THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Vol. X., No. 119—Whole No. 3689. NEW YORK, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1844. Price Two Cents.

To the Public.

THE NEW YORK HERALD—daily newspaper—published every day of the year except New Year's day and Fourth of July. Price 2 cents per copy—or $7 26 per annum—postages paid—cash in advance.

THE WEEKLY HERALD—published every Saturday morning—price 6¼ cents per copy, or $3 12 per annum—postages paid, cash in advance.

ADVERTISERS are informed that the circulation of the Herald is over THIRTY THOUSAND, and increasing fast. *It has the largest circulation of any paper in this city, or the world, and is, therefore, the best channel for business men in the city or country.* Prices moderate—cash in advance.

PRINTING of all kinds executed at the most moderate price, and in the most elegant style.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR OF THE HERALD ESTABLISHMENT,
Northwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1844.
OLD ESTABLISHED PASSAGE OFFICE,
100 Pine street, corner of South.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the public in general, to the following arrangements for 1844, for the purpose of bringing out cabin, 2d cabin, and steerage passengers, by the Regular Line of Liverpool Packets, sailing the 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st and 26th of every month. By the London Packets, to sail from New York, the 1st, 10th and 20th—and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of each month.

In connection with the above and for the purpose of affording still greater facilities to passengers, the subscriber has established a regular line of first class New York built, coppered and copper fastened ships, to sail punctually every week throughout the year.

For the accommodation of persons wishing to remit money to their families or friends, drafts are given, payable at sight, on the following Banks, viz:—

Provincial Bank of Ireland, payable at

Cork,	Limerick,	Cloghnel,	Londonderry,
Sligo,	Waterford,	Belfast,	Waterford.
Galway,	Armagh,	Athlone,	Coleraine,
Ballina,	Tralee,	Youghal,	Enniskillen,
Monaghan,	Banbridge,	Ballymena,	Castlestewart,
Downpatrick,	Cavan,	Lurgan,	Omagh,
Dungannon,	Bandon,	Eunis,	Dallyshanno
Strabane,	Skibereen,	Mallow,	Moneymore.
Cootchill,	Kilrush,	Dublin.	

Scotland—The City Bank of Glasgow.

England—Messrs. Spooner, Atwood & Co. Bankers, London; R. Murphy, Waterloo Road, Liverpool; payable in every town in Great Britain.

For further information (if by letter, post paid,) apply to
JOSEPH McMURRAY, 100 Pine street, corner of South N. Y.
Or Messrs. P. W. BYRNES & CO, 36 Waterloo Road, Liverpool
19 6m*re

NEW YORK, SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN AND EASTON.

LEAVE the foot of Courtlandt street, daily [illegible] at 8 o'clock, A. M., by Railroad from Jersey City to Morristown direct, without change of Car—from thence by Post Coach through Chatham, Bester, Schooley's Mountain, Port Colden, Washington to Easton. At Washington a daily line intersects to and from Belvidere. For seats apply to J. HILL, at John Patten's Commercial Hotel, 75 Courtlandt street.

N. B.—Extras furnished at the shortest notice, by applying to S. B. LUSE, Morristown. ap26 3m*re

STATEN ISLAND FERRY.
FOOT OF WHITEHALL STREET.

The Steamboat STATEN ISLANDER, will run as follows on and after Monday, 22d April, until further notice:—

Leave New York.	*Leave Staten Island.*
At 9	At 8
11	10
2	1
3½	2½
at 6	5

ap26tf re

NEWARK AND NEW YORK.
FARE ONLY 12½ CENTS.
THE NEW AND SWIFT STEAMER RAINBOW, CAPTAIN JOHN GAFFY,

Will commence her trips for the season on Thursday, April 4th, and run until further notice as follows:—Leaving Newark at 7½ o'clock, A. M., New York 4 o'clock, P. M.

The Rainbow has been enlarged, completely refitted, and adapted to this route, and having a large deck saloon, she can comfortably accommodate a large number of passengers.

Freight carried at very reasonable rates.

New York, April 3, 1844. ad tf re

ALBANY DAY LINE.

FOR ALBANY and Intermediate Landings—the new and splendid steamboat SOUTH AMERICA, Captain M. H. Truesdell, will leave the foot of Barclay street, north side, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 7 o'clock.

The South America will leave Albany for New York on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at 7 o'clock.

For passage, apply on board. a22re

PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMBOATS FOR ALBANY.

DAILY, Sundays excepted—Through Direct, at 7 P. M., from the Steamboat Pier between Courtlandt and Liberty streets.

The steamboat KNICKERBOCKER, Captain A. P. St John, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7.

The Steamboat ROCHESTER, Captain A. Houghton, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings, at 7.

At Five o'clock—Landing at intermediate Places:—

The Steamboat CURTIS PECK, Captain W. H. Peck, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

The Steamboat NORTH AMERICA, Captain R. G. Cruttenden, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, at 5 P. M.

