

Louis Philippe, you know, ratified
The Treaty, and pledged thus his word;
*I knew that his hands were well tied,
But the Deputies' consent I inferred.*

In this I was greatly mistaken,
For those chaps, seeing Rives made such brags,
Their faith in our claims was so shaken,
They refused to open their bags!

Louis Philippe's a poor sort of king,
Blair says if I'd had his place,
P'd a' dovilish soon settled the thing,
By buying the whole Deputy race!

I was wrong, I will own, when I drew
The bill for eight millions, *at sight,*
The money, to be sure, was then due,
But, the Deputies having the right

To haul the king over the coals,
And refuse to give him the cash;
(A pretty d—d mean set of souls!)
I own that my conduct was rash

In drawing before I had heard
The Treaty had had their revision;
But why don't the king keep his word!
I do like a man of decision!

When the Deputies rejected the Treaty,
He sent, to be sure, straight a ship
To say "non obstant" the defeat, he
Would lead no opportunity slip.

But would at 'em again before long,
That he'd get me the cash without fail,
When his "party" got rather more strong,
And for it his "word" gave us "bail."

I own that he could do no more,
'Twas all I'd a right to expect;
But to me it prov'd a great bore
For my plans on the Bank were all check'd.

I sold, like a fool that I was,
The Bill to my arch-enemy—Nick,
Who claims—the law gives it him—*per*,
Ten per cent damages slick!

Another mistake that I made,
Was sending old Livingston out,
A peevish, tho' clever, old blade,
Annoy'd by dyspepsia and gout.

The fact is, I gave him the birth,
'Cause he spoke French and was poor,
I had no other reason on earth,
Yes, one, and the best I am sure—

I found him a bit in my way,
For he's too old to learn any new tricks;
But, as its turn'd out, I may say,
He'd best staid at home to split sticks!

For, instead of stirring abroad,
And letting me have all the news,
He was most of the time, by the Lord,
Kept still in the house by the blues!

So, thus by his letters misled,
I imagin'd the king a dissembler,
And came out, piping hot, as you've read,
In my message to you in December.

I did not intend to offend
Either France, or its Citizen King,
But merely then said, as a friend,
That the only way left them to bring

The account to a close, was, to lay
Our hands on French vessels we met;—
'Twas no menace!—but, I'll candidly say,
I don't wonder they got in a pet!

As soon as the king thought he had
A majority, to vote as the cash,
He, like an honest, straight-forward lad,
(If he'd push'd 'em before, he'd been rash.)

Ask'd them again for "the dust,"
But, just ere they call'd o'er the roll,
A fellow—(he deserves to be curs'd,
For I'm sure he's a mean, dirty soul.)

Jumps up, and an "amendment" tacks on,
That, "to heal the pride of the nation,
Ere the money was paid, Monsieur Jackson
Should give, of his speech, explanation."

The only Minister present,
For fear of losing the bill,
Was oblig'd, though not at all pleasant,
To swallow the d—d fellow's pill!

And, of course, again hault'd the king,
In his honest intentions to pay,
For he cannot, like me, the poor thing!
Have every thing all his own way.

Livingston, tho' they gave him a hint
To take up his bed and off walk,
When my Message got out all in print,
Like a fool, stay'd to have some more talk.

He spun out a dev'lish long yarn,
(The material to be sure's good enough,
But the Frenchmen, not willing to "larn"
From one who had treated them rough,

Refused to answer his letter,
And, 'twix you and I, they were right,
For when order'd away, he'd done better,
To have 'en himself quidd out o' sight.

When he found the king would't hold
Intercourse with him again,
And, being by all his friends told
'Twas useless any more to remain,

He at length pack'd up his traps,
And, cursing the French, left gay Paris;
I'll no more send abroad such old chaps,
For my measures they always embarrass.

He left there his fine son-in-law,
As *Chargé d'Affaires* in his stead,
A braver chap I never saw,
And very polite and well bred.

To show you our "honor's" secured
In this able gentleman's hands,
I need only mention, I'm sure,
How high as a marksman he stands!

