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APPROACHING SPRING RIOTS.—The melting of the snow—the brightness of the sun—the breaking up of the rivers—the overflowing of the streets—the crowds of ladies in Broadway, and Southern merchants in Pearl street, will all bring in their train one of the most remarkable agitations—movements—and heavings up among certain classes of society which ever took place in New York.

The passing season has been celebrated for the greatest conflagration—the severest winter—the highest prices—and the most extraordinary speculations ever known on the island of Manhattan. There is a new convulsion coming to a head among the mechanics, journeymen, and laborers, which, if proper measures are not taken in time, will produce lamentable consequences. The agitation among the working classes have only been restrained by the weather. In less than a week, or ten days, according to the state of the elements, there will be a general strike among thirty thousand persons who compose our working population. The ripple of the great wave that may overwhelm all law and order for days, is already seen in several parts of the city. The employers are holding public meetings in one direction—the employed in another. Both parties occupy distinct and opposite positions—one demand higher wages—the other refuse—the one will not work for less than so and so—the other say they shall not get such wages. Where this belligerent attitude is to end, no one can tell—but that the peace of the city will be disturbed, as soon as the weather is milder, we have no more doubt than we have of our existence. Hundreds of incendiaries, thieves, robbers, agitators, vagrants, vagabonds, are at this moment among us. The succession of fires on fires with which the city has been desolated, cannot spring from mere accident. There must be a permanent cause somewhere. Where is that cause? Why are our authorities idle? Why is not the Police awake? Isolated, solitary criminals are not the causes of the danger to be apprehended. It comes from ingenuity, talent, and experience turned against the order and the laws of society.

There is a deep-seated—a radical evil somewhere, and it is full time to probe the wound and apply a remedy.

MORE FIRES.—Yesterday morning, at half past 8 o'clock, a fire broke out in the store No. 102 Broadway, occupied by Charles de Behr as a foreign bookstore, which, with the small frame building connected with it on the rear, was entirely destroyed. The adjoining stores, 104 and 106, the first occupied by Felix Effray as a confectionary store, and 106 by Kimball & Rogers as a boot and shoe store, were very much injured, both by fire and water. The fire originated from a stove in Mr. De Behr's book store. The boy had lighted the fire, and left a quantity of shavings on the floor while he went down stairs for some coal, and when he returned the building was on fire. Mr. De Behr saved nothing of his valuable stock of books, and Messrs. Effray and Kimball & Rogers, had the greatest part of their stock so much damaged by the water as to be useless. The firemen, who had just returned from the fire in Canal street, wearied as they were, exerted themselves as usual, and with great difficulty saved the neighboring buildings from the ravages of the flames.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in the lock factory of Mr. Wm. Pyc, No. 6 Wooster street, which, with the rear building, was consumed. Great cars were some time entertained of the safety of Dr. McCarty's Church, but by the great exertions of the firemen, it was saved from damage. Mr. Pyc's loss is estimated at \$1500.

Last night at 9 o'clock, an alarm was sounded again, but it was discovered to arise merely from the old fire in Broadway. In the confusion, a pair of horses and a sleigh ran away opposite the Park, and knocked four men down, three of whom were severely injured.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURES.—George Bancroft, Esq. of Massachusetts, delivers a lecture this evening before the Mercantile Library Association, in Clinton Hall, on the early Colonial History of New York. Mr. Bancroft is the distinguished author of the ablest History of the United States yet written. His discourse this evening will be highly interesting.

FROM TEXAS.—We received yesterday from Nacogdoches, an address from the Texans to "The Friends of Liberty in the United States of America." It is a brief but spirited document. We shall say more of it to-morrow.

☐ We have received more certificates showing up the gross imposition of an old Negress for Joice Heth, who we learn has been sick at Hebron for weeks past.

☐ De Ponte's Catholic book is getting on well.

☐ Take care of your health. The wet spring weather is now setting in.

☐ The next foreign news will give us the King of England's speech.

☐ Weighmaster General Bedient's report to the Legislature is a Flemish account.

CONGRESSIONAL WISDOM.—The Hon. Mr. Wise met the Speaker in the lobby on Tuesday last and said to him, "Sir, you are a damned tyrant and a scoundrel."

LOVE WITHOUT MURDER.—To-morrow the examination of witnesses in the alleged love affair between Mrs. G—, and the Rev. Mr. C—, takes place before the sitting magistrate of the Upper Police and the whole body of the Police Department. No laughing, gentle readers. We particularly enjoin upon their Honors the utmost gravity of deportment, and if the slightest grin escapes the ugly faces of the department, we have given directions to our reporter to chalk them down in his black book. To Justice Wyman, who is every inch a gentleman, and a judge of beauty in distress, we particularly recommend the lovely widow—to Justice Palmer, who is mild and reverential, we entrust her reverence.