Passengers taking this line of boats will arrive in Albany in ample time to take the Morning Train of Cars for the east or west.

☞ The above Boats are new and substantial, are furnished with new and elegant State Rooms, and for speed and accommodations are unrivalled on the Hudson.

For passage or freight, apply on board, or to P. C. Schultz at the office on the wharf. a22re

NEW EVENING LINE FOR ALBANY.
At 7 o'clock from the foot of Barclay st. North side.

THE NEW and splendid Steamboat NEW JERSEY, Capt. R. H. Furey, will commence her regular trips between New York and Albany, leaving New York on Monday the 8th of May next. Her regular days from New York will be Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; from Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The New Jersey has been enlarged and remodelled; her burthen is 700 tons; she is fitted up in the best possible manner, and has sleeping accommodations for 683 persons. She has a large number of elegant state-rooms; a large and commodious promenade deck; her cabins are wide, extensive, and airy, and her Ladies' Saloon has sleeping accommodations for 100. The Engine and Boilers are all new. Her draft of water being but three feet, she will always be able to cross the bar, without detention or transhipment, and can thus always depend upon reaching Albany in time for the conveyances going east and west. ap26 tomt*re

NOTICE—The Steamboat PORTSMOUTH is now being thoroughly repaired and will be ready at the opening of navigation to tow boats intermediate to Troy, Albany and New York. This boat will have capacities for towing equal to any on the river; and it is hoped that it will obtain a fair support.

m21 1m*re P. COMSTOCK.

FOR BELIZE, HONDURAS—The brig JOHN P. GARDNER, James Pederson master, will have despatch for the above port.

For freight or passage apply on board, or to
F. ALEXANDER,
ap28 1w*ec 26 South street.

FOR NEW ORLEANS.—LOUISIANA AND NEW YORK LINE.—Regular Packet 5th May—The fine fast sailing packet ship O. MULGEE, Captain Pell, will positively sail as above, her regular day.

For freight or passage, having handsome furnished accommodations, apply on board, at Orleans Wharf, foot of Wall street, or to S. R. COLLINS & CO, 56 South street.

Agents in New Orleans—Messrs. Hellen and Woodruff, who will promptly forward all goods to their address.

Shippers by this line may depend upon having their goods correctly measured and that the ships of this line will sail punctually as advertised. a26 tom5re

BLACK BALL, OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS—FOR LIVERPOOL—Old Regular Packets of the 1st May—The well-known fast sailing, favorite packet ship COLUMBUS, Captain G. A. Cole, will positively sail on Wednesday, 1st May, her regular day.

The accommodations of the Columbus, for cabin, second cabin and steerage passengers, will, on inspection, be found to be superior to any of the same class, and cannot but add to the convenience and comfort of those embarking.

Persons engaging to the old country, will at all times find this line of packets a most desirable conveyance. For terms of passage apply on board, foot of Beekman street, or to the subscribers.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & CO.
25 Fulton street, next door to the Fulton Bank
a23 tM1 re

FOR LIVERPOOL—Regular Packet of the 6th May—The splendid new packet-ship ASHBURTON, Captain Hutchison, burthen 1000 tons, will sail as above, her regular day.

The accommodations in this very superior vessel for cabin, second cabin and steerage passengers, are not surpassed by any vessel in port, and as a number of her berths are already engaged, persons intending to embark should make immediate application on board the ship, foot of Maiden Lane, or to
JOSEPH McMURRAY,
100 Pine street, corner of South.

The Ashburton will be succeeded by the first class packet ship Stephen Whitney, Capt. Wm. C. Thompson to sail on the 16th of May. a27tom6re

UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS—Packet of the 1st May—The splendid, fast-sailing and favorite Packet Ship BROOKLYN, Captain Richardson, will sail punctually as advertised.

She has very excellent accommodations for cabin, second cabin and steerage passengers. Those wishing to secure berths should make early application on board, at pier 14 E. R., first pier west of coal street, or to
W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT,
a27tomre 43 Peck Slip, cor. South st

FOR LONDON—Regular Packet of the 1st May—The fine-built, fast sailing regular packet ship ST JAMES, Capt. Myers, of 800 tons, will positively sail as above, her regular day.

For passage in cabin, 2d cabin, and steerage, having very superior accommodations, apply on board, foot of Maiden Lane, or to JOSEPH McMURRAY,
a27tomre 100 Pine st corner South, N. Y.

PACKET FOR MARSEILLES—To sail on the 1st May—The ship COURIER, Captain Duggan.—For freight or passage, apply to
LAWRENCE & PHELPS,
No. 102 Front street, or to
BOYD & HINCKEN,
a13tomre No. 9 Tontine Building.

