

# FRESH LEAVES

FROM THE

## DIARY OF A BROADWAY DANDY.

EDITED BY

JOHN D. VOSE, ESQ.,

FORMER EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK PICAYUNE."

Revised, enlarged, and corrected, by the Author.

WITH SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

NEW YORK:  
BUNNELL & PRICE,  
121 FULTON-STREET.  
1852.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-two,  
BY BUNNELL & PRICE,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

TO

FRANCIS TUKEY, ESQ.,

CITY MARSHAL OF BOSTON,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL FOR PUBLIC SERVICES, FAITHFULLY RENDERED,  
AMID THE STORM OF POLITICAL FACTION,

THIS WORK

Is Respectfully Dedicated,

BY THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

---

Most of my readers are aware that the present work has previously made its appearance in the columns of a widely circulated journal of this city, on which I had the honor for a long period of being engaged as the principal editor; and during which period I wrote, from week to week, a series of articles, which I may say, without laying myself exposed to the charge of egotism, most undoubtedly formed the basis of the present literary reputation of the *New York Picayune*.

It must be obvious to every one that the performances of a writer for a public journal, situated as I was then, have a great claim to their consideration. A man who, for instance, receives a polite note from the printer in the evening, stating that his compositors are "standing for copy," and that it is necessary that they should be furnished with four or five columns by the next morning, has but little time for reflection or references. It is said that Homer followed the rule of keeping his works nine years in his study before he presented them to the public. A man who has time to keep his writings by him even one year would, doubtlessly, make many alterations in his compositions. Many an idea, hastily conceived, would be withdrawn; and many a warm expression, created by a vivid imagination, would be set aside; therefore, every individual who takes up this book, and may happen to meet with a passage which is not quite in accordance with his own views, ought to consider that a reader is to be regarded in the same light as an invited guest to a banquet, where the host has prepared a variety of dishes. Should there be one not exactly in accordance with his taste, it remains for him to choose from the others.

Since the first publication of this work, the Author has been greatly amused, on various occasions, by the receipt of communications (some of them couched in no very gentle terms,) demanding a full and entire explanation as to the characters introduced; and there has been no end of the polite little perfumed *billet-doux* from the fair sex, containing a great many "strictly confidential" inquiries, which, the author is sorry to add, will be totally out of his province to reply to in the manner desired. Half a dozen young gentlemen have already laid claim to the character of Danforth, and each of them has the most distinct recollection of an *affair* with a certain individual similar to the one set forth in these pages. Others have been making vain speculations, in order to iden-

tify the young ladies of Warren and Amity streets, and no labor has been spared to discover the "Dandy" himself, while the Author has had many hair-breadth escapes from hard-looking men and big sticks.

With all due respect to the feelings of these gentlemen, I would say they invariably labor under mistaken ideas. That there are characters introduced in this work which are not under assumed names, I will not deny; but if there should be one of my readers who may discover a similarity between himself and that of a character clothed in all the deformities of vice and ignorance, I sincerely trust that he will give these pages an attentive perusal, and finally be led to a full conviction of his follies, and work out for himself a glorious reformation, which would be the accomplishment of one of the great objects for which this work was intended.

It may not be out of place to make a remark here on the various impositions which have been practised by certain individuals upon the proprietors of some of the principal saloons of New York, spoken of in this work. There is not a class of people who are made the dupes of unprincipled men to a greater extent than the proprietors of our hotels. Loafers and swindlers are constantly on the alert about these places, to practise their roguery; and the Author can only express a regret that his name should have been used by these vermin to accomplish their knavish designs.

Much credit devolves upon the artists, (Mr Boyd, the designer, and Mr. Avery, the engraver,) for their masterly performances of the illustrations. The outside cut contains striking likenesses of the originals, and the expression which is there displayed is alone a sufficient proof of the great abilities of these gentlemen.

The Author embraces the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends, connected with the press, for the flattering manner in which they have noticed the publication of this work; and although he is to many of them an entire stranger, he trusts that the day is not far distant when he will have the pleasure of meeting each and every one of them, to realize those enjoyments which are inspired by a social intercourse of men of kindred minds.

New York, April, 1852.

## FRESH LEAVES

FROM THE

## DIARY OF A BROADWAY DANDY

### MY FIRST ENTREE.



WHEN I first made my grand *entree* into the world, it occasioned an everlasting talk all over town. Records prove it. All the old women about the neighborhood discussed the important event while drinking tea or taking snuff, and many wonderful predictions were made. Although the snow was over eighteen inches deep on a level, and as light as a feather-bed at the time I gave my first bel- low, yet the old grey-haired minister of the cross waded through it, and beside my dear mother's couch offered up a most fervent prayer to the throne of God. The people did not exactly order the church-bells to be rung in honor of the glorious event, but they were so much delighted that it was a matter of surprise that they did not resort to some such an expedient in order to express their joy. Two of my aunts, it is said, walked quite a distance during a heavy easterly storm, on the evening of the day I was born, to a church conference-meeting, so as to improve the opportunity of informing many an old acquaintance in regard to the new-born nephew. The fact of the matter is, all hands, even down to the cook, ostler, and chambermaid, were, as the old saying runs, "half tickled to death," to find it in their power to record my birth, and the conclusion of the kitchen debate, or in other words, the verdict rendered by "kitchen testimony," was, that "if I lived I would become one of the boys"—a regular thorough-bred "chip of the old block." Before I was two hours old, my dad, who of course was full of joy and glory, placed on my little finger a plain gold ring, sealing a certain vow at the same time with a kiss. My informant (our old family nurse) says, within thirty hours of my arrival, my parents had decided to name me *Harry*, and that such was immediately recorded in the family bible by my father's own hand. Besides which they also informed the parson and his pious lady, that when one month old, I should be publicly christened in church. Peg Miller—(the old family nurse)—tells me that my father gave the solemn-looking elder quite a large piece of gold coin as a present on that occasion, and then ordered his carriage to take them to their home. Peg declares that it was a great time, and, indeed, it must have been. Her knowledge of "past events" has often put me in mind of the late Major Noah, who was so highly gifted in the same way.



IT so happens that I am not a New Yorker by birth, although my parents have resided in the City of Nations ever since they were married. I was born at my grandpa's mansion in a small town claimed as a portion of the Presbyterian State of Connecticut. During the first week of my existence, a steady train of visitors were constantly arriving for the express purpose of getting a peep at me, as it was reported that I was like a picture—neat and beautiful as wax-work. Some praised my jet black eyes, some eulogised my little hands, others paid homage to my small feet, and the verdict of opinion was that Harry was a fine fat boy, and possessed extraordinary looks. Two or three of the neighbors (busy old women of small gossip notoriety) could not refrain from "popping in" a dozen times a day on an average, just for the purpose of kissing me, and seeing if I had undergone any change since their last visit, while, at the same time, my father was so delighted



that he could not think of bank stock, "on change," farms, city affairs, or anything else, save his first-born, over whose form he sat, sung, whistled, and doated. One minute he would call the attention of all within the room to the contour of my figure—to the mischievous look of my peepers, to my little nose, together with various other "eccentricities" as he called them. He was for kissing me about once in three minutes, and as this habit grew upon him, Peg Miller had to forbid him, yet kiss his own and only son he would, notwithstanding what she or the doctor said to the contrary. Dad was making fast calculations about me, such as asking Peg how old a child must be to walk alone; whether I wouldn't, if health permitted, begin to talk at a certain time, and what was the best thing to do in assisting me to grow fast! Declarations went forth from his lips that he would be the means of making a great man of me if I lived: I would perhaps wed some foreign princess, or accomplish something quite as extraordinary; how he would educate me in the most polished manner, find me in money, send me abroad to see the world, and grant to me every chance of acting out the boy in my youthful days, so that when I got older I might be better prepared to settle down and stick to business. The old gentleman often talked in this way—as many a father had done before him, much to their regret in after years. My mother used to remind him of his foolishness, but he gave her to understand that he was well aware of what he was about. Before I was ten days old, a ten dollar gold piece, attached to a piece of satin ribbon was suspended from my neck, and another ring placed upon my finger.

Peg Miller declares that I was the quietest babe she ever knew, for I did not cry an hour for the first week of my existence. I must have been a very extraordinary little genius, from all accounts, as one act confirms the statement, that I only weighed eleven pounds and six ounces on the day of my birth. It is well known that my parents were at that time, and are still considered *somebody*—a family belonging to the *ton*, or in other words, what country people bring under the term of "big bugs." They were known as "Wealthy New Yorkers," which in the aforesaid town sounded extremely well, aristocrats always receiving due and prompt attention from country gentry, especially when the latter are convinced of the competency of such persons, to carry out the attendant principles in a manner coinciding with what they profess. For this reason, I was the pet of a country neighborhood, the subject of town talk for weeks and weeks, and although a report got about that my father ordered me to be bathed every day in cider-brandy, lightly adulterated by a small quantity of warm water, the people laughed and "tee-heed" as though it was something great. Peg says that she would not have wondered much if I had died before I was ten days old, after having been "fussed over" as I was by both old and young. Neither my father nor mother seemed to know how to act properly on that occasion, and my grand-parents were as much beside themselves as others were. I was punished with kisses and loaded with presents and praises to an intolerable extent, quite sufficient to disgust anybody. A stout vocabulary of the old school, which has caused more stuttering than any other system known, was used powerfully upon certain occasions, as for instance, "Harry, dearey, walk alongy,"—"Idle ony tonny,"—"Stand a straighty," together with a multitude of other foolish phrases, which are first addressed to infants.

## II.



ONE time happened before I was a year old. My father had one of his ships named after me, which, as would be naturally expected, caused some talk, not only in the country, but in the city also. This vessel was wrecked on the coast of Florida about six months after. Many an "old settler," residing in the fair emporium of the Western World, whose power is the pride of the State and of the Union, would remember all of the main particulars of the shipwreck, if I should but lip the name of the same, but you must forbear with me, when declining to reveal it. And I must be excused for not declaring whether the sad occurrence took place during the year of 1829 or the year 1831.

It is impossible for me to pass over amusing scenes that transpired during my early childhood. When three years of age, I was pronounced by the most severe critics to be found—a handsome boy, possessing everything requisite to be admired. My parents adored me, and whatever "Harry dearest," wanted, was immediately furnished.

## III.

WHEN six years old, no boy of my age could "take me down," or even become my match. I was considered a noble fellow, of prepossessing appearance, straight in stature, cunning and witty—in short every proof of my having an old head on young shoulders. Up to this time I was under the control of Peg, the old family nurse, who received a stated salary to look after

me. At that age, even in those early days of mine, I was in one sense a "spoiled child," for neither my father nor mother made me acquainted with reprimands. The fact was, father loved me too well to cross my paths of peace and pleasure, and mother did not seem to use that precaution, which she undoubtedly would have done, had her *first-born been a daughter*. Peg declares in these days of revolution, there is a deal of philosophy in the last remark, for in after years, that certain required precaution was strongly and rigidly carried into execution by my mother.



UST at that age, I was perfectly independent, asked odds of nobody; could talk sensibly upon general subjects, and abuse my parents in the most gentlemanly way, who would be greatly delighted with the progress which their promising son was making, and would turn aside and whisper to each other, that I was a smart youth. Children, at the age mentioned, can be found to-day who are saucy, manlike, and even impudent. Such "promising youths" are plenty, and their parents seem to uphold them to a great degree in these liberties. Times have greatly changed during a run of a few years, as regards the discipline of the rising generation. It is strange, however, how it is manifested without reprimand. One great thing, why I was so forward, was caused to a great extent, by the imprudent doings of a rich uncle of mine, who, being a crusty bachelor, trained me by day and by night into his high and gay circle of acquaintances, making me act and believe myself to be as big as anybody else of the crowd. He would take me with him here, there, and yonder, showing and enlightening me upon the scenes before us, of high and low life; holding me up to his comrades as a specimen of the "high young bucks," one who could *travel*, although only six years old. He kept continually loading me with presents—and so did my parents. My father bought a costly gold watch and chain of small dimensions, together with a diamond ring, which I sported with all the pride imaginable, having also at the same time two small terriers, a remarkably fine parrot, a pair of canary birds, all of which I took with me whenever Peg and I were sent into the country to pay a visit to my respected grandparents. Uncle Charley took a deal of pride, too, in introducing me to the ladies, especially when I was dressed out in the latest fashion. Crikey! how I loved to sip champagne and other wines in those days, and how my uncle trained me to whiff a mild lady's cigar! I remember it well, but there he was to blame, for a wise head should have done otherwise. At the present day, how many young lads there are in this great city, who are put forward in a similar manner! As the talented Editor of the *Sunday Mercury* says, "*such is life*."

I suppose there never was a more mischievous urchin than myself, except perhaps, the general run of ministers' sons, who, it is said, cannot in seven cases out of eight, be surpassed for cutting up "didos" and getting into trouble. As for myself, I was one of the inquisitive order, one who always wanted excitement, or else I was not comfortable; and receiving instructions from my father, stood ready to sing a song, kiss a young girl, dance, or talk upon the topics of the day. One wink from my father, when among a circle of ladies, would be a hint sufficient for me to commence kissing one or more ladies who might perchance be present. Such things were highly amusing to him. I was ready at any time to take the doctor by the hand, greet him cordially, inquire after the health of his family and patients, having an off-handed answer always ready for use, whenever it might be required. I could shake hands with a minister, and inquire after the flock of which he was the shepherd, with all the dignity of a man of forty. Many boys, at the age I now speak of, are apt to pique themselves upon their knowledge, and to scorn the advice of those, whose wisdom has been ripened by age and experience. Like Sir Charles Coldstream, they foolishly imagine that they have read, seen, heard and know every thing, and consequently every person who presumes to address them, concerning their welfare, is looked upon as a "bore." Proud and ignorant, they too often are found to "pay very dearly for their whistle" in the end. Some may consider these strictures are applied too strongly to so young a person, yet they can be found. It will apply also to those who are twice the age we are now alluding to.

My father had been through life, an exception to parents generally, as regards treatment to children. Some people never indulge their children in the least, and seem to think it their duty to act in such a manner as to be a terror, to their little ones, while others can be found who act exactly to the contrary, and allow their children such liberties, that they, at length, become a scourge to all connected with them. There is a wide line of demarcation between the two nature's here represented. As for myself, it so happened, that I was "born with a silver spoon in my mouth," as the old saying runs, one brought up to remember that I had but one life to live.



IT was about this time when the first invitation to an evening party was extended to me. How well do I remember how I hesitated and afterwards declined to go. It was then when the following conversation took place between the old gentleman and myself, my mother being the only witness:

"Then, sir, you are not going, it seems?" said my father, while seated in the drawing-room, and perusing one of Hon. Tristram Burgess's Congress speeches.

"No sir, I am not," was my reply.

"Then you consider yourself a boy, eh! I thought you said you *were a man*!"

"I am a young gentleman, sir," was the answer given.

"Well, I say, Harry, that you must go to the party —."

"Well, I say, I won't—there," I interrupted.

"You are afraid to go —"  
 "No, I am not, sir," I quickly interposed.  
 "My dear, where is the party to night," he asked of my mother.  
 "In Prince-street," said she, "some three hundred persons are expected to be present."  
 "My son, go now," said father, in a gentle tone, "and get ready. Peg will go down to the house with you, and at midnight, or at any hour you say, one of the servants will call for you."

"No sir, I won't go—there now."  
 "Then you and I can't hitch horses at the same post, my dear son, for I feel highly anxious that you should be present. Go and kiss all the pretty girls, feel as big as any of them, and enjoy yourself."

I shook my head—paced the floor—was stubborn to the bone.  
 "Yes, Harry, go, for you will have such a nice time of it," added my precious mother.  
 "Oh, no you don't. I do not feel well," said I.  
 "Come, come, none of that, if you can go to the Park Theatre and elsewhere, you can attend this party."

About this time, I well remember how suddenly my gay bachelor uncle entered, and how surprised he pretended to be when told of my refusal.

"That's very smart, now—isn't it, Harry, for one who got regularly shaved at the barber's yesterday?"

"You put me up to it," said I to my uncle.  
 "Won't go to the party, eh? Well, how now will Miss Lawrence like that? Harry, get ready and go, and I will make you a present of a five dollar gold piece."

"No, uncle, I've got money enough," was my cool reply.  
 "Well, I will give another one," said father.

After finding that mother would give the same, I at last consented to go. I made a very favorable impression upon the company; sung, danced, played whist, and kissed in the very best possible manner. This was my *debut*, and I shall never forget the scenes of that great night.

## IV.



FEW months after this event, I was sent under the care of Peg Miller to my grandfather's, in the country, with orders to remain there through the summer. We left New York a few days after the fourth of July. After our departure, my father closed his mansion, (which was situated "above Bleecker") and with my mother and the servants, started for Niagara and other places of fashionable resort. I took with me into the country quite a cargo of articles and animals, and we arrived at the place of our destination in safety, and everybody seemed to be greatly delighted to see us. It was a great time with my grandparents.

As I had got right into the very heart of a section of country so highly boasted of, having the exclusive manufacture of wooden nutmegs, mahogany hams, cast iron cucumber seeds, horn gun locks, and patent India rubber door latches, I was fed freely on milk and fruit, and even indulged in beans and pork, apple-sauce, rye-bread, and pumpkin pies, to an incredible extent. It was not long before I weighed nine pounds more than I ever did before, Peg, my dogs, and the monkey increasing in about the same proportion. It was here where I began to sow my "wild oats," in right good earnest, having an unlimited field to range over. Many a reproof were given by my grandparents, yet I heeded them not. I was constantly in the high grass, climbing haymows, barns, cribs, milk houses, ladders, fruit trees, and such like. As for obeying Peg, it was altogether out of my line of business. I was a rich man's son, had a plenty of loose change, and so considered my own self, "one of the hounds."

Peg would sometimes take me up to the old meeting-house, where long, narrow, contracted sermons were preached, Sabbath after Sabbath, by an old gentleman, who represented himself as a sower of good seed, which, by the way, very rarely took root. Peg always looked dreadfully pious-like in the face whenever Sunday came, but her pious looks were all in my eye, however. I have a slight recollection of some indiscretion once or twice while listening to the "x-perience" of a gray haired negro at whose "wool" I sometimes, involuntarily as it were, despatched a ball of paper. I remember one time when I took a good aim for his eye, and how fairly the wet ball lodged in the socket.

At this age I had hardly seen the inside of a school-room, my parents saying that it was a very poor practice of putting children to their books when young in years. But yet I could at six take up a newspaper or a book and read quite fluently, having had assistance from Peg and an aunt of mine. I used to get up in a chair, with my legs crossed, and discuss politics with my father, to his great delight, General Jackson's principles, together with the news in general. My memory was excellent, and still remains so, for I could easily remember what I read or heard. Grandmother used to tell me so much about the meekness of old Moses;

what a queer fellow Job must have been; how St. Paul prospered throughout life; what Nathan said unto David; about Hezekiah having fifteen years added to his life, together with the great deeds of Lorenzo Dow, and the mysterious disappearance of Morgan, that I could hold quite a discussion upon the different subjects. She instilled into my young mind many a good truth and happy idea, and during evenings when she sat knitting beside her stand, she always expressed a great liking in telling me about the good book, and how I should strive to live a life of peace and happiness. She had read the Bible through seven different times, up to that summer, and had recommenced "the blessed task again." When I got to talking with her about mysterious deeds performed here on earth, she would put a plea in, that the great book had its mysteries, which mortal man could not look into. When I spoke of General Jackson's victories, or General Scott's, she would say that they were nothing when compared with old Gideon's battles which she read of in the Bible; and then she would get the family book, reading at once the account. It was in those days when I was at the right age to take solid comfort, yet I knew it not—neither do children in general.

## V.

Early in the fall of the year, when the sun began to show some little mercy toward the brick walls and stone pavements of a large city, Peg and myself "packed up our duds," kissed all hands, and returned home fat and well. My parents having just got back from a summer's journey, orders were sent forthwith to Peg to hasten home. When we reached New York, the weather was very agreeable. Business seemed to be brisk and the city in good health. My parents were glad to see me, especially my dear father, who hugged and kissed his "dear son" for a steady half-hour. I had grown very fat, and enjoyed the best of health.

It was soon after my return that my uncle Charley had me about the city with him, attired in a full sailor's suit, duck pants, sailor slips, monkey-jacket, tarpaulin hat. He made me carry a chunk of liquorice as a substitute for tobacco. All such actions pleased him and my father. Perhaps on the next day, I would be dressed up in a fine rich broadcloth suit throughout, looking like a perfect gem of a Broadway Dandy, and carrying out the traits of one to a great degree. Those two individuals fairly spoiled me in divers ways, and both of them have every reason of knowing it to this day. Mother would often talk to them about it, and show the evil consequences attending such a course. She and Peg called me "the young stripling," yet it made no difference, for I was my father's dear pet, the idol of his heart. I think Peg's cautions were strong ones, as she said to him that the son was a perfect master over the father, and that if I lived to wax in strength and grow in years, he would then see the imprudence of by-gone years. 'Pa would perhaps, in return, smile and say to her, "Oh, these women, they are always in a peck of trouble."

Among some twenty odd presents which I brought from my grand-parent's, was a small hand-saw which was given to me by my grand-pa, who had scoured it up, sharpened it, and cut off the end. Some few days after my return, I made up my mind to try my saw on everything that came in my way. I first cut off the water spout to the carriage house, then one of the fellows to 'Pa's one horse wagon. After this, I felled two or three young trees, and was just in the act of cutting off a part of a line fence between my father's property and that of his neighbor (nourishing an idea that the latter had more than justly belonged to him), when Peg Miller pounced upon me. Now, kind reader, what do you think followed? As I am quite confident that you don't know, I will endeavor to inform you. She took me down in the basement and most unceremoniously tied me to a post, (but, by the by, not without being somewhat roughly handled herself,) and was very coolly engaged in the ceremony of doubling a rope, as though she had formed a resolution of making some particular use of it, when the noise brought my father from the drawing-room:—

"Peggy, Peggy, what is the matter with my dear little boy?" cried out my father, as he neared the scene of action.

"Scratch me again now, can you? Oh, you young rascal!"

"Untie me! Let me go! Untie me! Murder—fire! Oh, you infernal old scape-grace—you crooked nose old hussey," I screamed at the top of my voice.

"Stop kicking! He's to be punished, sir, and his father must do it, yes sir, yes sir," and Peg was almost breathless.

"Oh my poor boy, what has she done to you? What have you done?"

"Sawing down trees, sir, and water spouts, and fence, and?"

"It's a lie—a lie," I cried, as loud as my voice would possibly allow me. By this time, my mother appeared.



Of course I was set at liberty immediately, and Peg got a scolding from both father and mother. Peg at once showed them what mischief I had created.

"Why did you cut off a part of the water spout, my son?" inquired my father, in a serious tone, soon after Peg had paraded him about the places of destruction.

"Because it was rotten, so I sawed it off," said I, in a meek manner.

"But why did you go from that and saw off the fellow of my wagon, my son?"

"Because it was hard wood and grand-pa told me that my saw would

go better, so I tried it." When this reply was given, I can remember well how dad turned aside his head and smiled.

"But my trees yonder. Now, Harry, why did you cut them down?"

"Why I didn't cut 'em, I sawed 'em down," was the answer I gave in return.

"And why did you saw them down?"

"Well, I read yesterday about General George Washington once doing the like, so I thought I would follow the example, as I might possibly be as big a man as him one day."

Here, father not only smiled, but Peg Miller did the same.

"But about the fence yonder, my son! Now, why did you saw into it so?"

"It don't belong, sir, to the man over the fence, but Peg hurt me when she jerked me off."

"I hope she did not bruise your poor little shins, my son?"

"She did, sir," I interposed; "she bruised me, and she should be!"

"Stop, stop, my dear Harry," interrupted my father. "I guess we had better overlook all of this, so don't talk any more about it."

"Then it's of no consequence, eh?" cried Peg.

"Oh, he's a little boy, Peg, and so we must overlook all such trifles. He won't do so again, I guess." This was dad's verdict.

"I think Harry ought to ask my forgiveness for calling me such wicked and naughty names," and here Peg began to cry.

"I think you had better beg my pardon for tying me up," said I.

"Never mind—never mind," said father, in his easy, off-hand way; "forget it and be good friends again. Harry, kiss Peggy, dear!"

"No I won't—I say I won't do it."

"Then Peg, you kiss him," and so she did, yet I was angry.

Thus in this way ended the "investigation." Of course I did not think at that time I needed a good flogging, yet I plainly see that it should have followed, as I look at the case to-day. I heard him say immediately after the settlement, "He'll make a smart boy, and a great man yet, for he showed smartness in his answers." Time will tell about that.

## VI.



O far so good. To give the reader an opportunity to become familiar with the scenes of my early days, ere they place a heavy censure upon the doings of after years, I have thus given in a very plain and unvarnished manner, the most important episode. What I have written, a child can understand; what is yet to be revealed, "young and old heads" must take into consideration upon somewhat of a more extended scale.

Let us now pass over to the period when I was sent abroad to school. And what a voyage it will prove to be! When I was ten years old, off I was posted into Massachusetts to a certain celebrated seminary, (not far from Mount Tom) and there placed under the care of one of the "faculty," and he was one of them! I was at this "boarding school" just four days, and on the fifth I left for home as fast as I could conveniently. My parents asked me how I dared to come back, but I gave them to understand that it made no difference to me at all, how strong or stoutly they emphasized the word *dare*, as Old Nick couldn't get me to go back. This move was soon overlooked.

In about four weeks after this event, I was placed under the care of a "professor," who taught a very "high select school" in Litchfield, Connecticut. Here I waged war soon after my introduction and the result was, that I was put into what was called the "dark room." My stay at this "institution" was a short one—nine days. Packing up my duds off I started on an "exploring expedition,"

with a lot of fellows who were out on a gunning excursion. I sent my two trunks home slyly, each being chalked upon all sides with the following inscription, just below the direction of conveyance, "Harry is coming." Some two weeks passed before I reached New York. I was very well received, for I explained matters in this way. "They didn't feed me well, and I was half starved all the time."

My stay in New York was not long; off I was sent again to another institution, "far, far away," where I enjoyed myself very well until I had a row. Some nine months had expired, however, before any occurrence of a serious nature happened. Soon after this I was home again.

It was about this time when I first experienced a "love-spat," and such a squally scene it was too. How I did whiff a segar then—at that tender age—dress with the times, and act as big as anybody! Yes, Miss Nancy A——, of Bleecker-street—a girl of eleven, wept by my side because I wouldn't promise her my heart and hand eventually, while I endeavored to

"throw her from me," whenever she undertook to coax and kiss me. Here we are—so look wonder and laugh, at juvenile love-scenes.



When about fifteen years old, while at an excellent institution in Rhode Island, a charge was alleged against me which the accuser could not prove. In fact, there were four students accused, of which clique, I was unjustly regarded as the ringleader. The charge was this: As we were assembled one morning in the "Lecture Room" to attend prayers, the Principal goes to lift up his desk where he kept his bible, and out flew a live rooster in a regular fluttering condition. All was uproar. After striking upon a desk near the door, the rooster crowed twice, and then escaped. This *insult* was charged against us, but only upon "circumstantial evidence," however.

At another institution, some year after the late recorded *confab*, I was there charged with gross misconduct of a similar nature. At this time, I was a "ripe scholar," a very expensive and "high duck"—one who flourished in every way representing the station of a wealthy gentleman's son. All the students considered me "a blood" in every sense of the word; the towns-people regarded me in the same light, for I had plenty of money in my pocket, or what Briggs, the celebrated banjo-player, calls "circulating medium," and this is all that is needed in any instance to make every department just as you wish. Money is the king of the world, and fashion the idol.

This institution was a popular one as any in the Union—yet one great essential was needed—*better fare*; the poor students *fared* hard. But allow me to state the "trouble" of the quarrel. Finding that our "fodder" grew no better, week after week, we were called upon one week to present an essay on such a day, substituting this calling for declamation, which had been practised before. The change came just in time, for a committee requested me to draft one upon some of the "popular topics of the day," which demand I redeemed. Before a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, your humble servant rose when his name was called, and with a steady nerve, and a comfortable look, pronounced his subject, "The Corn Bread Laws." Many a comrade knew what was coming, a very important and *personal* subject. Ah, what sarcasm, what home thrusts, what wit, flowed forth! As we were kept on nothing but "white bread and butter" for more than four-fifths of the time, I *rubbed* it in pretty nicely, for no doubt it was very much *kneaded*! In a calm manner, I put strong emphasis upon certain words, roared out in eloquent style, the importance of discarding with "ham and eggs," and living entirely upon "hash, white bread and butter, and cold water," for a reason that a student could learn easier! This eloquent production put the boys in "uproars of applause," but I was at once ordered to be seated ere I had finished my composition, by those "in authority." I obeyed.

On the following day, after an investigation had been passed upon my "personal remarks," I was expelled from the institution, it having been proven that the "blow," was a premeditated one. This, of course, occurred publicly in exchange for my "personal impudence." Yet, it was "oysters" to me, for what cared I about being "dismissed." Not the weight of a fly upon

a millwheel, or a drop in the ocean! After receiving my "walking ticket," right in presence of all the students, permission was given me to free my mind upon the verdict rendered. This was after it had been given, mind you, so I addressed the "dignified assembly" upon the broad platform of living well, and of feeding all dumb animals with what nature required; then after walking toward the outer door, where I could have free access to make my exit, in case the nature of circumstances required it, I politely remarked to the students at large, that the "oyster supper I intended to give would come off at Bentley's tavern, at eight o'clock." Then I bowed, and slowly repeated at once these lines—forgetting not to hit old Tutter, the Principal:

"Good bye, all! Adieu, friend Tutter,  
Defender of white bread and butter."



URING my stay at another classical institution at Connecticut, it was my hard luck to get into more trouble. Four of us "hooked" a lot of fine water-melons from the garden of a sour old deacon of the — church, on one dark night; but he caught us in the act. We paid "hush money," and got off, having escaped much better than some of the students did during the year before, who were exposed by the old blue religious covey, because they were too poor to "fork over," and cause silence for ever upon the matter by doing so. But this "water-melon affair" laid the basis of other foul tricks, whereby we were held up in open court by this same misjudged deacon. One afternoon, near sun down, Jake Stevens and myself, were seen to pass by his house in a carriage, driving at a furious rate upon the turn-pike toward a certain distant village. He saw us. At about ten o'clock on the following day, warrants of arrest were issued against both of us, and indeed it was a grave charge. Do you ask, "Why?" The Deacon found his old family horse, with hair entirely cut off mane and tail, two large letters, "D. D." painted on one of his sides, while on the other opposite side of the horse, three flaming letters were conspicuous, "F. R. S.," which signified "Doctor of Divinity," and "Fellow of the Royal Society." The article used was a quantity of light green paint. All this was laid to us, two "innocent ducks," upon the ground of "circumstantial evidence," as he could prove that we did not return until after midnight. The news spread all over town, causing quite an excitement, especially among the students. The Deacon and the "Village Squire," were very busily engaged in preparing the "required documents;" we were held to bail; the County Justice gave orders that the "trial" would come off on the next day, so this caused no abatement to town gossip. Whether we did use horse-shears and green paint, is nobody's business just now, for there is a great deal to be learned by one minding his own private affairs.

"There's evidence enough, strong evidence against the two young mischievous rascals," squealed forth the Deacon, while his lawyer put in a short rejoinder to the same effect. But were we two covies to be frightened—the son of a wealthy gentleman, the other of a celebrated lawyer? Ah, no, no, not at all. Having sought after information from a legal source, I defended "our side" myself, and of course got the best of the Deacon, for there was not the slightest evidence against us. A deal of excitement was caused when the Justice inquired of us if our counsel was present, whereupon I rose very deliberately, replying that I defended my own case and that of my friend. I was then about seventeen years old, full of deviltry, and afraid of no one, feeling day in and day out perfectly at home. The fact of the case lies here, a certain lawyer had "posted" me upon the points of the law, and having a great desire to plead my own cause, he assured me that all would end right, which I knew could not be otherwise, for when there is no evidence there is no conviction. At the time I answered the request of the "Justice of the Peace," before whom the trial or investigation was to be enacted, he made a reply, inviting to procure counsel, but as I refused, the case was commenced. And oh, how well do I recollect what a crowd there were present, and how the assembly laughed when I crossed-questioned. When I was permitted to "address the court," I rose up from my chair with much dignity, made a bow to Squire Brown, and then "opened a big gun" upon the plaintiff of the case—and it caused a *discharge* at once, the old penurious deacon having to pay the expenses. The old chap kept his bed ten days after the trial.

It was not more than three months after this "alarming cause," before we two "ducks" were ordered to appear before the principal of the institution, for turning the big bell "bottom side up," filling it with water on a cold night, it having been found to be on the following morning one solid chunk of ice—and also for painting it outside with white paint. It proved all "white-washed evidence," for we knew nothing about it, and while before him we both looked as innocent as the Babe of Bethlehem. As this was a private investigation, it soon passed over.

Why I was in almost every "overture" seized upon as being the "identical man," or one of the parties, is more than I could tell at the time. Once upon a time, when the institution was in a very flourishing condition—when peace and tranquillity reigned among the students—another unmanly trick was perpetrated, placing the reputation of our institute in somewhat of a bad light. One very dark, stormy night, near the hour of twelve, when the inhabitants of

the town were no doubt slumbering, the big bell of the institution was heard to toll three times in succession. At the same time,

"The thunders roared and the lightnings flashed,"

and then, "dong, dong, dong," would go the bell. At length, the people awoke from their dreams, and anxiously listened to see if it would be repeated. Then again the bell would strike slow, then fast, and very often at a rapid rate. Out hustled the community, engines and hose carts being on the move, while the firemen ejaculated loudly, "Where is the fire? Who can tell?" In fact, *echo* answered, Where? Mid the confusion, the church bells began to ring, while the one of the institute continued to strike one, then two, then a half a dozen times at all rates. It was raining severely. At last somebody discovered the joke, for on opening the main door of the institution, a terrible snorting and kicking followed. An old horse was discovered standing just within the doors, having before him a tub of oats, while about his neck the bell-rope was so arranged, that it would be impossible for the "critter" to obtain the oats (owing to the shortness of it) without causing the bell to strike. Here was the grand secret of all this "noise and confusion." As one would naturally expect, none of the students knew anything concerning the origin of such an imposition. For my part, I think I was cross-questioned quite severely during the investigation—but *Harry* was innocent!

Soon after this, at the very same place, a cow was observed standing in the second story of the institution, with head and horns extending out from a window fronting the main street. Over her eyes a large board was placed, bearing in large letters the following information, "*Fresh Milk, only 4 Cents a Quart.*" Here, in this condition, she was closely roped. This affair created a deal of merriment; even the old professor laughed at this comical sight, yet the old fellow went into an "alarming investigation," but the "mischievous devils" could not be detected. *Stick to life!*

How well do I recollect the many juvenile parties that I attended in those days, when we young upstarts strived to carry out fashionable topics in every department—sometimes in the extreme. Especially do I remember one certain grand juvenile fashionable *soirée*, given by a young lady of fourteen, whose wealthy parents at that time resided in Waverly Place, and also of what occurred. It was then when I dared to enter into a serious flirtation with a young heiress of only thirteen years of age; when I "poured love into her tender ear," and caused her to believe all I revealed. I was then about fifteen years old or thereabouts, at an age when both boys and girls thought that they knew more than anybody else. How I did use the "sweet words"—the big phrases of "overgrown words!"—filling her head full of love. But look—here we are!





## VII.

I have thus far given you an off-hand sketch of my "early days," hoping to show why, in after years, a young man of my capabilities admired to go it at large! Money was considered by me of no importance, save to spend and enjoy the pleasures therefrom. While abroad at school, I was my own banker, and I had plenty of "loose change," for some of my bills were made out as being "incidental expenses." My parents always found me in sufficient funds, but at times when "rather short," my *credit* proved to be as firm as the Berkshire hills themselves for small demands of "pin money." I never shall forget how old Simeon Blower, the grocery-man, used to count me out ten and twenty dollars at a time—how he used to write the notes for me to sign, and then again the "fee-money" I used to hand over for the use of the amounts required at various times. And I shall always remember how he tried to get me to pay my addresses to his daughter, Annette, a black-eyed fat girl of about seventeen—how the charming creature herself worked her cards—and the manner I used to lay on the "soft sawder" in triple doses from time to time, whenever an important occasion demanded it. But those times have passed, and she—yes, she—is married, and has several fine children.

## VIII.

As for my "partial course" through college, I will not attempt to reveal, as it may prove injurious. Here was a place where many a "grand trick" was put into execution, and carried out in my own admirable style. Suffice it to say, I finished my education in haste, returned home, and at once made up my mind to "settle down" and rest for a few years, having "labored hard" in my wayward paths. Then again I was for acting out the "young gentleman" to a great degree, yet free, thank heaven! from a certain kind of ridiculous foppery known as namby-pamby *snobism*, which, in any nature, is disgusting in the extreme to a common-sense individual. A dandy can be a dandy of the first water without making himself an ass, by putting on additional peculiarities which stamp him as such.

We will now pass over a certain period of time, and open the pages of our late diary with a cautious hand. It contains the events of my existence during the last year, which were carelessly noted by a careless hand. These records will clearly prove what Greeley has often said—"New York City is no place for a young man to live from the country." I am thinking that the appropriate remark could do no hurt, if applied to the "rising generation," who owe their birth to this city, as Gotham is honestly considered quite a *modern Babylon*! Thousands of both sexes are yearly ruined by the associated scenes of high and low life, enacted in this metropolis alone. In these pages, one can discover without the aid of fiction, how the sons and daughters of our wealthy citizens are brought up and upheld to every phase of life. The relations so rigidly characterized in this diary are true and life-like; imperfect etchings, if you please to call them, of an amusing society so conspicuously built up of a little of everything, as to form a delightful panorama. And such a panorama, too! But to the diary!

Saturday, June, 1851.



**T**HIS morning, at the hour of 11, left my father's mansion, in Fifth Avenue, and walked down Broadway in a careless, comfortable manner, meeting many acquaintances. Thinking as Paul did, that a "little wine was good for the stomach's sake," made a call at Jones', and ordered a *smash*; drank it down, and pronounced it pretty strong, as well as being thundering well iced.

On my way down, stepped into Stewart's—the old gentleman and Alexander are great friends—and paid a bill of my mother's, amounting to \$204 22; then walked down into ———'s residence and canceled a small debt.

In the afternoon, went to Christy's, where I found many wishing ones; laughed, smiled, winked, and nodded frequently.

In the evening went about town with two crack comrades; drank freely, (oh, I'll tell the truth!)—too freely, eat three oyster suppers; visited five pistol galleries; rolled nine string of ten-pins—got

stuck four times out of the number, (but had to pay for the nine games.) At two o'clock, A. M., arrived home *decently sober*, but had nothing to brag about.

*Sunday*—Attended Grace Church, and read service on account of my mother's presence. Indeed, I read loud, and rose up every time—it being a good thing for the dyspepsia. At five in the evening dined at home, and was obliged to sit at the table full two hours, because we had some fashionable acquaintances present. Wine was not visible; I suppose the reason was, because a parson sat on my right!

*Monday*—Walked up and down Broadway all day. Passed a certain residence in this thoroughfare thirteen times, for the express purpose of seeing a certain young lady of rare

beauty, but failed in each and every attempt. Soiled three pairs of kid gloves in performing these tours of wishfulness.

*Tuesday*—Ordered the old gentleman's carriage and span of steeds. Dashed down Broadway accompanied by a full livery. I doffed my hat often, especially in Broadway, between Waverly Place and Bleecker-street. Cursed now and then the deep holes and ruts, and then *blowed* street inspectors. Drove down to the Battery; thence back home, not forgetting to look hard after a "certain beauty," known of late as one of the belles.

*Wednesday*—Performed nothing to-day of any consequence—only cuffed one of dad's colored waiters for his insolence. Wrote a letter to Miss W., of Boston, and then ordered strawberries and cream. Took a lecture from my mother, for being out after midnight; told her, in return, that two o'clock was a fashionable hour—just about the right time to retire.

In the evening "went the rounds," and met with several accidents, such as knocking off the heel of one of my patent-leathers; staining my white pants with Champagne; breaking my gold watch-chain; singing one side of my moustache; and having a severe nose-bleed, occasioned by quick motions of the head. Visited Sherwood's, Shelley's, "The Arbour," "George's," and other saloons; drank at every one; smoked no less than nine cigars; made as many new acquaintances, and at two o'clock started for home—perfectly sober.

*Thursday*—Promenaded Broadway to-day, in a dashy new suit from Fox's; felt exceedingly well; met a great many of the *fancy* and *sporting* characters; knocked a newsboy over, for stepping on my patent-leather. Made a call at Otis Field's, and found no less than eleven comrades—all rich gentlemen's sons.

In the evening attended the Broadway. Afterward ordered supper for seven, at Shelley's. Broke a small mirror, and two legs of a sofa-chair, before I saw home; smashed a bottle of Champagne over the floor, and then demanded the bill without bringing in my old usual verdict, "Accidental destruction." Returned home at five in the morning.

*Friday*—Ordered one dozen and a half of eight inch collars in width, at Mrs. Van Houghten's, in Nassau street, and also five of her \$20 shirts.

In the afternoon settled three *spreeting bills*, by giving orders on the old gentleman. Creditors reply, "All right—good as the bank."

*Saturday*—Met in Broadway the one I loved; placed my handkerchief up to my face as I passed the "angel" and her mother, pretending to *sneeze*. About eleven, rode down to Genin's and purchased an \$80 Panama hat; ordered two suits of clothes—the perfumery—thirteen late publications, and three pairs of French calfskin boots. Added up the amount of the bills, and then gave a written order on dad for nothing short of \$192. His reply at the tea-table was very appropriate—"Son, a little too extravagant for these hard times," and here the old gentleman shook his white head.

*Sunday*—Sloped from home, and took a drive with a particular friend out to the "Abbey." Found a great number out there. Our team being very dashy, attracted attention from every quarter—especially of the ladies. We drank twice, ordered a waiter to brush our attire three different times—made five new acquaintances, and then returned home. On our return we run the tire off of one hind wheel, causing four spokes to fall to the ground. So much for not being at church!

*Monday*—Escorted a couple of ladies to Thompson & Son's fashionable saloon, where we partook freely of ice-creams, and various drinkables. From hence we promenaded down Broadway; made two calls; stepped into Taylor's, and eat freely again of everything nice; then returned back.

