

THE HERALD.

VOLUME I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

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MORE AWFUL DISCLOSURES.

ROSAMOND: OR, A Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of an American Female, under the Popish Priests, in the island of Cuba, with a full Disclosure of their Manners and Customs. Written by Herself. Embellished with Copperplate Engravings. With an Introduction and Notes, by Samuel B. Smith, late a Priest in the Church of Rome. New York, Svo. pp. 292.

This is the title of a work which was published yesterday, professing to give a full and graphic account of the morals and manners of the Romish priesthood in the island of Cuba. The fair authoress calls herself ROSAMOND CULBERTSON, a widow, now residing in Sullivan street, in this city. She is represented to be a very good looking woman of talent and discretion, but although her book is amusing in its kind, we doubt whether she possesses the brilliant imagination which Maria Monk does.

The stories Rosamond tells are for the most part sombre and disagreeable. They relate to robbers, murderers, the yellow fever and the cholera, and the eating of sausages manufactured from fat young negroes. Now Maria Monk is quite amusing and dramatic. The single character of Jane Ray is worth whole shelves of novels, and we wonder that our friend Hamblin of the Bowery, who is a superior judge of pretty women and popular melodramatic subjects, has not thought of getting our favorite Maria Monk to dramatise her story, and thus benefit all parties.

In relation to the character of the fair authoress, we find in her book a number of certificates signed by respectable people in this city. Dr. Ward, 241 State street, certifies that she is a "devoted Christian." Mr. Sprague, Pastor of the Fourth Free Church, knows her "religious experience." J. F. Robinson, Clerk of the Third Free Church, also testifies that since June, 1834, "her walk and conversation" have been excellent. Now we know from long experience that the "walk and conversation" of the fair are important matters. We doubt whether we could believe any lady who did not "walk" gracefully in Broadway, either going to or coming from church.

We cannot give our readers the remotest idea of the various extraordinary facts in the morals, manners, and religion of Cuba, recorded in this book. They must buy and read it for themselves. There is, however, one portion, most intensely interesting, the greater part of which we have extracted. This portion consists of a batch of love letters written by one of the Reverend Fathers called BESO TUS PIES, to his female favorite. In the private history of the Romish clergy, it is a remarkable fact, that in love-letter literature, they outstrip the whole world besides. From the time of Abelard and Eloisa, down to our own days, these men, when they turn their talents, learning, and piety into the channels of human affection, and commit their thoughts on paper, become too fascinating and bewitching for the female heart. What love letters are more pathetic and eloquent—more exquisite and thrilling—than the famous letters of Abelard, who was the next thing to a Romish priest, in the thirteenth century? Even in this day, and in our own city, there is a revered clergyman connected with St. Joseph's Catholic Church of this city, whose sonnets, madrigals, and poetic effusions, some of them published in the New York Mirror, that have bewitched half the maiden ladies about town. The celibacy which the Church of Rome inflicts upon her ministers, has a favorable effect in preserving their amorous feelings always fresh, delicate, and blooming. Their whole life is a honeymoon. Look at the Protestant clergy. They marry as the heathen does, and hence they become common-place and dull as plodding husbands generally are.

Setting aside a few such specimens of bad taste as that of the negro sausages, we think the book is pleasant. At least, the annexed epistles of Father Pies resemble the endearing language—the burning epithets—the delicate warmth in which Abelard wrote his famous letters to the lovely and enchanting Eloisa. As to the great stir made in certain quarters about the disagreeable portions of these disclosures, we care nothing. We, like the bee, extract the honey, and leave the poison to the blockheads. The annexed are a few honey drops. Ladies, look grave, lick your pretty lips, and read—gentlemen, twirl up your mustaches, and do the same:—

LETTERS.

"To one whose beauty I adore, who am anxious to kiss those hands which I hope will soon be mine, since I am thine."
"My pretty girl!—My lovely dear!—Beauty of the world!—Your dear soul I did not see. But I threw into your window a billet-doux.—Tell me if you got it.—Because in it many things are expressed: and I expected from your good, dear little heart, some consolation in answer thereto. May I yet live for you, since I already know you, and without you I cannot live!—To day, I am engaged to pay a visit to your neighbor opposite.—Be on the look-out;—and to-morrow, I am invited to the Archbishop's. But I assure you that the remembrance of you alone is my consolation.—A-propos!—tell me, for your own safety, whether you understand the coins of this country; lest you might be deceived or cheated by any one.—Be careful, my dear child, with whom you have any dealings; because there are many rogues here. (Signed,) BESO TUS PIES.
"I kiss your feet."