PACKET FOR HAVRE—Second Line—The Ship UTICA, F. Hewitt, Master, will sail on the 1st May. For freight or passage, apply to
BOYD & HINCKEN,
No. 9 Tontine Building, cor Wall and Water sts.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

ALL WHO WEAR the above articles and wish to save money, had better lose no time in calling at the fashionable Boot and Shoe Stores of S. P. SECOR, Nos. 160½ and 161 Greenwich street, where all may suit themselves with an article that for style or make, fashion and finish, cannot be surpassed or perhaps equalled in this city.

S. P. S. begs to apprise in particular those ladies and gentlemen who consider a well fitting boot or gaiter to be a dispensable article to the *tout ensemble* of all within the *beau monde*, that 160½ or 161 Greenwich street, are the only places in New York they can depend on being suited.

N. B.—Ladies and Misses Gaiters, Shoes, &c., always on hand in endless variety.

☞ Remember 160½ and 161 Greenwich street.
f15 3m*ec

[FROM SEATSFIELD'S NEW WORK.]

THE COURTSHIP OF GEORGE HOWARD, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

SEVENTEEN, TWENTY-EIGHT AND FIFTY; OR, SCENES IN NEW YORK.

"SISSY! sissy!" cried the voice of a nightingale, and a little angel's head had scarce peeped through the door, when her entire self danced into the room, making a ludicrous courtesy, bowing obsequiously, and exclaiming: "No; this is not to be endured! Pa raves—runs past me into the street, as if 'Change were on fire. Ma yawns—will hear nothing of shopping—and growls continually, 'cash! cash! cash!' Oh! my dear sissy! our shopping excursion will be ruined to-day."

Sissy, to whom this tirade was addressed, sat resting her left hand upon the sofa, and holding "Paul Clifford" in her right. She cast a languid, sorrowful look upon her lovely sister.

"Alas! poor Stanton will be distressed enough," she continued. "Look, he is just making his tenth promenade toward the Battery. Yesterday he was a most sorrowful object. I could not have had the heart to refuse him. How could you be so cruel, dear Margaret?"

"Alas!" whispered Margaret, ruefully, "how could I do otherwise? Was not Ma behind me, thrusting her parasol, any way but gently into my back! I declare, Ma sometimes is really vulgar." And a deep sigh escaped her.

"Yes," continued the sister; "I don't know what she has against poor Stanton; but to speak the truth, our gallopade has lost nothing through his absence. In the first one he danced, he was as awkward as a man of straw. Our Louisiana backwoodsman showed himself to much greater advantage."

At these words the little cherry-lipped creature looked at me with such a wicked smile, that, in spite of the equivocal compliment, I could not be angry.

"That is ignoble, Arthurine," exclaimed the excited Margaret.

"Sissy! sissy!" cried her sister, deprecating Margaret's resentment—running up to her, and entwining her alabaster arms around her neck, coaxing and soothing her so affectionately, that Margaret, with tearful eyes, embraced her.

To see this girl, as she flew about like ether, her tiny foot scarce touching the rich carpet, you would have sworn she was an airy phantom.—She was a perfect beauty. Slender as a reed, and scarcely stronger, ten fingers could encircle her; and every limb trembled like quicksilver. Hands and feet of the most fairy-like proportions; a face, gentle as the breath of roses and lilies; her eyes, bright, blue, round and clear full of pure lustre!—Who could help being enchanted?

"Alas! alas!" signed Margaret riper only by two short years: "No; this vulgar world, so rough and selfish, shall not interfere between me and my noble Stanton! It would break my heart!"

"Well, sissy, I really do not know," replied Arthurine; "Moreland, you know, weighs fully five hundred thousand dollars, and, compared with him, Stanton is light as a feather, scarce two thousand per annum."

"Love despises filthy lucre," whispered Margaret.

"Nonsense!" replied Arthurine; "I go for wealth, if it is only on hand in sufficient quantity. Just think of the parties, the balls! Every summer to Saratoga, perhaps to London and Paris!—Victorine has quite excited my curiosity, by talking so much of Queen Adelaide."

"Away, away with him!" cried Margaret.

"He is not yet here, and he only comes to tea; we have still six full hours before tea-time," replied Arthurine with christian resignation.

"Ah! how cruel!" said Margaret, "for the sake of miserable money, to refuse us this little pleasure!"

"Yes, if we only had a few dozen good new novels," rejoined Arthurine. "I cannot comprehend why Cooper is so lazy. Not more than one novel in a whole year! I think I could *play* one every day. How would it be, sissy, if you began to write? I believe you could do it as well as Mrs. Mitchell. Bulwer is an unbearable, fantastical fellow; and Walter Scott begins now-a-days to be old and worn out."

"Ah, Howard!" sighed Margaret.

"Patience, my dear Margaret!" I replied "If it is possible, I will assist you in pacifying the old man. At least we will try."

Rap—tap—tap!—went the knocker of the street door. Arthurine listened. Again two knocks. Her eyes brightened with joy.

