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Persons wishing the HERALD, to be served regularly at their houses, during the ensuing winter, will please have their names at the office, 21 Ann street. In cold winter the newsboys are not found so easily or so plentifully in the streets—so you can have it at your houses, warm and comfortably with your coffee.

The WEEKLY HERALD will be published at half past eight this morning. Independent of its various and interesting *resumé* of news, it contains two superb wood engravings, illustrative of different articles. These alone are worth the cost, 6¢ cents.

### The Baltimore Election—Progress of the Counter-Revolution.

The accounts received from Baltimore yesterday, giving an account of the total defeat of the Whigs in that city, has astounded every politician in this latitude. No body expected so sudden and complete a revolution, and every one is trying to find out the reasons that have caused such a change in public sentiment. In the recent elections in the western states, it is generally alleged that the public land question and the opposition to General Harrison caused the defeats of the whigs in Indiana, Illinois, and Tennessee.

But no such reasons ought to exist in Baltimore. What then is the cause of the change?

We are very much disposed to believe that the conduct and policy of the banks, in our large cities, are at the bottom of these changes. Among the mercantile interest a strong feeling of hostility has been growing up against the banks, particularly during the last year. Merchants are becoming loco-focos in opinion daily. The banks have been building splendid palaces, and making large dividends, while they have been crushing commerce at the same time by large rates of exchange, interest, and profits. In this city one-third of the merchants feel as hostile to the banks as the veriest loco-foco. In Philadelphia and Baltimore, they probably feel alike hostile.

In short, the conduct of the banks during the last year is making a splendid revolution, and will probably re-elect Mr. Van Buren in every Atlantic state. In fact we would not bet a sixpence that the whigs would carry New York.

**RAIL ROAD CELEBRATION.**—The Banquet given at Nowlan's Hotel, on Thursday evening last, by the Harlem Railroad Company, was a very elegant and delightful affair. The company consisting of the very elite of society, among which was the celebrated German traveler and engineer, *Chevalier de Gers-tener*, arrived in the cars at Harlem about half past three o'clock. On their arrival they took a promenade through the gardens of C. H. Hall Esq., which are laid out in the most picturesque style, interspersed with sheets of fresh and salt water for rearing oysters, rising grounds covered with shrubbery, long serpentine walks embowered with evergreens, &c. &c. On sitting down to dinner, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright offered up the blessing and at the close, Mr. Brooks, the President of the company, made a very excellent speech referring to the difficulties which the company had surmounted—its success and brilliant prospects—altogether with a concise and accurate view of the mercantile relations of England and the United States. He stated emphatically that if the various internal improvements now under way in this country were to be carried forward successfully, we must rely upon ourselves, and not upon the sale of American stocks in Europe. Several other eloquent speeches were made, and many excellent toasts given. Mr. Braen replied to a toast complimenting the House of Assembly, and Chancellor Walworth, to the toast referring to the Senate, or Court of Errors. About eight o'clock the company returned to town in the cars, delighted with the dinner and exquisite wines which Nowlan had furnished.

On the same day the opening of the Springfield Rail Road was celebrated at Springfield, Mass. This road opens the whole line from Springfield through Worcester, to Boston, and we suppose in a brief year or two they will extend it to Albany. The Harlem Rail Road is only the first section of the Rail Road to Albany; and if the next legislature do not look to this matter, Boston will tap the whole state of New York.

**THE COURT OF ERRORS** have been in a stew since last Monday in consequence of a visit they made on that day to look at the British Queen, during which they sustained the important loss of a dinner. About a year ago they received an invitation to visit the British on her second arrival here. The hour was about 4 o'clock. When they went aboard they found a splendid dinner, smoking hot, waiting their arrival. This happened to be very annoying, as each of the members had taken his dinner before they made the visit. To offer a body of legislators and judges a good dinner, when they had already been well stuffed, was any thing but agreeable—accordingly they looked upon it as an insult. Last Monday they received an invitation to visit the Queen, and expecting, on going aboard, a splendid dinner, the judges and senators, of course, took care to preserve their appetites in the highest style of excellence; but alas! on going aboard they found no dinner—nothing hot—only a few bottles of champagne and crackers; for Capt. Roberts was busy signing bills of lading and clearing out the whole day. Here was a severe disappointment. Accordingly they went home in great indignation, and the Chancellor drew out a series of resolutions relative to this important question, which lay at this moment either on the table or under it. At the same time President went aboard to see the Queen, and returned in equal dudgeon, leaving his card for the captain, and saying "I have been insulted." From Monday till Thursday evening the Court of Errors were out of humor—but at four o'clock on the latter day, the wine of the Harlem Company began to melt their hearts, and the Chancellor made a speech on the omnipotence of law over all corporations, as a warning to all such blunders in future. A bill is accordingly filed against the British Queen Company for a dinner and trimmings.