And, as proof how he hates their d—d "Courts,"
How "republican" his habits all are,
He refus'd to join the King's sports,
And to dance with his daughter—tho' fair!

Besides—when Louis came near
Being kill'd by that cursed machine,
He—the only one, sirs, so I hear—
Was not at the Tuilleries scene.

I've told him to ask for the "Rhino,"
And, if he don't get it, to start;
That he *will not* succeed that I know
As well as I do my own heart.

For I know the King is but waiting
The election of Mr. Van Buren,
To "pay up" without more debating,
Which to me is past all enduring.

For, tho' I acknowledge most freely,
That Livingston—and I a "small bit,"—
Have not treated Louis genteely
In our attempts to get you "the grit."

Yet still, 'twould be shame and a sin,
That I out of office should go,
Before that the money come in;
I'd die my good friends of the blow!

You know that I'm now getting old,
And disappointments illy can bear;
Why, my temper's so cross, that I scold
Even, sometimes, my bosom friend Blair!

(Here several lines are illegible.)

By my cash-keeper's books you will see
We're, as brokers in Wall st. say "flush;"
And for this you'r indebted to me,
Did't I try "the Monster" to crush?

I confess I did not succeed
In breaking the Bank of old Nick;
Altho' I do think 'tis agreed,
Of abuse I laid it on thick!

I thought, at one time, I'd my foot
On the "Monster's" devilish neck,
But, his strength was so great, I got beat,
And thus fail'd to make him a wreck.

I knew that if I did but succeed,
I'd have sunk the United States shares,
But Uncle Sam the money don't need,
And, in fact, for him, who the devil cares?

For amount of the cash in "the till"
See Woodbury's lengthy report,—
He murders King's English—and will
Afford you amusement and sport!

I've receiv'd some most excellent cheese,
For size they beat England hollow,
So pray come whenever you please,
It costs but a fourth of a dollar.

I've some doubts—which now I'll impart—
'Bout my right to those mammoth cheeses;
Can I take 'em any where I start?
"I leave Congress to do as it pleases."

(Here the manuscript becomes almost illegible, from the dirty grease with which it is covered. I'll try some process to clean it (my washerwoman perhaps will help me), and if I succeed will send you the remainder.) The ending lines I can however make out—they were thus:—

With these "observations" I send,
And shake you, one and all, by the hand,
I hope you'll support your old friend,
By doing just what I command. A. J.

Back Kitchen, Dec. 7, 1835.

THE HERALD.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1836.

No paper will be issued from this office to-morrow morning. If important news should be received, (and we expect something highly interesting,) an EXTRA HERALD will be published between 10 and 11 o'clock forenoon.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Packet ship George Washington, from Liverpool to the 25th November, arrived last evening, bringing three days later from London. When our paper went to press, there was also another vessel below, supposed to be the Havre packet of the 1st Dec., which was to bring Mr. Barton home.

By this we have further important information of the purpose of France, not to pay the Indemnity for the present. The English press is full of speculations and rumours, and the Paris letter writers equally so.

What do you think of the news? Will the French pay? Shall we have a war? Is there any prospect of more difficulty? These are the questions which meet us at every corner.

It is difficult to give a correct opinion upon the intentions of the French government. Yet there is one channel of approximating to the truth, which exists, not in this country, but in France. The French press is entirely under the surveillance of the Censorship. Nothing is published contrary to the positive wishes of the government. What the French press is permitted therefore to say, may be considered not very contrary to the wishes of the government. Now we are told that a fleet is preparing to be sent into the American seas—that Mr. Pageot is ordered home—and that no money will be paid until after another presidential election in this country.

These statements may therefore be considered as expressing the sentiments, or nearly so, of the government, and on these facts, it may be asked if France felt her dignity insulted by a few words in a Message, how ought the United States to feel at these insolent demonstrations about to be made on her very waters?

WHAT IS NEW-YORK COMING TO?—The money and property of some of our merchants here, have not been burned up entirely. We understand that \$70,000 have been offered to the senior Mr. Campbell for the bare ground, since the fire, of his lot, 25 feet on Pearl street, 125 feet deep to Water street.