"A visit," she cried triumphantly, and ran to the door. "Ah, these are ladies' steps!"

The door opened, and the Misses Pearce entered the splendid drawing-room, rustling, and fragrant, in violet-colored, open pelisses, embroidered robes, and prunellas. They looked as if they were going to a ball.

Whoever has the good fortune to see our girls of the so-called *haut-ton* in their morning dress—I say, has *the good fortune* to see them—for we have become rather exclusive—his heart must be formed of granite and quartz, if it can resist so much enchantment. These light, gentle beings, with their soft, intelligent features, their bright, liquid eyes, their delicate figures, which you are tempted to encircle to prevent their being blown away by the wind, and their dainty hands and feet, are positively irresistible. The Boston girls are more intellectual, and their features are more regular, but they have something Yankee-like, which does not suit me; moreover, in their figure, I always miss a most important part, the bosom. It is the well-known fashion of the Yankee metropolis to have none. Besides, they are such confounded bluestockings. The Philadelphians are more round and elastic. Among them you find excellent figures, and they chat so pleasantly; they cannot be excelled in small talk; but the New Yorkers, particularly after the appearance of a "Red Rover," or the "Last of the Mohicans," are incomparable Coras and Alices—natural as life. Cooper, I will bet, if he only saw them, would tear his manuscripts and make his ladies not quite so wooden. He can have enjoyed their acquaintance only in Broadway or on the Battery, where they are so much lost in buckram, that the real woman cannot be distinguished. Indeed, the two Misses just entering, are living illustrations of his style of dress. They have loaded themselves at once with the four daily metamorphoses of a fashionable English woman, or French woman. But my *tete-a tete* for to-day is over. I am now superfluous, and the two fair beings are provided against ennui. Accordingly I must take leave.

As I passed the parlor, the door opened, and Mamma Bowsends beckoned me in. Papa was also present.

"You leave us early to-day, my dear Howard," began the first.

"The ladies have visiters."

"Ah, my dear Howard!" sighed mamma.

"The workies have carried the election!" grumbled papa.

"That awful Stanton," interrupted her better half. "Just imagine——"

"The cunning Jew"* continued Mr. Bowsends, "his particular friend has played him an excellent trick. Ha, ha! every day he was before the church. Ha, ha! it was too funny. Did you hear nothing of it, Mr. Howard?"

I hardly knew to which of the parties I should listen first, for the old couple spoke simultaneously.

"I don't know," sighed the lady, "but I dislike that Mr. Stanton more and more every day. Just think; he has the effrontery not to abandon all thoughts of Margaret! He, worth scarcely two thousand per annum!"

"He is said to be making preparations for leaving the Hermitage; bank stocks have fallen a half per cent," again interrupted the husband.

"Astonishing!" I cried, my ejaculation suiting both poor Stanton and the new President.

"He should consider what *he* is, and what *we are*," rejoined the lady, pompously.

"Certainly, certainly!" I replied.

"And the election for Governor goes wrong also!" Mr. Bowsends exclaimed.

"And then Margaret—just imagine her blindness! She certainly is a kind, good creature—but five hundred thousand dollars!" continued the lady.

"Are not to be slighted," was my opinion. The five hundred thousand dollars had finally touched a corresponding chord in the heart of the old man. "Five hundred thousand dollars! certainly," he rejoined. "Who could hesitate? All folly; these girls would ruin a Croesus."

"Yes, with your elections and the workies," grumbled Mrs Bowsends.

"You understand nothing of that," he replied warmly. "The interests of Congress—of the country—must be sustained. How would it be done if we——"

"Did not bet," I thought.

"We will soon be unable to get a window-frame put in without special license; these Congressmen already grow so much above us. And this Miss Fanny Wright——"

The lady uttered a cry of horror; but she again became calm, and said:

"No, you are our old family friend, and I hope you will——"

"Apropos," interrupted her loving spouse. "How did your cotton crop turn out? You can consign to me. How many bales?"

"A hundred, and a few dozen hogsheads of tobacco."

"At all events, six thousand per annum," grumbled papa. "Hem, hem."

"For that matter, I have funds on hand," I continued carefully, "to double the hundred bales."

"Two hundred! two hundred!" the man's eyes glistened with approbation. "That will do; that's not bad. Yes, Arthurine is a dear girl! Well, my dear Mr. Howard, we'll see. Well, well! you come every evening—no ceremony—you know Arthurine is glad to see you."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Bowsends?" I asked.

"Have no objections," said both, smiling.