**AN INTELLECTUAL BANQUET.**—Yesterday I received the following note, enclosing half a dozen of tickets:

The honor of the editor of the Herald's company, is requested at the approaching Court of Errors, to be held in the Mid Dutch Church, on Tuesday the 5th of October, at 10 o'clock A. M.

COMMITTEE.  
James W. Wallis, George J. Correll,  
A. L. Lusk, Daniel D. Lord,  
John W. Wallis, Frederick A. Gates,  
Charles E. Keith.

Well, I will accept this invitation, and by doing so I am not afraid that I will frighten away Colonel Stone, by my terrible eye, for where there are no eating—no drinking—no smoking, there is no Colonel Stone.

93—Already \$20,000 have been subscribed for the erection of three burnt down churches.

BANKS SUSPENDED IN 1839—THE CHIEF BANK.

For the last fortnight a great deal has been said in Wall street, and in various papers, about the probability of another suspension of specie payments. Well, after all this talk, some older has made its appearance. The suspension of specie payments has actually commenced in this city. In different parts of the country it has also commenced. That is to say, those banks that have not money enough to go on with a wholesome business, have either forfeited their character, shut up shop, or refused to redeem their notes, and, consequently, ceased to issue. Amongst these we may name a few that we recollect at this moment: the Boston Middlesex Bank, a bank at Brooklyn, the Jewett City bank, the Middlebury bank of Vermont, several of the Southern banks, and the Chelsea bank of New York City. These must be included in the category we have alluded to. And as the latter more nearly concerns our citizens than any other, we here subjoin a copy of one of its bills:—

City of New York, No. 246.  
J. O. Wheeler, Cash.  
THE CHELSEA BANK  
Promises to pay TWO DOLLARS on demand to  
D. E. Wheeler, bearer N. Y. Feb. 12, 1839.  
Gouv. Morris, Pres.  
N. York. E. D. Foote, Cash.

This bank has taken the lead in the suspension of specie payments in this city, and is thus, therefore, entitled to great credit as a bold pioneer in a hazardous undertaking. Of course it will take the medal. The present suspension, however, is unlike that of 1837. That was a political suspension, and was all done to affect the elections of that year. The movement was simultaneous with all the banks; this suspension was performed upon the same principle on which passengers rush to dinner in a steamboat, at the ring of the bell, or as horses start in a race, at the tap of the drum; each rushing over the other, to see who should suspend first. The former was entirely a political movement set in motion by a word of command; the latter is a very plain, common-sense suspension; every bank that cannot pay its bills in specie has to suspend, and be snuffed out like a candle; the good and sound banks will remain. The rest will go.

There are some facts, however, connected with the Chelsea Bank, that are so truly laughable, and philosophical, also, as to deserve having special attention called to them—and as this bank is to be the pattern for 1839, we must give the occurrences at length. The association called the Chelsea Bank, filed its bill on the 17th of November 1838, and in about three weeks they bought a house and lot up town, and fitted it up as a bank upon the new plan, for which they paid, it is said, about \$3,000. They did not, however, obtain any bills from the Comptroller until some months afterwards, and spent the interim in fitting up their bank in a splendid manner; determined to make a show even if they could do business. Their banking house was on the corner of Bank and Hudson streets, and a very handsome looking bank it was; though some of the business transacted therein was not conducted in the most handsome manner imaginable.