*Tuesday*—Had a long, serious talk with my mother, in regard to some little vexatious love matter. Said that she had heard that I was engaged to no less than three different young ladies. Thought it a very serious thing—especially when going so far as to tickle their affections, and make fools of them. I remarked that I thought the boot was on the other leg, when rightly considered. She gave me to understand that I had really a lady-love in Boston; one in Wheeling, Va., and the third creature resided here in New York, not a hundred miles from Bleecker street. My reply was, that these reports were unfounded and meanly false. That if a young lady made love to me (this being actually the case), it was not my fault, but her's!



**N**OW singular some women are, especially mothers who have one or more charming, interesting daughters. One learns a deal of human nature while mingling amid mothers and daughters. Let me tell you one little fact. Prior to two months ago, I made it a practice to call on a modest, pretty young girl of about seventeen—the only unmarried daughter of a most knowing widow, who resides in Prince-street. It was generally on Thursday evenings. I made her acquaintance through an intimate lady friend of mine, and I loved to take her out to places of amusements, thence to Taylor's or Thompson's, because she attracted attention. When we used to go out, her precious ma would sometimes rather object, in a half-and-half kind of a way, yet the independence of the daughter overruled the parent. On our return she would want to know just where we had been, and all about our tramp. After I had been there several times, I by chance happened to be sitting beside the fire, as St. John's clock tolled the hour of midnight, the daughter

being near me. Up spoke the old woman, "Well, it's twelve o'clock," and after gasping, she added, "and it's time my folks were to bed." I blushed, but Miss Emma pinched my toe with her foot, as much as to signify, "don't you stir to go." I said nothing. Dong went the bell again. "One o'clock—well, it's time my house was shut up," muttered forth the old woman, in a hinting way. Still the daughter gave signs the other way, and continued to break in upon her conversation, by noticing the general run of news, "Half-past one," muttered the mother, as she looked at her watch, yet I kept still. "Ma, you can go to bed if you want to," said Emma at last, finding that she was fretting away. "No, I must see that my house is closed myself," was the reply. Having quite a desire to talk love, or "spark" it with Em, I made no signs of taking my departure, knowing the turn of the fretful old widow's disposition. I knew that Em. would like to sit up and chat.

"Twenty-two minutes of two," said the widow, all at once, and then she looked at both of us, as we sat seated side by side—both looking as lovely as one could wish.

"Don't sit up on my account, Mrs. Porter," said I in mild tone.

"No, ma, I will see that everything is locked up before I retire," added Em.

"Thank both of you, but I generally like to see to my own affairs. Here, it is two o'clock—almost—but Mrs. Porter had no more than got this out, before I was up and off.

I have perplexed her several times in the same way, and on one occasion, we made up our minds to see how long she would sit up. It was about four o'clock in the morning when I yielded, and left for home. The daughter laughs over the old lady's whimsical failings of family propriety—and we soon intend to keep her up all night, as she will not go to bed and leave us up alone. So much for a fussy widow, whose ideas run at random. We are the best of friends, however.

Passing up Broadway to-day, who should I meet but the handsome Mrs. Livingston, who, don't you think reader, wedded when but fifteen years and four months old! What have you to say now? Her husband is thirty-six years old—he a poor man—she an eighth ward heiress. Early marriages amid the fashionable gentry are held up to an alarming extent. "*Sich is life*!"

*Wednesday*—Teazed the old lady until I made her give me a check on the Merchants' Bank for the small sum of \$300 (I have often spent this sum in one evening,) this being all I could get out of \$500. Ordered the span of blacks and rode down to Ball, Black & Co's., in Broadway. Purchased a diamond ring; one rich-looking card-case; three fancy India fans, and a gold tooth-pick, for which I paid—cash. Drove down to the Merchants' Bank, presented the check, and with a smile I received the money.

*Thursday*—Hunted up this afternoon, five particular good comrades, and got them to promise to meet me at the Broadway House at ten o'clock in the evening. Found them there at that time; had a carriage at the door; invited each to enter, and then ordered to drive to Delmonico's. On our arrival there, we were soon ushered into a splendid dining-room, where a supper was waiting for us. Orders from me on the previous day had caused these arrangements. Well, we partook, eat and drank freely of every thing nice. We sung, gave toasts, told stories, laughed, and sweated away like good fellows. After all this, I called for the host, and then demanded the amount of the expenses for the supper in writing; holding in my hand at the same time, no less than fifty-three one dollar gold pieces, and a few small notes. I was told that the entire bill was \$42. This made me mad instantly; for on the day previous, I expressly ordered a supper, the bill amounting to \$50 no more—no less. When I demand a thing I always like to be obeyed, especially as in this case. To be up with all hands, and to show that I intended it, I at once ordered a thin slice of white bread. Buttering it well, (then right in the presence of all,) snatched from my waistcoat pocket a \$50 note on the Broadway Bank; carefully laid it on, and then *independently*, without the least fear of the result, eat down white bread, butter, and note. After this I told them that I'd have it cost me that particular sum—and I did. I paid the other bill, and then we sloped. Cost of the night's tour, \$108.

*Friday*—Strolled about Hoboken and Jersey City, during the fore part of the day. In the evening attending three places of amusement. Made a call in — street, (I forgot the name, it being *dark*), when I found several old trust-worthy comrades. About ten o'clock took a young stripling across my knee, and gave him *jessee*—for screaming in my presence! Drank two *smashes*, returned into Broadway, and ordered the driver of the first up-town stage to drive up closely to the side-walk, so that I might get in. I gave him to understand that I was one of the *ton*.

*Saturday*—Staid down in Wall-street until two in the afternoon. Thence went to Christy's. In the evening went on a regular *bust*. Expense from two o'clock, or from the time I left Wall-street, until I arrived home, was very moderate—only \$38.

*Sunday*—Visited Coney Island, and by mistake got decently *tight*. Was accompanied by two friends out of Bleeker-street, who, on this occasion, were a *little* worse than myself. About three in the afternoon, feeling myself like "Richard again," we bathed, played three games of whist, partook of a brandy *smashup*, discussed fashionable privileges and principles as enacted in the city of New York, and then ordered dinner. On our return I lost my Panama, while looking into the sea, and then exclaimed, "there's \$80 out of the old man's pocket!" Borrowed from the clerk of the steamboat a hat, and when walking home my mind was in a *troubled condition*.

*Monday*—Seating myself at the breakfast-table at a quarter past nine, I at once was attacked on all sides. The old lady almost wept, and the old gentleman looked discouraged. Going off on the Sabbath was discussed in my hearing at full length—while Holy Writ and the perusal of prayer books were brought up as a contrast. I heard all and looked innocent—like as the babe of Bethlehem, yet exceedingly full of the devil, if I may plainly express my mind. Inquiries were made about my doings on the previous day, and *answers* were returned. As she made known her wishes, I carelessly looked at my watch, and then replied that I had an engagement at ten. She remarked then that she had but little hope for me. This came out with a very long tedious sigh, followed by a groan, just as I rose from the table and made my exit.

*Tuesday*—Asked the old gentleman for \$50, and got refused—said I must wait for ten days before I received a cent. Shook my head and walked directly off. I then hunted up my mother, whom I found fifty per cent. worse. Determined to have the sum demanded, I deliberately walked down Broadway. Reaching Chambers-street, I made my way for Chatham, where I soon found Simpson's pawnbrokers' establishment. Here I put my watch *up the spout*, for \$50. On my return home they missed its appearance, when, in a twinkling, the old lady mistrusted. I told the truth—only I added \$25 to the amount, informing her that I pawned the same for \$75. Pride and blood made her almost shed tears, and in trembling notes she handed over to me \$100 on the Merchant's Bank, requesting me to return forthwith and redeem the same, just as quick as time would let me, for her feelings were very much wounded. Well, I made \$50 by the operation!

In the evening I delivered a glowing speech to a favored company of officers and soldiers, at the Broadway House; gave seven toasts, introduced to the company nine particular friends, and then treated all therein.

*Wednesday*—Received, by mail, three letters from lady correspondents—all exceedingly full of love and flattery. In about two hours after the perusal of them, I received by steamer (then just arrived) a letter from Paris, one from Constantinople, another from Moscow, and the fourth from London. This one was from my uncle, who still remains a rich dashing bachelor—a regular hard case. He has been absent from home eleven months, travelling for health and curiosity. If you don't think him one of the *fancy bloods*, just listen to this beautiful statement:—"Harry, I keep with me one good band, consisting of six different pieces. I have them to go with me here and there. They are under good pay—paid weekly, too. They love me, and say I am a genuine American. Wherever I see the stars and stripes floating in the air, my soul is hardly my own. I feel rich, proud—yet democratic. I make each of my musicians lift his hat and make a bow whenever I point towards the American flag. I train them right to it. Not long since, I came a great Yankee trick over the greatest pipe vender in famous London. I was walking out by myself one morning at an early hour, and passing through a street of much note, I saw what I then called a beautiful sight—a room certainly one hundred feet square. On the floor, pipes of clay, such as persons smoke with, were visible, tier after tier. Well, after viewing them for some minutes, I boldly inquired for the owner. He made his appearance. After "cracking up" the sight, I asked him what he would ask to allow me to dance a hornpipe over them. He asked me if I was in earnest, and I replied with much dignity in the affirmative, informing him, at the same time, that as they were packed very closely, I felt an anxiety to be pleased. I talked in this strain for about five minutes, when at last he remarked, that to please an American he would allow me to dance a hornpipe over them for the sum of fifty guineas. At once I accepted, with permission to stop when I had executed half the hornpipe, for the purpose of drinking and getting breath. I told him that I would be on hand with my musicians, on the following day at 11 o'clock. The time came. I prepared myself, and when the first note was touched, I sprang upon the pipes, made my manners, and commenced. I hardly know how to describe the scene, for of all the breaking, flying and snapping, this beat all. One steady stream of pipes kept in the air. By the time I had finished half the hornpipe and had stopped, destruction stared us in the face, for thousands and thousands, yea, tens of thousands of pipes had been destroyed. The vender looked sorrowful enough. After we had all drank and I was about ready to complete the remaining part, he, in tones of pity, urged a negotiation. He wanted to buy off, but as usual, I *hung off*. At last he told me that he would make me a present of 200 guineas, if I would stop. I assented, took my "tin," doffed my hat, and walked up the Strand."

Made up my mind that I would give a sixpence to every beggar whom I saw, while promenading Broadway—I did so—and as I passed from the thoroughfare for good, the forty-seventh sixpence was thrown into the lap of a woman who had three young boys beside her. There should be a change in this kind of beggary. It is growing more notorious in Broadway every day.

How many old familiar faces one meets while wandering up and down Broadway, day after day, week after week; I may as well make an amendment by saying, the whole year. You know them only by sight. I can point out scores and scores of ladies and gentlemen, whom I have passed in this thoroughfare almost every day, for a run of the last two, three,

four and six years. Some promenade just as regular as the sun rises and sets. To me it is a novel movement, and I oftentimes wonder who they can be.

Now let me give a piquant and off-hand sketch of a few of the most prominent "old street spinners." There is a tall, lank, lean pipe-stem, or compass-legged dandy—or at least he calls himself one—whom I am sure to meet in Broadway, almost as many times as I happen to be there myself. He always walks very slow, and deliberately eyeing every body closely, as though "taking notes," or one who considered society a moving panorama. One suit of clothes seems to suit and last him for many months, and he seems to love plaid pants with the little "black cheeks." His moustache and *goatee* are enormous, while his feet (poor fellow, he must certainly wear No. 13 boots,) shows his great superiority of *understanding*. Strange as it may appear, he never sports a chain, nor rings, nor a cane—but a pair of yellow gloves (No. 11 at the least account) are to be seen—one long, bony hand carelessly cased with the "delicate material," while he swings the other "Alexander" at large. He is very eccentric in his way.

Then there is another specimen of a dandy, somewhat different from him, who goes it with a perfect rush. He is sure to be in Broadway as often as one wishes to see him, but how fast he always walks—how strongly scented with rich perfumes—how he swings his little bit of a cane, and always doubles his shoulders up in the month of August, as one naturally would in February. He changes with the fashions once in every three months, and is never backward in bringing out the "new style" at an early date. Upon this point he no doubt prides himself, as well as his tailors, who may probably be George P. Fox, Derby, or Jennings. His legs are very small, eel-ish enough; his pants exceedingly tight—his little moustache exquisitely curled—a *la* Dandy M—, while his very delicate hands always seem to be cased finely in a fresh pair of light colored kids. When he walks Broadway he professes to be in great haste, cutting and sheering, nodding and swinging mid the crowd, as though on a race with his—nose; or if you choose, as though a friend was some five blocks and a half ahead, and he desired to overtake him. Have you "spotted" him, reader? What seems strange to me is that he never *perspires*, for meet him in July, with the thermometer at 98 in the shade, and he looks as *cosy* as in the month of December. No doubt but that he walks for *exercise*! For the last three years or more, never have I beheld him walking with another person, so of course his circle of acquaintances must be *limited*! In fact, Broadway is the sole place where I have ever been able to discover him, when I had a desire to point him out to a comrade, either by daylight or by gaslight. Who the dandy may be, I know not. What he does I can't say. Where he lives is a mystery! He dresses with the times, looks neat, lazy, and from all appearances his occupation is—promenading Broadway.

But the third personage, how different in every respect, and how often have I wondered who he can be! Reader, you know who I refer to—by sight. A short, thick-set, middle aged man—very corpulent—one who would go some few pounds over 240. His dress is good, and best suited to his own taste. Many a thousand steps has he taken—I say so because he walks fast but makes a short step—and perhaps he is obliged to walk a dozen miles per day, so as to work himself down. He generally carries one hand in his breeches-pocket (I learned to say that word when put up in Connecticut in my young days, at my grandmothers,) and he trudges ahead breathing short and loud. Undoubtedly, he is a rich old captain—a bachelor—one who likes good living, such as Dan Howard of the Irving House, or Stetson of the Astor, are celebrated for.

The fourth character is a fine, dashing, mincing dandy, of about twenty, blessed with an elegant form, and one who generally appears attired in fine black broadcloth, from head to heel. How slick he always looks, especially his fine head of black hair and those \$14 patent leathers! His barber might find him to be an excellent customer—while the boot-black at home must apply the sweet oil often; but then, if this be the case, why "d—n the disagreeable mud" so, as he does? Why the dry winds of March? Why step so cautious and so careful from stone to stone, from street to street? Of course, the *impression* runs that he is a "gentleman's son," and oh, my! he strives hard enough to convince you of it. His great theme seems to be to "spot the ladies"—cut quite a swarth—raise his hat just from his soft head when saluting an acquaintance—dangle his gold watch-chain extensively—and delicately touch his juvenile moustache with his left thumb and forefinger, as he promenades along. He is very *snobbish* indeed, overstocked with fashionable French *airs*—look to be an exceeding severe critic, and from all appearances, I should consider him one who d—s the opera, the theatre, in fact, everything of "consequential importance" here below, save himself—the ladies—and Broadway. But more of this subject hereafter.

*Wednesday.*—All this day I have felt really serious; and I mistrust our folks know the cause. I have really had the *blues*. What is singular about my affairs, is that I should receive another letter from a lady on the very same day of the one with a black seal. I must own that in my life, I have paid my addresses to some seventeen different ladies, but not one *serious address* have I extended. Well, in Warren-street there resides a certain young lady of eighteen sweet summers, the daughter of a certain wealthy gentleman, who has taken a decided liking to me. Report says so, and I know it. I have made no pretensions; I paid my addresses about twice a week, until about one month ago, when I made up my mind that I would quit.

I had a perfect right to do so. My reasons were because I had become a little acquainted with one in Amity-street, whom I considered a more beautiful looking flower, and I was bound to pay my best respects to her. Whenever I see a good-looking lady, one really possessing the right kind of beauty, I am then for an introduction. This lady resides in Amity-street, and has also got "the rocks," or rather will have, when the old gentleman dies, (he's a pork merchant,) and from what I can discover, this Miss —, in Warren-street, hearing of my quarters, has become quite enraged, and now before me lies a *squally* note from her. It breathes ambition, independence, and a touch of "I'll-show-you-what-I'll-do-sir."

*Thursday.*—Head very full of business affairs—mind running at random—love affairs pretty strong. To work this off, I dropped into Niblo's about twenty minutes—then went to Rabi-neau's for a bath. On my return, I met the Warren-street lady in Broadway; she stopped me. I put in a plea that I was in a hurry. "I will give you until ten o'clock to-night to call down at our house," said she. It came out as though if I didn't, the devil would be to pay. I bowed, said nothing, and passed on.

*Friday.*

AID no attention whatever to the demand of Warren-street. Ordered the old gentleman's carriage, and was conveyed in style through Broadway. Rode through Warren-street, looked slyly toward well-known No. —, and then to have things speak about to the point, the footman ordered his comrade to rein up, intimating, by gesture, and the like, that something had or was about to give way. This happened nearly in front of the residence of the *squally lady*—an order issuing from me, before I left home, that this act should be executed. It had a good effect, for I saw her at the window—yet I looked slyly, you had better believe.

*Saturday.*—This was a great day with me. In the morning, I sent, by one of our servants, six large and splendid *boquets* to six different young ladies, with my card attached. Then, as I walked through the dining-room, and seeing the remnant of turkeys, vegetables and the like, I snatched two market baskets, filled them from the table, and started another servant off to a place where can be found three blind men and two sisters, who

are their support.

*Sunday.*—Attended no church to-day, but remained at home, being dreadfully mad. This being out, or being at *points* with a young lady, is about as disagreeable a thing as a young man generally encounters. The incredulous should try this. About five o'clock last evening, one of our servants brought to my room a note for me. I opened it, and lo! the Warren-street miss's signature was before me. Seating myself on the sofa in a hurry, I began to peruse her *teachings*. It was, "Harry, I love you," and "Harry, why do you treat me so?" and "Harry, why don't you fly to my arms?" and "Harry, what has caused all this coolness?" Here I should say she fainted, for the letter was not continued until the next day. Every line looked heavenly, as it were, and this angel-like creature implored, begged, and with sincerity did hope that I would condescend to call, as she wished to know what had caused this indifference.

In the morning I did *condescend* to walk down Broadway, enter Warren-street, and call on Miss —. Before I started, however, I made up my mind that it would pay well on the important occasion, to dash out quite extravagantly in a real fancy dress. Young people of both sexes consider this a great hit, and so it is. Put on appearances, look slick, study fashion and politeness, and all is well. I did this. Having attired myself in white pants, white vest, new fourteen dollar patent leathers—say nothing about a fancy coat, worth as much as ever was seen in Broadway, I considered myself *some* when looking into the mirror. The brilliant diamond breastpin—the dazzling heavy chain of gold, and the towering well-formed pointed collar looked right, to me. Kid gloves, and strong perfumery, caused every thing to appear fashionable. Well, let us ring the door bell. The servant opens—in I walked, ushered into a spacious drawing-room of sumptuous splendor. I'm alone—no one visible about me. The lid of the piano is closed—the harp is enrobed—novels are not in sight, as usual—and it seems as though nobody was at home. I am soon informed that Miss — would make her appearance. Truly, amid splendor and extravagance am I seated. Soon a fair creature of eighteen opened the door, slowly approached me without uttering a word—extended her beautiful tiny hand as I rose—we shook, yet neither one spoke. Seating myself carelessly with a smile on my features, (inwardly I was rather mad,) she drew her chair opposite to me. The glittering chandelier caused me to behold a half-mischief smile about her countenance—yet not one word said I.

"I hardly know whether to appear the lion or the lamb, Harry," said she, in a very cool-like, independent manner.

She was beautifully attired. Forty thousand at her command, is enough to allow her to do so—yet temper and disposition is to me more than riches. I have studied human nature thus far, well, for a young man just dawning into life's battles, I shall study more. We did not go into a discourse.



"Ma wishes to see you very much," was the main hint thrown out during my short stay. She did ask me why I had treated her coolly, and in return I did give her to understand that it was not my duty to call oftener than I saw fit. Her Pa and Ma were absent from home. Feeling sick at what occurred, my stay was not prolonged. "Ma wishes to see you," was thrown out coolly and very often. From what I could learn, Ma intended to do all the talking and investigation, and she was bound to have it out, if she had to send an officer after me. To me things did look *squally*. Her Ma considers herself something pretty nice when you touch on New York *quality*. "Will you call and see Ma?" Leaving the door-steps, I remarked that I rather thought I would! War, in my opinion, is ahead.

*Monday*.—While in the fashionable and well-known saloon of Shelley, corner of Broadway and Anthony—the place where the big street-lamp is reared—who should I meet but the Warren street lady's only brother. This being chased round by a confederate of a lady love puts me back—makes me mad. He came up and spoke to me. What did he say? Why, the same old tune of his sister, "Ma wishes to see you." I gave him his due without change.

In the evening I called on the Amity-street lady; found her at home—rather think she respected me. During my stay I was introduced to a certain well-known Long Island gentleman—a very wealthy young man. Don't mistrust a rival, for they are cousins—although cousins marry sometimes. He was fashionably drunk, if I may so express myself, and that is his practice, I am told. If he is not one of the *hounds*—one *fancy chap*—one of the boys—then I miss my guess.

*Wednesday*.—Eloquence—a show of sympathy—and that kind of joyful independence which shows that you reverence such a hallowed day as the Fourth of July, caused a \$100 note to come from the old gentleman's wallet—he will carry one old fashioned '76 long one—and that too without the least unwillingness, I just said to him what was wanted—informed him that at the rise of another sun it would be Independence Day, and in return he said, as he handed it to me, "Here it is—I give it willingly—I hope you will not be too imprudent if it is Anniversary Day." In return I bowed, tucked the note carelessly in my waistcoat pocket, waved my musk-scented handkerchief about my face, and innocently replied, "Oh, of course not."



FOURTH of July in New York "can't be beat," for it is the greatest city on record for such a glorious, and never-to-be-forgotten day of National pride, National honor, and National glory. At early daylight the roar of the cannon sounded from every quarter; and at sunrise flags of any number could be seen every where. Every body was up and doing, and every department was ready to obey the dictate of its calling. The Park, Battery and Union Square, had their gatherings in double-quick time. Bells rung—saltpetre, sulphur, and gunpowder did their duty; while steamboats, railroads, pleasure-yachts, ice-cream resorts, and fashionable saloons were over-stocked. Everybody was in a sweating mood, but that was nothing. Thin clothes showed signs of *change*; but that, and the wilting of collars, were nothing on Independence Day. The market was not forgot; and as for the cholera, no one stopped to think, ask, or fear. Strawberries went down with a *perfect rush* by the handful at one slap, regardless of stems, leaves and insects; while a few of the more refined order, did give time for waiters to procure milk, cream and sugar. As for cherries—ripe plump cherries—they were eaten, stones and all; while, in many cases of laughing jollity, the stripping in white jacket could be seen stowing them away in his pockets, while the fresh juice flowed down his breeches legs with *perfect looseness*. Thick slices of pineapple were hogged down by the mouthful, and peanuts were visible everywhere. The head of the countryman was buried in the water-melon; and the largest bananas in market were easily devoured in two mouthfuls. It was Independence Day!

Gracious! how the liquor did suffer in every quarter. Every saloon had its punch-bowl, and while passing many of them we could behold any quantity of *suckers* working hard at sherry cobbles and mint juleps. Soda water was *strongly* demanded; London porter had its call, while ginger pop took down all. Ah! how everybody seemed to sweat! The military, in all its array and splendor, shone like one of those new twenty dollar gold pieces, fresh from the mint, with Liberty on one side and the American Eagle upon the other—the pride of these United States. In every direction companies could be seen with their bands of music discoursing the national airs of our country, while at the same time the younger clau, wishing to celebrate the day in style, and do *their duty*, thrust to the ground the snapping torpedo, and into the air the Chinese cracker. Of course from morning to night the elder boys, as usual, with pistol in hand, were banging away in the ears of all passers by, trying to imitate the *gunpowder* times of '76.

Thousands of human beings were about. All was commotion. The ladies (God bless them and their good graces!) were out on this glorious day, in all their beauty and pride, all looking smiling as a *basket of chips*—happy as the next one, and all full of true independence, such as flowed in the veins of their ancestors, when the mother and the daugh-

ter freely gave the *petticoat for wadding*. Ah! it is no use to talk—without them and their smiles, man would go down to his grave, a perfect *gorner*!

Evening came and with it the grand display of fireworks. The scene was fine—majestic—sublime! Everybody seemed to be in town, and about this time two-thirds of the people seemed to *feel* and *act* as though the town belonged to them *individually*. To speak the truth, and tell things as they were, there were some *little* cursing and swearing—fighting, quarrelling and kicking; not forgetting to mention the common every-day affair, in regard to the *independent* figuring of pickpockets, and devils in sheep's clothing. Some talked *loud* and *mighty*; some felt exceedingly rich and *independent*, for this day surely granted them that blessed privilege, according to their own view, it being glorious Independence Day!

The *ton* carried it richly, and many, upon a grand expensive style. In fact both old and young took advantage of the occasion—a right belonging to every body whether rich or poor.

Midnight came, and many exclaimed, that they hadn't got through—they had just began to *celebrate*. The previous touch being nothing more than a "common introduction." We were of this mind, for on every side *action* whispered an established union of *independence*. Some walked as though they were driving geese to market, while a few felt a little more *established*. In short, the Fourth went off right, for "one good time" seemed to be the verdict. Money flowed freely. Speed was tried in every thing, and *time* was taken. Great was the crisis. May it ever be celebrated till time is no more.

*July 5th*. Well, the "Fourth" has passed, and I am sick. My bones ache, and I think my head does. I am a little lame, and it is my impression that one of my eyes looks somewhat blue. Ma wanted to know, at the breakfast table, if I went out of town; and my answer was, "O, yes, madam, I went out of town." Such going out of town as that, I should call *going out with a rush*; for, if ever I had a "regular time" in my life, it was then. The chain to my gold repeater I found broken; my gold pencil gone (up the spout,) or somewhere else; my neckerchief well soiled; my white vest stained, and as for patent leathers, they actually, (poor things!) *did* look hard. Holes in my pockets were not to be found, but as for my purse, it held just *sixty-two and a half cents, cash*! What a consolation it was to me, when, in a twinkling I said to myself, after casting up the cash account, "Thank God, there is plenty more where that came from."

*Saturday*.—Run afoul of Jennings, in Broadway, about mid-day. "You look like the last sight of a hard winter," said I. "And I feel so too," rejoined my Long Island friend. We stepped into Dan Sherwood's, and there took a little good brandy and water. But we couldn't smoke yet; we tried it, however. The doings of the Fourth were discussed at length, and some one told us of more than we thought we did. "You were going it fast," said a friend, and the opinions of many were expressed in the same terms.

In the evening I strolled about Union Park, for an hour or so, with three young ladies, and at twelve o'clock I was undoubtedly at home, reposing in the arms of Morpheus.

*Sunday*.—To-day I received intelligence from the lips of Ma, that to church I must go with her. In due time the carriage was at the door, and prayer-books in hand. We attended Grace Church. While there, I took a pretty keen survey of the occupants, especially the male gentry, who read prayers stout and loud. After I had seen what I had seen, I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Only see how I am surrounded by the *sharpers* of the land!"

Beheld any quantity of white vests and white kids. It seems that fashionable people must look fashionable at a fashionable church, where a fashionable kind of religion is preached (at an enormous high price,) to a few of the *exclusive* fashionables. Ma seems to glory in this, so of course I must be contented. Mrs. Jones could not attend Grace Church with Mrs. Smith, who called at the residence of the former at precisely ten o'clock of a Sabbath morning, as she was, unluckily, *dressed for St. Paul's*.

*Thursday*.—Under the last date I mentioned that a letter had been received from the Warren-street lady. Yes, I got a letter. After reading it thoroughly I filed it away as "Letter No. 19," from her. I hardly know what to do. She's going to write to my Ma, if I do not answer her letter. A full and explicit avowal she wishes from me. Being thus haunted by a woman in such a way is dreadfully disagreeable, and I vow I won't stand it much longer. She has no claims upon me, nor I in return; although her interesting Ma intimates that "true love will have its course." If they are fools enough to think of harnessing me in double traces for life, they will find their mistake. I am not to be caught.

*Friday*.—Made up my mind this morning, while in bed, that I would get up, take a bath, receive exercise by the dumb-bells, put on clean clothes throughout, eat a hearty breakfast, then order my pacer to be saddled and brought to the door, and after this go about town and make a general fashionable call among all my old courting girls. In the course of a few hours I had accomplished my fourteenth call, and to know whether beauty is my idol, I would say that I will stake any amount of money, (well, I'd hint that I am good for \$9,000,) that no man living can produce fourteen as good-looking creatures as these, in the wide civilized world. One of them is as beautiful as man could wish—a perfect angel—but she's (I'm sorry to say it) a thorough-going, well educated coquette.

*Tuesday*.—Just as I got my four large, russet-shaded trunks ready, and about ready myself to start for the country; and, as our negro servants were fast striving to get



Massa Harry off, the old gentleman had handed over a hundred and fifty dollars strong, promising more when his son needed it, who should ring the door-bell, but that same smiling chap who accosted me in Broadway on Sunday last. I mean Prince John Davis, the efficient exceptionary of the Police Department. I was called for. As I went to the door, (he declined to come in) he invited me to take a drive with him down town. I told him my intentions about leaving the city; says he "Hush—hush—talk low, keep cool, and just get in here with me, and I'll detain you but a short time." "Must I go, Prince?" I smilingly inquired. He smiled in return, touched his nose, gave one of his half-sided sly mischievous looking winks, giving me to understand by these signs that of course I must. I knew now that I had got to go to Warren-street, hit or miss, anyhow—for right before the steps of my father's own mansion, stood the very dashy carriage in which rides the lady whom I can't hitch horses with at the same post.



I puzzled me to know how this individual had been engaged to interfere in this affair, but I was soon informed that this officer had done business for them before, during a "certain elopement," and had been secured for the express purpose of performing another interesting duty.

Without returning into the house I consented freely, and down we drove. Reaching Jones', in Broadway, I intimated that we must drink lightly if I was going to battle with a woman's tongue. We did. The Prince drank exceedingly light, while I went in for one almighty horn of brandy—clear, without ice, sugar, or syrup. When I sat seated within a spacious drawing-room, surrounded by three ladies and one certain minister, (whose nose I'd like to wring for his insolence) I felt about right—the liquor striking the right spot. Up in one corner sat Prince John, his legs politely or rather fashionably crossed, the clear white pants looking like snow, and his

high collar in good standing. Next to him sat the victim of unrequited love, and near her my form could be seen, while on my left the mother of this poor creature sat, in swollen aristocratic pride. Opposite Prince John sat the Parson—a slick, long, smooth-faced kind of a genius, with that hypocritical smile upon his feature, intimating in the words of another,

He smiles and smiles—  
And murders while he smiles.

Without preliminaries, suffice it to say, that the old lady opened her battery of wrathful indignation, and thundered forth fashionable vengeance, strong vials of wrath, upon my devoted head. Depend upon it, the tongue of that woman revolved on its axis with greater velocity than the blowers of an engine propelling a steamer up the North River at the rate of forty strokes per minute. She fairly sweat, as Aaron says, and even that parson would often audibly ejaculate "Amen." I sat there as cool as a Yankee sitting on an iceberg, whittling a shingle. When she had done, I rose up, made a bow, and then asked with strong emphasis, "Madame, have you done?"

During all this time the daughter was shedding tears at an extraordinary rate, reminding me of an April shower. "Don't weep, daughter," said the highly perfumed mother. "Weep not," said the parson on the back of this, "although this is an affecting scene," he bringing this out with that psalm-twang peculiar to his office. Without allowing him to proceed, I instantly turned the points of my arrows towards him. "Sir, personally you are a stranger to me; but if I am not grossly mistaken, I've often seen you in certain questionable streets, striving to decypher door-numbers by gas-light." His chin quickly dropped, elongating his face to such an extent that Phalon would have charged double price to have shaved him. Prince John smiled, but remained mum. The daughter, having just left the room, immediately returned, holding in her fair hands all the articles ever presented to her by me. She throws them into the lap of her dear ma, remarking, "Ma, I must recline upon the sofa for I feel faint!" She was soon in the distant. Without any ceremony, Mrs. ——— said, "Here, sir, is this bracelet, which you presented to my sweet daughter; here are seven gold rings also; here is the bosom pin, and here, sir, comes out the leaves from this beautiful album, where can be found your sentimental pieces," and as she said this, lo and behold, she made the book suffer. In my hand, I soon held, certainly the amount of eight hundred dollars. Then, fair in my face, came a bundle of letters written by me—the mother not sparing much pains in letting them come with great velocity. I placed all carefully in my capacious coat pocket, and without further ceremony I wished them good morning and *sleped*. I reached home in the shortest possible space of time, knowing that all things were waiting for my departure.

As I entered, my particular private servant handed me a note. I opened it, found the signature of the Amity street lady attached to it. The contents were of such a nature that I ordered the baggage to be transferred from the carriage back to the house. Perilous times! Perilous times, these!

As it is fashionable in other parts of the world to announce through the columns of a "Court Journal" the doings of the *haut-ton*, and as it has been practiced to a limited extent in this

country, under the best "classical" form, I will, for the pleasure of my readers, give them a touch of "our folks' movements, and those of their fashionable friends. As I cannot admire the *extrême nicety* used by certain circles, you will pardon me for whatever "distinguished movement" I may notice in my travels. But now, kind ladies and gentlemen, I will grant a few "important minutes"—and repeat them as often as observed by me in my wanderings:—Ahem!

Her grace the Duchess de Flaratia, accompanied by her two beautiful daughters, the Lady Georgeana Nactarine, and her twin sister, the Lady Martha Debois, indulged in an airing, in her dashy carriage, out of town, at three o'clock this afternoon. Passing beyond Forty-eighth-street, the Duchess feeling somewhat indisposed, gave orders for a speedy return. At precisely thirty-four minutes after the hour of the departure, she entered her villa in Fifteenth-street.

The Marchioness de B——, Eleventh-street, together with some four other ladies of quality, visited Rutgers' Institute yesterday afternoon. I am sorry, exceedingly so, that the young blooming Countess of W. fell into a sudden swoon, while there.

Count Wilkins and Sir Bolena Badger, I observed at the opera last evening—both sporting very elegant *lorgnettes*, and glittering diamond rings. They figured extensively, as usual. Perhaps it would be libellous to note that the former ornaments were the property of Wise, the optician, Broadway!!!

Wednesday.—My last account was about returning from the Warren-street *muss*, and finding a note for me in the possession of my servant, from a certain young miss, residing in Amity-street. I mean the pork merchant's only daughter. Now let us see how stands the world on its axis. Instead of going into the country, I on last evening pushed for her residence. I rung the bell, entered the drawing-room, and asked if Miss ——— was at home. Ah, Miss ——— soon made her appearance. "I am miffed with you," was the first thing she said. "Why?" I meekly asked. "I don't want anything more to do with you, sir—so your room is better than your company." "Do you mean this?" I asked strongly. "Sir, I do," and the way she did look was a caution. She repeated her observations—twitted me of getting drunk—or tight, as it is fashionably called—of getting into—into what? Good Lord! the Tombs!

Presently, who should come in but the old gentleman. He looked serious—*administrative*. With tooth-pick in hand, he walked deliberately up to me, and forbade me coming to see his daughter any more. "My daughter has given you the reasons," said he. My eyes began to snap, my head shake, my mouth on a go, and high collar to *wilt*. "Am I not a gentleman's son?" "Yes, but if you are, you have not got the old man's head," said he, coolly. "Have I ever abused you or yours?" "Oh, no, no, sir." "Don't most of the young men dissipate?" "Gentlemen's sons do." This made me mad, for I knew it was personal. "You can't pay your addresses any longer to this young lady," he added. I got up, bade them good evening, and came away—fast.

Now this is the way I like to see things done up, I must own. If any one has a grudge against me—be manly, and tell me to my face. This is my way. I don't know as I feel any the worse since two misses have *sacked* me. I have been a *professional* gent too long. This is getting to be a great country.

Thursday.—My pulse beat regular when I got up—my mind was clear—my thoughts were easy—until a rap at my chamber door occurred. "Harry, how is this," said father, as he came in—"Here is a bill presented to me on your account." "Let me see it, sir," I interrupted, quickly, he handing it to me. "3 pairs of French patent leathers—2 pairs do. pumps—\$36 73." "That is right—all correct, sir." "Here is another one," said dad. I took it, read over about pants, silk cravats, and the like, and then pronounced the amount, \$52—right. "Here is the third one," said he. After casting a glance over this, I remarked that I thought Reed had charged very low for a fine two-horse team, four different times—only \$17. "Where had you been?" I remarked "out of town." "Is this one right?" he asked, handing from his hat the fourth one. This was for repairs on watch, three gold rings, two bracelets, balance on a pair of ear-drops—for repairs on gold headed cane, and also for re-arranging gold ribband clasps. The amount of this bill was \$26 14. I said I thought it was right. Without saying another word, he seated himself, and went to adding up. I laughed in my sleeve—was *mum*. "Jings!" said he. "Are you ailing, sir?" "It makes out \$181 87—tremendous!" was the next thing he said. "Harry, I will pay these bills now, but remember that after this, look out, young man, for the consequences. It is certainly alarming!" I told him I thought he made a great fuss about nothing—a man boasting of as much property as he did. In return, he asked me for the \$150 he gave me to go into the country with, and at once I "forked over." He put it in his pocket—and in a safe place, too. The old gentleman looked cross—I felt so about this time; for knowing that I was a gentleman's son, it was no more than right for me to spend as much money as I thought fit. I take it that a rich man should find his children with plenty of cash, and they look out for them, instead of the chicks watching over the father.

Ah, I had promised three old maids (they were sisters,) a pair of gold "specs" each; also a

a raw silk and satin dress. I looked over my cash account and found that I had eighty-two cents. Without allowing my thoughts to run away with me, I immediately put for Simpson's pawn-broking establishment, and soon I had in my pocket some five hundred and seventy dollars—having pawned a certain amount of jewelry. Soon I went into a fashionable saloon, where I met three up-towners, who, when they saw a heavy roll of bank-bills, did actually inquire, with much impertinence, how I could spend so much money. They were jealous—this I knew. "How can you spend so much money, Harry?" asked a certain genius of St. Mark's Place. "It is none of your business, sir—yet I will tell you, Hance. You see, the old gentleman gets up in the morning—breakfasts—is carried down by servant—enters his office in Wall-street—takes up the papers—reads about a heavy cargo of cotton just arrived, which is to be sold so and so. He goes down in due time, and the cargo is struck off to him. He pays for it; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the old man has sold the purchase at an advanced profit of four thousand dollars! Who the d— I can't spend money?" "We have no more to say," said each, individually. "Then, we will drink on the strength of that," said I.

The old gentleman declares that I spend annually upwards of \$6,000. I think he is very moderate in his calculation, for I know of three spree which cost him full \$900 each. Well, I am soon to reform. I shall look me up a wife, and settle down, notwithstanding I have lost the pork-merchant's only daughter. Yesterday, I learned, that the old man was taxable for seven-eighths of a million. If I remain single my expenses will be doubled.

By the bye, I am thinking that the "returned jewelry" from the Warren-street clique, comes just in time for me, as I have but a small quantity of "pin money" by me.

Some may wonder why I have not spoken more definite of my parents' affairs, as for instance, of the station which my father holds. Suffice it to say, that he is in Wall-street—but more of that hereafter.

But, how old Sol does pour down his heat upon us, now-a-days. City life in summer is hard.

Fretting and sweating are now beginning to be two great words. Since we have been blessed with a few hot days, shady side-walks and cool vestibules, iced-drinks have been all the go. The impression is, that it will soon be too hot to dash any longer into oysters and lobsters. Attention should be well paid in these days to the urgent demands of the times. Bananas, pineapples, strawberries, cherries, radishes and green peas, have been consumed at a double wholesale rate—while "juleps" and "cobblers," "sangarees," and "smashups," have eased for a while the thirst of wonderful dry characters. Undoubtedly, these eatables and drinkables may still be consumed; some to-day as well as yesterday—to-morrow as well as to-day. Tepid spruce-beer, and chalky soda-water, have had a terrible run among mediocrity. The ice men are now very busy—so much so, that in a great number of cases, they are told to come twice a day; and as for refrigerators, they are watched closely. Bath palaces are over-run—especially Rabiniau's—even at the midnight hour. High collars begin to wilt along about eleven o'clock in the day; city walls are getting to feel quite hot, and July warns us to look out for August. Broadway needs a constant sprinkling of Croton water, and hydrants too gush forth steady streams, so as to take things coolly. Ice creams are consumed, at an unprecedented rate, while other cooling luxuries are generally demanded. Metropolitan protection! What a word. It sounds well.

The times cry loudly for a little bit of everything. Those remaining in the city occupy their time in various ways. Willingly is the shilling given to get to Staten Island, where sea air can be inhaled, and freely slides the sixpence to see the fragrance of the fields, out about Harlem. Hoboken has its compliment daily—especially on Sundays; and soon we expect that all the resorts down the Bay will be full. Public resorts and private cottages cannot cry aloud the agony of absence, for every fashionable place is well looked after.

Since the hot days have dawned, the "codfish aristocracy" can condescend to promenade during the early hours of the day on the "fifty cent side" of the brilliant Broadway. It is done on account of keeping in the shade—yet we fear that if this act was discussed among the fashionables of such places as Saratoga or Newport, the *bon ton* would feel a little *shady* themselves. To be fashionable—to live so throughout—oh, what a task! I must stop, for it would be useless to lay salt on the tail of to-morrow.

Presented a young man of my acquaintance with a \$20 note, merely because I wished him to make a "change in his linen," as he had two very handsome sisters whom I knew. Poverty is no disgrace, however, and when there is a beautiful creature in the family, a certain kind of pride, folly, frippery, and lofty bearing are overlooked. The young gent should "bless his stars" that he had two handsome sisters, for had it been otherwise, that amount of money would never have been in his pocket.