Pleasantly surprised, I bowed and left. Certainly a few of the latter phrases did not sound very agreeably to my ears. My kind, amiable father-in-law seems anxious to pay his lost bets with my cotton. There must be something in the way. I could barely restrain myself from exclaiming:—"Disgusting people!—so horribly selfish that they would not let each other speak. The most stupid impudence that ever disgraced vulgar sounds, without a thought of any-thing but their own spongy, sapless, rotten selves! Even their children are to them only things, chattels! and these people belong to the *haut-ton!* Twenty-five years ago, that man used to take a measure. Now he is spokesman on 'change and a member of twenty committees. And Arthurine! she seventeen, and Eight-and-twenty;—the most expensive girl in the city, and that certainly, is not saying a little; *but* also the most elegant, fascinating, and perfect sylph! Could anything be more delicate than her complexion? Her whole figure, too, is enchanting! It is eleven months since I became acquainted, attracted, and enamored, as if I were bound by Armida's fetters. She had just returned to her father's house from the French boarding-school at St. John's. Now, to make a passing remark, this is the manner and fashion in which our mushroom aristocracy is formed. A couple of daughters are sent to a fashionable school. On their return home, they attract with their companions, a few dozen young coxombs, and the daughter's glory naturally reflects on the good papa and the dear mamma.—Jove! this little witch knows how to attract. All hearts panted for conquest; but none could boast of being richer, even by a glance, than his twenty fellow-suitors. I was the only one who could rejoice somewhat over certain passive favors,—such as permission to accompany her on foot, on horseback, and in the carriage,—to carry her shawl, and put it on her shoulders, to be her constant dancing partner, when there was no better, and to perform other such amiable offices. She joked, played, and fluttered around me, hung upon my arm and tripped with me up Broadway, or down by the Battery. I also undertook to provide her with the latest productions of Walter Scott, Cooper, Bulwer, etc.—to surprise her with our Atlantic Souvenirs, Tokens, and also with the English Keepsakes and Amulets, as well as the fashionable bravura airs of the favorite Madame Vestris.

All this had cost me a heavy sum; yet the thought that it came into the hands of the prettiest girl in New York, consoled me—some time she must surrender! Fortune really had favored me twice: once, as we stood upon Niagara bridge, and looked down into the roaring cataract, she allowed me to put my arm round her waist, to keep her from giddiness, and I almost fell into the stream thereby; again, the same enterprise succeeded at the Trenton Falls. But that was all my real enjoyment during eleven months I lost in New York. Southerners here are looked upon somewhat like bullfinches and robins, who just arrive in plump condition for the benefit of eligible northern ladies, by whom, without much trouble, we are caught, of course—that is, if we have the necessary dollars. It is the fashion to be served at our tea-table by a northern beauty—the only service they generally will perform after marriage. Already I had come up for the sixth time on this important business. It was high time to close, if I would not be speedily turned out of the market as an uncurrent commodity.

As I was wending my way, absorbed in thought, past Trinity Church into Wall street, I met Stanton, my partner in misfortune. The sorrowful countenance of the poor Yankee, almost made me laugh outright. This is an augur, I thought, as he came up to inform me that "the weather is fine," and to offer me a mouthful of his chewing tobacco. It really appeared inexplicably strange, I said, that the æsthetic, delicate Margaret would endure such a thing.

"Yes," he replied, after ruminating for a moment; "Moreland chews also."

"Yes; but he has five hundred thousand dollars, and they sweeten the poison."

"Alas!" he sighed.

"Don't lose courage," I said to him; "Bowsends is rich."

The man shook his head. "Two hundred thousand, it is said; but to-morrow, perhaps, he will not be worth twenty. You know our New Yorkers. The show is great; but if he gets his daughters off his hands, he will certainly fail within a week."

"To come out the more gloriously next year," was my consolation.

"Yes, that *might* be so," said the Yankee.

"Well, well," I replied, laughing, "with an easy conscience like yours, you will not want. Meanwhile, do you take the languishing Margaret, and share the enviable lot of your fellow citizens: go of a morning to the Washington Market, with a tin box or a white basket, and bring home potatoes and salt mackerel for the table of your slumbering wife—a favor which she will condescend to acknowledge by pouring out a cup of bohea for you, with her own fairy hand. This will be an excellent antidote against dyspepsy."

"You are malicious," said poor Stanton.

"And you are foolish. A hundred houses are open to a young lawyer like yourself."

"And to you, also."

"Yes; you are right."

"And I have the advantage, that the girl loves me."

"Pa, ma, and the girl, all love me."

"Have you five hundred thousand dollars?"

"No!"

"Poor Howard!" he laughed.

"Go to the devil!" I added, laughing.

We had thus talked away a pleasant quarter of an hour, when a coach came up from Greenwich street, containing a person whom I thought I recognized. One of the Philadelphia steamers had just arrived. I walked on.

"Stop!" cried the new-comer.

"Stop!" I repeated, hurrying to the coach.

It was Richard, the friend of my youth, at school and at college; and, moreover, my neighbor, born within twenty, and residing within a hundred and seventy miles of me.

I took my leave of poor Stanton, entered the coach, and we rolled up Broadway towards the American Hotel.