This is a remarkably curious case. An Episcopal clergyman of hitherto unimpeachable character, with a fine family of his own—clever sons, pretty daughters, and prettier houses, is charged with making love too suddenly—without due preparation—to a lovely and accomplished widow, who lets out school rooms—takes in sewing, and owns a pair of fine eyes, and a bust unmatched in Broadway in its sunniest day. If it had been a Catholic clergyman, and the widow had been at her confession, it would have been altogether another story. We could have believed then without evidence. As the matter stands it must be ripped up to the bottom. His Reverence says that the pretty widow is only a pretty rogue—that she offered to settle and say nothing for \$800—that he can prove an *alibi* and some other ugly facts.

We shall look with interest for the issue. Not long since a droll incident of a kindred nature took place in — street.

A Merchant Tailor who employed a number of tailoresses, observed one of them rather prettier than the rest—and apparently modest and industrious.—He took an interest in the girl and said to her—"Eliza, you seem to be quite industrious and good. Now I have to cut down my work at present, but I shall always reserve enough to carry you through the winter."

Eliza blushed and thanked him—"I am very much obliged to you Mr. T—. Indeed you have been very good and I am quite thankful."

The Tailor had a nice wife of his own, and a few fine children. He knew, therefore, better than these savages called bachelors, what an angel, a good, virtuous, industrious woman is, and felt kindly towards Eliza.

In a few weeks after this conversation took place, a notice was handed Mr. T—, requesting him to appear at the Police Office, at the instance of the official authorities, to answer to the charge of a young woman who had made a very interesting affidavit against him. He was astonished. He looked at it—he even gave it to his wife. She read it and cut her finger in attempting to cut the leg of a chicken off at table.

"Never mind my dear," said Mr. T—, "I will get over this difficulty. Believe me, I have always been true to you. This comes not from Eliza—she has been instigated to it by some rascally lawyer."

Mr. T— went to the Police Office, and through the usual process. "It is of no use for me," said he to the Magistrate, "to say any thing of my innocence. By law the girl's affidavit settles the question, and I must pay the bonus."

He did so. Next day taking a friend with him, he made a call on Eliza—. When he entered her room, she started up in astonishment. "Don't disturb yourself, Eliza," said he with his usual smile, "sit down, I have only a few words to say to you."

She resumed her seat but shewed great signs of embarrassment.

"This is a bad business, Eliza," said he smilingly.—"It is a bad business for a married man like me, with a wife and family, to be brought up to the Police, before the world, and to be charged with seducing a young woman—but still I don't think it so bad for me as for you."

Eliza trembled and grew pale with emotion, dropping a piece of needle work she had in her hand. Mr. T— politely picked it up and handed it to her.

"Yes Eliza, this is a worse business for you—men cannot know my innocence, but there is a Power above who watched you, when you moved this hand" (taking her by the hand) "and put it on the sacred volume, and made a solemn oath, to what, Eliza, you knew well, was untrue. What have you been doing deluded girl? How could you repay my kindness with such ingratitude? Did I not always treat you with kindness? Did I not give you work to support you when I refused others? Was there ever the slightest thing took place between us that was wrong? You have not only ruined your character, but, unhappy girl! you have perjured your very soul and injured me. If—"

"Oh! Mr. T—, Mr. T—, say no more, say no more," said she, bursting into a flood of tears, "I know I have acted wrong—I know you are innocent—I have not had a wink of peace since I took that oath. Oh! Oh! I wish I could recall it."

"But how came you to do such a thing?"

"Oh! Mr. T—, I was advised to do so."

"Advised? Pray who advised you?"

"It was Mr. B—, the lawyer, in — street. He first seduced me under a promise of marriage—and then advised me to lay it to you—that you had money—and would pay handsomely before being exposed—and then we could divide the money between us."

"So, so, so," said Mr. T—; then turning to his companion, "let us go," said he, "and visit Mr. B—, the lawyer. They left the girl's apartment."

On his way to — street, Mr. T. entered a store and purchased a very superior cow-hide. With that in his pocket, he deliberately walked into the young lawyer's office.

"Is Mr. B— in?"

"Yes."

"Mr. T— entered. "Is your name B—?"

"Yes sir, at your service?"

"Well Mr. B—, I want to pay you a counsel fee for some advice you gave the other week to a young woman in my employment, called Eliza —."

"Advice! Sir, advice! Sir!"—said the young lawyer in tremor.

"Yes," said Mr. T—, "advice to Eliza—to swear your child against me"—and with that he took out his cow-skin, gave the scoundrel two dozen over the face and shoulders. On closing the door, Mr. T— merely said—"I believe I have taken a receipt in full."

The lawyer was confined to his bed for several weeks in consequence of "catching a severe cold" as he said, in serenading a young lady of fortune, near St. John's Park.