After the new desks and green baize doors, and Cotton's Maps, and Tanner's charts, and Bennett's system of book-keeping, and Gouge on Banking and Tables of Interest, and Bonycastle's Arithmetic, and pens and ink and ledgers, and a little show for specie, and a iron safe, and all the extras necessary to create a bank were procured, they found they were in want of a president. They therefore purchased a directory, and studied it closely, to find out a big name to astonish the citizens with, and give confidence in the stability of the great Chelsea Bank. They accordingly found out a man named Gouverneur Morris, a dealer in dry goods or some other commodities, and as there was one Gouverneur Morris uncommonly rich, and the public knew not which was the Simon Pure, they made this man president of the bank. He staid by them as long as his bills lasted, and then "shot the pit." They then made a lawyer their president, and he, finding that he could make more money at the bar than he could by banking, cleared out; and then, we believe, they were all presidents, a Mr. Foote officiating as cashier.

On the 3d of July last, Mr. Foote swore before Mr. Ireland, commissioner of deeds, that the amount of capital stock paid in was \$441,302, and that the balance of \$500,000 was secured to be paid in; that \$375,000 was held in bonds and mortgages on lands in the State of New York, \$58,000 in Arkansas stock at 6 per cent, and heaven only knows how much more in debts, and specie, and stock, and lots, and rail roads, and mining companies, and God only knows what besides. At the same time, there were about \$47,000 circulating in their notes, and they took a new bank in Exchange place. That such an institution should go on prospering and to prosper it the resurrection morning, every body fully believed, until at last it was discovered that it could not redeem \$5 of its notes in specie.

This was a funny state of things, for one of the great banks under the great banking law. But the fun was only commencing. A few days since, a broker called on them with \$77. The teller took it and counted it; he handed it to a clerk; he counted it and handed it back to the teller; the latter laid it down on the counter and looked very funny at the broker. "Come," said the latter, "ain't you going to pay me?" "Why, yes, I guess so," said the teller, but just as he was about to hand it over, and the broker was about to guess he got some money. "I can't wait," said the broker. "Then we'll send the money over to you." "By three o'clock, certain?" "Certain." The broker left. Three o'clock came—no money. Next day a notary took the notes to demand them. He went into the bank to demand the money. "We don't choose to pay you today; call tomorrow." The notary proceeded to demand the notes *pro forma*. "Oh! look here," said a clerk, "we can't have any such nonsensical business as that done here. I must do my duty," said the notary, "unless I put you in prison." "Well, we'll deliver soon do that my first fellow; so slide," and taking the notary by the arm they put him out of the bank. A stander by said "what makes you get into these scrapes?" "Why," said the teller, "to tell you the truth, we know nothing of the business of banking, and so these squabbles are sure to come, as a matter of course."

Next day another broker sent \$104 to be redeemed. "We haven't got any money," said the teller. "I must have it," said the broker. "Well, now, don't make a mistake; we're poor devils, you see, and you must be hard with us." Next day a notary demanded this money. "How? your fellow was here with these bills yesterday," said the teller; what's the use of coming again so soon with them? "I'm a bit out of the money," said the notary. "Well, we'll give you \$70," said the cashier. "I want it," replied the notary, "why do you issue promises and not pay them?" "We don't," said the president. "You do," said the notary. "You're a d—d liar," said the president. "Don't make a row," said one of the clerks. "I'll pay it," and he flung out a wallet, he paid the money. "There am in a man with eight dollars of the bills." "Give me specie for this," said he. "Go to the devil," "You're gone here already," said the man, and going into Wall street, he cried the notes at 50 cents. Another man brought in \$60. "Give me specie," said he. "I'll give you cents," said they. "Very well," said he, and going home he brought a tin pail, and carried away the specie. "No," I guess we've done business enough for today," said the president, "let's go and take a drink."

This is a beautiful system of banking. To be sure they are a poor devil; but the poor devils should work, saw wood, or any thing, and not set up for bankers or regulators of the currency. We expect a great crop of bank suspensions during the next six months. It is the only way to separate the sheep from the goats.

93—The Ladies' Fair at the Apollo, 410 Broadway, is open all day.

Audubon's Gallery.

