

Sale by Auction.

RUSSELL W. WESTCOTT, Auctioneer. AUCTION NOTICE.—The special attention of...

ABSOLUTE SALE OF FIFTEEN YEARS' LEASE.

LEASE OF THE BUILDING NO. 21 WEST 106TH ST....

BY BANGS, BROTHERS & CO.—Trade Sale.

REPAIRS, Feb. 12, at 10 o'clock. CONSTRUCTION...

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

THE NEXT REGULAR TRADE-SALE OF BOOKS...

LEGAL NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF THE SURROGATE...

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SUPREME COURT.—County of New-York.

JOHN BACK vs. MARY ANN CROSSBELL. William Crossbell and Mary Ann Crossbell...

SUPREME COURT.—City and County of New-York.

DANIEL S. YOUNG vs. ROBERT T. TOWNSEND. Daniel S. Young vs. Robert T. Townsend...

SUPREME COURT.—JAMES T. SMITH.

EMILE CARROLL vs. JAMES T. SMITH. Emile Carroll vs. James T. Smith...

THE PEOPLE vs. THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

THE PEOPLE vs. THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. In the name of the People of the State of New-York...

IN THE MATTER OF THE SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE OF HUGH MONAGHAN.

IN THE MATTER OF THE SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE OF HUGH MONAGHAN. Hugh Monaghan, deceased...

IN THE MATTER OF THE REAL ESTATE OF EDWARD S. WILLETTS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE REAL ESTATE OF EDWARD S. WILLETTS. Edward S. Willetts, deceased...

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SUPREME COURT.—ALFRED NOXON.

SUPREME COURT.—ALFRED NOXON. Alfred Noxon vs. The Farmers' Bank of Saratoga County...

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NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

preparation, enabling you to eat soup and fish at the same time.

Soon after we are favored with a more detailed account of a single day, which affords us such a gratifying insight into her pursuits, and imparts so much more information, that we must invite our readers to share our enjoyment in its perusal.

In the evening, I wrote letters. We breakfasted at seven o'clock, as Mr. L. went early into Boston. Sketched out of doors, after paying a visit to Mrs. W. L., who accompanied me by her cousin, Mrs. G. and Mrs. L., and Dr. Gray returned to dinner: afterward, Mrs. L. drove with me to Mr. M.'s, to see Mrs. F. and Miss C. Quite a surprise to me to find them so near. It is such a clear night, with a bright moon lighting up the islands. Three light-houses are visible from these windows—Baker's Island, Boston, and Marblehead; the last only a revolving light.

The scene soon changes to Newport. The morning after her arrival there she was driven out by a young gentleman in "what is called a wagon, a four-wheeled kind of dog-cart," with high light wheels, such as she had "only seen attached to velocipedes in England." Her innate passion for natural science received a powerful fillip on this drive from the fact of "the spirited little horse" being trained to stand patiently without watching.

New-York Daily Tribune.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MAID OF HONOR IN AMERICA. LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CALIFORNIA. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. 12mo. 92. G. P. Putnam & Co.

We are not accurately informed as to the precise functions of a "maid of honor" to Queen Victoria—from which exalted sphere the Hon. Miss Murray vouchsafes to make an avatar into the benighted regions of democratic America—but they certainly require no remarkable intellectual endowments, nor even the degree of cultivation requisite to the composition of a lively, agreeable letter. Most school-girls would be ashamed to write down such a tissue of trivial generalities as forms a large portion of the contents of this volume.

They show an equal want of sense, observation, and good grammar. Were their astounding platitudes not relieved by a certain show of amiable feeling and an apparent air of candor, they would inevitably be taken as the scapgoat on which to write the sins of the host of foreign travelers who consult their own vanity, rather than the demands of the public, in giving currency to the record of their private experience. But the work is stamped with such an almost rustic simplicity, such a childish helplessness in regard to everything out of the familiar English circle, in addition to the qualities already alluded to, that we cannot but take her absurdities in good part, and even thank her for the amusement which she furnishes at her own expense.

