John Jacobus Van Voorst, aged one hundred and three years, four months, and four days; at Fouda, Montgomery county, on the 11th of May, Jacob Van Allstyne, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He was an adjutant and quartermaster in the Continental army, and was in the service at the taking of General Burgoyne.

MAY 31. — The Polk-Van Buren-Cass Convention, The Loco-foco Convention. at Baltimore, closed their patriotic labours yesterday.

Silas Wright, the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, not liking the position in which he was placed, subordinate to one so inferior to himself, and indignant, no doubt, at the ill-treatment which his friend, Mr. Van Buren, had received at the hands of his party, peremptorily declined the nomination, notwithstanding a committee (of which Benjamin F. Butler, the exponent of New York Loco-focoism, was one) went to Washington to urge his acceptance. Mr. Wright has done himself great credit by refusing to lend his name to prop a sinking cause and give currency to political heresy. In this new dilemma, the convention, after floundering about in a troubled sea of uncertainty, hoisted a new signal of distress, and nominated as Vice-President George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, a man who, at the first meeting of this *august* assembly, was no more dreamed of than John Tyler. But it is so; and now the faithful must change their shout from Van Buren to Polk, and from Wright to Dallas. In the midst of these polit-

ical squabbles at Baltimore, the ridiculous farce has been played of the nomination of the present incubus upon the country. A Tyler Convention (as they called themselves), consisting of a few office-holders and political adventurers, held a meeting simultaneously with the Polkites, and agreed to make Mr. Tyler President, if they can get votes enough. He accepts the nomination in one of those asinine manifestos in which the father's wisdom is so beautifully adorned by the son's erudition.

JUNE 1. — A white stone to mark the closing hours of Picnic Dinner. this week! Never was there a lovelier day, a brighter sun, and never was nature more daintily decked out to receive their embraces and profit by their influences. Never was there a nicer picnic dinner than that provided by John R. Snedecor, near the Long Island race-course, and never a pleasanter party than the *nine* (not the Muses, but votaries and worshippers of their ladyships) who assembled to partake of it. Our party consisted of Dr. Wainwright, Prescott Hall, David C. Colden, Mr. Macready, M. C. Patterson, Samuel B. Ruggles, Francis Griffin, Henry Brevoort, and myself. We left town at half-past two o'clock, sat down to dinner (previously engaged and the particulars arranged by Mr. Hall) at half-past four, and started for home at ten o'clock, just as the full moon arose from the ocean to light us on our way, and unlike the lamps of us dull mortals, has grown brighter as the oil consumed.

Mr. Macready, for whom this pleasant affair was gotten up, delighted us with his conversation, which was occasionally diversified with his admirable recitations and dramatic readings. The reverend doctor enjoyed the feast, and added to its charm the tribute of his intellectual remarks. Brevoort opened wider than usual the lid of his knowledge-box, and each member of the party was ready and willing to contribute his stock to the entertainment and instruction of his companions.

JUNE 10. — Died on Friday last, at his residence, Geneseo, Mr. James S. Wadsworth, aged seventy-seven years. Mr. Wads-

worth was a native of Connecticut, one of the pioneers in the settlement of the western part of the State of New York, to which he removed many years ago. His farm on the Genesee river, above Rochester, is said to be the finest in the State. I have been at his house, — a noble mansion, beautifully situated in the heart of a country rich and fertile as any the sun shines upon, — a country which not only filled his garner with grain and fattened his cattle on a thousand hills, but filled his purse to overflowing with the treasure which buys all things but life, health, and contentment.

JUNE 11. — Mr. Tyler's infamous treaty, by which he hoped to rob Mexico of her province of Texas, against the consent of the people of the United States, to promote his political ends with the Southern States, at the risk of plunging the country into an unjust and discreditable war, and to force the country to assume thereby the enormous debts of a set of vagabond adventurers, has received its quietus in the Senate, where it was discussed in secret session several days, and finally rejected on Saturday.

JUNE 14. — One of those astounding Wall-street stock revolutions has occurred, which are occasionally gotten up by gamblers, and by which the turn of a day makes nabobs and beggars, and unsettles the minds of men who watch the brokers' books with anxiety equal to that which of old attended the developments of the sibylline leaves. Within the last week many descriptions of what are called *fancy stocks* were inflated, by the progress of bubble-blowing, to prices double and quadruple those of the previous week. Many who had "sold ahead," as it is called in Wall street, were ruined by the change, and fortunes were made by men who had not sense nor judgment to make a living in an honest calling. This inflated state of things lasted three days, and then came the reverse, which always follows these high-pressure operations. All of a sudden, stocks fell back nearly to the place where the speculation found them; the sellers became buyers, pocketed their gains, and laughed at their dupes. Such is the course of stock-jobbing,

—a most profligate and ruinous system of gambling, infinitely worse than any of which the laws take cognizance.

AT HOME, JUNE 25. — Much has transpired during my short absence. Congress has adjourned in “most admired confusion,” after a session (I mean of the House of Representatives) more disgraceful to the country, and humiliating to all who continue to love it, than any in the annals of our National Legislature. The Whig majority in the Senate is the salt which has preserved the body politic. God knows how long that conservative principle may be suffered to remain! President Tyler, in the madness of his misrule, has made many removals and appointments at the close of the session, some of which were confirmed, but more rejected. What a patient ass is the American people, and how well he who rides seems to know them!

JULY 2. — Mr. Tyler’s broom sweeps clean; there is hardly one important appointment made by General Harrison which has not fallen within the scope of its destroying influence. He seems destitute of the ordinary feelings of respect for the memory of the man under whose mantle he was smuggled into office.

JULY 27. — The road being completed from Brook-
 Long Island
 Railroad. lyn to Greenport, — its terminus on the Sound, — a distance of ninety-two miles, the first trip was made to-day, with the usual jollifications customary on such occasions. A large number of invited guests were taken down on the cars, partook of an entertainment, and returned early in the evening. Wonderful stories are told of the speed of the steam-team on this occasion. They went to Greenport in four hours; but if they had kept up the speed with which they started, — fourteen minutes to Jamaica, — the distance might have been accomplished in two.

JULY 29. — There is a gay, saucy-looking squadron
 Aquatic
 Jubilee. of schooner-yachts lying off the Battery, which excites considerable admiration. About a dozen of these handsome little vessels, owned by gentlemen of fortune and enterprise, are preparing for a voyage to Newport, under the command

of that excellent fellow, John C. Stevens, as commodore, who hoists his broad pennant and makes his signals in the most approved man-of-war style. Crowds of people, especially of the fairer sort, go down to witness this mimic display of maritime glory; and some of the most favoured of our belles and nice young men about town are invited to pleasant parties by the Jack-tars. The arrival of the squadron at Newport will, of course, occasion a sensation among the company there, and serve to relieve the monotony of a tolerably dull place of sojournment.

ROCKAWAY, AUGUST 9. — I grieve to record the death of my venerable friend, John G. Coster. He died at ten o'clock, last evening, in the eighty-second year of his age. Mr. Coster has done me many kind services; and I never asked a favour of him which was not cheerfully, willingly, and disinterestedly granted. I was grateful to him living, and honour his memory now that he is removed from those who loved and respected him.

AUGUST 12. — Mr. Coster's funeral took place yesterday, at five o'clock. There was a great concourse of people; for the deceased was extensively known and greatly esteemed. The ceremonies were performed by Dr. Wainwright, in St. Mark's Church, in the cemetery of which the body was interred in the family vault. The following were the pall-bearers: Major Popham, Chancellor Jones, James McBride, Maltby Gelston, John Adams, David S. Kennedy, Edward W. Laight, and myself.

The "Commercial Advertiser" comes this afternoon in mourning, for the death of its editor, William Leet Stone, who died at the residence of his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Wayland, at Saratoga Springs, yesterday morning, aged fifty-two years. Mr. Stone has been editor-in-chief of the "Commercial Advertiser" since April, 1820. I have long thought it one of the best papers in the State. Its principles were of the sound Whig kind, its editorial writings sensible, discreet, and moral, and its matter generally entertaining, without any pampering to a

depraved popular taste. Mr. Stone has written several good books, principally on subjects connected with the early history of the State, manners, customs, and annals of the Indian tribes, and of the public institutions in which he took an interest, and in which he did not shrink from his share of the work.

AUGUST 22. — I had a nice little party at dinner, consisting of John P. Kennedy, R. M. Blatchford (who brought us a basket of delicious fruit), William Wood, Dr. Stevens, our St. Croix friend Delprat, and M. H. Grinnell. They came at three o'clock, and we broke up soon after six.

AUGUST 30. — I have read the speeches of Mr. Webster and Judge Berrien. Both are excellent. I am much mistaken if that of the Massachusetts man is not the best he ever made on such an occasion. It is a clear, sound, uncontrovertible argument in favour of the Whig doctrines of the present day. On the subject of protection of American industry it is glorious. It carries even me beyond the highest point of conviction to which I had ever reached. It proves that this principle lies at the root of the federal compact; that it was the broad, deep-laid foundation of the fabric which could never have been erected upon any other, and he was provided with facts taken from imperishable records and statements derived from the most authentic sources to prove every word he said.

SEPTEMBER 11. — We hear of nothing but great Electioneering. MASS-meetings (as they are called) in all parts of the country. The Whigs have collected immense gatherings at Taunton and at Lynn, in Massachusetts, where Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Robert C. Winthrop, John M. Berrien, Francis Granger, John P. Kennedy, and a host of the brightest spirits in the land have been instructing the people in the principles for which we are contending, and of which Clay and Frelinghuysen are the index and exemplars. In New Jersey, where the first State election will take place, similar efforts are being made; and if the sovereigns do not get enough of tariff and Texas, they

Whig
Speeches.

are the most insatiable gormandizers in the world. We have beaten the Loco-focos handsomely in Vermont ; but, on the other hand, their majority in Maine has increased fearfully. It is not so hollow a thing as it appeared a few weeks since ; party discipline works well for our opponents, and the prospect of spoils in advance are mighty encouraging for both parties.

SEPTEMBER 19. — A slap at Brother Jonathan. One of the English papers says that the *Iowa* American Indians, now exhibiting in London, must not be confounded with the tribe of *I.O.U.'s*, who are natives of Pennsylvania, and intimates that the former are much the more respectable of the two.

SEPTEMBER 20. — The go-ahead principle prevails in this country to such a degree that it must be difficult to prove an *alibi* in any case in which locomotion is concerned ; for it ought not to excite much wonder that a man should be in two places at once. The "Commercial Advertiser," which I read this day at two o'clock, contains a report, in three or four columns, of a speech made by Mr. Webster yesterday afternoon at a great Whig meeting on Boston Common.

SEPTEMBER 30. — I found yesterday, in overhauling old papers in a chest of my father's which had not seen the light for a quarter of a century, many curious records of the days of my infancy and youth, and some of a still more remote period. In this ancient cabinet of literary relics I found the certificate of my father's rights as a freeman of the city of New York, — an important and honourable privilege. This document is dated 1765, and signed by John Cruger.

OCTOBER 9. — I went yesterday to dine at Mr. Blatchford's, at Hell-Gate. The party at dinner consisted of old Mr. J. J. Astor and his train-bearer and prime minister, Mr. Coggeswell ; Mr. Jaudon ; Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist (we used to call it fiddler) ; and myself. In the evening the party was increased by the addition of Mr. Webster, his brother-in-law, Mr. Page, and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis.

Astonishing
Despatch.

Dinner and
Reflections.

Ole Bull had his two violins, and astonished and pleased us by his wonderful performance. Every note was sounded, from the roaring of a lion to the whisper of a summer's evening breeze ; every instrument of music seemed to send forth its peculiar tones.

After an hour or two passed in the billiard-room I retired to bed. When I arose this morning at Mr. Blatchford's, I contemplated the delightful scene : the clumps of fine old trees clothed in the gorgeous foliage of autumn, the lawn still bright and green, the mild, refreshing breeze, the rapid waters of Hell-Gate covered with sailing-vessels and steamboats, — all combined to present a picture of consummate beauty. In this place, so rich in the beauties of art and nature, in the enjoyment of pecuniary independence and happy in his family relations, did the former proprietor commit suicide ! Mr. Astor, one of our dinner companions yesterday, presented a painful example of the insufficiency of wealth to prolong the life of man. This old gentleman, with his fifteen millions of dollars, would give it all to have my strength and physical ability ; and yet, with this example and that recorded above, I, with a good conscience, and in possession of my bodily faculties, sometimes repine at my lot. He would pay all my debts if I could insure him one year of my health and strength.

OCTOBER 14. — A Whig meeting was held this evening, of about thirty gentlemen, at the Astor House. Great and encouraging were the results. Can a cause fail which is founded upon such principles as ours, and supported by such men ? May success be their reward, and their country know how to appreciate their liberality ! The first ten men who took pen in hand subscribed \$8,100. Of these, six gave \$1,000 each, and they have all been giving to the same object every day for months past. I cannot resist the satisfaction of recording their names : George Griswold ; Prime, Ward, & King ; Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. ; John C. Greene ; Howland & Aspinwall ; Spofford & Tileston. Benjamin L. Swan gave \$600, three others \$500 each, and many \$250 ; altogether something over \$10,000.

OCTOBER 29. — The approaching presidential election engrosses all interest and occupies the minds of all our citizens. We Whigs believe that the principles involved in this contest are of the most vital importance. These principles are well known and openly avowed, whilst our adversaries acknowledge no motive of action but the most malignant and virulent opposition to our candidates. These are both so strong in the affections of their political friends, both so distinguished for talents and public services, and both so clearly and openly identified with the principles of their party, that every description of rancorous vituperation is resorted to, to influence the minds and gain the votes of the ignorant and prejudiced.

OCTOBER 30. — The great demonstration of the Whig Demonstration, which has been in preparation for some time, came off to-day. It beggars all description. Nothing so great, so magnificent, so enthusiastic, was ever before witnessed in New York. The several wards marched in rotation, with all the mechanical crafts on stages superbly ornamented and employed in their different occupations, with banners and flags, and every device which ingenuity and zeal could suggest. I cannot attempt a description. It will be sufficient for this record of the event, to say that the procession was more than five miles in length, and composed of the most respectable men of every profession, trade, and occupation in the city.

The fifteenth ward did me the honour to place me in their *corège* in an open barouche, with Dr. J. W. Francis, Judge Hammond, and Mr. Nevins. We left Constitution Hall soon after ten o'clock, and were detained in Canal street and thereabouts until two, when we took our place in the line. We then followed on down Greenwich street, around the Bowling Green, up Broadway to Union place, and down the Bowery, etc. I broke away at Broome street, on the downward route. After four o'clock, the weather, which was pleasant in the morning, became raw and uncomfortable, with gusts of rain and hail; and I was not very well.

This was the greatest affair I was ever concerned in. The houses on the route were decorated with flags, Clay busts, wreaths and festoons of flowers and evergreens; and such a waving of handkerchiefs, and showering of bouquets, and flashing of bright eyes from tens of thousands of animated female countenances, inspired the hearts of all Whigs, sixty-four years old and under, — and all above, for aught I know to the contrary. I came in for a large part of the honours of the day, being cheered and saluted by name, by many of the groups of the assembled multitude of spectators. My house, also, I was informed, was frequently cheered in a manner personally gratifying. We were decorated with flags and evergreens, and had a very handsome display of lady friends to set us off.

NOVEMBER 1. — Our opponents made their appearance this evening in a great night procession, as long as ours on Wednesday, but widely different in the character of its members. Their appearance was low and vulgar, and their banners avowed no political principles. “Destruction to Clay!” “Down with the Coons!” “Polk and Texas!” “No \$50,000,000 Bank!” “*Americans shan't rule us!*” (this is a fact), and such-like inscriptions were emblazoned on their standards, and brought into light by the torches which supplied the want of the daylight, in which the Whigs were not ashamed to be seen.

NOVEMBER 8. — Yesterday's news from the West and North has settled the question. The State of New York has gone for Polk and Dallas by a majority of five or six thousand. This result, which makes them President and Vice-President of the United States, has been brought about by foreign votes, made for the purpose. Mr. Clay is again defeated; the people have rejected their best friend, and repudiated the principles by which alone national prosperity and individual happiness might have been secured. So let it be! We must submit, and have only to pray that the Almighty will avert from the country the

evils which, from present appearances, the people have brought upon themselves, and that the administration may turn out better than some of us now anticipate.

There is a Whig loss in the State since the election of General Harrison in 1840 of about twenty thousand. The slaveholders of the South and the abolitionists of the North have gone equally against us. Free trade and protection have voted for Polk and Dallas. Mr. Clay's talents, public services, and sound principles are too much for this perverse levelling generation. The beauty of his character forms too strong a contrast to their deformity.

The Whigs, at this election, deserted their own candidates almost in a body. Phœnix, of the first congressional district of the city, withdrew publicly, and Hamilton Fish virtually ; by which means the Native Americans carried three out of the four congressmen, — Miller, Woodruff, and Campbell (the first and the last, by the bye, as good Whigs as those they succeed). Mr. Folsom (Native American), whom nobody knows, and who has never contributed in any way to the good cause, is elected to the State Senate ; that sound Whig and practical American, Hiram Ketcham, was also induced to withdraw. The whole Assembly ticket is elected, and all by the complete coöperation of the Whigs, in the hope that a corresponding support would be given by their opponents to the Clay electoral ticket. It was so, to a certain extent ; but the foregoing statement shows that we gave more than we received.

NOVEMBER 13. — I am sick, sick of election returns ;
 -All Hail! ashamed of my countrymen ; but I have one bright page
 Massachusetts. for my journal. There is one star in the deep obscurity
 of our political midnight. Glorious old Massachusetts, the cradle
 of American liberty, the last refuge of good principles, the faithful
 among the faithless, has proved herself worthy of her immortal
 sires. Her election was held on Monday ; she gives Clay and
 Frelinghuysen twenty-five thousand majority ; more than the aggregate
 majorities for Polk and Dallas in New York, Pennsylvania, and
 Virginia. Governor Briggs is reëlected by an immense majority.

All her congressmen are Whigs with the exception of two or three districts, where the pertinacious abolitionists have prevented a choice. The indomitable old veteran, John Quincy Adams, is re-elected, by an increased majority, against the combination of slaveholders and abolitionists, who stand in awe of his power, and shrink before the light of truth. The Legislature is Whig three or four times over. Mr. Webster's eloquence has not been lost upon his own people, however it may have been contemned in other States, where envy, hatred, and uncharitableness have sought to keep him down.

“Light of the pilgrims, seen afar,
Midst clouds and darkness shining yet!
Now, as of old, fair freedom's star,
The first to rise, the last to set.”

Election
Returns.

NOVEMBER 15. — The majority in the State of New York for Polk and Dallas, out of nearly half a million of votes, is five thousand and twenty-six. Fourteen or fifteen thousand abolitionists voted for a Mr. Binney, — a man of straw of their own, — and many voted for the successful candidates; few or none for Clay. If those mischievous men had gone with us, Mr. Clay would have been President. Now the Southern Loco-focos claim a triumph over us as abolitionists; this is very provoking, but “suffering is the badge of all our tribe.” Mr. Clay is defeated by these Northern Ishmaelites, and by naturalized voters, made expressly for the purpose.

Festival of the
Historical
Society.

NOVEMBER 20. — The Historical Society celebrated to-day their fortieth anniversary. The members and their guests assembled at five o'clock, at their rooms in the University, whence they walked in procession to the Church of the Messiah, where an address was delivered by Mr. Brodhead, the gentleman who was sent out by the State to collect, from the archives of Europe, annals and records and documents relating to the history of the United States, and especially such as concerned the settlement and early history of New York.

At eight o'clock the company, to the number of three hundred gentlemen, sat down to dinner. Among the guests were the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams; Mr. Frelinghuysen; Mr. Saltonstall, of Massachusetts; Mr. Reed, of Philadelphia; President Day; President Moore, of Columbia College; delegates from all the historical and literary societies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania; several distinguished clergymen of this and other States; judges, etc., in learned profusion in this array of distinguished men. There was a preponderance, of course, of New England men. A better convocation of learning and talents has seldom been seen in New York, nor was there ever more or better speaking. The whole affair went off famously, and the company broke up reluctantly at one o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Gallatin presided during the first hour or two, with Mr. Adams on his right, and General Almonte, the Mexican Minister, on his left. It was a glorious sight to see the two octogenarians, Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams, side by side, with heads white as snow and full of knowledge; these two stars who shone together formerly in the fiery heat of opposing politics, shooting hostile flames at each other, now mingling their waning lights to illumine the path of science, and gilding with their declining rays the hours of rational festivity. The vice-presidents, at the head of the table, were Chief Justice Jones and myself; at the lower end, Messrs. Lawrence, Bradish, and Benjamin F. Butler. The stewards (and most attentive ones they were) were P. M. Wetmore, Col. George Gibbs, B. R. Winthrop, John Jay, J. R. Bartlett, T. Harris, H. G. Stebbins, A. H. Bradford, A. M. Cozzens, E. C. Benedict.

NOVEMBER 28. — Flying is dangerous. I never open
 Railroad
 Accidents. a newspaper that does not contain some account of disasters and loss of life on railroads. They do a retail business in human slaughter, whilst the wholesale trade is carried on (especially on the Western waters) by the steamboats.

DECEMBER 5. — I went last evening to a party at Mrs. Charles A. Davis's, where I met many of my travelled countrywomen for

the first time since their return. Most of them seem to have escaped the foppery of foreign manners and the bad taste of anti-Americanism. There were the lovely Mrs. Sydney Brooks, Mrs. Robert Ray, Mrs. Crawford, her sister Miss Ward, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Panon, Mrs. and Miss Barclay, — all American foreigners for a short period. Take them together, I do not think New York has any reason to be ashamed of her fair representatives.

DECEMBER 11. — Died in Boston, on Sunday last, Death of Judge Prescott. aged about fourscore, William Prescott. He was a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1783. Honoured be his memory, for he was of a race nearly extinct, and which is now seldom reproduced, — a gentleman of the old school. He was thrice illustrious: in his ancestry, for his father was Colonel Prescott, who commanded at Bunker Hill; in himself, for he was distinguished by virtue, talents, and patriotism; and in his posterity, for his son is the accomplished author of “Ferdinand and Isabella.”

South Carolina in the Field. There is a terrible flare-up between the States of Massachusetts and South Carolina. The former sent to Charleston Mr. Hoar, one of their aged and respectable citizens, to make a friendly issue in the courts of the United States in relation to the tyrannical and uncourteous laws of the latter, by which they arrested and confined in prison free black men, citizens of Massachusetts, employed in their vessels, on their arrival in Charleston. This proceeding gave great umbrage to the doughty sons of the Palmetto State. Governor Hammond charged a big gun, in the form of a message, to the Legislature; and they discharged a volley of imprecations, vituperations, and denunciations against the universal Yankee nation in general, and Mr. Commissioner Hoar in particular, — which missiles, if their power had been equal to the noise they made, would have been sufficient to frighten all the codfish and haddock out of Boston bay. This catastrophe, however, was happily averted. But they sent the ambassador packing. He wisely preferred a sudden retreat to the tender mercy of a furious mob, who were preparing to attack him, and made his exit in his

own suit of broadcloth, rather than assume one of tar and feathers, which was in readiness for his equipment. The tempest begins to growl terribly in Mr. Calhoun's teapot.

Mr. Clay
at Home. DECEMBER 14. — Honoured be the State which
knows how to do honour to her worthiest citizen!

The presidential electors of Kentucky assembled at Frankfort, according to law, and deposited their votes for Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen. Their consciences are clear of the sin of a participation in the national ingratitude which now soils the escutcheon of America. The high and solemn duty being performed, and the ceremonials properly attended to, the patriotic band of electors proceeded in a body, by the railroad, to Lexington, and thence went on foot in procession, attended by Governor Owsley, ex-Governors Metcalf and Letcher, and all the honest men of the place, escorted by a company of volunteer troops, to Ashland, the residence of the man of whom Kentucky is proud.

Mr. Clay being apprised of their visit, received them on the lawn in front of his house, and from the steps of his door replied to their affectionate address, in terms eloquent and impressive, full of devoted obedience to the voice of the people and prayers for the happiness of a country which has just evinced a melancholy want of appreciation of his eminent abilities and patriotic services. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as one of surpassing interest. America, like other republics, has proved herself ungrateful; but Kentucky takes no share of the disgrace. I would rather be Mr. Clay, with such a vote and such an expression of the favour of my own State, than the President-elect, with the hurrahs of a misguided, mercenary mob, the support of the old incendiary of the Hermitage, and the fruits of successful fraud and corruption.

Death of
T. L. Ogden. DECEMBER 20. — Mr. Thomas Ludlow Ogden died
on Monday evening, aged seventy-one years; a highly
respected citizen, and a lawyer of considerable emi-
nence. He has been an associate of mine in the vestry of Trinity

Church ever since I have been there, and long before that period he was a member, and clerk of the corporation, which office he held, together with that of warden, at the time of his death. Abraham Ogden, Charles Ogden, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Waddington are brothers and sister of the deceased. I attended the funeral this day, at three o'clock, in St. Paul's Church. The pallbearers were Chief Justice Jones, David S. Kennedy, David S. Jones, A. Tredwell, William Bard, Edward W. Laight, P. G. Stuyvesant, Beverly Robinson.

DECEMBER 27. — The Reverend Mr. Torrey, one of the philanthropic gentlemen who go about meddling with other people's concerns, and creating bad blood between the different sections of the Union, has been tried in Baltimore, and, after an able defence by Reverdy Johnson, convicted and sentenced to an imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of seven years and three months for the crime of enticing slaves from their master. This is a tolerably hard sentence; but slaves are property, and stealing is stealing, and the law gives it in black and white.

1845.

THE new year made its appearance clothed in smiles; the weather was fine, and the sun shone brightly during the whole day, and, notwithstanding the muddy condition of the streets, Broadway and the adjacent thoroughfares were thronged with animated pedestrians, whilst vehicles of all descriptions were in active employment. It was summer weather, and I visited for six hours without requiring a cloak or an overcoat. God be thanked for all his mercies! I have witnessed the close of another year, and find myself a year older, certainly, but in no respect worse off or less happy than at its commencement. My faculties are not materially impaired, my health is good, and my affairs in no respect less favourable. I am employed pleasantly and profitably as President of the American Mutual Insurance Company, whose first year's business closes this day. My family are in good health, with the exception of my wife, and she has gained strength of late; so, with a firm trust in Providence, and a determination to make a good and honourable use of the blessings I enjoy, here goes for a new year.

JANUARY 16. — The old *new* Dutch Church, on Nassau, Liberty, and Cedar streets, has not been turned into "a den of thieves," exactly; but its holy uses have departed from it. The government has leased it, and it is converted into *the* post-office; and a splendid one it is. The exterior is not much changed. The clock, once famous as Time's criterion, the rule for courts and schools, churches and banks, by pleading which, in justification, jurors escaped fines, and school-boys flagellation; by whose undisputed authority the bells ceased ringing on Sundays, and protests were legalized, — this ancient chronicle of Time, old as his hour-glass, still performs its hourly and minutely duty, its naked hands unchilled by storm or cold, and strikes as

New Post-office.

hard, but with less malevolent intent, than the practised pugilist. The gallant cock which surmounts the spire still turns his face to the enemy, and warns the mariner, the ship-owner, and the underwriter from which quarter of the compass his danger comes. The exterior of the building preserves much of its respectable, church-like appearance; but the interior has no more resemblance to what it was when Dr. Livingston's voluminous white wig filled the minds of the worshipping burgomasters with a holy awe, when the eloquence of Linn warmed for a brief space their torpid imaginations into momentary activity, or the mild, persuasive voice of Abeel "almost persuaded them to be Christians,"—no more resemblance, I say, than Gardiner's shop, down Broadway, has to the Quaker meeting-house.

JANUARY 27. — Dined with Mr. George Curtis. The party was, Mr. Webster, M. H. Grinnell, Austin Stevens, Charles King, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, T. Tileston, John Ward, Edward Curtis, and myself. This is the first time I have met the *great* senator during his present visit. I was invited to dine with him at Blatchford's on Friday, and at Draper's on Saturday, but had to decline both invitations.

FEBRUARY 1. — This beautiful ship sailed for Canton this morning loaded with American manufactures, — a strange revolution in trade. The same articles which we formerly imported from China, and for which nothing but dollars would pay, are now manufactured here at one-third of the cost, and sent out to pay for teas. The difficulty now is to find sufficient returns for the American cargoes. We do not send them specie, — not a dollar. It would be much more likely to come from there. I went yesterday with Samuel S. Howland on board the "Rainbow," — the finest ship in model, symmetry, and finish that ever left this port. She appeared to me like a pilot-boat or a race-horse; she was so long and slim, and everything about her so clean and taper. If she does not sail fast there are no fish in the sea.

The "Rainbow."

DEATH OF A PATRIOT. FEBRUARY 25. — Ah, well-a-day! The race is almost extinct, and modern vocabularies preserve the term only among the obsolete words, of which the present generation have almost forgotten the meaning; but old Ashur Robbins was one. This venerable man, who has been for the last half-century one of the most prominent public men of Rhode Island, died on Sunday last, at his residence in Newport, aged eighty-eight years. He represented the State for fourteen years in the Senate of the United States; was a Whig of the truest principles, and one of the best scholars in the United States. He was appointed postmaster of Newport during the brief administration of General Harrison, and held the office at the time of his death. If Tyler had known how good a man he was, and some one of his satellites had wanted the office, the venerable patriot would not have been left in possession of this small boon of a grateful party.

FEBRUARY 27. — I dined with Mr. Henry A. Coit. The party, besides the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Horsley Palmer, D. C. Colden, George M. Woolsey, William H. Aspinwall, John Hicks, Theodore de Hon, J. D. P. Ogden, Charles H. Russell, William S. Miller, George Barclay, William S. Wetmore, and myself.

OUR DEAR SISTER TEXAS. MARCH 1. — The great question of the annexation of Texas, which has kept the public mind in an unprecedented state of excitement, and the result of which was doubtful until the last moment, was carried in the Senate, by means the most unconstitutional, on Thursday evening. The party who elected Mr. Polk was determined to carry it through at all hazards, and the foundations of the Republic have been broken up to accomplish the object. The end of all these things is at hand. The Constitution is a dead-letter, the ark of safety is wrecked, the wall of separation which has hitherto restrained the violence of popular rage is broken down, the Goths are in possession of the Capitol, and if the Union can stand the shock it will only be another evidence that Divine Providence takes better care of us than we deserve.

Abolition in
Kentucky.

Miss Delia Webster, who was convicted in Kentucky, and sentenced to four years' confinement in the penitentiary for the crime of abducting slaves, has been pardoned by Governor Owsley, and sent home to her mamma in Vermont, who probably did not "know she was out." She will now, it is to be hoped, profit by the lesson she has had to abstain from meddling in other people's concerns. The sentence was, no doubt, just; and, the law being satisfied, it was probably as well that the executive clemency should be extended to the lady. But her accomplice, a man named Fairbanks, who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, will probably not get off so well. He will be indulged, a few years at least, in reflecting between four walls upon the danger of too much zeal in the cause of abolition.

MARCH 4. — St. Polk's day. On this day the new President of the United States is inaugurated at Washington, and Whittington was not more astonished when the famous prediction of Bow Bells, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!" was realized by his investiture with the magisterial ermine, than Mr. Polk must be in finding himself "King of the Yankee Doodles," as Cooke, the tragedian, designated our President. Office-hunters, demagogues, and political trumpeters are now shouting at the top of their "sweet voices" for a triumph to which each of them claims the merit of having mainly contributed, and of whom many of the number will be sadly disappointed when they come to find that the public swill-pail, capacious as it is, has not room for all their snouts. As for the Whigs, we have more cause to rejoice at the retirement of Mr. Tyler than to mourn over the accession of Mr. Polk.

Inaugural
Address.

MARCH 5. — The address of the new President, which was made yesterday at noon, in the rain, on the steps of the great eastern portico of the Capitol, at his inauguration, was here last night, at eleven o'clock, and is published this morning. It is a plain, sensible document, not very elegantly written, but apparently honest, and creditable, on the

whole, to its author. He professes as much as Mr. Tyler did when he swore to defend the Constitution and administer the government with justice and impartiality. God grant that he may redeem his pledges with truth and sincerity, as the latter certainly did not!

MARCH 6. — I dined yesterday with a party at Mr. David S. Kennedy's; the guests were: Mr. Horsley Palmer, Daniel Lord, Jr., William H. Aspinwall, J. D. P. Ogden, John Gihon, Mr. James, William B. Astor, Thomas Dixon, John J. Palmer, Thomas W. Ludlow, and myself.

Relics of
Old Times. APRIL 7. — The site of Washington Hall, in Broad-
way, between Chambers and Reade streets, was
lately sold by the heirs of Mr. John G. Coster to
A. T. Stewart, who is preparing to erect on the ground a dry-
goods store, spacious and magnificent beyond anything of the
kind in the New World, or the Old either, as far as I know. In
removing the rubbish which remained after the hall was burned,
the corner-stone was brought to light and exhumed this morning,
with some formalities, resembling in a degree those of its original
deposition. Well do I remember the ceremony of laying this
corner-stone on the 4th of July, 1809, when the Federalists
were on their high horse, and when I subscribed \$250, — which I
wish I had now, — and walked in procession to the North Church,
where Gulian C. Verplanck (who happened just then to be a
Federalist) delivered the oration, and Robert Morris, Jr., father of
Robert H. Morris, the late mayor, now an ultra-Democrat, then
an out-and-out Federalist, was one of the vice-presidents of the
Washington Benevolent Society. These firebrands of that fine
old party are now shining lights in the Loco-foco camp, and abuse
their old associates who continue to fight under their original col-
ours. How do the very *stones* rise up in judgment against them!

Another. In excavating the cellar of the house to be erected
by John C. Stevens on part of the ground which he has
leased from the college, at the corner of Murray

street and College place, two pieces of cannon were found in perfect preservation. They are supposed to be of the number of those which were captured on the 23d of August, 1775, from the king's troops, by "the liberty boys," led by young Alexander Hamilton, with his collegians. The pieces were buried in the college grounds, and are now brought to light, as two others were, a short time since, in the cellar of my father's house in John street. Overturn, overturn, overturn! is the maxim of New York. The very bones of our ancestors are not permitted to lie quiet a quarter of a century, and one generation of men seem studious to remove all relics of those which preceded them. Pitt's statue no longer graces Wall street, the old Presbyterian Church has given place to the stalls of the money-changers, and the Croton river has washed away all traces of the tea-water pump.

APRIL 11. — The club dined with me yesterday, and Club Dinner. the day should be marked with a "white stone," for it was one of great enjoyment. Mr. Webster was with us, and we all agreed that we had never seen him so agreeable and entertaining. He was rich in anecdote and story, and his own early history, and that of his ancestors formed his most delightful theme. Our dinner and wine were unimpeachable. The following members of the club were present: Grinnell, Blatchford, George Curtis, Spofford, Edward Curtis, John Ward, Colt, Hall, Jaudon, Draper, and Philip Hone; and, in addition, we had Mr. Webster, James Monroe, and Charles King.

APRIL 15. — I am sorry that Nathaniel P. Tallmadge has been removed from the office of Governor of Wisconsin, to which he was lately appointed by Mr. Tyler, and in which he had hardly settled himself. The system of proscription is carried to a more shameful extent now than ever. Some faint hopes were entertained that this new man of ours, having the power to act independently, would not follow the infernal policy of indiscriminate removals from office. But whether the devil puts it into his heart, and he enjoys this exercise of abused power, or the wolves, who

bay for more carcasses than he can supply, have driven him mad, he turns out all Whigs, Conservatives, and Tyler men, and bestows his favours upon the most profligate of his followers. All the principal actors in the disgraceful rebellion in Rhode Island have been supplied with government places. The Collector of Providence, the United States Marshal, and the District Attorney have been removed from office to make places for leading Dorrites, who would accept a public office now when they may enjoy the privilege of sawing wood or mining coal.

MAY 3. — This splendid packet, the largest merchantman in the United States, is now fitted up and nearly ready for sea. Her accommodations and the magnificence of her cabins exceed anything we have yet seen. Her berths are nearly all taken, and on Wednesday next she is to sail for England. May she prove worthy of her name, and reach "the haven where she would be" with more certainty of success than her illustrious namesake did the haven where he ought to be!