"My dear loving soul! nothing serious has occurred. Something was due to me, and you have paid me.—You, my dear love, were not in fault, because you evinced a readiness to resist. The fault was entirely mine; for I had such a desire to be with you, that I lost all patience."

"Whenever you will, just tell me, my dear soul, as I hear you want to return to your native country, and you leave me here alone. Yet I advise you, you would be doing well. They are ruining your health; and mine, too, suffers; and no one would give a shilling for you if you are sick. Indeed, if I had the means of gaining a livelihood, believe me, my dear, I would go and live with you. The folks here are great cheats.—Again, I repeat, take care of your health, for if you fall sick-a-bed, then will begin your great troubles; and my cares will commence with them; as I cannot, by any means, allow you to perish without assistance. To Spain I could not take you, although I might wish to do it; nor am I going for five or six months yet: and even then, much depends on all the money that is due me. To go to Spain by the way of New York, would be attended with difficulties; but, nevertheless, I will come and see you, and talk over the thing, and enjoy the pleasure of being with you. You remember, I told you, once that my beard would bother you a great deal; and it has proved to be troublesome, since you always resisted my apprehensions whenever I attempted to kiss you.—Perhaps you did not love me: but whether you love me or not, you will always remember me, wherever you may be, as he will remember you, who kissed your feet. BESO TUS PIES."

"To my dear little pet."

"My dear beloved!—My adorable beauty!—O, I would kiss you to death if I could. My desire would be always to be gazing upon your beauty; but, lovely as you are, my difficulties to your embraces daily increase. Yet probably, unknown to you, I had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing your lovely, graceful, and rosy face passing by, on my way to pay a visit to the Prior of St. Domingo Cathedral, and on my return from his house, I passed by yours, in hope of seeing you again, to have a little talk with you, and hand you that little paper, to remove from your mind any anxiety. I saw you, even then, but I kept aloof, because I perceived two persons standing opposite to your door; one I knew to be your servant in attendance, who, if he had seen me speak to you, would have reputed you as a woman of ill-fame, and would have said that you show me many attentions; but if I show any to you, it is, my dear, because I am yours."

"My dear Margaret!—My loving wife!—Yesterday, (Monday), neither could I see you, nor hear from you; which leaves me very unhappy. For neither seeing you, nor hearing from you by note, does not suit me at all.—Surely, what affection does this show towards me? Certainly, none at all.—And that I should continue to love one that does not love me, can never do. I have been incessant in complimenting, and contemplating you, and you have not shown any regard.—Are we not in a fine country, where every thing is abundant, but never mind;—adieu, till to-morrow.—If you will, think about it."

"My dear life!—It is a common saying with those of our nation, that when one has agreed to perform any thing with another individual, and on the question being put, no answer is given, the inference is, that silence gives consent: or, in other words, that all is right, and we both agree in sentiment. Now, then, my dear! how comes it, that so much as I have said to you, and written to you, you have neither deigned to write me an answer, or advance any thing satisfactory to me?—From this I must infer, that you have no intrinsic regard or wish for the person you thus treat.—Perchance it may be your sickness occasions all this:—yet I repeat, I am yours."

ANOTHER FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—It will be recollected that a few months ago, the Courier & Enquirer came out one day with a furious tirade against the patriots of Texas, and in a short time thereafter made a complete somerser on the other side. We intimated at the same time that the change must have been produced by some \$52,000 affair, and the suggestion now appears to have hit the right nail on the head. In a Spanish paper, called the "Diario," published at Mexico, it is stated that James Watson Webb became the owner about that time, of 52,000 acres of land, or thereabouts, in Texas. No wonder his heart bled for the freedom of Texas.

[Private Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1836.