The prominent objects which appear to have attracted Miss Murray's attention during her rapid tour in this country, are botany, Slavery and Gov. Seymour. On the first point, she is evidently at home; on the second, superficial; and on the third, ridiculous. The Ex-Governor had better have fallen into the hands of the most merciless political Philistine, than into those of this infatuated, but ingenious admirer. It is never safe to take "strange women" into our confidence—much less if they are afflicted with the mania for writing books. Every lady tourist in America, from Harriet Martineau to Frederica Bremer, contrives to inaugurate an idol; and it is usually a harmless illusion; but it is really too bad to hold up one of our grave and potent official dignitaries in the ludicrous light which is always reflected from overstrained personal enthusiasm.

Our heroine arrived in this country in the month of August, 1854. Landing at Boston, she was at once charmed with the cleanliness of the wharves and the comparative fragrance which gave them a decided advantage over those of Dover and Folkestone. The enchantment was increased by the "boiled maize" and other viands which awaited her at Tremont House, forming a "pleasant cool diet" to a person suddenly plunged into the tropical heat of the Boston midsummer. Without loss of time, she drives off as soon as dinner was dispatched to visit Mount Auburn Cemetery, and Mr. Cushing's gardens in the vicinity. These latter are considered the finest in New-England, but compared with those she had seen in "the old country," Mount Auburn suited her better. "In feeling and taste," she pronounces it "perfect." The next day—we are grateful for the information—she was "too tired to get to breakfast much before 10 o'clock," and "was not dressed" when a well-known Boston merchant sent up his card. He extracted himself from the dilemma by promising to "call later," but he seems to have proved perfidious, as we hear no more of him for that day.

Her acquaintance with Mr. Longfellow was more satisfactory. She found him at his summer cottage at Nahant. The poet gave her a cordial reception, though her advent was unexpected. After a short stay within doors, "he was so kind as to walk with her," and while the fair amateur was sketching the rocks and the bay, held an umbrella over her book in a heavy rain. This was too much for the tender-hearted enthusiast. She was suddenly struck with a sense of her responsibility to the world in the case of the author of Evangeline should "catch his death" in her behalf; especially as he insisted on going "in his wet clothes to dine with them at the hotel." He resented her by some myth of a brother "who would let him take measures of prevention," and so she went on with her sketch until "her thin muslin dress was fairly soaked." Thanks to an old Welsh nurse, however, whom she found in the hotel, she obtained the means of "becoming tolerably dry before dinner," and her mind was in some measure "relieved of her fears that she might be answerable for Mr. Longfellow's death" by seeing that he had changed his coat. A new zest was given to her happiness by being introduced to chowder, a most praiseworthy

on the Continent of Europe or in the British Isles.

It is more like the freedom of a very large country-house in England. This peculiarity of American manners I have never heard mentioned—and it is certainly a striking one.

Her experience at Niagara Falls was of a less agreeable character. She certainly might have complained with much more bitterness than she sees fit to use of the rude familiarity with which strangers are so often approached by free-and-easy vulgar persons, who mistake ill-manners for independence.

For the first time I felt rather angry at the impudent kind of curiosity evinced by passers-by while I was drawing. Because they did not seem to care the least about disturbing or annoying strangers in a busy way. A well-dressed woman said, in a rude way, "Pray what are you making there? You are a Canadian, I guess?" "I am making nothing," I am sorry to say, "but you are—how do you know?" "Well, you are an American." "Well, how do you know that?" "Because you ask so many questions; a Canadian would be more civil." This answer was effective, and she turned away. Since my stay here, I have observed more of unpolite manners, and the discomforts of bad dinners; so that, in fact, my tour from Boston in August, and certainly, among the secondary classes, I see little of the marked attention supposed to be shown to ladies in the States.

Last night, in the ladies' saloon here, two gentlemen kept possession of the most comfortable arm-chairs all the evening, and when Miss C. and I entered the room, and which was a circle of strangers from various localities, not one among them rose to offer us seats, so we walked out again up and down a corridor till some of these people abandoned their chairs, and we sat down in the old country. It seems to me that the Americans mistake rudeness for republicanism, and civility for independence. Nationally, I mean, for of course there is polished society, as I have been perfectly ready to admit. Yesterday, a lady from one of our own States, and who speaks English still with a strong accent, and who was, I think, a questioner, I thought she was mistaken for that neither man, woman nor child in the British Isles now troubled themselves about the war of American independence, but for having found about it. 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