Early one morning in the month of October, in the year 1835, a young man sat reading a volume of Goldsmith's Natural History, in a small house in Pearl street, in this city. He was just entering his 19th year; his form was admirably moulded, though slight; his stature rather under than over the middle size; his dark hair, parted back, displayed a forehead unusually well developed; his features were finely formed, and lighted up by eyes dark and fiery as the eagle's, gave tokens of intelligence of no common order. His eye glanced alternately from the page before him; to a small and beautiful bird in the room, fluttering against the bars of his wirey prison; at last, closing the book and rising from his seat, he exclaimed: "This description is true, but the drawing is bad; I will paint that bird myself from nature." Before that day's sun went down behind the western hills, the bird was painted with a truth to nature never excelled! That young painter was Audubon!

This was his first great effort; the fire of true genius, which nothing on earth can quench, had long been smouldering in his bosom; it now burst forth with an ardor never again to be repressed. Young Audubon had made rough sketches, and drawings, and copies of birds often before the time we speak of; but from this hour, the destiny of his future life was fixed. He was thenceforth to be the painter, the historian of the birds of the great continent of North America. Thirty-five years have rolled over his head; the fiery sun of summer, and the frosts of winter have left him unscathed in form or intellect; his figure is still erect; his sinewy limbs as active as ever; his features calm, clear, hale and hearty; and though the hand of Time has somewhat silvered his hair, his eye still retains the eagle fire that beamed from it in dawning manhood. And in every sense of the word, Audubon is a great, an illustrious, an extraordinary man.

Audubon left the City of New York whilst still a young man, and went to Louisiana and Kentucky. Here all his leisure time was spent wandering in the woods, with his gun, pencil and sketch book. At that early age, he had resolved to travel on foot over North America, and find every bird it contained, sketch it from nature, shoot, stuff and finish it. He has done this. At Louisville he first met with the eccentric and talented John Wilson, the pioneer in American ornithology, from whom he obtained much valuable information, and with whom he was on terms of the warmest friendship to the day of his death. Leaving Louisville he descended the Ohio, still exploring the woods and forests of the then far west, till he reached the Mississippi; and soon after this he gave up every other business, occupation and pursuit, and devoted himself entirely to this great undertaking of describing with pen and pencil, all the birds of North America.

His life has been a most eventful and curious one; sometimes teeming with pleasure and delight; sometimes abounding with pain and bitterness of soul. He has been alternately a life of privation, glory, suffering, delight, want, misery, care, wrong, prosperity and happiness. He has crossed and recrossed every passable portion of North America, at least ten times, and mostly on foot. Alone, unheeded, unaided, uncheered, except by the inward delight thrilling through his own bosom, he has accomplished most of the great task that will hand his name down to Time's latest day with never dying fame.

He has caught, killed, prepared, and painted with his single hand, every known bird in the country, numbering over 500. He has spent 35 years of his illustrious life to effect this; he has succeeded in his tremendous task. He has every bird and every original drawing of each bird in his possession. He has been to England, and succeeded in getting all his drawings engraved in a style of excellence never surpassed. He had 200 sets only of his great work printed, five volumes forming a set; of these seventy-six have been sold in Europe, and seventy-four in the United States, at an average of \$1000 each set of 500 plates, the letter press forming a distinct book. And after accomplishing all this, he has returned, at the age of 55, to the city of New York, the successful scene of his early efforts, with his splendid and unrivalled collection of original drawings, which are now in the course of exhibition at the Lyceum in Broadway.

Such is a faint outline of this great man's labors; he is still here, but having arranged his beautiful drawings he will leave in a week, perhaps never to return. His active, enlightened, original and energetic mind will not allow him to remain idle even on the verge of sixty years of age. He leaves us with the warm wishes of all who know him, on a grand tour through North America, to hunt, kill, paint and describe all the quadrupeds of North America; and that his valuable life may be spared to the completion of this ennobling task, we most fervently pray. In the mean time, we have a few words of whole some advice to give the thousands of young, beautiful daughters of America, and the thousands of amiable and intellectual mothers of our great country, whose bright eyes will rest upon the columns of the "Herald" today. Neglect not the opportunity to see this unrivalled collection, illustrating the natural history of your country. Neglect not the opportunity to see, shake hands, and converse with the great illustrator of this history. In after life, "not to have seen Audubon," will attach itself as a stigma to those who had the power to see him and neglected to do so; not to have seen his great collection will exclude one from refined society. The high value of his great work renders it a sealed book to the million; but the sight and study of the magnificent originals, whence that work emanated, is within the compass of every soul in the city. Go then to the Lyceum.