Your New York Relief Bill came up again to-day on its passage, and it was intended to dispose of it without further delay. Mr. Pearce of R. I. continued his opposition to it, urging every argument which was likely to have any weight with the democratic party. The whole speech was an appeal to the principles of that party against the allowance of exclusive privileges, to the rich whig merchants. Finally, he told the New York members that they would get no credit with the whigs by supporting the bill, as "the scavenger for the Boston Atlas," had already stated, in a letter which he read, that the Northern whig members would derive all the credit of the success of the bill, in case it should pass. But it has not passed yet. An attempt to get the previous question on it failed, and of course, the bill stands over till to-morrow.

The Southern niggers have got up a new subject for agitation and local excitement, to take the place of the abolition discussion which the House has arrested. The topic upon which they will hereafter fabricate their anathemas against the government, is the amount of money collected in the oppressed South, and expended upon the favored North. General W. Thompson brooked ground upon the subject to-day, in a long speech, in which he demanded an equal division of the spoils between the North and South, and warned gentlemen that if they did not accede to the demand, the South would nullify, secede, and set up for herself.

Mr. Wise is alive and kicking. Mr. Byrum has not yet made the motion to expel him from the House.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The following announcement appears in the English papers:

Marrried, on the 19th of January, at St. George's Chapel, London, Viscount Powerscourt, to the lady Elizabeth Jocelyn, eldest daughter of the Earl of Roden.

Who does not remember the tall, good looking, long necked, gawky youth, called Lord Powerscourt, who passed through our salons and drawing rooms about two winters ago? He made a serious impression in several quarters.

Congress is still disgracing itself.

OPENING OF THE SPRING BUSINESS.—The birds don't begin singing for nothing. We don't deal in matrimonial affairs without some foundation. Our advertisement for a husband to Miss Monk has already brought us the following applications, which, as Maria is a public character and has ten thousand friends, we can only communicate to them by publishing at once. By May-day we hope to have her comfortably married.

NEW-YORK, BOWERY, March 2.

James G. Bennett, Esq.

SIR.—As you appear to take a deep interest in the happiness of Miss Maria Monk, in having advertised gratis for a husband for her, I have, after consulting with my friends, come to the resolution of outstripping your friendship towards that injured lady. I will not only take charge of her temporal, but will do the same towards her happiness elsewhere. I am a Presbyterian Clergyman, but unfortunately have never had a call.—Day after day I have been trying to get a good stand, but as yet have not succeeded. A call from Maria might however help me much. She has many friends, and through them I might get myself into a pulpit. As to my soundness, I can give the certificate of your friend Dr. J. X. Chabert, and my looks are tolerable. I understand Greek, Latin, and began Hebrew last month. I have been debating on religion at my boarding house all winter—and have had the good fortune to quarrel with every body for the love of God. These quarrels and discussions however, fit me well to encounter the Popish Priests, whom I could discomfit on any subject. I would like to know however before I give my heart away, whether Maria owns the copy right of the book, or Howe & Bates. Let me know as soon as possible. I am, Dear Sir,

JOHN SMITH, D. D.

To Mademoiselle Maria Monk.

Dear Madam!—Having perused an advertisement in this day's Herald, stating you were in want of a sleeping partner for life, I am induced to offer myself, in the hope that you may consider me not unworthy of your attention. I am about twenty-four years of age, of excellent health and good moral habits, as I can produce certificates to prove—as to personal appearance I am not vain enough to think I can boast of any particular charms, but my friends do say I have an agreeable face and not a bad form—my business is, happily, the thing to suit you the best, as per advertisement, viz. A Wall street Broker, Dealer in Stocks, &c. am a particular friend of Mr. Webb's, and have been very deep with him in Delaware and Hudson on time (excuse my technicalities) which time for payment will I fear be long before coming round with him—my property and effects rather extensive as my books will prove, viz:

Cash in Bank, : : : \$15,000 00
6 shares U. S. Bank Stock, a 130, cash, : : : 780 00
10 do Del. and Hudson, b 100, cash, : : : 1,550 00
Lots of land in Harlem, worth : : : 29,000 00
J. W. Webb's note for : : : 4,623 30
\$50,903 80

Which I think will support us and the child. If you deem this sufficient, I trust you will not refuse to see me at all events, and perhaps I can then shew more proofs that I am not unworthy of your affection.—Please address T. S. M. at the office of the Herald, where all communications will be gratefully received and duly attended to.