Friday.—With over five hundred dollars—all city money—in my pocket, received by pawning the "returned jewelry," I made up my mind that one bust, one regular out and out of a spree I would have, as my mind was in such a state. Before my dad, I took out a handful of gold pieces, and then inquired if he wanted to *hire money*; while from my other pocket I brought out a heaping handful of doubloons, glittering as though fresh from the mint (having exchanged the notes for gold), and then asked my mother to make out her bill, and I would pay her. Ah! did they not look hard towards me when they found that I

abounded in money? "Where did you get it?" was a question. "Not from the gambler's table—not borrowed from the purse of a friend—but I got it—honestly," was my reply, in a stout and determined tone. I took my hat, made slowly for the door, and as I was about to leave, remarked that I was going out of town on *business*, and *might not return* until the next day. Gents, there is nothing like being independent. "Harry, my son," cried out my good mother, as I was descending the marble steps. On my return, she wanted to know if I had given up the idea of visiting the country, and I said nay. "Rev. Mr. — was here to-day, and inquired very particularly after you," said she. "And what of that?" says I. "He says he hopes to see the day when you'll be numbered as one of the good flock of Israel, whose shepherd is Jehovah." Mother talked *toneful*. "Rev. Mr. — is a good man in his way, mother; but I wouldn't give much for his church discipline, and not a farthing for six-eighths of his church fellows." "Why not, Harry?" "Because they are *dead heads*, and their hearts need *enlarging*." She did not like this; but Harry could not help that. "Oh! if you was only married, my son—had some good woman for a wife—and I blessed with a grandchild, methinks you would then see the propriety of being steady." This came out affectionately—very. "Oh! if I could only find the lady best suited to me mind, na—I vow I would get married." "Well, there is Mary Stewart, Harry." "Too homely—too fat—too proud feeling," I cried. "Well, there is Julia Degroot Anderson." "All would be *speculation* there, mother, without *profit*." "She's a nice girl, my son." "Yes, but her dad didn't coin his 'rocks' as honest as he might," I replied. "Well, I wouldn't say that out, Harry." "Truth will bear its weight. The girl whom I marry, God grant that she may be free from powder and paint, and liquid dyes mother," I remarked, with a shake of the head. "Then you had better take a trip out in the country, and wed some good gentleman's daughter, my son." "I think I shall; but the reason why I am not there to-day is because I dislike what the old gentleman said to me the day before yesterday, in his room." "What was it?" she asked in a hurried tone. "Why, he said he hoped that if I went into the country this summer, I would go straight—more so than what I did last year." "In what respect, my son?" "Last year," said he, "your country journey cost me the best part of a thousand dollars. You made me pay for one horse you killed by running the poor beast seven miles in something less than 42 minutes, with the thermometer at 93°; then you smashed a carriage and two buggies—the three all to pieces, while in the country, and that scrape cost me quite a pretty little sum; then you paid *pretended* addresses to five different young ladies," said father, "and for devilry actually engaged your hand and heart to two out of the five; and after they found out that you was *fooling*, one of them fell into the consumption! To settle that affair was quite a task, while the fight you had with a young man about love matters, took from my treasury four hundred dollars." "Well, he was only warning you, Harry, which was perfectly right," said mother. "Warning me, in a *discouraging* way, I think; and another thing, the past should be forgot. This raking up old affairs is wrong, mother; and I swear now that I won't go into the country until I get ready." "Don't swear, my son." "If he hadn't twitted me about this and that, all would have been right; but when he recalled *certain things*, d—n me if it didn't make me mad." "Hush! hush, Harry! don't get excited," whispered my mother, gently throwing her arms about my neck, and imprinting a kiss. "He may say what he has a mind to, but blow me if I don't make a smarter man than he ever was, if I live." "Well, then, why don't you commence?" she asked smilingly. "Because I haven't but *sowed* my wild oats, and now I'm going to *harrow* them in *faithfully*; for faith without works worketh nought. You can't expect one to do everything in a day—to spring forth, as Minerva did, full armed, from the brain of Jupiter! Time, time must be taken, mother."



HERE is a great difference between the general run of wealthy gentlemen's sons and myself. Nine out of ten pretend to be staunch defenders of "classic ideas" and *nicely* which is made manifest to a great degree, *par excellence*, perhaps, by those who admire to enact such a line of piccadilloes. For my part I am not much of a lover of the opera—nor am I of very cool and reserved circles, wherein flow vain and ridiculous caprice—select cliques who know nobody out of the family. It is true that such whimsical circles are to be found in this city, yet they are in a great measure, laughing-stock to the mass. A person can be fashionable, aristocratic if you choose, and can make as big a fuss with his money as the times may call for, without cultivation, or in other words, "putting on French airs," like unto certain ones of the professed *ton*. Such persons should remember that their father very likely worked hard in his young days to coin up money; was perhaps, a dealer in old iron, or a common pork merchant; or a manufacturer of packing boxes, and to cause such a frippery, stamps them fools. After all the talk, *Aristocracy* in the United States can be bought and nourished at very low prices.

It is true that I am a scion of the *New York Aristocracy*—yet my way of advancement through a fashionable world, is a plain, every-day way; blessed, too, with a nature aiming toward solid comfort—with a disposition to enjoy the pleasures before me in my own care-

less manner, as I may deem best suited to my views. This is what I am. I choose to spend my money and my time in accordance with my own wishes, to move in the very first circles of the *ton* wherever I choose; also amid the mass at large, whenever possessing a wish so to do. This clinging to fashionable rules is foolishness. I am one who will speak to any man, black or white, one who will not sneer at the poor man or woman, although such a course of "vulgar habits" may be disregarded by certain fashionables of my father's acquaintance. If young dandies had rather mingle 'mid just such reserved circles, where one is obliged to pass through any quantity of frippery and insignificance, then so mote it be, but every one to his taste. This *drollery* of words, this snobbish peculiarity, this "dome fool" goaheaditiveness, which is so much practised by our young gentry is disgusting, yet how much it is practised by a few "proper nice young men," who are blessed with none too much brains. How soft some of the "snobby" have become. *Outside show*, works wonderful causes everywhere.

The sons of wealthy persons are no better than anybody else's, and were it not for their wealth, how the "tables would turn!" I am a rich man's son—yet I prefer to be in full, "one of the people," in every sense of the word, and I am thinking that it has already been proved in the preceding pages; time will tell, how I flourish 'mid the battles of a hard life; whatever the "fashionable gentry" may say of my doings, I care not, for I look to the mass of the human family for a verdict—to a common sense community, whose pride and glory it is to extend "the greatest good to the greatest number." If I choose to pay my addresses to a fashionable belle, or to a young lady whose riches are in her features, all is well, notwithstanding what ma, pa, or sister, or even the whole family proclaims to the contrary concerning the company of "poor people," or the invites of mediocrity so powerfully held out almost without restriction. Fashionable people would like to have their sons and daughters to know nobody but fashionable people—hence the great cause of the degeneration of common every day politeness and civility. My plan is to take the best of comfort in the best way, be the subject a poor or a rich person, for we have but one life to live, and if that life can be a good and pleasant one, then enjoy the blessings thereof, remembering, however, the eye of the law and the bounds of common sense.

Since I left my father's house, I have been relieved of a vast amount of unpleasant criticism. There, I had to receive a lecture because "Harry" was perhaps paying his addresses to a poor but honorable man's daughter, instead of entering into the good prizes "above Bleeker," such for instance as "Elliss Clotilda Maria Frank—" or "Victoria Imogene—" or some other long named heiress, who would be no more fit for a good wife than a girl of ten. Were I rushing my cards in fine style in circles to suit them, then would follow all praises, all smiles, and romantic predictions. How many lectures have I had to receive from certain fashionable lips on account of my digressing from "our family's" kind of company. No wonder there is so much fighting and divorcing going on 'mid the "upper crust," when we once fairly take into consideration rules, regulations, and lectures of such tedious classes.



My near friends are all the time wondering, why I do not go into the banking-house of my father. Keep on thinking and fretting, ladies and gentlemen as long as you deem proper, yet when Wall-street once gets me in its claws, I am then a sinner, at all hazards. Although the noted thoroughfare holds such eminent bankers as Brown, Brother & Co, Jacob Little—Jacob and my father, by the way, are old croneys—Augustus Belmont, Prime, Ward, King, Thompson—(isn't John some on shaving notes!) and a host of others, pray tell me, kind reader, yea, give me a fair and honest description of the place. I can do it.

Wall-street *Greek*, now-a-days, is talked very fluently. In fact, it was always so; for wherever money is sounded or used, some kind of *Greek* is used, in some way. Wall-street is the great money-place—the sacred spot for vaults—the hallowed place for bankers. In this *vaulted site* are the haunts of notorious stockbrokers—a circle who talk loud—fish deep, handle easy, err now and then, scientifically—a circle amply capable of *swearing* elegantly, when occasion demands it.

Here is a place for a chap to get his "eye teeth cut," on the *improved plan*, for souls in Wall street educate and diffuse a *get-ahead* propensity. Patent deviltry works like a charm, while at the head of this noted street, *patent sermons* are preached, once in seven days, beneath the mighty dome of Trinity Church. Solemn sighs are heard on the Sabbath, during the preaching of holy writ; pious countenances are seen in almost every pew; loud voices are heard, reading divine service, with a true reverential tone, when Wall-street, dumb as dumb can be, whispers a pious exterior air. During the busy week of eagerness, the Babylonians put "principle and interest" right straight through; and on Sunday, they meekly enter, with an innocent babe-of-Bethlehem look, and an oh dear sort of a countenance, the spacious and grand-like aisles leading towards Jerusalem's Trinity, where they hear, with the meekest attention, the moral discourse of the reverend rector. They hear it, and yet they do not think very often that this Jerusalem's Trinity stands at the head, while Babylon's Wall-street runs down to the foot. Trickery, combined with honesty, goes it like sixty for six days; and then on the seventh, all accounts for the week are squared up, for instead of handling gold and

silver, and discussing notes, they are piously handling prayer-books, wherein they can *piously* read—loud enough to equal twenty voices—"We have erred and strayed from our ways like lost sheep." This is a great age—wonderful!

The transactions transacted in this street are so powerful, that they even have an effect on the Bourse in Paris, and on the Exchange in London. They ought to have an effect—a powerful one too—inside of such pious and holy places as Trinity Church; for if there is one piece of ground—one spot in this far-famed civilized world of ours that needs preaching to, as it regards a good go of *true repentance*, it is the golden-god-like reverential Babylonish hole, known to a dignified world as Wall-street.

Here can be found smart men—too smart, now and then. All the week their gold and silver seems to jingle *magnum bonum—magnum bonum*, while at the head of Wall-street, Trinity Church gently whispers in their ears, *sanctum-sanctorum, sanctum-sanctorum!* Those wishing to hear smooth tongues slide with all ease and grace, see the riches of the world counted in a slick manner; behold quick figuring of the head, saying not one word about the quick flying of nimble fingers; hear *straight accounts* related; see *mighty men*, and hear of untold wealth, let them enter Wall-street. Such ones will have a chance to turn up the white of the eye, like a duck in thunder; look as innocent as a rabbit in a cage; and feel by times, quite sentimental.

I have seen them for near two years promenading in the same happy manner—and, reader, you must have noticed them often. Not a pleasant afternoon passes, but what these three sisters (who look alike, and appear to be about the same age—say seventeen) are in Broadway. To-day I passed them. Do they reside in Bedford-street? Why do they dress alike? How well they know how to cause *attraction*, as they dash along. The whole three appear to be full of coquettish ideas—fun and frolic—and they seem to demand the best part of the promenade. Of course the gentleman must not complain.

*Saturday*.—About six o'clock this evening, all by chance, I happened to meet luckily seven comrades in Broadway—seven chaps of the right order, in looks, character, and purse; all rich men's sons. Right glad were all to see me—for a plan was formed—the project laid. Listen. We walked up Mercer-street; rapped at Jones'; found the gentleman; informed him that each wanted a good saddled beast, all ready, at exactly five o'clock, Sunday morning; that we were going to breakfast out at the Abbey, the High Bridge, or somewhere about. Everything was promised us at once. The agreement was made to this effect—the one who was not on the ground, armed and equipped, ready for a start, at precisely fifteen minutes past five, should forfeit three bottles of champagne. Motion made, and unanimously carried. Also, that as it was a *little muddy* out of town, the one who got covered with the most mud should treat at Burnham's. This was carried. Also, the one who arrived first at the door of the "Red House," or at the Wood Lawn, was entitled to three bottles of wine—paid by the one who arrived last. Unanimously carried. The motions were repeated, and sanctioned.

From seven o'clock in the evening until the appointed time in the morning, the gang was together. We would drink, but no eating was allowed. Money flowed freely, for all were prepared fully and *tee-totally* for a genuine *lifter*, and the world knows that the city of New York is the only great place where a young man can go his length. From Bowling Green to Union Park, almost, we inspected every fashionable saloon—that is, inspected or *tried* the liquor; and where we found it excellent, a *little extra*, why then we drank *twice*. This case happened often, for the best of *eye opener* was found in almost every saloon. By the time we reached Bob Sinclair's saloon, Broadway, I for one felt as though I could twist my heel into the toe of my boot, choke a musquito with a brick-bat, and keep *walking up stairs* all of the time.

*Sunday morning*.—Well, five o'clock dawned, and, in a quarter of an hour, each man was ready, mounted on a horse—seated on a saddle. Sober as the fall of the year looks were we, when from Jones' we struck into Broadway, under a *dead run*. Think—only think of eight chaps—eight fancy spendthrifts—eight of the fancy *bloodes* riding up Broadway, between the hours of five and six, under a full head of steam, aching to get out of town, or rather by Union Square, before recognised by certain *chums*, uncles, aunts, and tell-tale cousins. Our eight hours previous to this date needs no naming, for a more *genteel* set never existed. For one, I was ready to fight with any man, fist, sword, dirk, or pistols: for, when I'm a *little tight*—when I've got just enough *eye opener* on board to feel exceedingly *independent* in my profession, then Harry stands ready to knock the eye out of any *boasting blood* at a certain distance. Then I'm never afraid of spending too much money—(In fact, I'm not when sober)—and, if a fellow goes in for a regular *smash*, I'm with him.

And now for the horse-back ride. Knowing that it was a *little muddy* out of town, I told Jones to give me a particular *crittur* out of his stable, which he did, a favorite of mine in the kicking order. As we were going along, I saw out towards Corporal Thompson's quite a puddle of water. When, in an instant, I says to myself, that I would cover somebody. Hence, one of my *croneys*, was riding along behind me, and, as my beast would rear and kick like the very devil, if I just turned my toes in and touched her, I did so, as I passed through the water, when, in no time, such a bespattered chap never breathed. I covered him completely in mud, and, although he had on a very rich suit of new clothes, he took it *sweetly*, remarking, "Never

mind, all in the family—there's more where these came from." Without discussing the subject at all, it was very evident that he was obliged to stand the champagne treat, it being the agreement that he who got the most mud should do so.

On we went, Jehu-like, each one trying to lead the band; but, as I had a regular red-and-a-half stepper of a horse—eighteen hands high, and legs eight feet long almost—one of mighty breath, and sound as a dollar, I of course led twice my length—yet I was obliged to hollow and whip continually, and now and then *spur the critter*. Put me anywhere, but I *must* lead; for it is my nature, and it can't be helped. My nag held out well, and when we were about a quarter of a mile from Burnham's, I looked back, and the seven other chaps were in the rear *some*. Some had pocketed their caps, others had left their hats behind somewhere as a *relic*. (You see we, of course, had one of Jones' niggers following on behind with orders to pick up whatever was dropped as he rode along.) Some were bobbing up and down, hanging on like good fellows, whipping away, striving to get ahead of each other; and, as I saw Hance, coming like lightning, gaining on his comrades, off he went *dash*! As his horse passed the others, it put the devil into them; and, when he made by me like a streak of chalk, my "Hondurux" reared, jumped, and backed up against a stone wall, but I was firm—I stuck like a good fellow. As luck would have it, I rode up first, dismounted, and, by that time, my chums were with me, Hance on behind of Pretty Sam of Waverley-place, perfectly safe, only "slightly bruised," as he said.



H, such a time as followed! As it is a good plan to tell much in a little space, and as I am strongly inclined that way, I will give the particulars. In the first place, we *cleaned up*—then cracked three bottles of champagne, drank, and gave sundry toasts—ordered the horses to be rubbed down, or their skin clothed in lustre with a vegetable material commonly called *straw*; [I now speak after an exquisite dandy, a certain fop of the city of New York;] then to partake of a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, and be conducted to the repository for wearied beasts, and be fed accordingly. Breakfast being ordered a few minutes before I jumped off my horse on my arrival, we soon sat down, and, being pretty considerably hungry, we went in. Broiled steak, ham and eggs, oysters in every style, besides several French dishes, and champagne, as well as brandy and water, suffered. By nine o'clock, the gang was *decently* polite. Songs were sung, segars called for, and, as we all sat round a table, we were a hard looking company any way. Important topics were discussed—money flowed freely—and, before I knew it, we got to playing ball with my gold watch, which thing was consequently brought down on *tie*, as Pete, a gallus chap, allowed it to fall on the floor, breaking the crystal, severing one of the gold hands, and marking the back a *little*—all of no consequence just then, considering how we were *situated*. Coats, vests, gaiters, collars, hats, kid gloves, French neck ties, gold chains and watches, were stacked in chairs, as we

were in a *sweating condition*. By some *unknown* way, a large mirror got cracked; but, as the landlord was a clever man, and I didn't want to have no fuss, *it being Sunday*, I at once settled the loss with seven ten dollar bills, as I was not confident whether I *did* throw a champagne bottle against it or not. It has rather run in my mind since, that I did, *but I won't be certain*. Yes, several chairs got broken, and were minus of legs and backs, yet that was laid to *unknownity*. After we had used up the ninth bottle of champagne, we then called for some brandy and ice, wishing it to *settle our stomachs*; and shortly after this, all I can remember is, of seeing a lot of waiters putting us to bed.

We arrived home about seven o'clock in the evening, exceedingly sober. Joe's leg was sprained, Hance's thumb was out of joint, Sam's hat was *caved in*, Jim's eyes looked thundering red, Pete's head was in a bobbing condition, Charles was *sore*, Ed. remarked that he "did not feel *nice* no how"—and, as for me, I throwed up which should *treat*, lost my luck, ordered suppers and drinks at Florence's, and was told there that two of dad's servants were looking for me. I then thought about Grace Church and my mother. I believe she pretends to say that I was *sprinkled* in infancy. Well, I don't know as I doubt it—indeed I don't.

Was introduced to a very plain-dressed gent by a friend of mine, this evening, who, it is said, had in 1833 the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars left to him by his father, who was a heavy merchant of the olden stamp. Four years afterward, that son was a bankrupt. To-day he is a poor man—and no doubt he will always remain so through life.

"What a world we live in,  
'Midst sorrow, and care, and woe;  
We're some of us rum 'uns to look at,  
But we're all of us good 'uns to go."

Monday Morning, July 22d.—I have left home! Yes, on my return from the Abbey, I had a few words with the old gentleman in regard to *spreeing*—and the argument to me was of much importance. After owning up, man-fashion, all about the horseback ride, I took what might be called "one of the lectures." Well, they both got me mad, and, in the height

of passion, I got up from my chair, and just told them that, after this date, I should board abroad, and not at home. This didn't go down; for the old gentleman even hinted out that I was under *his control yet!* Gracious!—under *his* control! Well, now! Show me a gentleman's son who is able to go it Jehu-like when under the power of his parents. They may be, at the home; but that's the only time. I gave them to understand that I should order a suite of rooms at the Irving House. It must be where I could rise as well as at home. Ma intimated that it would grieve her very much if I went without the consent of my parents; and I merely remarked, that I was able to support myself. At this instant I raised up my Jenny Lind collar, touched my growing-out moustache, and nodded my head. Looking at my gold watch, the old man gave vent. He twitted me of doing a very unmanly thing; while I was off to Yale College, the quarter was out, and up came the money for my bills. Now I had, just previous to this, fell in love with a pretty girl, of about seventeen sweet summers, the only daughter of a widow; and as I wanted to make her shine for my circle, I took this money, went and purchased a fine gold watch and chain, and threw it round her neck, saying, that she must accept it as a present from one of her choice friends. Well, I bought some other notions, and soon I found I had only nine dollars in my silk purse. Had I paid my college bills? I rather *think* not. And now what *was* to be done? I wrote to the old gentleman, and boldly told him what I had enacted in the height of love, and that "a couple hundred dollars" would be highly acceptable. Back came a letter, that my mother was bound to have me get the chain and watch in my possession again. She came up herself, and found the widow and her daughter, demanded the present, and obtained the same. Now, don't you see through all this? She has for years had a girl picked out for me, and in time thinks (vainly, however,) that her son Harry will offer his hand and heart. Ah, won't she find out that she's barking up the wrong tree! I'm thinking so. As I don't believe that matches are made in heaven, for a reason that they would be made *better if that was the case*, I shall marry whom I please. The world will own that a young man ought to have his own way about that; and I say anything else but these made love-matches. When I marry, I'm going in for love, not money. The old gentleman not only twitted me about the watch affair, but of many other things. Suffice it to say, that I am now stopping at the Irving House, at a cost of \$14 per week, and when the time comes that the "tin" runs low, I have got uncles and aunts who have got money enough for a dozen such fellows as me to spend. I can get it.

Tuesday—To-day I bought me two fine canary birds and cages, and, while down in South-street, I purchased a slick, smooth-haired spaniel. I think some of getting a private carriage. I'm bound to take the world easy.

Wednesday—Promenaded Broadway, and met my mother; made all right with her, and got the promise of \$10 a week out of her privately, (you know mothers rather favor sons, while fathers look out for daughters); passed on, and soon met my dad. He shook hands, remarked, that when I got ready to come back, he hoped I would, and insisted that I should *retire early* at night. I told him that if he would make me a present of a certain horse, and a fine carriage—a beast that could travel to the High Bridge in so long a time—I would agree to come home in ten days from the time I left. Motion laid up—in the head.

Thursday—Breakfasted at the Irving; then ordered a carriage, drove over to Odd Fellows' Hall; found there three comrades; eat a dinner; eat then each a dozen oysters on the shell; ordered a large bottle of champagne; talked about town affairs, and ended in whiffing a good Havana. At my next place, which was in Wall-street, I learned that dad had, on the previous day, sacked by speculation full \$2,800. Since then I want two horses instead of one.

Took a drive out of town with Charley P.—. While "on the road," we *raced* it slightly, my span of pets, leading of course. Passed Porter of the "Spirit" and "the Governor"—met Rufe Smith and Jim Davies, "coming in" at a "big lick"—at least at the rate of "2.46," easy. What a wonder it is that more lives are not disposed of by accidents while *reining*, or "letting out a loose rein," while testing the "general speed" of horses—as so many New Yorkers are won't to do? Some of the *boys* drive fast—and there is no getting over it.

There are exceptions, but as a general thing, ministers' sons are very mischievous—in some instances perfect devils. But I cannot forbear noticing, how nice a certain pastor's son gets along with his young cronies, (and they are high bucks,) as well as with the old people at home, who consider "Natty" a conscientious youth. Perhaps it is because he attends church regularly once in seven days, while during the other six, "Natty" is living high, behind the curtain, practicing pistol-shooting, making himself a generous patron at Mrs. —; entertaining at a saloon, a squad of juvenile *snobs*, or else making love to some beauty in the interlude of the opera, where he takes it upon him to go, and run the risk of visiting such "sinful places," regardless of the old gentleman's religious demands. I love to watch "Natty's" onward course, as my mother often cites his name as a model for me. She thinks that he is a "proper, nice young gent"—one who would't do "nothing wrong" for worlds and worlds! When I meet him and his "gay chums" at various places, by gas-light, I always think of my mother's remarks—especially when I see him take very stout horns of brandy! Last evening, I beheld him playing billards for a basket of Champagne; and every now and then, quoting passages of Scripture, of rather a quaint nature, such, for instance, as the discussion: whether St. Paul went in and took a "smile," when he "looked up, saw the three taverns, and took courage?" I am of the opinion that "Natty" is getting ahead pretty fast.





H, yes, I had oftentimes heard her sweet pretty name classed among the most celebrated beauties of Gotham—but to-day, "thank the gods," I have been favored with an introduction to the charming creature herself. Certainly, she leads all other *belles* when the criticism of beauty is rigidly considered. As for Putnam's "Home Book of Beauty," it should be thrown into the shade, (in fact it has been,) for any common mind knows that there is quite a *difference* between marble and brass.

There is a certain astonishing look about her which cannot fail to fill and charm the eye of man. Beauty has a lightning glance which electrifies—and her's belong to that rank of elegance which inflames like a furnace, fires the heart, and dazzles the eye—one of those fair creatures on whom it is fatal to look. Like an Italian beauty, her features possess sudden attractiveness, a tinge of Supreme *ton*, competent to take the heart by storm. The expression of her eagle-eyes how brilliant, and yet how haughty! Her form, arms, neck, and cheek, have that marble roundness, which in Canova's *Psyche*, records full vitality. But in her carriage, her movements, how stately, grand, bewitching; a stateliness in her demean-

our that would do honor to a queen. There is an impress of noble dignity stamped on her features, united with feminine softness, that render her peculiarly fascinating.

When I saw her—this lovely creature of "sweet sixteen," just blossoming into unusual beauty, I then believed what the immortal Ben. Franklin said—"Of all things beautiful in this beautiful world, it is a beautiful woman!" Among the multifarious attractions of the young lady, it is my province to pronounce one of essential importance; she possesses the three chief points of female beauty, size, unity and grace.

It is no wonder that she is envied by other certain professed *belles* who lack popular beauty. It is no wonder that her company is eagerly sought after by every aspirant to notoriety, although well known that her riches are in her features. Nor is it strange that passers-by turn round to look at her as she promenades the brilliant Broadway of modern extravagance, as though caused by some magnetical agency, or ascribed to a certain attractive power which but few like her can command. Although she possesses a strange mixture of levity and feeling (which, by the bye, alarms some suitors and encourages others) of vanity and good nature, of caprice and indifference, she is blessed with an amiable disposition, with a noble, generous heart, and with an eye so clear-sighted that she can almost read the character of him on whom it is placed only for a second. Such are her distinguished characteristics; and go where you may, from the Doric and Tuscan mansions of the Fifth Avenue—from the sylvan shades of Chelsea to the palaces of Union Square—from the stately edifices of Munday Hill to the Italian villas of Fifteenth Street—from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, if you choose, criticising the established reputation of the "belles and beauties," and after you have performed the agreeable task, methinks that the celebrated beauty of the accomplished Miss B—late "*Belle of Hudson Street*," but now one of the most prominent of New York and Brooklyn—will be regarded and looked upon, as the eye and heart would upon a choice and costly flower when blooming in its richest of promise.

Met my father in Wall Street about mid-day, and meekly asked him for a *small loan*. Instead of receiving the common sum of fifty or an hundred dollars, got a V, which was fairly poked into my face with a rush, while a few words were mumbled over by him to this effect—"Then take that, and make it do you for a week." We parted. I am rather of the impression that the presentation will last me half way home, and no farther. Confound these short allowances!

*Friday*.—Met to-day the Warren Street Miss and her devoted mother of pompous show, near the corner of Prince and Broadway. They eyed me close, but I passed *independently*. A little while after this, the Amity Street beauty rushed by me, while by her side walked some footoo of a would-be dandy, if he only knew how. I spotted him. The creature saw me, and methinks she blushed. I wonder whether her pork-merchant father *brands* his barrels in the old sly accustomed way. Grace Church and pork goes hand in hand. I think some of sending Prince John Davis up there of an *errand*. What is Wall Street, or even South Street, against the truth!

*Sunday*.—Attended Grace Church, which I think our folks did not expect when I took my seat in the pew. I was in a *sober* mood, but was sound asleep (as two-thirds of a tip-top congregation generally get) by the time the minister took his text. I don't know how it got in my head, but I was dreaming about "Harlem Swamps." I know that a gang of us rode a horse to death once, while on the road, and that we buried him there; yet the owner got full pay.

To-day I saw for the first time the young Mr. W—y, who had the handsome sum of

\$45,000 bequeathed to him by an aunt when about twenty-two years of age. It is said that he spent the whole of it in just sixteen months from the day he received it. This, I am told, is a positive fact. Rather ahead of my time as a *spendthrift*, eh?

Saw the charming Miss A—'s, of State Street, promenading Broadway this afternoon; afterwards espied her consuming ice cream at Taylor's. The moustached gent at the same table was really handsome, and had one of those sure "lady-killing eyes." Methinks he knows that he possesses extraordinary features for one of his race. The "Count" has thanks for the very polite bow given.

*Monday*.—It is well enough for any young man, now and then, to consider upon his existence and the blessings surrounding him. On this morning I took a retrospect, and I must say, that I was not only astonished, but was ashamed of myself! As I laid in my easy bed at the Irving House, and thought over matters and things in general—that I was a rich man's son—considered by those who knew me as one of the tallest chaps about; that I did nothing but spend money continually from my father's vaults, while the old gentleman was working hard to coin up more. It seemed to me to be wrong. There he was, surrounded with many clerks, in Wall Street, each commanding a fine salary, while his own son—a young man of tact and talent—never even visited the office twice a month—was doing nothing to help along; not at home, but boarding at a fashionable hotel—living like a prince in full. When I thought of this, I said it was not right; yet, in another second, I whispered, with a nod of the head, that it was no more than the practice of gentlemen's sons to do nothing, but live high, drive fast horses, get genteelly drunk, and spend money freely. This is in accordance with "educated" ideas; and if I, or any young man "above Bleecker," sees fit to appear out in a new suit every day in the week, order the family barouche or carriage at the door three or six times a-day, purchase kid gloves by the quarter gross to wear, and a new opera-glass once a fortnight; go into a store, purchase this thing and that—such, for instance, as French gaiters, or patent leathers, or Turkish slippers, or silk hose and pocket handkerchiefs by the dozen; or a suit of clothes of this color and of that shade; or order twenty fifteen dollar shirts, to be carried to the residence of my father, with the bill of each article, why, it's right, all right, in nine cases out of ten; for the father cashes the accounts incurred by the son. This is a fashionable way of shopping among sons and daughters, when the old man or the old woman don't give the money or the cash in hand. I have known a time when my bed was almost lined with rich silk perfume bags—when I had liquid perfume sprinkled all about my apartments, and even my wardrobes well furnished with the very best of perfumes—yes, when my bill for those articles alone was, at one sale, over five and sixty dollars. But the old gentleman settled the bill without saying a word; for my fashionable mother, who oftentimes bathes in strong perfumed waters, told him that all was right—a fashionable practice! Why, it is no wonder that the disease of consumption and the gout are so general, when tight fashionable lacing, and such high living, are upheld! No wonder in the least.

I have been a hard boy: this is generally admitted. It makes me fairly wonder when I recall the past, and contemplate the present. I have left *undone* a great many things which I ought to have done, and *done* a great many things which I ought to have left *undone*. Yet you may take the general run of all fashionable dandies at large, forgetting not those in the city of New York, and the general verdict of common sense persons will pronounce nine out of ten as belonging to a class known as the *small potato* gentry. Our fashionable circles are of a limited nature.

I have not only run away from home; but I have stove up this and that—such as dashing carriages, costly sleighs, rich mirrors, heavy chandeliers, big window-ways, well barred doors, pianos, dishes, bottles, cookey stands, gold watches and chains, and gentlemen's eyes. My expenses for the last year have run to an alarming extent; and, during the last three years, my bills in full for parties, scrapes, lawsuits, clothes, "incidental expenses" and so on, have cost the old gentleman very near \$18,000, according to my own calculation. Now, I ought to be ashamed to say this; but truth will bear its weight. If I go to Jones, order horses, time after time—if I go to the New York Hotel, or down to Delmonico's, and order a supper for so many—if I go to Fisher's, Shelley's, Herbert's, Perkins's, "Live and Let Live," or to Phillips's, and say, "Here, I want such and such things for so many, at such a time," it comes—it comes, whether they get their pay right on the spot, or in ten days or a month afterwards. Harry is known, and his father has got the "rocks." If I go to Stewart's and get this article, to Beck's and procure that thing, to Dick and say to him that I want six pairs of his own make of his patent shank eight dollar boots, and look to the old man for his pay; or even if I go to George Fox's, or any other popular establishment, and order three or more different suits on the same *lay*, everything, every demand, is fulfilled in time. But I must reform, and that too, soon. It won't do, nohow; for I shall be flat as a flounder. I am injuring my constitution, and myself in general, and soon I hope to be steadier. It is a hard look, a hard resolve; but I must come to it. To be known as a rich man's son sounds well; but spreeing to such an extent won't do.

In one sense I cannot help it, having been brought up in accordance with the principles of high living, within my father's own mansion, my parents have seen their young son sipping the wine and whiffing the segar, when it should have been otherwise. Parties, and great

leaves given at home and abroad, I have passed at as great an advantage in this line, when I should have been by good rights withheld from such temptations. Years ago, I was allowed to drink wines and other liquors, for our family practices such indulgences. Had I been tutored as a child deserves, perhaps I would have been something else now, and I am well aware, having learned from experience, that if you expect to make anything of an heir, follow the true and righteous old saying,

"Train up a child in the way he should go."

Attended Niblo's in the evening, and was accompanied by Miss L.— of Bleeker-street. Quite a nice time occurred while on our way down Broadway in an omnibus. As the street was very muddy indeed, I pulled the strap when near Niblo's, and requested the driver to near the side walk closely, so that we might escape a shower of mud, but in giving the order, the hoarse rough bully chap outside sent back this stout remonstrance:—

"No you don't, nohow—can't do it, sir—fine me, sir, if I se drive over on the left side, going down—so I can't do it."

"Fellow, what do you mean?" I interrupted at once.

"Why there's a fine of a dollar, sir, if I does it—and I've been fined four times for it."

By this time I understood him, so I snatched from my pocket a gold dollar and pokes it up to him at once.

"All right, sir, will accommodate you. Go lang Bob—" and up he drives rubbing the curb stones, thus enabling us to reach the side walk in capital style. What won't the "tin" accomplish!

Parents, bring this subject home and investigate its own bearings. How many thousand young men, ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, who are daily and nightly dissipating, can be found in this city alone—young, tender saplings, if you may be pleased to call them so, who are allowed to associate with hard boys, smoke, chew, and wander at night through the long and short hours?

The different genera of our interesting species of young gentlemen *spoonies* to be found in this city, are decidedly great. He who, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, can swear elegantly, smoke exquisitely, chew the vile weed in style, gallant about the most girls, drive the fastest nag at a furious rate, and in a careless, independent way, is considered as a young fashionable gent, of very smart tactics, and pretty near ripe. These are the prominent features to become an "established character," considering too, the vast importance of getting a very high stand-up collar, a flowing cravat, a small ebony cane, one or two fancy rings, white kids, and a pair of patent leathers, together with a Genin hat. The greater portion of Broadway they demand, especially if they see fit to swing a cane as they perform their promenades. Now this is a description of the present crop of young upstarts, who, even at the age of sixteen, know more, in their own estimation, than their fathers, or anybody else, when, in fact, they know nothing of what is really useful beyond that which they were taught at school, and which, in nine cases out of ten, is partially, if not entirely forgotten in a very short time. The precepts which their teachers have taken such pains to instill into their minds have been withered by the blasts of dissipation and crime. My remarks on these points refer entirely to those young striplings who, by good right, should be put to bed by eight o'clock every night, and held back for two years more, ere they are allowed to enter the wide field of fashionable life. The fact of it is, they are too knowing—too important feeling—too big for their breeches, (to use a vulgar phrase) and altogether too impolite. How many thousands of this stamp have we in this city? Then again, they are what may be considered mean, in a great many things—a genuine small potato gang—who think it cunning to make use of plenty of impudence, and show off the real *tondy's* principles—make a noise in a public place, wear their hats amid an assembly of ladies and gentlemen, giggle and rudely stare at every modest girl, and hang about the steps of churches, &c., (as about a hundred do around the doors of Bedford-street church every Sunday,) to make their impudent remarks upon every one they see. These are the young fifteen and sixteen-year old upstarts, who are fast following in the footsteps of those who are "more experienced," and who have been "through the mill," as it is vaguely termed. This young crop is growing fast, and it will not be long before they will be as notorious "about town"—as often frequenters of the theatre, the brothel, the saloon, the Third Avenue, and amply competent to knock down as many ten-pins as their senior competitors, and go through a night's spree with a particular squad as richly and as manly. Who boasts of the morality of New York? Would to God that the plain, unvarnished truth could with propriety be revealed, in regard to the present alarming condition of this metropolis. But it won't do, people say, to talk too plain; so, of course, I desire to obey the command. This is one kind of professed dandyism in Gotham, which in these days rushes ahead of all *millionaries*, in fact of everything.

At about four o'clock this afternoon, saw a lady dressed in gentleman's clothes, as I was in Broadway, opposite Astor Place. Recognised her quickly as being one of Alderman —'s daughters. She looked fine and genteel, fashionable and dashing, as she moved gracefully amid the crowd. I was surprised to see this, yet knowing her to be full of mischief and

eccentric, I at once said to myself that she had no doubt made her appearance for some certain purpose, which was, very naturally, nobody's business but her own. She was alone. Had it not been for a certain mole upon her left cheek, and the peculiar twist of one of her eyes, she would have passed unnoticed. Is it not strange what certain ways some women have?

The belle of Washington Square must be the agreeable Miss —. Often have I strived to criticise this question with many a genteel comrade, but not a dissenting voice is heard in return. So then, the lady, no doubt, may justly be regarded as possessing an impartial right to the happy appellation. Some one may say, "but there are the Misses V——s"—while a second voice may demand a hearing in behalf of the charming Miss T——. One truth is well known, however, Washington Square contains at least a dozen truly beautiful ladies. Who is vexed now?

Wednesday, August—I'm thinking that it will be rather hard to reform, taking all things under consideration. Last week I had great faith that when I made the resolve I would certainly stick to it like a man, but I must say that I have been perfectly miscellaneous since. Last evening I left the Irving House about eight o'clock, thinking that as I had lived like a common sense man, so far as eating and drinking goes, during the day, I would venture to take a slow and deliberate walk up Broadway. In doing so I passed by many a fashionable saloon without stopping, and when I reached 401 I was at a great loss to know whether I had better go up into Otis Field's or not. On the sidewalk I stood hesitating, but eventually allowing a favorable verdict to command me, I passed along. I felt as though I could not refrain, for I wanted to find a lot of sporting gents, and a certain Columbia College clan, and this was just the place to meet them—yet as I said before, the "Broadway Dandy" passed along.

To me this was indeed a trying point. I was sober—my mind was free from excitement, and I walked straight as a bee-line. I was richly dressed, well perfumed, hair and moustache exquisitely brushed—in short, I looked so neat—so blooming, I flatter myself, that any lady could have fallen in love with me. When I reached the residence of the late John Jacob Astor, I stood upon the marble steps to allow a gang of up town dandies to pass by, each of whom seemed to me to be exceedingly well corned. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. The four were arm in arm; and as they passed, I moralized considerably with myself upon their folly. They were all attired in fine suits, and seemed at a loss what to do with themselves. One said he didn't care if he did break Mrs. —'s solar lamps, as he had got a father who would settle the bills; another said he was rather too drunk to go home, and guessed he would stow himself away in Bob's room, if he could find the "versa, una—university"—and at this juncture he rather abruptly relieved himself of something disagreeable on the side walk, exclaiming to his comrades, "Boys, I'll give in—yes, I'm si-si-sick." His comrades were too drunk to express similar sentiments—yet I remember hearing one of them say that he could drink more brandy and keep more sober than any other chap of his years. This made me laugh, for he was reeling forth and back, and swinging about a telegraph pole like a good fellow. I don't believe I ever acted with so many French airs when I was fashionably drunk.

About this time, who should come along but a good old comrade of mine, who by luck recognized me. I told him my decision, and he laughed at me. He said it was an impossibility. We walked down Broadway, and when we reached a certain fashionable saloon, he said I must go in, which I did.

"What will you take, Harry?"

"Nothing," was my reply.

"But you must drink something."

"Then," said I, "cold water."

At this time my friend began to give me a piece of his advice, and after he got to damning me up and down, and telling me what a fool I was making of myself, I walked right over the marble floor, ascended the steps *solus*, and went down Broadway. In twenty minutes I was in my bed.

Thursday—During the day, everything went on smoothly with me, until about nine in the evening. Ah, I'm sorry to say it, but to tell the truth, a couple of French gentlemen, boarding at Delmonico's, called on me at my room, and of course I had to bring on the champagne. It sparkled in the goblet, and soon sparkled in my throat. In a little while four bottles had suffered. We went abroad—walked, rode, talked French, drank often, and made many calls. Each of us looked rich—and we were. Caesar wore a rich diamond pin and ring—so did Juan and myself. Caesar had over \$2,000 in gold about his person—Juan twice that amount—and I, about \$1,000, having sold the jewelry I pawned at Simpson's, to a gentleman of my acquaintance, and raising a small capital from a rich old aunt of mine. Wherever we went we were considered "some pumpkins," instead of dead heads, or small potato counter jumpers; and whether it was because we cracked the champagne so often, or paid for it in doubloons, is more than I can tell. I have been called the best customer—the most expensive gentleman, for a dandy, on a spree, ever reared upon Manhattan Island. I'm thinking that it is so, but thanks, what I spend was never got in a gambling establishment.

About midnight we were pretty well set up on a level—yes, we were. The points of being

a rich man's son were freely discussed. I gave a *quarter* or a *half* away to every servant or waiter I came across, and every now and then, rip-dash-rip, would go down a handful of specie on the floor. Then I would give some boy, or tell him: that I would give him *half*, if he would gather up the sub-treasury, and by the time I got it in my pocket again, I would have it out, or else feel it running down the legs of my pantaloons, and then into the tops of my patent leathers. Was I rich? Well, yes, I'm thinking so. I walked up to a big mirror, then jumped up, hit my heels against it, and tried to break it, but the owner said I had better give it up, as the glass was *three-quarters* of an inch thick. So I did. Anyhow, before I left, I broke two pitchers, seven tumblers, upset several liquor decanters, put out the gas. My comrades say that when I was coming down through (what the deuce is the name of the street?) I had a large and costly champagne goblet, which I was freely swinging in my hand. I don't remember this, but they say I had it, and broke it just before passing from Canal into Broadway.

Spreeing is bad business, and a gent finds it out when he has to pay the expenses; but who knows half he does, or says, when in such a glorious state? One thing I remember, and that is, of setting two darkeys and a white nigger to work on a banjo, fiddle and bones, in Broadway, just below White-street, about two o'clock in the morning; and that I kept the three at it until we got to dancing and yelling so notoriously, that a couple of spruce M. P.'s told us to *marvel*, which of course we did, although I believe I merely remarked, that if they wanted to *lam* any one, they could *take it up* just as quick as they pleased. Both of my friends were getting their bowie knives out sily, but I told them not to make fools of themselves, so they put the weapons up. The great knack of spreeing, is to go it out, but keep from fighting.