I was one of a highly pleased and exceedingly jolly party who dined yesterday on board this noble ship, on the invitation of her enterprising owners, Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. We poured a full libation to her success, and if complimentary toasts and speeches, hearty cheers and good wishes, will do the ship, her owners, builders, commander, and crew any good, they had them all in honest doses, not measured by homœopathic practitioners. The party consisted of M. H. Grinnell, Henry Grinnell, Robert B. Minturn, Captain Nye, George Curtis, Mr. Delprat, J. W. Webb, Charles King, M. C. Patterson, James A. Hamilton, his son Alexander, Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Vermilyea, Mr. Neil of Ohio, Captain Rogers, George W. Blunt, Mr. Kinney of New Jersey, and myself.

MAY 20. — Richard Caton died yesterday, in Baltimore, aged eighty-three years. He came to this country when twenty-one years of age, and married one of the daughters of Mr. Charles Carroll. Mr. Caton was father of the Marchioness of Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford;

Ship "Henry Clay."

The Carroll Family.

and his granddaughter, Miss McTavish, is now engaged to the Hon. Henry Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle, and brother of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Morpeth.

The ladies of this family (natives though they be of Yankee-doodle-dom) seem to possess, in a high degree, the power of capturing the aristocracy of England; and it is said that royalty itself was not insensible to the charms of some of them.

MAY 22. — “In the midst of life, we are in death.” There have been two sad and melancholy monitors of the truth of this passage of Scripture. At four o'clock I attended the funeral of Robert C. Cornell, and at six that of Benjamin E. Bremner. Here were two men, with whom I have been during a large portion of my life in habits of almost daily intercourse, both swept off, as it were, in an instant; the smooth, deceitful stream of human life is suddenly disturbed, as if by the casting of a stone, which sinks into the depths of forgetfulness, the waters close over it, and the stream rolls on as before. Poor Bremner! I saw him every day at the office, or in the evening at the Union Club; he was a gentleman amiable in disposition and correct in deportment.

The other case is that of Robert C. Cornell, one of the best men in our city, who has been engaged during his whole life in acts of benevolence, who has been employed in season and out of season in all the prominent charitable institutions of our city, and, unlike most men, never blew the trumpet of his own fame. I have been associated with this good Samaritan more than twenty years in the Bank for Savings, of which he was secretary at its commencement. He never failed to perform his duties with alacrity and fidelity. Since I have been president, his place on my left hand, at the board of trustees, has never been vacant. How he will be missed! I was seated in the office, talking with Mr. George Griswold, on Tuesday, at three o'clock, when we saw Mr. Cornell brought from the office of the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company opposite, of which he was president, and put into a carriage. I ran over and spoke to him; but he replied not, and “word spake he never more.” He

had been stricken with apoplexy, and died a few minutes after. He was a man of deeds, and not of words; the noblest work of God, — an honest man.

MAY 23. — The city of New York is so overgrown
 Castle Garden. that we in the upper regions do not know much more
 about what is passing in the lower, nor the things which
 are to be seen there, than the inhabitants of Mexico or Grand Cairo. I was informed, by a notice which I saw accidentally in a newspaper, that the Italian Opera Company was to perform on Friday evening, at Castle Garden, scenes from “*La Semiramide*” and “*Le Barbier de Séville*.” This was the last night of that *suburban* place of amusement; and, lo and behold! when I entered, I found myself on the floor of the most splendid and largest theatre I ever saw, — a place capable of seating comfortably six or eight thousand persons. The pit or area of the pavilion is provided with some hundred small white tables and movable chairs, by which people are enabled to congregate into little squads, and take their ices between the acts. In front of the stage is a beautiful fountain, which plays when the performers do not. The whole of this large area is surmounted by circular benches above and below, from every point of which the view is enchanting. Here, too, is an excellent company of Italians, among whom are Signoras Pico and Majocchi, and Signors Antonigni, Valtotina, and Sanguirico, performing the finest operas of Rossini; and all this, with plenty of fresh air if the weather should be ever warm enough to require it, for the moderate price of fifty cents.

MAY 24. — The Rev. Alonzo Potter, of Union College, Schenectady, was elected yesterday Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, in place of the Rev. Henry W. Onderdonk. Dr. Potter is an eminent man, son-in-law of President Mott, a Presbyterian divine. He is, no doubt, a very suitable man for the bishopric; but he must be as much surprised at his sudden elevation in the church as Colonel Polk was at his in the State; but I believe the church has made the best bargain. Dr. Tyng has accepted a call from St. George’s Church, in this city, to supply Dr. Milnor’s place.

MAY 26. — Prescott Hall drove me out in his carriage to dine with Mr. Blatchford, at Hell-Gate. Our pleasant little party consisted of Mr. Hall; his brother-in-law, Mr. DeWolf; Mr. Jaudon, that fine old English gentleman; Mr. Horsley Palmer; and myself, besides the family. The day was pleasant, the salmon good, and we had a cosey time.

MAY 28. — Gracie King, son of Mr. James G. King, Highwood. lately married Elizabeth Duer, President Duer's nice daughter. She is seeing company, as a bride, at Highwood, her father-in-law's lovely place in Jersey. My daughter is one of a party of young ladies who are attending the bride, and pass the week at Highwood. I went over with my wife, Emily Foster, and Mrs. Oliver Kane, in Maria DePeyster's carriage, to pay a bridal visit.

JUNE 4. — The ship "Muskingum," a vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, arrived at Liverpool on the 15th of April, from Cincinnati, Ohio, with a cargo of provisions. This is one of the wonders of "Young America." The place where this ship was built was unknown fifty years ago. She had one thousand seven hundred miles to go before she started on her voyage.

JUNE 17. — The universal American nation is in mourning. Stripes, black as those which border certain resolutions in the archives of the Senate, darken the columns of the newspapers. The flags on vessels' masts, liberty-poles, and public houses are hoisted at half-mast; the conscript fathers of the city, overwhelmed with grief, suspend their labours, and retire, sorrowing, to their respective domiciles; the standard of the Empire Club is shrouded in crape, and the newspaper boys blow their horns and proclaim the news of General Jackson's death. Now, to my thinking, the country had greater cause to mourn on the day of his birth than on that of his decease. This iron-willed man has done more mischief than any man alive. Indomitable in action, he carried the fury of the warrior into the administration of

Western
Enterprise.

Death of
General
Jackson.

civil affairs, referring all things to personal motives ; his iron heel trampled upon the necks of all who stood opposed to his political measures, or dared to gainsay his dogmatical opinions. The undisputed head of a violent, proscriptive party, himself constituting its central power, he did more to break down the republican principles of the government and enslave the minds of the people than all the rulers who went before him ; and yet no man ever enjoyed so large a share of that pernicious popular homage called *popularity*. “ Old Hickory,” “ The hero of New Orleans,” “ The second Washington,” “ The old General,” are the endearing epithets which old women have taught the “ lips of infancy to lisp,” and sturdy men have gloried in proclaiming at the top of their voices.

Our Mayor, in announcing this event to the Common Council, does not hesitate to call the deceased ex-President “ the greatest and best man in the country.” *Great* he was in the unbending exercise of his stubborn will, and *good* it may be humbly hoped he has proven himself in the awful Court of Inquiry where his actions are to be judged ; but it was somewhat bold in Mr. Havemeyer to use expressions so unqualified. General Jackson is gone, and all good people should pray to be delivered hereafter from the effects of popularity such as followed him.

General Jackson died at his residence, in Nashville, Tennessee, on Sunday, the 8th, at six o'clock P.M., aged seventy-eight years and nearly three months. He was born in the Waxhaw settlement, South Carolina, on the 16th of March, 1767.

JUNE 18. — In the evening I went to a gentlemen's party and supper at Mr. James W. Gerard's fine new mansion in Twentieth street. The party was large. It consisted of the members of the Court of Errors, the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court and of the United States, the Recorder, all the eminent members of the bar, and some of the Hone Club. The host at one end of the table, and Dr. Francis at the other, with sundry bottles of champagne, made considerable noise.

Attempt at
Independence. There has been a new organization of the police, by which a general superintendent was to be appointed: a sort of Fouché, with powers less extensive. For this office, the Mayor, Loco-foco as he is, nominated Justice Taylor, a Whig, for the old, obsolete, and very insufficient reason that he, being the best qualified man in the city, ought to have the office without regard to politics. So, also, thought the Aldermen, for a majority of them voted to confirm the nomination. But this spark of reason was soon extinguished by the *patriotic* Board of Assistants, who repudiated the new-born liberality of their brethren, and turned the nominee honestly out of doors. They non-concurred, and yesterday His Honor nominated Justice Matsell, who suited them better. He was confirmed, and the new system goes into operation.

Grace Church. Grace Church, at the corner of Broadway and Rector street, has been sold for \$65,000. It is to be converted into stores below, and the upper part into a splendid museum of Chinese curiosities, which is likely to prove a good speculation. Dr. Taylor, the rector, preached the last sermon on Sunday last, in the old edifice. The congregation will occupy a temporary place of worship until their splendid new church, at the upper end of Broadway, is finished. It will be second only to the magnificent Trinity, and will probably be finished about the same time.

JUNE 26. — Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, a party of ladies and gentlemen, to the number of three or four hundred, assembled on board the steamer "New York," which was chartered by Mr. T. W. Ludlow to transport the transported party to one of the most pleasant and well-conducted entertainments I have ever witnessed, at his delightful villa on the banks of the Hudson, near Yonkers, or Philipsburgh. It was a regular New York affair; all the finest married women and the prettiest girls of the city were there, with judges, lawyers, merchants, and a numerous representation of Westchesterites, — all like the celebrated Billy Taylor, "full on mirth and

full on glee." Tables were spread in marquees under the trees, where every delicacy was provided to eat and drink; a fine band of music played during the day, and on board the boat during her return to the city. Cotillons, waltzes, and polkas were danced in the house, on the lawn, and on the promenade-deck of the steamer. Several private yachts enlivened the scene on the water; and at half-past seven we reëmbarked and got safely home without accident, and all highly pleased with our entertainment and the hospitalities of our host and hostess.

BOSTON, JULY 7. — I started this morning from
 Excursion to
 Marshfield. Brooklyn, at a quarter to nine o'clock, on my excursion to Massachusetts, and in exactly three hours and three minutes was at Greenport, — ninety-five miles; fast enough, in all conscience. Greenport is a pretty place in Poconock bay, on the Sound, and must in time, I should think, be a desirable retreat for New Yorkers.

After all this straining of the limbs and nerves of the iron horse we had to stop here for an hour, waiting the arrival of the steamboat to carry us across the Sound. The boat came to New London, and thence up the Thames to Allen's Point, where the Norwich & Worcester Railroad commences; so we came on to Boston at ten o'clock, having lost another hour waiting for a train at Oxford. It has been a hard day's travel, as all railroad cantering is, and I find I have had enough of the Long Island route. But the misfortune I have met with in starting has not tended to put me in the best possible humour. I found on arriving here that I had lost my trunk and dressing-case. I saw them put in the baggage-crate in New York. My only hope is that they were left at Greenport, in which case I have taken measures to have them sent on.

MARSHFIELD (on the broad waters of Cape Cod bay), JULY 8. — Boston was hotter last night — that is, the little room in the Tremont House in which I was baked — than Chabert's parlour in the iron stove where he used to take his recreation at boiling heat. I was glad when nine o'clock came; and, having borrowed a shirt

from Mr. Belknap, Judge Warren, Mr. Draper (who came on this morning), and I embarked in the pretty steamboat with a pretty name (the "Mayflower"), and came to Hingham, — a pleasant watering-place, with a large hotel, on the bay. We found Mr. Webster's carriage waiting for us, and soon started for Marshfield, sixteen miles, where we arrived in time to dress for dinner. But, alas! my garments were all borrowed.

Our reception by the noble master of the mansion and his amiable, kind, and ladylike wife was everything that heart could wish. In addition to all his other great qualities, Mr. Webster is the very perfection of a host. At one moment instructive and eloquent, he delights his guests with the charms of his conversation; then, full of life and glee as a boy escaped from school, he sings snatches of songs, tells entertaining stories, and makes bad puns, in which his guests are not behind him.

The house has been lately enlarged and beautified, and is fitted up with great taste. The library, in a splendid new wing, is such a one as might be expected to appertain to Daniel Webster. As for my chamber, which is on the first floor, adjoining the library, to which it gives me access, it is the perfection of sleeping. The table is capital; everything is given at the top of the heart; and while there is no *empressement*, every wish is anticipated. He appears to like his guests; and, for myself, I am bound to him by hoops of iron.

JULY 9. — The journal of this day is as follows: After breakfast Mr. Webster drove Draper and me over his extensive grounds down to the beach, where his boats were ready for a fishing excursion, which is one of his greatest enjoyments. Here was this wonderful man, on whose lips unsurpassed eloquence has so often hung, whose pen has directed the most important negotiations, and whose influence has governed Senates, in a loose coat and trousers, with a most picturesque slouched hat, which a Mexican bandit might have coveted, directing his people, — whose obedience grows out of affection, and who are governed by the force of kindness, —

regulating the apparatus, examining the bait, and helping to hoist the sails and "hold on to the main sheet." So off we went to sea in the good sloop "Comet;" and a tidier, more obedient, smarter little craft is not to be found in Massachusetts bay. We had tolerably good sport for a couple of hours; but the sea was rough, and the vessel uneasy, the effect of which was that I became very sick; but it was some consolation to me that the Lord High Admiral was in the same condition. "I don't wish it made too public, sir," said I; "nor would I have it put in the newspapers; but I am sick! sick!" — "My case exactly," said he; "and I have tried to keep this unusual circumstance a secret; but it won't do, and we must go ashore." So we returned, and our health and cheerfulness returned with us also.

We dined at half-past four, and here was this hero of the slouched hat dressed for dinner, presiding at his table (and a sumptuous meal it was) with the grace and elegance of high breeding, enlivening by his cheerfulness and vivacity the solid hospitality of the feast, and mingling lessons of wisdom with unconsidered effusions of good-humour. Fletcher Webster and Mr. Greenough came down from Boston and joined our party, and two Messrs. Hedge, of Plymouth, were guests at dinner. We had a pleasant game of harmless whist in the evening, and retired at ten o'clock.

JULY 10. — This day was devoted to a journey to Plymouth, under the charge of Judge Warren. The distance by land is about twenty miles; the drive was pleasant, the country of the "old colony" interesting, and Plymouth, with the Pilgrim Rock and all the relics of the forefathers, a fruitful theme, agreeable to them in the recital and to us in the hearing. The two Messrs. Hedge, brothers-in-law of our friend Warren, and his aged mother, one of those bright; intelligent, New England women who are difficult to match, were our entertainers at Plymouth. The venerable lady showed us many interesting remains of Pilgrim days: the chair which was occupied by Lady Otis, as she was called, her grand-

mother of many generations, when a Pilgrim passenger on board the "Mayflower," in 1620; Governor Winslow's chair; plates brought by the Otis family from Holland; together with most interesting letters from General and Mrs. Washington to Colonel Warren, her husband, and my friend's father; and especially one from John Adams, written the day after the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, beginning "The die is cast," full of patriotic exultation, fearless of consequences, and confident of success. It was "all for liberty or a world well lost."

Our drive back through Duxbury, Scituate, and other pretty places and towns of the "old colony," with fine weather, agreeable company, and the "squire's" capital horses, are things to be remembered. We returned to Marshfield to dine, after which Farmer Webster showed us his capacious barns, in which many a ton of good Puritan hay is just now being condemned to the *rack*; fields of oats supporting their heavy heads upon slender, but healthy, limbs; cattle combining the advantages of foreign and domestic blood; cows whose sleek sides bear the comfortable signs of milk, butter, and cheese; every vegetable, from the diminutive bean up to the unwieldy pumpkin; while the broad sea lay before him, containing a certain harvest of piscatory enjoyments.

I am no longer dependent upon the wardrobes of my friends; my trunk and writing-case came down to Marshfield this evening. I have not learned where they "slipped out of the slings," nor do I care; I have them, to my great satisfaction.

JULY 11. — A day to mark with a white stone. The High Admiral ordered us out immediately after breakfast. We repaired to the beach, embarked in the "Comet," and put to sea, — Mr. Webster, Draper, and I, with Dr. Perkins, who came here yesterday on a visit with Mrs. Perkins. The wind was favourable, the weather fine, and all things propitious. Casting anchor five or six miles from land, we went to work, and the result of our labour was the capture of twenty-six cod and twenty-two haddock, weighing more than three hundred pounds. I never had such sport and never

saw such "spoils," and the sail home in our beautiful yacht was delightful. We returned to a late dinner, of which our fish formed an important part, and the cool wine, taken under the shade of the noble lime-trees in front of the house, to which the agreeable conversation of our noble host gave a zest of the richest character, closed a day to which there was no alloy but the recollection that it was the last we had to spend at Marshfield.

NEW BEDFORD, JULY 12. — Mr. Draper, Judge Warren, and I left Marshfield, at seven o'clock this morning, in Mr. Webster's carriage, and came to Hingham, where we embarked in the "Mayflower," and got to Boston at twelve o'clock, the hottest day of the summer. The good people of Boston, who go beyond their neighbours in all they undertake, have gotten the thermometer up to 100, and are gasping with heat. I determined at once to go to Nahant this evening to sleep, and to remain to-morrow; but my plan was suddenly changed. Mr. Joseph Grinnell came in pursuit of me, and insisted on my going home with him to New Bedford. As this was part of my original plan, I did not require much persuasion; and so, having called and made my excuses to Mr. Otis, whose kind invitation to dinner for to-day was sent and accepted soon after my arrival, and having taken a hasty dinner at the Tremont, I parted from my fellow-traveller, and came away with Grinnell, on the railroad, at four o'clock, and entered my agreeable quarters at his house before tea-time,—only fifty-seven miles.

JULY 19. — It is not quite ten years since the city
Great Fire. of New York was visited with the dreadful conflagration which laid the most valuable part of the business portion of the city in ruins, and destroyed property to the amount of \$20,000,000. This day will also be marked with lines on the city's calendar not so extensive, but equally black. A fire has occurred, the loss of which is probably \$5,000,000; several of the insurance offices are ruined, and all crippled. My office I fear, is in the former category. We have lost between three

and four hundred thousand dollars, which is more than we can pay. This is a hard stroke for me. I was pleasantly situated, with a moderate support for my declining years, and now "Othello's occupation's gone." It is very hard; and a large share of philosophy is required to support it. But the Lord's will be done! I have still much to thank Him for, and trust that He will endue me with resignation to bear up against this and the other misfortunes with which my latter years have been visited.

This fire is not only extensive and destructive, but is marked with circumstances of an extraordinary nature. The great fire of 1835 occurred in the month of December, when the weather was so cold that the firemen could not work, and the water from the engines froze before it reached its destination. This happened about the break of day, in warm, mild weather, with no wind and a plentiful supply of water. The firemen have done their duty nobly, and the civil and military police merit all praise for their exertions. The fire broke out in a repository of saltpetre in New street, — a narrow street, with high houses. There was apparently no danger of its spreading, and the firemen had gotten it under when a dreadful explosion took place. A gasometer, as it is supposed, burst; some say gunpowder, and others a thousand bags of saltpetre; but there are strong doubts whether the latter article can explode with such dreadful effects. Be it as it may, here was the cause of this awful calamity. The stores in Broad street, some of the finest in the city, on one of the broadest streets, were instantly overthrown; the flames were communicated in every direction. Several lives were lost at this moment, of firemen and others, and scarcely a house in Wall street, Broadway, Greenwich street, and the other adjacent streets escaped injury by the breaking of the windows. The people on Staten and Long Islands were roused by what was thought to be an earthquake. Destruction followed in this rich and populous district. All Broad street, with the exception of five or six tenements on each side nearest Wall street, and ex-

tending nearly down to the East river, is a heap of undistinguishable ruins; all Beaver street, from William street to the Bowling Green, is destroyed; nearly the whole of New street, Exchange place, and South William street, with their immense quantities of merchandise. Like the fire of 1835, the progress of the flames was so rapid, and its approach so unexpected, that scarcely anything was saved. All, all lies smouldering in ruins. The flames ran up Exchange place to the Waverley House, which is a magnificent ruin; thence all the fine buildings down Broadway to Marketfield street, including Abraham Schermerhorn's hotel, at the corner of Beaver street, are gone. Here it crossed the widest part of Broadway and burned all the houses from Morris street, including Robert Ray's great granite edifice, Brevoort's house, Gardiner Howland's three houses, and all down to Edward Prime's, which is saved.

The number of buildings burned is estimated at nearly three hundred, a large proportion of which were of the most valuable class. They, as well as the goods in the stores, are no doubt insured; but it remains to be seen how far the offices can pay. We are all in confusion at the American. I was at the office until a late hour this evening, cancelling fire and marine policies; for I have very little doubt that the office is bankrupt, and I have advised the insured to cancel ours, and open new policies elsewhere. There is nothing left for me but truth and honesty. There shall be no concealment. My prospects are all blasted in the destruction of this company, but I have nothing for which to condemn myself. The fire insurance was especially my department; there has been no want of diligence or discretion; there never was a list of better policies, taking into view the nature of the risks and the character of the insured. Fortune is against me. I must submit. The Lord's will be done!

JULY 31. — I have received an exceedingly kind letter of condolence, in my misfortunes, from John P. Kennedy, the estimable member of Congress from Baltimore, who is at present at Sharon

Springs, and this morning received a present of grapes, for my wife, from Roswell L. Colt, of Paterson, accompanied by a note full of the kindest and most complimentary expressions. There is balm in this.

ROCKAWAY. — I came down in the five-o'clock evening train to enjoy a couple of days of relief from the care and trouble of my broken Wall-street concern. The glorious ocean rolls its multitudinous waves upon the monotonous beach as it has for by-gone ages, regardless of the ruined masses of Broad street and Exchange place, and recedes to its unlimited caverns just as it did before the American Mutual Insurance Company was left high and dry on the shores of bankruptcy.

Arrival of the "Great Britain." AUGUST 11. — The great iron steamer "Great Britain," the leviathan of steam, the monster of the ocean, and unquestionably the largest and most magnificent specimen of naval architecture that ever floated, arrived here yesterday, at three o'clock, in fifteen days from Liverpool, under the command of that fine fellow and successful navigator, Captain Hosken, who has made the "Great Western" proverbial for safety and despatch, and the ocean a macadamized road for her travelling. The "Great Britain" has been looked for with some anxiety. A deep interest, accompanied with some doubt, awaited her arrival, arising from her prodigious size, the novelty of her construction (she being propelled by the Archimedean screw, instead of paddles), and the material of which she is constructed, — solid iron plates. The boast of Archimedes, that his screw might overturn the globe, if he had a place to stand it, does not seem so hyperbolic, after all; and iron is likely to form a better *floating* capital than gold and silver, or even bank-notes.

The dimensions of this vessel are as follows: Her total length on deck, 322 feet; her breadth, 50 feet; capacity, 3,000 tons; draught of water, 16 feet; her engines are of 1,000 horse-power. She is, indeed, one of the wonders of this inventive, enterprising,

scientific age. What would our grandsires have thought of crossing the ocean on plates of iron, and shoving vessels ahead by screws !

In no city of the globe does the recuperative principle exist in so great a degree as in our good city of New York Enterprise. Gotham. Throw down our merchants ever so flat, they roll over once, and spring to their feet again. Knock the stairs from under them, and they will make a ladder of the fragments, and remount. It is just twenty-four days since the great fire ; the masses of ruins are smoking yet in many places, and flames may be seen escaping from underneath the heaps of incombustible matter, and in the heart of this region of desolation fine stores are being built. I saw one this morning in South William street, which had reached the eaves ; it is built on the site of one destroyed in the fire, the materials of which are too hot to be removed by the naked hands of the workmen. So in Beaver street, several phœnixes are rising from the ashes, whilst the masons pursue their labour in the midst of the smoke of the buildings which so lately occupied the ground.

SEPTEMBER 1. — The “Great Britain” went to sea on Saturday, with fifty-four passengers ; her departure was quite a gala occasion. She was escorted down the bay by a fleet of fine steam-vessels, bedecked with colours ; and the weather being fine, the Battery and all the piers on her route were filled with spectators, who cheered the “iron monster,” and gave her good wishes in abundance.

Died on Tuesday, 26th of August, at the Catholic convent, Georgetown, of which she was an inmate, Virginia, daughter of Major-General Winfield Scott, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, — one of the most accomplished young women of our country. A willing sacrifice to superstition and priestcraft, she became a Roman Catholic, and shut herself up, from her family and friends, in a convent, where she ended her days. I had a long conference on this painful subject with the General when I was last in Washington. He was sorely distressed ; but the matter was inevitable,

and he was compelled to acquiesce in this most unnatural act of self-will and obstinacy. Her death, in my judgment, should be no cause of mourning to her afflicted friends. It is better she should be in her grave than a living example of self-immolation.

• SEPTEMBER 5. — The country has experienced another severe loss. Judge Story, the pride and ornament of the Supreme Court bench, the pupil and follower of the great Chief Justice Marshall, has resigned his seat in that august tribunal. This step, so deeply to be deplored, is caused by the ill-health of the accomplished judge, and it is painful to record, the fact of his indisposition being so serious that there are apprehensions that he will not survive.

This creates a vacancy to be filled by an administration which will look for no other qualification in the successor whom they shall have to choose than the most unscrupulous devotion to party dictation, indiscriminating approval of all the mischievous measures of the government, and undeniable evidence of having voted and electioneered, and written and spoken, in favour of a President whom nobody thought of four and twenty hours before he was nominated at Baltimore.

The Supreme Court, pure, immaculate, and wise, as it once was, has been falling off ever since the evil day in which Andrew Jackson was installed into the office of President, and now "the sceptre has departed from Israel, and a lawgiver from beneath her feet." Such a man as Webster, or Everett, or Kent, might supply Story's place; but they are not Mr. Polk's kind of men. He has Woodburys, and Walkers, and Duncans, who will suit him better.

His Death. SEPTEMBER 12. — The light of the law is extinguished; the worthy disciple and follower of Marshall has, like his great exemplar, descended into the tomb, and has made still wider the chasm which that great man occasioned in the highest tribunal of law and justice in the land. Judge Story died on the evening of Wednesday, September 10, at his residence in Cambridge. He was born in 1780; was appointed

an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, by President Madison, in 1811, and was at the time of his death the Dane professor of law in Harvard University. With such an intellect and so great learning, his loss is a national calamity, and he died in the prime and maturity of both; for he was the junior by seventeen years of his friend and brother in the law, Chancellor Kent, whose precious life may God preserve as one of the ornaments of humanity!

SEPTEMBER 30. — William C. Schermerhorn, son of Mr. Peter Schermerhorn, was married on Wednesday, the 24th, to Anne, daughter of Francis Cottenet, and granddaughter of General Laight.

OCTOBER 18. — The great iron steamer, the "Great Britain," amongst other misadventures on her late voyage, came in contact with some substance, — a rock, perhaps, or sandbank on Nantucket shoals, or, peradventure, a whale. By this accident her propelling apparatus was injured, several of the flanges being carried away. For the purpose of repairing this damage, the immense mass of iron — the burden of the vessel being three thousand tons, and her weight almost equal to that of the Rock of Gibraltar — has been raised by machinery, in the sectional dock at the foot of Pike street, some twenty feet out of the water, and there she lies in perfect safety, with men at work under her bottom. What will John Bull say to Yankee ingenuity and mechanical skill? I am told that the operation could not have been performed in our dear mother-country.

OCTOBER 21. — I heard a pretty good anecdote to-day, which smacks mightily of its Marshfield origin: Mr. George Wood is an eminent counsellor-at-law of this city, at the tip-top of the bar. He is, moreover, of rather a grave deportment, and has a habit of closing his eyes when deep in thought, like the owl. A person called the other day upon Mr. Webster, to engage his services in an important cause, which he agreed to undertake. In the course of his investigations he inquired what counsel was to be opposed to

him. "Why," said the litigant, "he is a New York lawyer, with a common-place, every-day name, which I forget." — "What sort of a person is he?" — "Rather a sleepy-looking man." — "Is his name George Wood?" — "That *is* his name." — "Then don't wake him up."

OCTOBER 23. — A leaden pipe was successfully laid on the bed of the East river, to cross the Fulton Ferry, from New York to Brooklyn, for the conveyance of the wires of the magnetic telegraph. The pipe weighs one thousand pounds, all in one piece, without a joint. This is a pretty specimen of mechanical skill, and I see no doubt of its perfect adaptation to the object, except that which arises from the apprehension of danger to the pipe from the anchors of vessels riding in the stream.

OCTOBER 28. — My apprehensions in regard to the submarine pipe in the East river have been realized. The ship "Charles," of Liverpool, in weighing her anchor on Saturday evening, dragged it up, broke the pipe, and of course destroyed the connection. Some other plan must be resorted to.

BOSTON, Nov. 12. — Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Curtis, and
 Excursion I left New York yesterday, at four o'clock P.M., in the
 to Boston. steamer "Massachusetts;" were awakened from a short sleep at Stonington, at midnight; came from thence on the Stonington and Boston & Providence railroad, and arrived in Boston at five this morning; two hundred and forty miles in thirteen hours, — a journey which once occupied almost as many days! This is expeditious enough, in all conscience; but a good night's sleep would have been worth more to me than all that is gained by this annihilation of time and space. We have seen Mr. Healy, the artist, and have conferred with him about the portrait of Mr. Webster. He has made a sketch of the *Squire of Marshfield*, with his "slouched hat and fisherman's coat," under the famous "Marshfield tree." He is pleased with the job, and Mr. Webster not displeased with being made its subject.

Mr. Blatchford and I made two pleasant visits this morning;

the first to Mr. Otis, who is in good health and spirits, and has invited our little party to dine with him to-morrow; the second, to Mr. Prescott, the amiable and accomplished historian of "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "The Conquest of Mexico." Mr. Prescott is engaged in fitting up a fine house in Beacon street, which he bought lately from Augustus Thorndike. He showed us his new library and study, which will be in admirable taste, and a number of curious manuscripts, autographs, and pictures illustrative of his two great works, and collected with that object. I have been busily employed all the morning walking about the city. Boston is improved prodigiously, especially the southern part, where the great railroad depots are situated.

Blatchford, Curtis, and I dined at Mr. Paige's, with all the Websters; Mr. and Mrs. Webster's sister-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, his daughter, a nice, little woman; Fletcher Webster, whose wife is Mrs. Paige's sister; Mrs. Joy, another sister; and Mr. Healy, the painter, who is up to the eyes in business, painting portraits. He has just finished Mr. Webster for Lord Ashburton, Mrs. Webster, and Mrs. Paige. I am afraid that he is so much in vogue that the time and price required for our picture may be beyond our patience and money.

We had a merry, pleasant dinner, to which "the Squire" contributed a full quota of anecdote and joke. He was in his boyish mood, which is always agreeable. The folly of a fool is disgusting; that of a wise man, delightful. After dinner we played several games of scientific, solemn, two-shilling whist.

NOVEMBER 13. — We dined with my venerable friend Mr. H. G. Otis, the most perfect gentleman of my acquaintance. Besides our party, and the family of the host, there were Mrs. Harry Otis and her son, a handsome young fellow of about twenty years of age; Mr. Belknap, Mr. Nathan Appleton, and Mr. Truman. Mr. Webster was engaged in a cause in the United States District Court. The dinner and wines, as usual, were excellent, and Mrs. Ritchie charming. I called this morning with Mrs. Webster upon Mr. and

Mrs. Everett, the Paiges, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence.

DECEMBER 8. — John Cotton Smith, the venerable president of the American Bible Society, died at his residence in Sharon, Litchfield County, State of Connecticut, on the 7th of December, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was a member of Congress in 1800, since which he has been Governor of Connecticut, member of the State Legislature, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

DECEMBER 12. — The faint hopes of the lovers of Oregon
Question. peace that the danger of a serious collision with Great Britain about the miserable Oregon question, arising out of the President's intemperate message, might be averted by the patriotism and discretion of the Senate, are greatly diminished by the announcement of the standing committees which have been elected, as they formerly were, by a vote of the Senate. There is a small majority of *Loco-focos* in that body; but some reliance was placed upon the moderation of a portion of their number. But, alas! party discipline is stronger than judgment, and Mr. Polk must carry his object. Already had Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, been placed at the head of the committee of foreign relations in the House of Representatives, a committee which in the present crisis has the destiny of the nation in its hands, and now Mr. Allen, of Ohio, is elected to the same responsible situation in the Senate. Two more rabid, uncompromising demagogues are not to be found between Nova Scotia and California, — men who will not hesitate to plunge the country into a disastrous war to promote their personal and political views, who would see every warehouse and manufactory levelled with the ground rather than Henry Clay should be President, and every ship sunk at the wharves if thereby their chance of being great men with the populace might be secured.

Our sister city of the Bay State has been without a chief magistrate for some time past, owing to a triangular state of parties, Whigs, Native Americans, and *Loco-focos*, by which no candidate

could get the requisite majority of all the votes. They have come together at last, the Natives having discovered that they and the Whigs were of the same family ; and they have now elected Josiah Quincy, Jr., son of the late president of Harvard University, himself formerly the efficient and able mayor. The new mayor glories in the blood of the Revolution which runs in his veins, and the Whig party glories in him as one of its ablest disciples and firmest supporters.

1846.

THE new year commences under circumstances of greater general prosperity than the last ; the great fire of the 19th of July was the only serious disaster which occurred in its progress ; in other respects the blessings of a beneficent Providence have, as heretofore, been extended in a measure more abundant than our merits. We, of New York, have come in for a full share. The bright star of hope, too, would shine on the future if the madness of the people did not interpose this pestiferous cloud of war to intercept its rays. Jealousy of rival interests and impatience of the prosperity arising from commercial enterprise have prompted the men of the West to pursue a course ruinous to us of the seaboard. They have gotten Texas, through the instrumentality of their accidentally picked-up President ; and now they must have Oregon, — the whole, they won't abate a rood, — and California too, and Cuba and Mexico ; and, finally, the whole North American continent ; and, moreover, they must have war with Great Britain, with or without a cause. If she troubles the water above or below us, it is all the same thing ; she must not drink out of the same stream.

JANUARY 7. — I dined yesterday with Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant, in his splendid new house in the Second avenue, near St. Mark's Church. Our party consisted, besides the host and hostess, of David B. Ogden, John A. Stevens, Herman Thorn, Hamilton Fish, Henry Barclay, John T. Brigham, George Laurie, John C. Hamilton, Mr. Kean, and myself.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31. — We had a pleasant dinner-party, consisting of Mr. Herman Thorn, Augustus Thorndike, James Thomson, William B. Astor, J. D. P. Ogden, Sidney Brooks, P. G. Stuyvesant, J. C. Delprat, Philip S. Van Rensselaer, George Curtis, and Charles H. Russell.

FEBRUARY 5. — The new church at the head of Grace Church, Broadway is nearly finished and ready for consecration.

The pews were sold last week, and brought extravagant prices, some \$1,200 to \$1,400, with a pew-rent on the estimated value of eight per cent. ; so that the word of God, as it came down to us from fishermen and mechanics, will cost the quality who worship in this splendid temple about three dollars every Sunday. This may have a good effect ; for many of them, though rich, know how to calculate, and if they do not go regularly to church they will not get the worth of their money.

This is to be the fashionable church, and already its aisles are filled (especially on Sundays after the morning services in other churches) with gay parties of ladies in feathers and *mousseline-de-laine* dresses, and dandies with moustaches and high-heeled boots ; the lofty arches resound with astute criticisms upon *Gothic architecture* from fair ladies who have had the advantage of foreign travel, and scientific remarks upon *acoustics* from elderly millionaires who do not hear quite as well as formerly.

FEBRUARY 14. — I dined with Mr. William B. Astor, in his magnificent house, Lafayette place. The party consisted, besides Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Astor, of the following guests : David S. Kennedy, James D. P. Ogden, Herman Thorn, John W. Schmidt, Robert B. Minturn, Thomas W. Ludlow, Thomas Oliver, Gardiner G. Howland, Samuel S. Howland, John C. Hamilton, Gabriel Mead, and Philip Hone.