MR. CLAY proposes to divide the proceeds of the public lands during the next three years. This will give New York \$2,964,553—Pennsylvania \$2,093,238—Virginia \$1,581,000—Ohio \$1,446,000. The other states went pass it.

JUVENILE THIEVES.—The ruins are daily crowded by boys and girls with bags, who have already robbed to a great extent. The receivers of these stolen goods should be discovered and arrested without delay. The citizens in the upper wards, where these vagrant bag men resort to sell their plunder, can easily discover them. The arrest and punishment of 20 or 30 of these boys will lead to an extensive discovery of secreted plunder. Let five or six extra police men receive temporary appointment, and immediately proceed to the arrest of these thieves. Upwards of two hundred thieves were in the ruins all day yesterday.

The Anti-Slavery Society have just published a powerful Protest against the Abolition portion of the President's Message. It is signed by Arthur Tappan and nine others, and dated Dec. 26, 1835. We shall show it up hereafter.

Texas is nearly independent. They are sending commissioners to this country to raise a loan. Where will they get the money?

THE CARRIERS' NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.—Beginning on our outside will be found, as we stated yesterday, a very ingenious metrical version of the President's Message, which appears, by the most authentic account, to have been done into verse by some of the cooks at Washington—undoubtedly a French cook—one, at least, in feeling. The Carriers of the Herald, catching a little of the spirit of the Herald, some time since determined to get up something for New Year's Day out of the regular jog-trot order. One of the oldest having had a fourth cousin at Washington, who hails from the ground floor of the White Palace, means were adopted, through his influence, of procuring the Message which appears in this day's Herald. The story he tells about buying it, our readers may believe or not, as they please.

We have no doubt the public will prefer this mode of a New Year's Address to the dull, tiresome, stupid, ridiculous metrical addresses that are usually put forth on this day.

Gadaby's Hotel, Washington City, Dec. 23, 1835.

CARRIERS OF THE HERALD.—"No man is a Hero to his valet de chambre."—I have just come across another proof of the truth of that old saying, and hasten to send it to you.

I was passing the rear way of the "White House" this morning just as they were loading the scavengers cart with the offal, &c. &c. from the "Kitchen," and observing that the driver appeared to be eagerly engaged turning over a dirty manuscript, I had the curiosity to approach to see what it was that interested him so much. After some preliminary remarks (for you must know that even a scavenger boy attached to the "White House" must be addressed with proper respect and caution, such as "fine weather this morning my lad"—how is your friend Mr. Van Buren?"—you'll have lots of work now that the General is going to begin feeding the folks again,") &c. &c., I asked him what it was he was looking at. "Why sir" says he "I can't exactly tell" As they tossed in a bucket full of stuff just now from the Kitchen, I spied a sort of written book among it, and as I'm fond of reading, for I went to Sunday school last winter, I pulled it out, and found it was something of a sort of "Message," written in a rhyming kind of way—which, to tell you the truth, I'm hardly up to yet—and then he handed it to me:—finding that it was indeed a "Message," and in verse, I asked the boy very politely, if he would let me have it, if I gave him 25 cents for it—to which he readily consented, saying, "I would be no use to him, as he couldn't read any thing that was'n't printed plain like 'the Globe,'" which, added he, "I read every day regular, for it's 'sent to me, and all the boys in the Kitchen, gratis for nothin'."

I have looked over it, after clearing it of the dirt, and as much of the grease as I well could, and am induced to send you a copy, as far as I have time at present to decipher it, that you may see how even "the General's" scullions in the kitchen make fun of him. I rather think it must have been written by one of the French cooks, as it smells confoundingly of soup meagre.

Yours, THE SLY IN WASHINGTON.

N. B. No relation of the "Spy." Post.—We are all rejoiced to find that the little Mohawk has, at length, succeeded in getting himself a "Squaw," as rich in beads and wampum as she is in charms,—being now a married man, great expectations are entertained of him, for the girls all say he was so great a "party man" when he was single, what will he be now?

Between you and I, it is said that the little Magician begins to "blow cold" on him—is it because he wants to shake him off before he removes to the White House?