*Friday*.—While snoring in bed, at mid-day, I was awoken by a loud knock at my door. I turned the bolt, and jumped into bed again. The door opened, and my father bowed as he entered. I returned the compliment, and expressed a hope that he was well. Without any preliminary remarks, he began to talk to me. He said that he had done all he could for me—had given me a fine education, hoping that I would eventually make a good and great man, but was sorry to say, he now felt discouraged.

"You are ruining yourself—your constitution—your character—your all"—thus commencing to blow a little too hard. I pulled the bell-chord—a servant soon came to my bed-side, when I told him to bid "mine host" of the Irving to come to my room. He soon came.

"Mr. Howard, did I not always treat you like a gentleman?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentlemanly host.

"And I always pay my bills promptly?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hire this room, and pay for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, show that gentleman out," said I, with a smile.

He took the arm of my father, saying, "I suppose you will be obliged to walk with me into the drawing-room."

Both made their exit soon. That's the way, now, to do it—when you think talking is out of the question.

In a short time, I made my appearance in the drawing-room, fronting on Broadway, but the old gentleman had taken his leave very suddenly.

Visited Newport for a run of four days. Received an introduction while there, to the reigning *belles* of the season, the beautiful Miss H—p, of New York City, (who is still one of the "stars" of Gotham, when at home)—the charming daughter of the late Hon. Levi Woodbury; to Miss Scott, the elegant daughter of the brave old General. Before me all is beauty and splendor. Before me walks the stripling dandy, attired in his light fancy summer dress; patent leather slips, and striped socks visible to the eye. After him promenades the Miss—the matron, the vigor of manhood, and the dignity of age. Papa and mama are here with their prided heirs—rich uncles and aunts, old maids, and homely bachelors—Judge Edwards excepted—are all here enjoying the season. Beauty is here too; fashion reigns triumphantly; taste is well displayed; jewelry glitters from every quarter; and extravagance goes in for a very strong hearing. Many a would-be belle flourishes and darts from one drawing-room to another; promenades with exquisite curves, bewitching glances, artful dodges, and attractive tip-top attitudes. Dandies belonging to the right age of flirtation, show off in a way which my pen cannot properly describe; yet suffice it to say, they hint about bank stock, their individual riches, the wealth of their parents, and touching the moustache, they end in saying, that all must understand explicitly—especially the fair sex; that are naturally considered *some pumpkins*.

As I am seated here, the scene before me is startling—grand—beautiful! Many a fair flower now in its richest of promise, bespeaks grace and elegance in every move. The blooming young maiden knows that she promenades before the eyes of a fashionable world—and knowing this, she aims to add attractive graces. Some seem to carry, or rather establish the idea, that they are more than pretty—more than handsome—yea, whisper the sweet word—beautiful. A few only, however, reach this proud summit—receive this eminent distinction. Some appear as though attired with the riches of the world; yet satins and silks,

lawns and laces, rich jewelry, and strong perfumery; paint and powders, still show homeliness in feature. Ah! this is so, fair lady, although I am exceedingly sorry to say it.

As one views the many different scenes, he is led into astonishment. Every fancy-like costume is seen, and the array set forth by the sexes, especially along towards evening, is grand. One would think it an impossible task to gather together such a fine lot of beautiful girls as are here presented; but as luck would have it, such is the case. Those who love to see the fine touch of nature—those who admire a beautiful face, a blooming cheek, a coquettish smile, real mischief-makers in looks; in short, one glance at a scene of rich embryotic love, then go to Newport.

*Friday*.—For the last week I have been *decently* steady. I am still at the Irving House, but think some of engaging the whole of a brick house on Fifth Avenue, and live as a gent does in the western portion of the city of London. I have been offered the interest of twenty-five thousand dollars at seven per cent, to spend at my own dictation, provided I would sign a written agreement to remain at home for six months, and retire certainly by midnight, if not before. I have also been offered a fine fancy horse and carriage if I would do so and so—yet I have declined both of these offers advanced by my father, for a reason that I cannot, will not, become one of the *binding* characters. The old gentleman says he's willing to do what's right, and if he can please me in any reasonable way, he will with all his heart. As for my dear mother—she says that many a tear has she shed on my account, and how bad she felt concerning her undutiful son Harry. She has been down to see me at the Irving House four different times. She told me as much as that I had spent full fourteen hundred dollars in seven and twenty days, and how under the sun the old lady knew that, seems to me a mystery! Some may call it extravagance, but I tell you when one comes to realize certain points himself, he will find that to keep up appearances it costs something. Now to be placed as I am—to be a first class dandy in every department, demands the dollars. Take for instance one month only, and what naturally follows. You clothe yourself expensively—you board at high fashionable rates—you move in that one particular circle—you drink the best and smoke the choicest—you carry out your part, and you shine in everything like a new shilling fresh from the mint. Now I ask if it don't take a few of the one hundred dollar notes to bring things right to a *level*? The customs of a fashionable life in such a city as New York contrasts very widely with the monotony of a country residence. What is a hundred dollars a week to me? No more than a little loose change is to a country boy, when he goes into town to buy a hunk of sweetened gingerbread, a jewsharp, or a dozen marbles. In this city there are various kinds of dandies. The *half-cent* order are plenty, while the whole-souled dandy is a scarce article in market. One may naturally suppose that when a fine moustached and elegantly attired gent is seen, with long French neck-ties, white kids, a slender cane, patent leathers, and a little ring, that he is certain to be one of the tall stamp, when at the same time, in *substance*, he is a man of straw. New York abounds in them, and Broadway is full of them—and in many cases it is very likely that these same exquisites, who cut such tall grass—who spread over two-thirds of Broadway at a time, with quizzing-glass and kids—and who hang about the Astor House steps, and those of the Irving House, sleep in Chatham-street, in some fifth story or the garret, and live on hard bread, cheese, dry-codfish and ale. It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Once in a while you may meet with a big-hearted dandy who can put the dollars into circulation, but I'm sorry to say that they are almost as scarce as rare jewels amid the sands of *Jersey shore*. They have various ways of keeping up appearances—jingling a few pieces of silver in their pockets—and other expedients, which are well known to persons of discrimination. As it regards silks, satins, laces, velvets, ribbons, and so forth, from the famous warehouses, I have nothing to say, as it never was a *practice* of mine. I think this point is well understood. I detest one of these moneyless upstarts—one who pretends to convince by exterior airs that he is a full *fancy blood*, a patent gent of the first water—when he will enter a tip-top saloon, order a beef-steak, a rare omelette, and a hot whisky toddy or punch, and when he comes to *cash down*, throws out a quarter, and sometimes as low as eighteen pence, after having eaten and drank three times that amount; and if anything is said, he turns round, and with all the dignity of a millionaire, politely requests his host to "Charge it."

For the edification of my readers, I will now give them another record of *ton* statistics. Such "fashionable intelligence" will no doubt be highly appreciated!!!

One of the Ladies Blomento, of Seventh-street, was suddenly indisposed, after partaking freely of her eleventh goblet of ice-cream, while at the *soiree* given by her grace the Duchess de Berryman. This occurred three evenings ago.

This morning, after the *Bal Fantasia* in Waverly Place, many a high-bred gent of fashion left in a disagreeable state—rather in a free *miscellaneous* way, to express freely my sentiments. Lord Snel—g felt fearful, that he should be obliged to decline sitting at his desk in Wall-street for the whole day—while Sir Tom B— motioned a denial of business (in person) at the Custom House. Her grace the Duchess de Waddell retained her brilliancy up to the moment of departure. As for myself, his honor, was—*tight!*

Saturday.



**D**ID you ever run a horse under harness in about 2.46? Did you ever run the tire off—curtail a full compliment of spokes about a wheel, down to seven? Did you ever run against another vehicle, break the axle of your carriage, (all blame being attached to the opposite party of course,) and then be towed in by a drayman, but make up your mind never to sue for damages. Did you ever get so confessedly tight as to turn in with your clothes on you, but through the assistance of a feeling chum have him to put you to bed in order, and then reflect upon your good fortune in having a warm and ardent friend? Did you ever go in at such a rate as to drink for the sixteenth time with your gang, and then after having received notice to quit, by the waiters extinguishing nearly all the lights, signify your intention of remaining, by bawling out in unmistakable language, "we won't go home till morning?" Did you ever have the coolness to walk up to an acquaintance and say, "I want one hundred and fifty dollars, sir—I'll give you an order on the old gentleman," and then, after receiving it, take up a sheet of paper, date it, and merely note down to your father, nothing more nor less—"Dear sir, above you will find a bill—please cash this, and much oblige!" Have you ever seen a gent going it at this rate? If you never have, allow me to say that I shall soon leave the Irving House for a more retired situation—live more privately, yet I am not certain. Pa wants me to go into business in Wall street, but as I have got common sense enough not to distract a man, I at once refused. Waiters, boot-blacks, newspaper-filers, and about eight more would find steady employment if working for me, for I should be a wholesale business character. The money market with me would be brisk, and cash accounts prolonged. Ma wants me to look up some rich man's daughter (only heir if possible,) and as soon as possible get married, and she would guarantee to hire me a fine mansion in some fashionable street, and furnish it throughout. This rather took me down at first, but I have got over it now. There's a chance for a young man to choose many a fair daughter of a princely merchant, (I don't say anything about the pork merchant of South street, whose residence is in Amity street, nor about Warren street,) for scores and scores of papas and mamas are aching to marry off their daughters, as it will curtail family expenses, (not so in every case,) lessen those anxious cares of a pecuniary nature, and give the younger daughter or daughters a chance to take command of the drawing room and piano—especially if they were good looking, for if they did not wed their elder heirs, on would come the younger clan—cut them out of beaus—yea husbands, and time would behold the oldest daughters as old maids. Am I right, mothers—daughters?

Attended Rev. E. H. Chapin's church to day, and listened to an eloquent sermon from the lips of that masterly orator. While seated in a very conspicuous part of the church, I saw a queer, odd looking genius occupying a seat in one corner of the church, who attracted my attention often. His face was of symmetrical finish—an eye delicately blue—a head of fine proportions—with a few flaxen hairs streaming at random. One thing about his careless attire was very conspicuous—a plenty of white linen! Before the sermon, he sat reading a newspaper—in fact the pockets of an old white coat were full of them—in an odd posture, his right arm leaning upon his knee; every now and then he would stop and think steadily—and then at it he would go again, as though anxious to read every column before church commenced. He had a very funny grin about his countenance—and who in the name of lemons he could be, was more than I knew. After the sermon, I took the liberty to inquire of a friend. It proved to be Horace Greeley. I then made up my mind that it was a hard task to read a man by his looks!

Monday.



**F**OR certain reasons, I have been thinking about posting to Niagara for the remaining part of the season; yet the deuce of it is, too much botheration always follows in getting ready for a start. Fashionable people find it a task. Those who make it a practice to go out of town every summer, take rooms at some fashionable watering place, have to undergo a great deal of perplexity—much preparation is necessary. The young man has to look about him; the young Miss likewise, while the old gentleman settles the bills. To fit out a fashionable family for a summer's tour takes the tin. Appearances must be kept up. Fancy trunks, rich looking carpet-bags; celebrated novels, and splendid fishing tackle must be procured. Extra branded liquors; choice cigars; the best of tobacco; high water boots, and an attire for bad weather must not be forgot. A host of shirts and collars; powder, balls, shot and percussion caps; fancy bath dresses, and light dancing boots are pur-

chased. Gay looking pants; flashy cravats; pure white vests, and beautiful setting coats, are all arranged—placed in one trunk, and salted down with camphor and lavender—liquids and silk bags.

The daughter remembers extra gaiters, kid gloves, paint and powders; hats and sun bonnets; sun-shade and umbrella; extra oil silk caps; kerchiefs and handkerchiefs; curling irons, tooth paste, slips, cologne water, lace capes and stand up collars; belts and belt buckles; steel bead purses, neck ribbons and broaches; gold rings for the finger and ear; several sized silver darts and combs; a gold watch and chain. After twelve dozen more articles have been procured, the great question arises between son and daughter, as to whether fourteen pair of pants will be enough for the former, and twenty-four dresses do for the latter.

Saturday.—I had a talk to-day with the old gentleman, and during our conversation he gave me to understand that he loved his son Harry, but was fearful it would be his solemn duty to disinherit me if I did not turn over a new leaf, and begin anew. I call this cool—very cool.

"You are now twenty years of age I believe, Harry," I answered in the affirmative. He then asked when I intended to settle down for life—but this was too difficult a question to answer. "You have spent a great deal of money, my son, for so young a man as you." "Some, sir," was my reply, "And no doubt you intend to spend more?" "Of course, one cannot live unless he has means." Our conversation soon closed after this; I staid with him and dined, and about six in the evening the large family carriage was at the door. I was carried to the Irving House. Whether I shall hang to my promises will be seen next week. It is hard to break off.

On my return, I took a bath, visited a club-house in the upper part of Broadway, with a friend of mine. There I found some pretty high bucks. Perhaps they are like me—able to carry it out. It is a wonder that I never had a desire to belong to some kind of a private club; but no, I have never wanted to be one of the number; neither have I any desire to visit gambling houses. Up to this date, I can truly say that I was never inside of one of these "fashionable helms" in my life. My father always warned me of such places—but I used to send back a retort, in a jesting manner, that "Wall-street had hard gamblers"—yet he declares that it is of a more "honorable kind."

Irving Place is considered one of the finest locations in this city. Perhaps, I may regard it as such, on account of my extended acquaintanceship with some of the best looking damsels of these United States. Now as every street, place, section, district, or ward, have its own fair ladies, of course Irving Place is not behind the times in proclaiming her reputation. Often have I ranged through this Place, cycling closely, and somewhat carelessly, the many fair ladies! And then Mrs. W—'s elegant parties—as well as the private reunions, extended and given by the accomplished Mrs. H—: forgetting not the costly soirees of Lady T—.

Some pretend to grant the belle-ship to Miss B—, while other severe critics fight hard for Miss N—. Seth declares (and he knows, ladies,) that there are four aspirants for the office—four beautiful young blooming ladies, who have been fighting "in the dark" for the crown during the last two years. I am aware that a similar war has waged in East Broadway for the last four years, or at least ever since the marriage of the fascinating Miss H—.

Now I have taken a deal of pains to inquire after the name of the admired belle of Irving Place. Although well acquainted with many who would do honor to the station, I have addressed some seven notes to as many lady acquaintances, who were not of the "anxious" kin, imploring of them to lip the name of the lucky competitor, but the seven notes brings back various names. One intimates that Miss C— claims it; another, that Miss W—, Miss M—, all claim to be the belle—at least each of them desire people to understand it in that light. One very fine old maid, whom I addressed in regard to the subject, sent back a reply to this effect—if you please, in these very words:—"More than twenty ladies are fussing over this question, and in my mind I would prove a decided botheration to say, right out, who should, or who had the best right to the claim of belle." You can now see at once, that it would be unwise, should I express my opinion, "as is an opinion," so we will drop the vexed question for the present.

Why several private boxes at the Opera House have been unfilled of late is a mystery. It is certainly to be regretted, if it is attributed to the recent failure in Wall-street—as the half score of magnificent opera glasses and the splendor of diamonds, together with rich costly opera cloaks, will be very much missed indeed. The would-be Count de Sur—m is to be pitied, as he was flourishing interestingly.

On account of the late hurricane in the stock-market, I am thinking that Charley —, who sometimes imagines himself a Count, will not destroy three pair of white kids, by applauding, on every evening of the opera. His tailor is not very well suited with his movements. I speak freely, as he is an outsider.





We have in this city some *few* "mincing dandies," who love to promenade and display their "individual-selves" in the best possible manner known to the rules of city life. I am now referring to a clique whose "circulating medium" is none too great at any season of the year. If they take a lady to a saloon—it is naturally inferred at once by the "exquisite," that he intends to have such and such dishes—and immediately afterward, move that *she should have the same*, thereby, perhaps, ranging the amount of his "tin" to a certain limit. He fears that she will call for some of the choice and costly dishes, so to keep up the "pin money," he repeats again, "*of course you will have the same*." It's a trying point with some young fellows, when thus placed in such a "fix."

How singular some girls are! how quick they "fall in love!" and how sudden are such movements with certain hearts. But there are a thousand ways to kindle the spark of love, and in some instances a great many ways are resorted to in order to accomplish the end required. The plans of the fair sex are generally the most celebrated, yet in the case now about to be referred to, it will prove hard for us to say whether the mysterious move was caused by "falling in love at first sight," or not. But what is love? How many answers have been given of every shape, form, and meaning, since its creation? Barber, the talented and very accomplished Editor of the *Sunday Times*, of this city, says that, "falling in love," may thus be described:

"With some persons it is a queer kind of feeling that comes over them at about the age of sixteen, and burns with more or less fierceness until they get married, when it begins to abate, and soon disappears. With others, it is the fusion of two congenial hearts."

Now bear with me, while I relate the following episode. I stepped into Brougham's Lyceum the other evening near the hour of ten. While seated in a conspicuous place and eyeing the assembly with my opera glass, I by chance "caught the eye" of a very modest looking young girl who seemed to be smiling at me; she was a stranger; by her side sat an elderly lady and gentleman—her parents I supposed, whom I partly recognised as residing in Barclay street. As I continued to cast my eye toward them every now and then, this young miss of about "sweet sixteen" I should say, would surely smile, and at last she nodded her head; "she has taken me for some other person," said I to myself. To afford her an opportunity of perceiving the mistake, I took a seat nearer to hers, and after easing my hands with white kids, I cautiously looked toward her every now and then. But what was the result? She slyly threw a kiss to me, *a la Francaise*. At this move I was perfectly astonished.

At the close of the amusements, the crowd began to move. Forming a conclusion to remain where I was seated, I did so until the "mischief-maker" passed me, and in doing so, what does she do, as I stood holding my "Genin" in hand, but throws a portion of one of the Lyceum bills into my hat. Professor Anderson, with all his magic, could not have done it better. The following was pencilled on the border of the bill:

"Forgive me for my boldness; but be so kind as to take from the city post office, on Tuesday next, a letter addressed to 'Harry —.' Your's, sincerely,—HELEN."

What all this signified was more than I could predict, as she had proved, by this very message, that my name was familiar to her. Had it not been impolite, I would have followed her. I sometimes think that Sam Nichols, the piquant and critical Editor of the *Sunday Mercury*, saw the young blooming miss, when she slyly threw the bit of paper into my hat, as he stood at my side at the time, exactly in sight of the movements; yet if he did, I am well aware, that he must have pronounced her "an angel" in looks, notwithstanding, what he might have said to himself, concerning the "mysterious doings" of the lady, if he, by chance, observed the mischief. As it happens, I did not peruse the effusion until outside of the box office.

Tuesday came, and away I bolted to the post office. True enough, I received a letter, directed to me, and signed by "Helen —." It covered four half sheets of note paper, written in a splendid hand, and its contents read in a sweet pretty strain. After perusing it, I found out the mystery from this passage:

"You had a sister, an only one, who, prior to the last term, attended Rutgers' Institute. She is an adopted daughter of your parents, but one of whom you never speak. I am sorry to hear this. Both of you are friendly toward each other, yet you are jealous of her. She told me last summer that there were many of your own comrades who never dreamt that you had a sister, and to some, you have said as much. Harry, this is wrong, but you must pardon me for telling you so. You don't know who I am, and I think it will be some time

before you will, I have seen you often. The persons whom you saw with me the other evening, were not my parents—no relation, but old, and valued acquaintances. I have long watched for an opportunity of working my card, so as to frustrate you—to prove to you through some personal movement, my wishes, so as to convince you that this letter would not be regarded as an act of your sister's doings, enacted under an assumed name.

"I love your sister dearly, and she loves me. This is no project of hers, but it is my own. Do, now, show more friendship toward her; do escort her about more, for, although, she lisps not her feelings to you, yet, your dear sister Kate, has spoken to me on the subject very often. Your coldness toward her is uncalled for, and I think you will eventually receive a fine fortune from your parents; without manifesting a desire that *she was dead*! I hope to hear soon that you have changed your course of life; and my reasons for saying so, you may know eventually if a revolution follows."

Now, whether she gave me her right name, I know not, yet she is certainly one who is conversant with our family failings. As the secret is out, I will confess that I have a sister; an adopted child of my parents; but I have no desire at present to say anything concerning the subject. At some future day perhaps, the truth may come out. Rather of a strange way, I should say, for a stranger to advance, as in the case of this "Helen —." Girls are queer creatures—some of them.

Thursday—I am indeed a lucky young gent, but that *luck* may yet be the ruin of me. Yesterday, in the afternoon, while seated in the Irving House, smoking and conversing with a new acquaintance, my father's private carriage drove up, and stopped. It is considered as fine and dashing a turn-out as any seen in Broadway. I immediately left my chair, expecting to greet some of the family within, but I was mistaken. A note was handed me; when reading it I was requested to fall not to return home in the carriage. Not knowing what was up, I hesitated awhile, fearing that something was to pay about matters and things, yet I was well aware that I had been on no fashionable bust or genteel spree of late. I feared the old lady wished to get me home, seated down by her side, and then talk to me for my good, which perhaps would end any way but satisfactory. Then, again, I mistrusted that the old gentleman had got a *clue* to something, and the presence of his son Harry was indispensable. After reading the note four or five times, I excused the matter with my friend; a rich gent from Washington; and took my seat in the carriage. I would have invited him to have accompanied me, but you see I have a beautiful sister, and the old gentleman gave me to understand long ago, that it *wouldn't* do for me to introduce any young gent into the family, unless first consulting him, as he calculated eventually to marry his daughter to suit himself. I knew at that time that he meant it; so I did not wish to disoblige him. Some may wonder why I have not said something concerning this sister of mine, prior to this date; but more anon concerning her.

On arriving home, the old folks took me into a room, where, in a few words, I was told that I had got to visit Europe with a partner in business with my father. "No I don't," says I. They said that I was fast ruining myself, and life would be a short scene with me if I went on as I did, and if I would make up my mind to visit London and Paris, funds would be found me and expenses paid throughout. I resisted. Next came a new idea. The old gentleman gave me to understand that the reason, the *main reason*, why he sent for me, was to ask my advice about a matter then in hand, as well as that of my mother and sister. "Harry, I'm getting along in years pretty well, now what do you think about my purchasing a certain block of buildings in East Broadway?" I told him in reply to do just as he pleased, as it was nothing to me; when in an instant he told me that it was certainly something to me—at any rate would *eventually* be, if I lived, undoubtedly. I gave him to understand that I cared not one jot or tittle whether he ever left or bequeathed one dollar's worth of property to me or not, and if he knew what was best, he would consider the point at issue as a father should. I believe I spoke as I felt upon that point. Ma said that her son need not discuss that topic, as proof in regard to it was not needed. Her remarks respecting this affair came out of her mouth in a *truly interesting way*. Up to this time a mystery seemed to hang about me. At last it began to come out. I was asked if I could tell how much money I had spent during the last six months? Of course I shook my head. The appearance of things at this juncture was quite *alarming*. Ma dropped a tear, Pa sighed, and, as for myself, I sat dangling with my gold watch-chain. A *few* of the hundred dollar notes were counted up by the old gentleman, saying nothing about what I had *raised* on my own hook. But did I not give both father and mother a lecture? There was my sister, whom I had often seen throw her arms about her father's neck—telling how she loved him, and right after kiss him a dozen times in succession, and then ask him for fifty or one hundred dollars at a slap. Why, I at once counted up some seven thousand dollars that had been lavished out upon her in one way and another, and had my head been as clear as now, it would have been too job to have figured up between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. If ever a young gent took a lecture on *money matters* in a *cutting manner*, I did; but I held a mighty good defence. Talk about spending money, why that sister of mine can't be beat by none of her sex—even if by me on the other side, for I'm thinking she understands the trade. Why I recollect the time when she teased her father so hard that she almost led him right down to Ball, Black & Co., in Broadway, where she made him *fork over* to the tune of some seventeen hundred dollars in the jewelry line. This is a positive fact, and I

talked right out to both of them like a Dutch uncle. Ma and she has kept two dressmakers at work for month in and month out, cutting up the rich satins, forming the choice silks, consuming laces, velvets, ribbons and the like; all hands driving business ahead, even like as though a wedding was at hand. Yes, I have counted three-and-twenty new dresses at one time—dresses which she never even to this day wore abroad—those cost a "few dollars," if I don't miss my guess. Her mother has bought many and many a time splendid and costly evening dresses already made, and on one occasion I recollect that the family carriage was ordered to the door, and I to accompany my mother down Broadway to a certain place without fail. It was twilight, and what the matter was I knew not, although I expected it was in regard to my sister's affairs, as a brilliant party was coming off up town, near Union Square, on that very evening, and she had been invited to be present. Well, I went; and on that occasion I saw Ma hand over three fifty dollar notes for an evening party dress. She can get fifty to one hundred dollars out of the old gentleman three times a week at the least—all done on her kissing and hugging him, and telling what a good father she has, and how *dearly* she loves him. All of these things I brought up before them, and by the time I had finished, I was getting *quite* *wrathy*, for I say that I was born to spend money and live like a gentleman. This is no guess work—I know it. I gave them to understand it for the hundredth time. She and her mother alone spend a pretty little fortune, year in and year out, but I'm told it is *nothing* to me.

One must understand a great many established points, crooks, and corners to belong to a very fashionable world, especially when air is breathed in a free country. Everything needed by male and female must spring from certain fashionable sources, and of course in instances, cost about one half more than the same could be purchased in a rear street. Now, I have watched the times for many years, and still I distinctly perceive that dresses, for instance, must be purchased so and so; bonnets must be made at certain popular establishments; and articles needed for general use must come from peculiar sources. Men must purchase boots from such a number; hats must be bought in Broadway; well-known and long established fashionable tailors must do the work required. Is this not so? Stewart must not be forgot; Beck must be remembered; to drink fashionable you must partake of Rushton's soda; make your stay while abroad at the first fashionable hotels, and so on. The ladies in want of jewelry remember Ball, Black & Co., and Tiffany, Young & Ellis; those loving to bathe, Rabinear's palace; those promenading Broadway forget not fashionable hours; while to be considered as belonging to the *bon ton*, a private box at Niblo's, or at the Opera, must be secured, and the cream and refreshments in general at Taylor's, or Thompson and Son. Hundreds of such little instances have great weight. Fashion must be obeyed.



THE extravagance in living, how great! In this city when rich men are up to-day and down to-morrow—when failures for a half, and a whole million of money is often known, one has but to revert to facts, when the question is asked, "why is it so?" If the ladies don't do their part then it is their own fault. They are the *spend-thrifts* after all.

We are told that this is a happy world, and he who says to the contrary is a fool, or something worse; that woman should be the directing power that sets the machine of domestic life in motion. This we believe to be true. Man is a brute who will not listen to the teachings and thoughts of woman in general, for they are possessed of the strongest claims for our tendencies, our admiration, and surely our protection.

Beauty in this world, is, no doubt, everything in one sense. All admire it—all talk about it. Favor everything they pre-eminently command, together with the fascinations of the wide circle of civilization. Superior beauty is stamped upon our daughters of Columbia, to such a degree, that our ladies are considered the loveliest of their race in this world. This is, indeed, a great compliment, but nevertheless true. Men may boast of the beauty of the Parisians and of the Grecians, but for the model Venus, choose from among us, or else you fall far short of the dictates of duty and justice. At home and abroad, our ladies are the choice earthly angels.

The most glowing tints of the rainbow have not half the attractive power with man, which female loveliness has. This may often be perverted, yet nature has made woman weak that she might receive, with pleasure, and with gratitude, the good pure protection of man. Love is her earthly idol; the sweet amends of friendship are her claims, while true affection is doubly linked with all. Her love glows in the heart, and is even reflected in the lovely wherever it is revealed. Even it is breathed in the morning air; trembles in the sunset, and reposes in the solitude of night, when all seems a heaven on earth.

God bless the female sex. Without them man would be a lamentable creature; and how he can, with propriety, allow the tongue to abuse her, and her ways, is a mystery. Only look throughout the glorious country, and see what female loveliness can do. The ladies love to dress, it is true; love to display their wands and innocent ways, (for further *strong* particulars just look in Broadway,) and surely we cannot blame them. In our way, we are the same. It should be our great aim to please them; to defend them, for they are weak, and we are strong. A whisper might fall from the lips of an observer, intimating as a jocose companion that many

could whip any man alone, and easily throw him over an eight railed fence; yet I am defending the mass. Keep on the right side of petticoat government and you will most assuredly prosper in any department, and that too without fail. Otherwise man grabs after the palm of success, but ah! oh, it is not there! Their powers control, notwithstanding Uncle Sam. They are the jewel of a nation; and as for us, we, poor, miserable, defenders of their race; they have our best wishes.

Friday—When I left my father's home last evening, I had not found the meaning of my visit. I was so mad, or rather provoked, at what was said about *spending money*, that the old gentleman said he should not tell me what he wanted to, but if I would come up to-day he might, if I was in good humor. About fourteen days ago, I heard of the death of an aunt of mine, who has for years resided in the western portion of the State of Virginia. She was rich. By my father, I was informed, that she had bequeathed to me sixty thousand dollars, and the same amount also to my sister, and this was why he sent for me yesterday at the Irving House. It is true that at first I felt a little excited about it, but not so much so as some would think perhaps. The very first idea that popped into my head, after the reading of the letter, was this, "It will take me quite a time to spend that right." I recollect it well; but good reader, do not laugh at me for it; my nature is such that it cannot be helped. I received the intelligence in a careless way, and I believe I asked when I could begin to use some of the money. By certain signs, I am thinking the old gentleman is bound to fix it so as to keep me straight. Time will tell.

Saturday—To-day I can count my sixty thousand dollars. I am a rich man, and may my good old deceased aunt reach heaven. I should be thankful, and indeed I am. Hope now surrounds me; but the greatest *hope* is, that my parents can now let me alone, keep cool, and mind their own affairs. Money was made to spend.

As I am seated in my room recording my travels, I will give you my opinion of the power of money, "as is an opinion."



THROUGHOUT earth's remotest bounds; from the cold confines to the sunny plains—throughout each and every department of life, as man surveys the future, and recalls the past, amid the world and its preparatory periods, his eagle eye, even at the close of busy life, whispers—"Money is the main spring of existence."

Bethink yourself, and ask its nature! It is like the mysterious centre of magnetic attraction, for everything is governed by its magic wand, desiring nothing, yet actually attaining to every object and impulse. It asks no favors, nor receives none. It stands as a king—bidding man to bow in his presence. It protects, and at its will destroys. It governs and controls universal man, mid each and every avocation, diffusing light, and at its will can control all things to the uniform rules of naked justice, or otherwise—harmonizing by its zeal, fortitude, and wand. It can oppose the torrent of oppression, and calm in any aspect the hand of

power. It can make man determined in all of his exertions, but ah! not wise, in all his deliberations. Revenge is at its command, and so is love, likewise.

The eastern world once boasted of uncounted riches. Oriental cities, clothed in beauty and resplendence, smiled as the sun went down, crowned with its soft shades, and as the moon rose, kissing the uprolling clouds—the grandeur and human glory gleamed amid habitations; when the Egyptian sail whitened vast waters, and the numerous merchants of Sheba were honored for their countless treasures. The labor of man and the wealth of a nation did it. Jewels, precious as ever, were thick, and edifices decorated and glistening with plates of gold, were but every day occurrences. But every thing has its day! Beauty is soon robbed of its treasures and its charms—yet as change and decay dawn, passing unchecked by human agency, like self-moving waters—money shines, jingles, and exists. It is with all generations. Some persons here in this city almost think that they can carry it with them, judging from their actions.

Who has built your richest cities, reared your proud monuments of art, bespeaking unsullied greatness; modeled and built your ships—your steamers (don't forget the Collins' Line)—your banks! Ask the inhabitants of Wall-street. But after all, the elements of power and the principles of policy speak for themselves. Money is the main-spring of existence, and where mortal breathes, so exists money. Where the Indian once uttered his deep-toned thunder, and where the smoke from the wigwam curled quickly to the sky, now can be counted the riches of a nation.

Ask not what money will *not* perform or execute! Yesterday not worth a farthing; to-day can count millions. (By the by, just think how my luck has turned—but don't, I pray of you, undertake to predict how it will eventually end.) Money, what has it done? It has done good—it has done evil. The intercourse of general society it controls, and wherever it has received the proud impress of genius, money has had its true, impartial hearing. It has caused man to blush, and woman to weep. It dictates the blessings of political union—national honor—national character—and national glory. It gives man power—makes him great

and mighty—yea, clothes him in riches. It has built kingdoms; it has destroyed nations. It has said to man, "To-day thou shalt be rich; prosperity shall cause every path a path of peace and plenty. To-morrow thou shalt become poor, and poverty shall mark these very paths. To-day rise in splendor; thy will shall become law. I will guard thee—plead against tongue and people. Richly will I clothe thee, let your character stand eminent or debased. If faults arise—if truth is a stranger to you, I will throw a mantle over thy form—it shall be rich, and man shall honor you for your money. By my power I control the boundless current of all earthly domains!"

Am I not correct, Mr. Astor? But now to myself. I shall undoubtedly flourish. I have got a few small notes to redeem, a few bills to pay, and instead of asking the old gentleman for money, I can loan to him. Three thousand dollars will pay my debts. Now I hope that when I see fit to give a fifteen hundred dollar supper, which I'm bound to have soon, every remark will remain *mum* at home. I am now thinking that I can live a gentleman in style, and if one building isn't enough for me, why hire a whole block. I went down to Chilson's fashionable perfume establishment in Broadway, laid down a \$50 note, and ordered a full assortment required for the toilet. Then from there I was faithfully touched at Phalon's. Afterwards I took a drive out of town, with a couple of bloods, who greeted me of my success. In the evening I was asked in regard to my luck by several, and I thought it very strange how the news had got abroad so soon. I met a certain widow and her daughter in Broadway, and la! both twitted me about my wealth. In certain circles it will be the town talk for ten days to come. Ah, am I not pumpkins?

You see when a fellow is lucky and is twitted of that luck, it is your duty to treat him and his ten, twenty, or fifty comrades. Wherever I went it seemed to be nothing but "Harry and his fortune." I treated more than four hundred added up together, but I drank nothing but cold water in a host of instances. I paid for sixteen different oyster suppers in sixteen different saloons, and wherever I went my orders were to treat the crowd with champagne, (nothing else,) and send the bill to my room at the Irving House. I'm thinking the bills when presented to-morrow will amount up some, but Harry is able to cash any amount. I shall soon give a social party.

*Monday*—Wall-street sharpers eyed me close to-day, when among them. When I entered the old gentleman's office, the half-dozen clerks bowed as they never did before, and as for dad, he was uncommon polite. I asked him if he had any note requiring an endorser, but he said no, with a smile. I inquired about the bank stock; a question never even asked by me before in my life, and remarked that I should like to buy a thousand shares. I shall yet show Wall-street that I am a speculator.

*Tuesday*—Went home and made the old lady a visit, and while there made my sister a present of five one hundred dollar bills, remarking, at the same time, that I had ordered Gilbert to make expressly for her a thousand dollar piano, with the æolian attachment. She kissed me, and I believe I told her then that I would go half and half with the old gentleman in getting her a harp. Hugging and kissing will, undoubtedly, tune him right to the note. Now I am bound to have a reform in several departments, and one is this. There is a certain divine in this city, who, from time to time, has meddled with my affairs a little too much, and I am down on him. I shall visit the church committee, tell them all, and then agree to present their church with \$1000, and pay for a town clock; a thing which their church needs; if they will hoist him out and put some one in his place. In regard to the affair between my sister and myself, we have forgot the past by a private agreement. Hereafter, I shall strive to love her as much as though she was my own sister, rather than an adopted child. She is now about eighteen; and very beautiful.

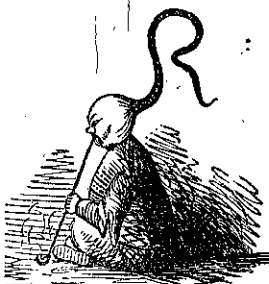
*Wednesday*—Everything right! Sixty thousand dollars to watch and look after; and what's the best, two-thirds of it invested in bank stock. I feel somehow, or rather very happy—cool, but keep shady; and am somewhat puzzled how long it will take a gent to spend a certain amount of money in a genteel, fashionable way. Every man of common sense knows that a gent cannot turn round here in this big city, without it costing him a shilling at the least; and as for me, I can truly say, that in many instances, it has cost me a cool hundred. A plenty of money will ruin any young man; but I am thinking that I can look out for breakers; keep off from a lee shore; guide myself against snags, and sand-bars, and deep holes. I am a gentleman, and I ask odds of no one; lawyers and quack doctors especially; and if folks at home find any fault, why, all I have got to say in reply, "The money is my own."

*Thursday*—To-day I cashed some thirty-odd bills sent in to me from fashionable saloons for drinks and oyster parties, who some little time since congratulated me upon my luck. Saloon proprietors make a very nice thing out of me, take the year together. Sherwood's bill was only \$67; Fisher's a third more; George's, about a cool half hundred; Perkins, Brothers' about as stout; Dan Sherwood's, only forty-odd dollars; Jones', seventy-odd; the St. Charles', worse and worse; and, as for Shelley's, it was for so many hundred treats, and for so many bottles of champagne, and as many oyster suppers. I am thinking, from what the bills say, that a few bottles of the choice beverage suffered at La Fayette Hall, and this place. Well, no one is to blame save myself; and I take it I am perfectly innocent. Yes, my orders were to treat all of my friends, and my friends' friends, who in the least intimated anything in regard to myself and fortune; and as my circle is great and expansive, all of course is right, and the bills are paid. I have got me a young lad of seventeen—of a fine, straight, slim, well-formed

youth, whom I have taken as a private secretary; and he is as keen as a north-west wind blowing from the far-off mountains on a day in January. He receives the cash from me—and goes about settling financial matters for his employer—a task which frees me from toil and laborious action. I pay him forty dollars per month, and he boards himself. He is young, but then again he has got more sound business tact than I can possibly ever have. He is so smart, that he has read Holy Writ through twice, and can add up two columns of figures at once.

This evening I got somewhat excited on account of my late fortune. Perhaps it will be overlooked, when I say that at a certain time I began to feel queer. In my brains heavy cart wheels made powerful revolutions, while carving and turning establishments were at work all around me. Why the town had turned over; all of the time I was for getting up, yet getting down at the bottom. Brick houses were on a dead run, and I boasted of their uniformity, as they seemed to be going up a little hill and down a big one full split, turning corners very fast. Everything was growing higher, while about me everything was getting weaker. I wasn't drunk—no indeed! I was fashionably excited by a conglomerative locomotion of new ideas. Did you know that it is impossible, in almost every case, to make a person actually believe that he is tight, when he is laboring under such a treatment? I think so.

*Friday.*



ATHER strange what the power of money can do. To-day the "tables have turned," for the Warren-street Miss, who never wished to know me hereafter, is now beginning to repent. Her precious mother is none the better. I met the young lady in Broadway this morning, and she gave me a very polite bow—ah! a smile was visible too. I soon passed her ma, and indeed she seemed to be in a very clever mood, for it was "How do you do," and a bow as we passed each other. This made me laugh. You see it is now a positive fact that the son of a certain up-town gent is a rich man instead of waiting to be disinherited by the father—the task to have been performed, (according to the Warren-street report,) in a short time. This is the main reason why I got sacked, as all were for money, and when they heard that the old gentleman was so hard by disinheriting me, the daughter could know Harry no longer. But now, bethink! sixty thousand dollars rings in their ears. I am lauded as one of the greatest young gents in the metropolis of New York, and soon I shall be invited there. I met Prince John Davis yesterday, in Broadway, and as he keeps the books, or, in other words, is always well posted up, as it respects women affairs, and matters and things in general; he informed me not to be fooled by none of the returned, for it was all caused through the announcement of my late fortune. If the Warren-street mother is anxious to wed her handsome daughter to some "rich young gent, who can afford to drive round in tip-top style, and live like prince and queen," she must look elsewhere, for Harry's hand and heart is *mum*. I am not to have wool pulled over my bright eyes so easy; especially after having a bundle of love-letters thrown into my face, costly jewelry returned, and then a saucy lecture from a mother, with an addition of a few words put in now and then by a hypocritical divine, who, in my estimation, will yet find how his bread is buttered, and whether frost will try potatoes. Smooth counsel, loving smiles, artful glances, or bewitching promises to me from them will avail nothing. Give a young gent money and he can do almost anything. But one thing I am very confident about—Warren-street may talk about "sixty thousand dollars," but Harry will never marry the daughter, however handsome certain people regards her. They may send notes, and even the "Prince," but Harry's heart is his own. Money—what a king!

*Saturday*—While in my room at the Irving, this morning, a servant rapped at my door and when bade to enter, a note was handed to me. I opened it, and Mrs.—'s signature of Warren street, was seen. Forgiveness was asked, and a special consultation demanded—also a hope that through some kind way the past might be forgot. I was invited to call at the hour of three this afternoon. At that time I stood at the door. Within a drawing room, where I had in times past often imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of a fine daughter, I took my seat. Mrs.—soon made her appearance; when at once she drew a chair beside me and began to reason with me, for her past actions. She gave me to understand that it was well known to her of her daughter's constancy and love towards me—of her feelings when I was bade to keep my distance. Mrs.—also gave me to understand that I had a great regard for the affections of her daughter—that I had always acted in their presence like a perfect gentleman, and would have been exceedingly pleased to have numbered me eventually as one of the family by marriage, had they not have been informed that it was the intention of my father to have disinherited me. Indeed, Mrs.—talked plain and sincerely. I was told that since the breaking up of the parties—since notes, letters and jewelry had been returned, the daughter had wept often, when contemplating over the subject, and had privately vowed to her mother that she loved me. She had even been known to "pray" for

me, hoping that I would steady down, and eventually become a good man. Mrs.— talked for quite a long time, and seemed to feel very much affected. When it came for me to express my feelings, I did so in a gentlemanly and honest kind of a way. I informed Mrs.— that once upon a certain time I stood ready to wed her daughter, when it was denied me, and afterwards turned from the house. The last request made was for me to keep from the circle entirely. I then came right to the point. I informed Mrs.— that if I had not been blessed with a fortune, this controversy would have never transpired—this desire of re-union would have never been put into execution. I also informed the critical lady that it was not love that actuated this desire, but it was money. She positively denied it, when the action of the thing was at once shown up in a way, which, upon my part, needed no defence at all. They were urgent to wed their daughter to some wealthy person. I was known as the son of a rich gentleman, and in divers ways it so happened that I was introduced to this Warren street family. It seemed to please them, and everything went on nicely, all expecting that I would share a goodly property of my father's wealth in time. What followed; a whisper went about that the old gentleman would never give me a penny of his money, and at once I was hoisted out of this circle. Love was forgot because there was no money. And now because sixty thousand dollars has been given me—since it is known to be so, the "tables have turned," and woman's tongue is now smoothing past troubles, and asking me in the language of Esther to Ezra, "Won't you return and lay hold of the prize?"