FEBRUARY 16. — Mr. Southard declines to accept the Trinity Church, call as assistant minister of Trinity Church. I regret it, but did not hope for a different result. His acceptance would have had a twofold favourable operation. We should have had an excellent young minister, good now, and of an age and disposition for improvement. We should also have escaped another, who will (in case of his being chosen by party management, for that is to be found even in the holy places of religion) give great dissatisfaction to the moderate Episcopalians, who prefer the word

of God preached in the spirit of peace and good-will, to the establishment of an unessential dogma, and who wish the Scriptures taught in the spirit in which they were written. The rejection of this offer is a great sacrifice on the part of Mr. Southard, which cannot fail to endear him to his congregation. The place he refuses is in present value one of the most lucrative and honourable of the church in the United States; and for such a man as he, so young, so eloquent, and so accomplished in his holy profession, an almost certain reversion (if he lives) of the dignity of bishop of the diocese. All this he resigns to continue the charge of his little, cottage-like Calvary Church, and some \$1,500 or \$1,600 a year. If he had their hearts before, he must have them now, body, soul, and all.

FEBRUARY 17. — I dined to-day with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Aspinwall, in their new house, University place, one of the palaces which have been lately erected in this part of the city. A more beautiful and commodious mansion, or in better taste in every particular, I have never seen. This gentleman is one of the “merchant princes” of New York; long may he enjoy his prosperity! He deserves it. He is an upright and honourable merchant, a liberal and public-spirited citizen, and a hospitable and right-minded gentleman. Our party consisted, besides the host and hostess, of the following: Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Ludlow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Mr. Henry Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Constant, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Astor, Mrs. Henry Coit, G. G. Howland, and myself.

FEBRUARY 20. — The arrival of the steamer “Cam-English News. bria” has been looked for with great anxiety, from the important bearing of the news she brings upon the great question of peace or war. Expresses were sent on by the newspaper establishments to anticipate the news at Halifax and bring it on before her arrival in Boston. She arrived at Halifax on Tuesday morning. The express started immediately, and would have accomplished its enterprising object had it not encountered

the great snow-storm. As it was, we had the news here in New York yesterday at noon ; a rival express of the "Herald" being an hour or two ahead of the Nova Scotia racers. The distance from Boston, two hundred and forty miles, was travelled by railroad and steamboat in the astonishingly short time of *seven hours and five minutes*. What a change from the times when the mail stage left New York for Boston *once a fortnight*, and consumed a week in going to Philadelphia !

The news by the "Cambria" is, indeed, very important, and things wear a more smiling aspect. Our cousin, John Bull, is particularly amiable. Parliament convened on the 22d of January, the Queen's speech (which the little lady delivered in person) containing no bitterness toward this country in relation to the Oregon question. I am afraid Mr. Polk will be affronted at the fact of her not being angry at his threats. On the contrary, she makes light of the whole matter. Sir Robert Peel is not apprehensive of a war, but seems disposed to keep on good terms with us, if possible.

FEBRUARY 24. — The Racket Court was opened to-day at noon by a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, — a grand entertainment of music, dancing, eating, and drinking, at which were present the members of the club, with those belonging to the Union and other kindred associations, each gentleman being provided with four ladies' tickets. Soon after twelve o'clock every part of this beautiful edifice — the dining saloon, reception, reading, and billiard rooms — was crowded with the most genteel people in town. The immense Racket Court appeared, from the upper galleries, like a garden of moving flowers, and a band of thirty musicians left no room to doubt that the place was a *Racket Court*.

FEBRUARY 25. — I begin to think that there is no Old Age. such thing as old age ; that the ability to perform the tasks and duties of the intellect is as perfect at four-score as fifty ; something unquestionably depends upon good health and physical strength, but much more upon the habits contracted in early life. Industry, application, and perseverance, whilst they

train up the mind to the performance of nature's miracles, serve also to establish the strength, vigour, and activity of the body, which are such important adjuncts in the exercise of the powers of the mind; but as for *old age*, it is a term convertible and indefinite. Some men are older at fifty than others at fourscore; not in wisdom or learning, but in the failure of the scanty stock of those commodities with which they began the business of life.

There is Chancellor Kent, for instance, an octogenarian, preparing a new edition of his Commentaries, — a work without a knowledge of which no law education is complete, — reading with ardour, and criticising with taste, all the new books of celebrity and merit, his mind being deeply laid with a substratum of classical knowledge and the literature of the former ages, active and ardent in body and mind as he was twenty years ago, when the ermine of judicial equity fell from his shoulders, and an absurd law of the State pronounced this ripe scholar and accomplished lawyer superannuated!

And Albert Gallatin, too, who is several years older than Mr. Kent, in the full possession of his mental faculties, has been writing a pamphlet on the Oregon question; the best, the cleanest, and the soundest which has been presented to the American people on this exciting subject. Pure and vigorous in style, it betrays no marks of age; sound and convincing in argument, the experience of a long life is brought in aid of inherent talents and literary accomplishments. This book is as well written (and probably in better temper) than Mr. Gallatin would have written it at forty years of age.

MARCH 3. — We drive the aborigines of our country
Civilization. away from the places of their birth, from the altars of
their "great spirit," and the tombs of their ancestors,
to make room for civilization (another name for land piracy); and
the records of every day present the disgusting accounts of personal
conflicts among civilized "pale-faces," which might cause a Pawnee
or a Comanche to blush. One of these pleasant encounters, so
characteristic of "Southern chivalry," occurred on the morning of
last Wednesday, at Richmond, Virginia, between John Hampden

Pleasants, late editor of the "Richmond Whig," and more recently of the "Richmond Star," a man fifty-five years of age, with a wife and children, and Thomas Ritchie, Jr., a twenty-five-year-old sprig of the "chivalry," son of the celebrated Loco-foco oracle of Virginia, and one of the editors of the "Enquirer." These white savages had been exercising the "liberty of the press" and edifying their readers by abusing each other, when one of them (probably finding the truth come rather hard) resorted to the gentlemanly mode in vogue at the South to justify himself and put his adversary in the wrong by cutting his throat (an effectual method, certainly). A challenge was given, and the duel took place as above mentioned. The plan of warfare was arranged by seconds, — honourable men, no doubt, members of a Christian community who wear pantaloons instead of breech-clouts, and carry walking-canes, not tomahawks. Disgraceful and shocking as it may appear, the combatants were permitted to go into the combat with all kinds of weapons, — pistols, rifles, broadswords and broadaxes, tomahawks and bowie-knives. They were placed at thirty paces apart, and at it they went, blazing away first with fire-arms, and then rushing at each other, hacking and slashing in slaughter-house fashion. The account relates, pleasantly enough, how at such a cut one lost three fingers, at the next the other had his mouth extended to the ear; how the abdomen of this *civilized cavalier* was laid open, and how the thigh of that received a deep incision. Finally the dispute was settled in favour of Mr. Ritchie. The truth was made manifest and the argument decided by the removal of Mr. Pleasants from the field of battle "with twenty trenched gashes on his head, the least a death to nature," and his subsequent death. Who dares dispute the chivalry of the paladins of Virginia, or the efficacy of the "code of honour"?

MARCH 10. — The corner-stone of the new Calvary Church, at the corner of 21st street, was laid yesterday afternoon with appropriate religious ceremonies. The Bishop laid the stone. The edifice is erected by the congregation under the charge of the talented and popular young divine, Mr. Southard.

Shipwreck
again.

MARCH 25. — Another melancholy and destructive marine disaster is to be added to the list. The beautiful packet-ship "Henry Clay," belonging to Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., lies a wreck on the fatal Squan beach, about a mile from the spot where the "John Minturn" was lost. She went ashore in a violent gale, last night, at twelve o'clock. This will make Wall street groan. The ship was one of the largest and most costly class, and at this season of the year it is probable her cargo is very valuable. The particulars have not come up from the beach ; but from the accounts of the mate, who took the railroad at New Brunswick and arrived here this evening, there is strong hope that of the passengers and crew, consisting of three hundred persons, a large proportion will have been saved by means of a hawser which was carried to the shore. A boat, however, was known to have been swamped in the surf, and six persons drowned. This noble ship (with a great, but unlucky, name) sailed on her first voyage last May. I dined on board on the 3d of that month, with a large jovial party, the particulars of which are given in this journal ; and now all the splendid decorations of her cabin, so much admired at that time, and all the perfect examples of naval architecture then exhibited, are left to rot in the sands of Squan beach. Why is it that so many vessels are lost thereabouts? When will the shipmasters learn that there is land there? And why is not the lead more frequently used? Captain Nye is an experienced seaman. But the only way to remedy the evil in these cases is to say to every one of them, without discrimination, "Never more be officer of mine."

Modern
Chivalry.

APRIL 9. — Man is the only animal that man hates. Other species may excite terror, fear, disdain ; but this darkest and deadliest passion of the human mind is only brought into action against such as, like himself, are made in the image of his Creator. The trial of Thomas Ritchie, Jr., for killing John H. Pleasants, in that savage, barbarous duel, has resulted in his acquittal, without a moment's hesitation, by the jury. The

account of the verdict closes with the very complimentary and consolatory remark that "he has borne himself under the whole trial, down to the last scene of the eventful, yet painful, drama, with the equanimity which became a man."

APRIL 14. — The "Henry Clay" came up to the city yesterday from her uncomfortable berth on Squan beach. The result of this disaster is a proud testimony to the strength and construction of the New York commercial marine. This noble vessel has been lying for the last twenty days, broadside to the shore, on a stormy beach, the destroyer of many a tall merchantman, and the grave of many a hardy seaman. Everything which has been stranded there during the late gales has gone to pieces except this fine ship, which, like him from whom she is named, strong and sound in materials, honestly and skilfully put together, though beaten, is not broken, and will soon be ready for a new voyage.

APRIL 16. — I went last evening to a pleasant party at Mr. Harvey's, given to show off certain Boston lions; and fine animals they are: Messrs. George Ticknor, William H. Prescott, and Charles Sumner. The amiable and accomplished historian of "Ferdinand and Isabella" is here to consult an oculist about his eyes, which trouble him again. I fear he will not live to add many more leaves to the undying wreaths of his literary fame.

APRIL 16. — This is the commencement of the twenty-fourth volume of this diary. The last is a record of one year of my life. It has been a year of trouble, and the care and anxiety attending the discharge of my several duties have interfered with the regular diurnal posting up of my journal; nay, the same causes have occasionally made me hesitate about going on with this task, heretofore so pleasant. But I do persevere, and the beginning of this new volume is an earnest that my determination at this moment is not to abandon it. It will probably be less interesting; but I must have a safety-valve for my imagination. I must write, even if I do not write well.

APRIL 17. — The ship “Rainbow,” belonging to Howland & Aspinwall, arrived to-day, in seventy-five days from Canton. This beautiful vessel, a perfect model of marine architecture, brilliant and bright as the bow of Hope, the name of which she bears, has made two complete voyages to and from Canton in the space of fourteen months, just about the time formerly consumed in one voyage. Everything goes fast now-a-days; the winds, even, begin to improve upon the speed which they have hitherto maintained; everything goes ahead but good manners and sound principles, and they are in a fair way to be driven from the track.

APRIL 25. — Healy’s picture of Mr. Webster came Mr. Webster’s Portrait. on yesterday from Washington, where it was painted for the Hone Club. This “counterfeit presentment” of our honorary member, the distinguished Massachusetts senator, is a great picture, — the best by far that has been done of him. It will cost, including the frame, \$550, to be paid for by the fifteen members of the club. The picture is to remain in my possession until a new president is appointed, and is to go at my decease to the oldest surviving member. Mr. Healy is an artist sent out to the United States by the King of France to take the portraits, for his gallery, of some of our eminent statesmen. He has been very successful; but in none more than in this, which does not go into royal hands, but into the hands of a set of royal fellows, and when Louis Philippe comes to New York, Philip Hone will show him as good a picture as any in his American gallery. The great original and Mrs. Webster arrived here last evening. He is on his route eastward. He is in excellent spirits, pleased with the state of things at Washington, and not a bit the worse for his contaminating collision with the Pennsylvania calumniator.

MAY 7. — Affairs in this quarter wear an alarming Mexico. aspect. If the government intended by its measures to bring disaster and defeat upon the insufficient forces sent into that unhappy country, and thereby make popular the war which it is preparing to wage against Mexico, it is likely that it

may succeed ; but the people will have an awful account to settle with it. A war simultaneously with England and Mexico for Oregon and Texas,—neither of which is worth the blood of a single American soldier,—and without a force adequate to carry out the least of those enterprises, would be pushing the forbearance of the people to a dangerous length. But we have reason to know that the tyranny of party discipline is more absolute in this country than the mandate of the Czar of Moscow, or the will of the Khan of Tartary.

General Ampudia has cut off the force of two thousand men under our General Taylor, who had gotten where he ought not to be, and some of our fine fellows have been captured and killed. In the number of the former is Colonel Cross ; and Lieutenant Porter (a son of the late gallant commodore) and three men were killed, while on a foraging party, by a body of Mexican ranchers. In the mean time General Worth comes away with many of his brother officers, glad, no doubt, to escape from the disgrace which is likely to attend upon ill-concerted measures.

MAY 9.—Worth is ordered back to Mexico. It is Mexico again. difficult to judge of these matters, but it seems to me he ought not to have come away just at this time. Mr. Polk and his party have accomplished their object : the war with Mexico is fairly commenced. The President (in violation of the Constitution, which gives to Congress the exclusive power to declare war) announces formally that a state of war exists, calls for volunteers and money, which Congress unhesitatingly grants ; and if any old-fashioned legislator presumes to doubt the authority of Pope Polk, or questions the infallibility of his bull, he is stigmatized by some of the ruffians of the West as an enemy to his country, in league with the Mexicans. These charges he must submit to, or, by making a suitable retort, expose himself to the necessity of fighting himself out of his difficulty, or leaving a vacant seat to be filled by some more subservient representative of the magnanimous *American people*.

This war has commenced most disastrously, as might have been expected from the scanty force sent into the disputed territory. My suggestion of Thursday appears uncharitable ; but it really looks as if this result was anticipated, and the American blood shed was to excite American feelings, and to make the war popular. It was so in the last war. The disgraceful defeat and capture of Hull at Detroit was the cement which bound together friends of war and friends of peace into a united band of friends of national honour. But it looks now as if this experiment were to cost too much. Extras were published to-day, by all the papers, giving further particulars received from New Orleans of the dangerous position of General Taylor's little army on the Rio Grande. He is cut off by Arista from his resources at Point Isabel, at the mouth of the river, and, although within cannon-shot of Metamoras, on the opposite side of the river, he cannot send men to attack it. These disasters will raise the blood of the American people to the war point, and cause them to cease inquiring, What is this war about? What compensation is to be had for the blood shed and the treasures squandered? and, How will the national character be redeemed which we have staked on this dreadful issue? They will thus be compelled to support a cause which their conscience condemns and their judgment disapproves.

MAY 12. — The President's message, announcing
 Mr. Polk's a state of war with Mexico, was sent to Congress
 War. yesterday, who forthwith granted him power to call out fifty thousand volunteers, and appropriated ten millions of dollars as a small outfit for his military operations. This is a horrible state of things. But a little philosophy can extract grains of comfort even from this. The tariff cannot be touched whilst such expenditures are incurred, nor will the sub-treasury and specie scheme be carried into effect with such a war impending.

MAY 19. — We are all agog with the news of a great victory gained over the Mexicans on the great river. General Taylor,

having left his camp with a force of twelve or fifteen hundred men, to open communication with his supplies at Point Isabel, at the mouth of the river, the Americans, under command of Major Ringgold, were attacked. This brought on a general engagement, and resulted in the defeat of the enemy, with a loss, it is said, of seven hundred men, our loss being inconsiderable. This account is probably exaggerated, for vain-boasting is unfortunately the vice of our country; every officer is a hero, every raw recruit equal in prowess to an ancient Roman legionary, and in discipline to one of the *old guard* of Napoleon, and every skirmish is a battle of Waterloo. But there has been a fight, and probably a victory, and we are bound to rejoice.

MAY 21. — This day being the Feast of the Ascension, agreeably to the notice given and the arrangements made, the new Trinity Church, the pride of Episcopalians and the glory of our city, was consecrated to the service of Almighty God. I was one of the committee of arrangements, and have been for the last two or three weeks most sedulously employed every day in the discharge of the duties of this office. The clergy, the rectors, wardens, and vestrymen of the several Episcopalian churches, the members of the Theological Seminary, the present and former mayors, the scholars of Trinity School, and invited guests, assembled at ten o'clock, at Mr. Bunker's, in Broadway, and marched in procession to the church. At eleven o'clock the grand and solemn assemblage, preceded by Right Rev. Bishop McCoskry, who officiated as bishop of the diocese during the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk, entered during the impressive chanting of one hundred and fifty clergymen, in white surplices and scarfs, followed by a most dignified and respectable body of laymen. The consecration service was performed by the Bishop, assisted by a number of prominent ministers; and the splendid vaultings of the solemn temple resounded with the notes of the grand organ and with the sounds of praise and adoration from the voices of the devout assemblage.

MAY 23. — The club dined with me to-day, on the Club Dinner. occasion of the inauguration of Healy's fine portrait of Mr. Webster, belonging to the club, which has been hung (the picture, I mean) in the dining-room. Several gentlemen brought each a bottle of his best wine, and such a drink would throw the nectar of the gods into the shade. Hebe would have emptied the contents of her goblet (as Mrs. Delavan did her medicine) into the gutter, and Bacchus would have turned water-drinker rather than stand the comparison.

I made a speech about the picture, the illustrious original, the great Harrison cabinet, and the glorious Congress of 1842, which I closed by reading the concluding remarks of Mr. Webster in his speech made in the Senate on the 6th and 7th of April last. We drank his health with three times three. The members of the club present were M. H. Grinnell, George Curtis, Simeon Draper, R. M. Blatchford, John Ward, T. Tileston, Prescott Hall, Dr. Francis, P. Spofford, and J. W. Webb. Absent were Bowen, Edward Curtis, Colt, and Jaudon, whose places were filled in part by Messrs. Russell, Blatchford, Jr., and my old acquaintance, Mr. Van Wart.

JUNE 15. — The Oregon treaty was signed this day, at The Treaty. three o'clock, for approval and confirmation to-morrow, where it will, of course, pass by the same vote at least as that which advised its ratification. It was a pleasant circumstance, and it makes an interesting item in my journal, that I should have dined with the British Minister on the day on which this joyful event occurred, — an event which restores the prosperity of the nation, sets commerce again upon its legs, makes the husbandman's corn grow higher and his grass more green, and would equally rejoice the manufacturers, if they would let this unhappy tariff alone. Mr. Pakenham's dinner was a beautiful affair; the party consisted of only seven, — he and Mr. Ponsonby, his secretary, Messrs. Webster, Curtis, Ashman, Colt, and myself. The service, all but the plates, was of silver which he brought from Mexico. The dinner was excellent; I never partook of a better;

good wine, good taste, and good manners. We went at seven, and came away at ten o'clock.

JUNE 24. — I dined yesterday as the guest of Prescott Hall, with the Yacht Club, at Hoboken. They have a club-house, — a handsome Gothic cottage, — erected for the use of the club in a pleasant grove in the Elysian Fields, by that prince of good fellows, John C. Stevens, who makes the punch, superintends the cooking, and presides at the table, under the appropriate title of "Commodore." A choice company of forty-three gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner of turtle and other good things, with capital punch and plenty of good wine. The Commodore, after some remarks personally complimentary, proposed me as a member of the club, and, the probationary term being dispensed with, I was admitted by acclamation. In acknowledgment of this compliment I gave the following toast, which was received with the most marked approbation: "The Yacht Club: river gods who ride upon the waves, and sip their nectar in the Elysian Fields."

JULY 6. — The iniquity is consummated. The bill to break down the tariff of 1842 passed the House of Representatives on Friday afternoon. The independence of the nation is now an idle boast. American industry is sacrificed to party power, and honest labour doomed to lose its just reward. This nefarious act was consummated by a vote of 114 to 95, and there seems to be little doubt that it will pass the Senate by a similar party vote.

JULY 17. — The regatta of the Yacht Club came off yesterday. It was a grand display, for which great preparations had been made, and great expectations raised. Twelve schooners and two sloops were entered for the race, viz.: Schooners, "Lancet" (Mr. Rollins), "Gimcrack" (Mr. Stevens), "Coquille" (Mr. Jay), "Minna" (Mr. Coles), "Brenda" (Mr. Sears), "Spray" (Mr. Wilkes), "Sibyl" (Mr. Miller), "Cygnet" (Mr. Suydam), "Pet" (Mr. Parsons),

“Northern Light” (Mr. Winchester), “Siren” (Mr. Miller), “Coquette” (Mr. Perkins). Sloops, “Newburgh” (Mr. Robinson) and “Mist” (Mr. Depau).

The prize, a superb silver goblet, was won by the sloop “Mist,” belonging to Mr. Lewis Depau. The steamer “New York” was provided for the members of the club and their guests, of whom a large party went down the bay, and returned with the yachts.

SPRINGFIELD, JULY 30. — “Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842,” — such was the inscription on the banners used in Pennsylvania to effect the election of Mr. Polk; such was the subterfuge by which alone the vote of that State could have been secured for this faithless, corrupt administration; and now the tariff of 1842 is destroyed, the industry of the country laid at the feet of foreign competition, and national prosperity sacrificed to party discipline. This nefarious act was consummated on Tuesday, the 28th of July (let the day stand accursed in the calendar!), recommended and enforced by this same James K. Polk, and carried by the casting vote in the Senate of this same George M. Dallas. Long may their names be recorded on the same page with those scourges of mankind, war, pestilence, and famine, and the measure they have accomplished be included in the category of cholera, small-pox, and yellow fever!

MONDAY, AUGUST 3. — The President signed the
 Executive
 Execution, tariff bill on Friday, and on Saturday sent in his veto upon the bill making appropriation for the improvement of rivers and harbours. Thus is the country equally cursed by what this man does, and what he refuses to do. Next comes direct taxation, to carry on the Mexican war. This is worse than Egyptian bondage: they take from us the straw, and then scourge us for not *making bricks*.

AUGUST 5. — I went out yesterday to dine with Mr. Thomas W. Ludlow, at his beautiful cottage on the banks of the Hudson river, below Yonkers. Our party at dinner consisted of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. George Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs.

Moses H. Grinnell, Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. Storrow, Mr. Bowdoin, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Stewart Brown.

Adjournment
of Congress. AUGUST 12. — Congress adjourned on Monday night, after a session of nearly eight months; the most corrupt, profligate, and disastrous the United States have ever known. Pliant and subservient to a wicked administration, the Constitution has been violated, the industry and enterprise of the people have been sacrificed to foreign influences, the currency disturbed, commerce deprived of its customary facilities, the country plunged into an unjust, unnecessary, and expensive war, and national honour, honesty, and good faith made the sport of party dictation and executive power.

The pestilence is stayed for a brief period; but its victims lie unburied in the sight of the survivors, or linger on paralyzed and mutilated. The storm is abated; but its ravages will long be seen in the shattered ruins of domestic industry. The dark clouds which have overshadowed the land, late so happy and prosperous, are dispersed; but no star of hope is left to cheer the prospects of the future.

In the midst of this moral and political desolation Providence has not abandoned us to the extremity of fate which we have so well deserved. The glorious Whig phalanx in the Senate, erect as the cedars of Libanus, true as the tables of stone, and firm as the sacred mountain on which their holy precepts were promulgated, have succeeded, by the aid of a portion of their political opponents whose immediate sectional interests, happily for the cause of humanity and religion, were on this occasion identical with theirs, in averting one of the calamities which threatened the country. We are at peace with England, — thanks to Webster and Calhoun, Evans and Benton, Crittenden and Heywood, and the noble host who united to save their country from a war, “the cost of which,” to both countries, as Sir Robert Peel says, “every day, every hour, would have been more than the whole value of the subject in controversy.”

AUGUST 13. — I passed a short time yesterday at
A Tall Trio. the Astor House, with three pretty considerable men :

Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts ; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky ; and George Evans, of Maine. If three others equal to them can be collected together in this country, then we are richer than I thought. Three more such men would save our political Sodom and Gomorrah, — great, not only here ; I doubt if any political combination could be made in Europe superior to it. Webster, Crittenden, Evans ; Polk, Dallas, Walker, — imagine these men to have changed positions during the year. I dare not think of it. Peace, happiness, prosperity, on one side ; war, embarrassment, despair, on the other. God help us !

SEPTEMBER 10. — Mr. Stewart's splendid edifice,
Extravagance. erected on the site of Washington Hall, in Broadway, between Chambers and Reade streets, is nearly finished, and his stock of dry goods will be exhibited on the shelves in a few days. There is nothing in Paris or London to compare with this dry-goods palace. My attention was attracted, in passing this morning, to a most extraordinary, and I think useless, piece of extravagance. Several of the windows on the first floor, nearly level with the street, are formed of plate-glass, six feet by eleven, which must have cost four or five hundred dollars each, and may be shivered by a boy's marble or a snow-ball as effectually as by a four-pound shot ; and I am greatly mistaken if there are not persons (one is enough) in this heterogeneous mass of population influenced by jealousy, malice, or other instigation of the devil, bad enough to do such a deed of mischief.

SEPTEMBER 19. — Died on Thursday last, Mr. James Swords, aged eighty-two years, the surviving partner of Thomas and James Swords, the oldest booksellers, publishers, and stationers in New York. They published the first monthly magazine. The first article of my writing which came up in the dignity of types astonished the world in the pages of this periodical.

SEPTEMBER 26. — Strange and wonderful discovery, which has made the “swift-winged lightning” man’s messenger, annihilated all space, and tied the two ends of a continent in a knot! The whole extent of this newly discovered phenomenon was never made so apparent to me as on the day of the meeting of the convention; during the hour of adjournment to dinner a message was sent by the telegraph to Mr. Fillmore, at Buffalo. The answer came immediately, that “Mr. Fillmore was not in his office, and could not be found.” Soon after, another communication was received, authorizing the withdrawal of his name, and expressing his satisfaction at Mr. Young’s nomination. This was handed to me on my taking the chair, and had travelled four hundred and seventy miles during our short recess of an hour.

OCTOBER 19. — I heard to-day, for the first time, of a compliment which has been made to me, which touched my feelings very sensibly, and for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful. Twenty gentlemen of New York sent out \$500 to Italy to procure my bust, which was begun by Clevenger, and finished, I believe, by Powers. It has arrived, and has been presented to the Clinton Hall Association, where it is intended to be placed in the lecture-room. This most acceptable manifestation of the regard of my fellow-citizens is rendered more grateful to my feelings by its location in the hall of an institution with which it has been my pride to have been identified since its creation, and of which I have been for so many years the presiding officer. I do not pretend that I am not susceptible to flattery, perhaps vain; but there was a delicacy about this matter, in the keeping of it so profound a secret, and in the kind expressions of personal regard which accompanied the act, that I shall not very soon forget.

OCTOBER 26. — My old friend, Mr. Abraham Ogden, president of the Orient Insurance Company, has sunk at last under the effects of a long and painful indisposition. He died on Saturday,

in his seventy-second year. He was a gentleman of the old school; honest, intelligent, and amiable; an affectionate husband and father, an upright merchant, a true friend, and a valuable citizen. These are the qualities which ornament human nature during a man's lifetime, and after death endear his memory to his friends; but, unfortunately, they do not always lead to wealth nor personal popularity.

OCTOBER 27. — I witnessed this morning, from the
 The Slave
 Case. steps of Clinton Hall, a scene which is calculated to
 cause alarm as to future collisions between the citizens
 of this country, — a trifling incident in the appalling drama which
 we shall be called to witness, and perhaps bear a part in, during
 the course of not many years. A negro boy, named George Kirk,
 a slave from Georgia, secreted himself in a vessel commanded by
 Captain Buckley, and was brought to New York. Here he was ar-
 rested and confined, at the instance of the captain, who is subjected
 to severe penalties for the abduction of the slave. The claim of
 the master to have the fugitive sent back to Georgia was tried
 before Judge Edwards; N. B. Blunt appearing for the captain, and
 Mr. John Jay and J. L. White for the slave.

The judge's decision set the boy free, for want of evidence
 to prove his identity; and such a mob, of all colours, from dirty
 white to shining black, came rushing down Nassau and into
 Beekman street as made peaceable people shrink into places of
 security. Such shouting and jostling, such peals of negro
 triumph, such uncovering of woolly heads in raising the greasy
 hats to give effect to the loud huzzas of the sons of Africa,
 seemed almost to "fright the neighbourhood from its propriety."
 A carriage was brought to convey the hero of the day from his
 place of concealment, but it went away without him. This is
 all very pretty; but how will it end? How long will the North
 and the South remain a united people? Different interests
 must provoke unkind feelings, and charity, patriotism, and mutual
 forbearance on the part of reasonable men on both sides will

prove ere long insufficient to preserve the bonds of national brotherhood.

Since writing the above, I am informed that a process has been issued by the Mayor, on the application of an agent of the master, and the boy, found secreted in a box in which he was being conveyed by his friends from the place of his concealment, was taken back by the officers and reincarcerated in his old quarters in the Tombs ; so the whole business, with its attendant excitement, must be gone over again.

NOVEMBER 11. — Died in Washington, yesterday, Commodore John B. Nicholson, of the United States navy, in the sixty-third year of his age. Captain Jack, as his friends called him, with whom he was always a favourite, entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1805, on board the brig "Hornet," then under the command of my old friend, the late Captain Chauncey. He fought as lieutenant at the capture of the "Macedonian," and was first lieutenant of the "Peacock" in her brilliant engagement with "L'Epervier," which vessel he brought into port a prize. He has held important and honourable appointments. He was commander of the Mediterranean squadron, and more recently has been stationed at the navy yard at Charlestown, near Boston, where he exercised a liberal hospitality, alike creditable to the service and himself, of which I have been the recipient. Adieu, thou good fellow and honest sailor ! How often have thy legs and mine been placed under the same mahogany !

NOVEMBER 24. — The honourable John Quincy Adams was stricken by paralysis on Thursday last, whilst walking from his son's house in Boston. The last accounts state that he had partially recovered, his consciousness having returned and his speech being restored. Hopes are even expressed that he may be able to go on to his family, who are in Washington, and resume his seat in the House of Representatives. This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The country cannot afford to lose such a man. With all his eccentricities, prejudices, and want

John Quincy
Adams.

of tact, we have not his equal in this country for the most minute information on all subjects, technical, statistical, ar-
tistical, historical, and diplomatical. No man knows so much,
nor so accurately. He has probed deeply into the arcana of
all the sciences, understands and can explain all subjects, from
the solar system down to the construction of a tooth-pick.
He has the Holy Scriptures at his fingers' ends, knows every
line of Shakespeare, can recite Homer in the original Greek ;
could name, if he had a mind to do it, the author of "Junius,"
and knows all about Jack the Giant Killer. He speaks on all
subjects, overthrows his opponents, and bothers his friends ; and,
in short, does more work than any day-labourer, and this, too,
under some physical disabilities. He is so nervous that his
pen has to be tied to his fingers. This prodigious amount
of labour is accomplished by early rising, exact method, and
the most untiring industry.

But Mr. Adams cannot last forever. He is eighty years of age,
and it is greatly to be feared that the warning voice has come to
him in this recent visitation. What a pity it is that on his decease
he cannot leave his knowledge behind him ; it would, indeed, be a
rich inheritance.

NOVEMBER 25. — Accounts from Washington, received last night
by telegraph, state that General Scott left the city yesterday to take
the command of the army in Mexico, and to conduct a meditated
attack upon Tampico. If he has a chance, he will sustain his high
character for personal bravery and military talents, and his "hasty
plate of soup" may possibly be overlooked, by the severe critics
who constitute the "American people," in the glory of a successful
Mexican campaign. Worth has completely recovered from the
effect of one bad step ; and I trust that Winfield Scott will
prove that he is not the man to be laid aside, and all his
former services forgotten, for one or two ill-judged expressions
in the course of a correspondence in which he displayed more
truth than tact.

NOVEMBER 26. — This is a day set apart by the ^{Thanksgiving} authorities of the State, and the regulations of the Day.

Episcopal Church, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings we enjoy as a community, and as individuals for our share of the bounties of Divine Providence. It is an interesting occasion. The incense of adoration, praise, and thanksgiving ascend from the altars of sixteen of the States forming this Union; a simultaneous abstinence from their usual occupations is observed, with more or less of the sincerity of devotion, by millions of rational and responsible creatures; the Author of all good is acknowledged, at least in form, in every place of worship, from the solemn, magnificent cathedral, down to the modest, unassuming village church, whose devotion swells not into notes so loud and sonorous, but proceeds from hearts equally sincere.

I went with my family to St. John's, where our good Doctor Wainwright gave us an excellent Thanksgiving sermon. He enumerated the great national blessings we enjoy, of civil and religious liberty, the abundance of all things necessary for the subsistence and comfort of man, our exemption from internal commotions, and our preservation from pestilence and other evils. He also deprecated the war in which we are engaged, and the consequent shedding of the blood of the brave men who are engaged in it, and urged that our prayers, as patriots, for the success of our arms should be accompanied by supplications for a return of peace. This is all very well; the reverend gentleman could say no more. But it occurred to me that, next to the favour of the God of peace, to avert this calamity, the exertions of all good men and sincere Christians should be employed to remove from office the men who have brought upon us this unjust and unrighteous war, — this war of usurpation and aggression, unsanctioned by the Constitution and at variance with the moral sense of the people.

NOVEMBER 30. — My venerable friend, Chancellor Kent, who has for a long time declined dinner invitations, honoured us by becom-

ing one of our guests on Saturday, and another equally venerable octogenarian, Judge Spencer, graced my board. It was a bright day of joyous hilarity and intellectual enjoyment, as it could not fail to be with the following party: Judge Spencer, Chancellor Kent, David B. Ogden, George Curtis, Luther Bradish, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Henry Brevoort, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, Charles H. Russell. The Chancellor was very agreeable until news was brought of his son's arrival, when he started off with his usual rapidity, and was seen no more.

DECEMBER 15. — The *better sort* have been regaled, Wedding Festivities. of late, by a grand wedding. Mr. John J. Astor, son of Mr. William B. Astor, and grandson of Mr. John Jacob Astor, married Miss Augusta Gibbes, daughter of Mr. Thomas L. Gibbes.

The wedding was attended, at the house of her father, by all the fashionable people of the city. Last evening my daughter and son went to a grand party at Mr. Astor's, and I also was tempted to mix once more in the splendid crowd of charming women, pretty girls, and well-dressed beaux. The spacious mansion in Lafayette place was open from cellar to garret, blazing with a thousand lights. The crowd was excessive; the ladies (such part of their exquisite forms as could be distinguished in the *mêlée*) elegantly and tastefully attired, with a display of rich jewelry enough to pay one day's expense of the Mexican war.

1847.

JANUARY 1. — The old year 1846 is gone, despatched and not to be recalled. The good we have left undone, which we might have done, is carried to the debit side of our account, arranged in broad standing characters alongside of the lines of commission which are fairly chargeable to the account of delinquency.

The last year was a wretched one in regard to the political condition of the country. If, instead of this most lame and impotent administration, Mr. Clay had been elected President instead of Mr. Polk (which was certainly the voice of the American people), we should have been, as a nation, prosperous beyond all former example, with no annexation of strangers' land to promote party views, no wars to drain the best blood of the country for an issue which can never redound to our honour, nor pay in any proportion for the loss of blood, treasure, and reputation which it will have cost. The enterprise of the people checked, honest industry paralyzed, and national pride humiliated; James K. Polk President of the United States, — can such things be?

JANUARY 2. — New Year's presents have abounded
 The Bust. this year. This is the Parisian mode of celebrating *le jour de l'an*, and we are getting into it very fast. Some of the houses where I visited yesterday presented the appearance of bazaars, where rich presents were displayed, from the costly cashmere shawls and silver tankard to the toy watch and child's rattle. I, too, have received marks of kindness; but that which forms the subject of the following letter is the most acceptable of all: —

NEW YORK, 31st December, 1846.

PHILIP HONE, ESQ. : —

MY DEAR SIR, — To your inquiry asking who sent your bust, by Clevenger, to be placed in the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association, I

reply by attaching hereto the names of the persons : James Brown, Walter R. Jones, Samuel Jaudon, John Ward, G. G. Howland, Jonathan Goodhue, M. H. Grinnell, Samuel S. Howland, John A. Stevens, Robert B. Minturn, William H. Aspinwall, Henry Grinnell, Edward Prime, Robert Ray, George Curtis, Charles H. Russell, Spofford & Tileston, John Haggerty, R. M. Blatchford, Thomas W. Ludlow, J. Prescott Hall, William B. Astor, James G. King.