Yours, dear lady, in faith and love,

T. S. MIFFLIN.

I forgot to add that I am of the Quaker denomination.

Mr. Bennett will please attend to this communication as promised in his advertisement and I have so much faith in his honor and integrity as to leave it unsealed for his perusal—if the lady will accept of my attentions, please inform me through the columns of your journal. Your obdt' servt., T. S. M.

POLICE, Friday.—Opening of the Spring Business.—The office yesterday was crowded with spectators and prisoners. Some came to hear, some to feast their eyes, and many because they had no other lounging place.

The Bowery gang ended the day on Thursday as they had commenced, with riot and disgraceful conduct. In the morning they demolished Mr. Pearsall's establishment, and about dusk, for want of some better occupation (getting out stone for instance) they commenced throwing snow balls, and pieces of ice at the laborers hired by the Corporation, to level the snow in the Bowery in their neighborhood. One of them being hit rather too hard for fun, ventured to remark that it was rather an ungentlemanly way of amusing oneself. The gentleman upon this, seized the spade with which the man was working, and attacked him, wounding him so severely that he was carried into a neighboring drug store. The rest of the gang joined in the gentlemanly sport, and what with ice, pick-axes and shovels, the poor Irishmen were compelled to bear a hasty retreat, leaving their coats and tools in the hands of the gentlemen. They went directly to Ald. Ferris's house, but he was not in, they then came to the City Hall, where they found him, and on stating their case, he immediately took three or four constables and proceeded to the scene of action. When he got there all was quiet, save the murmurs of the crowd who now and then emitted,—"D—n the Irishmen, they ought not to have work—the Corporation always gives them work and not us Americans."

Warrants were taken out against several of them, but we hear they have not yet been arrested.

MORE WHOLESALE BUSINESS.—Monsieur Louis Auguste Fougge, a French speculator on the newest and most improved plan, was arrested yesterday morning by officers Dunshee and G. Hays, under the following circumstances.

He had for the past twelve months lived en famille, without the permission or licence of the Lord's appointed, with a widow named Katrine Bielle, at No. 18 Spruce street. Her affection for him had induced her to make a will in his favor, by which at her decease, he would be entitled to all her worldly goods, chattels and funds. His story runs thus:—On Thursday, he having every thing in the house under his charge, took from Madame B.'s trunk three five hundred dollar bills, with the avowed intention of getting them changed. He went to the bank but found it shut. During his absence, Madame B.'s brother and nephew called upon her for the purpose of inducing her to quit Mr. Fougge. The door was locked and Mr. F. had the key, and they forced open the door (as he says.) On his return, (having been unable to change the bills,) he found these persons there. After a few words of altercation they beat him

and turned him out of the house, and during the affray his watch was broken and the money lost.

Her statement and that of several witnesses, validates one part of his statement, viz: that he took the money; but that there was any fray, or that any money was lost or found, they most positively denied. Madame B. was willing to forget, forgive, and return to her allegiance, if he would restore the money.

He, however, most resolutely denied ever having taken the money with a dishonest intention, and his story was well connected, and in several relations to persons present did not vary. However, his tale could not be taken as evidence, and he was fully committed. To the last he persisted in knowing nothing of the money after it had been lost in the fray.

Thomas M'Kin and George Williamson, two of the Bowery rioters, were arrested yesterday morning, and being recognized were fully committed.

TROUBLE AMONG THE EDITORS.—Yesterday morning, Messrs. Hayward, Stanley, Lomas & Davis, (the latter confidential clerk of Haggerty & Sons) editors of a paper published in the neighborhood of the Five Points, appeared before Chief Justice Jones, and were severally held to bail in the sum of \$3000 each, for their appearance at the next Sessions to answer the charge of Mr. Wilder, a young lawyer of this city, for a gross and malicious libel published in their paper of Wednesday.

So both the Sun and Transcript people will be tried together next week, sentenced together, and the Judge will no doubt, with his accustomed kindness of heart, suffer them to occupy the wing of the same building on Blackwell's Island.

Jesse Cady, of Water street, Justice Palmer, of the Upper Police, the Rev. Dr. M'Cartee, Wm. S. Sears Esq., Dr. Sleigh, and some two dozen other respectable persons who have been slandered by the libellers of these two papers, need not bring actions at present. Police officer Huntington, who furnishes many of the slander supplies, may look out.