Mrs.— and myself talked much, on which occasion I tried to allow myself to reason well and impartial. The principle of the thing was what I regarded most, and as a lady had requested my presence to discuss the matter, of course I consented without, however, any solicitation on my part. When I was asked if I should like to see the daughter, my reply of course was respective. She was sent for, and when I took her by the hand, tears were visible in her fair eyes. Soon the mother left us alone, but in our controversy I was very particular to touch not upon the subject of our past transgressions, follies and fripperies. The display in Broadway—the fashions of the day, and the brilliant amusements in and about the city was my whole theme. At last, and as I expected, she rose from her chair, approached me, and holding out her fair jewelled hand, asked forgiveness for past actions. I did accordingly. She then drew up by my side, and after folding her arms, she looked me square in the eye, and asked for the second time if I was vexed or angry in the least toward her. My reply was respective. To talk plain, I am well aware that the young lady loves me, and would gladly make me the fascinator of her interests, and the sole admirer of her choice; that she would now fight for me until death checked her; but with me things are not as once. I was asked to forget the past and build on the future, but my answer was that I could say to her she had my best wishes, and so far as the amends of friendship moved unlinked, I was her friend. I think I could have formed arrangements for our marriage in Grace Church, on the following day, had it been my desire. Marriage promises I have seen fooled with, yet before I left it was intimated that we were partly engaged already, but this is false. The young lady reminded me to remember that since she first made my acquaintance she had remained free from beaux—and had always looked upon me as her only own. She was well aware that I had paid my addresses during this same time to a host of admirers, but she had never been the person to say aught against it. For myself I was careful what fell from my lips, for I was quite confident that her precious mother was listening somewhere to all that was said. If soon turned out to be no imaginary idea, for all at once, while we two were conversing, open went the entry door, and in come chair and Mrs.— head over heels, all in a downfall and rushing order. It was an alarming crisis for a short time. Mrs.— was assisted up by her daughter and myself—the fall having bruised her quite severely, but luckily no bones were broken. The chair may well be put under the head of "damaged furniture," for it was damaged in various ways. Mrs.— says that she was in the act of placing a tumbler of jelly on a shelf in one corner of the entry when her foot slipped; but the truth of the matter, she was listening to our conversation. These mothers who have daughters, know considerable about working cards rightfully—yes, indeed they do, especially when they have an anxiety to marry off the choice heir. I am of the opinion that if I should tell her plainly that I would never again pay my addresses to this handsome daughter, I would in less than ten days be sued for a breach of promise, and damages very likely laid—say \$15,000. Then there would be a chance to see if I could spend sixty thousand quick enough in one way and another. My decision will be reserved, I assure you.

But just before I took my departure, Mrs.— actually wanted to know my "just intentions." This was pushing matters rather hard, I thought. At this time the daughter was absent from the room. After she had told me that her daughter had cried herself half to death about our separation—had told her over and over again that she could love none but me, and had even been so much worked up about it as to have been confined in a room full ten days, this question naturally came, "Why then did you not send after me, rather than wait for days and days, and on the announcement of my fortune, then send?" Money will do it after all, love or no love. In regard to her several inquiries, I gave her no satisfactory answer, but on my departure promised to call again.

Tuesday.—Since the long controversy with the Warren-street gentry, my mind has been con-

tinually on sober affairs. I am fearful of certain consequences—those of a certain nature too, which, should they act or maintain a certain hearing, will not only affect me in person, but in purse. I promised to call again, it will be recollected, when I took my departure, but I have not. Listen now to my reasons. It will be recollected that when I was sacked forever in Warren-street, I was seen and heard of up among the Amity-street people, and after a while the truth came out that I was paying my addresses to a pork merchant's only daughter. It soon, however, got abroad that the old gentleman showed me the door, and gave me at the same time my walking-ticket, forbidding me to enter again his mansion, or dare attempt to pay my addresses to his daughter. Well, now this was very well in its place, but what is to come shows a certain clique of society to establish an ascendent. Last evening I received a note from the pork merchant's daughter herself, and although it was marked "strictly private," I will give this one extract, which will at once show the relationship of the parties: "And, sir, I would say to you that you cannot name the time whenever your humble liner acted in the least in a manner indicating forgetfulness. When I heard of your certain actions during certain periods—such as dissipating to an alarming degree, and also of your boasting of having near a dozen rich gent's daughters to pay your addresses to, week in and week out, I then gave you my reasons, you recollect, on the evening when Pa and you caused a separation. Your personal accomplishments—your character in general is regarded in a true light, as a spend-thrift and a dandy by those who know you, but on this point I have nothing to say."

The above is an extract from a very long letter, received from the Amity-street Miss. Why she should have written me at all is more than I know, for so help me, I have never caused this decision in no manner, form, or way, since kicked out of the house by the pork merchant himself, which thing never grieved me in the least, for in my life I have known the time when both father and mother openly told me at the door that my company was not desired. Why this beautiful lady—yes—I sometimes think that she is more than handsome—should condescend to inform me by letter the condition of the love market, is more than I can at present predict. I suppose, however, she has of course heard of "sixty-thousand dollars," which charmed her so on the onset, that Harry had to know that she had not forgot him. These girls—oh! these girls are gay deceivers, cunning too as a fox, and in this case nothing under Heaven would have caused the Amity street beauty to write me as she has voluntarily, unless I had received this certain fortune. Why, since then, my various reporters about town tells me that a host of the *bon ton* are in love with me—that Miss J., in Eighth street, was heard to say that she intended to set her cap for Harry; that Miss H., of Union Place, thought Harry a prize well worth seeking after; that Miss M., in St. Mark's Place, and also Miss C., near Tompkin's Square, both intimated that he had just the generous heart to please any fashionable lady for spending money, and then to end with I am exceedingly gratified to know one thing to be true, that the well known belle of Broadway is soon to have a capital party, and it will be her duty to strive and fascinate a rich young gent, (that's me, girls,) during the entire scene. Now the town talk is positively great about myself and fortune, but common sense teaches me to know and to bear in mind one thing, that love and money are two different subjects. I am in love with no lady, but the deuce of it is, twenty or thirty of the fair sex are after me, each hoping, expecting, and some intending undoubtedly to catch and harness Harry in double traces for life. And why is all this? It is true I am called a handsome young man, with a splendid head of hair, piercing black eyes, and rosy cheeks, and very bewitching in my way, but the truth is this: I drink strong beer to keep my cheeks red, I color my heavy eyebrows, I attire myself in rich styles, various and complete, but is it my appearance in general that causes the excitement? No. It is the sound of sixty thousand dollars—California itself—which will bewitch any young lady who thinks she sees a chance, an only opportunity, perhaps, of marrying rich—which desire is their great hobby horse. It is the free use of banding over to Stewart or Beck, a thousand dollars at a slap—one morning's trade. It is the anticipation of living in a fine mansion, blessed with a plenty of chamber-maids and nigger waiters, to have a rich mustached white biped to hand over the "rocks," to live high and be prominent in the eyes of fashionable circles, lodged in beds of down and drink from silver goblet, in short to be naturally considered, *some*. I see through it, and these are the reasons. You inform a young lady of two certain persons, one rich already and the other sure to be when the old folks dies, and how will be the decision if she is asked to choose one of them forthwith? Why it would be the genius who had already got the *tin* in his possession, and if it should be that she refused him for the other, the reason would then be that she would wait, for the rival would certainly have twice as much as the present one now has. This is the philosophy of a fashionable lady. They are all looking after the golden impress—riches.

Wednesday.—Visited Cape May for a term of two days. On my arrival here, put for Coney Island—took a bathe, and then returned to the city in a steamer where I counted no less than 280 ladies. What a cargo of "crockery ware."

Fifth Avenue, on the West of Broadway, stretching north from Washington Square, is certainly the Belgravia of the city. Heiresses, in this enclosure of about ten acres, are plenty; but to know them, one must be acquainted. Throughout this range, this paradise of marble, upholstery and cabinet-work, I profess to be quite a pet—here, in this selected spot of ground, where the millionaires live and die. Many a charming young lady resides in this street of



palaces and churches. As for "one particular star," or who the *belle* may be, it is a delicate matter to decide upon. It is lucky that each mansion has not the name of its occupant upon the door, for if I am to lisp the name of "beauties," many a cautious eye might wander to "spot" the same through this channel. By the bye, it is a poor fashion, however, that of abolishing door-plates. The residents' name should be upon every door.

#### Saturday.



HE very d—l is to pay at home concerning my love affairs. Mother thinks I had better keep clear from Warren and Amity-streets. She says that no love will be lost, and if I know what's best it will be for me, to strike up a bargain with the beautiful Miss W—, of Fifth Avenue, get married at once, and let her build me a fine mansion, and my father furnish it throughout. Here am I again. On one side I have *hope* residing in Warren-street, and on the other *expectation* breathing in Amity-street, and now my fashionable mother is raking up an old affair; wishing me to marry her pet, which I always refused when the subject was first touched. She may say what she may do for me if I will only wed her, but with sixty thousand, Harry is confident that he is able to marry when he sees fit, and have just whom he wants. Why, for the last week, I have partly made up my mind to keep away entirely from Warren-street, and as for the Amity-street pork merchant and his daughter, sixty thousand won't walk in there under no consideration—no pledges—no promises.

*Sunday*—Attended Trinity Church; was invited into the Warren-street pew; could not refuse, for I saw no vacant seat elsewhere; sat right by the side of the daughter; considered this as rather a queer coincidence; wondered to myself if the pew-door would have opened so before the announcement of sixty thousand dollars, when the whole clan felt as much above me as Heaven was above earth; rose up and read service by the side of silks, gold and perfumery; saw many young bloods, with whom sly winks were exchanged; felt as though I should like to have been somewhere else; and in short, for fear of being invited to call at some appointed time, placed my white handkerchief up to my nose, just before the closing of the sermon, as much as to intimate the blood was flowing, and walked out immediately.

On my way up Broadway, I passed a poor man, who, but three years ago, flourished as one of the "upper tens." He stood looking upon the grave-stones within the church enclosure. He was alone. I knew him when he used to sit at the head of one of the long tables in the gentleman's dining-room, at the Astor House; when he was an especial favorite with the *belles* at Saratoga Springs; I remember him, when my uncle used to say, "there goes Billy —, the gay gentleman about town," who drives his fast horses, keeps his mistress, plays at *roulette* and *faro*. "Is he not a dashing fellow." And this controversy occurred but a few months ago. He is now a poor wanderer.

*Monday*—I am forming arrangements for a fifteen hundred dollar supper, as a *respect* for my late fortune. I intend to have the greatest time out; and as for the bill of fare, I shall leave that to a Frenchman of my acquaintance, whose knowledge of such things is extended beyond all others of a certain profession. Champagne, and various flavored wines, must be drank freely, and the company to be present, I am bound to select wholly myself. The Warren-street lady *will not* be invited. Amity-street, I have nothing to say about at present. Among the fair sex, every one present on this brilliant occasion, shall be able to boast of beauty, for I want no homely features. I was always particular about that point, and no one can say but Harry could boast of paying his addresses to handsome girls. Ma wants me to have the party up to our house, so does sister Kate, but if I do, you may bet your life on it, that the old gentleman will never again allow another party in his mansion. I am thinking that New York will wake up and wonder when an impartial account of the proceedings are recorded. Every department will be represented in due style, and the expenses will not be limited. I have got a fortune, and I will show you I know it.

*Tuesday*—Gracious! A letter from the pork merchant himself. Amity-street is in a *repented* condition. I am asked to call up. Ah! it is not strange that money should be the main spring of existence. Think! A letter from a very rich man to a *wealthy* one, who kicked me out of house, and is now begging of him, in honeyed words, to *call up*. Ha! ha! ha! Welcome thou sixty thousand, for thy sound is kicking up a *rumpus* everywhere. Go in *rocks*. Now, the pork merchant is considered a *sharper*, but I am aware, that as young as I am, he can plan no scheme which will ensnare me. People say he is worth \$200,000, but I doubt it.

As for the daughter, she and me could get along on the best of terms, if her father would but be silent. We have often discussed this point; but she being an only child, it is to be expected that she will be watched and guarded over in the best manner, by an indulgent father. Time will decide some certain things.



URING a promenade in Broadway, this afternoon, passed many a distinguished character; more in number than at any other time of my existence. First came General George P. Morris, promenading in his slow and observing manner; soon after the only handsome bachelor, known "above Bleecker," (so says many a distinguished lady,) Judge Edwards; while near him, walked slowly, brave General Paetz. I had not passed more than two blocks before Barnum, the original duck himself, rushed by me at a rapid pace, bending his way down Broadway, as though he had important business to transact in Wall-street, ere they locked up and went home! Next passed John Van Buren, "the Prince," in his natural, cosey style, looking as though he concocted political tricks at every step; while on came, just behind him, one of New York's brightest stars, Ogden Hoffman. Passing above Niblo's, I met three certain *millionaires*, who collectively, can count no less than the handsome sum, of *eleven millions* dollars worth of property, each being a scion of a wealthy house. Think of that.

Saw a young lady attired a *la Bloomer*—as I was passing up Wall-street into Broadway. It was the first one of the fashion that I had ever seen, and to me it was quite a novelty; it must have been to many others, for a crowd of old and young persons were following her, seeming to be very much excited in regard to the new costume. The young lady was about twenty years of age, tall and commanding in stature, and possessing extraordinary beauty! Several mischievous young boys yelled out, "meal bags," every now and then, but she promenaded as though she considered herself a queen. Her attire was a full Bloomer broad-cloth sack, white waistcoat, velvet pants, high-heeled gaiters, and wide-brim'd hat. By the time she reached the Astor House, the crowd had doubled in number, and it soon became so great that the magnificent Miss Bloomer was obliged to seek refuge in a druggist establishment—Rushton's I believe—until the crowd of excited spectators had dispersed.

Now, perhaps, I have as good a right to express my opinion of "Women's Rights" as anybody else—for there have been already from all quarters of the globe, any quantity of discussion upon this notorious subject, in the shape of small gossip, of vituperation, eloquence, sharp satire, political speculation, and of sapient speeches. For my part, I am opposed to the new dress in every way, as much as I am to *tights* and *pantalettes*.

It is said the unmarried ladies, in the autumn of life, have generally a tact in fathoming the hidden treasure of man's character, which young girls have not sufficient experience to find out. This point is discussed with servile deference and ludicrous pomposity, by assiduous takers of snuff, retailers of small gossip, and inveterate drinkers of green tea. "Tyrant Man" is flatly, acrimoniously accused of *evil* deeds, without number and without comparison; is told boldly with a supercilious curl of the lip, and with any quantity of electric glances, that the day will soon dawn, when woman would come into possession of "those just rights," now wilfully denied her; also, that to obtain possession of the same, it would need no sweet sentiments, neither cause her to coax, argue, or preach to obtain!

Although born and brought up to keep always upon the right and good side of "petticoat government," one cannot forbear, however, denouncing this outcry as a ridiculous humbug. The women who go in for this reform, had better look after domestic matters, than pretending to be overpowered with some kind of magnetical agency, fashioned somewhat like that which directs the movements of sleep walkers, which makes them exert such peculiarities as they could never have conceived possible in their sober senses—or even when awake! Their trust in Divine Providence for a reform, will end as it did with the old woman when the old mare was running away with her down a long and rocky hill, where water runs, small stones, and "thank-a-marms" were thick. She said she felt perfectly safe as she hung on to the wagon, for her trust was in Divine Providence; but said she, "when the breechen to the harness give out, then I begun to think that I had better look out for myself, rather than trust in Divine Providence." This will be the final issue with "Woman's rights."

Among these noisy reformers, are a few precious old maids, who look as though they lived upon weak cordials, preserves, and Malaga wine, possessed with an oh dear sort of a countenance, and by times look as serious as an astronomer during an eclipse. They are far from somnolency or dullness, or monotonous tranquility, for sometimes, when excitement reigns, a modern Bedlam is fully realized, as they spare no pains to *whallop* man, full chisel, by speaking with every species of mendacity, and every form of tergiversation. The fact of the matter is just here. Our sex has to take a genteel blowing up, by the tongue of those, who when ten measures of talk were sent down upon earth, *the women took nine*!! We have to take "particular fits" from those who with their kind of philosophy go for a multiplicity of affairs; from those who had better be quiet at home, be working on stay lace, or collecting stray rags and random pins; or even distributing tracts—reading Pilgrim's Progress, or teaching lap dogs good manners. They would be in better business than kicking up a row about going to Congress, preaching from the desk—pleading at the bar, and talking about *female dragons*! Think of the idea, ye reformers of side saddles! Such are the teasing pro-

pensities evinced so openly by a lot of fussy, irascible, fault finding, intolerant and fanatic women. When such a reform occurs, it will happen soon after shad have been seen going up tail-foremost our Niagara Falls!

The Broadway ladies must think more unfavorably of such a reform than the "rougher sex," as their mind is more than well occupied in watching fashion' form and reform alone. Especially the devotees to the arcana of the toilet; that certain portion of the fashionable circles, who keep themselves salted down in choice perfumes, have a box at Niblo's, an abundance of the goldsmith's art; those who talk bad French and order daily, as many as three packages from Stewart's, ride pompously through Broadway, have a pew at Grace or Trinity, change costume three or four times per day, and who average two dozen balls, and soirees during the run of a year. It is quite lucky that their time is so well occupied!

Indeed, I am happy to state that the Lady Bulwick S——, and her fashionable Ma, took a decided good airing in Broadway, yesterday, at early eve. They would have passed below — street, had it been fashionable. Perhaps the leader of the ton, Countess B——t, will be discovered before long in Broadway, on foot—below Courtlandt-street. Then it will not be fatal to copy after her.

The Marchioness de P——, Fifth Avenue, visited the Battery this afternoon. After taking a survey of New York Bay, and the adjoining scenery in the distant, she walked to the man-gate, and entered her carriage—and this, too, without assistance! The incomparable young Countess of W—— remained the whole time in the carriage, during the survey of the Marchioness, as she feared the heat would overcome her, having forgot the smelling salts. No visible impression of the kind occurred, however, while occupying her seat, *solus*, only Broadway dust poured in upon her from time to time. In time, both of them returned home—and at once ordered stout port wine sangarces—strawberries and cream.

The Baroness de B——, the ruling star of fashion in St. John's Place, accompanied by her only daughter, visited Hoboken yesterday afternoon, in one of the vulgar ferry-boats. Her Ladyship happened to slip as she was passing from the boat, spraining one of her toes (how unclassical to a degree)—she hurt the muscular contraction of one of her pedal extremities! On her return back to the city, it grieved her to think that she was obliged to be carried home in a low hackney coach!

Monday.—Saw two well known "bloods" discussing the particulars of the last opera, as I was enjoying a walk in Washington Parade Ground. Their criticisms were very severe, I should think—for when about to pass them, something was said about "dome fine"—"the fellow could not sing"—"What a lovely creature!"



got up in Jervis' best way, and everything about each and every one whispered a golden approach. How do you think I sent them? I took one of my father's darkies and dressed him up in full livery throughout; yes, a little more, I'm thinking. His pants were white, with two-inch ribbon trimmings; his coat was green, with large shining buttons, and arrayed all off in lace; his waistcoat was white as snow; his gloves were of a russet color, and his hat one of Genin's best. Around his neck I placed a dashing chain of gold, to which was attached a heavy gold watch and fine quizzing glass. After pouring about a quart of bay-rum in his wool, and having his face washed in sweet oil until the keen, bright, duck-eyed darkey shined like the ray of a mirror in the sun, one of Mrs. Beman's eleven-inch width collars was placed about his pipe-stem neck, and then came a new yellow white speckled neck-tie, which made

I shall never forget what an impression they made upon my mind, both of them, when I visited Simpson's to pawn the "returned jewelry" sent from Warren-street! To tell the truth, both were then "spouting" a few articles. Upon this last unexpected meeting, each recognised me.

My fifteen hundred dollar supper will, I think, reach about two thousand dollars. Three evenings more, then it is to come off at my father's own mansion, and I am thankful that all things will be in readiness, as it is to be a great time—a glorious epoch. Now I will note the particulars. I have invited the first circles throughout. Among the fair ones invited, are seven renowned beauties; seven belles of this great metropolis. The Warren-street lady is not one of us, neither is Amity-street represented at all. I sent splendid notes of invitation,

him appear rich enough. After arranging a fine pair of false moustaches in order, I took my sister Kate's three-inch Cameo pin and placed it in Gonocour's bosom, as a small and delicate pin. This still added to the darkey's looks; and to see him parade back and forth, his gloves covered outside almost with gold rings, both large and small, was one of the great wonders. From the patent leather to the dashy fashionable hat, he shined brilliantly; and to see his high standing collar, to behold his white handkerchief, to see the darkey grin at "Misther Harry," to smell strong perfumery, especially musk, and to see how polished he spoke, and how he rolled up the white of his eyes, like a duck in a heavy thunderstorm, was indeed truly, truly amusing. He looked nice. I had him under tuition for two whole days, training him how to walk, promenade, talk, and act, when attired in such a costume. After giving him full instructions, I then procured a little bit of a poney, which was as black as the ace of spades, and after purchasing a new saddle, bridle, and gearing throughout, each thing gay and dashing in the extreme; I borrowed a fine pair of saddle-bags of an M. D., and had them placed thereon; within were the notes of invitation. When he was ready, and had mounted the graceful steed, he first went down Broadway, thence through Warren-street, thence Amity and Eighth-streets. Many, undoubtedly, well remember of seeing such a person. The darkey looked luscious. I was cunning about giving him strict orders. He was to go at such a number, ride up full haste, give a boy a shilling to hold his nag, detach the saddle-bags and place the same on his arm, then ascend the steps, ring, inquire for the young lady, walk in, and be sure to bolt into the drawing room just when he could. He was then to place his saddle-bags on the floor, keep bowing continually, and when the young lady made her appearance, he was to inform her that he had been sent by me—that Misther Harry was to have a *verry* brilliant party; that he had sent him with notes of invitation here and there, and if he was not grossly mistaken, he had one for her. Then, at this juncture, he was to unglove his right hand, unstrap his saddle-bags, and instead of finding the note himself, he is to inform her that he is perfectly ignorant of written matter, and if she would be so kind as to select her own he would be extremely obliged. This with me was an important point, for a reason that the secret of it would be that almost every lady would know for a certainty who were invited. He was to put his finger up to his mouth, so as to show the gold rings, knock the flies off his bosom pin, and make some excuse for displaying a famous gold watch. This was to be done several times in the lady's presence, so as to make an impression that his employer lives in regal pride and aristocratic affluence. His collar being so high, and his white handkerchief so strongly scented, looked out for themselves, for without any parade the height and scent would be noticed. The nigger, I am confidently informed by others, as well as himself, acted his part first best, and on one occasion the father of three handsome daughters even left the house and held the stirrup while Gonocour mounted his spirited pony. His appearance, although a black person, pleased all, and he says he told some pretty big yarns about "Misther Harry" to the ladies. I am thinking I worked my part, in regard to this point, very well; any how, the darkey was polite, looked "dandy fixed," and was tickled enough to perform such a job. As I gave him strict orders to say to the servants, on his arrival, that he must see the ladies in person, it caused a deal of merriment, as they soon after were sure to pronounce it one of the "Broadway Dandy's tricks." In Union Square and Fifth Avenue, he was received in a manner far beyond my own expectation; and in several instances, the poor fellow had to wait the best part of an hour before any one made their appearance. The idea that Gonocour could not read was a capital pardon for the intrusion, when he presented himself with a host of notes of invites, addressed to various persons.

On his return I asked him many questions. When I inquired if the ladies examined every note while looking for their own, I was told they did. The darkey says too, that almost everywhere he went the ladies inquired very particular of him if he had intended to take any notes to any lady in Warren street. This, he says, was a point of much botheration to the many, and now and then Amity street would be brought in. Before I started him off, I was well convinced in my own mind that this important question would be asked, and that was just what I demanded, for reason that all my lady acquaintances had heard about my affairs with the two ladies. I even forwarded a note of invitation to a young, handsome lady, residing in Warren street, exactly opposite the mansion of my "disturbed family," and I am told by the darkey that he saw her at the window, the anxious mother by her side. Before one hour passed from the time the darkey left the note to the opposite house, I am well aware that some one was mad enough in Warren street, for this handsome daughter of the anxious mother was told the whole particulars by her opposite neighbor, who, as luck would have it for me, made a call to know if she had been invited—if she intended to be present. Was not this a severe, a critical crisis? Only think—*sixty thousand* dollars to cut tall grass in—a little spending money for a gentlemanly dandy. Some may censure me highly for not inviting the Warren street Miss, who is so anxious to wed me since the charming sound of *sixty thousand* rings from one circle to another, but if so I care not, knowing as I do positive declarations. I invited her neighbor, yes, even her own lady companion, not merely for the sake of rousing a tormenting breeze among certain ladies, but to remind a certain family that I had seen the time when once I was considered by them everything, and also had witnessed another period when presented jewelry had been returned to me in mortifying terms; when love-letters had been hurriedly thrown fair in my face, and I ordered out of the house, with a request that after that, I should remain dead in their mind. Paid

debts should be remembered. As for the Amity street lady, I was about as cunning—rather sharper—I am thinking. My orders to the darkey were to ride up to the house, dismount with the saddle-bags, ascend the marble steps and ring—inquire if the Miss was in, enter, and by all means to be sure of bolting into the main drawing room if possible. He did so: and when the daughter entered, her father, the pork merchant, the old white headed, snuff taking gentleman, was in fact right at her heels, undoubtedly to see what was up. That is what I hate about him, for when I call to see a lady, I don't want the old gentleman round—nor the mother in and out every few minutes. The nigger says that as they both entered, he stood bowing freely about in the middle of the drawing room, with hat in one hand, cane in the other, and saddle-bags by his side. "Am I addressing Miss—" "You are, sir." "I was dispatched to-day by Mr.—, with various notes of invitations, and "I believe I've got one for you"—but before he could go on any more, the pork merchant began to question him about the latitude, longitude and distance, of his high collar—how much wool he could raise to the acre, which got the darkey rather mad. When he unstrapped his saddle-bags, and asked the daughter—whom he says looked like an angel—to select her one from the many, as he was ignorant of reading written matter, he says the old man got right down on his knees, by the side of his daughter, who was overhauling them, and seemed to be anxious to know all about it. Their attitude in this examination will be overlooked, he being himself a dealer in pork. Gonocour says that as they pronounced name after name, he could hardly keep from laughing, and after she could not find the note directed to her, she appeared to bear a disappointed look. After the old gentleman had got his specs on he looked them all over himself, but could find none directed to his daughter. Not satisfied with this, however, the fair creature once more eyed them all very closely, and as she pronounced one name, the pork merchant repeated it—a system which he said would avoid mistakes! After finding notes to many and many a fair lady and none for herself, then came a point for the darkey to clear up, which of course he did, as I had given him orders upon that point. He told them that he could not account for the mistake, for on his part he was right, showing them a list of the streets and numbers, the pork merchant's being one. They admitted that he had not mistaken the number; he informed them that he had only made four previous calls, that he had left at these four places the right notes, and that *Misthur* Harry placed them all in the saddle-bags with his own hands. They then wondered how the mistake could be; what had caused it. After hearing the old gentleman tell his daughter to send him right back to make inquiries, and seeing that both were anxious to have what was due them—as much as editors and proprietors of papers were for free tickets to Jenny Lind's concerts—the nigger felt "werry confident that she was bound to come." His orders from them were to repair back forthwith and hunt up the note, but he told them that after he had delivered the remaining ones he would then see to it, his orders being from me to deliver them before he returned. This was satisfactory; but the best of it was, when the pork merchant made inquiries about my fortune.

After sundry inquiries he strapped up his saddle bags, and when about to leave, he remarked, after bowing, "I must bid you good day." Quite a crowd had gathered about his pony, and the scene was truly laughable. As he started off, the pork merchant ran out and whispered to him, "to bear the note in mind." All cheered him as he rode along, and what was to pay, what it meant, was a wonder to the crowd. Thus you can now see that the pork merchant would like it if I should return to pay my addresses to his truly handsome daughter. I refer to the man who turned me out of his own house, forbid me to speak to his daughter, previous to the announcement of sixty thousand dollars. I must say, that although very rich, he is, however, one of the most hard-looking old covies you ever saw; plain in his ways as the day is long; yet, good looks is a stranger to him. His daughter, she is certainly beautiful.

*Tuesday*—A great time is near at hand. Beauty and taste, fashion and splendor, will soon bear a varied appearance. Every one invited will, no doubt, be present, if alive; and by this time Stewart's choice stock has been well examined by belles and beauties, so far as silks, satins, muslins, velvets and the like, are concerned. As for the supper, it will be worth noting down the particulars, which, in time, will be done. I already see in one room, some twenty baskets of choice branded Champagne, the best imported by the house of Macy & Jenkins; and I am thinking, I saw a few baskets containing the real old port, saying nothing about demijons of various liquors, bags of nuts, boxes of prunes and figs, heaps of pine apples and melons, kegs of choice grapes, jars of preserves, too numerous to mention; baskets of peaches and apples, and plums, together with a host of everything nice, are, I observed, coming in already. My Frenchman, I see, understands himself.

*Wednesday*—Everything works lovely and sweetly. Warren-street is almost in mourning on account of no invitation to the brilliant party. Amity-street is as it should be, although the pork merchant's servant has called to know "about a mistake;" but orders went from me to tell the messenger that I was not at home. The devil will be to pay now, but it cannot be helped; I am reserved. I am quite confident that if I don't "mend my ways," a breach-of-promise will most assuredly spring up in Warren-street. However, I shall think nothing about this until after my famous party. You see it is all on account of sixty thousand dollars, and nothing else. Hem!

I am sorry that I ever formed an acquaintance with the family; sorry at heart; for I fear, oftentimes, while considering upon the subject, that a dark fortune is before me!

*Thursday.*



IGHT busy are the folks at home. All is confusion; nigger waiters running one way, and cooks another. Everybody knows that my great two thousand dollar party comes off this very evening. I am now writing at mid-day. Ma is busy, and Pa, he is ordering about carpenters, waiters, and everybody in general. He got ready to go down to Wall-street, but I told him if he would oversee several departments, I would give him good day wages. He laughed, and then inquired what was a fair price, and I told him I would allow him fifty dollars for his day's services. I soon saw him taking command. Alterations are going on in various places; twenty-one persons are busily engaged. Cooks are baking; fruit dealers are bringing in fruit; bottles are being washed; a half dozen employers are trimming and decorating the dining-room in elegant style; flags of various nations adorn the ceilings, and over the centre of the table a large American flag is unfolded. Marble and plaster of Paris busts are visible in various places, and large paintings. Bills have already come in for sixteen half-kegs of grapes, thirty baskets of rare peaches, and as many pears, thirty quarter boxes of fresh prunes, twenty-two baskets of Macy & Jenkin's extra branded Champagne, eighteen of old port, two ten gallon demijons, cherry rum and currant wine. Bills have also been presented for some dozen bags of various nuts, twenty-eight gallons of oysters, two hundred pounds of chickens, ducks, and so on; sugar-cured hams, a large green turtle, salmon, pigeons, frogs, crabs, lobsters, sardines, sweet oil, eggs, beef a la mode, cheese, butter, bread, jars of pickles, and jars of jelly, boxes of oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and choice strings of bananas, drums and drums of rare figs, baskets of plums, cherries, huge water-melons, and golden musk melons too, together with all kinds of vegetation. I am told that half the things ordered are not yet arrived. Wild, of Broadway, is to bring over one hundred pounds of his rich arrayed mottoes, two hundred ditto, of a compound mixture of candies in general, and four large cupids, made of confectionary throughout. A French house in Broadway, has orders to make sugar towers, castles, views, monuments, and various other devices. One is to be a scene in Delmonico's, where I am seen giving a private party of four besides myself, an entertainment, on which occasion I am seen eating down with white bread and butter, that certain fifty dollar note, merely because I strictly gave orders for the expense of the supper to be fifty dollars, no more, no less, which promise was violated by Delmonico, and to have my way, I devour the note meaning to have it cost what I strictly demanded. It is all sugar, and looks beautiful. Another view is a muss in Warren-street, and the rum-pus that came off between the pork merchant, of Amity-street, and myself, on that eventful evening, when I got turned out of the house. I have had manufactured also a monument of various kinds of confectionary, which is to be placed in the centre of the table. It is a well proportioned structure, and measures in length full eight feet. I am standing on the very highest summit, exclaiming, "Sixty thousand dollars," while, about half way up, there are two females striving to get where I am. By close observation, I pronounce them the anxious mother of Warren-street and her daughter. On the ground, some thirty feet from the entrance, a tall, fine looking gent, is seen waving his hand, and shaking his head at me, as much as to bid me to be cautious how I was fooled for the second time by the Warren-street gentry. This sugar statue represents Prince John Davis. Other sugar towers are ordered, and when placed in their proper place, will cause attraction. Their bearing are of course privately known to myself.

Two o'clock, P. M.—Everything whispers a great time coming—a very brilliant party. I shouldn't wonder if some got tipsy, yes, drunk, before morning, by the looks of that drayload just arrived from Macy & Jenkins' storehouse. Any quantity of Hockheimer, Ehrenbreitstein, Keirsteine, Chateau Latour, Benton, Leoville, Malmsey, Madeira, St. Antonio, Steinberger, Cabinet, Vin du Grave, Heidsieck, Amontillado, Chambertin, London Dock, Oporto, and hosts of other various brands of choice liquors have arrived, altogether too numerous to mention. The best lemonade-maker in this metropolis is hard at it, making a large brass barrel of the choice article; and, from all appearances, lemons, oranges, pine-apples, sugar, and so on, are used by him rather freely. It is no job to count up nine hundred dollars' worth of stock already. I can see the old gentleman shake his head once in a while, as his eagle eye glances over a storehouse of eatables and drinkables, as much as to say, that I am going it strong, yet he dares not say a word to me about expenses; no, indeed, experience has taught him better. Ma tries to look smiling, when in my presence; yet, whenever a cargo of articles arrives, she and the old gentleman go into the drawing-room, where, undoubtedly, the matter is discussed short and sweet, in regard to economy. I don't know what the old lady and gentleman will say when they see numerous other articles arrive, little dreamt of by them. My Frenchman tells me that he has ordered fifty loaves of the richest kind of fruit cake, each one to weigh ten pounds on an average, and to be richly ornamented with various shades and devices, the frosting to cover the entire part of each loaf, and to be certainly one inch thick. Then he has ordered, twice as many more loaves of different kinds of choice cake, besides a general assortment of various sizes, forms, and patterns. The pastry department is, in short, to be rich,

rare, and very costly. I am about thinking that I shall have an opportunity of using five or seven hundred dollars more than what I anticipated, and as for this point, I shall allow nothing to be abstracted from what the list demands. If twenty-five hundred dollars will not foot the bills for my party, then see if three thousand will; and should that be too little a sum, then figure again. A genteel time must be carried out in the very same order; and as I have always been exceedingly sanguine to do a time, especially a particular time, up in due style, my confidence will be none the less, as it respects the brilliant party about to be given by me, in honor of receiving a handsome fortune from a relative. In some of the departments I have, and shall, undoubtedly err from the fashionable rule, yet, as long as I pay for it, I shall have just what I demand, according to my own mind.

I have some very good reasons for having this *soiree* what it actually should be, and to the inquisitive, I will note them. I have often times known my mother and sister to give a fashionable *levee*, which created the highest talk and enthusiasm among the residents of Union Square and Fifth Avenue. In fact they were always formed in the most costly array which New Yorkers are accustomed to behold. I made my appearance at these *re-unions* none too often, as my sister was regarded by me at that time in none too friendly a manner.

Then again, here is another *reason* why I have a desire to *cap* all other parties in our district. I have attended a *soiree* given by the wealthy and accomplished Mrs. L.—e, whose circle is extensively known and highly appreciated, when it is said some eight hundred guests were present, and the expenses of which reached the handsome sum of \$17,000. Then the same can be said in regard to the grand entertainments of Mrs. B.—t, and those of Mrs. R.—n; to the costly parties extended by Mrs. V.—t; also those of Mrs. P.—e, forgetting not Mrs. Jones, the exceedingly agreeable Mrs. Brown; and those good times of Mrs. Smith. And is not this the way to do it; certainly. Many a young man says publicly that if he had the money which is in the possession of some folks, they would come out, dash forth, make a noise, do this and that and the other thing, yet at the same time, give him a fortune and such promises passes unheeded in a host of cases, proving to have been "castles in the air." But, you will find one whose word is good for a thousand promises; I used to talk so when I was poor, and now as I have got the "tin," see if I don't make most of those promises good.

Three o'clock, P. M.—Haste makes waste, it is said; and by the looks of things, I believe it at the present time. Twenty odd persons, in all, are sweating away, and some every now and then either look at a time-piece or the sun. The spacious dining-room is about completed, so far as decorations are concerned. Wreaths, festoons, arches, and the like look beautiful. It smells like Lebanon itself, in any part of the room. Wax candles, of various shades, are numerous about the apartment, while roses and the choicest kinds of flowers—such as would have done honor to Damascus or the gardens of Hesperia—add and add beauty to the scene. The table is sixty feet and more in length. But the great and grand feature of the sights of the table will be my oyster pie and apple-jonathan. These two will take down anything ever introduced in city or country before. Throughout many circles it has been the topic of conversation for the last three days, and I was told yesterday, by the baker himself that a great many persons—ladies in particular—had called in to catch a look at the two above named articles. Quite a sensation has been created in regard to same. The fact of it is, I wanted to be a little odd—have something a little extra, and as I attended various kinds of parties throughout the country, Connecticut especially, I had some little idea how to form things to my liking. The oyster-pie and apple-jonathan, were made more for the talk of the thing than for the eating, yet both demands a sound hearing. Knowing the particulars would be interesting, I will now inform you what I ordered and what I saw put into execution. I even spent the best part of a day in overseeing the construction of the famous apple-jonathan. In the first place, it is made after the mould of loaf-sugar, each story well proportioned. At its base it is some two and a-half feet in width, and in height it is full eight feet. The outside crust is two inches thick, made of dough and sugar, and what the contents are is almost more than I can tell. I know that in the first place three bushels of the very best of apples were placed within, they having been peeled, cut and quartered; that six pounds of citron, ten pounds of currants, thirty-one of raisins, three dozen lemons, fifty oranges, one pound of ground nutmeg, beside spices in general, and other articles. I know, also, that the Frenchman not only used twenty odd pounds of loaf sugar, but that I placed within, with my own hands, some eleven pounds of various kinds of candies, such as sugar-plums, lozenges, peppermint drops, cocoanut cakes, mites, and to make it what it should be—to do the right thing—to give it the right kind of a flavor, I poured the contents of a two-gallon demijohn of choice wine right in among these various ingredients. Talk about fruit cake—its choice quality and richness—why this was twenty-fold richer, so much so that a person could eat but a very small quantity. With these contents, mixed with various other articles, such as fine thin slices of pine-apple, choice plums, and rare fruit in general, I had the apple-jonathan completed. Its construction, formation and ingredients were all witnessed by me, and after it had been baked, I ordered the ingenious Frenchman to place as rich a frosting all over it, full one half inch thick, as ever graced the exterior portions of a loaf of fruit cake. He did so, and, indeed, it was a beautiful sight. That, alone, cost me a couple of hundred dollar notes. The destruction of it is yet to be told.

As for the oyster pie, I had that made according to orders originating from no other source than my own. When I concluded how to do the thing up nice, I had the Frenchman cause

to be ordered made a tin concern, just ten feet long, four feet wide, and one foot thick. After this was done, I ordered twenty gallons of the very best oysters to be opened from the shell and placed therein. Something over a barrel of dime size crackers were used, and after causing other proper ingredients, it was pronounced to be in readiness for the oven. I am thinking that when these two famous dishes are brought up by the baker and eight or ten hands more—which, by the by, will be just previous to supper, that both father and mother will be astonished, and think about *sixty thousand* with a tear in their eye. Thus far I have strived to give you the main particulars, and for fear you are already overpowered, I will stop.

*Six o'clock P. M.*—As I look about from place to place at this time, I cannot refrain from smiling, for a reason that I am pretty confident that twenty-five hundred dollars will not pay the bills, "right side up, with care." I have got twelve real spruce-looking negro waiters, or, I suppose I ought to say, in these days of modern accomplishments, "gentlemen ob color." They are all to be dressed alike. Gonocour, the keen darkey, who carried about my notes of invitation, is to be dressed in livery. He is to be at my right hand when at the table, to do my orders from place to place. I expect the negro will shine in tip-top style. My private secretary will be present. Several distinguished guests will also be present from the Irving House. From what I can learn, my sister Kate, who is regarded as a beautiful creature, intends to cause quite a sensation on this festive occasion; and from the preparations already made by her and her mother, causes me to say that I see no impediment in her way from so doing. This scrape will cost the old gentleman himself several hundred dollars, for his daughter appears in a new and costly costume—one recently imported, and lately purchased. I think I speak within bounds when I remark that six thousand dollars would not be far from the cost price of her attire, considering in this the diamonds, gems, rubies, and costly jewelry in general. As for myself, Geo. Fox will fit me out in a certain suit ordered for the time. The old gentleman and lady, I expect, will come out pretty strong in looks and appearances, but I laugh to think how he will, before morning, declare that I can never have another party within the walls of his mansion while he is living. Little does he or any one else know what a circle of young fashionable bloods will do, when together, upon such an occasion.