High and constant as are the respect and attachment of all these friends to you personally, they had a higher and more abiding motive in this act. They knew that your long career of uprightness as a member of the mercantile community had been crowned in the decline of life by your having voluntarily, and from the highest considerations of honour and good faith, assumed obligations in behalf of some relatives, and by your having been obliged to sacrifice a large portion of your property, by sales in adverse times, to meet those obligations with your wonted punctuality. To mark this signal instance of self-denial and integrity some of your fellow-merchants and friends felt that an appropriate testimonial was due, and that no more fitting opportunity could have occurred than the accidental meeting with this bust by so distinguished an American artist as Clevenger, and that no more suitable place for depositing it could have been selected than that where the well-known features of their old friend and president will derive an additional value in the eyes of the commercial clerks, from the example which you have set to them, *the future merchants of New York*, and from this acknowledgment of it, which we have thus endeavoured to render perpetual.

I remain, etc.,

JAMES G. KING.

JANUARY 20. — Peter R. Livingston died yesterday, at his residence, Rhinebeck, aged eighty-one years. He was originally a Democrat of great powers, and played an important part in wresting the political administration of the State from the hands of the Federalists ; an eloquent declaimer at public meetings ; a demagogue of the highest class. Few could oppose him with success. As in religion, so it is in politics : the first-fruits of men's lives are given to the propagation and support of disorganizing principles, and when they become old they turn to better principles, and exert themselves to eradicate the seed which they assisted in sowing. Mr. Livingston, at the close of his life, was a

leading Whig, and even when broken down by physical infirmity, the bright light of early eloquence broke occasionally through the shadows of superannuated debility. In early life he went out with his relative, Chancellor Livingston, as Secretary of the Legation, to France, where the excesses of that capital left him a trembling martyr to dissipation for the remainder of his life. Thus, with bodily powers broken down, but unimpaired powers of mind, he lingered out his life to fourscore years. He has held many important offices under Democratic administrations, — State senator and member of the Council of Appointment, elector of President, member of Congress, etc. I have played many a game of whist with him, and whilst his tremulous hand was incapable of dealing the cards, he never failed to make the most of them.

JANUARY 28. — My children called to take Mr. Russell and me from Mr. Spofford's dinner to a party at Mrs. Ray's Party.

Mrs. Robert Ray's, away up at the corner of 28th street and the Ninth avenue. The house is one of those palaces which have lately sprung up in places where a few years since cattle grazed, and orchards dropped their ripened fruits. This magnificent abode of costly luxury, now the *town* residence of my good friend Mr. Ray, stands on the very spot where his father's garden, away *out of town*, flourished long since my hair turned gray. This was *the* party of the season. Every luxury was supplied in abundance, and with good taste, to all the elegant women and fashionable gentlemen about town; every room was filled, and even I (somewhat antiquated, and not much given of late to party-going) partook largely of the general enjoyment of Mr. and Mrs. Ray's first party in their new house in *Fitz-ray place*.

JANUARY 29. — Our good city of New York has already arrived at the state of society to be found in the large cities of Europe; overburdened with population, and where the two extremes of costly luxury in living, expensive establishments, and improvident waste are presented in daily and hourly contrast with squalid misery and hopeless des-

State of
Society.

titution. This state of things has been hastened in our case by the constant stream of European paupers arriving upon the shores of this land of promise. Alas! how often does it prove to the deluded emigrant a land of broken promise and blasted hope! If we had none but our own poor to take care of, we should get along tolerably well; we could find employment for them, and individual charity, aiding the public institutions, might save us from the sights of woe with which we are assailed in the streets, and the pressing applications which beset us in the retirement of our own houses. Nineteen out of twenty of these mendicants are foreigners cast upon our shores, indigent and helpless, having expended the last shilling in paying their passage-money, deceived by the misrepresentations of unscrupulous agents, and left to starve amongst strangers, who, finding it impossible to extend relief to all, are deterred from assisting any. These reflections upon the extremes of lavish expenditure and absolute destitution are forced upon me by my own recent experience. I partook yesterday of a most expensive dinner, where every article of costly food which the market affords was spread before the guests, and fine wines drunk in abundance, some of which might command eight or ten dollars a bottle; and from this scene of expensive hospitality I was conveyed to another more splendid and expensive entertainment, where the sparkling of diamonds, the reflection of splendid mirrors, the lustre of silks and satins, and the rich gilding of tasteful furniture were flashed, by the aid of innumerable lights, upon the dazzled eyes of a thousand guests. Now this is all right enough; in both these cases our entertainers could well afford the expense which attended the display of their hospitality, nor is it within the scope of the most remote probability that the money of any others than themselves can be involved in the outlay of their entertainments.

It may be painful to reflect how far the cost of a single bottle of Mr. Spofford's wine or one of Mr. Ray's *pâtés de foie gras* might contribute to alleviate the distress of those miserable objects who

stretch out the attenuated arms of wasted poverty, or display the haggard countenance of infantile deprivation, or the tattered habiliments incapable of resisting the inclemency of the winter's cold. These gentlemen are liberal and charitable, and no doubt do their part in almsgiving; but they have other duties to perform. The city demands that their riches shall contribute to maintain its character for hospitality, and they can no more avert the evils which are inevitable in such a state of society as exists in our city than they can arrest the pestilence, present a barrier to the ravages of the flood, or extinguish the destroying flame. The accounts of the sufferings of the poor wretches who were brought up from the ship "Garrick" make me feel almost guilty in my participation in the luxuries of yesterday's entertainment; we are told that twelve of the number died on the passage, and several since the vessel went ashore, and those who were landed here are perfectly destitute, — no clothes, no friends, no object in view. They fled from starvation at home to starve here, or be relieved by public or individual charity. I may philosophize on this subject forever, and feel a little bad about it sometimes; but, after all, I am inclined to think that whenever Mr. Spofford or Mr. Ray invites me again I shall go.

This nutritious grain, food for man and fodder for every edible animal, is the great social momentum of the present day. The quantity raised in this country is so great as to be with difficulty expressed by figures; and now that famine presents its horrid features to the distressed poor of Europe, we supply them with excellent food, after having taught them how to eat it and to like it as we do.

I witnessed on Thursday one of the triumphs of this great American staple production. A procession of twenty or thirty carts, the forward one being drawn by six white horses and decorated with flags, proceeded up Broadway to the *grunting* of martial music, each cart loaded with four or five enormous dead hogs; the whole number was 106 hogs, weighing 40,262 pounds, an average of 380

pounds. These overgrown animals were raised by five farmers of Burlington county, New Jersey, and sold to a pork-dealer here. They were nearly uniform in size, with short duck legs, like Grant Thorburn's; little, twinkling eyes peeping out between two mountains of fat, like pins upon a pin-cushion; and hams as round as a full moon and luscious as a turtle's calipash. There was *Indian corn* written in legible characters upon their jolly features, and shining on their swelling sides; dead though they were, they had, out of benevolence to mankind, laid down their characters as swine to assume that of pork; every spare-rib and every link of sausage, as well as the more important parts of these children of Ham, will sing the praises of *Indian corn*.

FEBRUARY 3. — Dr. Johnson says somewhere, "Who that ever asks succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?" I am reminded of a case in point, but not attended with the bad consequences imagined by the great moral essayist. Dining many years ago with my lamented friend, Commodore Chauncey, at the navy yard, I remarked to the distinguished statesman, Mr. Webster, who graced our party, "My dear sir, I observe that you are not altogether indifferent to the virtues of a glass of good wine." — "By no means," he replied, "and I will tell you how it came about. When I began to practise law in Massachusetts I was honoured by the notice and friendship of Christopher Gore, who frequently invited me to his house. On one occasion, seeing me look pale and feeble, from the effects of study and hard work, he kindly inquired how I lived. I told him I fared rather poorly at my humble lodgings, in the house of Mrs. So and So; that I ate corned beef and cabbage and drank water. 'That will not do,' said Mr. Gore; 'you must drink a glass of good wine occasionally, and eat an apple after dinner to promote digestion.' — 'But,' said I, 'I cannot afford to drink wine.' — 'I will take care of that,' said my liberal friend; and from that time I received occasional presents of fine old wine from his well-supplied garret. Well, sir, it did me great

A Dangerous
Auxiliary.

good. I recovered my health, and was enabled to pursue my studies and perform my task with renewed ardour. But, alas! like a beleaguered city which is compelled to call in the aid of auxiliary forces, I repulsed the enemy; but, the auxiliaries having established themselves in the citadel, I have never been able to dispossess them."

FEBRUARY 8. — Died yesterday, Mr. James Roosevelt, in the eighty-eighth year of his age; a highly respectable gentleman of the old school, son of Isaac Roosevelt, the first president of the first bank in New York, at a time when the president and directors of a bank were other sort of people from those of the present day. Proud and aristocratical, they were the only nobility we had (now we have none); powerful in the controlling influence they possessed over the commercial operations of the city, men could not stand straight in their presence; and woe to them who bowed not down to the representatives of a few bags of gold and silver, the potential dispensers of bank favours. Chancellor Kent told me last evening that he and Mr. Roosevelt were in college together, and both studied law in Judge Benson's office.

Relief of
the Irish.

FEBRUARY 12. — There is a great movement in behalf of the suffering people of Ireland. A meeting preliminary to more important movements was held this day in Prime's building, in Wall street, which was well attended by the right sort of folks. Mr. Van Schaick presided; nine thousand dollars were subscribed by those present, and measures were taken to collect the fund required to freight a vessel with a cargo of bread-stuffs and other provisions and send her to Cork or some other port in Ireland. A call was made on the clergy to receive contributions in the several churches, and notice given of a general meeting to be held on Monday evening at the Tabernacle. This is a good feeling and prompt action on this interesting subject.

In connection with the above remarks I must record a circumstance which occurred yesterday at the club dinner at Ward's, honourable to the parties concerned. Mr. Wetmore stated that he had

lost to Mr. Grinnell a bet of two dinners for the company; that the illness of his wife prevented him from giving these dinners at his own house, and proposed, instead thereof (if Grinnell and the company approved), to commute the claim by handing over to me the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, which was estimated to cover the expense of two such entertainments, with fine wines; this sum to be appropriated, in such a way as I might judge best, for the relief of the suffering Irish. This liberal offer was, of course, agreed to, and I received this morning Mr. Wetmore's check for the amount, which I handed to the relief committee. Hereby we dispense with two sumptuous dinners (for which it is doubtful if any of us would have been the better), and the means are furnished to add fifty barrels of wheat flour, or the value in other provisions, to the contributions of our citizens for saving hundreds of our suffering brethren in Ireland from starvation. I must add that the generous donor of this gift stipulated that this should be independent of any donation he might think proper to make otherwise for the same object, and on my calling this morning at the office of the committee I found his name as a subscriber for five hundred dollars. Mr. Wetmore is a very rich man, and liberal in proportion to his means. May the God of mercy and goodness prosper his riches, and continue his ability and inclination to make a good use of them!

FEBRUARY 16. — There was a great meeting last evening at the Tabernacle, for the relief of the famished Irish, called by the committee. Myndert Van Schaick presided, with a host of vice-presidents, of which I was one. Speeches were made by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Rev. Mr. Adams, George Griffin, Charles King, and Barnabas Bates. The large building was filled with a respectable male audience, and an exceedingly good feeling was evinced.

In the House of Representatives, yesterday, the question was taken on the long-contested amendment introduced by Mr. Wilmot to the bill granting three millions of dollars to our warlike President for the purpose of car-

An Important Vote.

rying on the war in a snug way. This amendment, which prohibited the introduction of slavery into the newly acquired Territories, was carried by a vote of one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and five. It is an important measure, which may alter the whole organization of political parties in the country, and defeat the great objects of the annexation of Texas and its consequence, the unrighteous war with Mexico.

An interesting occurrence took place on Saturday in the House of Representatives; the venerable member from Massachusetts, ex-President Adams, made his first appearance in the House since his dangerous attack of paralysis, and resumed his accustomed seat, which was courteously surrendered to him by its temporary occupant, Mr. Johnson. On his welcome advent the members all arose. He was addressed by the Speaker, and replied with deep sensibility. At the moment of his entrance, the member who was addressing the House, Mr. Kent, suspended his remarks, and, on resuming, alluded to the interesting event which had caused their interruption. This was a proud homage to exalted talents, devoted patriotism, and long and faithful public services. He has, in the course of his legislative career, crossed the path of many of those who now joined in this honourable demonstration,—a circumstance most honourable, equally creditable to the donors and grateful to the recipient, and which is well calculated to soften the rays of the intellectual sun which there is reason to fear is about setting.

Washington's
Birthday. FEBRUARY 22. — This is the anniversary of the birth of him whose name is indissolubly connected with the glory of our republic. “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,” his name will grace the brightest page of history as an example of disinterested patriotism, unstained honour, and wise conduct.

A small detachment of citizen soldiers, calling themselves veterans, are at this moment passing my window, clad in the old, quaint uniform of the Continentals,—long blue coats, faced and

turned up with buff, with three-cornered cocked hats and long boots ; not by any means a graceful costume, but interesting, as it brings to recollection the days of the man honoured by his countrymen and chosen by his Maker as the leader of the people. What would this man have said, were he still among us, at the degradation of his countrymen in permitting a chief ruler, the accidental choice of a reckless faction, to exercise a power equally arbitrary and unconstitutional ; and by usurping the people's rights, and the sovereignty of the States delegated to their representatives in Congress, to involve the nation in an unjust and inglorious war of aggression upon a neighbouring republic, which, if it had strength equal to its sense of wrong, would send back our forces dishonoured and discomfited. The blood of many a brave and gallant American will be shed in this contest ; consecrated, it is true, by personal bravery, but unhallowed by the consolation of lamenting friends and fellow-citizens, that the cause in which they fell was just.

Shade of the great and good Washington, look down upon thy beloved country, and warn us of the bad effects of corrupt and unrighteous councils !

FEBRUARY 25. — Immense shipments of bread-stuffs are made from every port in the United States ; freights are enormously high, — eight to nine shillings for a barrel of flour. The Liverpool packets, which have been lately built of increased tonnage, as if in anticipation of the present demand, are making unprecedented profits. The new packet-ship "Constitution," belonging to Woodhull & Minturn's line, sailed yesterday for Liverpool, with the following enormous cargo of bread-stuffs : Ten thousand bushels of wheat, twenty-five thousand bushels of Indian corn, two thousand seven hundred barrels of corn-meal, one hundred and sixty boxes of soda biscuit, four thousand barrels of flour ; besides which she has six hundred and sixty-one bales of cotton, forty-two boxes of clocks, and nineteen barrels of beeswax. The bread-stuffs are equal to sixty-eight thousand bushels ; these will stop the croaking of many an empty stomach.

MARCH 1. — The subscriptions for the relief of the
 Collections for Irish are kept up with undiminished spirit. The Relief
 Ireland. Committee have received upwards of \$50,000. Col-
 lections were made yesterday in several of the churches: the
 amount given in St. John's Church was \$556; Grace Church col-
 lected the previous Sunday \$1,800. The Catholic churches have
 given nobly, and every denomination of Christians has assisted lib-
 erally in the good work: Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists,
 Baptists, and Romanists are all united as one congregation in the
 brotherhood of charity.

MARCH 4. — The twenty-ninth Congress ceased to
 Congress exist last night. It should be a cause of rejoicing;
 Adjourned. for never was a nation cursed with such a body of rep-
 resentatives. "Their works will follow them," bad as they were.
 But how do we know that, in the present downward tendency of
 public affairs, the next Congress may not be equally bad? The
 House of Representatives had still their Winthrop, Adams, Ashmun,
 Mosely, Grinnell, etc., some of whom are reëlected to the next
 Congress. But the great falling off will be in the Senate. Evans,
 Archer, Berrien, and several others of the staunchest Whigs and
 ablest senators, close their labours in that body with the close of the
 session; some have been reëlected, but a large proportion must
 make way for such as their Loco-foco legislatures may think proper
 to send. The House may possibly be Whig, but the Senate is
 irrevocably Loco-foco.

The three-million bill passed, without Wilmot's proviso prohib-
 iting the introduction of slavery in newly acquired Territories. This
 proviso prevailed at first in the House of Representatives; but, by
 the force of party drill, a majority was found against it at the last
 moment, and this large appropriation is given to Mr. Polk with
 which to do what he pleases. Charles J. Ingersoll would have Mr.
 Webster impeached for some paltry sum of \$1,000, unaccounted
 for or misapplied, if that great man had not possessed proofs of the
 utter falsity of the base insinuation. Now this tool of party votes

to cast three millions into the pool of executive corruption. And now let us see the compensation for this foul act. Polk nominated this man on the last day of the session as Minister to France. The nomination was rejected by the Senate, although a majority of that body are the political associates of the nominee; immediately after which the name of Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, was sent in and confirmed. Mr. Rush was Minister to England when I was first there, in 1821, and I have always been grateful for his kind attentions during my stay in London. He is not a man of much force, but much better than we usually get in these times of national degradation. The escape of the country from the disgrace of Ingersoll's appointment might reconcile us to a less respectable Minister than Mr. Rush.

MARCH 9. — Dined with Judge David S. Jones. The Dinner-parties. party consisted of the following gentlemen, and the dinner was pleasant: Moses H. Grinnell, Henry Parish, Charles A. Clinton, John A. King, Paul Spofford, William B. Astor, William Douglass, Henry Brevoort, Clement C. Moore, Mr. Finlay, Robert Ray, Thomas Tileston, J. Prescott Hall, and P. H.

MARCH 12. — I dined at Mr. Astor's, with the following party, besides the host and hostess: Mr. and Mrs. Gibbes, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Bristed. The two last-named ladies were Miss Augusta Gibbes and Miss Laura Brevoort; their husbands are grandchildren of old Mr. Astor, as are Miss Astor and Mr. Walter Langdon, who were also at the dinner. Besides these, there were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Ludlow, Mr. Charles E. Davis, Mr. Truman, Mr. K. Armstrong, Judge David S. Jones, Mr. Cogswell, and myself.

MARCH 31. — The news from Mexico, which has been anxiously expected for the last two or three days, was brought to-day by express from Washington. The rumours of a great battle in Mexico between General Taylor and Santa Anna have taken the form of authenticity. The conflict which was foreshadowed was realized, and a bloody battle fought

by the Mexicans and their invaders on the 22d and 23d of February, at a place called *Buena Vista*, six miles west of Saltillo, the result of which extricates the American forces under General Taylor from a position of great danger. Five thousand of our troops were surrounded by fifteen thousand Mexicans, and with this disparity of force Taylor gave battle. The action was desperate. The Americans, as usual, fought with the utmost bravery, and the contest was well sustained by the enemy. The carnage was tremendous: four thousand Mexicans are killed and wounded, by our accounts; but it is painful to relate that the blood of seven hundred to a thousand Americans was offered up to the Moloch of war and unjust aggressive hostility, of whom sixty-three were officers,—gallant, noble fellows who fought for their country, reckless of life and regardless of the merits of the controversy. As old Caspar says, “But ’twas a glorious victory.” Who shall comfort the afflicted parents, wives, children, and friends of the brave men who have thus “sacrificed their lives to honour”? Who shall be the first to convey the melancholy tidings of his son’s death to Mr. Clay, whose whole life has been employed in the service of an ungrateful people? They are willing he should work for them, negotiate for them, and sacrifice his time, talents, and property in their service, and send his sons to fight their battles and die in their cause; but most ungratefully refuse his just reward, and bestow their favour upon one who went to bed one night a man no bigger than a million of other men in the country, and rose the next day President of the United States. One must be struck with the disparity of loss, in all the actions of the present war, between the officers and privates. In the wars of Europe, where war is brought to a system and practised as a science, and where the men are formed into machines to carry on the trade, their officers have only to set them in motion and keep them to their work; and only in extreme cases is it necessary for the commanders of divisions, brigades, and regiments to put their lives in jeopardy. The loss of one general or colonel has a greater influence upon the fate of a

battle than that of a hundred men. Napoleon risked his life at the bridge of Lodi because the emergency of the occasion required the example; but he knew the value of his life, and refrained from exposing the property of France. We have a different kind of warfare to wage. The troops now engaged in Mexico are principally raw recruits, undisciplined and unpractised, — brave enough in battle, but governed by impulse; they require constantly the example of their officers to lead them on, and this example is never withheld. The officers are a set of the most chivalrous, daring fellows in the world. Most of them of good families, they fight for glory, and, knowing the risk attendant upon its acquirement, never hesitate to encounter it.

We had a pleasant dinner-party to-day, given in
 William H. Prescott. honour of the accomplished author of "Ferdinand and Isabella" and the "Conquest of Peru." My round table was graced by the presence of the following guests: William H. Prescott, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Jonathan Meredith, Governor Seward, Francis Granger, Henry Brevoort, Clement C. Moore, J. Prescott Hall, James W. Webb, and Ogden Hoffman. I gave this toast in compliment to the principal guest: "Mexico and Peru: we have conquered the one, and intend soon to *turn over a new leaf* with the other."

The first edition of the "Conquest of Peru," consisting of seven thousand five hundred copies, has been purchased, at one dollar a set, by the Harpers. Mr. Prescott reserves the copyright, and will, of course, receive all the profits of future editions. He told me that his works have thus far produced him \$8,000. He finds book-making a good trade; but few such books as his are made.

APRIL 17. — There is a pleasant account in the papers of a fishing party of the tallest kind, which "came off" on Tuesday last, at Southampton, Long Island; a school of whales made their appearance in the bay on Monday afternoon, which proved to be a most unfortunate visit (for the whales, I mean). As soon as they were descried, several boats, manned by the hardy and intrepid

whalemen who inhabit that sea-girt region, went in pursuit, and, in full view of the delighted and excited non-combatants on shore, attacked, conquered, and landed four whales of the largest kind, from which they will obtain from thirty to sixty barrels of oil each.

APRIL 27. — Mr. Webster has left Washington, and gone to the South, where he seems to be gaining “golden opinions.” We already hear of his arrival at Richmond, and his being received by crowds prepared to escort him to his lodgings; of a public dinner being provided for him, and every demonstration of respect during his brief sojourn in the capital of Virginia. Similar greetings are prepared on the line of his route. They have heard of Mr. Webster, but have not seen him; and if he relaxes his iron brow, and condescends to open out himself to their inspection, and show them that his proud name was not misapplied, the Southerners may be made to acknowledge that even the East may produce great men. It looks as if the Massachusetts senator was looking out for votes. I wish he may get enough to make him President; but I fear he will find the *Taylor's measures* more to the people's liking than the more experienced culture of the Marshfield farmer.

MAY 1. — The great day of domestic locomotion is, happily for the sufferers, bright and clear. Spring carts are in great request; straw beds are cast into the streets; pots, pans, and kettles are seeking a new sphere of usefulness; women scold, children cry, and the head of the family begins to find that his notions of personal importance are of little consideration in the turmoil of May day.

MAY 3. — The Tallahassee “Sentinel” of 20th of Prince Murat. April announces in the following terms the death of a scion of the Bonaparte stock, who has resided in this country, a naturalized American, for many years: “Prince Charles Napoleon Achille Murat expired at his residence in Jefferson County, Florida, on Thursday last, the 15th inst. He was the son of Joachim and Caroline Bonaparte Murat, King and Queen of

Naples ; the former the celebrated marshal of Napoleon, the mirror of chivalry and valour ; the other, a sister of the immortal emperor. After the expulsion of his family from Italy, Prince Murat resided in Austria until 1821, when he removed to this country. He has spent most of his days in Florida, in all the quiet and retirement of a country gentleman." He was borne to the grave in this city, on Saturday, attended by his Masonic brethren of Jackson Lodge, and by a concourse of citizens. Minute-guns were fired during the moving of the procession, and he was interred with all the solemn ceremonies of the Masonic order.

MAY 7. — This was a day of rejoicing ordered by the city authorities to celebrate the victories of our armies in Mexico. There was a grand military display, salvos of one hundred guns, a general display of flags from all the vessels in the harbour, and from every public edifice in the city which had the bunting to show. In the evening occurred an illumination of all conspicuous houses ; the City Hall and other public buildings, hotels, and club-houses were lighted up, and transparencies exhibited, in which Scott and Taylor, Worth and Wool, were blazoned forth by "inch of candle ;" and Palo Alto, Resaca de los Palmos, Monterey, Buena Vista, and la Vera Cruz were as familiar to the tongues of old age and infancy, male and female, gentlefolk and common folk, as the places where they were born.

I went with my daughters and Mr. William Hoppin to see the show. The crowd in the streets was great beyond description. Broadway, for its whole length, was a solid mass, and in the Park it looked as if humanity was piled three or four deep. We went along with the tide (for returning was impracticable) as far as St. Paul's Church, and thence up Chatham street and the Bowery, home, where we arrived tired and bruised, but gratified with what we had seen ; and not much the worse for wear, for, although the crowd was so great, it was a good-natured crowd, — a little screaming, some swearing, but more laughing, and no accidents that I have heard of.

MAY 10. — Scarcely had the last inch of candle shed its rays, and the last charge of powder sounded the harmless blast of rejoicing for battles fought and gained by the Americans in Mexico ; scarcely had the bells ceased to toll and the drooping flags been hauled down from the mast, which have been the sounds and symbols of mourning for American blood shed in acquiring these victories, — than we are called upon to record another triumph of the invading army.

Another
Victory.

General Scott achieved a decisive victory over the Mexican forces under Santa Anna, on the 18th of April. It was a hard-fought battle ; the loss of the Mexicans was immense. They fight bravely and die hard ; they are beaten again and again, and will not stay beaten. This battle was fought in the mountains and amongst the *chaparrals*. The rout was complete ; besides the dreadful loss in killed, our army took six thousand prisoners, including two generals, with ten or twelve other officers of high importance, who were all sent to report themselves to our commandant at la Vera Cruz, and thence, by their own choice, are to come to the United States. The commander-in-chief, General Santa Anna, had a narrow escape. By cutting loose one of the mules from his travelling-carriage and mounting her, he got clear into the mountains, leaving his equipage in the hands of the victor (to whom, as we have it from high authority, “belong the spoils”), with his rich service of plate for General Scott’s use, and his wooden leg, which I pray the latter may never have occasion to use.

But now comes the dark side of the picture. More precious blood has been shed. General Shields, one of the bravest of the brave, was desperately, probably mortally, wounded. The names of the killed and wounded are not given, nor is there as yet any official account. If matters continue at this rate the Mexicans will be exterminated, our own precious blood will be shed in the achievement, and the nation will gain nothing by the conquest. While these victories are gained on the land, the seaports in the bay are falling one after another into the hands of the navy, from

whom the army has received the most efficient help and harmonious coöperation since the fall of la Vera Cruz and its formidable defences. Alvarado has been captured, and this morning we have accounts of the Port of Tuspan, sixty or seventy miles north from la Vera Cruz, having been taken by the squadron under command of Commodore Perry. Among the names mentioned of the wounded, incidentally, in the vague accounts of this battle, I perceive that of Lieutenant McLane, whom I take to be the son of my friend, Louis McLane, of Baltimore, late Minister to England. It will turn out, I think, that this has been the most disastrous battle for the Mexicans. Poor creatures! they are paying severely for the unpardonable sin of rejecting the modest, unassuming plenipotentiary, Mr. John Slidell. I rejoice that my friend Scott has brought himself up so finely; this battle adds a broad leaf to the laurel wreath which he gained at la Vera Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster were at Charleston, S. C., on Webster at the South. the 29th ult., on which day he partook of a public dinner, the invitation to which was signed by sixty-two names, comprising all the chivalry of Carolina. The affair was gotten up in good taste, and marked with the best sort of feeling, in the preparatory meeting and the Mayor of Charleston presided. The resolutions were proposed, and a highly complimentary speech made, by Colonel Hayne, in the struggle with whom Mr. Webster, in the celebrated debate in the Senate on Foote's resolutions, acquired his brightest laurels, and gained a proud victory over an opponent of his prowess

MAY 13. — The Hone Club dined with J. Prescott Club Dinner. Hall. The attendance, owing to absence from town, sickness, and death in families, was unusually small, consisting of the following members: Hall, John Ward, Grinnell, George Curtis, Paul Spofford, Draper, Bowen, and myself; in addition to whom were Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Judge Betts, United States District Court; Judges Beardsley and Jewett, Supreme Court of the State; and Mr. Charles King.

MAY 14. — We had a pleasant party at supper, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. DePeyster, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. John Hone, Mr. and Mrs. Van Schaick, Mrs. Oddie and Alida, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hone, Dr. Matthews, his two daughters and son; Mr. Anthon, his daughters; William and Hamilton Hoppin, Mr. William Wood and Miss Wood, William Ashurst, Mr. Muller, and Mr. Francis Dorr.

MAY 26. — I received yesterday a circular letter from the Hon. William A. Mosely, chairman of the corresponding committee of Buffalo, an estimable Whig member of Congress, inviting me to attend a great convention to be held at Chicago, Illinois, on the 5th of July. The object of this convention is to put forward the claims upon the government of the enterprising citizens of the great western lake country, and consequently to rebuke the contumelious treatment they have received from the person who has, accidentally, obtained the power to defeat the wise and *constitutional* measures adopted by the people's representatives. I have replied to Mr. Mosely's letter, accepting the invitation of the committee, and promising to be at Chicago on the 5th of July, my health permitting. This fits in well. I have been making arrangements to go early next month to Lake Michigan, Green Bay, and Chicago; and here is an additional inducement.

MAY 31. — Among the liberal donations for the relief of the famished Irish which have passed through the hands of the committee was one received last week, of \$5,000, from Messrs. Corcoran and Riggs, of Washington. These gentlemen have made a princely fortune by taking the whole of the last government six-per-cent. loan, and have thus, with becoming liberality, contributed of their abundance to this good object. The capture of la Vera Cruz and the battle of Buena Vista furnished the means of sending a thousand barrels of corn to Ireland; and Scott and Taylor, whilst employed in knocking out the brains of Mexicans, were unconsciously the instruments of saving the lives of Irishmen.

New York
Harbour.

JUNE 1. — The glorious harbour of New York presented to-day an animated picture. Vessels of every description, from the largest-class frigate to the little, fairy skiff, with magnificent steamers, carrying out, to its utmost extent, the American go-ahead principle, and noble merchantmen loaded down with the staff of life for hungry Europe, waiting for a wind to hoist sail and away. Several causes operated to increase the usual animation of this great aquatic theatre. The new steamer "Washington," the first government mail vessel intended for England and the continent, went to sea. She takes out Mr. Hobbie, an agent of the general post-office department, who goes to establish an international system of postage with the European governments.

A great steamboat race came off between the "Cornelius Vanderbilt," which bears the name of her enterprising proprietor, and the "Oregon," Captain Law. They went to Croton Point and returned, seventy-five miles, in three hours and fifteen minutes, — a rate of speed which would carry a vessel to Liverpool in five or six days. The "Oregon" gained the race, and Captain Vanderbilt was beaten for once. The annual regatta of the Yacht Club was to have taken place, but there was not wind enough to start the boats. I intended to have gone down with my daughter in the steamer "Eureka," which was provided by the club to accompany the yachts, with the members. The affair was postponed until to-morrow. Among the other incidents of the day interesting to the spectators on the Battery was the arrival of the "Southerner" from Charleston, with Mr. Webster and other distinguished passengers.

Journey to the
West.

HARRISBURG, JUNE 10. — We left Philadelphia at seven o'clock, and came to this place, one hundred and six miles by railroad, at three o'clock. The weather is warm, but a fine breeze made the ride delightful. The road passes through one of the most fertile and best-cultivated districts in the United States; but there is not a pretty town on the route, and none of any note but Lancaster; nor is Harrisburg, though dignified by the name of the capital of the great State of Pennsylvania, any-

thing more than a miserable collection of lawyers' offices and barber-shops. There is not a handsome edifice in the place, that we could find, with the exception of the State-House and public offices, which are in good style, but constructed of the everlasting red brick and white marble. The town is beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the Susquehanna, which is here a fine stream, and deserves something better than this loafer-looking city to grace its banks. We have determined, as a choice of evils, to go to-morrow to Pittsburg by the canal, although we shall be three nights on the voyage, in preference to one hundred and fifty miles of stage travelling by Chambersburg, on dusty roads in this warm weather.

JUNE 11.—At three o'clock we embarked in the Pennsylvania Canal. canal-boat "Delaware," Captain Kellar, on a canal voyage of more than two hundred miles. The weather is pleasant, and we have an agreeable set of passengers; not too many. The day does very well, but the sleeping is tolerably uncomfortable (there is not much of *that*, however)! The delay on this, the first day of our long voyage, is rather discouraging; there has been a breach in the canal, which has caused an accumulation of loaded boats; but the scenery is splendid. Just at the sun-setting (a more glorious one I never saw) we came to the junction of the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers, fifteen miles from Harrisburg, where the boat crosses the dam, the tow-path being conveyed across on a long bridge of light and delicate construction, on piers of massive and solid masonry. At the mouth of the Juniata is a handsome mansion and fine estate of four hundred acres, called Duncan's Island, belonging to a lady of that name, whose character seems to be worthy of such a position. Here we leave the Susquehanna, and follow the course of the Juniata, — a beautiful stream, abounding in romantic and picturesque scenery.

EN ROUTE, JUNE 12.—The breach in the canal caused us to stop several hours during the night, and this morning, at sunrise, the "Commet," a huge coal-boat, had the bad manners to get stuck

across the canal (what better could be expected from a fellow who spells Comet with two m's?). Here I witnessed a gallant exploit of our captain, — the *raising a swell*, which is thus performed: he puts six horses on the tow-lines, backs the boat, and then, dashing on with the fury of the horses in the hippodrome, raises a swell like the waves at Rockaway. The first onset removed the "*Comet*" a little from her orbit, and the second carried us triumphantly through the obstacle. The sight of this spirited display of canal tactics compensated for the delay. We sat down to breakfast and went on our way rejoicing.

CANAL, JUNE 13. — This canal-travelling is pleasant enough in the daytime, but the sleeping is awful. There are two cabins, in which the men-folk and the women-folk are separated by a red curtain. In the former apartment the sleepers are packed away on narrow shelves, fastened to the sides of the boat, like dead pigs in a Cincinnati pork warehouse. We go to bed at nine o'clock, and rise when we are told in the morning; for the bedsteads are formed of the seats and the tables. "A couch by night, a chest of drawers by day!" If I should ever be so happy as to sleep in my own bed again, my comfort will be enhanced by the remembrance of my present limited, hard, sheetless dormitory.

JUNE 14. — An extra car brought us from Holidaysburg, at six o'clock this morning, to take the Portage railroad across the Alleghany mountains to Johnstown,—thirty-six miles,—which is effected by ten inclined planes, five ascending and five descending, similar to those on the Delaware and Hudson railroad. It is somewhat exciting, but nothing when we get used to it. The scenery of these mountains is astonishingly grand, wild beyond description; and would have been gratifying but for the hard rain and extreme cold, which compelled us to keep the windows closed. The delay of the early part of this tedious voyage still follows us. Being an extra train, nothing was ready; locomotives were to be sent for, and horses not to be had. We have lost already three days since we left Philadelphia, and while writing, the new boat, the "Louis-

iana," lies at the dock at Johnstown, waiting for the passengers who were a day behind us. Six o'clock. The cars are in; an influx of passengers, of not so good a description as the original set, have come on board, with a fair quantity of crying children and vulgar mothers, and we are off once more.

JUNE 15. — Our canal voyage has been pleasant, on the whole, though tedious, and longer than it should have been by a day and a night at least, owing to delays on the first night, which we could not recover during the voyage. But we arrived at "the Birmingham of America" at eleven o'clock this evening. I regretted the necessity of entering the city at night; but its appearance was quite a novelty: bright flames issuing from foundries, glass and gas works, and rolling-mills, steam-engines puffing like broken-winded horses, and heavy clouds of smoke making the night's darkness darker, gave us a grand *entrée* to Pittsburg, where we are sumptuously lodged at the Monongahela House.