"But for Heaven's sake, George!" said my friend when we were seated in his room, "what are you doing here? Have you forgotten your friends, your house, plantation, and all? You have been away these eleven months."

"I have been courting, my dear fellow—courting, without being a whit nearer the mark than I was the first day!" I replied.

"It is true, then, that you are caught at Bowsends? Poor boy! What would you do with this doll, who has not even the patience to read a novel of Cooper through—who, in her twelfth year, knew Tom Moore and Byron, excepting perhaps Don Juan, by heart—who has studied geography and the globes, astronomy and Cuvier, and the Cartoons of Raphael; but, on my life does not know whether a veal-cutlet comes from beef or pork—who would boil tea like cabbage, and pickle eggs in German crout"

"And who falls into convulsions at the sight of a needle; but that is in the blood," I added. "Yet the boiling and pickling she may let alone."

"Who does not know," he continued, "whether clothes in washing have to be boiled or roasted."

"And who sings like an angel, provided she has not a cold, plays like Orpheus, and dances like a sylph."

"You will grow fat on that," he replied. "I know the family; father and mother are the most miserable——"

"Stop!" I cried, "they are not a particle better or worse than the rest."

"No; there you are right."

"Well then! At six o'clock, I have promised to come to tea. Will you go? I'll introduce you."

"I know them—I know them. I go on condition that within three days you leave New York with me."

"If I don't marry," I added.

"Bah!" was the reply.

I must confess, that the satire of my friend, and even my own, had startled me somewhat, yet not much. But, then, who in this mad New York, this merry American Paris, could come to sober thoughts—here, where it certainly does not, as in trans-Atlantic cities, rain wine from fountains and sausages from trees for the people one day, and cartridges from muskets the next; but where one can live just as merrily and pleasantly, with the only difference that the New Yorkers look up to wealth a little more fawningly.

This, in fact, is our great political arcanum, the most certain preventive against showers, either of wine or cartridges. *Probatum est.* Yes, they are a sanguine, pushing people, these New Yorkers, who live and let live, acquire gold by the peck, and spend by the bushel. They will not let a man come to himself. Even the calculating Yankeeism of Boston, and the Quakerism of Philadelphia, change here, and one would think that whole continents lay between the flat, plain, quiet Quaker city—where watchmen have to wear sheepskin soles to their shoes, lest they should disturb the slumbers of the dear citizens, and their still dearer wives—and merry, bustling, noisy New York. During the last eight days it has been lively beyond all measure. Presidential, gubernatorial, and municipal elections have put the three hundred thousand souls, of which the high and low world is composed, into such a commotion, that it has been impossible to obtain a coat or inexpressibles, honorable tradesmen being too much occupied with the common welfare.

My shoemaker looked at me the other day, with so much importance, that I almost supposed that he also had an eye to the twenty-five thousand dollars; and certainly the good fellow had gained something; he had been chosen to assist in guiding the rudder of State at Albany. Even his shamefully neglected art had to contribute to increase the splendor of the political drama, and all the head-quarters of the victorious and conquered parties, were hung round with immense transparencies, in which the victor of New Orleans, with his warsteed, was represented at one time like a Goliah—at another, like Cincinnatus following his plough. Adams-men, on their side, however, did not neglect to furnish counterpieces in real Nuremberg fashion, representing Old Hickory with daggers and pistols, dispatching a few dozen free citizens to the next world.

A lively "Hurrah for Jackson!" sounding up Murray street, indicates something new. The scene is, indeed, unique. Some forty hack-drivers are marching in procession toward the Park, with the most extraordinary cavalcade flanking them that mortal ever looked upon. Sunburnt, brawny men ride two or three at a time upon the same horse, climbing up and tumbling off alternately.—Every fall of the awkward cavalier is accompanied by a loud huzzah from the multitude, that makes the windows rattle. All possible styles of dress distinguish these mounted tars—pitch-black hats, caps, jackets, and trowsers. One is dressed in a fashionable frock; another in a "Tom-and-Jerry," which has just found its way from Chatham street to his back; a third shines in a roundabout of fiery red; altogether, the most crazy, variegated mass that ever was congregated. They are the crew of the frigate Constitution, who have been called in and paid off this morning, laboring with all their might to relieve themselves of the five or six hundred dollars which each of them has accumulated during the three years' cruize. A stranger observing this merry mass passing along, amid noise, yelling, and shouting, each with a fair damsel by his side, and bawling as if it would burst his lungs, must form rather a queer opinion of our city police. But this does no harm. These are men who certainly had never read Julius Cæsar or Cornelius Nepos; but their hearts beat quite as warmly for their country as if they had been familiar with the heroes of Plutarch. Show them a British frigate, and they will treat it as true freemen will always treat the pride of dull and servile mercenaries.—Let the storm burst upon them, and they will stand like rocks amid the roar of the tempest, hanging, perhaps, to the frozen sail, their hands and feet clinging, benumbed, to the cable; and if, amid the breaking timbers and the waves rushing in, they sink in the bottomless abyss, their last thought will be of their country's glory. Such men deserve to enjoy themselves in their own way.—They will again become sober, without police, gens-d'armes, or watch-house. Their rough, unrestrained amusement is not half so dangerous to public morals as your refined *bon ton*. In three days, a third of these four hundred and fifty men will not have a single copper left; in six, the second third; and, in ten days, *all* will be pretty well "cleaned out." Embarked once more in their red jackets, on voyages to every part of the earth, excepting, perhaps, a few who seek their own firesides, or find themselves detained by circumstances.