**THE PARADE IN WALL STREET.**—For the last two days there has been a great pressure in Wall street. Crowds have assembled opposite the new Merchants' Bank, to witness the very interesting operation of raising two splendid granite columns to their proper places, at a cost of \$5,000 each, each or tick, we don't know which. The street extending from the Exchange to the Custom House was filled all day, and many curious remarks were made by those who were stopped short in a shining flight, at 5 minutes before 3 o'clock, by the crowd. It appears strange to a person seeing the piles of granite recently thrown up, when told that there is a heavy pressure in the money market. "Money tight, eh? Can it be possible! The banks are certainly aiding the merchants, ain't they?" asked one gentleman of another yesterday. "Yes, aiding them on to bankruptcy as fast as the devil aids the sinner. They think more of building splendid palaces like these," pointing to the several new buildings, "with costly Corinthian columns and things to match," answered his friend. So wags the world. Banking buildings are going up at a cost of \$50,000, and commercial paper selling in the street at two per cent a month.

93—When Governor Marcy was in office, he said one day—"They want me to pay fifty cents for mending a rent of my breeches torn in the public service, but I'll see them d—d first."

**UNFAMOUS HUMORS.**—The morus multicaulis sales at the Institute next week.

**FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.**—Prince John Van Buren arrived in town yesterday, and has taken apartments in the Globe Hotel.

**Ten Races Yesterday.**—Two trotting matches came off yesterday on the Beacon course; one under the saddle, and the other in harness. The first was for a purse of 150 dollars, and the distance two miles.—Celeste, Henry, and American were entered. Henry won the first heat, distancing American, and Celeste won the second and third. Dutchenman and Awful, in harness, entered for the second. The former won the purse, 250 dollars—the distance also two miles. Dutchenman did the first heat in 15 seconds, 11 seconds, and the second in 5 minutes 15 seconds.

### The Africans.

[Correspondence of the Herald.]

Dear Sir:—The interest in the Africans, Oct. 1 unabated. Since they have returned to the prison here, a crowd of our citizens seems to have received a fresh impulse, and crowds throng to see them daily. Comfortable and airy apartments have been fitted up for them in the hotel to which the jail is attached, and they eat and drink, and smoke the living day, and are as happy as clams at high water. Col. Pendleton, the keeper of the prison, turns them out on our beautiful green daily, for exercise and exhibition, and their feats of agility attract great admiration. Jinqua and Garrah tumble about with the activity of monkeys, and the spectators shout at the spectacle freely.

A native African of the Susos tribe came up from New York yesterday or the day before, and the Abolitionists have been examining the blacks through him; but they have learned nothing startling. The Africans have begun to distrust the intentions of Lewis Tappan, and those of whom he is the tool, and their replies to the interrogatories of these mischievous and disorganizing fellows, are getting to be evasive, and sometimes crusty. The substantial kindness which the Africans have received from the Marshal and the keepers of the prison, is intelligible to them, and they place a higher estimate upon it than on the speculative benevolence of these unprincipled schemers, whose humane regard for the negroes, prompted them to frighten the children nearly into fits, in order to produce an effect on the audience, when they were brought into the Court at Hartford, on the Habeas Corpus. The Africans abound in that instinctive sagacity, which enables all animals to distinguish their benefactors, and they manifest their regard to those who have bestowed presents of any kind upon them, with a warmth and earnestness the strong becomes a troupe of monkeys. I distributed a handful of segars among the occupants of one of the rooms a few days ago, and have been tormented by their importunities for segars and tobacco ever since.

Some doubts have been suggested whether these Africans are all negroes. The natives of Africa comprise several distinct races of men; but the true negro, or Ethiopian, is characterized by the same peculiarities which distinguish the blacks that are domesticated among us, whether he is found under a vertical sun on the Gulf of Guinea, or on the Orange river down towards Cape Town.