JUNE 16. — This is one of the most active, business-
At Pittsburg. like places I have ever seen, with every appearance of present prosperity and future greatness; manufactures of iron, glass, and machinery are carried on extensively and under great advantages; iron abounds in every valley, and bituminous coal of the best quality comes cantering down from the surrounding mountains, and is delivered by contract at four and a half cents per bushel, or about \$1.20 the long ton. A place so situated, with such natural advantages, must rise to greatness. I have seen nothing like it in Pennsylvania.

JUNE 20. — The voyage down the Ohio — four hundred and ninety-six miles — has been exceedingly pleasant. We had a fine boat, excellent fare, comfortable staterooms, and good company, and arrived here this morning in time to dress and attend divine worship at Christ Church, — an Episcopal congregation. Cincinnati is a noble city, as I expected, of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, with splendid private dwellings and every appearance of prosperity.

At Cincin-
nati.

At Lex-
ington.

JUNE 24. — Mr. Clay sent us last evening a note, inviting us to breakfast. Mr. Crittenden, Margaret, and I went out this morning to Ashland. A more delightful visit cannot be imagined; I shall ever remember it as one of the bright spots in my life. Our illustrious host received us with the utmost kindness. He looks well, and talks, as usual, “like a book.” Recent events have cast a shade of melancholy over his expressive countenance, without diminishing the warmth of his friendly feelings, but rather adding an interest to their expression. He talked much to me about his son. He was baptized on Sunday, preparatory to his joining the Episcopal Church. After breakfast (such a breakfast as could only be found in such a mansion and such a country) he took us around his grounds. I never saw so fine a farm; his crops of wheat, Indian corn, and hemp are in the highest degree of perfection, his trees (nearly all of which were planted by himself) magnificent, and the stock do credit to the pastures on which they are reared. Why should such a man, so situated, desire to succeed in public office a man like James K. Polk?

After spending three or four hours in this pleasant manner, Mr. Clay brought us to town, and drove me in his carriage about the environs, to see the public edifices, private dwellings, and beautiful adjacent country. We then parted (never perhaps to meet again). Long life and honour to Henry Clay! I am as deeply impressed with his hospitality in private as I ever have been with his talents and patriotism in public life. How have I been gratified with this fortunate visit, which brought my daughter and me in friendly communion with two such men as Henry Clay and John J. Crittenden, not forgetting that prince of good fellows, Governor Letcher.

JUNE 25. — We came from Frankfort — fifty-four miles — by the stage. The day has been very hot, and we had a heavy load of passengers, among whom was

At Louisville.

General Shelby, son of the celebrated governor of that name, whose acquaintance I made at Lexington. We stopped to dine at Shelbyville, — a pretty town twenty-two miles from Frankfort. The road is good, and the country through which it passes, like the whole of western Kentucky, beautiful; fine farms, highly cultivated with heavy crops of Indian corn, hemp, and wheat; rich valleys, “standing so thick with corn that they do laugh and sing;” and forests in which the handiwork of nature has left nothing for the improvement of art. These are the bright pictures of this fine country; I have seen nothing to mar them either in the State or its inhabitants. We are lodged in the Galt House, under the charge of its gentlemanly proprietor, Major Throckmorton, the acknowledged prince of landlords.

At the last lock, the new passengers all went ashore to see Porter, the Kentucky giant. He keeps a large hotel, and makes a good living out of the curiosity of travellers who stop to drink with him. The captain introduced me to the *great man*. He said he had heard of me in New York, talked with me (the only one of fifty men present), and wished me a pleasant voyage and safe return. This mighty piece of humanity is seven feet eight inches in height, thirty-five years of age. I stood at his side; he stretched out his arm at right angles with his body, and it was six inches above my head. He is not so fine a looking man as when I saw him in New York, and complains of bad health. I fear that this last of the *race* of giants will have run his earthly *race* ere long. These people persist in calling me *Colonel*, notwithstanding I tell them that I am plain *Mister*. Well, I would rather have the people’s commission than that of President Polk, or Governor Young.

On the Mis-
sissippi. JUNE 29. — I was called out of my berth by my request to the clerk, at two o’clock this morning, to witness the union of the “Queen of the West” with “The Father of Rivers.” This interesting ceremony takes place at a settlement called Cairo, on the extreme southerly point of the State of Illinois. The moon being obscured, and my sight, from

being suddenly called up, not very clear, I could only judge of the situation of the place, but saw enough of it to satisfy me that it was not *Grand Cairo*. We have now followed the course of the Ohio from its commencement at Pittsburg, where the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela forms its origin, one hundred miles, to the spot where it becomes lost in the Mississippi. The river is rising, there is plenty of turbid yellow water, and no more danger of getting aground.

JUNE 30. — We came to this great city (for such it At St. Louis. truly is) at six o'clock in the evening of this lovely 30th of June, three weeks since our departure from New York, and put up at the Planters' House, — one of those great hotels which astonish us in the great West. After tea, according to my practice, I started to perambulate the busy haunts of this Western Babylon. I walked the whole extent of the front on the river, called (as is usual in the Western cities) the levee, and my astonishment at the scene there represented is greater than I can describe. Fifty large steamboats, at least, lie head on, taking in and discharging their cargoes; some constantly arriving from New Orleans and other ports on the Mississippi; Cincinnati, Louisville, etc., on the Ohio; from the great Missouri and its tributaries; the Illinois river, where we are bound, and the whole Western and Southern waters, which make this place their mart; whilst others are departing, full of passengers, and deeply laden with the multifarious products of this remarkable region. The whole of the levee is covered, as far as the eye can see, with merchandise landed or to be shipped; thousands of barrels of flour and bags of corn, hogsheads of tobacco, and immense piles of lead (one of the great staples), whilst foreign merchandise and the products of the lower country are carried away to be lodged in the stores which form the front of the city. My walk led me through the Corlears' hook and ship yards of St. Louis; among boatmen, draymen, and labourers, white and black; French, Irish, and German, drinking, singing, and lounging on benches. This was an excursion which

few travellers would undertake, especially after dark ; but I like it, and, as the man said who went to be married, when asked by the priest, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" I answer, "Sartainly ; I came for that."

JULY 1. — We left St. Louis with infinite regret, at five o'clock this afternoon, on board the steamer "Domain," for Peoria and Peru, on the way to Chicago. I have more to say about St. Louis than I can find time for. We have met with here (as we have in our whole progress) the most distinguished attentions. Many gentlemen have called upon me with offers of services which our short sojourn prevents us from accepting. Colonel Benton, the Missouri senator, the great gun of the great West, called with his niece, Miss Brant (the daughter of Colonel Brant, who has one of the finest establishments in the city), and took us in his carriage to see everything worthy of note in the city and its environs, — the churches (which are very numerous), the convents, the college, and arsenal, and market-places, and a number of beautiful country-seats.

JULY 4. — Chicago is truly the wonder of the West-
 At Chicago. ern world. It was ceded to the Americans by the
 Winnebagoes after General Scott's treaty in February,
 1831, and now it is a large town, beautifully situated at the head
 of Lake Michigan, a transcendently beautiful Mediterranean sea,
 with streets laid out at right angles, streets of stores, and fleets of
 vessels ; cottages for people of taste, brick houses for people of
 wealth, hotels for travelling people, and churches for good people.

JULY 8. — We arrived soon after daylight at Mil-
 At
 Milwaukee. waukee, where we remained until ten o'clock. Here is
 another wonder of the Western world, — an Aladdin's
 palace on a large scale, raised in a night, but likely to be of longer
 duration. The town is well situated, in the State of Wisconsin,
 ninety-five miles below Chicago, with a fine harbour ; streets of
 business filled with wagons, some conveying the merchandise of
 New York into the interior of the State, and others bringing in *new*
country produce, and taking out *old country* immigrants ; churches,

printing-offices, markets, and milliners, — and all these in a place where twelve years ago there were just three log-shanties.

At Fond-du-Lac. JULY 10. — My business at Sheybogan being accomplished, Margaret and I started this morning, at seven o'clock, in an open wagon, with a good pair of horses and a handy boy to drive, on this journey of forty-four miles. But such a journey I never suffered; the road until the last seven or eight miles lies through a dense forest, generally beech and maple, with now and then a clearance, with the trees still burning; a log-cabin, with swarms of children; pigs; a cow, perhaps; and a pot boiling upon the cross-sticks. Every mile we meet a family of German emigrants, with their goods and chattels stowed away in a huge ox-wagon, with legs of all sizes projecting, from those of the mother, of the size and form of a horse-block, to the pipe-stems of the latest pledge of connubial industry. The road, with the exception of the first six miles to the new and thriving settlement at the falls of the beautiful Sheybogan river, and the last six on the prairies of Fond-du-Lac, is abominable; stumps and roots alternate with stones so thickly sown that there is no room for the wheels to pass between them; and occasionally, that art should come in to dispute with nature the credit of the construction of this *via infernale*, a bridge formed of rough logs, of all sizes and forms, is thrown over a deep swamp of black mud. Thus we came plunging into holes, and brought up by stumps, at the rate of two miles an hour, in the hottest day there has been this summer. Besides all this, we have the delightful prospect of returning by this road on Monday. Governor Tallmadge, who, with his daughter, has been a fellow-sufferer in another wagon, kindly insisted upon our becoming his guests at his log-cabin three miles from Fond-du-Lac, and here we hope (if the mosquitoes will let us) to sleep away the fatigue and soreness of our hard day's journey.

On Lake Huron. JULY 17. — Our misfortunes are not yet ended. We were dining at the St. Marie's Hotel, when news was brought that the steamboat, with all our baggage

on board, had started fifteen minutes before her time. We rushed down to the wharf and made signals to her. To our great joy she laid by; we put off in a small boat, were nearly run down, were hauled on board at the risk of our lives, and thus ends the adventures of Sault Ste. Marie. We are now on Lake Huron, steaming down to Detroit, almost home, — only about twelve hundred miles to go.

JULY 19. — Detroit is a busy, active city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, with wide streets, handsome shops, and plenty of fine churches.

On Lake Erie. JULY 20. — A fine day, but very hot. At five o'clock this morning we came to Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, about half-way between Detroit and Buffalo. This is a pretty town, with a good show of business, many fine private buildings, displaying a great deal of taste and neatness.

At Buffalo. JULY 21. — I find it exceedingly difficult to call to my recollection the city of Buffalo as I formerly knew it. Rows of warehouses occupy ground which was then vacant, and corn-fields and gardens have made way for streets of brick houses. The basin and harbour are so obstructed with steamboats and lake crafts that hours are consumed in the ingress and egress.

Niagara. JULY 23. — I went to bed at the Falls last night at an early hour, fatigued with my day's exercise, and labouring under an indisposition of several days' standing, which made me less able to stand the fatigue. After a restless night I arose this morning very early, and while sitting at my window, from which I had a fine view of the rapids on the American side, the morning sun arose clear, bright, and glorious, lighting up the agitated waters, which, foaming and tossing about in fantastic forms, rushed with the speed and fury of a wild horse on the prairies to the awful brink of its grand descent into the whirlpool below. It seemed like a sea of melted silver casting out

myriads of sparkling jewels to meet the sunbeams' early embraces ; languid and faint, I gazed with awe and admiration, and felt how insignificant an object I was in this glorious pageant of Divine power.

Canan-
daigua. JULY 25. — On my arrival at Buffalo I found a letter from my friend Mr. Granger, of Canandaigua, inviting us, in the kindest and most pressing manner, to pass a day or two at his noble mansion. This chimed in so well with our arrangements, and the promise it held out of an agreeable resting-place, induced us to accept the invitation without hesitation, and I wrote to that effect previous to our hasty visit to Niagara.

Canandaigua is widely different from the youthful towns of the West, where the people do not find time to live as they might ; taste is troublesome, and comfort costs time ; eating dinner interferes with some go-ahead operations, and shutting the door requires the use of hinges and locks. Here, from the princely residence of Mr. Grieg to the house of the industrious mechanic, many of those items are seen which collectively, according to their several conditions, make up the enjoyments of life. We had Mr. Mark H. Sibley at dinner yesterday, and Mr. and Mrs. Grieg on their return from Rochester passed the evening with us, and Mr. Wood, the antiquarian and philanthropist, came after dinner. I am very sick. My friend Granger's hospitality is thrown away.

At Home. JULY 12. — We have been from home seven weeks, travelled, according to my account, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven miles ; seen everything for the first time, met with many distinguished persons, and received everywhere marks of kindness and respect, ever to be gratefully remembered. We have accomplished everything we undertook, by the plan laid down, and all has gone well, excepting my indisposition, under which I have laboured for the last three or four weeks. I have not permitted it to interrupt my travelling, but I return not half the man I went forth.

JULY 31. — Accidents, disastrous and generally fatal, are of almost daily occurrence in this country of rapid progress and reckless management. There may be a hope that these evils may be remedied in part by greater prudence, resulting from more experience in the use of that dreadful agent, steam, and the machinery used in its operations; but the accidents occasioned by racing call for the remedies of strong laws, rigidly enforced, and public opinion undeviatingly directed.

Conquest of Peru. AUGUST 4. — I found on my table, on my return from the West, a copy of Mr. Prescott's new work, "The Conquest of Peru," — a presentation copy from the accomplished and amiable author. I anticipate a treat in reading it. "I roll it like a sweet morsel under my tongue," and shall reserve the gratification until I get to Rockaway, where, from the preparations going on around me, we are destined to be very soon. Prescott has established his claim to rank as *the* historian of the United States; and good taste and discriminating criticism, now and in all future time, will not hesitate to assign him an exalted place among the most distinguished historians of Europe of former or contemporaneous times.

ROCKAWAY, AUG. 6. — Sick and sorrowful, I am trying a new experiment. Rockaway air and bathing may do that for me which the Franciscan treatment has failed to accomplish. It may enable my stomach to retain some food, and restore in some degree my exhausted strength. Rockaway has not failed hitherto. I will grapple with the enemy; but, alas! I have no *stomach* for the contest.

Death of Mr. Stuyvesant. AUGUST 18. — The papers brought down from the city contain the intelligence, received by the magnetic telegraph, of the death of Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant, which occurred on Monday last at Niagara. Mr. Stuyvesant was a grandson of Governor Stuyvesant, and inherited a large share of his immense estate. He has no children. The particulars of his will are as follows: To Hamilton Fish, Gerard Stuyvesant, and the son

of Mr. Rutherford, who married his ward, Miss Chanler, half a million each, the boy to take the testator's name. To his widow, \$12,000 a year, with the house and furniture; the residue of the estate to be divided among his other nephews and nieces, which is estimated to produce \$100,000 each. How much this gentleman's son lost by never having been born!

SEPTEMBER 13. — A beautiful piece of statuary, the work of Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor at Rome, is now being exhibited at the National Academy, and attracts crowds of visitors from morning to night. And so it ought, for it is admirable. I have no rule by which to estimate the merit, or appreciate the faultless beauty, of this statue which could guide me in placing it below the Venus de Medici. I have no personal acquaintance with Powers, nor had I with Praxiteles; but I am not willing to undervalue my countryman because he was not born so soon as the other gentleman of the chisel. I certainly never saw anything more lovely.

SEPTEMBER 14. — The anxiety which has prevailed for several days past to learn the progress of this glorious, but dreadful, war is at length gratified, if gratification it can be called to read accounts of the fiercest battles and shedding of blood which have ever occurred on this continent.

General Scott has gained a great victory under the walls of Mexico. The modern Cortez wades through Mexican blood to conquer again the ancient city and subjugate anew the unhappy descendants of the Montezumas. He has gained a great victory, but with the loss of a thousand of his own army, poorly compensated for by that of five thousand of the enemy. He attacked the Mexicans under Santa Anna, who were strongly entrenched and well provided with artillery and ammunition, and whose numbers are stated at from twenty to thirty-two thousand, with a force of seven thousand, and drove them in with horrid slaughter. This battle was fought on the 19th and 20th of August, during an uninterrupted and drenching rain. The details are sickening. Scott and

Worth have added new, but blood-stained, laurels to their already over-burdened brows. Their brothers in arms have well sustained their former reputation, and the men fought like tigers ; but of their number enough have been killed and wounded to satisfy the most unreasonable admirers of this unrighteous war. The names of the officers whose blood now stains the approaches to the city, the object of our cupidity and rapacity, are published in detail, and I distinguish many whose fate will cause silent tears to fall from the eyes of loving mothers and loud curses from philanthropists and patriots.

SEPTEMBER 25. — The venerable, amiable old man
 Death of
 Major Popham. could not make out his century. The pale light of the
 lamp went out, the worn-out machinery ceased to
 move, the attenuated cord no longer retained its hold, and the old
 man of ninety-five years left this day the generation of men, amongst
 whom age had made him a stranger. A man in the prime of life
 at the Declaration of Independence, he fought the battles of his
 country, and exchanging, at the termination of the glorious struggle,
 his continental uniform for the habiliments of a life of peace, wit-
 nessed the rise and progress of New York from a handful to an
 armful ; from a little clump of ill-built tenements of which Wall and
 Broad streets were the limits, to the magnificent capital of the
 Empire State ; from twenty thousand to four hundred thousand
 inhabitants.

SEPTEMBER 28. — It is to be hoped that the senseless
 West Point. clamour of ignorant fools in Congress, who have been
 placed by constituents as ignorant as themselves in a
 situation where folly becomes dangerous, and ignorance is supported
 by power, will now cease to be employed against the noble insti-
 tution, the military academy of West Point. The utility of this
 establishment has been proved to the full extent of the favourable
 predictions of its friends, and the utter overthrow of the disparag-
 ing prognostications of its enemies. The students of West Point
 have been foremost in the career of glory in the Mexican war, in

the front of the battle, reckless of danger, adding to the most chivalric bravery the benefit of military science acquired at this excellent national school. These lads, in gathering a rich harvest of renown for themselves, have effectually succeeded in rescuing the fountain, from which their science and practice were derived, from the poisonous effusion of the malice and prejudice of the Allens and others, worthy representatives in Congress of an ignorant and prejudiced constituency. Among our New York boys whom West Point has sent out as samples to the wars, are Hamilton (John C. Hamilton's son), Graham (son of J. Lorimer Graham), Herman Thorn's son, all of whom were wounded in the battles of Mexico; Chandler, son of General Chandler, and Clay, whose testimony was sealed with their life's blood; all have done their duty, and the nation may be proud of the seminary in which they were taught.

OCTOBER 8. — How the cavernous eyes of Webster must have looked out from under the heavy archway of his expansive brows, when, in his late speech at Springfield, in which he laid open with a bold hand the secret springs and corrupt motives which produced the Mexican war, he used, with satirical bitterness, the following expression. Speaking of the mysterious policy of Mr. Polk, in furnishing to Santa Anna a safe-conduct from Cuba, his place of exile, to his Government of Mexico, the Massachusetts senator remarked, "That the President must be gratified to know that in the subsequent battles, which have cost so much blood and treasure, the commanding general on both sides was of his own choosing."

OCTOBER 18. — The meeting of the convention has filled the city with Episcopal clergymen, and our pulpits with able preachers, very much, I dare say, to the relief of the regular officiators, whose new sermons (if they have any) may be laid aside for future use. I heard, with great pleasure, two bishops yesterday, — Bishop McCoskry, of Michigan, preached, in the morning, in Trinity, and Bishop Jones, in the evening, in the Church of the Ascension, to crowded congregations.

Episcopal Con-
vention.

One may know these reverend visitors in the streets by their good-looking, complacent, self-satisfied countenances, well-brushed black coats and white neck-cloths, and gentlemanly, dignified deportment. Some of them may be seen with neat little wives hanging on their arms, well dressed, each with a little satin bonnet, a little inclining to be gay; and many a wistful glance is cast at Beck's, and Seaman & Muir's, and Rogers' windows, and at Stewart's palace of haberdashery, with a suppressed sigh of regret that the doctor's stipend is so small. It may be a subject of doubt whether this autumnal visit to New York will make these worthy folk feel better during the winter.

OCTOBER 22. — I dined yesterday with Mr. Bradish, the first dinner-party at which I have been since my return from the West. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and I went. Weak as I am, I enjoyed myself exceedingly. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bradish and Miss Hart; Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania; Rev. Dr. Taylor, Grace Church; Professor Agassiz, lately of France, who has been appointed Professor of Natural History on the Lawrence foundation of Harvard College; Mr. Joseph R. Ingersoll, Philadelphia; Colonel Memminger, Charleston, S.C.; Mr. Hamilton Fish, John A. King, Samuel B. Ruggles, H. Van Rensselaer, John C. Hamilton, and myself.

OCTOBER 25. — I am sixty-seven years of age. My My Birthday. mind, thanks to my Heavenly Father, is unimpaired, as

I am still encouraged to hope; but I am weak in body, and labouring still under the effects of the protracted illness which I brought home with me last summer from the West. My flesh has departed, but my spirit remains; my knees tremble, but my heart is stout; as I said, the other day, in a letter to Mr. Wood, of Canandaigua, who inquired kindly about my health, "I am weak as the argument of an unfeed lawyer, thin as the fourth day's soup of a shin of beef, and cross as a disappointed barnburner." I think, however, I shall get up again; but, if it shall be otherwise ordered by my Divine Master, I trust I shall have resignation, faith,

and hope to enable me to say, in sincerity of heart and fulness of conviction, "Thy will be done."

Capture of
Mexico.

General Scott entered Mexico on the 14th of September, after a series of battles, in which the greatest gallantry was displayed by the Americans, and in which the commander and his officers covered themselves with glory; but the conquest was obtained at an awful expense of American blood. These victories and the occupations of the city cost three thousand men, killed and wounded, leaving six or seven thousand men to sustain themselves in a conquered city of two hundred thousand exasperated, desperate Mexicans.

The particulars of the bloody engagements which preceded the capture of Mexico, the resignation of General Santa Anna, the astonishing achievements of Scott, Worth, Quitman, Persifor Smith, Pillow, Twiggs, and the whole band of heroes, are all recorded in a paper of Saturday, which I have preserved. Scott's march to Mexico with his handful of men, through an unknown country filled with infuriated bands of armed guerillas, and the occupation of the city by the American forces, is an event equal to the most brilliant recorded in history. But, alas! how dearly has this glory been purchased! The list of killed and wounded is also contained in this paper. The best blood in the country has been shed. Worth lost eighteen hundred men. Thorn's gallant son has been wounded again; severely this time. Thomas Morris's young son was killed; Major Twiggs fell gallantly fighting; but the melancholy record would occupy too much space in my journal. National glory is attained at the expense of individual distress; the tears of the survivors may not blot out the record, but it will be sadly defaced. Colonel McIntosh and Col. Martin Scott, two of Worth's brigade, were killed in the sanguinary charge of the 8th; the former died of his wounds on the 24th. Bravest among the brave, the loss of such men cannot be compensated by the conquest of the whole country we are fighting for. Cannot Polk, and Buchanan,

and Marcy be prevailed upon to go and take a hand in the beautiful game they are making others play?

New York
Boys.
 OCTOBER 29.—In the list of noble young fellows whose gallant conduct, indomitable bravery, and military accomplishments in the Mexican war redound to the glory of West Point, their military alma-mater, there are several New York boys, sons of our friends and associates, who, if they ever get back, will come to their homes covered with glory, jewels in our city's treasury, the pride of their parents and the children of the Republic. These are the fruits of a West Point education. Shame on the malignant demagogues who have laboured to overthrow such an institution! The following are foremost in the list of young heroes, whom we claim as our own:—

Schuyler Hamilton, son of John C. Hamilton, grandson of General Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton, is an aide of General Scott. With such blood in his veins, and such a name, he could not fail to acquit himself with honour. Nobly has he sustained them. He was badly wounded in a dangerous reconnoissance, and was rescued by Lieutenant Graham, son of Mr. S. Lorimer Graham, another of our boys who has signalized himself.

Lieutenant Thorn, son of Col. Herman Thorn, brave as the bravest, is aide to Colonel Garland. Twice he has been wounded, and was always found in the thickest of the fight.

Lieutenant Alfred Gibbs, of the Rifles, was wounded in the desperate affair of the 8th of September, at the storming of Molino-del-Rey. Ordered to the hospital, he refused to go, but was carried on the back of a soldier, and entered the city in the midst of the conquering army. This officer, son of Col. George Gibbs and grandson of Oliver Wolcott, is the author of several very interesting letters which have been published on the subject of the Mexican war.

Lieutenant Morris, the gallant son of Thomas Morris, and grandson of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and friend of Washington, equally brave, was less fortunate than his

young associates in arms. He, too, was wounded in the attack on "Kings-Mill," on the 8th of September. He was shot in the leg, from which wound a hemorrhage ensued, and he died on the 13th, without entering "the halls of Montezuma." Alas! will his gallant deeds and death of glory assuage the grief of his parents, or dry the tears of his sisters? These are the trophies of West Point! Shall it not be supported?

NOVEMBER 4. — Henry Wheaton, formerly of this city, who has been American minister in foreign courts for the last twenty years, has, since his recent return, been appointed lecturer on Civil Law and the Law of Nations in Harvard University.

I dined on Tuesday with Mr. Stebbins, one of the nabobs of the Fifth avenue. He is a partner of Mr. Jaudon, lives in an elegant house, and gives good dinners. The following was the party, besides the host, the hostess, and Miss Stebbins: Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper, Francis Griffin, Mr. Anderson, Mr. De Launay, John Schermerhorn, Moses B. Taylor, Mr. Jaudon, Mr. Brigham, R. M. Blatchford, George Curtis, and myself.

NOVEMBER 8. — I have refrained of late from keeping a record of railroad and steamboat accidents. I never take up a paper that does not contain accounts of loss of life, dreadful mutilation of limbs, and destruction of property, with which these reckless, dangerous, murderous modes of locomotion are attended. The detail of loss of life by boiler-bursting, collisions, and snakesheads is as regular a concomitant of the breakfast-table as black tea and smoked beef.

NOVEMBER 13. — Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. are building a fine packet of one thousand two hundred tons, to go on their Liverpool line. I am delighted to learn that she is to bear the honoured name of "Winfield Scott," — a compliment creditable to her respected owner as it is well-merited by the commander-in-chief of the American army.

This noble ship will bear on her bows the name and image of a man whom the history of our country will place on its highest

and brightest page ; a merited distinction, of which party spirit, ignorance, and jealousy have in vain conspired to deprive him. A soldier accomplished in the art, and chivalric in the practice of war, the echoes of our country have rung with the name of Zachary Taylor. He well deserves his laurels ; but I say that Winfield Scott is “ a better ” as well as “ an older soldier.” The laurels that budded upon the warrior’s youthful brow at Chippewa have preserved their freshness at all times and under every climate. Untarnished by the chilling blasts of the northern lakes, or the scorching rays of southern suns, they assimilate with equal grace and appropriateness with the gray hairs of mature age. At all times, “ in season and out of season,” in the negotiations of peace as in the strife of war, in the closet as in the field, General Scott has stood ready to serve his country, to do all that was required of him, and to do it well, — a man of letters and a gentleman in the best sense of the term ; prone to vanity there is no denying, but having much to be vain of. He does not write as well as he fights ; but he seems to value the triumphs of the pen more than those of the sword, and thus, in seeking to gain advantage by the former weapon, he has on some occasions committed himself to opponents less able, but more artful, than himself, and the fox has seen with satisfaction the lion encompass himself in the toils which he could not have cast over him ; so it was in his late correspondence with the war department. He was right in principle, just in feeling, correct in judgment ; but, unfortunately, deficient in taste. He aimed to out-write his adversaries, and made his pen so sharp that it bespattered the ink back on himself. But all is right now. The people have had their laugh at the “ hasty plate of soup ; ” but the masterly capture of la Vera Cruz, the triumphal march, with forces greatly inferior to those of his enemy, over a hostile and till then unknown country of three hundred miles, and the gallant achievements which resulted in the conquest of the Mexican capital by the modern Cortez, will entitle him to the proud appellation of “ Marshal Turenne,” when the cause of Christopher

Hughes's invidious application of the term shall have been forgotten, or perhaps remembered with regret only by its witty author.

Chancellor
Kent. NOVEMBER 15. — "No more study for me," said this great and good man the other day; and I fear the bright light of his intellect is very soon to be removed from the sphere which it has irradiated. I was so unwell yesterday that I remained at home until evening, when I went to pay my accustomed visit to Union place. The accounts are unfavourable, the lamp burns dimly, the sun is nearly set.

Thanksgiving. NOVEMBER 25. — On this day the incense of prayer and thanksgiving ascends from the altars of twenty-one of these United States, and the District of Columbia in addition, to the Almighty Giver of all good things, for the blessings, national and individual, which we enjoy. This simultaneous action of so many States presents an interesting spectacle to the minds of reflecting men, — a nation on its knees, confessing its obligations and acknowledging its dependence upon Divine goodness and mercy. No matter what proportion of the mass may be insincere, or what may have been the motives of a part of the rulers who appointed this religious festival; it is a good and wise measure, beautiful and interesting, and derives efficacy from the sanction of the civil authority. The people are placed in the right track; it is their own fault, and they are answerable, if they do not walk in it. No nation ever had more causes for thanksgiving. Besides the innumerable positive blessings of our position, our exception from two of the great calamities of human life, pestilence and famine, is a prominent cause of gratitude; if the third, the sword, cannot be added, we have ourselves alone to thank for it.

Meeting of
Congress. DECEMBER 7. — The Thirtieth Congress met yesterday. The state of parties is so close that the members themselves were ignorant of their own strength, so that the wish to be in time was unexampled. The whole Western world, from Lake Superior to the Rio Grande (Mr. Polk says that is the boundary); from the turbid waters of the upper Missouri (nay, from the mouth

of the Columbia) to the engulfment of the St. Johns, sent their three hundred representatives to the common centre. Hotels and boarding-houses were filled as by a mighty rushing stream, and black waiters grinned at the prospect of undeserved quarter-dollars. Two hundred and twenty members of the House of Representatives answered to their names on the call of the roll at twelve o'clock, and were sworn in by Mr. French, clerk of the last Congress.

Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, a fine fellow and a true Whig, was elected Speaker, on the third ballot, by a majority of one vote. The rival candidates for the clerkship (which seems to be a more exciting bone of contention even than Speaker) are French, the old clerk of the Loco-focos, and Campbell, Whig. The House adjourned without filling this office. The President's message was not sent in.

DECEMBER 13. — The bright light which illumined the paths of science and literature, cleared away the intricacies of legal jurisprudence and shed a benign lustre upon the relations of social life, was extinguished at half-past eight o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the 12th of December, 1847.

Death of
James Kent.

Chancellor Kent is no more; his useful and brilliant career, which was extended in blessing to mankind to the protracted term of fourscore and four years, has come to a tranquil and peaceful termination. Dr. Francis called, about five o'clock, to inform me of his approaching dissolution. I went immediately to his residence, and formed one of the mourning group which surrounded the couch of the great and good man, and watched with painful solicitude the heaving of his last breath. I did not witness the closing scene, having returned home a short time before it took place. His death was such as every one must have desired who loved him (and all who knew him did, and none more than myself). He lay on the sofa in the library, the apartment where he laboured, studied, and wrote, and where he most enjoyed the pleasure of social intercourse with his family and

friends. How different was the scene from that which I have been accustomed to witness in this place! The hand which formerly grasped mine laid cold and nerveless at his side; the lips, from which lessons of wisdom, interspersed with remarks of childlike simplicity, were wont to proceed, uttered no sounds; the eyes closed upon all surrounding objects, the beloved octogenarian breathing fainter and fainter, surrendered his pure spirit, unconscious of its departure.

Chancellor Kent was born on the 31st of July, 1763. I never knew a man whom I loved and venerated more entirely. Whilst I sat at his side I was led to reflect on the transition which I had witnessed in the course of a few minutes; the two extremes of human life were present to me. When Dr. Francis called it rained very hard, and I sent for a carriage; before it came I went over to Mr. Russell's, to see my grandchildren, and there they were, in my arms, full of life and spirits, unconscious of anything but present enjoyment: two sparkling dew-drops, glittering in the morning sunbeams; two blossoms just expanding from the buds, and beginning to emit their early fragrance. In a brief space of time I was called to witness the extinguishment of a lamp which had enlightened mankind for nearly a century, and to mark the withered fruit falling from the sapless bough. "So passes man's life away, and he is gone." Happy should we be, if at the close of such a life we might have a reasonable assurance of such a death!

DECEMBER 15.—The remains of James Kent, the man whom all men delighted to honour, were interred this afternoon, in the cemetery on the Second avenue. The funeral procession, which embraced the members of the Bar in a body, the Common Council, with their staves of office, and countless hundreds of the most respectable citizens, proceeded to Calvary Church, where a part of the funeral service was read by the reverend pastor, Mr. Southard. Thence the sacred ashes were conveyed to the vault of the deceased, and the final ceremonies performed. The

pall-bearers were: Chief Justice Jones, Mr. John Duer, David S. Jones, Sylvanus Miller, George Griffin, Thomas Morris, Judge Oakley, and myself.

Every demonstration of public respect has been paid to the memory of this excellent man. The Common Council met on the call of the Mayor, and passed suitable resolutions, among which was one to procure his portrait. The city standard and flags on public edifices and shipping were displayed at half-mast, the courts were all suspended, and all the obituary notices in the newspapers are highly eulogistic. The proceedings of a meeting of the New York Bar held yesterday, at which Chief Justice Jones presided, were exceedingly impressive. It seems to have been an expression of the most fervent feeling, an offering of personal affection rather than a public demonstration; and this sentiment prevailed throughout the whole proceedings. Speeches were made by Ogden Hoffman, Benjamin F. Butler, Daniel Lord, and Hugh Maxwell; eloquent, of course, proceeding from such lips, but rendered peculiarly interesting by the prevalence of the sentiment above alluded to. I have preserved the public report of these speeches as among the most beautiful specimens of funeral eloquence I have ever met with.

DECEMBER 17. — Another old friend is gone. Peter
Death of Mr. Mesier. A. Mesier died suddenly, on Wednesday night, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. I attended the funeral as a pall-bearer this afternoon, from his house, No. 51 Dey street, next door to the one in which I was married, more than forty-six years ago. The funeral ceremony was performed in Trinity Church. The following were the pall-bearers: Gen. Edward W. Laight, Jonathan Goodhue, James Lee, Gen. Augustus Fleming, I. C. Hamersley, Garrit Storm, Joseph Tucker, and myself.

DECEMBER 22. — The New England Society cele-
New England Anniversary. brated their anniversary yesterday, by a gathering at the Tabernacle, at two o'clock, and the usual dinner at a later hour. I attended the first, and not the second, having no

regular call nor complimentary invitation ; and well it was for me, for the confinement to one position for nearly three hours in the Tabernacle was almost insupportable in my feeble state, and I was placed in so conspicuous a situation, directly in the eye of my friend, the orator, with Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Cutting directly behind, and in gossiping communion with me, that I could not make my escape. Had it been otherwise, and I had been wise enough to secure a retreat, the oration, beautiful as it was, could not have detained me. Prescott Hall was the orator. His address, bating its being a little too statistical and too long by half an hour (two hours and ten minutes), contained some splendid passages, especially a glowing and most eloquent peroration, and was read with the grace which was to be expected from J. Prescott Hall.

What strange changes have of late come over the spirit of the times ! One of the standing toasts at the New England dinner was " Pius IX., Pope of Rome ; " and Bishop Hughes, an invited guest, occupied the seat of honour on the right of the President, and made a speech, in which he could not avoid expressing his astonishment at finding himself in such companionship ; and well might he be astonished. The sons of the Pilgrims toasting the old lady, whom their fathers complimented with the titles of " whore of Babylon," " red harlot," and such-like tender and loving appellatives ! What would the Carvers and the Bradfords, the Winslows and the Winthrops, say, if they could rise from their ancient places in the " old colony," and witness their descendants toasting the Pope, for whom no better place could formerly be found in their celebration of the " Gunpowder Plot " than as one of the respectable trio of Pope, Pretender, and Devil ! All Hail, a return of the days of bulls, dispensations, indulgences, and ex-communications ! New England toasts the Pope.

DECEMBER 28. — The line of English mail steamers is to be divided, and one-half are to come to this port alternately with the Boston line. For this purpose the " Hibernia " arrived here from

Boston this morning, to take her place, and sail hence on Saturday. A meeting of merchants was held to-day at the Exchange, at which Mr. George Griswold presided, with James Brown, Anson G. Phelps, Jonathan Goodhue, Robert B. Minturn, and William Whitlock as vice-presidents, for the purpose of giving a welcome to Captain Ryrie, the commander of the "Hibernia."