THE SEASON.—On the 22d of Nov. 1835, we had the first snow storm—and with the exception of a few mild days in the beginning of December, the winter has continued uninterrupted up to this day, the 4th March, making within eighteen days of four months. Never in the memory of man has New York witnessed such a winter. We have had twenty-eight snow storms—and at this moment from 1, 2, 3, to 4 feet of snow and ice are piled up in many of the streets. The North and East rivers have been shut for many weeks.

Yet in spite of the severity of the weather at this moment we expect a sudden breaking up of the winter. A rise of two feet at Albany—which might be produced by a thaw of three or four days—would break up the ice of the Hudson its whole length. The ice on the river is ascertained to be quite thin—owing to the successive falls of snow preventing it from making, and the abrasion of the stream below.

Great destruction of property in the country must ensue from a sudden break up of the streams and rivers. Some calculators estimate that a greater amount will be destroyed this spring by the floods than there was in the Great Fire. Every person agrees that next summer we shall have prodigious crops of corn, wheat, fruits, and all productions of the earth.

[Correspondence of Hudson's Merchants' News Rooms.]
WASHINGTON, March 1, 1836.

Mr. Wise has occupied most of the time of the House to-day, part to obtain an amendment to the Journal of yesterday, so as to allow him to speak again on the subject before the House yesterday, and in relation to which it was voted he should be silent, and secondly in an appeal from the decision of the chair.

With the design of ripping up the abolition question again, he to-day offered a memorial signed by John Smith, of the City of Washington, remonstrating against the right of the people of the North to petition Congress to abolish slavery, in the District of Columbia. He asked that it might be referred to the Select Committee on abolition, with a resolution which he had prepared instructing that Committee to report forthwith, that Congress possessed no power to legislate on the subject. Mr. Polk decided that the motion was out of order. Mr. Wise appealed from the decision of the chair, and the question being put, it was decided in favor of the Speaker by a vote of 161 to 38.

Mr. Wise then read a letter and a series of resolutions, which he said he had received from the Governor of Virginia. Having read both, he thrust them into his pocket, with the exclamation, "I have done my duty, and I will not suffer the resolutions to go to the Select Committee, where I know they will be disgraced. Immediately afterwards, he left the main body of the House, and said he would not return again. The remainder of the day was consumed in calling for memorials and petitions; and after Mr. Wise had quit all was quiet. In consequence of the debates in the House, I did not go into the Senate.

[Private Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, March 1, 1836.

There is a talk to-day of introducing in the House a motion for the expulsion therefrom of Mr. Wise of Virginia; or, as he calls himself "John Randolph, Jr." He, last evening, after the adjournment of the House and the retirement of the members, waylaid the Speaker as he was passing with the Sergeant-at-Arms from the Hall into the Speaker's room, and arresting his progress, addressed him as follows:—"you are a damned little, sneaking, tyrannical son of a—, and if you had the spirit or character of a gentleman, you would consider this as an insult and resent it." To all this Mr. Polk bowed very meekly and politely and passed on, without reply, into the Speaker's room. It is no part of the official duty of a Speaker to fight all the bullies of the opposition. The house must protect their Speaker; and a house having respect for itself or credit with the public would do it. Mr. Peyton is, on all occasions, bottle-holder for Wise, and in this affair he was present as Mr. Wise's second. Both Mr. Wise and Mr. Polk have families.

DISTRICT COURT OF THE U. S. JUDGE BETTS PRESIDING.—The trial of Capt. Brewster and his chief mate, Joseph Wood, of the brig Grampus, for most cruel and unjustifiable mal-treatment of a sailor named James Gordon, was concluded to-day. P. H. Hamilton, Esq. for the plaintiff, made a most eloquent and logical speech upon the occasion, in which he adverted to the very frequent and unjust severity extended to mariners for no other purpose than to gratify malice and obtain revenge upon them. J. A. Morrill did all he could, but he had an unrighteous cause and so thought Judge Betts. His charge to the jury before retiring, was such as was to be expected from him. He summed up and commented clearly and distinctly upon every particle of testimony adduced, pro and con. The jury after an absence of about two hours, brought in a verdict of acquittal against the second mate, but they stated that they could not agree upon a verdict for the Captain and chief mate, and were discharged.

In the case of the mutiners of the ship St. Clair, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

POLICE, Thursday—WHOLESALE ROBBERY.—Yesterday morning between 9 and 10, a very genteelly dressed man named Harrison, came into the store of Messrs. A. Mathey & Co., 98 Chatham street, large Jewellery dealers. He desired to see some gold Lepine watches, & Mr. Crosby, one of the firm, led him into the back store and laid out some of their most beautiful assortments. He selected some with a great deal of ingenuity and care—was very particular about prices—wished to know whether or not 5 per cent was not taken off for cash.—After selecting about \$2500 worth, he asked for some gold chains. These were in the front part of the store in a show case. Mr. Crosby went to get them, and while his back was turned, Harris fobbed eight gold watches. The chains were brought, examined, and a quantity laid aside for him. He then asked for some other articles, and while Mr. C. was getting them, he managed to secrete three very fine and valuable gold chains.