With four or five exceptions, these Africans are genuine negroes, presenting all the repulsive features of the race; but some question exists respecting the exceptions. To the natural cunning of the savage, some of the blacks have added the deceptive arts practised by the abolitionists. Mr. Ludlow came into the prison yesterday with the Susos interpreter, and called for a man that could speak Foulah. Half a dozen blacks immediately presented themselves as candidates for the post of linguist, and Mr. L. selected the worst looking rascal of the number, and took him out. After a momentary show of disappointment, those who remained grimaced and jabbered, apparently highly delighted at the trick played on the black coat. "Foulah," said Shuma, grinning, "sas, hella, moni, fabou, Manding, Bulum, Galima." That is, "we will all talk any thing you want, Foulah, Manding, Bulum, and Galima, only give us enough to eat and drink."

Jinqua acknowledged to the interpreter that he had been engaged in the slave trade, and had been sharkey by Sharka because he was unable to fulfil a contract that he had made to deliver a number at a given time.

[Private Correspondence of the Herald.]

PARIS, Aug. 30, 1839.  
DEAR BENNETT:—Let me bespeak your forbearance for the very unequal and unpolished performance of this rapidly whipt-up piece of composition, that you will be tempted to liken to syllabub, if you choose, for its frothy and unsubstantial character. But I have urgent reasons for this despatch; I am on the eve of an excursion to—I have not decided where exactly—but as I am in quest of a change severely in air, diet, and occupation, I hardly think I could direct my steps to any place with such advantage as England, for I am sure to find them all there essentials so immeasurably inferior to those I leave behind me, that I shall return to my present home with a longing delight and contentment that will make my continued stay here doubly satisfactory and pleasing. Not that Parisian life absolutely requires the restorative of change to make it palatable and enduring, that I have found so indispensable in all other places it has been my lot to live in; far from losing its attraction by wear, and familiarity, it only deepens, and widens, and broadens till our souls and bodies both are caught and enveloped in the dizzy and seductive circle of its fascination, till leaving it, becomes painful and difficult, even temporarily; what, then, must be the parting pang of that unfortunate wretch that is destined to see it no more.

The European news I have selected for you is of a very cheering nature and more decisive character than any past accounts we have had from the troubled regions of the east. There has been a most copious flow of reports from the head quarters of strife poured forth on this agitating subject, mixed up with some of thought and a great deal of absurd invention. The newspapers have seized upon this prolific topic, at this dull season of the year, with the desperate tenacity of drowning men, and have managed, by dint of endless comment and "enormous lying," (to borrow an English phrase) to keep this subject and themselves a little longer from sinking in public notice; but their time is come; they must, perforce, resign any longer retention of this exciting and over-dissipated question, since it is now clearly shown to be an incubus, established, that the great power has entered the field against them, and wrested the disputed points at one "fell sweep" from their reluctant grasp. The settlement of the eastern question has passed under the veil of "Protocols," and henceforth we are to be indulged with only such glimpses, few and rare, as it may please the high and mighty contracting parties to favor us with; but whatever may be the ludicrous disappointment of the "editors" at the sudden dissolution and quick extinction of this difficult question, so happily managed in its infancy, it is a certainty that this disingenuousness has diffused joy among all classes of people, who feel they have miraculously escaped, as it were, from the heavy pressure of some portending and desolating calamity—the spark of war just lit in the east, and extending with a fearful rapidity that threatened soon to overwhelm entire Europe with a direful conflagration, has been abruptly extinguished by the timely, bold and decisive measures of the five great powers, led on by the prudent, wary, sagacious King of the French, who, more than all, has brought to this most anxious result. Yes, it is mainly to him we owe our deliverance from the tremendous evils that were just opening upon us; the dark course of a drear and apparently inevitable necessity has been turned aside by his expert hand; and Europe is still palpitating with wonder, not unmixed with gratitude, at her marvellous escape; war, with her long train of misery and loss, has disappeared; the chances of it even are removed; it has been banished most unexpectedly, like a ship gone down at sea, when heaven was as a abundant source of rejoicing, for had it been gone on, the serious difficulties that are now afflicting them commercially, would have been greatly aggravated.