1848.

ON the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, with the opening of a new year, I am permitted to open a new volume of my humble annals. I pray that the gloomy aspect of things out of doors, the thick, foggy air overhead, and the muddy ways underfoot, may not be prophetic of national or individual calamity; but that bright skies and genial sunshine may soon dispel the clouds of the moral, as it soon will those of the natural, atmosphere.

The year which has just passed away, and is laid by on the shelf of time, like a cast-off garment to feed the moth of tradition, has been productive of events of startling moment and fearful importance, here and elsewhere. Our country is engaged in a most unrighteous war, waged from motives corrupt and sinister, with a neighbouring Republic, — a war in which the gallant achievements of our officers and men have shone conspicuously, but in which the blood of our countrymen has enriched the fields of Mexico, and in which untold millions of the nation's treasure has been expended, and is yet to be expended, in fighting the battles of a bastard branch which in an evil hour was admitted into the American family. Individual prosperity has increased in this part of the Union; men have grown rich in supplying the wants of the starving population of Ireland; palaces have been erected out of the freights of nine shillings sterling for flour; and the extravagance and love of show, to which our people are prone, has had ample scope in the successful mercantile operations of the year. These bright days, however, have in a measure passed away, and there is some danger that some among us may wish during the year 1848 that they had not spent so much money in 1847.

In Europe the leading events have been the dreadful state of

famine and destitution, crime and discontent, in Ireland; a civil war in the cantons of Switzerland, waged against Jesuitical influence; a new Pope, who is trying very hard to introduce salutary reforms in the government of the Papal See, and striving to make his subjects happy. In our own country a change has taken place in the state of parties. The Whigs have recovered their ascendancy in the public councils; there is a Whig Speaker and a small majority of Whigs in the House of Representatives; the Governor, and other State officers, with a large majority of both Houses of the Legislature, are Whigs, as are also the Mayor and both branches of the Common Council of the city; so, if things go wrong, we must take the blame.

As for myself, for the last six months I have been struggling against the effects of indisposition contracted during my Western tour, which has taken away my strength, and reduced my flesh by the amount of forty pounds. Of this disease I am not relieved, but am better. I have borne up well under the affliction, and have hopes that, with the blessing of God, I may yet overcome it. But, let the event be what it may, I hope to be willing to leave the issue in the hands of the Almighty Author of my existence, and to say, with hope and confidence, and with a grateful acknowledgment of the blessings heretofore derived from that beneficent source, "Thy will be done." My affairs, to say the best of them, are not improved since last year, nor are they worse. I am deeply in debt; but I have the means to pay all, and have thus far met every engagement with undeviating punctuality. Let those who are better off say as much.

JANUARY 12. — I am feeble, and scarcely able to go abroad; but I am not permitted to stay at home. The warm fire of my domestic hearth burns not for me. I attended yesterday, at five o'clock, a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College, and in the evening presided at the annual meeting of the Mercantile Library. This duty, always gratifying to me, was peculiarly so on this occasion, from the kind expression of feeling with which I was greeted.

General
Scott.

JANUARY 13. — It appears to be a “fixed fact” that the great captain, General Scott, has been recalled from his command in Mexico. The ostensible object of this disastrous measure is probably to give the general an opportunity to make good the charges on which the arrest of Generals Worth and Pillow and Colonel Duncan was ordered (as I think in an evil hour). These officers are also ordered home, to meet the court-martial which must be called to investigate the charges. But it is more likely that the administration is glad of an excuse for preventing a further accumulation of laurels on the brow of the able and gallant commander-in-chief, for his glory forms a contrast rather unfavourable to their claims upon the people’s favour. They hate him, and are glad to get rid of him. What a pity that he should, by his own hasty act, have furnished them the means of carrying out their hostility !

General Scott has a claim ten times stronger upon the gratitude and favour of the American people for services rendered to the country than General Taylor ; and yet the latter chieftain, by the exercise of more discretion, and manners more popular, would beat the hero of Chippewa, of Vera Cruz and Mexico, ten to one, in a contest for the Presidency. Thus it is in this “land of freedom ;” and such things prove the truth of the maxim that “republics are ungrateful.” The Duke of Wellington, with no better claims upon his country’s liberality than our Scott, bends under the weight of merited rewards ; jewelled stars and heraldic orders cover his breast ; accumulating titles are emblazoned upon his escutcheon, and domains and other substantial endowments attest a sense of the value of his services ; whilst our ripe and accomplished soldier (of whom I am informed that the “great Duke” has lately said, the campaign which commenced with the taking of Vera Cruz and terminated with the military occupation of the Mexican capital, was one of the most splendid achievements of modern warfare) is recalled to be laid upon the shelf, and obtain his diurnal “plate of soup” from the inadequate pittance of a government bureau.

FEBRUARY 8. — I dined to-day with Mr. Blatchford, at the Astor House, where his family is boarding during the winter season. The dinner (as is always the case at that house) was excellent. The controversy on the Clay and Taylor question waxes somewhat warm. In that company I was almost alone for Clay, and had to contend with Webb, Hall, and Grinnell, with occasionally a side-cut from George Curtis; but they know no more about public opinion in New York than they do of the secrets of the Grand Seignior's seraglio. In reply to Colonel Webb, I read the letter which I had just written to Charles King; and, on the whole, sustained myself tolerably well against the professed friends, but secret enemies, of Henry Clay. Our party consisted of R. M. Blatchford, J. P. Hall, John Ward, Paul Spofford, T. Tileston, M. H. Grinnell, Daniel Fearing, J. W. Webb, R. L. Colt, George Curtis, C. H. Russell, M. Morgan, Stebbins, and myself; and that noble Whig and fine fellow, George Evans, of Maine, whose loss in the Senate all good men deplore.

FEBRUARY 15. — Died on Saturday, the 12th, at his residence, Kattskill, Thomas Cole. The death of this eminent artist, in the prime of life and the meridian of his fame as a landscape painter, is a loss to the arts and a severe affliction to his friends, for both suffer equally from the melancholy deprivation. I knew poor Cole from the first day he came here from Philadelphia, — a fine young fellow, full of undying ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, a lover of nature, with a conscious ability for the portraiture of her features. Modest and unassuming, he was unacquainted with the artistical quality of humbug, and, alas! he was not then the fashion. If genius did not sometimes overcome discouragement, here was a case in which it might have despaired. When Cole came to New York he brought with him two pictures, original views of the *Kaaters Kill* or Kattskill mountains, and the *Still-Lake* which forms its head-waters, with all the beautiful scenery of that romantic region, taken on the spot. Days were devoted to rambling, sketching, and the results successfully trans-

Death of
Thomas Cole.

ferred to the canvas: the glowing impressions of a warm imagination, the rich fruits of an artist's study, the children of prolific genius; and these pictures, the labour of many weary days, taken faithfully and with talent from one of the most beautiful repositories of nature's riches, the artist offered for sale repeatedly, in Philadelphia, for ten dollars each, without finding a purchaser; for he was not then the fashion. These pictures are now mine; they adorn the wall of my back parlour.

Cole came here, poor, friendless, and, worse than all, modest. He was fortunate enough, however, to attract the notice of Colonel Trumbull and William Dunlap, two artists, now both deceased, whose favourable opinion was of great value, and was freely bestowed. They bought, each of them, one of the pictures in question for \$25. I was so much pleased with them that I succeeded in getting the two for \$125, and now that my friend, whose recent death is so deeply deplored, has emerged from the clouds of neglect and shone out in all the brightness of fashionable popularity, it is not an extravagant surmise that some of the Philadelphia *dilettanti*, who could not formerly discover \$10 worth of merit in these early productions of the artist, would now be glad to buy, at a cost of \$600 or \$800, two of the works of his pencil, of no greater merit than mine. The late Mr. Samuel Ward gave him \$2,500 for a series of four beautiful pictures, called "The Guardian Angel," and the late Mr. Luman Reed, a price nearly equal for another series of four, which he styled the "March of Empire." Poor Cole! He struggled against every discouragement to reach the top of the hill, but was not long permitted to enjoy his elevated station.

FEBRUARY 24. — Poor Mr. Webster! My heart bleeds Mr. Webster. for him. A few weeks ago his only daughter, Mrs.

Appleton, died of consumption, suddenly contracted and fatally hasty in its progress; and now, himself in feeble health, he has just received the news of his son Edward's death in Mexico, where he commanded a company in a regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He died of one of those diseases of the climate which

there is reason to fear will be the passport to a stranger's grave for many a young American. I passed a few happy days, the summer before last, at Marshfield, with these two young persons, whose premature deaths will wring their parents' hearts, and bring a sympathizing tear into the eye of many a friend. Edward Webster had a strong desire for military distinction, and would probably have made a distinguished officer. He was taken ill last summer, obtained leave of absence, and came home; whence he returned to Mexico, restored to health, as he believed, but only to add another victim to a destroying climate.

John Quincy Adams is no more. Full of age and honours, the termination of his eventful career accorded with the character of its progress. He died, as he must have wished to die, breathing his last in the capitol, stricken down by the angel of death on the field of his civil glory, — employed in the service of the people, in the people's Senate house, standing by the Constitution at the side of its altar, and administering in the temple of liberty the rites which he had assisted in establishing.

At twenty minutes past one o'clock, on Monday, the 21st, Mr. Adams, being in his seat in the House of Representatives (from which he was never absent during its session), attempted to rise (as was supposed, to speak), but sank back upon his seat and fell upon his side. Those nearest caught him in their arms. Mr. Grinnell bathed his temples with ice-water, when he rallied for an instant. The House immediately adjourned, in the utmost consternation, as did the Senate, when informed of the melancholy event. His last words were characterized by that concise eloquence for which he was remarkable: "*This is the last of earth; I am content.*" Dr. Fries of Ohio, a member, raised him in his arms and bore him to the Speaker's room, where he lay, with occasional indications of consciousness, until last evening, a few minutes before seven o'clock, when he breathed his last. The intelligence of his death came to Albany by the telegraph.

Thus has “ a great man fallen in Israel,” — in many respects the most wonderful man of the age ; certainly the greatest in the United States, — perfect in knowledge, but deficient in practical results. As a statesman, he was pure and incorruptible, but too irascible to lead men’s judgment. They admired him, and all voices were hushed when he arose to speak, because they were sure of being instructed by the words he was about to utter ; but he made no converts to his opinions, and when President his desire to avoid party influence lost him all the favour of all parties. In matters of history, tradition, statistics, authorities, and practice he was the oracle of the House, of which he was at the time of his decease a member. With an unfailing memory, rendered stronger by cultivation, he was never mistaken ; none disputed his authority. Every circumstance of his long life was “ penned down ” at the moment of its occurrence ; every written communication, even to the minute of a dinner invitation, was carefully preserved, and nothing passed uncopied from his pen. He “ talked like a book ” on all subjects. Equal to the highest, the planetary system was not above his grasp. Familiar with the lowest, he could explain the mysteries of a mouse-trap.

I listened once, at my own table, with a delight which I shall never forget, to his dissertation on the writings of Shakespeare, and an analysis of the character of Hamlet,— the most beautiful creation (he called it) of the human imagination. At my request he afterward sent me a synopsis of the latter part of this delightful conversation ; a paper which has always been a treasure to me, and which will be more precious now that its illustrious author is no more. I listened once, with Mr. Webster, for an hour, at Mr. Adams’s breakfast-table in Washington, to a disquisition on the subject of *dancing girls* ; from those who danced before the ark and the daughter of Jairus, whose premature appearance caused so melancholy a termination to her graceful movements in the dance, through the fascinating exhibition of the odaliskues of the harem down to the present times of Fanny Ellsler and Taliogni. He was

ignorant on no subject, and could enlighten and instruct on all; he loved to talk, and was pleased with good listeners. Vain, no doubt, and not entirely free from prejudices, but preserving his mental faculties to the last. His sudden death, even at the advanced age of eighty years, to which he arrived in July last, will be acutely felt and deeply deplored by those who have habitually enjoyed the refreshing streams which flowed from the copious fountains of his diversified knowledge.

Mr. Adams's name will be recorded on the brightest page of American history, as statesman, diplomatist, philosopher, orator, author, and, above all, Christian. The events of his life may be thus briefly enumerated: John Quincy Adams was born in 1767. In 1781 he was private secretary to Francis Dana, minister to Russia. In 1794 he was appointed, by Washington, Minister to the Netherlands. In 1803 he was senator in Congress from Massachusetts. He resigned in 1808, and the next year was sent by Madison as Minister to Russia, where he remained, until, with Henry Clay, James A. Bayard, and Albert Gallatin, he negotiated the treaty of Ghent in 1814, and was sent as Minister to England. He was recalled in 1817 to take the place of Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe. He succeeded Mr. Monroe as President of the United States in 1825. In 1829, having completed his term, he retired, for the first time in thirty-six years, to private life. In 1831 he was returned to Congress from his native district, which he continued to represent uninterruptedly to the day of his death.

FEBRUARY 29. — The subscribers, members of the Racket-Court, gave a ball and supper this evening to the ladies, and there has been nothing more *recherché*, nothing better arranged, and nothing attended with more complete success, since the last leap-year. I attended during the whole evening, first with Mrs. Fearing, my wife, and daughter, to see the preparations, and afterward in attendance upon Miss Sarah Duer and my wife. There were about three hundred subscribers, at \$10 each, and the whole money was expended. The Racket Court,

The Racket-
Court.

one hundred and twenty feet by forty, was converted into a dancing-saloon, fitted up and ornamented in the most perfect taste, in the form of a tent, with three thousand six hundred yards of muslin, divided into diamonds by strips of gold galloon, and interspersed with artificial flowers. The orchestra, with thirty-five performers, was placed on the north side; the supper-table was laid out in the bowling-alley, where the most ample provision was made for the epicures and lookers-on. Pretty girls, with pink dresses, were attended by beaux with black mustaches and white vests. All the other rooms in this spacious edifice were decorated and laid open for the pleased and happy company; the gallery, which looked down upon the dancers, was filled with charming girls and agreeable cavaliers, forming, on this occasion at least, from their relative situation, the *upper crust* of society. The affair went off splendidly, and hundreds of worthy people, employed in the getting-up, have been made to rejoice in what is called, by some fastidious persons, the extravagance of fashionable life. There was a large committee of arrangements, and the *fête* was sanctioned by a committee of ladies, styled lady-patronesses, of which my wife was one. This dignified body, who did little to earn their honours, consisted of the following: Mrs. Philip Hone, Mrs. D. C. Colden, Mrs. George Barclay, Mrs. A. le Barbier, Mrs. Robert Emmet, Mrs. H. C. de Rham, Mrs. John A. Stevens, Mrs. J. W. Schmidt, Mrs. Henry Parish, Mrs. J. Prescott Hall.

Reception of
Mr. Clay. MARCH 7. — This was the day appointed for the arrival of Mr. Clay from Philadelphia, on a visit to

New York, as the guest of the Mayor and the Corporation. The new steamer, "Cornelius Vanderbilt," which was gratuitously furnished by her owner and namesake, left town at nine o'clock, with the committee and members of the Common Council and a large company of invited guests, which latter honour I was compelled to decline. But I accompanied the Mayor to Castle Garden, which was filled on our arrival with a mass of men, equal in numbers and general good appearance to the multitude

which assembled in the same place, on the recent occasion of the great Clay Whig meeting. The boat arrived precisely at the appointed time, and Mr. Clay and his *cortège* mounted the stage at two o'clock. Alderman Franklin, chairman of the joint committee of arrangements, then surrendered the illustrious visitor to the Mayor, who gave him a warm reception and hearty welcome, to which Mr. Clay replied, in one of the most touching and best-imagined little speeches I ever heard him make.

At the close of his speech he adverted to the painful and impressive contrast presented by the rejoicing, the shouting, the excitement of which he was the honoured object, and the mournful obsequies of the next day, in which our citizens were preparing to do honour to the remains of the truly great man who had just finished a long life of public services in highly honourable stations. Here now were assembled, in one place, the three principal negotiators of the treaty of Ghent (the other two, Messrs. Bayard and Russell being no longer living). Of these three the venerable Albert Gallatin is one of our fellow-citizens, honoured in old age. Henry Clay was addressing us, and the mortal remains of the third we were to speed, the next day, on its mournful transit to the tomb of his fathers.

MARCH 8. — The day of joyful gratulation and loud shouting is passed; the recipient of the people's honours is left to undergo the pains of oppressive hospitality; and, instead of songs of triumph for a great man living, our city has sent up the mournful dirge for a great man departed. The body of John Quincy Adams arrived at the Battery, from Philadelphia, at three o'clock, where it was received by a splendid military escort, and accompanied by a civil procession, consisting of eighteen pallbearers, of which number I was one. The Mayor and Corporation, the committee of the House of Representatives appointed to accompany the body, the members of the Massachusetts delegation, the precious relics of the Cincinnati, — everybody was in the procession who ought to have been there, and everything was

Obsequies of
Mr. Adams.

done which the occasion required. The streets on the line of march were filled to the edge of the sidewalks with the greatest body of men and women ever assembled in the city. Unlike the heterogeneous mass of excited spectators which covered the same ground yesterday, these were well-behaved, well-dressed people, of grave deportment and orderly behaviour; the streets were relieved from the annoyance of omnibuses and other vehicles; the police succeeded in preserving order, with the exception of an occasional outbreak in the immediate vicinity of the carriages in which Mr. Clay and General Gaines rode. The pall-bearers were nearly as follows: Luther Bradish, David S. Jones, Samuel Gilford, Stephen Allen, William B. Crosby, Stephen Whitney, Egbert Benson, Edward Laight, Richard S. Williams, Gulian C. Verplanck, A. Van Nest, Gideon Ostrander, Clement C. Moore, J. M. Bradhurst, George Tappan, Anthony Lamb, Samuel B. Warner, Philip Hone.

MARCH 11. — Mr. Clay survives; but such a time no man ever had. This was the day set apart for his reception of the ladies. Tens of thousands of females, with a careful exclusion of the grosser sex, were presented, for each of whom he had a word of gallantry. They all pressed his hands; many kissed him; and one hand, "more lucky than the rest," prompted by a spirit of Amazonian hardiness and armed with "the glittering forfex," which, like the adventurous baron who despoiled the lovely Belinda of her cherished tresses, she had brought for the nefarious purpose, did actually commit a new "Rape of the Lock."

MARCH 13. — Mr. Clay went yesterday, with the Mayor, to St. Bartholomew's Church. Here, again, was one of those scenes which mark the movements of this popular man. A long time before his arrival at the church, the vestibule and the walks in front were filled with an expectant mass of people, who received him uncovered, and on his entering the church, the aisles and every part of which were crowded, the congregation arose. If their worship of God was ardent and sincere as that of man, some good may result

from this Sunday manifestation. On his leaving the church, with Mrs. Brady on his arm, and when the carriage drove off, these marks of homage were repeated.

The treaty negotiated by an unauthorized agent, with an unacknowledged government, submitted by an accidental President to a dissatisfied Senate, has, notwithstanding these objections in form, been confirmed in substance by the decided vote of thirty-nine to thirteen, and will be forwarded immediately to Mexico, approved by President Polk. Parties have not divided on this question by political boundaries, as on others. Cass and Crittenden voted for, and Benton and Webster against, it. The war, originated in the vilest cabal that ever was set on foot by corrupt demagogues, has been conducted, so far as the government was concerned, with the most reckless extravagance, and owes now a reluctant confirmation to the strong desire of a majority of the Senate to get rid of a present evil, and avoid the future disastrous consequences of a protracted war. For these laudable objects the Whigs voted for the confirmation of the rickety treaty, and the administration party to save their rickety cabinet from further disgrace. Mr. Trist, a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, after his recall from a special job committed to his care, makes a treaty "upon his own hook." Mr. Polk, elected President nobody knows how, submits it to the Senate to get himself out of a scrape, and they agree to it for fear of something worse.

MARCH 24. — Dined with Mr. Tileston; a sort of a club dinner, as in former times, ten members being present. The party consisted of George Curtis, John Ward, J. Prescott Hall, Paul Spofford, Simeon Draper, James W. Webb, Moses H. Grinnell, Samuel Jaudon, Thomas Tileston, and myself, of the club; invited guests: Henry A. Coit, S. Knapp, D. S. Jones, Charles H. Russell, Daniel Fearing, Mr. DeWolf, Henry Cary.

MARCH 29. — John Jacob Astor died this morning, at nine o'clock, in the eighty-fifth year of his age; sensible to the last, but the material of life exhausted,

Death of Mr.
Astor.

the machinery worn out, the lamp extinguished for want of oil. Bowed down with bodily infirmity for a long time, he has gone at last, and left reluctantly his unbounded wealth. His property is estimated at \$20,000,000, some judicious persons say \$30,000,000; but, at any rate, he was the richest man in the United States in productive and available property; and this immense, gigantic fortune was the fruit of his own labor, unerring sagacity, and far-seeing penetration. He came to this country at twenty years of age; penniless, friendless, without inheritance, without education, and having no example before him of the art of money-making, but with a determination to be rich, and ability to carry it into effect. His capital consisted of a few trifling musical instruments, which he got from his brother, George Astor, in London, a dealer in music. He sold his flutes, and set up a small retail shop of German toys, but soon emerged from obscurity, and became a great and successful merchant. The fur trade was the philosopher's stone of this modern Cræsus; beaver-skins and musk-rats furnished the oil for the supply of Aladdin's lamp. His traffic was the shipment of furs to China, where they brought immense prices, for he monopolized the business; and the return cargoes of teas, silks, and rich productions of China brought further large profits; for here, too, he had very little competition at the time of which I am speaking. My brother and I found in Mr. Astor a valuable customer. We sold many of his cargoes, and had no reason to complain of a want of liberality or confidence. All he touched turned to gold, and it seemed as if fortune delighted in erecting him a monument of her unerring potency.

APRIL 1. — The funeral took place this afternoon, from the house of Mr. William B. Astor, in Lafayette place. The following were the pall-bearers, ten in number: David B. Ogden, Judge Oakley, Washington Irving, Ramsay Crookes, Isaac Bell, Sylvanus Miller, James G. King, James Gallatin, Jacob B. Taylor, and myself.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15. — The "Milwaukee Sentinel" contains the following article, — a most wonderful illustration of the

magical performance of the lightning post, the last miracle of the scientific triumphs of the present age: "At nine o'clock yesterday morning we had, by telegraph, the news and markets from New York, distant some *fourteen hundred miles*, up to three o'clock of the *preceding* afternoon! This is, indeed, a startling fact, and may well make us pause and wonder at the agency which has brought it about." I was once nine days on my voyage from New York to Albany.

MAY 1. — I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than that of the old pear-tree on Third avenue, now in the full exuberance of its spring garb of blossoms. It is now two hundred and one years old, having been planted by Governor Stuyvesant in his garden, which embraced all this populous part of the city, on his arrival from Holland. In laying out the streets and avenues, this relic of antiquity came at the corner of two wide thoroughfares, where it is protected; its wide, dark trunk standing strong and stout, and its branches spreading out in fantastic forms, and new blossoms vouching, on the return of spring, for the vitality of the ancient child of the former garden, of which it is the sole memorial. It is now in full blossom. Having expressed my admiration of the time-honoured tree, at Mr. Fish's dinner, among the Stuyvesants, the Fishes, and the Winthrops, they very politely had some of the blossoms gathered and sent to me, which I intend to preserve as a specimen of long-lived vegetation, and a floral reminiscence of the Stuyvesant dynasty.

MAY 25. — I have been glorifying all day, and returned fatigued and hungry. General Scott's reception has been splendid and enthusiastic. The arrangements of the Corporation were excellent, and everything well conducted; the people seemed willing to carry their hero upon their shoulders, notwithstanding his pretty considerable bulk, and the additional weight of his laurels. The sword had erased the errors of the pen, and the "hasty plate of soup" was forgotten in the shouts of "battles won," and conquests secured.

The Stuyvesant Pear-tree.

Hail to the Chief!

MAY 26. — I dined with a large party at Moses H. Grinnell's, in his magnificent mansion in Fourteenth street. It was a dinner given to the directors of the Phœnix Bank, the result of a wager lost to Mr. Fearing. All the delicacies of the present prolific season, — turtle, salmon, peas, asparagus, terrapins, strawberries, — all that could tempt the epicure or satisfy the gourmand, were spread before the guests, and wine such as Hebe ne'er poured out for the gods made every man wish "his neck was a mile long." The party consisted of James W. Otis, Daniel B. Fearing, Mr. Corse, Paul Spofford, Garrit Storm, P. Hone, Thomas Tileston, Henry Cary, Mr. Henry, N. G. Ogden, William E. Laight, Charles H. Marshall, Washington Irving, D. Mills, and Mr. Stebbins.

JUNE 7. — The Whig Convention met this morning, at the Chinese Hall, Philadelphia. Great excitement prevails. The friends of General Taylor and of Mr. Clay are equally raised to "fever heat." The former have nominated, out of doors, their candidate to run with or without the sanction of a nomination, and many of the latter have expressed a determination to support no other but theirs. As for myself, I am as much of a Clay man as the best of them; but if General Taylor gets the nomination (of which there seems to be a strong probability), I will support him to the best of my power. Mr. Clay deserves the nomination; but there is a question beyond his success and the gratification of our predilections. Shall General Cass be the President? Never, if I can prevent it. His principles are more dangerous than those of any other man who has been named by his party as their candidate. He is an embodiment of political humbug and demagogism, administering to the worst part of the community. He made a fool of himself, when minister to France, by writing a book of gossip about the king and court, and since his return has courted the populace by declaring war pretty much against all "princes, potentates, and powers." The annexation of Texas and the war of Mexico received his hearty support, and he now threatens to subjugate the whole of the American continent.

Whether he would as chief magistrate carry out these threats may be doubtful; but, demagogue or destroyer, Oliver Cromwell or Charles of Sweden, I want none of him. "I intend," said a good, stiff Loco-foco, "to give General Cass my unqualified support." — "And if he succeeds," replied his Whig interlocutor, "you will have an *unqualified* President."

JUNE 10. — The Whig Convention, in Philadelphia, completed their important business yesterday, by the nomination of Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, for President, and Millard Fillmore for Vice-President. I am disappointed, but I am satisfied. The Clay Whigs generally are not so easily satisfied; they are exasperated, and swear all sorts of opposition to the nomination. They will go for the Barnburners; they will get up an opposition candidate; they will support Cass, — an ebullition of rage which will lead them farther than they wish to go. Hereafter I am for Taylor and Fillmore. The last was a judicious selection. New York is the great Clay State, and Mr. Fillmore being a Clay man, it will serve to reconcile the party in a good measure. Some will undoubtedly remain refractory; but we shall gain as many from the Loco-focos. Hurrah, therefore, for Taylor and Fillmore!

SEPTEMBER 29. — The Clay Whigs are falling into the Taylor ranks, reluctantly in some instances, and with a bad grace. Mr. Greeley, editor of the "Tribune," who sets himself up as the oracle of the party, has concluded at last, after deep deliberation, and at the expense of many wry faces, to swallow the dose, and hoists, in his paper of this day, the Taylor and Fillmore flag, but thinks proper to make an apology for his course. He only prefers Taylor to Cass, and damns the former with faint praise. This is in abominably bad taste, as well as impolitic in the last degree. But the object is clear enough; if General Taylor is elected, and makes a good *Whig* President (of which I have the fullest confidence), Mr. Greeley can say, "I supported him; look at my paper, where his name appears in large

Coming
Round.

capitals ; " but if he is defeated, or, like John Tyler, proves a traitor to the party which elects him, the same adroit editor will refer to the same paper to prove that he was not his choice.

Death of
Mr. Otis.

OCTOBER 28. — The telegraph brings the melancholy, but not unexpected, intelligence of the death of Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston. The brilliant and useful career of this most estimable man was brought to a close this morning, at two o'clock. He completed his eighty-third year about three weeks since, and has gone to the grave full of years, loaded with honours, and rich in the affections of his friends and fellow-citizens. Mr. Otis was one of a class almost extinct, — a gentleman, in the full extent of the term ; of shining talents and the most polished manners. He has held many important public stations ; as a senator from Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States, his eloquence shone with a lustre the rays of which have been transmitted to his illustrious successors. As the Mayor of Boston, his legal knowledge, sound judgment, and dignified deportment imparted strength and grace to the magistracy. Descended from a family and inheriting a name sacred in the annals of the Revolution, he was a Federalist in the best days of that glorious and abused party ; a Whig then, and a Whig ever since. His intellect was unimpaired to the last hour of his life, and it is remarkable that a few weeks since, whilst suffering under the pains of a hopeless disease, and sinking beneath the weight of fourscore and three years, he wrote and published a long letter urging his fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to the support of the Whig nominees for the offices of President and Vice-President. This paper is marked by all the strength of argument and brilliancy of style which characterized the productions of his middle age. I have again to lament, in the decease of Mr. Otis, the loss of another dearly-valued friend, whose uniform kindness and hospitality always constituted one of the greatest enjoyments of my visits to Boston.

Le Jour
D'Austerlitz.

NOVEMBER 7. — This is the day of the great election to decide not only whether General Cass or General Taylor is to be President for the four ensuing years, but whether the policy and principles of the government, as established by the great fathers of the Republic and confirmed by the Revolution, and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, shall be restored to their first purity; or those of the present administration, which we Whigs hold to be subversive of the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people, shall be continued with renewed energy and less scrupulously, under the man who has “played most foully” for the prize he seeks to obtain.

The glorious sun rose this morning in a clear sky and sharp atmosphere, as if to give the light of heaven to the simultaneous action of a whole population. It is a grand and interesting subject of reflection, that millions of men in this widely extended country are resorting on the same day to their respective polls, to decide by casting in, each of them, a little slip of paper, the choice of their rulers to control the action of the government for the weal or the woe of the people. The sun which rose this morning will, at its setting, see the momentous question settled, and that which rises to-morrow will scarcely find a vestige of the great struggle. Men will resume their accustomed pursuits, labours, occupations, pleasures, and strivings; and women will buy new bonnets, and walk in Broadway with them, as if nothing had happened. The hurrahs will have subsided, the guns will be silenced, the flags lowered from their staffs, a few broken heads plastered up, and many of us will think we had better have minded our business. The elections being held on the same day throughout the Union is a wise precaution to prevent intrigue, corrupt management, and improper interference with the people's prerogative. Here in New York “the work goes bravely on.”

The Battle.

NOVEMBER 8. — The sun of Buena Vista set last night upon the most decided victory ever achieved in this city by the Whig forces, — a perfect rout;

everything is gained. The Taylor electoral ticket has a plurality over Cass of 9,805, and a majority over Cass and Van Buren united of 4,706. Hamilton Fish is Governor of New York.

DECEMBER 16. — Now that the election is over, and
 Gold and Cholera. General Taylor President past peradventure, California gold and the cholera are the exciting topics of the day. These two diseases are equally infectious; both interfere with the honest pursuits of industry, and, though the former does not so immediately affect the health and endanger the lives of its subjects, its injurious effects may be of longer continuance.

Our newly acquired territory of California, having passed from the hands of Spaniards and Indians into those of the enterprising Yankees, who run faster, fly higher, and dig deeper than any people under the sun, has now developed its riches. The region of country watered by the river Sacramento is found to abound in pure gold; the shining tempter of mankind is found in the land and crevices of the rocks, and all the world have become diggers and delvers. The towns are deserted by all but the women; business is neglected; houses stand empty; vessels are laid up for want of hands; the necessaries of life cannot be obtained, and the people are starving, with their pockets full of gold. The most extravagant stories are told of the prices of the ordinary articles in use in this new business; pick-axes, spades, and hammers are literally "worth their weight in gold," which latter commodity has fallen in value from \$18 to \$10 per ounce, whilst the products of the neglected earth are producing a "golden harvest." Some of the gold has reached our part of the world, and has been assayed at the mint; and it is found, in fact, that "it *is* all gold that glitters." The papers are filled with advertisements and enticements to adventurers, and California takes up all the commerce of the seaport.

1849.

JANUARY 20. — I was at a very delightful little dinner-party at Mr. Frederic DePeyster's, which I enjoyed exceedingly. I am not so old nor time-worn as not to be able to appreciate and enjoy the refined pleasures of female society, as I found it to-day. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. DePeyster, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer (the lovely and beautiful Mary Tallmadge of other times), Mr. and Mrs. Vail, Isaac and Eliza Hone, Miss Sedgwick, and myself, to say nothing of the men (who were not by any means deficient in good sense and agreeable qualities). I take it to be a very difficult task to select from the female society of New York five finer women than those who graced the table on this pleasant occasion.

JANUARY 26. — The California fever is increasing in Gold! Gold! violence; thousands are going, among whom are many young men of our best families; the papers are filled with advertisements of vessels for Chagres and San Francisco. Tailors, hatters, grocers, provision merchants, hardware men, and others are employed night and day in fitting out the adventurers. John Bull, too, is getting as crazy as Brother Jonathan on this exciting subject.

FEBRUARY 3. — I was a guest at a splendid dinner to-day in Mr. John C. Stevens's palace, College place. The house is, indeed, a palace. The Palais Bourbon in Paris, Buckingham Palace in London, and Sans-Souci at Berlin, are little grander than this residence of a simple citizen of our republican city, a steamboat builder and proprietor; but a mighty good fellow, and most hospitable host, as all who know him will testify. Twenty ladies and gentlemen, besides the host and hostess, were seated, a few minutes before seven o'clock, around a round table of sufficient

capacity to accommodate them pleasantly and conveniently; the ornaments of the table were magnificent, and in excellent taste. The dinner consisted of all the delicacies of a French *cuisine*; the honours of the feast were performed with the utmost good-breeding and unobtrusive hospitality; and the company, judging by the constantly spirited conversation which prevailed, exceedingly well pleased with their entertainment. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. James G. King, Mrs. Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Miller, Mrs. Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Livingston, Mrs. Douglass Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Coit, Mr. John A. King, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Murray, Mr. Anson Livingston, President Moore, Mr. Edwin Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. William Kemble, and myself.

FEBRUARY 5. — The tone of writing and speaking in Europe on the subject of the United States is greatly altered of late. Even in England the public press, as well as the popular orators, not only speak of us with a certain degree of respect, but hold us up as an example to their government and people. They may occasionally abuse us as an arrogant people, grasping at extended territory, disregarding the rights of our neighbours, invading peaceful countries, fighting like lions, and negotiating like foxes. But the language of contempt is heard no more; the little foibles of Brother Jonathan are forgotten in the contemplation of his indomitable courage, his never-dying perseverance. The thought of manhood begins to be blended with the ardour and activity of youth. He is growing to be a “big boy,” and must be treated with a little more respect. The “hasty plate of soup” may do to laugh at, but the conquering sword of the hero of La Vera Cruz and Mexico, who penned the unfortunate expression, has effaced its recollection. The Yankees may be ignorant of the most approved method of using the knife and fork; but it cannot be denied that they are competent to make a good use of the sword and musket. They eat fast, but they go ahead wonderfully; they use some queer expressions, but in defence of their rights are apt to talk much to the purpose.

MARCH 13.—The fashionable world is agog again upon a new impulse. Mrs. Butler, the veritable “Fanny Kemble,” has taken the city by storm. She reads Shakespeare’s plays three evenings in the week, and at noon on Mondays, at the Stuyvesant Institution, in Broadway, a room which will hold six or seven hundred persons, and which is filled when she reads by the *élite* of the world of fashion: delicate women, grave gentlemen, belles, beaux, and critics, flock to the doors of entrance, and rush into such places as they can find, two or three hours before the time of the lady’s appearance. They are compensated for this tedious sitting on hard seats, squeezed by the crowd, by an hour’s reading—very fine, certainly, for Fanny Kemble knows how to do it—of the favourite plays of the immortal bard. She makes \$2,000 or \$3,000 a week, and never was money so easily earned. There is no expense except the room and the lights, and the performance is a “labour of love.” Shakespeare was never paid for writing his plays as Mrs. Butler is for reading them.