MISTAKE.—In giving yesterday the origin of the fire in Broadway, we erroneously stated that it had commenced in Mr. De Behr's book store. We were misinformed, and cheerfully correct the mistake. It originated in Mr. Gilchrist's shop in the same building, but the manner in which the fire first commenced was as we stated; by carelessness in lighting a fire in the stove.

Can some legal reader solve the following:—

Will the Editor of the Herald inform the public whether in case of an Insurance Company proving insolvent, the insured person gets re-insured in another office, but does not have his former policy cancelled until after he effects insurance in another office,—if his policy is of any worth,—or whether it is necessary to have a policy cancelled prior to re-effecting Insurance?

Mr. Dinneford takes a benefit on Monday night.

SLANDER REFUTED.—In reply to the slanders published in the Sun of yesterday, against Dr. Sleigh, by Bachelor of this city and Emery of Cincinnati, we only beg a perusal of the following documents:—

Province of Lower Canada, District of Montreal:—

I, the undersigned, Justice of the Peace and Chairman of the Quarter sessions, do hereby certify that Doctor William Wilcocks Sleigh has resided four years in this Province, and has always conducted himself as a gentleman, &c.

Given under my hand and seal, this nineteenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three. THOMAS M'CORD.

Vote of Thanks to Doctor Sleigh.—Passed unanimously at the meeting, when the discussion between the Doctor and the Infidels terminated, after twenty eight evenings' debate, in the presence of several thousands. Amos Belden, Esq. Moderator.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Dr. Sleigh for the able and efficient manner in which he has defended Christianity, and incontrovertibly proved the truth of the sacred scriptures, and from the important benefits that must result from the same to the moral interests of this community. (Signed) AMOS BELDEN, Moderator. New York, February 18th, 1836.

The following gentlemen (some of whom were not present when the above was passed,) have since annexed their names in approbation of the same:—

Rev. W. C. Brownlee, DD.	Rev. Arch. Macclay, BM.
Rev. R. M'Cartee, DD.	Rev. Wm. Parkinson, AM BM.
Rev. N. Bangs, DD.	Rev. B. Waugh, MEC.
Rev. John Knox, DD.	Rev. C. G. Sommers, BM.
Rev. Daniel De Witt, DD.	Rev. Tim. Merritt, MEC.
Rev. Alex. Proudhit, DD.	Rev. H. Chase, Rector of the Mariners' Church.
Linus Stephens, Esq. MD.	Rev. L. Pease, Chaplain of the Hospital.
D. M. Reese, Esq. MD.	Rev. T. P. Hunt, Epis. M.
John Neilson, Esq. MD.	Rev. W. M. Bangs, MEC.
R. H. Macclay, Esq. MD.	Rev. Dan. De Vinne, MEC.
A. Macclay, Esq. MD.	Joseph Girard, Esq.
Edward Probyn, Esq. MD.	William Brown, Esq.
D. Fanshaw, Esq.	C. F. Linsley, Esq.
Thos. W. Phelps, Jr., Esq.	Edward Smith, Esq.
John Thomson, Esq.	W. S. Ridder, Esq.
M. Thomson, Esq.	John Baird, Esq.
John L. Wilkins, Esq.	William Drummond, Esq.
John Drummond, Esq.	

N. B.—The editors of papers friendly to the cause of Christianity, are requested to publish the above.

DR. W. EVANS' office for the sale of EVANS' CAMBRIDGE PILLS, &c., after the 1st of May will be removed to No. 7 Division street, near Chatham square.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. A. Macclay, Mr. Joseph Jones, to Miss Eliza Stuart.

At Mobile, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Kennon, Henry S. Leverett, M. D., to Miss Octavia C. V. Walton, daughter of Col. George Walton, late of Pensacola.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Mrs. Wade, aged 54 years.

At Pittsburgh, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 26, Mrs. Francis Everallen Irwin, aged 28 years, consort of Wm. W. Irwin, Esq., and 2d daughter of Mrs. John W. Wms., of New York city.

On the 7th February, on the Seneca Reservation, in Pennsylvania, the celebrated Chief, Gor-yan-wo-neh, or Cornplanter, aged about 100.