By way of postscript, I must add a word or two about Alexandre, the great ventriloquist, who was to have sailed on the 24th of August as announced; but circumstances demanded a postponement of his departure till the 13th of September by the Ville de Lyons, when he will positively sail. I had never known of this extraordinary man, the more my interest in him deepened, and the greater my anxiety for his success in America. A cordial reception I know awaits him, for our generous, unbounded hospitality to all deserving strangers has become proverbial; he feels, as I have had frequent opportunities to observe, the liveliest solicited—as to the greeting that will merit him, for the paltry pecuniary advantage and squalid result that will follow it both to himself individually, and the country at large. It is not

sitting that I should say more at this moment of his future views, hopes, and intentions; should his visit be a success, he will be the first to disclose them. On Thursday last it was my good fortune to meet him at the princely residence of Mr. Welles, about two leagues from the capital, whose splendid grounds and beautiful mansion you have immortalized in your inimitable letters from Paris of a year ago. The present occasion was in all respects delightful; the weather enchanting, the company highly distinguished and agreeable, the ladies both numerous and beautiful, the dinner itself most excellent, and the wine both rare and costly. Of the latter I need give no assurance to those who have ever had the privilege of enjoying the splendid hospitality of Mr. Welles. The banquet was indeed most sumptuous, better than I have inspired me to say something better than the feeble allusion I have ventured to make to it. In the course of the evening, at the earnest entreaties of the indescribable hostess, Monsieur Alexandre consented to give a specimen of his great powers for the diversion of the company. The amiability of this good-natured concession to our wishes was the more appreciated, as Alexandre universally refuses all such requests, come from whom they may; he remarked to me that dining at the same Chateau a few years ago with the Princess Audemont, the desire of Tallyrand himself, who was of the company on that day. It would be inexcusable were I to attempt any description of his unrivalled performance; to do it justice would swell my postscript to an indurate length; and the theme besides is above me. I shall leave the expression of the wonder and admiration his powers never failed to awaken to nimbler and more experienced pens; none short of your own is worthy of them; but you will find it no trifling task if they produce the same effects as on me, and all present. When I saw him making his preparations for cooking an "omelette economique," he called it, and heard first the harsh grating of the saw, then the shrill squeaking of the plane, and lastly the spiteful hissings, and fitful, sharp explosions of the frying omelette. I rubbed my eyes in wild amazement, scarcely believing I could be deceived, and that

"My words were made the fools of the other senses, or my eyes the rest."

Never was illusion more triumphant, and the ludicrous perplexity of the pretty boy of our lady hosts, greatly amused Alexandre himself. His ventriloquial feat surpasses belief, and his voice in flexibility, compass, and variety exceeds all I ever have met with before. With equal ease and readiness he can assume every variety of tone and inflection, from tender youth to the shrill treble of his old age. His transformations are magical, and his powers of face, what shall I say of them? of his transitions of countenance, so rapid, various, complete, and endless. But if I go on I shall either make a sceptic of you, or awaken suspicion; I am "travelling out of the record," as the lawyers say. All I have to say to you, and your doubting reader, is, if any such there be, is to go and convince yourselves, the first chance Alexandre gives you. You will thank me for the hint.

**ROBBERY ON THE HIGHWAY.**—A laboring man named Daniel Hart, was assaulted in the streets of Rochester on the 24th last by two men, and robbed of \$47—the proceeds of his summer's labor.

**A DUEL.**—Michael Raschel and Jean Fer fought a duel on the 25th ult. at Passaglia, Louisiana. Jean was obliged to swallow a little over an ounce of lead. They were both engaged in the study of Latin. Michael mispronounced his, and Jean corrected him, for which kindness he received a slap in the face. This kindled the duel.

**THE OAKLAND RACES.**—A most brilliant horse race was to have come off on the Oakland Course last Monday. Louisville was crowded on the Saturday previous with ladies and sporting gentlemen. Every state that at all pretends to the sport of the turf is represented there. The most celebrated horses of the country were on the ground; at an early day, Louisiana has Wagner for her champion. Virginia has sent Pictou and Billy Towans; and Kentucky has entered the ring with Grey Eagle, Master Vaughn, Queen Mary, Hawk Eye, Minister, Tartan, and Occident. The races were to have commenced with a sweepstake of ten subscribers at \$2,000 each, four-mile heats. On Monday next we shall receive the particulars.