MARCH 16.—This gentleman’s influence with the new administration seems to be gaining strength. He has not been thought very friendly to the present ruling powers; but he likes them better than he does the Clay men, and Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, knowing his importance in the Senate, would like, no doubt, to have him on his side. The evidence of this revival of the influence of the great Massachusetts senator is indicated by the appointment of his son, Fletcher Webster, as district attorney for Massachusetts, and that of his brother-in-law, William Le Roy, as navy agent in New York. This last appointment sends adrift the brothers Wetmore, whose politics have been made subservient to the very natural desire of retaining in the family the emoluments of this lucrative office. One of these gentlemen is a Whig, and the other a Loco-foco; so that, like the buckets in the well, when one went down, the other came up.

General
Scott.

MARCH 17.—This accomplished soldier and gallant commander made his first appearance since his return from Mexico, on Wednesday, in Washington, when he paid his respects to the President. And I rejoice to hear that the meeting between those “dogs of war” was friendly and affectionate, especially as there have been some “foregone conclusions” which made me doubt, knowing Scott’s disposition, whether this desirable result could be attained. I went to see General Scott the evening before his departure, and had a long talk with him on this subject. I begged him to let “by-gones be by-gones,” and to remember that General Taylor is President of the United States, and his superior officer. He gave me a long account of his grievances, making himself, as usual, the hero of his tale; but he knows my attachment to him, and that I love him, even with his little faults, and I should not be surprised to learn that his good heart and sound judgment approved my advice.

Mr. Hone as
Naval Officer.

APRIL 17.—My new office, that of naval officer, brings me care, trouble, and vexation, especially in relation to applications for office, which have showered down upon me in torrents. It is distressing to see how many worthy persons look to these small offices for the support of large families, and to me it is a source of pain that so many are doomed to disappointment. The official patronage of the naval officer is confined to the clerks who are employed about his person; the collector makes all the appointments of officers who are engaged in the collection of the revenue; my office is advisory and adjunct to the collector. But, to counterbalance these drawbacks, I am pleased with the office; and the warm congratulations I receive, from all quarters, all conditions of men, and all sorts of politicians, leave me no room to doubt the popularity of my appointment. Friends rise up all around me; I am infinitely richer than I ever supposed in these precious treasures of the heart. If I open one of the numerous letters I receive,

petitioning for office which I cannot bestow, I am consoled by finding alongside of it another filled with the kindest expressions of personal regard.

APRIL 20. — Mr. Charles H. Russell gave a dinner to-day in compliment to me on my appointment. The party consisted of the following gentlemen, principally members of the Hone Club, and all my devoted friends, who rejoice greatly: Francis Granger, M. H. Grinnell, George Curtis, Edward Curtis, Simeon Draper, Daniel B. Fearing, J. Watson Webb, J. Prescott Hall, R. M. Blatchford, R. L. Colt, Thomas Tileston, Hugh Maxwell, D. S. Kennedy.

APRIL 23. — Yesterday's mail brought my commission as "Naval Officer for the District of New York," with the broad seal of the Treasury Department, signed by Zachary Taylor, President, and countersigned by William M. Meredith, Secretary of the Treasury; with an order to Mr. Bogardus to march out of the office, and another to me to march in, both of which will be accomplished this morning, on or about the hour of ten o'clock. I hope, by the blessing of God, to be enabled to perform my duty with fidelity, ability, and integrity.

APRIL 25. — The painful part of the duties of my office, the removal of the officers and clerks, has commenced. I have removed the three deputies, Messrs. Spinner, Sandford, and Lee, and appointed my nephew, Isaac S. Hone, my son Robert, and Mr. Franklin; and the worst is yet to come.

MAY 8. — Mr. McCready commenced an engagement last evening at the Opera-House, Astor place, and was to have performed the part of "Macbeth," whilst his rival, Mr. Forrest, appeared in the same part at the Broadway theatre. A violent animosity has existed on the part of the latter theatrical hero against his rival, growing out of some differences in England; but with no cause, that I can discover, except that one is a gentleman, and the other is a vul-

Theatrical
Riot.

My Com-
mission.

gar, arrogant loafer, with a pack of kindred rowdies at his heels. Of these retainers a regularly organized force was employed to raise a riot at the Opera-House and drive Mr. McCready off the stage, in which, to the disgrace of the city, the ruffians succeeded. On the appearance of the "Thane of Cawdor," he was saluted with a shower of missiles, rotten eggs, and other unsavoury objects, with shouts and yells of the most abusive epithets. In the midst of this disgraceful riot the performance was suspended, the respectable part of the audience dispersed, and the vile band of *Forresters* were left in possession of the house. This cannot end here; the respectable part of our citizens will never consent to be put down by a mob raised to serve the purpose of such a fellow as Forrest. Recriminations will be resorted to, and a series of riots will have possession of the theatres of the opposing parties.

MAY 10. — The riot at the Opera-House on Monday night was children's play compared with the disgraceful scenes which were enacted in our part of this devoted city this evening, and the melancholy loss of life to which the outrageous proceedings of the mob naturally led.

An appeal to Mr. McCready had been made by many highly respectable citizens, and published in the papers, inviting him to finish his engagement at the Opera-House, with an implied pledge that they would stand by him against the ferocious mob of Mr. Forrest's friends, who had determined that McCready should not be allowed to play, whilst at the same time their oracle was strutting, unmolested, his "hour upon the stage" of the Broadway theatre. This announcement served as a firebrand in the mass of combustibles left smouldering from the riot of the former occasion. The *Forresters* perceived that their previous triumph was incomplete, and a new conspiracy was formed to accomplish effectually their nefarious designs. Inflammatory notices were posted in the upper ward, meetings were regularly organized, and bands of ruffians, gratuitously supplied with tickets by richer rascals, were

sent to take possession of the theatre. The police, however, were beforehand with them, and a large body of their force was posted in different parts of the house.

When Mr. McCready appeared he was assailed in the same manner as on the former occasion ; but he continued on the stage and performed his part with firmness, amidst the yells and hisses of the mob. The strength of the police, and their good conduct, as well as that of the Mayor, Recorder, and other public functionaries, succeeded in preventing any serious injury to the property within doors, and many arrests were made ; but the war raged with frightful violence in the adjacent streets. The mob — a dreadful one in numbers and ferocity — assailed the extension of the building, broke in the windows, and demolished some of the doors. I walked up to the corner of Astor place, but was glad to make my escape. On my way down, opposite the New York Hotel, I met a detachment of troops, consisting of about sixty cavalry and three hundred infantry, fine-looking fellows, well armed, who marched steadily to the field of action. Another detachment went by the way of Lafayette place. On their arrival they were assailed by the mob, pelted with stones and brickbats, and several were carried off severely wounded.

Under this provocation, with the sanction of the civil authorities, orders were given to fire. Three or four volleys were discharged ; about twenty persons were killed and a large number wounded. It is to be lamented that in the number were several innocent persons, as is always the case in such affairs. A large proportion of the mob being lookers-on, who, putting no faith in the declaration of the magistrates that the fatal order was about to be given, refused to retire, and shared the fate of the rioters. What is to be the issue of this unhappy affair cannot be surmised ; the end is not yet.

MAY 11. — I walked up this morning to the field of battle, in Astor place. The Opera-House presents a shocking spectacle, and the adjacent buildings are smashed with bullet-holes. Mrs. Langdon's house looks as if it

After the
Battle.

had withstood a siege. Groups of people were standing around, some justifying the interference of the military, but a large proportion were savage as tigers with the smell of blood.

I was one of a large party who dined to-day with Mr. Dinner at Mr. Vail's. Vail, at his splendid mansion, Fifth avenue. The dinner was sumptuous, the table superb, the guests numerous, and we dined at seven o'clock. The party consisted of General Scott, Mr. Fearing, Robert Ray; Mr. Vail, of Troy; Washington Irving, Daniel Fearing, James J. Jones, Charles H. Russell, Colonel Thorn, Mr. Bates, General Tallmadge; Stephens, the traveller; West, the artist; Hulseman, Austrian *chargé*; John Van Buren, Mr. Mildmay; Mr. Corcoran, of Washington; James G. King, Charles A. Davis, Lispenard Stewart, and myself.

MAY 12. — Last night passed off tolerably quietly, owing to the measures taken by the magistrates and police. But it is consolatory to know that law and order have thus far prevailed. The city authorities have acted nobly. The whole military force was under arms all night, and a detachment of United States troops was also held in reserve. All the approaches to the Opera-House were strictly guarded, and no transit permitted. The police force, with the addition of a thousand special constables, were employed in every post of danger; and although the lesson has been dearly bought, it is of great value, inasmuch as the fact has been established that law and order can be maintained under a Republican form of government.

JUNE 1. — The cholera increases, the weather is The Cholera. foggy, murky, and damp,—just such weather as produces and propagates this dreadful disease. A panic is created; vegetables and fish, oysters and clams, generous wine and nourishing porter, are repudiated; foolish people run from one extreme to another; let them live well and temperately, wear flannel, and think less of cholera, and defy the foul fiend.

JUNE 30. — Died this morning, Cornelius Low, aged fifty-four years. Dr. Francis says it was a regular case of "blue cholera."

This dreadful disease increases fearfully; there are eighty-eight new cases to-day, and twenty-six deaths. Our visitation is severe, but thus far it falls much short of other places. St. Louis, on the Mississippi, is likely to be depopulated, and Cincinnati, on the Ohio, is awfully scourged. These two flourishing cities are the resort of emigrants from Europe; Irish and Germans coming by Canada, New York, and New Orleans, filthy, intemperate, unused to the comforts of life and regardless of its proprieties. They flock to the populous towns of the great West, with disease contracted on ship-board, and increased by bad habits on shore. They inoculate the inhabitants of those beautiful cities, and every paper we open is only a record of premature mortality. The air seems to be corrupted, and indulgence in things heretofore innocent is frequently fatal now in these "cholera times."

ALBERT GALLATIN. AUGUST 13.— This man of many generations, this politician of many parties, this philosopher of many theories, has finished his long and eventful career. He died yesterday, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Stevens, at Astoria, aged eighty-eight years.

Mr. Gallatin was a native of Geneva, in Switzerland. He came to this country, and landed at Boston, on the 14th of July, 1780. He served as a volunteer, under Col. John Allen, at Machias and elsewhere. In 1782 he was Professor of French in Harvard. He went to Virginia in 1784, and thence to Pennsylvania, where he settled on a farm on the banks of the Monongahela. He was a member of the convention to amend the Constitution, in 1789. In 1790 he was a member of the Legislature, and in 1793 a senator in Congress for that State. The latter office he did not enjoy, being ineligible from not having been long enough in the country to entitle him to a seat. At this period Mr. Gallatin was a violent Democrat, and affixed a stain to his political character by participating in the whiskey insurrection of Pennsylvania, in opposition to General Washington. I have no doubt that the latter half of his life gave him frequent occasion to wish that the page in

the record of the former part, on which this event was inscribed, could be expunged. In Congress he was the great leader of the Jeffersonian Democratic party; on the accession of Mr. Jefferson he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and sent to Russia on a diplomatic mission. Thence he joined the illustrious board of commissioners who negotiated the treaty of Ghent.

He has written a great deal, and his works will form a valuable legacy to the nation. Industrious, ardent, persevering, he must have collected, like his contemporary, John Q. Adams, a mass of interesting and instructive matter connected with the history of his adopted country. Amongst his other stations of usefulness he was the venerated president of the Historical Society, the duties of which his age and infirmities compelled him to relinquish to Mr. Luther Bradish, the able and accomplished vice-president. Mrs. Gallatin was the daughter of Commodore Nicholson. She died a few months since, at about the same age as her husband.

Death of Christopher Hughes. SEPTEMBER 19. — Another of my friends and contemporaries gone. Poor Christopher Hughes died yesterday, in Baltimore, aged sixty-four years.

One by one these companions of my former pleasant days are dropping off, and I begin to feel like the solitary, leafless, weather-beaten tree, on the sandy beach of Rockaway, which, for half a century, has “bided the pelting of the pitiless storm,” stretching out its sapless arms to the ocean blast; its age, infirmities, and insignificance forming its best claim to the forbearance of the elements.

Visit to Paterson. SEPTEMBER 22. — I wrote, the other day, to Mr. R. L. Colt, at Paterson, that, knowing the value he set upon his baskets, I would not trust the one we had (which he had kindly sent to us filled with delicious grapes) to a hireling hand, but be myself the bearer of the important envelope of the grapes, and should expect a good dinner for my pains. So he sent more grapes, and bade me to a dinner on Thursday,

Friday, or Saturday, with an injunction that I should bring with me two or three good fellows. On this provocation, Blatchford, Fearing, John Ward, and I went to Paterson yesterday, in the train, at half-past twelve o'clock, and arrived in less than an hour. We admired the swans, wild-geese, and muscovy-ducks; envied the pigs, measured the pumpkins, munched the grapes, gathered the flowers; had a capital dinner, fine wine, and a farmer's tea; and at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock (the precise time prescribed in the railroad programme) came away from this delightful place, every man with a basket of grapes, the return of which may form an excuse for future dinners. Colt's hospitality is of the right sort.

OCTOBER 1. — Mr. Alexander Duncan, who arrived
Mr. Duncan. this morning from Liverpool, is one of the most extraordinary instances of good fortune, so far as money is concerned, that has occurred in this country. In the winter of 1821-22 he was a fellow-passenger of mine on a voyage from Liverpool, in the ship "Amity," Captain Maxwell. He was then seventeen years of age; a rough, awkward, shaggy-headed Scotch boy, on a voyage to see his relation, the respected John Grieg, of Canandaigua, and to try his fortune in the new "land of cakes." There were only three of us in the cabin, Mrs. Pritchard, an English lady, being the third. We had a long, stormy passage, and I, of course, became intimate with the young Scotchman; and, unpolished as he was, I took a great liking to him. He was bright, intelligent, and of good principles, and a friendship was formed which continues until the present time.

Young Duncan, after a few weeks with his uncle at Canandaigua, went to Providence, Rhode Island, to finish his education; entered as a sophomore in the college, and improved his time so well, that by the time he graduated he had engaged the affections of a young lady, whom he married, relinquishing one baccalaureate as he assumed another. Mrs. Duncan had two rich uncles, named Butler, immensely rich, and increasing in wealth every day; for they laid up prodigiously and spent nothing, — a method which, they

say, accumulates amazingly. One of these worthies died a few years after the niece's marriage, and made her heiress to all his property. This induced Duncan and his wife to remove to Providence, where they have resided ever since. My fellow-passenger in the "Amity" bids fair to become one of the richest men in tangible productive property in the United States. And the best of all is, that he is a liberal, generous man, who will make a good use of his money; unless, like many others, his immense riches shall make him penurious, as was the case with the person from whom he inherits this mountain of wealth.

NOVEMBER 23. — Mr. Clay remains in town, though Mr. Clay. people will not indulge him in his desire to enjoy quiet and seclusion at the house of his friend Benson. They pester him to death, haunt him by day, serenade him at night, follow him in his walks, shouting, hurraing, Harry Claying him wherever he goes. Denying him the liberty he has contributed in so great a degree to secure for them, they insist upon a speech in return for every hurrah which proceeds from their vulgar throats, and compel him to return the unmerciful squeeze of every dirty hand.

DECEMBER 3. — The good, orderly town of Boston is Murder of Dr. Parkman. in a state of fermentation; the people look aghast and wonder-stricken at one of the most horrid murders ever heard of or read about. Thistlewood's case in England, and Colt's here, do not equal it in atrocity; indeed, it resembles the latter in some shocking particulars. Dr. Parkman, a respectable physician, son of old Samuel Parkman, and brother of Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, left his house on Friday, 23d ult., and has not been heard of since. His strange disappearance, of course, occasioned alarm and consternation. The police were sent in all directions; rivers were dragged, and woods searched. Mrs. Shaw offered a reward of \$5,000 for information to lead to a conviction of the assassins, if murder had been committed, and \$1,000 for the recovery of the body. All these measures were unsuccessful until the last of the

week, when circumstances were brought to light so awful as to be thought incredible ; but sufficient, in my judgment, to prove unquestionably the guilt of the accused.

The horrible facts which have come to light have fastened suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, upon Dr. John W. Webster, Professor of Chemistry for the last twenty years in the Medical College connected with Harvard University, — a person connected with some of the best families in Boston, who has a wife and several children ; himself a man of talents, amiable, urbane, and hospitable in his intercourse with society. This frightful case is similar, as I before remarked, but even more atrocious, than that of Colt in this city. Dr. Webster was indebted to Dr. Parkman \$480, secured by a mortgage. The latter was very rich, a penurious man, and a hard creditor ; and his debtor in this case extravagant (as scientific persons frequently are), and a bad manager of pecuniary matters, consequently embarrassed in his finances. Urged by his creditor, he called at his house on the morning of Friday, the 23d, and left word that if Dr. Parkman would call upon him at one o'clock he would pay his demand. Dr. Parkman called, was seen to enter, and was never seen afterward. Things went on without any discoveries until Friday last, when suspicions were aroused that Dr. Webster was the murderer. A search was made in his apartments, and there the mutilated remains were found, partly consumed by fire, and disclosing a scene too horrible for description, but proving, strong as circumstances ever can prove, that murder had been perpetrated ; and, to my mind, equally conclusive that this Dr. Webster, so clear in all his former relations to society, was the perpetrator of the dreadful crime. He is in prison on the charge, whilst further investigations are going on. The effects of this wonderful catastrophe are dreadful. Two estimable families, with “troops of friends,” are plunged into unmitigated grief ; the whole community is in a state of the greatest excitement, and men stand aghast at this new development of the infirmity of human nature. Poor, erring, human nature, — the vic-

tim of violent passions and uncontrollable propensities by nature, and selfish desires and unreasonable prejudices by education! To religion alone, and its benign influence upon human actions, can we look for that wholesome restraint which is competent to establish "peace on earth and good-will to men."

1850.

JANUARY 1. — With the commencement of the new year is that of the twenty-eighth volume of my journal. The records of the last are marked with public and private manifestations of the goodness and tender mercy of the Maker and Ruler of the Universe, and the Father and Friend of his people. It has been a year of national prosperity, under the wise counsels of an honest and enlightened administration, which, with all its claims upon the gratitude of the people, has failed to receive their support; and the force of prejudice and the perversity of faction have produced in the general and State legislatures majorities opposed to the Executive and his cabinet. The Senate of the United States is decidedly in the opposition; and the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was elected by a plurality of one vote, has evinced his determination to carry out the views of his party by rejecting all the leading Whigs from the important committees, and by not appointing a single chairman from among their number. This man owes his election to the Speaker's chair to the magnanimity of the Whigs, who might have prevented it, if they had preferred party to peace and union.

With the exception of a dreadful visitation, during the summer and part of the autumn, of the cholera, that fell destroyer of the human race, general health has prevailed in a good degree, commerce has flourished, peace prevailed, and plenty abounded; and if the people will vote wrong — why, let them. They are the masters, and have the right to do wrong.

As to myself and my concerns, I have much to be thankful for. My health has improved; the disease which for so long a time subdued my strength and wasted my flesh is greatly mitigated. I am stronger, but my flesh and good looks have not returned.

However, I eat my allowance, drink as much as is good for me, and sleep with a good conscience ; and so the Lord be thanked.

JANUARY 7. — The spirit of party faction and disorganization prevails in the House of Representatives, Congress. Their constituents sent them to Washington on public business, for which they were to receive eight dollars a day. They have received it without as yet having done anything to earn it. The same difficulty which for so long a time prevented the election of Speaker now exists in relation to the clerk. The Loco-focos and the Whigs proper are so nearly divided, that the Free-Soilers — the Ishmaelites whose hand is against everybody, the fire-brands who are ready to tear down the edifice of government to erect altars for the worship of their own idols — have the power to prevent a choice of clerk, and thus obstruct the people's legislation, — a power which they exert with a recklessness without parallel. Whilst this disgraceful state of affairs continues, national legislation stands still.

JANUARY 21. — The noble mansion on the Fifth avenue and Ninth street, belonging to the family of the late Henry Brevoort, with ninety-two feet of ground on the avenue and one hundred and twenty-six feet in depth, has been purchased by Mr. Henry C. de Rham, for \$57,000.

JANUARY 22. — We had a pleasant dinner-party. The following were the guests: General Scott, Dr. Wainwright, Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. R. M. Blatchford, Mr. C. H. Russell, Commander Perry, Mr. Luther Bradish, Mr. Vail, Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Fearing, Mr. George Curtis.

JANUARY 24. — By the polite invitation of the Municipal Honours. Mayor, I attended this day the presentation of a gold box and the freedom of the city to Captain Cook, commander of the barque "Sarah," of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, — the noble fellow who saved the lives of three hundred and ninety-nine passengers and crew of the packet-ship "Caleb Grimshaw," Captain Hoxie, burned at sea in November last. This

was a well-deserved compliment; the glorious achievement was performed at a fearful risk of life and property. Eight days were spent in this "labour of love;" during a greater part of the time in a severe gale, which made the communication with the burning ship a severe and dangerous service; but, by the unequalled good conduct of Captain Cook, all were saved, with the exception of those who lost their lives by their reckless insubordination and self-abandonment in the moments of despair.

JANUARY 25. — Died yesterday, in the seventy-first year of his age, Nicholas Saltus, another of my contemporaries, — a queer, priggish-looking little fellow, a very Dr. Syntax in appearance, with more imagination than knowledge, and a dealer in fancy more than in fact.

JANUARY 26. — My daughter and I went to a dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Vail, at their superb mansion at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. The party was given in honour of Mrs. Scott, late Miss Cornelia Scott, daughter of my friend, the gallant General; she was recently married to the General's aide. It consisted of the following (and for fine women, and lovely women, and handsome women I should like to find any dinner-party in this city presumptuous enough to enter into comparison with Mrs. Vail's): Mrs. Clinton, Bishop Hughes, Colonel and Mrs. Scott (*la belle mariée*), Mr. and Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Boreel, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. Lisenard Stewart, Mr. Robert Ray and his daughter Cornelia, and Captain Hamilton, her *fiancé*, Miss Dehon, Mr. and Mrs. Hone.

JANUARY 28. — I witnessed this morning, at nine
New Steam- o'clock, a novel, exciting, and glorious exhibition.
ers.

Three steam-vessels, of the aggregate cost of more than \$1,000,000, were launched in succession from the shipyard of William H. Brown, at the foot of Twelfth street, East river. I walked over at an early hour, and saw the several launches in the following order: The "New World," intended

for the navigation of the rivers of California. Her dimensions are as follows: length, 216 feet; breadth of beam, 27 feet; depth of hold, $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet; burden, 650 tons. The interest of the transit of this vessel from the land to her destined element consisted in her being launched with all her machinery on board, which, as soon as she touched the water, was set in motion; the wheels revolving, the smoke ascending, and the steam whizzing with its usual vivacity, she went to see the launch on the other side of the Point. A rush now took place of the countless multitude to the yard of the Novelty Works, where anxious faces were seen from every dock, vessel, storehouse, and roof, looking towards the great object of attraction. I was so fortunate as to get a place on board the "Atlantic," where a large company of the best sort of men and women to be found in New York was assembled, by invitation, and admitted by ticket, issued by Mr. Collins, the representative of the enterprising owners of the new line. I had not these credentials, but my reception was cordial and complimentary.

Whilst we were waiting for the crowning glory of the occasion, a noble steamer, of eight hundred tons, called the "Boston," took her departure from the land alongside of the leviathan of the ocean. She is intended to run between Boston and Bangor; and, in addition to her fine model and tasteful decorations, she has the strength required for that service, frequently so tempestuous and dangerous.

Soon after the "Boston" left her ways, the "Arctic" began to move slowly and gracefully, heralded by the shouts of the immense multitude, who had been anxiously looking for this event. The first movement of the largest vessel ever built in the United States, several hundred tons larger than a first-rate man-of-war, she sat so easily that her bows did not displace four feet of water. This great specimen of American enterprise and skill in naval architecture and mechanical science belongs to Collins's line of New York and Liverpool, which carries the

mail between the two ports. She is to be connected with the "Atlantic," "Pacific," "Antarctic" and "Adriatic." They cost nearly \$600,000 each. There is nothing like it in the world. The dimensions of the "Arctic," are as follows: Length on deck, 295 feet; width of beam, 46 feet; depth of hold, 32 feet; burden, 3,500 tons. She has 95-inch cylinders, with 9-foot stroke; wheels, 35 feet diameter; 12-foot buckets, four decks, excellent sleeping accommodations, and cabins decorated with all the splendour and extravagance for which our Yankee marine palaces are famous the world over.

After the launch I squeezed myself into the cabin of the "Atlantic," to witness, with hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, the manner in which more than half a million can be expended. If John Bull can beat this, let him; but, if not, "Britannia" must no longer pretend to "rule the seas." The vessels of Collins's line are so constructed as to be convertible into vessels of war.

FEBRUARY 13.—When we read the accounts of the loss of human life by steam and its machinery, boilers bursting, flues collapsing, running into each other at sea, and running off the track on the land, besides the dreadful shipwrecks, the accounts of which occupy the principal column of every newspaper, there would seem to be some reason to apprehend a diminution of the human family. But in a walk up the Bowery, in the slums of Corlear's Hook, or through the classic region of the Five-Points, the swarms of ragged, barefooted, unbreeched little tatterdemalions, *free-born Americans* (free enough, in all conscience), will afford abundant proof that suitable means are taken to keep up the supply.

FEBRUARY 18.—The dreadful question of slavery, The Union. which has cast an inextinguishable brand of discord between the North and the South of this hitherto happy land, has taken a tangible and definite shape on the question of the admission of the new State of California into the Union with the

Constitution of her own framing and adoption. The flame is no longer smothered; the fanatics of the North and the disunionists of the South have made a gulf so deep that no friendly foot can pass it; enmity so fierce that reason cannot allay it; unconquerable, sectional jealousy, and the most bitter personal hostility. A dissolution of the Union, which until now it was treason to think of, much more to utter, is the subject of the daily harangues of the factionists in both Houses of Congress. Compromise is at an end. Mr. Clay, the great mediator in time of trouble, has been making a conciliatory speech, which is applauded by all parties, and flying in pamphlet form the length and breadth of the land. But in vain: the charm of his eloquence is dissolved, the fever of party-spirit is beyond the reach of palliatives, the flame of faction has arisen to a height beyond the control of the stream of reason. Passion rules the deliberations of the people's representatives to a degree which, from present appearances, will prevent the despatch of public business of any kind. When will all this end? I see no remedy! If California is admitted with the prohibition of slavery which themselves have adopted, or if the national district is freed by the action of Congress from the traffic in human flesh, the South stands ready to retire from the Union, and bloody wars will be the fatal consequence. White men will cut each other's throats, and servile insurrections will render the fertile fields of the South a deserted monument of the madness of man. On the other hand, the abolitionists of the North will listen to no terms of compromise. Equally regardless of the blessings of union, they profess to hold it of no value unless the power is conceded to them of restraining the extension of the great moral evil which overshadows the land.

FEBRUARY 22. — The birthday of Washington was Washington's Birthday. observed with some demonstration of respect, — a military parade and a procession of the Odd Fellows. What would the "Father of his Country" say, if he were still amongst us, a witness of the factions which prevail in the councils of the nation, of the dangers which threaten the existence of that

Union for the preservation of which his prayers were directed to heaven to the very close of his illustrious life! Have this people forgotten so soon the precious injunctions of their warrior, statesman, oracle, father? They give large sums for his paternal legacy, but they disregard the solemn truths which it inculcates.

Union Meeting. FEBRUARY 26. — There was a great meeting last evening, at Castle Garden, of men of all political parties, to express a determination to stand by the “Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union,” at all hazards, and to support the principles of Mr. Clay’s compromise resolutions. General Scott was there. His appearance on the stage was hailed with the most rapturous applause, and every allusion to him brought forth similar manifestations of delight and admiration.

Mr. Calhoun’s Speech. MARCH 5. — The South Carolina senator, the leader of the Southern disunionists, the slave-holders’ oracle, the daring repudiator, has made his speech. The gaping gossipers have “supped deep” on oratorical horrors; the quidnuncs have something to chew upon. Mr. Calhoun has been ill during the whole session, so ill as not to be able to deliver his speech, a written copy of which was read, at his request, by Mr. Mason. This is probably his last kick; and, if he is to be judged by the sentiments of this effort, the sooner he is done kicking the better. If this manifesto is to be taken as the text-book of the South, all attempts at conciliation will be fruitless. It is a calm, dispassionate avowal that nothing short of absolute submission to the slave-holding States will be accepted; there is no compromise proposed, no conciliation offered. The prosperity of the North — the natural fruit of industry, perseverance and skill — is a mortal offence to South Carolina. New York is more populous than Charleston. Boston notions sell better than Southern productions, and New Bedford oil and candles shine brighter than slavery manifestoes.

Mr. Webster is to speak on Thursday. His position is extremely delicate and embarrassing, even to a man like him, of iron nerves.

I apprehend some disappointment amongst the anti-slavery spirits of the North and his own State of Massachusetts. Union is his paramount motive, the Constitution the star by which he steers ; to preserve these he will probably concede more to the South than the fiery politicians (Whigs even) of the North may think expedient. Much, however, may be effected by a conciliating temper and discreet measures. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, — these three “old men eloquent,” — how they labour with “harness on their back” ! and Bissell, too, who made an admirable speech ; and fiery Stanley, and steady Winthrop, and a host of worthies, — all praise to the defenders of the Union !

MARCH 6. — There was a great Union meeting on Monday, in Baltimore, similar to ours at Castle Garden. The Mayor, Mr. Stansbury, presided, with a long string of *vices*, among whom I recognize the names of Meredith, Kennedy, Carroll, Barney, McLane, Frick, Morris, Birkhead, Monroe, and Stewart. If his Worship has no more *vices* than these, he has less to answer for than most men. The resolutions are very good ; the orators required to be warmed by their subject, as the meeting was held in Monument square, — the coldest, bleakest spot in America, except the corner of Broadway and Wall street, in our own city of New York.

Governor
Seward's
Speech. MARCH 12. — Governor Seward made his great speech yesterday, in the Senate, on the California question. It was able, of course, but wild on the subject which agitates the country ; opposed to Calhoun, dissenting from Webster, making battle against the South ; uncompromising, right in some things, wrong in more, eloquent rather than argumentative ; honey to the Northern abolitionists, wormwood to the Southern factionists ; and so we go. I go with Webster.

Mr. Webster's
Speech. MARCH 14. — Mr. Webster's late speech seems to be “buying golden opinions.” Some opposition is made by the violent anti-slavery men in his own section of the country (the very men who brought this trouble upon us, by voting for the annexation of Texas), on the ground of his having conceded

too much to the South ; but a large proportion (and there is reason to hope a majority) of the discreet, reflecting men of all parts of the Union approve the principles and sentiments of this great speech, are willing to make it their text, and augur the most auspicious results from its dissemination far and wide. The exordium of this speech is in every man's mouth ; the effect must have been prodigious. The position which the speaker occupied in the discussion of the momentous question, and the appearance of the man (I can imagine how he looked), were things to be remembered, with a sort of awful admiration, by the closely packed audience who had the good luck to hear him. He began thus : "I rise to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, not as a Northern man ; but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States."

Benton and
Footc. MARCH 22. — This Senator *Footc* seems to be tripping up everybody who comes in his way. He is a pestiferous demagogue, bent upon kicking up a dust whenever he gets a chance. This is the same man who had a fight in the street, the other day, with Borland, a brother Loco-foco ; and now a most disgraceful scene has been enacted on the floor of the Senate between this loafer and Benton, the "Father of the Senate," in which epithets were applied to each other in the most approved style of Five-Points eloquence. The most vulgar language was made the vehicle of personal vituperation ; the capacious stern of the Missouri senator was a spot in which the belligerent *Foot* might have been placed to some advantage ; but it did not get so far. How can such men as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Berrien, Davis, etc., sit and listen to such ribaldry !

Newspaper
Accuracy. MARCH 23. — An English newspaper has the following astounding and veracious article of intelligence : "The Honourable Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, is to be tried for his life for the murder of *Dr. Parker*." This is worthy of the "New York Herald" or "Washington Union."

APRIL 2. — The great South Carolina senator died in Washington, on Sunday morning, March 31, of a disease of the heart. Overworked, terribly excited, the frail body was insufficient to sustain the burning, restless, ardent mind. One of the great lights of the Western world is extinguished; the compeer of Webster and Clay is removed from the brilliant trio; the South has lost her champion; slavery, its defender; and nullification and (we are compelled to say) disunion, their apologists.

Death of Mr. Calhoun. Possessing talents of the highest order, irreproachable integrity, and amiable deportment, he wanted the expanded patriotism, the disinterested political morality, of his great rival, — Webster. The latter goes for the country, the whole country, first, and Massachusetts after; the Union, the Constitution, the principles of the Revolution, are the stars by which he steers his political course. The other great man would sacrifice all these for the interest, the aggrandizement, of South Carolina. The first is a *statesman* in the broadest sense; the last was the *man of a State*.

What effect his lamented decease will have upon the questions which agitate, in so fearful a degree, the minds of men and the councils of the nation, it is difficult to foresee. Will the withdrawal of the leader have the effect of disbanding the forces of Southern opposition? Or will they rally under some leader equally ardent and uncompromising, but of motives less pure and action more unscrupulous? God save the Republic! should be the prayer of all good Americans in this crisis, pronounced at one extremity of the Union and echoed at the other.

APRIL 8. — I dined on Saturday with Mr. August Belmont, the agent of the great house of Rothschilds, at his splendid mansion in the Fifth avenue. The guests were Washington Irving, Commodore Perry, Edward Jones, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Daniel B. Fearing, Bache McEvers, William Kemble, and myself.

APRIL 13. — I went, last evening, to the opening of the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, at their new rooms in Broad-

way, opposite Bond street. There was a collation, with a large party of artists, literati, men of science, and men of taste to partake of it. The Academy has made an admirable arrangement; the stables of Brown have been converted into a temple of the Muses. The Academy has now a local habitation and a name. They have five rooms filled, for the approaching exhibition, with an unusually fine collection of pictures. The Academicians have made a successful effort to do some work worthy of their good name, and to give *éclat* to their new quarters.

Senatorial
Fracas. APRIL 18. — A personal conflict, disgraceful to the parties, and humiliating to every good American who has been taught to revere the exalted body in which it occurred, was enacted yesterday on the floor of the Senate, by Colonel Benton, who likes to be called the father of the Senate, — but, as it appears in this matter, does not always act up to the dignity and decorum of the character, — and that pestiferous fellow, Foote, who disgraces himself, his State, and the body of which he is an unworthy member. Benton appears to have been the aggressor; for it requires more patience than the Missouri senator is thought to possess, to bear the attack of so filthy an animal. The other drew a pistol, which, if it had not been for the interference of the gentlemen near by, would probably have left Missouri unrepresented, and the Senate, fatherless. Pistols in the Senate! This Foote should be amputated from the body, of which it is a disgraced member.

APRIL 19. — I dined with my friend Giraud on Wednesday, on capital clam soup, and a fore-quarter of lamb and mint sauce. Nobody understands the science of good living, the whole arcana of gastronomy, better than my old bachelor friend Giraud.

Visit to
Providence. APRIL 22. — My wife and I came from home this morning to make a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Duncan, and to bring with us my daughter and Miss Adèle Granger. We left New York at eight o'clock, on the New Haven railroad, came by Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester,

and arrived at Providence at six o'clock P.M., — a ride of two hundred and forty miles in ten hours. Mr. Duncan and the girls came out to meet us at Blackstone, and brought us to our pleasant quarters, the honoured guests of our hospitable and kind friends, where every comfort was prepared for us, and a good night's rest followed the fatigue of our railroad journey.

APRIL 23. — The unpretending elegance, good taste, and admirable house-keeping of Mrs. Duncan's establishment leave us nothing to wish for. Mr. Duncan's immense wealth is judiciously used for the enjoyment of his family, the gratification of his friends, and the good of the community, of which he is an active and beneficent member. After walking with my host, and visiting the interesting objects of this pleasant town, I went to a dinner given to me by Samuel G. Arnold. The party consisted of Mr. Moses B. Ives, Mr. Whipple, Dr. Parsons and his son, Mr. Charles Potter, Mr. Birkhead, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Robeson, Colonel Halsey, Dr. Mauran, and myself.

APRIL 24. — Went with Mr. Duncan to return the Governor's call; visited the College Library, which has been richly endowed by Mr. Brown, the Athenæum, etc. Mr. Duncan has contributed largely to the support of these and other similar scientific and benevolent institutions, and his literary taste has been evinced by a tasteful and well-arranged private library. Mr. Duncan gave us a handsome dinner; the guests, besides our party, consisting of Governor Anthony, Mr. Zachariah Allen, Mr. Philip Allen, Moses B. Ives, Dr. Mauran, Professor Gammell, Mr. Birkhead, and Mr. Brown.