*Eight o'clock, P. M.*—The sun sunk in the western wave, clear, lovely, and brilliant. It is a beautiful evening, and as we would have it—not so warm as usual. Two hours hence, and then comes a sight of splendor, beauty, taste, fashion, and aristocratic benignity. Undoubtedly, many anxious hearts are now preparing themselves, and I am confident that every one invited will be present. Every department speaks and looks for itself, and all is one sight of proud array. Some, perhaps, would style this a dinner, instead of a supper; but what care I, as long as I make it both. It is my own getting up, and I pay for it. I'm for a fashionable bust—a tip-top display, and shall have it. Everything must have its day. Every day must bring something new. Man must live, and man must die. This is life itself. My party is bound to be one of them. Sixty thousand is rather on the decrease. Since the old gentleman has talked to me on the point, I have granted him a permit to invite several of his old daily friends, (they belong to the Board of Brokers in Wall-street,) and their ladies. Had I not extended invites to some after my list had been completed, I should have declined his request.

*Ten o'clock, P. M.*—The hour has arrived, and the famous apple-jonathan, together with the oyster pie is within the walls of my father's own mansion. Thanks, that my baker has done his duty, has fulfilled his promises. Our two extended drawing-rooms are well represented by the fair sex, and every now and then a coach is heard rolling along. The best beauty found in Waverly Place, Union Square, Bleecker-street, Broadway, Rutgers-street, Irving Place, Third and Fifth Avenues, together with St. Mark's Place, and a host of other popular and reserved districts, have been invited to attend my party. Nigger waiters and Irish servants are as thick as bees, and every one seems to know his place, although once in a while a *discord* note falls upon the ear. The large piano is opened ready for action. The costly harp is in its place—still, long lines of carriages are now and then delivering at our magnificent portal (into the hands of that indispensable adjunct to all parties, Mr. Brown,) the fair flowers of various climes. Kamcz's Band are discoursing sweet music.

One great thing of note has favored me; my father's family stands eminently high in the minds of the New York aristocracy; and, wherever an invite has gone forth, it has been received with much *gusto*, as our circle of acquaintance know that we always have "one of the best of times" at our mansion.

This has been an old byword for years, and whenever our folks at home "opened their mansion" to receive a limited number of persons, the event always passed off in complete style.

To-night another of the "good old times" passes, but given by the son, rather than the mother.

Soon, soon, the good time commences—and, thank kind fortune, I am ready for the crisis.

I will soon show to the world, that New York has as fair beauties as any city in existence.





N this magnificent occasion, allow me to grant a description of the scene up to the hour mentioned. As I predicted, my sister Kate has prepared for the grand affair; and her appearance goes beyond any common description. She came forth attired in an orange silk skirt with a scarlet tunic, the rich colors of the dress harmonizing gloriously with her dark dazzling eyes. The goldsmith's art, how visible! her hair is beautifully arrayed with a scarlet and gold wreath. So much for "our folks."

Already some fourteen beautiful young ladies have arrived, and the danger to bachelor hearts is certainly imminent. Already is the scene one fascinating smile of assembled graces—a brilliant *fete*. Fashion is here in its brightest and highest glory, and the array of costly costumes, is beyond my power to describe accurately. It seems as though the wealthy gents have freely lavished many a thousand on their daughter or daughters, for of all touches of high wrought fashion and costliness, it is here. I feel as though I am a happy man—a lucky young gent, as all before me seems to whisper floral loveliness, heavenly smiles, beauty and chivalry. Then to behold for a moment the exquisite ingenuity of French artists gloriously displayed, so far as rich embroideries, under laces, roses, feathers ribbonry, heavy romantic flounces, gay attractive plaits, bodices concealing maidenly charms, skirts touched off with delicate material unconcerned, is in fact a fine representation.

Belles are plenty and yet the compliment of invites are not made up. An hour hence, and then reconsider if you please. Miss L—e, a charming belle of the Eighth Ward, I have just eyed, and her appearance in white illusion with ivy leaves looks beautiful. Another sweet looking beauty from the same district or ward, Miss H—n, comes forth in a most splendid attire in white, with moss roses tastefully arranged. And still another one from the same location, (gracious, how the Eighth Ward abounds in beautiful girls,) enters the drawing-rooms attired in a white satin dress, artfully trimmed with rich lace. The fair flower of St. Mark's Place, Miss C—, looks splendid in pure white. Dear Nelly B— of the Eighteenth Ward is attired in the same pretty style. From the upper portion of Broadway, the beautiful Miss H—p appears in her usual bewitching style. She is attired in a scarlet satin dress covered with costly lace, her fair neck encircled with a chain of diamonds. The two agreeable and charming heiresses, the Misses J—s, are here also. The handsome Miss S—n, of Rivington street, is here in all her gayety. The young beauty dressed in lemon colored silk, trimmed with rich lace, her fair brow encircled with a tiara of diamonds, is no one but a renowned belle, Miss B—d, one who never fails to shine as the "empress star" of the evening, and receive her full compliment of flattering encomiums of a large circle of admirers.

Among the brilliant company, one of the brightest stars of the city of Hartford, Miss B—r of Main street, shines forth in her gay winning style, attired in a sea green velvet, trimmed with three flounces of very rich gim pure lace, with head dress to match, and a fine display of the goldsmith's art. The well known coquette, Miss D—, of Washington Square, wore one of the richest dresses in the room. The young lady in white satin, trimmed with rich black lace, with corsage of diamonds and flowers in her hair, is the well-known heiress of Irving Place, Miss T—. Near her can be seen seated, one fair young maiden, whose established reputation for beauty and appearance, needs no eulogy from me, for the resplendent charms of Netty H— of Fourth Street, are too well appreciated to demand it.

As for the gents who are present, they are of the right stamp—genuine "bloods;" no sixpenny flare-ups—but young gents of the very first order—those who can boast of being honorable scions of the old distinguished line of descendants, the Stuyvesants, Van Zandts, Rutgers, Schermerhorns, Van Rensselaers, Van Cortlandts, Brinkerhoff and others. Then New Orleans is represented by a young gent who commands a cool half million of money, while the same compliment can be paid to Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Albany, Rochester, Providence, and the little state of Delaware. But it will not do to dwell too closely.

Midnight—Now for the supper. As each gent and lady moved from the drawing-room into the spacious and brilliant-looking dining apartment, every one seemed to be completely overpowered with astonishment and surprise. They were taken by surprise, I say, for not one lady had had any reason to suspect such a glorious sight previous to the opening of the dining-room doors. To describe the appearance of things, would be but to echo what has already been told in a previous portion of my diary. Those who read an account of the various articles ordered, and also how the room was decorated, can easily judge of the splendor and beauty. All smile at the appearance of my waiters, and every one seems delighted at the sight of the famous apple Jonathan and oyster pie. This takes all things down. All partook freely, and when the time came to test the choice liquors, then it was a glorious epoch. Toasts were given, fashionable topics discussed, and high compliments paid to me. Not a married person was present, save the old gentleman and lady, and six other couple whom they had invited on their own responsibility. Ma looked nice, so did Pa, and the rest of their company, and when I saw them all helping themselves freely to the choice viands, I smiled

and thought to myself that there was fun ahead. It was a complete affair. Before the ladies departed, the old gentleman was in such a happy state that he was so uncommon polite, so exquisitely genteel, that it spoiled all. To his wife, it was all "my dear lady," and to see him bend his head, rise from the table, and bow so gracefully, was laughable. He and Judge H— wore large ruffle shirts, and if they didn't soil the same before departing from the table, I am then grossly deceived. I think they both were "getting along" about quarter "over the bay," when they retired! Talk about times.

Four o'clock, A. M.—A few of my comrades are seated with me at this hour at a table of luxury. The rest of the company have departed. Some of us had been told in the early part of the evening, that we must soon part; one for Europe, two for old Yale, four for the South, and one for California; so now was the time to go it strong, the only period when all could again be brought together. For this reason we were seated together at this table. Everybody was nearly sober. After partaking of various kinds of fruit, we all drank freely. The neck of a Champagne bottle touched the back of a sofa chair often, and the sparkling liquor flew all about. The array of beauty, which had graced the occasion, was considered by one and all, far superior to any previous period, and how I went to work to make such prominent selections; such an exampled array of true beauty, taste and refinement, was a great mystery. Credit, of a high order, was freely lavished upon me. It was singular enough how incompetent all were to select, or to whisper the name of one who might be considered the empress star of the evening, they all possessing an uncommon share of beauty. Such a one had fell in love with such a one, and all seemed smitten. The beauty of New York had been brought out, although some critics claim that to do that, choice must come from the middling classes of society, rather than from aristocratic circles. As for this point, it will be passed over without comment; for when one is satisfied and contented at heart, words are not needed to sustain a defence. Almost every lady present, was the daughter of a wealthy individual. I might name one, in particular, who resides in Union Square, a lady, blessed with seventeen sweet summers, and, who, to-day, commands seventeen thousand dollars. I might name two sisters, and also of another charming creature worth her weight in gold. I might whisper the name of Miss —, residing in St. Mark's Place, who, together with her mother, are taxable for one million, and more at this very hour. So I might sound the name (and it's a sweet, pretty one,) of a certain Broadway Miss, whose present riches are in her features. But what's the use to talk! Money rules, and money can do anything, and a surplus of the previous stuff was what allowed me to give so rich and grand an entertainment.

One thought he could call this the greatest evening's entertainment ever enjoyed by him, and another meekly remarked, that he was "getting to feel pretty well—a little dizzy." The subjects discussed were numerous, but the whole circle agreed very well. The time soon came when another basket was ordered to be brought up, and another, and another, until twenty-six fashionable bloods began to feel quite miscellaneous. Various kinds of cake, confectionary, and fruit, were before us, and then there was the apple-jonathan; yes, and the remnant of the famous oyster-pie. The towers, monuments, castles, and other candy structures, were all not more than partly devoured, and all that the heart could wish for was within our grasp. We all knew that it was a festive occasion, and that we could never be together again in full number. So, then, for a good time. Bob, a particular chum and sporting gent, got his mind altogether, on horse-racing, while Sam was, at the same time, discussing all kinds of subjects. Rube was for nothing else but very fast horses, and then it was all jabber-jabber. To see us at the table, all seated about, and each one feel so very nice, would have bewitched even Darley or Brown. Here we were in full glee; doors locked, and fidlers about, and plenty of nigger waiters in attendance.

Many and many a point we discussed upon the main topics of the day, and the reflections were mighty ones, indeed.

Five o'clock, A. M.—We broke ground soon after this hour, and I thought it was full time so to do. All considered this to be one great spree—a genuine, tip-top bust. The old gentleman gave me to understand that I could have no more parties there, no-how; for I had not only abused him, but his house also. I took this considerably cool. I knew his reasons; but what can one expect from a set of fashionable young gents? Because I forgot what I was about, and threw a champagne bottle through the window; upset a large quantity of lemonade, contents and all, right over the carpet; broke four or more sofa chairs, he springs right up, rendering a decision at the very same time. I told him that every thing was an accident; but I could shoulder it all, whether I committed the act myself or my friends. "I stand responsible for all," and out I flung six or eight ten dollar gold pieces on the table. "Pick up your gold, my son, all is right," and out he went. Now, the fact of the matter was this, we were both too tight to discuss the matter. I know that a few slight accidents happened, such as breaking dishes, bending up silver plate and spoons, spilling various kinds of liquor on the table, chairs and floor; destroying with a bottle, sugar castles and monuments; turning dishes of soup and sauce, together with a few other trifling notions, which, of course, cannot, in a great many instances, be helped on such an occasion. I did not care for all this. I have already remarked that we were within my father's mansion, and slight mishaps of this order will in some way occur anywhere. Whoever attended any kind of a good bender, but could pick up cake, candies, oranges, grapes, and various other articles, from the floor by the time the party dispersed. I know that in this case the high apple-jonathan

had been brought down, and that loaves of pasted cake lay cut and demolished in various ways and forms; but what of that? I know that the carpet had been torn accidentally, and also that two small solar lamps got smashed, but what great difference will it make a hundred years hence? And I am well aware that several occurrences of a private nature took place; yet the world know that accidents will happen in the best of families. I think sometimes that I have got too contented a mind. To be short, all departed in peace; only by and through some way, one of my comrades stubbed his toe against the corner of a famous and costly hat stand, as he was emerging through the hall, which caused it to fall over, breaking it in various ways. One part of the circular stair-railing got split, too, but this was actually one of the accidents. To-morrow I shall count up expenses, and abstract same from sixty thousand dollars. The old gentleman is to give me a lecture too.

*Saturday.*—Two thousand and six hundred dollars balances the expenses of the late brilliant party. The accounts have been settled, and once more order is restored. Every thing is in its place, and certain damages made good. After all was right, the old gentleman and lady took me into the rear drawing-room, where quite a lengthy conversation occurred over our financial matters. When asked what I next intended to do, my reply was that I should repair at once to the Irving House, arrange my affairs, visit Wall street, and draw a certain dividend then due. The old gentleman wanted to know if I could not make up my mind to be less extravagant, and considering this as unasked for, I gave him to understand that I was then on the eve of purchasing another span of fast horses of the first order, but he gave me to know that fast horses and "fast men" were already over-running this city "quite fast," and they were not what they are cracked up to be. I gave him no answer. About this time ma, who had been walking leisurely to and fro, drew up a sofa chair between the old gentleman and myself, when away came a heavy battery. What was up was more than I could connive. After touching the rich folds of her silk dress, she looked me up in the eye at a juncture of time when all was silent. "Now, Harry," said she, in a very affectionate tone, "your father and myself wish to ask you a few questions, and it is our hope and desire that you will answer us plainly, deliberately, and, my son, honestly." Not one word did Harry say in reply, I assure you. "Since you left us to board abroad, we have heard certain reports of a certain nature, which we wish to know if they are well founded. Now in the first place, I would inquire what is the matter between you and the Warren street Miss?" I gave her an indefinite answer. "Well, my son, tell me this, are you under any engagements with the young lady?" I answered in the negative, with a strong voice. "This is a positive fact?" My reply was the same. "Now then, Harry, were you ever?" And still I answered powerfully, in the negative. "Can you say the same in regard to the young lady residing in Amity street?" My reply was in the same tone, also, that I could prove that the pork merchant kicked me out of his own house. "Never actually engaged to either?" "Never," was my reply. "Then I feel easier in mind, my son," said my anxious mother. "So do I, wife," rejoined the old gentleman, who, during all of this time had remained remarkably still. Then—then it was, that both gave me to know that they were conversant with the two affairs, but they would have me to remember that they did not censure me in the least, for the course I had taken. About this time I found out through them that it was the intention of the Warren street gentry to try the effect of a breach-of-promise suit against me, while the pork merchant of Amity street was already devising divers ways to get me to repay my addresses to his accomplished daughter. At this I could not desist laughing outright.

After both father and mother had discussed sundry other points, I was asked by the former why I could not make up my mind to board at home, instead of living at the expense of fifty dollars or more per week, but on this point I bade him to remember that it was fashionable for the sons of wealthy individuals to board abroad rather than at home. He then went on to tell me that I was living too high altogether, but I cut him short by assuring him that he need not fear on account of the gout, as I was not built right to become its victim.

Hoping that they had done investigating this one important subject, it was greatly renewed by the old gentleman. "Harry," said he, "I have been told that you have attended horse-races quite frequently this summer?" "That is no privacy, as I know of, sir," said I in reply, blushing no doubt a little. "Then you have been?" inquired my fashionable mother. "Oh, yes! I get over the ground 'once in a while,'" was my careless reply. "But we understand that you have inclined a little on the betting order—how is it?" "Show me a young man who has, on such an occasion, money in his pocket, but what will in the spur of the moment have, or rather feel, a little excited about the race then in motion?" "That may be, my son, but I understand that you bet." "And that is what I am trying to make you understand," I said, interrupting him at once. "Then you own that you have staked money?" asked my mother. "Yes, and that is what the mass at present is guilty of." "Betting is a very poor business, Harry, and it grieved me when I heard of it; but, my son, did you win or lose?" "Oh! I always lost, father," was my reply in an undisturbed manner. "And how much did you ever lose at one time?" "Sir!" He repeated his question. "Only two hundred," I answered very deliberately. Then it was that both talked to me at the same time, and the lecture given was powerful to a young mind. I at once twitted him of betting on political contests and the like, but of course he considered this altogether another affair. They next gave me to understand, that if I did not desist, I would soon be found squandering away

money in gambling hells, as one vice led on to another. "I rather think not now," I remarked, but they both seemed to fear.

They then hinted some private remarks, which rather grieved me at once. Anything else, I say, but a slanderer, a back-biter, a two-faced creature. To have this reputation is certainly despicable, even to the detestation of the good. First and foremost, the slanderer stands as despised as the serpent. In civilized society, he is unfit to live; for there is nothing just or manly about him who wantonly and maliciously assails the character of his fellow-man. Oh, ignoble wretch! the foul crime of slander—the poisonous and contaminating deeds executed by you should be returned by receiving the utter contempt and curses of a people! You have neither the heart or soul of a sensible person, and where slander is your theme—where you execute and maliciously assail—causes you soon to be regarded like an infected city! I will soon teach a noted slanderer a severe lesson.



ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon, while in my room at the Irving House, who should enter but my old Long Island friend—the rich young gent whose property extends over miles and miles of that lengthy island. Then it was a happy time with us, and in less than five minutes we had to crack a bottle of champagne for old acquaintance sake. I thought it strange that he should appear as he did so suddenly, but I soon found out what was up.

"How have you been, my old boy—well?"

"Ah! yes, Harry."

"And how are all the ladies, Clint?"

"Right, and good looking. But, comrade, I am soon to be married—I am."

"Who the devil are you going to wed?" I cried.

"A Long Island beauty, Harry."

I looked him in the eye, and then told him that I doubted it, but he showed me the documents proving it.

"I marry not only a belle, a beauty, but a rich heiress, Harry."

"The deuce you do, Clint!" said I, interrupting him in haste.

He patted me on the shoulder and said, "Only a two hundred thousand dollar miss, comrade." This he proved to me, which made me feel rather *cheap* when contrasting my condition with his. I told him that I did not like it, and then inquired if the young lady had a sister, but, lo! a sound came back announcing her the only heiress—an only child. He said he had come to invite me to the wedding, and take a part in the ceremony, to which I consented. Talk about spending money! why, Clint proved to me that he had foolishly squandered away twelve thousand dollars during the last four months, and that his last year's expenses amounted to eighteen thousand and more! It is strange, but it is a fact, that certain old people get it into their heads, that if the young gentry happen to spend a few hundred dollars, it is a dreadful affair. Clint says he will spend just as much as he thinks fit, and I am of opinion that he is perfectly right in so doing.

Saturday, at sundown, I received a note from a certain married lady in Union Square, through her servant, and what it meant rather puzzled me. She wished me to repair to her residence forthwith, as she desired to see me very much. I think I blushed when I read it, for to have a married lady of four and twenty send for one in that way, of a Saturday evening, too, and from Union Square, was a *damp*. By the time I had perused the contents, the darkey remarked, as he stood outside the door, that an answer was requested by the lady. I hesitated for a moment.

"Has she a party of young folks there?"

"No, sar, hasn't."

"Do you know what is wanted?"

"No, sar; I've don't know, sare."

"Any one sick up there?"

"No, sar; all well."

"Where is Mr. L.? at home?"

"No, sar; he be in Boston. Mr. L. is my boss," replied the young Ethiopian.

"How long has he been gone?"

"Three whole days, I thinks."

"And do you know when he is expected to return?"

"Next Tuesday morning, sar, Mrs. L. sed, sar, this morning," was his reply.

I got out of the fellow all that I possibly could, but what I was wanted for was more than I could imagine. Before going any farther, let me say that Mrs. L. is the accomplished lady of a certain wealthy individual who resides amidst the very *ton* of the city. I have been acquainted with her for years, and she is a frequent visitor at my father's mansion. Snatching pen and paper, I wrote a note to Mrs. L., informing her that I would strive to call at an early hour that evening, and then bidding the servant to hasten back, I bolted my room door, began to walk the floor, and was soon in deep meditation. As it was quite warm, I throw off my clothes, took a bath, then washed myself in bay-rum, and, after placing a new suit on my person, ordered a private carriage at the door, and was soon wandering along up Broadway for Union Square. What the deuce all this meant was a profound mystery to me; however, I

ascended the steps, rung the bell, entered, and was showed into a spacious and splendid drawing-room. I was informed that Mrs. L. would soon be down; so there I sat *solus*, wondering what my mission would lead to, what it all meant, although we were old acquaintances, however. I at one time thought that she might have a desire to tell me something concerning my quarrel with the folks in Warren and Amity streets; but everything that my fruitful imagination could devise soon vanished in air, before the analysing influence of a clear, calm, and dispassionate investigation. At length Mrs. L. entered, and we shook hands, both exceedingly pleased to see each other.

"What did you think when you received my note?" she inquired, smilingly.

I told her that it did not take away my breath, but I was somewhat perplexed at it. She laughed, and after talking over affairs in general, she remarked, "I will tell you, Harry, why I sent for you." I braced myself up, and smiling the while, prepared to hear what it was.

"Now I want to tell you something, and although it is quite a laughable occurrence, yet I am exceedingly anxious that you should not let such an opportunity pass by unheeded. There resides in a certain part of the State of Connecticut, a certain man who to-day can count at the least calculation, one million of money. He is a thorough-going old bachelor, and three years ago he built himself a splendid mansion in a certain beautiful country village. It encloses four acres of ground, and he has now beautiful gardens, gravelled lawns, costly green-houses, and various kinds of fountains about his premises. The mansion itself cost sixty-odd thousand, and it will vie with any New York palace. The painter and the sculptor have been well paid to beautify the scenes in and out of doors, and should you see it—should you visit it, I think you would admit that, for *show*, it was next only to Barnum's palace. Well, he built this house and lived there alone for two years."

"Lived alone two years, did you say?"

"Yes, Harry, and people wondered at it, but you see he being a *millionaire* and a bachelor, caused him to care not what people said concerning him. He had his cooks, his house-keepers, and a host of other servants, but all were inferior subjects, of course. When he wanted to visit this or any other city, he left but few orders concerning his domestic arrangements, for every thing went on as nice as clock-work.

"Well, it seemed that about three years previous to this, he had adopted one of his brother's daughters, as his own and only heir, and placed her at one of the first schools in Boston. About a year ago she entered this mansion, as a lady of the house, and has remained so ever since."

"Allow me to interrupt you one moment," said I, very politely.

"I must have an introduction to her; yes, Mrs. L., I certainly must."

"Keep quiet, Harry, and let me tell you all," said she.

So I listened intently.

"He doats on the looks of his daughter, thinks the world of her. She is now nearly eighteen years old, and I agree with others in the opinion, that Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana —, is eminently beautiful, and one of the most captivating creatures of the day—her features being so regular and so expressive."

"Then you know her, Mrs. L.?" I anxiously inquired.

"Oh, yes, very well, and have made frequent visits there with my husband, who was acquainted with her father at Yale College."

I bade her to proceed, and excuse me for interrupting her ladyship in her remarks. Indeed I must own, that I had a faint hope of equalling, yes, more than equalling, Clint, so far as an heiress was concerned.

"This daughter," continued Mrs. L., "has the bewitching physiognomy of a choice Neapolitan belle, the true dignity of a Spanish princess, the tint of an Italian, the rare English voluptuousness of shape, and the veracity and grace of a French lady. You may think it useless to be so minute in my descriptive powers, but reason causes me to tell you all, for fear you may never have the chance to see her. The rose and the lily are beautifully blended in her complexion; her eyes are as black as the storm cloud of summer, and when I looked not long ago, at the brilliant enamel of her beautiful teeth, I envied her. Harry, she is a dashing belle, and the most perfect counoiseur; and after viewing her for only a moment, could not refrain from pronouncing her almost an angel. She seems to have been born in a blooming state, like the sun kissing dew drops from the opening petals of flowers in their richest of promise, rocked in infancy in a pretty village, and enchanted through life, by attractions and fascinating powers. I particularize to quite an extent, but I do it for fear you may never be so lucky as to make her acquaintance."

"But why say you so?" I inquired at once.

"Harry, you are already in love with her, I think, eh?"

I admitted it, and then desired to know why she thought so, when it was likely that I should never form her acquaintance. She bade me listen, and I would soon find out without any telling; but I hinted that I feared she was hoaxing me; yet, she vowed not, and also that the daughter was neither engaged in or had even thought of Hymen's sacred altar. I must own that I was completely carried away with her thus far—I mean the heiress—not the accomplished Mrs. L.

"Well, Harry, Miss Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana — has no one to mind but her father;

no mother to address her, but all her tastes are to live like a queen. She has an amiable disposition, a fine education, and is an excellent performer on the piano and harp, which instruments she has, and they are about the same kind as those of your sister Kate's. The old gentleman keeps a fine span of steeds, and an elegant carriage, and when he or his daughter moves about town, everybody seems to pay him due homage. Every now and then she visits the city, stops with the old gentleman at the Astor House, or Union Place Hotel, and then back they go again. She watches him closely about certain affairs, and her circle of acquaintances are very limited. The old gentleman has presented her with a costly diamond bracelet, six or eight diamond rings, which make her model fingers glisten like pearls of crystal on white marble, and her wardrobes are rich and elegant. She has three waiting maids, and just what she wants, for her father, this old man, loves her as he loves his life. Why, Harry, her toilet itself, is a real *chef d'œuvre* of the goldsmith's art, and if she wanted to add a thousand dollar stock to the same, the old gentleman would very readily count out the amount asked for. But apart from that and the rest of the main particulars, I will tell you what I mean, when I remarked that you may probably never make her acquaintance."

"Yes, do now, for I ache to know the final," said I, in rather an excited manner.

"Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana — made a faithful promise to obey the will of her father as it regards lovers, and intended suitors. When she was 'sweet sixteen,' he bade her to understand fully and explicitly, that on the day of her marriage, he would make her a present of one hundred thousand dollars."

"Is it possible, Mrs. L.?" I exclaimed, rising from my seat.

"Yes, and also that she must on the day when she was sixteen, solemnly promise to obey his dictates, that no gentleman should have an introduction to her on any occasion, unless with the consent of the father, who had imposed certain restrictions, one of which was that the suitor must be the possessor of at least one hundred thousand dollars, being the sum equivalent to her own dowry."

"You don't say that, as being a matter of fact?" I inquired.

"Even so," was Mrs. L.'s reply. "And the old gentleman is true blue to the point."

"Yes, the old gentleman is actually worth a round million?"

"More," was her reply. "But the secret of this, Harry, you are to know yet. By the time I have told you all, then you will feel anxious to see your sixty thousand dollars, if not more. Now listen, and I will tell you."

I plainly saw that the old gentleman understood the ways of the world, and did not intend that his child, or rather heiress, should throw herself away upon a worthless fellow, as many young ladies often do, so he had provided a way wherein suitors could only walk, where one hundred thousand dollars was a possession of their own.

"Now," said Mrs. L., "allow me to proceed and inform you what has occurred directly and indirectly. The daughter remained some months at home, as lady of the mansion, ere a young gent made the first move for an introduction. There were two certain Boston gents who had tried hard, but the old bachelor knew exactly their circumstances, having been creditably informed by his particular friend, the then Mayor of that city. They had both seen her at Boston, and both longed for an introduction, yet, up to that week, Alcebella knew them not. But now, aside from this, do you know Ned R—, of this city?" she then inquired of me.

"I think I do," was my reply.

"I mean he who resides in St. Mark's place."

"Why, Mrs. L., 'he is a particular friend of mine,'" I said.

The lady, after laughing heartily, remarked that Ned had been trying his luck. This astonished, and I bade her to be so polite as to give me the full particulars.

"Well, in the first place, what do you think of Ned?" asked Mrs. L.

I informed her that I was well aware Ned belonged to a family who could boast of the best of blood—that he was, like myself, considered to be a fashionable gentleman always blessed with a plenty of money, and, from what I had seen of him, was considered—one of the bloods.

"Do you know anything about his property?" she inquired.

My reply was to the effect that if he had it not, his parents had.

"Now, let me disclose a page of the past," observed Mrs. L., drawing her chair up close to mine, and looking rather mischievously. "Harry, about two months ago Ned became acquainted with the circumstances of our subject, but how he precisely acted, is more than I know. Well, Ned reflecting, no doubt his situation and circumstances, and knowing that he was considered by good critics as a handsome young man, full of life and jollity, made up his mind to try to become the object of her choice, the lover of Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana —."

"Is this a fact, Mrs. L.?" I inquired.

"Harry, I know this to be so, for I have not only received the information from the lady herself, but from Ned."

"All right, then I proceed, Mrs. L., if you please," said I.

"After knowing all the particulars," continued the lady, "Ned at once made up his mind to see what he could do. One day he heard of the arrival of her father at the Astor House, and knowing where he did business in Wall street, he contrived to obtain a letter of introduction to

the knowing old bachelor. He called at the Astor, presented his letter, and obtained an interview. The old gentleman conversed with him freely, causing the young man to see at once that his motives were as pure as they were sanguine. He told Ned with great composure, that he had by industry, economy and good calculation, made a fine fortune, and that he had obtained his brother's daughter, and had made her his only heiress, and child. He then went on and told Ned his reasons for being so strict in regard to a companion for life—that this was a wicked world, and if restrictions were not formed and carried out ruin often followed. He intended to marry her eventually to some one whom she loved as a woman should, and also to one who was able to support her and himself in good style. The old bachelor talked plain, and to the point, telling him that he did not intend for her to get fooled by any man, as many did by false reports. Well, Ned took him round among his circle, and finally made out to the old gent that his character stood free from reproach, that he commanded the required sum to obtain an introduction. He was told the day to meet him at the Norwich steam-boat, and when the time arrived, Ned took passage with him for home. After arriving there he was ushered into a drawing-room of great magnificence, but just before an introduction came off, the bachelor thought of one important point.

"What was it," I quickly asked.

"Why, it seems that while they were waiting for the beautiful creature to prepare herself for the introduction, the one hundred thousand dollar subject was renewed."

"Mr. R." said the cunning bachelor.

"Sir," replied Ned, rising from his seat and bowing. "There is one very important point which should be known by me." "And what may it be?" quickly interposed Ned, "Are you worth this one hundred thousand dollars directly or indirectly?"

This was bringing points to bear. "Why, sir, indirectly, at present, Mr. Randolph, but at the demise of my aunt, whom I introduced to you, I am then worth twice that amount." Ned addressed the gentleman with great politeness and assurance. "Oh, well then, that alters the case very much, very much indeed, sir. And now, sir, to cut the matter short, you, can't see my daughter. Can't see your daughter, did you remark, Mr. Randolph?" cried out Ned, in a sober and downcast tone of voice. "That is it, sir, the very words." "And do you refuse me an introduction to your daughter?" "Of course I do," was the prompt reply of the rich bachelor. "But why is this, Mr. Randolph?" "Oh, you are not worth it directly, and you see, young man, it is a very great and essential point to remember. Your aunt may change her will, may alter it!" This came out strong and stout, and "poor Ned," felt its power quickly.

"This is a positive fact, then?" said I.

"Yes, Harry, the daughter has even told me this herself, and so has Ned. But let me go on," said she. "When Ned R. had received the sad information, he actually begged an introduction, but could not be permitted." "If you were worth to-day, that sum, all would be well, but as circumstances are, it is utterly impossible. Stay with me and dine, and my carriage shall take you back to the steamer," said Randolph. Ned got up and said he could remain no longer. Mr. Randolph took from his waistcoat pocket a \$50 note, handed it to him as a present, for the trouble he had taken, and soon his splendid carriage was on the road.

"Then Ned did not actually see her at all?" said I, as though I felt exceedingly sorry for the poor fellow.

"Truly he did not, and he departed from the fine mansion with a heavy heart. He even asked the old gentleman again, after seating himself in the carriage, but "no go," said the bachelor. When Ned arrived in New York, he came and told me the whole particulars," said Mrs. L., "and really Ned did feel sad at heart."

After the lady had finished Ned's great voyage of love to Connecticut, she went on and gave me the whole history of an affair that occurred between the bachelor and a wealthy Milk street merchant of Boston. His case was of a similar nature, but the gent did not get quite as far as Ned, yet he reached the mansion, but the bachelor ordered him from the house, for a reason he said that the young gent had already broken three ladies' hearts, all caused by being crossed in love. It was very amusing to hear Mrs. L. give the various histories, and I sat in my chair listening with much attention. All at once she inquired if I knew Dick C. who had also tried his luck. This completely astonished me, for I did not think it could be possible, as Dick and myself were very intimate, and it was but the other evening when he and I were seated in Phillips' fashionable saloon, discoursing the events of the previous month, and I was of the opinion that everything would have been told me, especially circumstances of such a nature as that now under consideration. I even went so far as to inquire of Mrs. L. if I had not a wrong idea of her conversation, that I had misunderstood her, but the accomplished lady repeated the same, and I was fully satisfied.

"Poor fellow! why I really feel for Dick C.," observed Mrs. L. in a very sober tone.

"What did you remark?" said I.

"I say I felt for Dick, especially after he had taken so much trouble to show that his intentions were honest. Why, Harry, he got an introduction to the old gent down in Wall street, one day, when in a twinkling, out he let his secret to the old man himself. Dick even took him here and there and everywhere to prove to him how much he was worth, and what do you think the result was?" she asked. I endeavored to guess, but of no avail.

"Why, after spending the best part of a day, he could not make out that he was worth over seventy-five thousand, to save his life, and even at this, the property had been highly estimated."

"Then the old gentleman gave him no encouragement, of course, Mrs. L.?"

"No encouragement in the least, Harry, and he even went so far as to let him understand that twenty-five thousand dollars was just what he lacked; so Dick gave up the wild goose chase, although he had a lasting desire and anxiety to see the "perfect angel," as he had heard so much about her beauty."

Thus far Mrs. L. revealed a page from the book of the past, and after telling me about a certain costly box of jewelry presented her by a certain young gent, Billy W., which was sent back, it being the express desire of the old bachelor, she then struck on me for another victim.

"Now then, Harry, it behooveth me to say that it is your time, and if you have any moral courage, you will rally forthwith. This is the reason, and the only one, why I sent for you on this very occasion, and there now is a chance."

"But aside from all, Mrs. L.," said I, interrupting her, "what do you honestly think of the prospects in my behalf?"

"Better than all the rest yet," said she.

"But I must have the one hundred thousand."

"Oh yes, certainly, Harry, one hundred thousand dollars you must have."

"And Mrs. L., I haven't got it."

"Well, you must make a provision for it, Harry," said she mischievously.

"How, Mrs. L.?"

"Why, concoct a plan that will work, that is all." She then went on and told me what conversation had occurred between Alcebella and herself.

"I can raise a little over sixty thousand," said I. We soon parted, and back to the Irving House I came, after promising her that I would at once see what I could do.

Monday, Sept. 29th.—Near the hour of ten this morning, I alighted from a private carriage, and entered my father's mansion. I took both father and mother at once, without any ceremony, into the drawing-room, and after ungloving my hands and taking my seat, thus commenced. "Did you know that I had about made up my mind, that it was all foolishness to live and go on as I have done, and that I was about to turn over a new leaf; get married, settle down, and try to be somebody?"

"That is a very wise decision, indeed," rejoined my anxious mother, with heartfelt words.

"Give me your hand, my son, for I rejoice if you have formed such a conclusion," and truly I saw a tear roll down my father's cheek, as he advanced and extended his hand. Ah, he felt rejoiced.

"I have a strong notion of getting married, and now, my business here, at this early hour of the morning, is not only to get your good advice, but to inquire of both whether each of you will fulfil a promise once made to me. I then, upon their inquiry, informed my mother, that she had, at two different periods, extended me the promise, that if I would wed some fine young lady, she would agree to purchase me a house and lot, valued at ten thousand dollars. In reply, she remarked that she did, and would carry it into execution. So far, so good. I plainly saw that ten thousand had been added to sixty thousand, and now, only thirty thousand was wanting to make up the sum for an introduction. I then turned to my father, and asked him, in an exceedingly polite way, if he did not offer, at the same time, to furnish it at his own expense, with the same sum. Without any hesitation, in the least, his reply was in the affirmative; so everything was right thus far for eighty thousand. Now, then, twenty thousand was wanting, to make up the deficiency; so at once I opened the valves, broke loose, and, like a man, came out with the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I introduced the Connecticut subject, began and told the whole particulars about the sanguine decisions of the rich old bachelor, forgetting not to bring in the daughter's name every now and then. When I had finished, I then asked their opinion. Ma was very much pleased, indeed, and at once urged that an investigation should take place. Pa smiled, and said that if his son actually had a desire to try his luck, he would say, advance at once.

"But to make a fair start," said I, "twenty thousand dollars I want; for if you deed to me a house and lot, mother, worth ten thousand dollars, and father grants me a cheque of ten thousand for furnishing it, twenty thousand more I want."

"Deed to him a certain amount of property to cover the sum required," said mother. The old gentleman bowed, and said that as he liked the old bachelor's arrangements, and should make his daughter Kate make a similar promise about marrying, he would cheerfully deed to me a block of buildings in Beaver-street. Thus far, you see, I can take the bachelor by the arm, and at once show to him that I am worth the required sum, and I must see the daughter. But I have a precious nice card to work yet, let me tell you.

As it will do no serious damage to give the ladies good advice, and every now and then, a few good warnings, I would invite them to note the following:—

"A rich bachelor of New Jersey recently died, leaving by will several legacies, of from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each, to ladies whom he had addressed, but who had rejected him. He said that they had afterwards grown to be so ugly, that he could not be sufficiently grateful."



Wednesday.



CONNECTICUT is now in my mind. I am now ready to proceed there, and strive to obtain an introduction to the beautiful heiress. In my possession I have papers valued something over one hundred thousand dollars, amply able to prove to the rich particular old bachelor all he can ask for. Since my conversation with Mrs. L., father, mother, and myself have been busily engaged in preparing things for me. The old lady has given me her note, with my father's endorsement, for ten thousand dollars, and dad had deeded to me a certain block of stores in Beaver street, which even to-day would sell under Leed's hammer for eighty thousand dollars—some say ten thousand more. I have given him writings which will explain everything in toto, so that both of my parents feel assured of my intents and good purposes. I don't know when they have felt more interested for me than since I introduced the subject, both feeling an anxiety to see me well married, as soon as possible. I understand from an indirect source, that my mother knows the whole particulars in regard to the bachelor's life (through Mrs. L.); so undoubtedly this is one reason why she feels so much interested. To-morrow I am to depart for Connecticut, having learned that the bachelor was remaining at home, and I am thinking that my appearance will be rich and rare, according to all things. Fox, Genin, Phalon, Chilson, Bearnot and others, have all assisted in fitting me out, so far as appearance in dress is concerned, and if I don't make an impression, it will not be my fault. Pa has lectured me on particular points, ma has planned admirably, and sister Kate has added a few more essential characteristics, as it regards my mission. All three seem to feel very anxious that I should not make a failure, but rather come off eventually a conqueror. Not only have I in my possession those valuable documents of property, but I have also strong letters of introduction from merchant princes, who are exceedingly well acquainted with the rich bachelor. These I consider of great worth, especially when Stewart, the merchant prince; Little, the wealthy broker; Belmont, the financial agent; John Van Buren, the "prince;" and Edwards, the calm jurist, have, each at the simple request of my father, presented letters of introduction. Am I not favorably represented?

Thursday.—About two o'clock on the afternoon of this date, I arrived at a certain place in Connecticut, where resides the millionaire. Walking to and fro on the piazza of the first and only hotel in town, I had a fine chance to behold the bachelor's mansion and all thereabouts. Fountains were playing, scenes were changing, and every minute I saw or discovered something new. I felt a little embarrassed, I will own, but after dining I repaired to my room, prepared myself, and then finding the landlord, took him aside, and asked him a few private questions. I was told that this was not the first time interviews of this nature had occurred, and smiling freely all at once, he broke out and told me many laughable instances about young gents who had come to see him, before venturing in the presence of the bachelor. In short, he advised me to proceed forthwith to the residence, as he had just seen the bachelor enter. Off I started, and soon rung the bell. A servant appeared, and being informed that Mr. Randolph was in, I entered, was aided into a spacious drawing-room, where the bachelor soon repaired. Letters of introduction were presented, and it was not long before he took me by the hand with the grasp of brotherly love. So far I felt somewhat relieved. Without losing a minute's time, I broached the delicate subject at once, knowing for a certainty that he was very well convinced of my standing in society, and also of my parents. I addressed myself to him as a young man blessed with certain privileges and powers, that I had understood the particularities regarding the affairs of paying addresses to his daughter, and for those reasons I gave him to understand that I had come prepared. Before I could proceed, he in a very genteel manner explained to me his reasons for thus taking such a strong stand in regard to his daughter, and were I to repeat them, every person would admit their propriety. He revealed facts more abundant than I had ever dreamt about—circumstances of that nature warning him of future consequences—and my feelings were indeed his feelings. Then it was that I presented the documents in full for his inspection and consideration, proving to him that I was worth the required amount. As luck would have it, he at once expressed himself in full. Mr. Randolph was perfectly satisfied that whatever I had said in regard to the subject, was impartial, and he felt highly gratified that he had made my acquaintance. The letters of introduction being from such prominent and powerful sources, helped my case very much indeed. Mr. Randolph assured me that it would give him great pleasure to introduce his daughter to me, which decision was at once carried into execution. Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana, his daughter, was informed to prepare herself for an introduction, and after the bachelor and myself had talked about city affairs one way and another for some half an hour, a waiter informed Mr. Randolph that he was needed in the attic drawing-room. It was then a happy, happy moment to me. Open went the door, and in came the father arming along his daughter, who looked so smiling, blushing, and beautiful. I was introduced. Yes, it was then I could not express myself. She was indeed truly beautiful, corresponding with what Mrs. L. had told me. She appeared in a rich costume glittering with the gold-

smith's touch, and looking like an angel. I loved her, for in her actions—yes, even her looks—at once characterized hers fully. Thus far I was happy.

Friday.—After breakfasting at the hotel, I repaired once more to the mansion. Miss Randolph received me. It was then that I presented a letter to her from Mrs. L. of Union Square, which at once placed me on a more favorable footing, for they were old acquaintances, and Mrs. L. gave me a good name, which to me was gold on such an occasion. No one could be more satisfied in regard to this beautiful lady than myself, for she had actually surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I endeavored to do my best in actions and conversation, so anxious indeed that I abstained from any intoxicating drinks whatever, which was hard, especially when I even refused wine at the hotel. Our conversation was the same as young lovers in general, but I was cautious how I expressed sentiments beyond those of pure friendship. Had I felt disposed to utter my vows, I could have knelt at her feet instantly, but experience has taught me to be not too headstrong in such matters. After dining with the bachelor and beauty, I again repaired to my hotel with a happy heart.