After joining a few times in these follies, they grow wiser, get married, and settle down as good family fathers. At first they act a little strangely, and as seamen are apt to do; but their sound sense gradually teaches them to comprehend their new position. These men are characterized by a merry, free and independent spirit, together with strong and daring valor, which animating the whole nation, has produced excellent fruits, as the world must have seen during the last war, on the defeat of our enemy. These men have learned to deal with New Zealanders, Chinese, Turks, and Frenchmen, and to look proudly down upon them all, since they have beaten the mistress of the sea. The British sailor returns home to his yoke more stupid than when he went away; the American, ever more enlightened, for servitude, compels the mind to retrograde, while liberty urges it forward. The one knows that knowledge is dangerous, or superfluous, as regards the end of his course—Greenwich Hospital; the other knows that he must acquire it, that he may enter honorably and profitably upon the active life of a free citizen.

And John Bull, in his stupidity, is astonished that with our five frigates we should have taken ten of his, and driven him from our seas in two principal battles! He, who sends away his poor sailors with fifteen shillings, and, if they forget themselves a moment, sends them for two or three months into a black hole! We have many faults and are far from being angels—but we have one virtue, which covers a multitude of sins: we respect the dignity of man and the rights of citizens; and this has won for us, from the greatest tyrant, the highest earthly boon man ever sought for—Liberty, in our country and upon our seas.

It was six o'clock, when, with Richard, I entered the drawing-room of my future mother-in-law. The good lady almost frightened me, in her new gauze turban, which had just arrived by the Henry IV. It made her look like one of our Mississippi owls. Richard also was perceptibly frightened, and the good Moreland stared at the wonderful head-dress, as if it were the dial of a clock. Margaret in a green silk dress, her hair smoothly combed down on both sides of her forehead *à la Margarette*—we have our own phraseology of fashion—looked pale and resigned, like Jephtha's daughter. A slight tremor was perceptible in her elegant figure, and it was easy to see that she mourned languishingly for her absent swain, and no wonder indeed. What a difference between Moreland, a man of fifty with a red face, who sat there cold, tough, and broad; and the light, dashing Stanton, who lived on oysters and raisins, and, at worst, became intoxicated on one of Bulwer's novels. I had brought the "Tales of a Grandfather" for the delicate Margaret.

"Walter Scott!" she exclaimed with a gentle, melting voice. "Ah! this vulgar man has not a word to say," she whispered after a while.

"Just wait," I replied. "Such affairs, you know, are generally awkward at first—fear and modesty account for silence."

The girl looked at me. She was quite angry.—"Cold, heartless scoffer!" she said.

Yet what could I have said otherwise? she was so ridiculously sensitive.

Richard had meanwhile commenced a conversation with Bowsends. The poor fellow, who did not know that his host was an Adams-man, and had lost five thousand dollars in bets and in attempts to change the opinions of the sovereign people, had informed him that "Old Hickory" was about to leave the hermitage.

"The bloodthirsty backwoodsman, half-horse and half-alligator," interrupted Mr. Bowsends.

"Costs you a good deal of money," added Moreland, smiling.

"And smokes a pipe, like these vulgar Germans," remarked Mrs. Bowsends.

"Well, I could not call that vulgar, for the tobacco has quite a different taste," said the unfortunate Moreland.

I nudged him with my elbow.

"Do *you* smoke a pipe, Mr. Moreland?" asked Margaret.

The man looked up. This unexpected question confused him; his conscience, however, would not allow him to prevaricate and he replied—

"It tastes *so good!*"

I had anticipated the emotions of this gentle soul, and leaned my arm across the chair just as Arthurine entered. She looked round a moment; but it was too late to withdraw. She seemed not to observe it; nodded merrily to the company, then ran up to Moreland, bid him good evening, inquired about his bets, his ships, his old Tom, and, in short, talked for ten minutes in one breath. Ere Moreland was well aware, his hand was in both of hers.—They certainly had been old acquaintances, however; and he might be her grandfather.

Margaret, meanwhile, had recovered from her fright.

"He smokes a pipe," she whispered to Arthurine, in tones of inconsolable grief.