APRIL 25. — After another day spent pleasantly at home and abroad, and a sociable, comfortable dinner, we terminated our agreeable visit, and left Providence at six o'clock P.M., on the Stonington railroad, to return by the steamer on the Sound. Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing joined our party, with her children.

At home. There is a new carpet on the library floor, and my books have undergone a dusting, under Margaret's judicious superintendence.

I dined with Mr. Tileston, on an invitation received before I left

home ; it was pretty much of a club dinner. We had Blatchford, George Curtis, Spofford, Prescott Hall, Jaudon, Governor Fish, Matthew Morgan, Henry A. Colt, two Messrs. Brice, sons-in-law of Mr. Tileston.

APRIL 27. — The great steamer "Atlantic" went to sea to-day. She went off in fine style ; but the fog compelled her to stop three or four hours at Staten Island. She will create a sensation in England. If John Bull does not open his eyes in wonder, and scratch his head in jealousy, he will have lost his usual characteristics. Let him beat her if he can ; if he does, we will try again.

APRIL 29. — Died on the 19th, at his residence, New Bedford, Cornelius Grinnell, father of Moses, Joseph, and Henry. He was in the ninety-third year of his age, a hale, hearty, cheerful old gentleman, — a fine example of green old age. I was at his house when at New Bedford. His son Moses arrived in New Bedford a few minutes before he expired. On the morning of the day on which his long account with this world was closed, he told his family that Moses was expected on that day, and ordered some champagne to be iced for him, on his arrival. Mr. Roach, another native of New Bedford, of about the same age as Mr. Grinnell, died within a few hours of his decease.

APRIL 30. — I saw Mr. Webster on Sunday. He is on a short visit to his favourite Marshfield. He went to Boston yesterday, where he was received by his friends with distinguished honours, and replied, — in front of his hotel, the Revere House, — in his usual style of eloquence, to the complimentary speeches which were made to him. If he does not "buy golden opinions" now, it must prove that the article is scarce in the market. He is no longer at a loss to find his position, and seems determined to maintain it.

MAY 2. — Another, and another, and another. The
Disasters. steamer "Belle of the West" was blown up a few days
since on the Ohio, below Cincinnati, and many lives
lost. These are melancholy events ; but "it's of no consequence,"
as Foote says ; "there were more born on that day to supply their

places." Steam has come into the world to do the work of war, — equally certain, and, in the aggregate, equally extensive in its operations; but it wants the prestige of present glory and future renown; boilers burst, and so do bomb-shells. Men are blown up as well by steam as gunpowder. Death's doings, all.

MAY 4. — Congress has passed the bill, and the President's signature has made it a law, to receive the two vessels to be fitted out by Henry Grinnell to proceed to the North pole in search of Sir John Franklin. The little squadron about to be engaged in this work of beneficence is placed under the rules and regulations of the United States Navy, which is also to furnish the officers and men for the expedition. Success attend them; but I have no faith in the enterprise. Captain Franklin and his companions will never, I fear, be seen again. They lie "five fathoms deep" in their icy shrouds. It is to be hoped that those who go out on this "labour of love" may not meet with any fate worse than frozen toes and red noses, and return in good time to relate their adventures in the great ice-house of the universe.

MAY 23. — I continue very ill and suffer excruciating pains from the sores in several parts of my body, the effects of the severe treatment for the dangerous disease with which I have been afflicted. The erysipelas is removed, but I am exceedingly weak and emaciated, and require all the unwearied care and tender nursing which are bestowed upon me. But I have sorrow, deep and alarming, beyond the apprehensions of my own case. My beloved wife lies in her chamber above me, in what I consider a hopeless case. Nature is sinking; her strength has departed, and a cough, with which she has been long afflicted, seems to be insurmountable. Which of us will be first called I dare not presume to imagine. The Lord's will be done!

MAY 24. — My worst apprehensions are realized. The crowning blessing of my long life, the enjoyment of which the Lord has permitted to me for a period of

Grinnell
Expedition.

Illness.

Death of
Mrs. Hone.

nearly half a century of uninterrupted love, affection, and confidence, He has seen fit to resume. The most excellent partner of my fondest associations, the best of wives, the mother of my children, my comforter in affliction, the participant of my joys, the promoter of my happiness, my friend and example, died this morning at fifteen minutes past four o'clock, — died as angels live, — peaceful, serene, sensible to the last moment, free from pain, and perfectly resigned to the will of God. And there she lies, with a benignant expression which seems to impart sweetness to the flowers with which her beloved frame is decorated. Teach me, blessed Lord, to receive this chastisement with suitable resignation and submission to Thy will. Thou hast permitted me to enjoy for a long period the blessing of which Thou hast now deprived me, and I have no right to complain. Thy will be done in this as in all other dispensations of Thy Providence !

MAY 27. — The last act of our melancholy tragedy was performed yesterday afternoon. The mortal remains of my dearly beloved wife were consigned to the vault in the cemetery of Saint Mark's Church. The following were the pall-bearers: President William A. Duer, President Charles King, General Scott, Luther Bradish, Gardiner G. Howland, Richard M. Blatchford, Benjamin L. Swan, Jacob P. Giraud.

The Old
Hull afloat. MAY 30. — This was the first day of my leaving the house. The weather is very bad. A long, easterly storm, the end of which we have not seen, has retarded my recovery. I am better, but my sufferings are extremely distressing. I went to the Naval office, where I found my faithful troops rejoiced to see me. I signed some papers, and remained about an hour.

Broadway. If they do not pull down the houses in the annual renovation of Broadway, they fall of their own accord.

The large, three-story house, corner of Broadway and Fourth street, occupied for several years by Mrs. Seton as a boarding-house, fell to-day at two o'clock, with a crash so astounding that

the girls, with whom I was sitting in the library, imagined for a moment that it was caused by an earthquake. Fortunately, the workmen had notice to make their escape. No lives were lost, and no personal injury was sustained. The mania for converting Broadway into a street of shops is greater than ever. There is scarcely a block in the whole extent of this fine street of which some part is not in a state of transmutation. The City Hotel has given place to a row of splendid stores; Stewart is extending his stores to take in the whole front from Chambers to Reade street; this is already the most magnificent dry-goods establishment in the world. I certainly do not remember anything to equal it in London or Paris; with the addition now in progress this edifice will be one of the "wonders" of the Western world. Three or four good brick houses on the corner of Broadway and Spring street have been levelled, I know not for what purpose, — shops, no doubt. The houses — fine, costly edifices, opposite to me, extending from Driggs's corner down to a point opposite to Bond street — are to make way for a grand concert and exhibition establishment. All this is very well; men have a right to improve their property as they please; but it really would be well if more precautions were used in pulling down and underpropping. Lives enough have been sacrificed; but the inquisitive people require something to gratify their curiosity, and some went away from the ruins to-day a little disappointed that no lives were lost. It was nothing to the accident in Hague street.

JUNE 1. — This has been a week of festivity among the members of the old club; it arose out of a reciprocation of the hospitality of some of the Baltimore gentlemen, who were the hosts on the occasion of the canvas-back party last fall at Maxwell's Point. Invitations were given and accepted, and a round of dinners was the consequence. George Curtis, Prescott Hall, Moses H. Grinnell, and Samuel Jaudon saturated these Baltimore sponges with the finest old wine in the country; and how it went! I was not at Maxwell's Point, and, of course, not at the result here. I have no interest in such matters. These things will never again delight me.

But there is one circumstance about these pleasant reunions which gives me a gratification far above the festivities which my friends enjoyed, — a banquet of the heart, an overflow of grateful acknowledgment, a tribute, never to be forgotten, of love and affection, and this is it: Jonathan Meredith refused to come on with the party, out of tenderness and consideration for my affliction and that of my family, and I have reason to believe that John P. Kennedy was restrained by the same generous feelings. The Lord reward them for this manifestation of friendship, and teach me not to forget it!

JUNE 14. — I received an invitation from the citizens of Burlington, Vermont, to attend the grand railroad jubilee intended to celebrate, with appropriate festivities, the establishment of railroad communication between the State of Vermont and the Atlantic seaboard. I declined this invitation. Broken down in health, and sorely afflicted in mind, I am no longer the man for such enjoyments. There was a time when I should have responded cheerfully to such a summons.

JUNE 17. — As a proof of my convalescence, I record the fact that I went yesterday forenoon to Trinity Church; not walking all the distance (I availed myself of the Bowery railroad), but I could have accomplished even that feat. I am weak, very, and thin as a pair of tongs; but my sufferings have subsided. Who knows that I may not be a man again?

JUNE 28. — There seems to be no hope of a settlement of the exciting questions which agitate the minds of men at Washington. Faction, violence, intemperance, and ungentlemanly deportment prevail in both Houses of Congress. They have been in session six months, and no public business has been accomplished. Parties are so divided, that either may prevent the action of all the rest. Good men begin to despair of the Republic. The excellent Chief Magistrate, striving as he does to get things to rights, is assailed by a gang of desperadoes, who hate him as the infernal spirits do the angels of light,

for the virtue and purity of his character, the contrast of which renders apparent their own deformity.

JULY 10. — The American people are suddenly called upon to mourn the loss of another Chief Magistrate of the Union. The face of the land is clad in the habiliments of woe ; the hand of death has stricken down the good old man, the brave soldier, the able and successful commander, the patriotic citizen, the wise and discreet ruler, whom the people, by their unsolicited choice, placed in the highest office in their gift.

JULY 11. — Mr. Fillmore, Vice-President, having resigned the presidency of the Senate, was sworn into the office of President of the United States, yesterday, at twelve o'clock, in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, in the presence of both Houses. *Le roi est mort, — Vive Fillmore!* The speeches of Messrs. Berrien, Downs, and Webster in the Senate, after the inauguration, were marked by ability, eloquence, and the most touching sensibility of the nation's loss in the sudden death of the excellent man who has so admirably succeeded in his "endeavours" (to use his own words) "to do his duty."

JULY 22. — The steamer "Atlantic," the great favourite of the Knickerbockers, in whose successful competition with the navigation of the whole globe our citizens of all parties and professions take so lively an interest, arrived yesterday at her berth, in this her native city, making her voyage in ten days and fifteen hours, thereby justifying the predictions of her constructors and owners in making the quickest passage yet known.

JULY 24. — The funeral obsequies, ordered by the city authorities in honour of the lamented President, took place yesterday, commencing at three o'clock. The grandest and most numerous military and civil procession ever witnessed in this city took place. It was five miles in length, and was three hours passing my house. The concourse of people on the whole route was prodigious ; 250,000 men, women, and children witnessed the solemnities ; orderly, decorous, no resistance

Death of Gen-
eral Taylor.

Funeral
Obsequies.

to authority exercised gently, no drunkenness. All seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the melancholy event which was the object of this display.

AUGUST 5. — Good old Commodore Jacob Jones died in Philadelphia, on Saturday morning, in the eighty-third year of his age, — the eldest captain in the navy, with the exception of Barron and Stewart. The sting of his "*Wasp*," in one of the first naval engagements with the maritime forces of Great Britain, stung their "*Frolic*" past recovery, and obtained for the gallant commander the command of the "Macedonian."

AUGUST 6. — Mr. Clay arrived yesterday in Philadelphia on his way to Newport, where he wishes to enjoy peace and quietness, which, notwithstanding his earnest remonstrances, are denied him. In this he is perfectly sincere; he hates humbug, the prevailing evil of the day, and is satiated with popular applause. But the Philadelphians shouted him, hurrahed him, and made him address the multitude, sorely against his inclination. Mr. Clay will be here to-morrow, to the gratification of the politicians and sight-loving mob, who, like the famous giant in "Jack and the Bean-stalk," vow that, "dead or alive, they will have some."

Two new houses in the process of erection fell down yesterday, — one in Mercer street, and the other in Spruce street, near Gold street. Both these disasters have been attended with loss of life, and dreadful mutilations of the workmen. The shameful manner of constructing houses intended for renting demands a remedy. Laws should be passed, and inspectors of buildings appointed with arbitrary power, to prevent the erection of these man-traps. I have noticed, especially in the eastern section of the city, blocks of new buildings so slightly built that they could not stand alone, and, like drunken men, require the support of each other to keep them from falling.

AUGUST 8. — The value of my friend Scott's services
General Scott. begin to be appreciated at home and abroad, now the veil is removed with which jealousy, cabal, and

intrigue sought to cover his well-earned fame. He now conducts the affairs of the War Department until the arrival of the new Secretary. "Now, General," said President Fillmore, on the General's arrival in Washington, taking his hand, "your persecutions are at an end." A motion has been made in the House of Representatives to confer upon him the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General, which has never been held by any but Washington.

POLITICAL
CHANGES. AUGUST 15. — North Carolina, a Whig State, has gone Loco-foco by reason of the slavery question; and Missouri, — Loco-foco, — Whig, in consequence of an unappeasable difference between the supporters and opponents of Colonel Benton. Old party lines are broken up. In this State the Democrats are all at swords' points; the Old-Hunkers say, Whigs rather than Barnburners, and the Barnburners profess to prefer Whigs to Old-Hunkers. So it is at present. We shall see if the never-failing cement of party *drill* does not unite these discordant political materials before the fall elections. In the mean time the Whigs are in no better condition. Between the friends of Seward and Nullification in the western counties, and the hatred of the people in this part of the State to the man and his principles, it is impossible to say what is trumps, or how the game is to be played.

AUGUST 30. — The bill from the Senate to admit New Mexico and settle the boundaries of Texas has been set afloat in the troubled sea of congressional violence and opposing currents in the House of Representatives, where it is assailed by the furious tempests of party malignity, driven upon the rocks of sectional jealousy, and made the prey of a set of political wreckers, who care not for vessel, cargo, or crew, if their own unrighteous objects can be attained. Hopes have been entertained of late that this dreadful controversy would be settled by the passage of the bill; that there would be found, among the friends of Union in Congress, strength enough to rescue the ark of the Constitution from the hands of the despoilers, and preserve the sacred tables of the law from pollution and desecration. But prospects are more gloomy

within the last day or two ; the two extremes of reckless opposition have met together in numbers sufficient to prevent (it is feared) the passage of any measures to restore harmony and union upon the basis of compromise and concession. These men have been employed more than eight months, like noisome excrescences obstructing the current of wholesome legislation. The best thing they can do is to break up their unprofitable session and go home to their constituents for fresh instructions, and if the people approve these doings, in God's name, be it so !

“The people's wayward voice
Must be the Nation's choice.”

SEPTEMBER 3. — “Sing a song of sixpence,” at the Jenny Lind. rate of a thousand dollars a night. Our good city is in a new excitement. So much has been said, and the trumpet of fame has sounded so loud, in honour of this new importation from the shores of Europe, that nothing else is heard in our streets, nothing seen in the papers, but the advent of the “Swedish Nightingale.” Jenny Lind arrived on Sunday, in the “Atlantic.” This noble steamer was a most fitting fiddle-case, a suitable cage for such a bird. The wharf was thronged with anxious expectants of her landing.

SEPTEMBER 5. — The committee appointed by Mr. Barnum to award the prize of \$200 for the best song to be sung by Jenny Lind, at her first concert here, have adjudged it to Bayard Taylor, for his song entitled “Welcome to America.” The committee state, in their report, that the number of competitors for this prize amounted to seven hundred ; a large proportion of the productions were “not fit to feed the pigs.” The committee to make the selection were George Ripley, Jules Benedict, L. Gaylord Clark, J. S. Redfield, George P. Putnam.

SEPTEMBER 9. — There is rejoicing over the land ; the bone of contention is removed ; disunion, fanaticism, violence, insurrection, are defeated. These horrible

Beginning of
the End.

slavery questions, which have suspended the public business for more than eight months, are settled; but how? The lovers of peace, the friends of the Union, good men, conservatives, have sacrificed sectional prejudices, given up personal predilections, given up everything, for Union and peace; and for this sacrifice the Lord be good to them! But, although all good men rejoice that the affair is settled, none are satisfied. It all comes of that crowning curse of national legislation, the annexation of Texas; and did not Daniel Webster warn the Loco-focos of all this? Did not Henry Clay sound his admonishing trumpet? Did not every Whig orator previous to General Harrison's election prophesy what would be the effects of this unnatural connection? and did not I, even I, in my harangues, portray the evils to result from this idle assumption of gratuitous trouble and vexation?

But the question is settled: we have made war upon Mexico, gaining glory by the gallantry of our warriors; conquered them all, and then, as in the case of Dr. Franklin's Frenchman, agreed to pay for heating the poker. But all is well. The House of Representatives on Saturday got rid of all the vexation in a bunch. The Texas boundary bill was passed, California was admitted as a State, Utah and New Mexico came in as Territories; all obstructions were removed, all amendments rejected. They came into the House, determined to cast all political differences, all sectional jealousy, all party violence, upon the altar of Union, harmony, and the Constitution; and I presume the rest of the nation's business will be hurried through head over heels, and the people's representatives will go forthwith to their wives and children, their farms and merchandise.

SEPTEMBER 12. — The Jenny Lind excitement in Jenny Lind. New York seems to have increased to fever heat. Her second rehearsal was given with renewed spirit and effect, and received with new enthusiasm. Tickets have been sold to the amount of \$55,000. The good people of New York are

anxious to part with their money *for a song*, and the “nightingale” will make a profitable exchange of her *notes* for specie.

SEPTEMBER 17. — Another of those dreadful railroad disasters which every mail brings us, and the news-packets transmit on their paper wings to every corner of the country, occurred one day last week on the Western railroad between Albany and Boston. The train ran off the track, the cars were demolished, several persons were injured, and three passengers killed, of whom one was a young lady, daughter of the proprietor of the Delavan House, Albany; another, Col. S. Jones Mumford, of this city. So much for railroad travelling. Give me the post-coach and seven miles to an hour. I enjoyed it lately, and travelled for once again like a gentleman and man of sense.

Jenny Lind’s second concert took place on Tuesday, and was attended as numerous and enthusiastically as the first; crowds follow her wherever she goes. She has been compelled to leave the Irving House, in my neighbourhood, to escape from the persecution. This Siren, the tenth Muse; the *Angel*, as Barnum calls her; the *nightingale*, by which she is designated by the would-be *dilettanti*, — has secured the affection as well as the admiration of the mass of the people by an act of munificence, as well as good policy. Her contract with Mr. Barnum has been changed. Instead of \$1,000 a night, she gets one-half of the net profits; her share of which for the first night, after deducting the large expenses of a first performance, amounting to the enormous sum of \$12,600, all of which, with unprecedented liberality, she distributed among the charitable and benevolent institutions of the city. The list is headed by the fire department fund, to which she gives \$3,000, to the musical fund \$2,000, and the balance is divided in sums of \$500 each to all the other charities. The noble gratuity to the firemen is a great stroke of policy. It binds to her the support and affection of the red-shirt gentlemen, who will go to hear her sing as long as they can raise the money to pay for a ticket, and will worship the *nightingale* and fight for her to the

The Nightingale.

death, if occasion should require. New York is conquered; a hostile army or fleet could not effect a conquest so complete.

SEPTEMBER 20. — The Union Club has removed to the large house belonging to Mr. Kernochan, opposite to me. The club has never before been so well and pleasantly accommodated; it will be convenient for me, also; perhaps too much so, — it may cause me to visit it too frequently.

SEPTEMBER 24. — The Knickerbockers are crowing like the lusty chanticleer at the great voyage of the “Pacific,” one of the famous steamers of Collins’s line. She has beaten the Cunarders this voyage, which has been made in ten days and four hours from dock to dock, — the shortest yet; she went to and returned from England in less than thirty days. What wondrous changes have occurred in our day and generation! The summer after I married I was nine days going in a sloop from New York to Albany, — this voyage which is now made in as many hours; then it occupied one day less than is now required to make a European passage. We fly through the air, glide over the bosom of the ocean, and dive beneath its waters with the speed of lightning; speed is the ruling principle of mankind; the wind is a laggard, and the shooting-star comparatively slow in its movements.

SEPTEMBER 27. — The Niagara steamer arrived this morning from Liverpool. In her came passenger William H. Prescott, our eminent historian, and excellent good fellow. I had a visit from him this morning at my office. He returns in good health and excellent spirits, after an absence of five months, during which time the greatest respect and attention were paid to him by the distinguished people of England, from the Queen down; as an evidence of which he told me (but without any vainglorious boasting) that he had, during his sojourn in London, twelve dinner invitations for one day. These highly merited compliments reflect equal honour on both parties.

OCTOBER 16. — The Loco-focos have nominated Fernando Wood for mayor. There was a time when it was thought of some consequence that the incumbent of this office should be at least an honest man. Fernando Wood! Let the books of the Mechanic's Bank tell his story. There is no amount of degradation too great for the party who expects to "rule the roost," and probably will. Fernando Wood, instead of occupying the mayor's seat, ought to be on the rolls of the State Prison. But our blessed universal suffrage will raise a flame with this *Wood* to drive away Whigism, Conservatism, and good, honest Democracy as we formerly knew it. Fernando Wood, Mayor!!

OCTOBER 19. — I was at a pleasant dinner to-day at Mr. Daniel B. Fearing's. The party consisted of Francis Granger, William S. Miller, Mr. Haight, Thomas Tileston, Charles H. Russell, James W. Otis, George Dorr, and myself.

OCTOBER 25. — My birthday, — I am seventy years old; a mere wreck of what I was. I have lost my bodily strength, and dwindled away into the "lean and slippered pantaloons." But, thanks to the God of Mercy, the Physician of soul and body, to whom I should bow with submission and resignation, I am still in the enjoyment of many blessings; my heart is good and my mind sound, and my home is the abode of happiness and tranquillity.

OCTOBER 26. — The Whigs have nearly completed their nominations. Ambrose C. Kingsland is nominated for mayor by a strong vote, and greatly to his satisfaction.

OCTOBER 31. — I left the Bank for Savings at six o'clock, putting my friend Conover at the desk as my *locum tenens*, and went to make one of a pleasant dinner-party at Mr. Fearing's. The party consisted of Mr. George Bancroft, T. Butler King, John P. Kennedy, John C. Hamilton, Mr. Vail, Mr. Henry Cary, Mr. S. S. Howland, and myself.

Union
Meeting.

Castle Garden was filled last night with thousands, as it was when Jenny Lind commenced there her round of enchantments. But this occasion was widely differ-

ent ; no nightingale warbled to steal away the hearts and bewilder the senses of the admiring multitudes ; but stalwart men, commercial magnates, comfortable millionaires, Whigs and Loco-focos, assembled to stand by the Union and to support the Constitution ; to applaud Clay and Cass, Webster and Dickinson, and to condemn Seward and Weed, Greeley and Hunt, by a tempest of vituperation, and all the Whigs by a side-wind of innuendo. George Wood was the president, with *forty vices* ; enough, one would think, to *screev* the multitude up to the proper pitch. Speeches were made by the president, sensible enough, doubtless, but didactic and forensic, savouring of the bar, and redolent of the Court of Errors, and long and dull, like the galleries of " Lord Hoppergollop's country house." Other addresses were made by Nicholas Dean, Robert C. Wetmore, James W. Gerard, Charles O'Conner, William M. Evarts, Edward Sanford, and Ogden Hoffman ; and it is reported about town that there was not so large an assembly at the close as at the commencement of this great demonstration.

NOVEMBER 4. — There never was such a set of silly politicians as the Whigs of this city. Some of them, who call themselves Whigs, — men of wealth and character, merchants who have prospered in the general prosperity, in which they have participated without having contributed to it (I have met some of such lately), — declare that they will not vote for Washington Hunt. " Who, then, will you support, — his Loco-foco opponent ?" — " Yes." — " Why ?" — " Because Hunt is an Abolitionist and an Anti-Renter." — " That may be a reason sufficient ; but where is the evidence of it ? There is nothing in his public life, in his actions, speeches, or writings, to justify such a suspicion." — " But he suffers the Abolitionists to vote for him." And this is the " head and front of his offending." If the Devil, or Bennett of the " Herald," were to vote for me, if I were a candidate, I would thank them ; the vote of either of those worthies is just as good as that of the best man in the land ; but the truth is, — it has ever been so, — these wise politicians take their cue from the infamous " Herald," which abuses the can-

didate for Governor, because, I presume, the other party has paid him for his support. These men have grown fat upon the general prosperity, and make a show of independence by opposing the party to which they owe their modicum of consequence.

NOVEMBER 5. — This is the general election. Parties *The Election.* are so broken up, mixed up, and scattered, that nobody knows what the result may be. The dregs have risen to the top of the pot. The Loco-focos support Fernando Wood — a fellow who stands branded as a swindler — for mayor, and Captain Rhynders — a notorious bandit — for the Legislature; and both will probably be elected. The want of union among the Whigs will deprive them of the success which they might have achieved. James Bowen, in the third congressional district, runs against the Whig candidate; by which means Emanuel B. Hart, the Loco-foco, will be elected. In our district, George W. Blunt, from personal motives, in the plenitude of vanity which belongs to his family, sets himself up against Brooks, the present member, who has done his duty well in Congress, and is the regularly nominated candidate. I voted, of course, the whole regular Whig ticket, wherever I could find it.

NOVEMBER 6. — The election throughout the State was held yesterday. The result in the city has been highly favourable to the Whigs, who have succeeded in all their tickets except where they have been defeated by their own perverseness and suicidal policy. We have elected thirteen out of the sixteen members of Assembly, by which means there is very little doubt that we shall have majorities in both Houses, and thereby secure the election of a Whig senator in Congress in the place of Mr. Dickinson, unless the devil and the slavery question should put it into the heads of our men to split upon this choice. Ambrose C. Kingsland, Whig, is elected mayor.

NOVEMBER 11. — Bennett, the editor of the "Herald," was attacked and cow-skinned on Saturday, in Broadway, by a Mr. Graham, the unsuccessful Loco-foco candidate for district attorney,

against Nathaniel B. Blunt. I should be well pleased to hear of this fellow being punished in this way, and once a week for the remainder of his life, so that new wounds might be inflicted before the old ones were healed, or until he left off lying; but I fear the editorial miscreant in this case will be more benefited than injured by this attack. The public sympathy will be on Bennett's side; the provocation was not sufficient, the motive was a bad one, and the character of the assailant not much better than that of the defendant.

NOVEMBER 13. — The steamer "Atlantic" arrived yesterday in twelve days and twenty-two hours from Liverpool. Among her passengers, of persons known and distinguished, are Mrs. DeWitt Clinton; A. G. Stout, wife and daughter; Mr. John Kane, A. Bowden and wife, Rev. Dr. Bethune, and a young son of my friend Daniel B. Fearing.

NOVEMBER 14. — Margaret and I went this morning to visit the new steamer, the "Baltic," of the Collins line, at the wharf, foot of Canal street, where are to be seen at this time the three finest vessels in the world. The word *world* is in great use with us Americans, when we would assert our superiority and discourage competition. The best in the world, the handsomest in the world, the fastest in the world, unmatchable; there is no use in the world, for the world to try to equal us.

NOVEMBER 20. — Mr. Webster is here on his way to Washington. He was last evening at Jenny Lind's concert, where he was cheered with great enthusiasm; and the ladies joined by waving of handkerchiefs with the huzzas of the men, in honour of the advocate of the Union and supporter of the Constitution. Washington Hunt, Governor-elect of the State, by the closest squeeze ever known, is also in town.

NOVEMBER 26. — N. P. Willis gives an account of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster's appearance and deportment at one of Jenny Lind's concerts, at which he was present with his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, the Governor-elect and his wife. It

is very flowery and Willis-like, but graphic and amusing. He described the Secretary's appearance in the following inflated terms: "We raised our opera-glass, with no very definite expectation, and with the eye thus brought nearer to the object, lo! the dome over the temple of Webster, the forehead of the great *Daniel*, with the two lambent stars set in the dark shadow of its architrave." At this concert Mr. Webster was accidentally heard to say, "Why doesn't she sing one of her beautiful national airs?" This wish was immediately conveyed to the charming songstress, who substituted a Swedish melody for the air set down in the programme; and her acknowledgment of the applause of the audience finished by a graceful courtesy to the recipient of the compliment, who arose and received it with a bow of recognition.

DECEMBER 12. — The annual time-honoured Thanksgiving-day throughout the State. No nation, ancient or modern, ever had more causes for thanksgiving, and reasons to praise the Author of all good, than the people of the United States. Yet there are many, at the present time, ignorant and unworthy of the blessings they enjoy, who would throw all things into confusion, break up the blessed union which binds the States, and should bind the individuals forming their population; who would destroy the harmony, and condemn the obligations, of Constitution and law. Factionists, traitors, madmen, — the Lord preserve us from the unholy influence of such principles!

DECEMBER 31. — The last day of this eventful year, — a year in which the bad passions of men have been employed to counteract the beneficent designs of Providence; when the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people have been in danger of sinking beneath the violence of sectional jealousy and the rude attacks of factious demagogues, who would rend asunder the bonds of union which have hitherto raised us to an unprecedented state of prosperity, and set at naught the Constitution and laws on which our fathers laid the foundations of the Republic.

1851.

ANOTHER year is passed, and its successor is ushered in pleasantly, and with every inducement (so far as the weather is concerned) for pedestrians and those who "ride in chaises" to please themselves and gratify their friends, by paying in person the cheerful compliments of a "Happy New Year." In the midst of these festivities and the friendly greetings of the season my house is closed, for the first time in many years. It is still "the house of mourning;" "the light of other days" has been withdrawn; but we have still a happy family, united in the bonds of domestic affection, with much reason to thank the Lord for the blessings they enjoy. I have reason, in an especial degree, to express my thankfulness; though it has been a year of bodily infirmity, and the extreme illness which I suffered in the spring has left me weak in my limbs and wasted in flesh, it would be sinful ingratitude to fail in grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of God in preserving my faculties, and enabling me to rejoice in their exercise. My health has improved; I am weak in body, but I sleep well, eat well, and drink well, — for all which blessings the Lord be praised!

JANUARY 3. — I broke into my stay-at-home-temperance-system to-day by dining with Mr. Blatchford, at his elegant new house, in Fourteenth street. It was a handsome dinner, and an agreeable, but somewhat mixed, company; and the best of it is, that I feel well after this indulgence. The party consisted of Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. Wetmore, Benjamin F. Butler, R. L. Colt, John J. Palmer, Stephen Whitney, William S. Miller, Robert B. Minturn, George Curtis, William B. Astor, M. Morgan, George Schuyler, Dr. Stevens, and myself.

JANUARY 28. — My old friend, Benjamin Strong, Another gone. died last night, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was a most worthy, upright gentleman of the *old school*, devoted to works of benevolence and usefulness, and the promotion of public prosperity and individual happiness.

FEBRUARY 17. — A negro riot took place on Saturday in Boston; a fugitive slave was rescued by the mob, and conveyed away by a seditious process in *black and white*. All the better. It will bring matters to a head, in the headquarters of abolitionists.

FEBRUARY 19. — In consequence of the late riotous President's Proclamation. proceedings of a mob in Boston, composed principally of blacks, in which the marshal and other officers of the law were assaulted, and a negro fugitive rescued and carried away, President Fillmore issued yesterday his proclamation, calling upon the authorities of Boston to execute the laws against the offenders, and declares his determination, and that of the other officers of the general government, to apply the power of the administration to punish the offenders, and protect the local authorities in the discharge of their duties.

This measure accords with the character of our firm, energetic Chief Magistrate; he knows his duty, and will not shrink from its performance. How different is the course of this successor of a deceased President from that of the man who was placed by a similar dispensation of Providence in the executive chair! Millard Fillmore and John Tyler, — how different will be the pages of American history in which the actions of those two men shall be written!

FEBRUARY 21. — I was at a pleasant little dinner-party at Mr. Daniel B. Fearing's, which I enjoyed much. The guests were Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Bancroft, James W. Otis, Frederick Prime, J. G. Pierson, James Brown, and his brother, John A. Brown, of Philadelphia, and myself.

MARCH 1. — I have been reading a book, in one volume, called "Reveries of a Bachelor," by a very clever, ingenious writer, under the assumed name of Ik Mar-
Ik Marvel.

vel. I am much pleased with it. It represents imaginary scenes in life; written in an easy, unpretending style, of deep pathos, causing tears to flow, and alternately bright with the radiant sunshine of life. Mr. Ik Marvel (they say his true name is Mitchell) has furnished three hundred pages of as pretty amusement as can be found in any of the numerous publications of the present overflow of the press.

MARCH 17. — I perceive with pleasure, in the account of the Queen's drawing-room, the presentation, by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, our Minister, of two very nice Yankee boys, — William Butler Duncan, son of my friend, Alexander Duncan, of Providence, and young Gerard, son of another friend, James W. Gerard, of New York.

MARCH 19. — The exciting subject of the election by Senator Fish. our Legislature of a senator in Congress was settled in joint ballot this morning at two, by the choice of Hamilton Fish, the Whig candidate, to fill the place of D. S. Dickinson, for six years from the fourth of the present month, by every Whig vote, with the exception of Mr. Beekman, who voted with the Loco-focos, and whose opposition to the Whig nominee has succeeded, during the session, in preventing the joint ballot.

Governor Fish was opposed by Mr. Beekman and two or three other Whigs, because he would not declare his sentiments in opposition to Governor Seward and the Free-Soilers; but I have no apprehension that he will fail in his support of the administration. He is a safe man, a true Whig, comes of good blood, the son of a patriot of the Revolution, who was himself every inch a gentleman, and (what ought, in these times, to have influence) a man of independent fortune.

APRIL 10. — Dr. Francis will not let me go to the office, and my migrations are confined to the sofa and the large easy-chair. My appetite has failed me. I eat no breakfast and very little dinner, which is forced down against my inclination, — a state of things which the best medical authorities inform us is not the best plan to pro-

mote a restoration of strength. The doctor plies me with brandy-toddy, milk-punch, and other buttresses to my feeble frame-work.

APRIL 11. — No better; I am constrained to neglect my office business, and pass another day in the library. Francis is unremitting in his attentions, and my nurses — my daughters — watch me with the utmost fidelity and anticipate all my desires.

APRIL 19. — A week of distress and misery. I crept down to the office for a short time, but the weather is very bad; my feebleness continues. I have not eaten a morsel of nourishing food during the week, and am incapable of labour, physical or mental. Several circumstances have occurred during the week entitled to a place in this journal, and for which I have prepared suitable reflections. All I can do is to bring them in edgeways.

The Corporation of Boston refuses the use of Faneuil
 Mr. Webster at home. Hall to a company of gentlemen of different political parties for the purpose of doing honour to Mr. Webster, and having an address from him on the state of affairs. The “cradle of the Revolution” refused to its favourite child! “Where am I to go?” asked the Secretary, on a recent occasion. His townsmen have told him where he shall *not* go. Webster ostracized in Boston!

APRIL 30. — This volume of my journal, which has only four vacant leaves to be completed, has been suspended during nearly the whole month by continued unmitigated illness and incapacity to perform any act of mental or physical ability. Feeble beyond description, utterly destitute of appetite, with no strength in my limbs, and no flesh upon my bones, shall this journal be resumed? During this illness I have gone occasionally to my office for a short time, and performed a little *pro forma* business; but it could have been performed by deputy. To-morrow will be the first of May. Volume 29 lies ready on my desk. Shall it go on?

A few years ago, during a visit I made with my dear
 Epitaph. wife to the Greenwood Cemetery, I was so struck with the beauty and simplicity of the inscription on one of the monuments, — “There is rest in Heaven,” — that I was induced

on my return home to extend the idea, in order, perhaps, that it might be appropriated to my own use. It was copied in the journal at the time.

Has the time come?

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's supreme desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
The infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His passport at the gates of death —
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
Whilst angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but Heaven is near.

By prayer on earth the saints are one,
They're one in form and mind;
Whilst with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

O Thou, by whom we come to God, —
The Truth, the Light, the Way;
The paths of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the rising sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

This world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed,
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

But, Heavenly Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is that prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

This life's brief remnant all is Thine;
And when Thy firm decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Lord, speed my soul to Thee!

*The first seven stanzas are from James Montgomery's hymn, "What is Prayer?"
The last four were added by Mr. Hone.

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