He had been in the store about an hour and a half when he chanced to recollect that he had an engagement with a friend at 11. He accordingly took his departure, promising to call in the afternoon and finish his bill.

Mr. Crosby did not miss the articles at all, but put all (as he thought) into the safe. Harris went directly from Messrs. Mathey's to Mr. Anderson's in Pearl street, where he offered one of the watches for sale, at \$50. Mr. Anderson knew the mark upon the tag at once, and knew also that the wholesale price of watches of that description, was \$80, and he told Harris, that if he would call in the afternoon, he would give him his price. The moment Mr. H. left the store, Mr. Anderson went to Messrs. M.'s, and inquired if they had lost any watches. Mr. Crosby replied no, but he would look.

On examining, he discovered his loss, and immediately went for Bowyer. Meanwhile, Harris had disposed of all his ill-gotten booty, for which he received cash.—Two he sold to Messrs. Whitney & Hoyt, one to Saml. Brown, and five to Mr. Seixas in Broadway. He had received the money for all of them, and given receipts under the names of Price, Harris & Adams.

Bowyer started on the pursuit, and saw his gentleman parading Wall street with his coat thrown jauntily back, and strutting with all the importance of a man who knows he has money in his pocket.

He was, however, most terribly crest fallen, when Bowyer laid hands upon him, and pronounced the magic words, "You are my prisoner."

On his examination at the police office, he did not appear very much abashed, but confessed that he had stolen the articles, but that he was driven to it by necessity, &c. The owners of the watches received them back in safety, and the gentlemen who had purchased them had their money refunded.

Great credit is due to Bowyer for the promptness with which he despatched the business, and he will no doubt be substantially rewarded.

DISGRACEFUL OSTRAGE.—Yesterday morning, a gang of ten or a dozen blackguards, who frequent the purlieus of the Bowery theatre, commenced their spring operations by paying a destructive visit to the eating house of Mr. Pearsall, who keeps under the North American Hotel. One of them came in, and after eating a quantity of oysters at the stand, moved towards the counter with the apparent intention of paying for them. In passing along he pulled a table cloth from a table which was loaded with dishes.

This was the signal for those waiting without, and in an instant the gang rushed down, and commenced an indiscriminate destruction of every thing they could lay their hands upon. They upset the stove and then rushed into the back kitchen to complete the work of destruction. Mr. Pearsall and the men in his employ, who endeavored to stop them, were beaten and stamped upon in a most brutal manner, and one of them was so severely injured that he lay for some time senseless.—The cowards even dared to beat the women.

The room after they had departed presented a scene of the most complete and disgraceful ravage. Broken plates, meats, glasses, and the floor plentifully covered with blood.

We understand the whole affair was got up for mere pastime, and before any relief could be afforded to Mr. P. or those in his employ, they had all escaped. Mr. P. however can recognize some of them, and we trust that vigorous efforts will be made for arresting and inflicting upon them the utmost rigour of the law.

☐ Is it not time to have a scientific investigation of the opinion by chemists, whether the increase and extension of fires here, arise from the manner the New York Gas Company construct their gas pipes, &c. &c?

☐ The mechanics, journeymen, and laborers, are still "striking," in spite of the cold weather. They number 30,000 in this city—and we may as well prepare for early agitations this year.

☐ The Woods are still bereaving the senses of the poor Philadelphians. The poets write doggerel—the editors write nonsense.

THE FIVE POINTS BEAT.—See the dirty debates of Congress.

☐ The sales by Messrs. Franklin & Jenkins, at their Sales Room, this day, are worthy attention. The valuable Cherry street property; the house and lot known as No. 217; Honston street; the three story house No. 42 Dry street, and the two houses and lots in Allen street, will be disposed of as above at 12 o'clock.

☐ We would call the attention of merchants and others to the sale of offices in the large building, No. 56 Broadway, corner of Exchange Place, connected with the new Merchants' Exchange and Reading Room, to take place this day, at 12 o'clock, by Messrs. Franklin & Jenkins, on the premises.

MARRIED.
On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Zophar Mills, to Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Phillips.

DIED.
On Wednesday night, in the 40th year of his age, Mr. John Brower, painter.
On Wednesday morning, Mr. W. Bessing, in his 51st year, a soldier of the Revolution.
On the 1st inst. J. Y. Thompson, aged 51.
At Bedford, N. Y., Mrs. Catherine Holmes, relict of the Rev. Elisha Holmes, in the 82d year of her age.