"Old Hickory is very popular in Pennsylvania," began Richard again, without dreaming of the mischief he had already done; "a farmer of Bedford county has just presented him with a barrel of Monongahela."

"That I envy him," exclaimed Moreland. "A glass of old Monongahela is worth its weight in gold."

This last blow was too much; the delicate nerves of Margaret could bear it no longer; she sank.—Luckily I caught her. Tea had just been announced. With the assistance of the servant and the maid, she tottered from the room.

"Have you brought her a book?" asked Arthurine.

"Yes, a new novel by Walter Scott."

"Oh! then she will recover," said the sister, indifferently.

The nervous beauty once gone, we were silent no longer. Captain Moreland was a merry tar, who had made ten voyages to China, fifteen to Constantinople, twenty to St. Petersburg, and nobody could say how many to Liverpool. He had, moreover, acquired a considerable fortune, which he managed prudently. He was a jovial man of the world, with sound judgment, excepting on one point—the women, of whom he knew about as much as the man in the moon. The attentions of Arthurine, her maidenly modesty, and her lovely charms appeared decidedly to please the old bachelor. There was something so good-humored, so witty, and at the same time attractive in the eyes of the sweet maiden, that even the cold Richard admired her.

"This is really an enchanting girl," he whispered to me.

"Did I not tell you? Just look how cordially she enters into the old fellow's notions."

Hours had passed like minutes. Supper had long been removed, and we began to break up, Arthurine significantly pressing my hand, and I was in the ninety-ninth heaven.

"Now, friends," said honest Moreland, as we were outside the door, "it would be a pity to part so soon on such a beautiful evening. What think you of my plan? Come with me and we will break the necks of another half-dozen bottles."

"Be it so! it is freezingly cold, and old Bowsend's port and sherry are not half as fiery as——"

"As his girls," concluded Moreland, who seemed to have looked pretty often at the bottom of his glass.

We took the old fellow in our midst, and steered toward his cabin, as he called his really splendid house.

"Well, are not these Bowsends excellent people?" began Moreland, as we were seated at his table, which was covered with Lafitte and East India Madeira. "The girls are beautiful! Well, well, thinks I—I am gradually getting old, but still fresh, merry, lively, and hearty as a dolphin. Neptune! half-a-dozen girls I could yet——"

"Bury!" I added.

"Yes, by jingo! so I could; but I hope Margaret will hold out. She pleases me, and so I have——"

"Yes, but my dear Moreland, do *you* please *her?*"

"Pshaw! five hundred thousand dollars! Hark ye, these are not found every day!"

"Fifty years!" I replied.

"Yes, certainly; but sound and hardy, none of your spindleshanks, no Stanton——"

"Yes; but he smokes cigars, and not German pipes."

"Cigars I'll let alone; do you think that for the sake of this Miss, I'd burn mouth and nose with the infernal stumps?"

"And *he* drinks no whiskey—he is president of a temperance society!"

"Hang him!" growled Moreland. "I would not give up my whiskey for all the girls in Christendom!"

"Then they will be sure to faint," I replied, laughing.

"And Margaret!" he burst out. "Ah! then these groans and sighs, the sinking and disappearing were on account of the Monongahela! Whew! no, no, Miss, this is no go. You may swear that;" and by way of asseveration he emptied his glass, as we also drained ours.

We laughed and kept it up till after midnight, and I took a great deal of credit for my diplomatic skill; as we were going home, Richard said, I had been rather hard on the old bachelor.

"Then I have delivered poor Margaret from this disagreeable suitor," was my reply.

But Richard shook his head. "What the end of it will be, I know not; but you must not anticipate too much gratitude for your gratuitous interference."

Next morning Richard was occupied in the business which had called him to New York. I was ten times on the wing to visit Arthurine, but something constantly occurred to prevent me. It was past tea-time as I entered the house. Margaret sat in the drawing-room, digesting a new novel.—"Where is Arthurine?" I asked.

"Gone to the theatre with Ma and Mr. Moreland!" was the reply.

"In the theatre with Ma and Mrs. Moreland!" The piece was "Tom and Jerry," a tremendous favorite with the enlightened Kentuckians. I had seen the first act at Caldwell's theatre in New Orleans, and it was quite enough for me.

"Really, I call that sacrificing oneself," I said angrily.

"She is a noble girl," replied Margaret. "Mr. Moreland came to tea, and expressed a most lively desire——"

"That she should accompany him, and annoy herself by yawning for a couple of hours."

"Her artlessness may, perhaps, succeed in bringing Mr. Moreland round," she whispered.

Yes, that is it, I thought. An attack of jealousy would have been ridiculous. He fifty—she seventeen! I bowed, and hurried away to Richard.

"So early!" he cried, laughing.

"She is gone to the theatre with Moreland and mamma."

Richard shook his head.

"You have put a wasp's nest into he old fellows ear. Look out!"

"I should like to see how she looks by his side