Saturday.—To-day the daughter and myself took a drive about town, made one or two calls, and then returned. All the town talk is now about me, especially among the ladies. Some think I am bound to wed the heiress surely, and even the landlord hints the same, in a private way. The "New Yorker," which of course is me, is considered "some pumpkins," as the saying runs.

Sunday.—Attended church with bachelor and beauty, to-day, and read Episcopal service. I was eyed from every direction and the excitement was great. In the evening I spent three hours at the mansion.

Monday.—Made a call at eleven o'clock, heard the beautiful creature sing, and play on the piano and harp; had a conversation with the bachelor, took my departure about one in the afternoon, and remained during the rest of the day at the hotel.

Tuesday.—Everything lovely, everything as it should be. At noon was promenading with the daughter here and there, arming her about gravelled lawns, fountains, hot-houses and parks. By this time our acquaintance had reached a less reserved position, and began to chat and act like old friends. In the evening I did not bid her adieu until the hour of midnight. We parted at the door with a kiss.

Wednesday.—Wrote my parents to-day full particulars of everything, told them that I never before knew what pure love was, that I was happy, and if I could engage my heart and hand to Miss Randolph before I left, (if it took me a month) I should strive to do it.

Thursday.—A clear space, and no rivals to contend with. To-day the bachelor took me about his premises, and our wanderings elsewhere consumed several hours. I strived to know everything. On our return to the mansion, the daughter told me, in a bewitching kind of a way, that she was almost mad with me, because I had been absent so long a time. I liked this much, for it seemed loving—that she had some respect for me. I dined, and took tea, also, before my departure.

Midnight.—Let me ask you, young man, one plain and honorable question—Were you ever really in love? Then you say no, eh? Well of all the heavenly feelings—the happy ideas—the honey-moon dreams, this falling dead in love with a lovely virgin, surpassed everything else "on the board." My constant thoughts were upon her, by day and by night, so much so that I could have died for her, had she said the word. Some may doubt this, yet I think I could. As Mrs. L. had represented the fair creature, so did I find her—a lady eminently beautiful. Ah me, but what is the use to talk.



RIDAY.—Now I would ask with tears in my eyes, who can trust to a woman? My nerves tremble, my heart is almost broken, and my sobs are bitter. To-day I am impeded. Do you ask me why? Ah, listen, and judge, then, wise ones, if it is not too cruel, after one was moving along so fine. About ten o'clock, the bachelor called at the hotel and inquired for the number of my room. He was shown up. We were now alone. After taking out some letters from his coat pocket, he informed me that some explanation was needed about certain affairs. I stood ready to answer. He opened a letter, and began thus:

"I this morning received by mail two letters from New York, and as you can, undoubtedly, tell more about them, after hearing them read, permit me to do so."

What was now about to dawn was a mystery. All at once he commenced reading a letter, headed thus:

"New York City, Warren street, Residence —, Thursday Eve." Then I mistrusted—then it was that I felt certain I knew. Don't you think that the Warren street lady and daughter, with whom I had a mess, had found out that I was here with certain intentions, and to dethrone me, the mother had actually wrote a letter to the bachelor, warning him to be careful how he made my acquaintance, and telling him how many times I had promised to have young ladies, especially her daughter. This was a heavy blow to me. The next letter was from the pork merchant, and his daughter, of Amity street, which was about as bad. They had both given the street, the number of residence, and their names in full. What was to be done? I went at work and strove to explain matters, but it was of no use. Before

I could hold more interviews with his daughter, he must know the truth respecting these reports; so he advised me to go and bid his daughter adieu, and repair at once to New York, which I did accordingly. On my way home I made up my mind to have revenge; yes, I did with tears in my eyes.

*Saturday*—Arrived in New York late in the afternoon, and at once repaired to the Irving House, with a determination to visit Warren street before I slept. Without saying a word to any one, I found Prince John Davis, and at once left for Warren street, mad as I could be. Ah, what a time!

Well, when we rang the bell at the residence in Warren street, I bade the vigilant officer to remain perfectly still, unless questioned at any time. The servant opened the door, and without much ceremony, in we went. I had a peculiar reason for taking him with me—a reason best known to myself. She opened the drawing room door, where quickly I beheld the *anxious* mother and her beautiful daughter.

"Pardon us for the liberty we have taken in entering so unexpected," said I, bowing with all the buoyancy and politeness known. We were coolly invited to take a seat. Before proceeding, I must own that I was under a high state of excitement, and my feelings were none too cordial. The mother and daughter sat dressed in their splendor, each with a novel in their hand, a pack of cards near them, while about two feet from the former, a huge gold-clasped bible could be seen on a small table. Their actions were very sedate, and critics no doubt would have replied, if having been asked what they thought, that these two females hardly noticed us. Indeed this was the case. No questions were asked in regard to health or wealth, but as I said before, I opened heavy batteries. I rose up, bowed, placed a chair in front of me, and thus began:—

"Ladies, undoubtedly you are well aware what brings me here this evening so unexpectedly. Indeed, I am quite confident that no explanation is needed in regard to my mission, and now I would inquire why such libellous letters in regard to me were sent out of your hands to Mr. Randolph, of Connecticut?"

"Harry, you are an impudent scoundrel, and I say it," said the daughter, rising from her seat in all pomposity imaginable, and looking me fair in the eye. "Sir, no longer than four o'clock this afternoon I repeated the very same sentiment, asserted the very words in the presence of my friends, and yours too. You, sir, are an impudent man." She took her seat again. I then very politely asked her mother what remarks she had to make. "Only, sir, to endorse the sentiments of my daughter." I am thinking that this was brought out in one of Miss Cushman's noble ways, for I must confess that if any female ever sprung from her seat and walked across a long drawing-room in a very important attitude, she did. Both undoubtedly anticipated that they could frighten me.

"Your insult, ladies, I freely overlook, ascribing the same to your ignorance. I am sorry to find you both in so excited a state. My mission here is to enquire into the affair in which by you I am placed at present, but as you regard me so coolly, I will withdraw at once from your presence." Saying this, I bade "Prince John" to accompany me, but as we were about to leave the drawing-room, the mother recalled me.

"Harry, you have acted a base part towards us all. It maddens us to think that a young man of your standing should follow such a course. Past experience teaches me the awful depth of man's deceitfulness, and in your actions I have learned a lesson full of convincing proofs, which will follow me to the grave. There, sir, sits a daughter, my only child, who in early years placed her affection on you; you know that both parties talked this over often and freely, and you know that she loved you—dare you deny it?" Here she stopped, as tears fell down her rosy cheeks, but in a trembling voice proceeded. "No, sir, you are not the man to do it, and to crush a flower, to almost quench the lamp of existence, as you did, is too serious a subject to discuss at the present time. It has been the means of troubling me far more than my money ever did, of causing me to weep and mourn by day and by night, and yet you have the *brass*, Harry, I cannot call it anything else, to ask us this evening why we interfered—why we had the assurance to write and warn both bachelor and daughter, ere you had fooled another fair flower, and that too perhaps, for life. Now censure me for calling you a scoundrel."

"Oh let the fool go, ma," interrupted the daughter, "I wouldn't think of him, or cry over him again for his life, which I consider very poor property, at the best." This came out as though "queen of the world am I," and although I was excited, yet I could not refrain from drawing a smile to hear this vain creature "explateate."

Reader, what can't a man stand or bear, if coming from a woman? The tongue is a mighty enemy when once put in motion, and why undertake to battle with one of the "tender sex," when in any degree the creature is excited in temper. As I stood near the door, the agitation of both was quite perceivable; I endeavored to remain calm.

"Just think, Harry, how you slighted the accomplished Miss Handford, after paying your addresses to her for over a year! Oh, sir, I cannot see how you can ever sleep peacefully." The mother said this *alarmingly*.

"Prove your assertion first, madam, if you please, hear both sides," said I. "Well, that would not take long," cried the daughter, but I paid no attention to her.

"And then, sir, there was Miss Berryman, a lady whom you might have wedded, too, had you behaved yourself."

"Do you throw that out as an insult or as an argument?" I quickly inquired, walking towards her.

"Just as you please, sir; just as you may take it," was the answer, with an uncommon nod of the head.

"If, for an argument," said I, "words will soon reverse your prejudices," but before I could proceed, she twitted me of one thing and another, all totally false and unfounded. But what could I say?

"And," said she stoutly, "you had no reason at all; you cannot maintain the least defence for ceasing to pay your addresses to my daughter. You left us at once."

"No excuse at all," added the daughter, in an easy, comfortable way, interrupting her dearest mamma.

"You ought, Harry, to be stretched between two posts until you repented," ejaculated the mother. "And now, sir, yes, before you leave this room, you shall inform me what influenced you away from here." While saying this, she had sprung for the door, turned the bolt, and in her hand she held the silver key. But I kept my position, invited my friend Prince John Davis to seat himself, which he did, and then sat with folded arms, and looked as serious as the most pious minister in the world. About this time, both the ladies stood before me, looking sadly, and telling me that they had been imposed upon long enough. I informed them that they were making fools of themselves—very great fools, indeed—and that if they demanded to know the particulars, it would be no great task for me to inform them.

"That is what I demand, sir."

"Yes, you poor woman hater and unclassical *thing*," added the daughter. At this time Prince John laughed, and after a few comments between the ladies and him, I commenced.

"I think you have taken a very unwise course in swearing outright that I shall now divulge my reasons, when, from time to time, you have expressly heard me say that it was not my desire nor my wish at all to free my mind."

"Oh, gammon," said the daughter, in a sneering way.

"I must know your reasons, sir, and this key shall not turn bolt of that door until it is done," the mother displaying it, and pointing towards the door.

"Then you demand it?"

"Sir, you have heard my repeated assertions, and I waive from no point."

"I could almost put your eyes out with this fan—yes, you *villain*," observed the daughter, shaking it before me, and cutting her words very short. Things about this time were coming to a crisis.

"Then, madam, I will yield."

"You dare not do any other way," interposed the daughter haughtily.

"Then, madam, I will yield, although it grieves me much. You demand to know why I ceased paying my addresses to your daughter, whose abuse I consider as chaff before the wind. My answer is now ready, and whether the revelation meets your taste or not, do not censure me, for it is not my desire to have the first word to say about it. I now say to you that when we were on good terms, it was my intention eventually to have offered my hand to your daughter; but that, however, is something I never did."

"Sir, you lie, and, what's more, you know it," quickly retorted the mincey miss; but I passed it unnoticed, as before.

"Harry," said the mother, "did you not tell her one evening, while walking down Broadway, from Niblo's, that she must not think of wedding until you had had a conversation with her?"

"Never, to my remembrance," was my prompt reply.

"Very well, then, go on with your reasons; finish your subject," said the mother.

"Mr. Davis," said I. He bowed and made an inquiry.

"Come forth from that sofa, sir, as I wish to speak to you." He did so, in a meditative mood. Up to this time, neither of the ladies knew what was to fall from my lips. "This young lady, sir, whom I once could have loved, has been seen by me rolling ten-pins at a fashionable up-town saloon, at one o'clock in the morning."

"What! what do you say, sir?" muttered the mother, in dismal tones.

"And, madam, of being dressed in a fine suit of gentlemen's clothes, too—a thorough-going suit, *in toto*."

"You lie, you lie, you lie," yelled out the daughter, and crying like a child.

"Mr. Davis, do I deviate from the truth?"

"No, sir, you do not," was his reply.

"And what does he know about it, I should like to be informed?" inquired the anxious mother, very interestingly.

"I saw your daughter there, and knew her, madam," was his reply.

"This cannot be," exclaimed the mother, in tones of unbelief.

At once I advanced towards a small table, and touching a copy of holy writ, exclaimed, "My hand is upon it; by it I swear to what has been said. Your daughter was seen there by both of us—first by Mr. Davis—and this has been the reason why I have had that gentleman so close to me during the last few weeks. He can say more, but enough has already passed." Just at this time the daughter fainted, and was carried to the sofa.

In time she confessed it, with tears in her eyes, begged my pardon; and, at my request, I

received from them a written note that the hatchet should be buried—the past forgotten. I signed it. One more written document I received, too, and that was a letter addressed to Mr. Randolph, of Connecticut, begging of him to overlook the one addressed to him from Warren-street, and receive me as welcome as before. Thus, in this way, we left in peace. But now for the pork merchant and his daughter, of Amity-street, who had also written a letter to the bachelor, abusing myself and character. I think I shall wring his porky nose.



ARRANGING all affairs with the Warren-street gentry, we at once procured a private carriage, and proceeded to Amity-street. The pork merchant and his daughter had written a very abusive letter, in regard to me and my affairs, to Mr. Randolph, of Connecticut, the rich bachelor. Redress I demanded. On our way up, I talked the matter over with Prince John Davis; which, by the by, he had heard about before. I gave him to understand that I should certainly pull the merchant's porky nose the minute I saw him, to which he powerfully objected. As for the daughter, I had not much to say, for it is a hard task for me to fight with a beautiful creature. Prince John advised me to work slowly and easy, forgetting not politeness in the man's own mansion. When the steeds turned into Amity-street, I felt full of indignation; and when I stood within the drawing-room, before the beautiful daughter, of whom I inquired for her father, in strong terms, my feelings could not be expressed.

"What is the matter with you, sir?" she asked, after speaking as I did.

"I want to see the pork merchant, Miss Mag," said I, bowing at the same time.

She then began to talk to me righteously, walking up before me in a very bewitching way, (and, indeed, she looked like an angel,) she said, "Harry, now do not roar like a lion, nor growl like a tiger, but calm thy wrinkled brow; stay thine anger, for methinks I know it all. You have heard about a letter sent by Pa and me, to that old bachelor; you know, Harry, the gentleman who has the beautiful adopted daughter, and you don't like it, so you have come here to have, undoubtedly, what you call a 'muss.' This was brought out with such easy independence, the creature smiling prettily all the time, that it was hard for me to obtain my position, as she was so fashionably aggravating."

"If your father is in the house, I want to see him, Miss Mag," was all I said in return, and that in a somewhat saucy manner.

"Harry, did you know that you were addressing a lady? Now, the best thing you can do, is to —"

"If your Pa is within, will you please to call him for me," said Prince John Davies, advancing, bowing, and addressing the coquette, in a very gentlemanly way.

"What is your business with him, sir?" she asked.

"I wish to see him in behalf of my friend," said he.

"That is what I thought," said she, in an independent tone. "Now, I understand it all, gentlemen—fully understand it, and I will say to you, that I can answer all your questions. I stand responsible for the letter sent, and if either of you wish to know why I sent it, I can tell you. As for frightening me, that is not so easy a task, for no man can do it."

Thus you see how much is to be gained by battling with a young Miss, full of life, blessed with beauty, and one who loves to be coquettish. It is true, I was not, just at this time, so very angry, yet I felt the power of indignation. Her reasons for sending it was because I had slighted her, and to come up with me, she had impeded my progress.

"Now, Harry," said she, "You have slighted me often, yet I overlook all these things, for I have already confessed to you, more than a dozen times, that you was the idol of my heart. Have I not?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, sir," said she, bowing and nodding, and looking me roguishly in the eye, "I now tell you, Harry, that I have made up my mind to fight for you, even to the very ends of the earth. Since our acquaintance, what have I done? I have snatched from my fingers diamond rings, and I have seen them glitter as they fell into the possession of the giver. I have thrown back from whence they came, various parts of the goldsmith's display, and bade a score of lovers and admirers, to know my company no longer. Harry, you know these things to be true. We have talked it over time after time, and that is the reason why I take such a liberty to talk. I call you a singular man, so singular, however, that I shall not be fooled by you. As well as you know that you live, you remember our previous interviews, and if you think you can make capital out of me, in regard to the letter, you are mistaken. I am in my own house, and I know too, sir, that my father is a *pork merchant*." Saying this, she walked off, as though she understood it fully.

I asked again to see him, but got no answer. By this time, I began to get quite vexed, but she stood and laughed at me.

"You shall never marry the Connecticut lady, Harry; not as long as I live," she exclaimed, in a tragic manner. This made Prince John laugh, who was seated in the rear drawing-room, attired from head to foot, as though just from the bandbox.

"I know you, sir, and —"

"Miss Mag, why did you send such an abusive letter?" I inquired, with a heavy heart, interrupting her.

"Harry, it was the richest thing I ever did, and my father bears me out in it."

"I'll wring your father's nose, Miss Mag," said I, spitefully.

"Yes, and if you say those words again, I will cuff your ears, Harry," and, without waiting me to do it, she gave me a slap, which certainly could not be called a "love pat," for she struck quite hard.

"Don't you two get a fighting now," exclaimed Prince John Davies, who rose up quickly, and advanced towards us.

"Wring my father's nose! Have you no respect for old age? I will call pa now, and if you deem it proper to pass through 'noseology,' you can do it." She made a spring for the door, and out she went.

"Ah! cunning, cunning enough," said Prince John, wriggling his shoulders and laughing.

"What shall I do?" I asked; for, in fact, I was rather puzzled.

"Turn it off the best way you can," said he.

"How shrewd she is, Jack!"

"Oh, yes! keen and cunning as a fox."

At this time open went the door, and in came father and daughter. We bowed and passed the general compliments, but did not shake hands.

"What do you want of me, sir?" he demanded.

"I want to know, sir, why you have taken the liberty to interfere with my affairs, as you have?"

Well, now, Harry, words will only produce a bad effect, if this point is discussed. I want to talk to you openly and honestly."

"Proceed, sir, if you please," was my rejoinder.

"Well, what I have to say is this, and I talk it seriously, for I consider it a serious subject. You know that it is natural for young people to fall in love—that it is a natural instinct, and in a great many cases the effect is bad when blighted. Now my daughter has often told me that she loved you—that you were the only man, whom she could love as woman should, and knowing as I do that you and she have often talked this subject over in the fore-part of summer, I now come to the point. You have some sixty thousand dollars' worth of property, I believe."

"Yes, sir, save what I have spent," I said.

"How much do you think you have spent?"

"Oh! eight or ten thousand or more, sir."

"Well, we will say that you are worth fifty thousand dollars. Now, Harry, if you think that you could make Mag your wife, I will do anything for you. My business grants me a yearly nett profit of some twenty thousand dollars."

"He is a 'pork merchant,' Harry," interrupted Miss Mag, and she brought it out sneeringly. The old gentleman smiled, said nothing about it, but proceeded:

"Eventually, I shall give my daughter a handsome property—one equal, at least, to yours; and if you will become her husband, this shall be granted to you in writing."

"I am not prepared, sir, to answer your questions at present; and then, again, I am not in a marrying mood. Sir, it is doubtful if I ever wed!" This came out strong. Here I asked them both to write a letter to Mr. Randolph, and clear up what they had said; but Miss Mag at once spoke up that it could not be done, as the truth had been spoken. I then gave them to understand that I should never enter the house again, until every thing had been made satisfactory to the Connecticut gentleman.

"You shall never marry her, Harry," said Mag.

"Well, ma'am," said I, "made matches are not what they are 'cracked up to be,' and as long as I am free from them, I will continue so to be. I now leave your company and your house for ever."

"Won't you and your friend take a glass of wine?" asked the pork merchant.

"None for me, sir; I don't drink spirituous liquors," and by the time I said this, the daughter had something to say upon that point.

"You had both better drink a glass of wine."

"No, sir; no, sir," and I turned and walked from him.

"Won't you, Mr. Davis?"

This "sprig of nicety" said nay.

As we entered the hall, the beautiful girl gave me to understand, the third time, that I should never wed the Connecticut lady. Throughout the whole of this interview, I had made up my mind that the least I said would prove the most profitable in the end; so I thought that I would depart, and strive by some honest means to gain the affections of the bachelor's adopted daughter.

There is one certain reason, of a private nature, why, both the father and daughter took the liberty of talking to me as they did. One would imagine from our conversation, that "it was all in the family." Time will yet solve the mystery.

Monday—Since Saturday, I have been busy. The whole affair has been talked over between myself and parents. Kate, my beautiful sister, Mrs. L., of Union Square, my very intimate friend and adviser, and mother, intend to accompany me to Connecticut. The old

gentleman pays the travelling expenses, feeling, as he does, very much interested, no doubt, from the idea of my having already over twenty thousand dollars in possession.

I will now give a third record of the latest "fashionable intelligence." Ahem!

At the opera, not long since, I was very much surprised, when the beautiful Marchioness de Iterantity, retired from her private box. This fashionable intelligence, saddened the prospects of the lively young Duke S—, Union Square, who had just paid his gold for a ticket as she departed for her residence in Lafayette Place. A sudden indisposition caused him to retire.

The gay young Countess, of Irving Place, who generally rides alone in Broadway, and attends Grace Church alone, took a salt-water bath at Rabineau's, Battery, this morning, at the early hour of eleven. Her ejaculations were loud, when she first touched the watery element, but by keeping a vial of salts constantly at her nose, her ladyship conquered, or forgot the sudden change of temperature between air and water!

It has been whispered in the circle of Sir Thomas Jones, that Lady Clotilda Anna, of Twenty-second-street, would soon be led to the altar by her cousin, Count Jeemz. This is attributed, for keeping the property "in the family!"

It is certainly to be regretted that the young Duke of Bleeker-street, was so unclassical as to demand a kiss from the Lady Sophia Jeanotk, daughter of the Duke de Spigla, while at the re-union of the charming Lady Maria Lar—e. Her screams were terrible as they went forth from the main drawing-room. The sudden dismissal of the young Duke's company, caused a medical prescription from the family physician. His pulse on the following morning reached 102. This is sudden "fashionable intelligence."

I am exceedingly happy to behold choice sprigs of our nobility, indulging in pedestrian exercise in Broadway. There is a great deal of good to be derived from such exercise, and I hope that these choice flowers will practice it often. The thoroughfare is in none too good a state for the display of silks and satins; yet, it is much better than taking pills for the headache!

*Friday*—How uncertain is life! and how true it is, that "In the midst of life we are in death." It seems as though disease is always working in secret order, and while one is smiling to-day, that flower is cut down and crushed to-morrow. The beautiful creature of Amity-street, is now numbered among the congregated dead. At a late hour, last evening, she breathed her last, and now sleeps the sleep of death. Her cousin came to my father's mansion to tell me all. It touched my heart. I at once repaired to the residence. Upon the bell-knob, heavy black crape was visible. I entered the house of splendor. Soon I was aided up a flight of stairs. I took the wealthy merchant by the hand, but he cried like a child.

"She died, Harry, very suddenly. My daughter is dead," and oh, how lamentable that father was. Yea, it is said that I too, wept like a child. It seems that the daughter was seated at the piano, when she was so suddenly taken. Her father told me, that Dr. Mott, the most celebrated man of his profession in the world, had just gone, and that he had pronounced her case a disease of the heart.

"She fell, my friend, from the piano, and was in a few minutes a corpse," muttered the old man, who, indeed, seemed overpowered with grief. Gloom and despair was everywhere visible; I, too, felt its power.

"Come, with me, Harry; come with me, for you must know it all, I suppose," said the old gentleman, who cried and groaned, step after step. He led me to a couch whereon the beautiful creature was seen. He whispered, "I gazed upon the fair angel, and then beheld her cold in death. She was as fair as wax, a smile was visible, she looked happy. Let me tell you all," said the old man, in a whisper. "You see this small white package, Harry?"

"I do sir," was the reply, in weeping terms.

"My daughter, Harry, just before she died, asked to be raised up. She was. Then she inquired for a pair of scissors. They were procured. She then cut from her head one of her long and beautiful ringlets. Paper was brought, and it was enclosed. She handed it to me, and her dying request was, 'Present it to Harry; tell him to meet me in heaven!' She then died.

*Thursday*—We buried her; I saw her remains laid in the cold and silent tomb. I wept when the first shovel of earth was thrown upon the coffin, and whispered, "this is the end of perfection." The pork merchant is an altered man, and the late bereavement works hard on his very soul. I saw him weep and groan as these words, "Earth to earth, dust to dust," fell from the pious lips of an aged, grey-haired minister. The equal of this bereavement I have never seen, and methinks, that however wild and romantic, giddy and worldly, I may be, I can boast of having as fine a fellow feeling, and as sensitive a heart as my neighbor. To be short, I can laugh, when joy knocks at my door, and weep when sorrow enters. Ah, I shall never forget that father's last look upon the immortal remains of his only daughter,

who seemed stumbling over the oaken leaf of midnight's imagination, at what looked like an angel. It was hard to tear himself away ere the lid was closed for ever, and as he stood over her weeping—weeping as though his very heart would burst, I shook my head, turned from the scene, and fell upon the sofa. It was time for the ceremonies, but he cried aloud, when so informed by anxious friends. "No, no, it cannot be done, my child, my child," and then fell upon the floor. It was a touching scene. As quick as sight he was on his feet, and in a twinkling, he kissed the cold cheek, for the hundredth time, saying, "My daughter, my daughter, your father's heart was never touched before, and such tears, he never shed until death entered my once happy home. God grant that He may take you to His bosom," and as the sexton raised up the lid, he held a firm grasp upon the coffin, and whispered,

"Do wait one moment longer; allow me to take one more look; let me take one more farewell kiss, for I love my daughter, and it is hard to part."

It was done, but all at once, gazing steadfastly upon her features, in a wild, romantic look, he cried aloud on the spur of the moment, "She breathes!" but the father was mistaken; yes, he was, for it was nothing but the flight of fancy. I never saw a man before act as he did, and hundreds say the same. Before the lid was closed, he even would not give nor yield; and when the celebrated Dr. Mott entered the room of mourning, the bereaved father sprang for him, grasped his hand, and leading him to the body of the deceased, he turned his eye upwards, and placing one hand upon the shoulder of his adviser, he spoke thus in mournful tones.

"Tell me, doctor, if there is no slumbering life? I have sent for you to tell me that. Tell me—tell me?"

"Your daughter sleeps the sleep of death," rejoined the venerable Dr. Mott in a trembling tone, tears starting from the old gentleman's eyes.

"But have you not known instances, sir—instances, doctor, where persons have awoke, after pronounced lifeless?" He spoke as though anxious for a favorable answer.

"Oh, yes, but your daughter is dead, sir; yes, poor girl, she is dead." He spoke in sorrowful notes.

"Then it must be so, I suppose; but methinks my daughter will yet show signs of life," but here the celebrated doctor gave his reasons for thus pronouncing her dead. The father said he had reason for being sure of it, as his only sister was found in her coffin face downwards, when her remains were removed from the first place of interment.

At last he was satisfied that she was dead, and, kissing her cold brow once more, he ascended to his chamber. Hosts of her old admirers, and perhaps lovers, gave a last look, too; and as I beheld a diamond necklace thrown about her, rings, jewels, and costly finery placed upon her bosom, I then thought that there was reality in what her father said when he placed them there, "Keep them not; all is vanity—vanity."

Sixteen days have now passed since she was buried. There has been a great change in the Amity street family, and an aged father seems lonely, disconsolate, and a broken hearted man. He is not the pork merchant—the thorough going, business man that he was once, for a fair daughter no longer embraces him on his return from South street. The drawing-room seems lonely, the piano is covered, and even the marble busts seem to whisper "They were, but they are not." I have seen him and I have heard his lamentations. Money is of no object to him, so far as the gain of it goes, although that was once his great aim—his sole wish. The fact is he is discouraged, for the pride of his heart has been snatched away. This is no more than a natural thing.

*Tuesday, Nov. 11.*



LISTEN!—Having put off our Connecticut visit until now, for several reasons, I began to think that it was time to make a bold move. It had touched me severely, in regard to the death of the Amity street lady, we being old acquaintances, notwithstanding we did not agree too well. One soon gets over the main strength of a valuable loss in such a great city as this, there being so much hum, bustle and excitement; but as for me, I shall never forget the loss of so valuable a character to community. You remember what her last dying request to me was. Pure love in this world is the one great required characteristic, and I have seen and witnessed its power.

Last evening I had quite a singular chat with one of our up-town belles, and I declare that I hardly knew what to do. It seems as though she has long had her eye upon me, having heard and read of me often. The young lady acted as though in a wild, romantic situation, for she was in love with me, and I don't recollect when I was ever so nicely met, or come up with, as with the beautiful young lady. The incident is a most singular affair, and, no doubt, perfectly honest on her part. I had just left my father's home about six o'clock in the evening, on my return to the Irving, and as I desired to puff a good segar, I footed it down town in my slow, easy way, unconscious that any one was



near me. As I was about passing Grace Church, my attention was attracted by a young girl behind me who was following me along, and crying quite hard. Of course I retraced my steps. She was not more than ten years old, and after inquiring where she lived three different times, I at her request, took her by the hand and started in pursuit of her parents. She was nicely dressed, and as I went along, I conversed freely with the young miss. Reaching a certain popular street I watched closely the numbers by gas light, she at once stopped in front of a fine, noble-looking mansion, no less than six stories high, having eighteen marble door steps. I was surprised when the weeping girl informed me that she lived there, for it was the home of a wealthy down-town merchant. She insisted that I should go in, as I had been so polite, and, seeing a massive chandelier lighted in the front drawing-room, I consented. The bell was rung, the servant came and we entered. Placing my hat upon the hall hat-stand, she opened the drawing-room door, and while fresh tears were visible in her eyes, she ran across the drawing-room to an elder sister, who was just in the act of bowing as I emerged from the door, and then introduced me in her childish way, having gained my name when I accosted her near Grace Church, saying to the young lady that she had lost her way, and I had come home with her. The young girl's story was very well told, and as soon as I conveniently could, I related the circumstances. Indeed I now stood before the up-town belle—the beautiful young lady of a certain Ward. She crossed over and took me by the hand, thanked me for my politeness, intimating the idea that she had never known that her young sister was out of the house. Mystery seemed to hang about me. The little runaway seemed to feel so rejoiced that she jumped up and down, patted her little hands together, and, after telling me that I was such a nice man for taking care of her, she wanted to kiss me for my trouble. This was at once done, causing both sister and myself to smile. I was once more invited to take a seat, and as I had been ushered into drawing-rooms of sumptuous splendor, decorated, too, richly—too much in the extreme to look well for true-born democratic Americans, I seated myself near the beautiful daughter. Knowing her father only by reputation, I took the liberty to inquire if he was at home; but was told by the beauty that both father and mother had gone to attend a wedding in the upper part of the city.

"I believe I have seen you before," she at last said, blushing like a fair rose.

"Very probably you have, Miss Dashaday," was my reply, bowing and smiling.

"I know I have seen you in Broadway very often. And I have heard of you very often, too," said she.

"No doubt of that in the least," I remarked.

"Did I not see you promenading a few evenings ago in Union Park with Miss Bosque?" She modestly asked.

"Even so, Miss Dashaday."

"And now since I bethink for an instant, it appears to me I saw you at the Opera not long ago with your sister and Miss Ogden?"

"Its very probable you did, for such may be the case."

"Your looks were quite familiar to me the instant you entered."

"And I can say the same on the other hand," I promptly interrupted. Thus we sat chatting away, each telling what they believed they had seen and heard. As this merchant's daughter was elegantly attired in every department, it caused me, as it would any gent, to think that somebody was surely expected, or else all this dashy array of dress would not have been seen by me at a moment's warning. I made signs of departure, but she seemed to understand the motive too well for me. She seated herself at the piano, and away she played and sung "Oh, I should like to marry." Of course I pronounced all exquisitely executed, which really was so. I was now seated by her side. She sung and played much, and before I knew it, an hour had passed very agreeably. Ice-creams and choice drinkables were brought from below, which, no doubt to "show off," took no less than four different servants. I was, by this time, over my hurry. Although the charming, accomplished, and truly beautiful Miss Dashaday had heard of me before, she showed no signs of being in any degree familiar with any of my love affairs—such, for instance, as Warren and Amity street, together with the Connecticut subject. I could not say positively whether she was ignorant of this or not. I regarded my situation just at that time as well enveloped in mystery, although, it is true, I had aided a poor little crying girl to her home, from whence she had wandered. Yet, as I said before, some things looked mysterious to me. As for her little sister she understood herself very well for one of her age, and began telling me this, that, and the other thing. I was innocently told that the rich drapery about each window cost sixteen hundred dollars, that the Turkey carpet was imported expressly for her ma, that the front marble mantle and fixtures was just like Dr. Moffatt's, in Union Square, and cost almost four thousand dollars; that there were eleven thousand dollars worth of furniture in the three drawing-rooms; that every room "in the whole of pa's house" was furnished just as nice in proportion that her pa kept two span of beautiful horses, three elegant carriages, and that the house demanded in all seven servants. It was really amusing to hear her tell me all this in her innocent, childish manner; and when I asked her how she knew so much, her answer was that she had made her pa and ma tell her just how it was. There was a little mystery however, about this "in my eye." She went on, and told about the famous green-houses, fruits and flowers; also, that the house and lot covered almost an acre of ground. I

was informed that her sister Armenia's piano cost seven hundred and fifty dollars; that she was eleven years old, while Armenia was "just eighteen;" that her pa had already got two marble fountains in the rear yard, but was soon to have a fine one in front of the house. "Pa built the house, and ma furnished it; one laid out fifty-four thousand and the other twenty-nine thousand dollars." The young creature was indeed well "posted up" on family affairs, and she seemed to talk as honest, candid and earnest as one could. After telling me a host of other things, she began to count with her fingers thus—"One is twelve, one is thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and one is eighteen." I asked what she meant!

"Why, when I am seven years older, then my money will be my own."

"Then you have got money," said I.

"Oh yes, sir; grandma left me forty thousand dollars, and I'm to have it when I'm eighteen."

"Well," said I, "you are indeed lucky, Miss Maria Louisa. Your grandma was good to you."

"Yes, and so she was to my only sister Armenia, for grandma gave her forty thousand dollars, too, which is now her own, for sister is eighteen; but she says she is going to let it remain where it is, until she can find the right kind of a husband, then she is going to let him look after it and her."

At this time, you may well believe, that I was in no hurry to go.

It pleased me much to hear the younger Miss Dashaday reveal such interesting secrets, although I never felt anxious to pry into other people's affairs. She had already bade me know that she was worth the handsome sum of forty thousand dollars, and also that her elder and only sister, Armenia by name, was worth the same sum, and was now her own, she being, according to the decree of the will of the grandmother, at the required age, which was eighteen. When this little girl informed me that her beautiful sister intended to allow her property to remain undisturbed until she could light on a good husband, who would then look after it and her, I smiled and thought to myself that there was a noble chance for me; a capital channel. I don't know when I have been more pleased. By and through her I found out that they were the only two children, and that this property was invested mostly in Government Stock. Even Miss Dashaday, the young girl, told me the location of this property, besides other instances of a valuable nature. What bothered me most was her thorough knowledge of affairs in general; and if there ever was such a thing as "old heads on young shoulders," as very knowing, intelligent, forward children, this girl was one of that class. Near us stood a rich harp, on which she played, and as for "human nature," she had a far greater compass than any one I ever saw for one of her age. She was conversant with the whole genealogy of the Dashadays, and her little tongue was interestingly kept in motion continually.

When her beautiful sister returned to the drawing-room, all was still, and not one word was said in regard to our conversation. Just previous to her entrance, the young sister was taken to coughing very severely, but soon checked it. I did not stay much longer after this. Before my departure, the beautiful Armenia modestly invited me to attend a party which she intended to give. I hesitated at first, but after being urged a little, (oh, how I like to be urged in that kind of a way by the ladies,) I finally committed myself, and fairly promised to be present. The party was to come off on the third night after. I bade them both good evening, wished them well, bowed, and took my departure.

Reaching the Irving House, I at once retired to my room, took a bath, and then visited Niblo's. I retired that night at an early hour, perfectly sober, having broke myself from that repeated desire, "to drink and to drink again." Methinks I slept sweet and happy—more so than the richest king in the world. On my right, there seemed to smile in my dreams the Connecticut heiress—on my left the beautiful Dashaday, while now and then methought I saw the poor girl of Amity street in all life and gaiety, but ah! it was all imaginary—all fancy.

The party. Yes, I attended the grand party, and it was a brilliant entertainment. It was very select, very popular, and everlastingly fashionable. Would-be-belles were plenty, should-be-belles were scarce, and as for dandies, they were there in their high speckled collars, dashing suits, white kids, moustaches and quizzing-glasses. Some were quite wise, quite to the purpose, and some were braggadocios—young men who acted foolish and fashionably offensive. Big words were used fluently—spindle-like, pipe-stem, compass-legs, were trembling all about, while perquisites and exquisites, went in with a rush. There were a great many very knowing young people present, who professed to know all about "Squizzletorious indites," and the "antipodical department," which, in fact, to save my life, I could not digest, no how. The whole of the matter is, they had too much to say, and what they said was of the same influence, as adding a drop more in the ocean. As for the ladies, I let all others pass, save the elder Miss Dashaday, through whom I cultivated the father's and mother's acquaintance. I think I am quite a *trump* there, a good deal of a favorite, but time, you know, decides all things. I went there in style, fully prepared, and I left at an early hour, under a pretence of being indisposed, in a sober, yet happy state of mind. The whole of it can be said in these few words; I paid all attention to Miss Armenia Dashaday, and when I took my departure, it was with a sweet kiss, and a promise to call again soon. One who has travelled as much as I have, ought to know. It is a very great and important part to work your card right, to understand, or rather like playing a game at chess—mind your moves.



ROADWAY at early eve! Let me give you a description of this thoroughfare, at a time, when the "down towners" are wandering homeward. I am speaking of Broadway at a certain hour—six in the winter, and seven in the summer; at a period when merchants and clerks, mechanics and dandies, are "hurrying home to tea." This is the great time Broadway is more crowded, than during any hour in the day; and it is now, when I intend to throw a few ideas upon the leaves of my diary, hoping to give you a faint description of the same. Oh, Broadway, what a heterogeneous mass of human beings you do entertain! The world comes to you; and all claus, grades, and sects, worship you in a measure, to a certain extent. A floating population of eighty thousand persons flock to you at one scene; a thousand wheeled vehicles roll through your street, hour after hour, while, in the crowd, promenades the gent, the knave, the blackleg, the hypocrite, the villain; in short infamies of every color and degree. Then, Broadway, how many hundred women of doubtful character are entertained, whose cheeks bespeak of "lily white," and whose homes are a modern hell, disguised by gorgeous upholstery, magnificent paintings, (of ancient goddesses in heathen nudity,) and mirrors from floor to ceiling. But there is some credit due you—for you have entertained the good and the great in your thoroughfare, so much worshiped by the world.

At the hours above-named, let us look at a "multitudinous wilderness." Where thirty persons are coming down, an hundred are hurrying up Broadway. Omnibusses are chock full—Kipp & Brown's in particular—while the side-walks are completely crowded. Thousands of ladies, arrayed in all the colors of the prism; thousands of gentlemen, with all manner of shaped whiskers and dress; scores of dashing equipages, with outsiders, in liveries of green, red and blue, and silver and gold; and innumerable itinerants, and beggars, greet the eye of man, as he rushes ahead. What a steady roar of thunder a little million of omnibusses do make; what changing scenes from morn to night are perceived by the eye! Here, are any quantity of merchants, of clerks; defenders of honesty and rascality, a class, whose friendship is most generally measured by the *day book* and *ledger*. You can't blame them for walking fast, as they are hungry, tired, busy. A lunch at eleven, the stomach regards no longer as an assistant; and thus goes on the crowd for the table. Some, it is true, walk at a modern pace.

I have often "noted" the manner and customs so observable in Broadway at these hours of the season, for it may well be considered a *moving panorama of society*! Here one can study and learn many a lesson of powerful import—see something new every instant—and, I may venture to add, that you can see whatever your heart desires from time to time. There are hundreds of young ladies who promenade down at these hours, for the express purpose of returning home with their father, their brother, their uncle, or their lover, whom they meet in the lower part of Broadway. This is practiced to a great notoriety. I know of a young heiress who regularly makes it a practice, during the week-days, to arrange it so as to be escorted up Broadway by her intended, at about these hours now under consideration. In fact, I could name a hundred of the same stamp.

Here comes the reputed heiress of three estates—Miss M——, who has a pretty look about her, yet without possessing the *je ne sais quoi* which is requisite to the first station of fashionable society. See how lordly she walks forth with a noble air, and withal graceful and dignified! Behind her can be seen three poor girls, who are obliged to toil many a long hour with the needle, wending their way homeward. Although there is a vast difference between the two parties, the virtue of the latter class stands unshaken! But, look again! This is an important hour, and all classes are wandering through Broadway. I see the two Misses A——g's, of Houston street, "honoring the thoroughfare with their presence"—two young, pretty creatures, of enthusiasm, whose doating theme of discussion is upon the delicious pleasure derived from ice-creams and quadrilles, splendid suppers, and the acquaintanceship of handsome-looking gentlemen. Here goes a chap whose aim is to appear in the tightest boots of all the admirers of Dame Fashion; another who doats upon the exquisite curl of his monstache, and the twistification of a gaudy cravat, neatly formed into an indisputable "Paris tie." He thinks himself "very nice indeed"—the very pink of gentility and fashion. In the crowd passes one young snob, who is pleased to think that he is considered a "lady-killer," and upon the strength of this appellation endeavors to show that he is a passionate admirer of female beauty. How often have I seen him in Broadway, in the company of the three young Jew dandies of Houston-street—all of whom may be honestly considered of having more blood in their heel than in their brains. And here comes a young duck, whose tandem and bays are the admiration of Broadway—walking arm in arm with the young gent who always allows a particular curl to rest with careless ease upon his pretty forehead. Ladies mark them as they pass—speak of Dick's cane so exquisitely curled and mounted, and of Sim's "bewitching smiles." Everybody walks fast—save a few certain kind of creatures who better resemble marble images than animated beings. Some ladies are overloaded with ornaments—some are ill-dressed to appear to advantage—but it must be remembered that there are no two alike in dress or manners, for women are changeable and capricious. The great master passion of woman is—vanity!