**MOVEMENTS OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS, AND CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.**—The Chevalier Antonio Cardo de Fand presented his letters of credence to the Secretary of State, on the 1st inst., and was received as the Charge d'Affaires of Portugal, in the room of commander Cacer de Fignieres. E. Morao, who was to be Brazil's representative, the Russian Minister, has returned to his residence in Georgetown, from his northern tour. The Texian Minister, Mr. Dunlap, has arrived in Washington. Mr. Fox, the British Minister, did not leave Washington during the summer. Senor Don Francisco Pizarro Martinez, the Mexican Envoy, and the Chevalier Martine, Charge d'Affaires of Holland, are at their residences in Georgetown.

**MARYLAND ELECTION.**—Carroll and Hillen, the loco-foco candidates to Congress, have received a decided majority in Baltimore, and the loco-foco ticket entire has been elected in that city.

**ACTING, vs. PARACHUTE.**—Parsons, the actor, recent preacher, is again the actor. He has at last consented to cut Methodism and resume the sock and buskin.

**AN OBSCURE A RIOT IN CINCINNATI.**—On the night of the 27th ult. a party of thirty men in disguise attacked the house of the negro doctor in Cincinnati, which they burnt down. They set it on fire, and when the firemen arrived they refused to throw water upon the building or furniture. The next house was also attacked, but which the mob desisted from destroying, when told that the workmen who built it had not been paid. The cause of the riot was this. The black doctor had two female patients who were insane, and to cure them he fogged both most was cruelly.

**THE BUSINESS OF KIDNAPING** has been carried on by Shearer, recently arrested in Fredericksburg Va. and a few others for six years. The gang was regularly organized, and all the negroes they caught they took to Virginia and sold at prices ranging from \$300 to \$500.

**ANOTHER BLOW UP.**—A powder mill in Southwick, Mass. blew up last Monday. No lives lost.

**PUMPKIN COOL.**—Massachusetts has this year been blessed with a good yield of pumpkins. Thanksgiving comes off on the 28th proximo.

**LOSS OF LIFE.**—Upwards of one hundred sailors lost their lives in the recent storm at Nova Scotia.

**POPULATION OF CINCINNATI.**—The census just taken, sets it at 40,000.

**YELLOW FEVER.**—This disease has appeared in Summerville, Alabama. Thirteen persons have died of it.

PERSON STATISTICS.—From September 6 to October 3, there were discharged, from			
Sing	2	2	
Die	1	3	
Paroled	—	—	
Remaining on the 3d, men	29		
— " " " " " " " " " " " "	769		
— " " " " " " " " " " " "	808		

### Special Sessions.

Sept. 4.—George Clark, a sort of lobbly boy, who said he had been belonged to the U. S. ship North Carolina, was brought up charged with stealing a pair of boots.

The complainant swore that Clark and two others came to his store, and whilst Clark held him in conversation, the others bolted with a pair of boots. The prisoner said he had been strolling on the Battery, and fell in with the two men for the first time in his life.

The C. urt said it was very clear that he kept bad company, and adjudged him to the Egyptian tombs for thirty days.

Mary Ann Morgan stole a silk bonnet from Julia Garton, and Mary Ann was sent to the "tomb" till Monday.

James Hamilton had a most remarkable propensity for old hat. In fact, Jan's bump of acquiescence was considerably developed, and what with the lump in the shape of old hat that she could lay hands on.—On one occasion she took three from the house.

A court said she took three from the house for property, and therefore sent her to the penitentiary for the next month.

John said he felt the full enormity of her black offense.

Early Friday, a drak leaser, stole a pilot coat, and was sent to the penitentiary for three months.

Patrick Kelly, a red-headed, rugged and tough leafer, was charged with kicking up a shindy in Centre street. Patrick was remanded to inquire if he had a case.

J. H. Duffy, for assaulting some one, was sent to the tomb till Monday.