The INFIDEL SUN is out again yesterday against Doctor Sleight, in the usual form—"For the Sun—Mr. Day—* * * O. Bachelor." These Infidels now propose to publish a pamphlet under a Christian signature, against the recent testimonies to the personal character of their victim. This is merely a ruse de guerre to divert the public attention from an investigation of their history, principles and objects. It will not, however, serve their purpose.

COAL AND COLD WEATHER.—Yesterday was a fine, clear, cold day. We ordered a supply of Coal from Walton & Southart's Coal Yard, corner of Washington and Warren street. It came—it looked bright and clear as the weather. "Try it, boy!" He did so, and we now affirm positively that we never had in a grate a better, purer, or more elegant coal than this self-same from Walton & Southart's Coal Yard. They are completely restored to our good graces and good opinions, and we advise all the readers of the Herald to go to Washington and Warren streets for their coal. Don't forget to say, "I come on the recommendation of the Herald." That will be a sure passport to the best and most reasonable fuel. If it should not, just let us know—that's all.

Ladies and gentlemen walk up—walk up—to No. 7 Bowery, and see the lions dance.

GOODS AT THE POLICE OFFICE.—Since the fire, it is calculated that an amount of merchandise equal to \$140,000, has been deposited in the Police Office. Of this amount, \$125,000 have been returned to their respective owners—about \$15,000 are still in the back room of the office. Among the many articles now un-called for, are the following:—five and coarse broad cloths and cassimeres, vestings of all kinds and qualities, fine Welsh and coarse Yankee flannels, shawls of all sizes, colours and qualities, silks and satins of various shades and textures, shirtings and sheetings, and last, but not least in this cold weather, hosiery and gloves in abundance; also, several pipes of brandy.

Mrs. PRITCHARD's Benefit takes place to-morrow night, at the Franklin. Be sure to pay her a visit.

LITERARY CONSOLIDATION.—The American Monthly Magazine has been united with the New England, and is now published simultaneously at Boston and this city. The first number of the new series we received yesterday from the press of Dearborn, 38 Gold street. It bears on its face a great improvement on the old Magazine. This number is ornamented with a spirited engraved sketch of a scene in Hamlet. The articles are interesting and varied.

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.—If you want to make any presents of handsome books to day, just look into Mason's book store, 144 Canal street, you will find some beauties.

Jackson, 53 Cedar street, has also some pretty new publications for this season. So have Robinson & Dryden, 359 Broadway—Wallis & Newell, 9 John street.

[Private Correspondence, No. XI.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28, 1835.

The Christmas holidays are over and those of New Year's approaching. The fashionable world is quite delighted with the President's Christmas party, and look forward, with pleasing anticipation, to the New Year's rout. A little set of exclusives is now formed, under the immediate patronage of the President, who has set himself to the grand object of separating the true and acknowledged fashion and rank of the community from all contact with those who are not exactly of the right sort. The social institutions of Washington have too long, in his estimation, borne a resemblance to the political institutions of the country and admitted to such society, as the city affords respectable persons from every quarter of the country, without a very rigid scrutiny into their pretensions, as people of fashion. The system is now to be changed, and we are to meet at every ball and soiree in the city, the same unvarying set of dowdy matrons, frumpy old maids, and gawky girls, who belong to the set, who are now, for the first time, to be recognized as extremely fashionable. The scale established by the President is peculiarly arbitrary—for instance, clerks with three thousand dollars salary, are invited, and those of two thousand salary are excluded. Perhaps the idea is that a person worth only two thousand salary, cannot afford to attend a party, and in this, the President is right enough.

On Friday, the public New Year's levee is to be held, and to that the Irish laborers, free negroes, &c. are to be admitted, in their shirt sleeves, as heretofore; and it is probable there will be some beside them to pay their respects to his Majesty—those whose names are not on the invited list for the evening not being very likely to go, uninvited, in the morning.

The long pending reference of the Michigan question is decided, and the boundary question and the application of Michigan for admission were both referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The President it was asserted has assured the people of Ohio that he will veto any bill for the admission of Michigan into the Union, until the Boundary question is settled. There is an uncommon thirst for speaking already manifest in the House. Every new member has come with a dozen or two of set speeches which he is determined to let off.

POLICE.—Thursday, December 31st.—Jim Allen alias Jim Jones, a powerful black, sans hat, coat or shoes, was brought up, being charged with having stolen from Mr. John Jones, chief mate of the schr. Oriole, two watches with the appurtenances, and twenty-five dollars in bills and silver. Mr. M'Grath who undertook his capture, traced him to No. 150 Leonard street, where he was found, nearly in his birth-day suit, in company with some half dozen dingy votaries at the shrine of Venus. Mr. M'Grath ascended three flight of stairs, and Mr. Allen alias Jones, not liking his would be companion, jumped through the window, smashing sash and glass, and alighted in safety on the shed in the rear of Dr. Marshall's office, thence through Dr. Marshall's office, (who thought that Satan had come too soon) into the street, and was captured after a hard chase at the corner of Elm and White street. A young sailor who accompanied Mr. M'Grath, not wishing to be outdone by a Nigger, dashed through the broken window after him, and followed close at his heels. Jones alias Allen, stoutly denied for a long time the theft, but at last confessed, and went in company with an officer to show where he had deposited it. That being secured he was conducted to comfortable quarters, until his honor the Recorder, shall relieve Captain Swain of his charge.

David Chadwick, steward of brig Mary Hays, was arrested this morning, by Messrs. A. M. C. Smith and Welch, at the house of one Schultz, already well known to the inhabitants of this city, by his connection with the paramour of the infatuated Jackson. He was accused of having stolen from the cabin of the vessel, on Wednesday evening, a trunk and contents to the value of one hundred dollars and upwards. In addition to the clothing, there were \$60 in bills of the state bank of South Carolina. Chadwick was not very cunning, for on the evening of the theft, he changed his clothes in the cabin, leaving his own in their stead.—The mate, Mr. Hume, left the vessel at half past 5 in the evening, and at 7, when he returned, the cabin was open, and the articles above mentioned were missing. Suspicion fell at once upon Chadwick, as it was known that he had a key of the cabin. This morning he came down to the vessel with a Petersburg coat on belonging to Captain Bertrand, and as soon as he was told the trunk had been stolen, he was off instantly. Amos Pinkus swore that on the evening of the 28th he saw Chadwick with the coat on, and he then stated that he had just redeemed it from pledge. None of the articles have as yet been found, except the coat. Chadwick was committed for further examination.

AN EPICURE.—Amos Conline, a black, was brought up by Mr. Welch, for stealing from Caesar Rodney, of Harlaen, several articles of wearing apparel, a fowling piece, and a turkey and goose. Amos, probably not having the wherewithal to procure a New Year's dinner, took the liberty of abstracting Mr. Rodney's, and thus left him to provide another. The gun doubtless was intended to procure more game, should the turkey and goose be insufficient. He was committed.

The Custom House Hotel, corner of Nassau and Pine, has just been renovated in a handsome style by a capable set of new proprietors who have taken it.—There is a reading room attached to the establishment, where all the papers may be found. Always try to get the Herald if you can, while your steaks are cooking.

The Calthumpian Band comes out this morning in great force.

Young Slidell's Travels in England, just published by the Harpers, is quite an interesting work.

Nothing new from Canton or the Celestial Empire.

The ribands now fashionable in Paris, are of the Arabesque, Mosaic, and Zebra patterns, and are employed in trimming dresses. Among the novelties of fashion, are cloaks with wide sleeves and no capes. Collars are worn of rich needle work, edged with lace. Wadded dresses and pelices, called douillettes of silk and satin, are worn, and of a peculiar shape. Good figures dispense with pel rines. Colored silk stockings figured with black are all the rage.

Taglioni, the Danseuse, having injured her knee, ten of the most eminent surgeons in Paris were called together in consultation, and that they have given it as their deliberate opinion, that she will—not be able to dance for some time!!

A London newspaper contains a good engraving representing Louis Philippe beheaded.