Walk the thoroughfare for amusement, as often as I have, reader, and customs, practices

and countenances become old to you. I know the man whose day-book is his god; the dandy who detests a newspaper; the bachelor whose great game is chess; the gent so noted for giving magnificent suppers; the vain young lady who boasts of treading upon marble floors "when on a visit at the White House"—and who declares herself to be a great defender and lover of the gay and intoxicating splendors of Gotham. All these noted personages promenade Broadway at these hours—the ladies to see the good looking gentlemen, the gentlemen to behold the handsome ladies. Belles who count over their conquests from day to day, admire to promenade Broadway at this period of early eve—and some there are of that class who are constantly discussing anomalous and contradictory peculiarities, rather than the merits of Milton, Eschyles, a Shakspeare. Now there is Miss G——, she is one of those peculiar beauties, who never think of any thing aside from dress, balls and parties, hot steaks and pure Mocha, or a nice supper of fritters, an Italian cream, a Charlotte Russe, an iced drink—and a handsome man.

But look again! There goes Billy M—— flourishing his perfumed handkerchief; he is sure to wander homeward at this hour of the afternoon. Then there is Charley M——, he who smuggles himself into society; then the regular "gentleman street-walker," whose style of dress denotes at once a "man about town," the other, "a suitable companion." Both of them can be "spotted" daily.



This propelling a lady along by "arm force" is a practice which came into execution about one year ago. It is mostly enacted by "dashing persons," yet many of the first circle countenance it to an uncommon degree.

During the last ten years, the modes of promenading have been various, and as this "nudging fashion" is now extant, one may predict that the next fashion will allow greater liberty. How many there are of a certain surveillance stamp who introduce and follow up such ungraceful customs! But to give the reader a fair opportunity of beholding, or in other words, inspecting this "poke and nudge" kind of promenading, here we have a "back view," enabling the observer to notice the manner, form, and way observed to this fashion.

To see this practiced to an "alarming extent," one has to walk up and down the Bowery by daylight or by gaslight. I have seen the arm of the male passed around the lady's waist and thus walk on

in that fashion. In Broadway it is not much practiced. This I have seen in open daylight, but not so much as after certain hours of night.

But let us look again at Broadway, for there are scores of "noted personages" yet to be known. By the bye, I must not forget the *belle* of Canal street, who is a tantalizing vixen and an uncommon quiz; nor must I pass by the sweet pretty name of Cad P——, the Miss who sings so splendid at Rev. Mr——'s church, who checks not to place all of her little sins and peccadillos in full array, before her acquaintances, and who doats upon making herself "look beautiful, and then take a promenade." How different is she from her neighbor, Miss T——, who "never laughs, as 'fashionable people' would consider it rude!" But in the mind of a humble liner, it's a great pity that she strives so hard to personate the character of one considered to be the very quintessential of New York fashion!



Broadway is the noted place where one must go.

"To catch the manners as they rise."

There is an inexhaustible entertainment derived from merely promenading the street, at any time of a fine day or evening. See the beautiful women! This is attraction enough, and no place can surpass Gotham in the elegance and loveliness of its women! Who dare deny this plain assertion? Then New York has become the headquarters, yea, the metropolis of *Dandies*! Those of Bond street, or the loud swells of St. James, are nothing at all when compared with the different generations of the species now existing among us. And the same bold assertion could be made in behalf of our noted "fashionable ladies," who stand remarkable for dancing into love and dancing out of it—of having at their command *fifty thousand* a year; a private box at the opera and theatre—a stud of elegant horses—a liberal quantity of diamonds—a mansion in Broadway, and the free use of consuming pads and rouges, costume, liquid dyes and cosmetics to their own liking, basing their whole life upon one certain characteristic quality—"Money will make amends for all peccadilloes!"

In this vast city—this great world of beings and of things—no one can be at a loss for something wherein or wherewith to engage himself. The different departments of business, such as assume from the highest altitude of reputation, to the lowest depths of abject degradation, meet the eye of the beholder or inquirer; for every avenue of every order is opened to view. Here in this powerful city can be found promiscuously intermingled, whatever can displease or delight the eye, sadden or render joyous the heart, please or prove corrupt to the ear, cause the tear or excite the smile, and move to pity or upbraid to revenge. In one sense of the word every society is brought down to a common level—a mixture, wherein are brought to bear the high and low, rich and poor; even clergy and laity, idiot and madman, Christian and infidel, the pious and profane. The rich nabob can be seen rolling in wealth, and so can the miserable outcast, rolling in disease, dissipation, and famine—forced to make the very gutter his resting place. A person may take his stand from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, and during every second behold continually new objects and things—all that is pure, and chaste, and lovely—all that is vile, repulsive, and corrupt—enraptured on one hand with beauty, disgusted on the other with untold deformity. Riches may be displayed in a grand business-like manner; the varied charms of novelty may be seen; avenues to business may be crowded, and money may be plenty—yet at the same time poverty moves on with the tide of the affairs of men. All know that the city of New York has for its inhabitants, *beings* of every order and degree of character, and whatever a man's pursuit may be, whatever his avocation, his desire, his taste, he will surely find kindred spirits with his own. Business moves in every channel, and so does sin, while philosopher and fool constitute the two parties of a business life. The changes of any city are as numerous as its inhabitants, and life itself shows its own effects. New York is a great metropolis, and the addition of every hour still makes it greater. The good and the bad hope to be rich—and all hope eventually to be saved.

Mid the thousands of promenaders, one can behold every now and then, in pleasant weather, many a distinguished character, well known at home and abroad. Brougham, happy go-easy John, promenades quite often during the leisure hours allotted to so busy and hard-working gentleman, and you always observe that he appears in good order throughout. Then Hamblin comes along, a large noble, dignified form, appearing to be in deep study, as he swings his cane, and takes a light pinch of snuff. There is something commanding about this gentleman, as much so as about the great American tragedian, the American Roscius, the child of genius, a self-made man, Edwin Forrest, who, when in Broadway attracts at once the eye of the observer. Niblo seldom walks, but most generally rides up and down Broadway, while, if you have a desire to "spot" Lester, or Blake, choose your time, at early eve, as they wander down the thoroughfare for Burton's. A lady of high rank, says to me, the other evening, "Did you ever observe what very good-looking gentlemen constitute the first characters of the stage?" I admitted that this was a very true and pertinent remark; but upon the point of "good looks," we must not forget Fenno, Conway, Clarke, Sefton, nor Goodhall.

There is quite a dispute in regard to who were the "best-looking" gents to be found in Gotham. The opinions upon this topic are varied, but as we men must yield oftentimes to the verdict rendered by the fair sex, it will be found to be quite a severe task to any kind of a critic to note better, yea, "handsomer looking-gentlemen," as the ladies use the term; those of high respectability, and possessing a certain kind of witching beauty; than George B. De F—t, Ned H—s, Harry W—t, Lewis B—e, Jack D—w, Billy D—w, Gust G—m, Dick H—s, Charley C—l, Nat S—k, Charley H—s, of Cedar-street, Court H—p, Rube T—t, Tom H—d, George S—r, and "handsome Alex. M—t." Better-looking gents, in feature, dress and appearance, cannot be found in this city, than the above-named persons. This is an admitted fact by cliques, and circles, constituting both sexes; by those who study *feature* conspicuously. Captain F—e, Sim M—d, Oscar W—e, and Jake H—, are also considered as belonging to the same "select number." As "good-looking" men are scarce, I have thus taken the trouble to record the names of those who are thus "classed" by gentlemen of judgment, and ladies of good sense.

I must now close my hasty remarks upon the affairs of Broadway until some future time. What I have placed upon my diary leaves, are careless off hand remarks, ideas thrown upon

paper as they come up before me. Some may wonder why I do not speak of other "familiar faces," but there are reasons speaking against a certain class. It is true, I have not described Jim B—, a first class dandy (in looks,) for a reason that I do detest those who live upon the wages of prostitution. Of those known, as belonging to such a clan, let them pass, together with our fifty thousand loafers, gamblers, and blacklegs, our *seventeen thousand* women of doubtful character, and our "fancy men," who, in a great many instances, are perfect rascals at heart; but perfect gentlemen—in dress!



THIS is the ninth day since I saw either of the Dashadays, and I should not wonder if the beautiful Miss Armenia had formed a conclusion that the "Broadway Dandy" had "cut her acquaintance" entirely. The fact is, I had had so much business to transact, that I have been impeded much. But now open your eyes and wonder at what is about to be related, for it even startled me. Yesterday a notion took me to visit old Mrs. Putomoran, the old fortune-teller, who has "enlightened and instructed" for eight and sixty years—anyhow, ever since the late Maj. Noah was a boy; undoubtedly you have heard of her—yes, you must have heard of old Mrs. Putomoran, the woman who in the panic times of '37, it is said, had consumed so much green tea that the neighbors feared it would sprout out between her shoulders. Well, I consider her an uncommon lady, for one who has seen the sun rise and set for twice forty years, and if her predictions are not wonderfully great, then say that there is no philosophy in the world. Old Mrs. Putomoran lives down near Quincy Slip, in a little wooden house, in the rear of a block of ship stores, and to reach her continental dwelling, one is obliged to pass through a long narrow dark lane way, thence turn a very short corner, and after walking in the direction of a cross street, you turn another point, pass through a narrow iron gate, thence up four old half decayed wooden steps, and after walking straight ahead for about twenty feet, brings you to the door of her dwelling. It fairly startled me when I performed this route at eleven o'clock in the morning, and were I obliged to visit her in the dead of night, I would certainly want a posse of M. P.'s, for it looks to me like a gambler's den, or the head-quarters of a band of robbers. I call it one of the "dark holes" of Gotham, but I am told that a great many persons visit her, that she has always lived just in this way, perfectly indisposed to go abroad or move into other quarters. I was informed that she was great for telling fortunes, and knowing where she resided, having been shown on a previous occasion by Prince John Davis, I knocked at the door of the house above named.

"Come in," said she, in a hollow-sounding voice.

I opened the rickety door carefully, with my hat in hand, but as I was about to pass in, she cried out "Stop, stop, don't come further;" and indeed I did stop, but I was taken by surprise. Fearing that I might be stepping upon hen's eggs, as one or two of these animals were walking about the old oak floor, I gazed about me, but saw nothing in the way to impede my progress. Old Mrs. Putomoran sat up in the corner of a huge fire-place, in a rickety old flag-bottom chair, having in one hand a chunk of rye Indian bread, and in the other, a large piece of chalk. On a piece of pine plank, were queer signs and shaped figures chalked out. When I undertook to advance, she quickly raised her eyes, and cried again, "Stop, stop, I say." I at once obeyed, informing her then that I had come to seek information. "Stop, I say," cried the squealing old lady. "I have been expecting you—yes, I have been expecting you," and then she looked up and smiled.

"Expecting me, did you say?"

She laughed and again said, "It is all right—yes. I expected you; but you must come here at three o'clock this afternoon, and then I may tell you all." I endeavored to say something, but she cried again in a loud voice, "Stop, stop, stop I say, and do what I have bid you."

Without another word I left, and returned to the Irving House, rather surprised that she should have intimated that she had been "expecting me."

At the hour of three, I again passed through this dirty and dark passage, and rapped at her door.

"Come in," she said, from within.

I opened, but was quickly told by her that I had "better go back and come at midnight, as the signs were wrong." This I did not like; but she said I must obey her. Thinking that I "might make the signs right," I out with a ten dollar gold piece, and threw it before her upon the large stone hearth, when she was upon her knees, figuring away with the chalk. This did not make any difference; it charmed her not, for on she went figuring steadily. I out with another, and down I dashed it, saying to myself, "If ten won't move you, see if twenty dollars will start your heart;" but on she went. This made me a little wrathful.

"What can you be trying to figure out, old woman?" I inquired, but she treated me with silent contempt. It was, indeed, a laughable scene to see her down on her knees, chalking a stone hearth all over with figures with a short-stemmed pipe of clay in her little dried up mouth, and every now and then stopping and turning her little blue eyes up the stone chim-

ney, as though she expected Santa Claus, or what children call "the booggers." I could not see in to this, and it caused me to laugh.

"Mrs. Putomoran," cried I, in a desperate hurry, hoping to start her, "don't call me a saucy young fellow, I beg of you, for interrupting you; but I want to know if I can transact a little important business with you. I wish to be informed if—"

"Stop—stop right there, sir!" she interrupted in an instant; "don't tell me, for I know it all. Come here at midnight, when the city is hushed in sleep, and when all is still, young man."

"But if you can't make a better prediction than what you have just made, you can't hit facts very well. You say," said I, hoping to bring her out into conversation, "that the city is hushed in sleep at twelve o'clock, but I say that it is a mistake, for up town it is considered a very fashionable hour. Did you know it, Mrs. Putomoran?"

"Come here, young man, at midnight, and I will then call the spirits round me, and tell you all." On she consumed the chalk.

"Tell me all. What may it be—I should like to know?" said I, in much surprise.

"Bother me no more. Come at the appointed time, for I know it all," she once more said.

When she intimated that she knew it all, I just laid down another ten dollar gold piece, hoping that she would yield and reveal. But she figured busily on. I began to think her a humbug, but she soon told me that she had been figuring out about the various changes soon to take place after that date—such as the moon, tides, and weather.

"You must soon take up a ton of chalk, if you go on so," said I, in a smiling manner, but she only smiled, and, refraining a reply, got up, walked about a little in an inclined attitude, like old people in general, who, about a certain age, begin to bend forward towards the grave, and, after walking round the room, she seated herself in the corner of the big old-fashioned fire-place, and then told me that I had better go and come again at midnight.

"How polite you are," said I, but she said I interfered with her calculations. I made up my mind that I wouldn't go now until I got ready, so I began to look about and tell her what I admired, and it was not long before I got her in quite a good-natured state. Oh, I wish you could see her room. It is just about fourteen feet square and seven feet high, containing, as it were, a thousand different things. The oak floor was sanded over plentifully, and as for the walls, they were clothed in old newspapers, even with the first numbers of the Spectator, up to a late New York Picayune. She said she considered that "Aaron, the wheel-barrow express chap, a trump and a bird," and she liked Ogden Hoffman, Dan. Howard, of the Irving House, Officer Bowyer, the celebrated thief-catcher,—Bill Eginton, who sent her often some good old rum and brandy, as his good old boss, Pussedu, used to do—then she said she loved General Morris, for she had always known him from a boy, up—as well as the Stevens' and the Griswolds—the Lawrence's and the Livingstons—for these people often sent her provisions and money, together with other articles, such as "a load of wood, six pounds of candles, twelve of sugar, a quarter of flour, twenty-eight yards of calico, and a few balls of butter." I got her in quite a talking mood. Her little buttery, where could be seen a few blue-edged plates, cups and saucers, looked continental, while at her feet the old black earthenware tea-pot made me think of old times, when my grandmother always said that she loved to keep her tea warm. There were a few chairs, one little looking-glass, an ancient looking Bible, and a score of turkey wings near her, while one could see any quantity of rubbish. Everything looked in an old, decayed condition; but there she sat smoking away, comfortably attired in a blue calico dress. She said she was eighty-three years old, had seen many a good time and a great many hard times during her life, and when she died, she expected to go to heaven. Not wishing to discuss that point with her, I again inquired if she would condescend to inform me what she meant when she remarked "I know it all." Once more she put me off until midnight. I stooped down, picked up the pieces of gold and placed them in her hand myself, saying to her that I would make her a present of them. She thanked me kindly, in her old-fashioned way, and after inviting me to partake of a pinch of snuff from an old tin blacking box, she asked me if I wouldn't leave her alone till midnight, when she would tell me all. Here I was again puzzled.

Finding that I had put my foot into a regular curiosity shop, stamped with ancient date, I still continued to inspect and quiz about the premises.

"I should say you 'took the papers,' Mrs. Putomoran?" I remarked, having observed piles and piles of them stored away.

"Lor yes, young man, old as I am, I do take the papers, and have for years and years, and it has cost me a deal of money. I took the *Herald* and *Sun* when they were first published, and do you believe, I take 'em yet? Yes, young man—but what scenes have passed since those days—what a change has happened! *Bennett*, they tell me, is worth half a million of money, and *Beach* almost as much. Well, well, I remember when they began their newspaper career; but now, in these days, people don't have to work hard for years and years—for somehow or other they give one jump and up they go—away up. Old people see this and wonder—but some fall about as quick as they go up."

The old lady continued to go on in this way for some time, discussing the "big difference" of the doings at the present day with those of her youth. She told of the "kings gate," down near Wall-street; of the romantic doings in olden time at the old original date of "202 Broadway;" about a grave-yard, the spot of ground now occupied by Stewart's marble palace—be-

sides various other reminiscences of Gotham. As I was about to depart, she slyly remarked, or in other words, granted a strong hint to me. I took instantly.

"It was well worked; yes, that girl was born under a lucky planet," said she, in something of a half whisper.

"Now, what do you mean, Mrs. Putomoran?" I exclaimed.

"Leave me alone until midnight; then come, and I will tell you all."

As I was about to depart, I saw her leave her seat, take up the old rickety bound Bible, reseat herself, and begin to read, without the aid of spectacles. As I neared the door, she gave me to understand that I must be there by twelve. "Enter the door, put your hat on the table, and take your seat by my side. You will find me seated by the fire, watching a few dying embers, but dare not to speak until I do first."

This was almost enough to make me consider her as crazy; but as we sporting gents say, when out hunting with our hounds, "methinks this is good scenting ground," I can say the same in regard to the old lady, for I think by her hints, she is on a good scent. What she will reveal, bothers me much. My mission was to inquire of her, whether I should ever be able to wed the Connecticut heiress.

At midnight, Prince John Davis and myself entered her house. She sat in front of the fire, watching closely a few burning embers. I drew up my chair by her side, and it was near an hour before one word was spoken by either party. A tallow candle dimly burned, the only luminary in the room, and there sat old Mrs. Putomoran's little white house dog and Maltese cat about the hearth, both watching her, as though they well knew what she was about. The old lady, every now and then, viewed the wrinkles about her dried up, withered hand, and would turn and view the palm of my hand, but would not, however, mutter one word. After a while, she took from off a little round table a large figured, old-fashioned pint bowl, into which she poured from an old black earthenware teapot, some strong green tea, which she drank. She then lifted the cover, and extracted with her hands, quite a quantity of tea dregs, and after they were all placed within the bowl, she gave it a few twirls, and then began to whisper, as though she was quite confident she knew it all. Prince John Davis sat near her but he seemed to be in an uncommon pacified state, for that hour of the night. The old lady looked "wild-like," and, oh, how her little old eyes did snap now and then, and looked full of fire! She must, certainly, lead a hard sort of life, for she sleeps but little, of any consequence, from week in to week out. After she spoke, in a low tone, "I know it all," I then considered myself as having a perfect right to speak.

"Grandmother," said I, for this is what I generally call old women, "I have a troubled mind, and I want you to reveal to me something of the future." I brought this out in a very innocent and serious kind of way.

"Listen, to me, young man," said she, in feeble notes, her head and hands trembling. "I am an old woman, almost four score and ten years of age, seen wonderful things, I have passed through many the up and down scenes of a battling life of joy and sorrow, hope and fear. I was once like you, young and full of life, but I am performing a task, which one and all must, that of journeying from the cradle to the grave. Now, I have, in my life, told marvellous truths, and my predictions are considered wonderfully great. I saw, in my dreams, the very persons who once robbed the City Bank, and it was in time proved that I was right. I saw, in a basin of cold water, a mighty steamship go down, while sailing among icebergs, and this will be found on record at the City Hall, given by me nine days after the ill-fated steamer President left the port. I saw this while looking in a pan of cold water, and I can very often tell when there is to be a heavy fire, for the minute I put these poor old dried up hands of mine into cold water, that queer feeling which comes over a body, when the cry of fire is heard at midnight, rushes over me, so as to make me weak and trembling. I have always been so, ever since a child. I have told a great many true fortunes, and a great many wrong ones in my day. I don't tell them generally by cards or drugs, but it comes natural to me, it being, no doubt, a gift. I have watched the rise and fall of a great many, and I have recorded my predictions in a book, now kept in a safe place by me, which, before I die, I shall put into the hands of some good man. Now, one of these days, I may see fit to reveal a good deal of interesting matter to you, for I naturally set a great deal of store by you. For eight and forty hours before I ever saw you, I expected you, and knew well that you would surely come and visit me before the week ended."

"Knew that I would visit you, Mrs. Putomoran, did you say?" I at once interrupted, greatly surprised.

"Doubt it not; keep easy, good friend, and don't let a poor, feeble old lady, frighten you out of your wits. Why, my dear fellow, I saw your looks, smiles and countenance, just as natural as anything, and don't you remember that as quick as you opened the door this morning, I said that I had been expecting you?"

"Yes, good lady, I remember those words well, very well, indeed."

"Then listen to me. You have of late wept as you never wept before."

"Yes, it is true I have," was my reply.

"A lady-love has died."

"'Tis the beautiful Amity-street girl who sleeps among the congregation of other days." I whispered to myself! I nodded my head.



"Now, listen again, young man; don't feel surprised, when I ask if you were ever a protector to a stray child?"

When she asked this, I sprung from my seat, and breathed a heavy sigh. She confounded me almost, and even made Prince John shake his head in astonishment. I asked her to repeat her question.

"Did you ever find a stray child?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"After dark, was it?"

"Yes, about six in the evening," was my reply.

"Was it long since?"

"Only a few nights ago, madam."

"Methinks it was near a big structure," said she, her eyes seeming almost on fire.

"In front of Grace Church, in the upper part of Broadway," I returned.

"She was little?"

"Only a girl of eleven, and small for one of that age, Mrs. Putomoran."

"That weeping child you took by the hand and restored to its parents?"

"I did."

"She lived in a big house, and in big style?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Putomoran, in a fine mansion, and in aristocratic affluence."

"You went into that house, and there you saw another person, who looks to me as though a sister?" said the old lady, gazing intently upon a few burning embers, as though she was taught these truths by some unknown power. I jumped up, took out a purse of gold, and flung it upon the little round table.

"Stay one minute, Mrs. Putomoran, if you please. There is a purse of gold, worth to me or any one else full eight hundred dollars. Just tell me how you came to know all this, and everything is yours."

She bade me to resent myself, for I was somewhat in an excited state, and as for her knowing this and that, "Why," said she, "I have often repeated to you 'I know it all,'—yes, I know it all. Take back your money, sir."

"Very true, very true, indeed," said I, "but, Mrs. Putomoran, for heaven's sake, do tell me how you know this? Why do you ask these questions?"

She bade me to hear her through.

"You say you saw her sister, and she was beautiful?"

"Even so," Mrs. Putomoran.

"Did she not intimate that she thought she had seen you before?"

"Then," I cried, rising up, for the third time, completely filled with astonishment, "before I answer any more questions of any nature, I want to know who has been telling you this?"

This made her laugh outright, for she soon gave me to understand that she had never been out of sight of Quincy slip for the last five years, to her knowledge. I then told her that some one had certainly intimated to her what had taken place, but she said nay. I offered her my diamond ring, diamond breast-pin, gold-headed sword-cane, my brace of silver-mounted pistols, together with the purse and all, if she would only let me into the secret, but nay.

"No one has told me anything about you, man alive. Why, I never knew you personally until yesterday. You surprise me. Talk to an old fortune-teller in that way, that her predictions had been previously told her!" and then she shook her old head and laughed again. Why I never was so much surprised as on this occasion. Even Prince John Davis, in a few mild words, bade her to understand, that she revealed more mysteries than the "Rochester Knockings." Talk about being surprised, why my eyes stuck out, and looked like drawers that wouldn't shut. Never before had I seen the like. I once more demanded a revelation of all this before I answered another question, but Mrs. Putomoran took a pinch of yellow snuff, and shook her head once more.

When old Mrs. Putomoran had revealed so much truth to me, I was almost confounded. Prince John Davis stood erect, seeming almost motionless, like a "pillar of salt," and his very eyes seemed almost set in his head. Don't you believe, now, that the old fortune-teller sat there beside the fire, drinking green tea, and continually revealing facts in regard to my visit on that eventful evening, when I found the lost Miss Dashaday. I had had my fortune told by many a generic name quite often, where there were handsome women, two or three phrenological heads, wax figures, and the hippopotamuses—but no singing of golden virgins, no walking statues, no moving tripods, no wooden pigeon of Arcuylas, and none of the cabalistic symptoms. The revelation of destiny I have listened to under a sober state of mind; but old Mrs. Putomoran told me more than all of them. She even asked me if the younger sister did not (in the absence of Armenia,) tell me, in her innocent way, what this cost—what Pa paid for that—what Ma bought, and all about the extravagance of the mansion. Now this was all that she said, but did I not rise from my seat often unbeknown to myself, when methought I was fair in my chair.

"Didn't the little girl cough violently just before her sister came back again into the room?" inquired the old lady, in her squealing voice, as she sat there watching the tea-dregs in the old pint bowl.

"Ye-ye yes, she did, I believe," said I, in great surprise.

She then commenced, "Sit up this way, and you, too, Mr. Davis, for this young man must hear all;" and so we did. "It is said, that every generation grows wiser and wiser; also that every day brings something new." Now, said she, squeeling her words out slowly, "poverty it is said, is apt to engender envy, and riches arrogance; but now I'm about to tell thee news. First, I will ask you, young man, if you are aware that it was a contrived plan?"

"A contrived plan! Nay it cannot be so, good woman, for I am not so easily fooled as all that. Methinks I generally know on which side the butter can be found upon my bread."

"A little slower, if you please, young man," she replied, interrupting me quickly. "Now, you have been beaten fairly, once in your life, and that too by one of my own sex, who is as cunning as a fox and as sagacious as a statesman. Don't interrupt me, but listen both of you to what I have got to say. The beautiful young lady has long heard of you through various sources, and has long wished to make your acquaintance. She has contrived and devised plans often, but to no effect, until she worked her present card, which was excellent. Stop, stop your noise, now, until I get through," said she, when I was about interrupting her. "She knew where your parents resided, in what street from her daddy's residence, that you had passed by often; and having educated her young sister how to act and play her part, you should be captured by a well arranged trick." I was greatly surprised, but the old lady bade me keep still. "As luck would have it, you were seen to pass at a late hour in the afternoon with a friend; you were heard to say that you should go back on foot, such a time."

"Yes, that I remember well," I interrupted. "Stop, stop, now, and don't bother me; for I can't be confused," she cried aloud, bringing her old buckskin shoe down upon the stone hearth, as much as to signify that her will was law. "Now these two sisters watched every one that passed by, from the window, and they often laughed and said it was a nice time for them, for the parents, as you said, were 'away up town.' You, eventually, were seen to pass just a little after dark, and quick as sight, the younger sister snatched bonnet and shawl, and put out after you, minding to keep out of your sight until you passed from the main street into some other one. Then, there she would overtake you, and in weeping tones proclaim, 'I have lost my way—do lead me home.'"

When the old lady said this, I could stand it no longer. I was confused, felt mad, then pleased, laughed, cried, jumped up and down, trembled, and felt all kinds of ways, like the month of April. "Bless your good old soul—your noble and generous heart," cried I—for certainly I had been tricked. Prince John flew about, for he had been greatly astonished, and when she told me that it was understood between the two sisters, what had been said in regard to wealth, and the contents of the 'grandma's will' were so—that the young daughter did not err; for she actually belonged to a very rich family. As for the grandma giving each of them \$40,000, she could not say particularly—anyhow, they were worth their thousands. The violent coughing was a signal, she said, for the elder sister to return to the drawing-room. Thus you see, that once in my life I have been beautifully outwitted—exceedingly well fooled. I give up beat. I own it as a gentleman should; and I can but say that I think more of the two Dashadays than I ever did before. How these young smitten ladies will contrive and lay plans to suit their own convenience!

After Mrs. Putomoran had told me this, she, in a short time, cocked up her little blue eyes, and after lifting her dried up little hand, she bent over and whispered in mine ear, "You did not come to hear this, but your mind is ranging away off, where I think there is a lady in the plot!"

"Ah, good lady, now you have hit the nail fairly. That is what brought me here at early morn. These are the facts, Mrs. Putomoran. Within the state of Connecticut there lives an heiress of my acquaintance, and, to cut the matter short, I wanted to know whether I can get her for a wife. Tell me, and I will then leave you, Mrs. Putomoran."

"You never can get her; no, sir, you never can. Go there, to-morrow," said she, "and the father will tell you that this daughter is away in the eastern part of another State, visiting an aunt. This you will find to be so, but, young man, mark this prediction! It is only to keep you and she at a distance. The father loves you not, but he hates to tell you. Had it not been for certain written reports (meaning the Warren and Amity street letters,) you might have caught the prize, but now it is too late—yes, yes, it is as plain as day to me: I see it."

I did not like this at all, but thought the old lady more than half right in her prediction. Gifted by nature with certain great and wonderful powers, I considered Mrs. Putomoran an uncommon old lady, and I must say that I regarded her highly. As for the Dashaday family, I shall in the end strive to mind my moves. Hereafter I shall visit Quincy slip often, and old Mrs. Putomoran shall never suffer as long as gold and silver melts before me, and I can draw from Wall-street vaults.

Just before leaving her, she very modestly informed me that I should have to watch closely my ways and moves, for I had much to contend with. She signified that there was a certain young lady (the Warren-street Miss, undoubtedly) who intended to impede my progress, so I must look out for breakers. More was said, but of a secret nature for the present.

"You are yet young, but you have seen much of the world," she remarked, as I stood near the door, casing my hands with a pair of white kids.

"Some," said I, independently.

"And have you run through quite a sum of money?"

"Well, yes, considering all things."

"What did you tell me the reason was why your father took you out of Yale College?"

"Why, merely because I spent over eleven hundred dollars in four months; got into three scrapes; flogged one of the minor professors; drove to death two horses; gave expensive champagne suppers; got into debt here, there, and yonder; neglected my educational duties; together with other various "items" of "incidental casualties."

"Ha, ha, ha!" and I really thought that old Mrs. Putomoran would have laughed herself to death, for it pleased her much to hear me go on in this way. She told me that a great many ladies were after me, and before I would allow her to proceed, I informed her that I had known the time when a gentleman's daughter even followed me to Washington city from St. Mark's Place. Another instance, when a Boston girl, a very wealthy gent's daughter, even appeared before me at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, and so on. I told her that I had in my life been asked by ladies to elope with them—those who loved me, but whom I could not, to save my life. Predictions then followed, and they will be tested soon. The Dashaday family will not be forgotten, and what I know shall be hid from them forever. If the beautiful Miss Armenia Dashaday is dead in love with me, I cannot help it. One thing, I must know the amount of her wealth. My next thing will be to read her character—to portray it in so natural a way, that none will desist from smiling. I can read human nature quite well.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Putomoran, God bless your soul!" said I, as we were about to depart.

"Come again, Harry," said she, "and don't forget something nice to eat and drink, good child."

"Never fear," said I.

We parted.

Jersey City, be it remembered, may well praise the fair beauty of its ladies, for like New Bedford and Portland, any quantity of the fair ones shine brightly mid the enclosure of the highly respected place of note. Some pretend to give most of the credit to Miss G—, as being the "ruling star of attraction," while other closely observing critics grant the victory to Miss P—, Miss B—, Miss M—, Miss H—, together with Miss Em. C—. Jack B— declares that Jersey City has "more good looking ladies" than all of the city of New York put together! I am thinking that Jack is grossly deceived.

Whether Miss B—g stands as high for the eminent station as Miss L—n professes to be, is a question of rather a puzzling nature. Both are more than pretty—they are handsome. Some say that both go beyond the term, and therefore claim to be classed under the title-head of "beautiful." Be this as it may, these two young ladies are eminent in beauty.

It is singular, but in every place, big or little, there is certain powerful discussions regarding the *belleship*. In general cases, there are a great number of aspirants, and such is the case in Jersey City. As this beautiful city contains so many good-looking ladies, give, then, the praise to all—a little more to the "choicest looking roses," if you choose. I have traversed Jersey City far and near, as often as once a week for a good many years, and never have I promanaded but what it was a sure thing of beholding much true beauty. I am aware that many a New Yorker "loves to visit Jersey City"—some four young up-town gents, in particular—and the reader can guess why they "love" to repeat their visits, without any further revelations from me.



My ideas have been strange of late since I took the parting shake with old Mrs. Putomoran, down in Quincy slip, my mind has been rather of a queer nature, from time to time. These fortune-tellers, and especially those who read you like a book, fill one's head with grave and gay thoughts that it is hard to tell what reality is, in the most extraordinary things. To tell the truth, I have called on the beautiful Miss Dashaday, for the first time since the brilliant party given by her ladyship. Queen Victoria never showed more favor to Prince Albert than Miss Armenia did to me. Why do you think she was about to take a drive down town in "pa's splendid carriage," as I entered, near three o'clock in the afternoon; but did the fair creature tear herself away? She returned to the drawing-room, ordered the coachman to go on without her, and politely gave me to understand that I *should* stay and take tea. Ah, she looked like an angel; this lively creature, of eighteen fair summers, is as dangerous as Circe, in her enchanted island; blessed with a shape like a queen, and eyes like diamonds—beautiful Armenia! Oh, could you but imagine how she looked, methinks you would let the Connecticut heiress pass, and court nearer home. It is not very often that I am so deeply smitten, for true beauty (I mean a certain right sort of beauty) is not often found in this or in other cities, but when I came to see this creature attired in her silks and jewelry, with cheeks fresh and as fair as the cheek of morning itself, and a liveliness of motion that turns all eyes upon her, I could not desist in saying to myself that she seemed as amiable as

your own imagination of Desdemona. The fact of the matter is this—she is as fair as the lily, rosy as the rose itself, a being of wondrous witchery, and one who hopes to get me on the *string*; he, whom she has vowed to half a dozen lady friends of mine, she could, in fact *did* love.

My stay was quite long. Tea being over at a certain time, we lovingly walked about the garden and in the green house together. Her ma, pa and sister were not at home, and we talked much about love and marriage. She believed in early marriage; I didn't. She meant to wed a rich person; so did I. On we went in this way; but, finally, each one considering the conversation to be of a jocular nature and nothing more, we dropped the subject. I had made a previous discovery, that she loved me, in fact she told me so in a fashionable way. I gave her to understand that I paid my addresses solely to beauties; that I loved no particular one, but all; yet, the cream of the joke was, she coincided with me upon every point of a similar order. She is, to my own certain knowledge, actually the ninth young lady who has declared to me, in unmistakable language, "Sir, I love you, I confess it openly." Such has been my fate—my courting career.

"Before you go," said the dear creature of ideal attraction, taking me gently by the hand, "tell me if you will keep a secret?"

"Shall I kneel, Armenia? Oh, fair lady, to be sure I will reveal nothing," was my quick reply.

"You will excuse me, sir, in making the remark?"

"Fear not, Miss Dashaday."

"Is my father's Secretary yonder?" she whispered, pointing towards the rear drawing-room, "my grand ma's *will* can be found. Say now that you will meet me promptly at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the American Art Union, Broadway, and you shall read it for yourself, written in her own handwriting."

This was a damper—a regular saucy thunderbolt. Why, she had planned or even named this, puzzled me. Of course I turned it off favorably, and promised to meet the lady. The anxiety manifested in these words, "you shall read it for yourself," made me wonder at once. Was it not a nice hint, advanced for no other purpose but for me to be satisfied undoubtedly in regard to the \$40,000? I think she mistrusted that I did not exactly believe about a certain amount. Oh, those girls, how cunning! especially those of fashionable circles, whose tax cart is a fine carriage, whose spinning-wheel is a rich piano, and whose cook's oracle is the last printed fashionable love novel.

Bad business this, in meeting girls at the Art Union. Many a one, I know, will join with me upon that point; for I consider it the greatest place for belles to meet their beaux—or, to be more extended, the meeting of gents and ladies, that can be found in our city. Talk about inspecting the various paintings within its walls is all fol-de-rol; for of the young gentry, nine out of ten go to these under some previous agreement. It is the head quarters of young lovers, who had rather talk upon that subject in some cosy little place from home, and who, by going to the Art-Union can perform the agreeable task, and care not for anxious mothers or severe fathers. It is really laughable to watch, in fact, both old and young, as I have for many a fine afternoon, and mind certain moves. "I will meet you at the Art Union," is the promise of hundreds, week in and week out. At the present date it is considered a notorious place. Beware ladies!

Well, at a quarter before three I was there, ready to greet Miss Dashaday. I walked to and fro, watching, of course, the paintings as I advanced up and down the rooms, but forgetting not to see if the lady was to be seen among a fashionable crowd. The rooms were quite full, and the eyes of both male and female seemed riveted almost on something else save several hundred paintings. Critics were on hand; beauties were laying off; coquettes had an eye everywhere about the crowd, and beaux seemed very much engaged in striving to find a friend. It made me smile when I saw a blooming widow bend forward, and speak to a friend on my right. "What a beautiful painting 184 is! I say, Moll, I don't see Jim here, do you?" Oh, the doings in the city of New York, how queer and strange? Yonder could be seen a young upstart beside a blooming Miss; here a couple of loving ones; while there, disappointment seemed quite visible upon the brow of many anxious looking damsels.

Promptly to a moment Miss Dashaday made her appearance. Our meeting was, of course, rather on the "sly," unexpected—as such meetings generally are, "over the left," however. We looked for some time at the valuable paintings, and at last I made a move that we should promanade down as far as Taylor's. There we partook of mint juleps, ice-creams, and so on. While at one of those marble tables, the "grandma's will" was produced. I read for myself. I discovered that Miss Dashaday was actually in the possession of full \$40,000. All my remarks in regard to this passed off, I assure you, in a very serious and innocent way. I folded up the will, passed it to the lady, and made a few comments. She was attired beautifully on this afternoon.

This evening, while at Jones's saloon, at the Athenaeum, a fine moustached-looking dandy walked up to me, and, raising his hat, inquired if he was addressing so and so, mentioning my name. I replied in the affirmative; and, asking Ned Jones for a vacant room, he politely enquired of me if I would have the politeness to accompany him, as he had a little business of a private nature to discuss. I assented. When we entered the room, he turned to me in a very easy way, at first, and addressed me thus:

"I believe, sir, that you are somewhat acquainted with a Miss Dashaday—a Miss Armenia Dashaday?"

"Yes, sir, I am somewhat acquainted with the lady," was my polite reply.

"Your acquaintance is not of a long standing, I believe?"

"Of a very late date, sir," I replied.

"Well, now, sir, do you know what I want you to do?" he asked, advancing toward me, and speaking in rather a sharp tone.

I bade him to understand that it was impossible for me to reveal other people's thoughts.

"Then let me tell you, sir, in plain words, what I expect, and even what I demand. I made Miss Dashaday's acquaintance some eight months ago, and from that time until within a few weeks ago, I was warmly received—not only by the lady herself, but by her parents also. To speak plainly and honestly, sir, I love her dearly; but, since she has made your acquaintance, I have been treated quite coolly—hardly noticed when I called. Now, sir, I want you to interfere no longer with what would eventually belong to me; and here, upon this spot, promise me, sir—show yourself a gentleman—that you will withdraw, and grant me a long-wished desire."

"What may I call your name, sir?" I inquired very deliberately.

"My name, sir, is Danforth. I reside 'above Bleeker,' and my parents are wealthy. I am worth myself about fourteen thousand dollars, made by speculating in flour; and, as my great aim is to make Miss Dashaday my companion for life, I hope you will see my reasons for addressing you as I do."

"But how do you know but what I love her more dearly than you, Mr. Danforth," said I.

"Impossible, sir; and then, again, I believe I know your genealogy quite well; you never did care for any lady, I am told," said he.

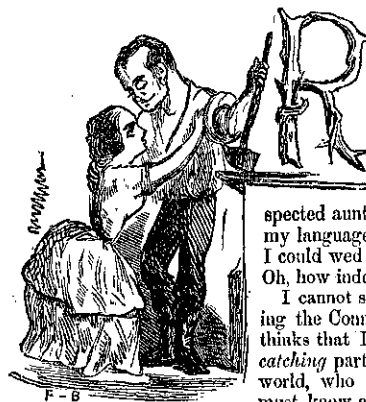
Laughing at this remark, I bade him to understand that I had no claims upon any lady; and, as I merely made Miss Dashaday's acquaintance, I did not see why I should swear off from the sweet amends of friendship. He gave me to remember, that I must yield, stand back, and give him a clear sweep. I rather laughed, as one should, at such "fools in love," and bade him to remember that I should continue to cultivate her acquaintance more and more. He gave me to remember, then, that I must suffer the consequences; so look out undoubtedly for pistols, loaded with black sand. How soft he was, in telling about his wealth in the light he did.

This afternoon I called again on Miss Dashaday. It was near evening, and as the beautiful creature and myself were walking back and forth in the long-extended drawing-room, talking lowly and sweetly, who should enter but Mr. Danforth himself. I undoubtedly blushed at first, but soon calmed myself. He took a seat, but looked rather indisposed, I thought.

"We have fine, beautiful weather, Mr. Danforth," said I, in an agreeable tone.

"Yes, it seems so," he coolly responded.

He had not been there long before he took his departure, under some excuse or plea, and Armenia even said, as he left, "He's an old fool, and I hate him." I said nothing, but smiled a little. When I was about to leave, it was near ten o'clock in the evening, and as we were walking back and forth, arm in arm, I, all by chance, happened, in the ray of a full moon, to discover, directly opposite the front window, three persons, one being, without the least shadow of doubt in my mind at that time, the loving Mr. Danforth himself. I said nothing, but mistrusted quickly, I assure you. Knowing that I had a brace of pistols about me, I made up my mind that I would allow no maltreatment or combat to take place. Kissing the beauty at the door, I took my departure; but, as luck would have it, who should be passing the very steps, but a watchman on duty. Speaking to him in a low voice, I placed a five dollar gold piece in his hand, and asked him to accompany me to my father's mansion, only three streets from the one we were in, as I feared a gang of villains were watching for me. We walked along, and, as we turned a certain corner, passed Danforth and two other stout-looking young men, but nothing was said. They followed on, but I entered my father's mansion safely. I saw through it all. Danforth had been and found a couple of bullies to lick me, and he was bound to, merely because a certain young lady happened to admire my ways and qualities at a higher per cent. than she did his own. A little jealousy, my readers; but what care I for Danforth or any other dandy? Miss Dashaday is a favorite of mine, yet I don't know as I want to marry her, if I could. I think I was born to "love and love again."



spected aunt. Thus, you see, I am rather puzzled. But mark my language to the rich bachelor! I even inquired whether, I could wed the heiress or not, and I received a ready answer. Oh, how independent these old rich characters are!

I cannot say, that I have given up all hopes of ever catching the Connecticut heiress; but from all circumstances, methinks that I might as well fish in other parts, so far as the catching part goes. This is the way with fathers all over the world, who are rich, and have heirs and heiresses. They must know all, then like or dislike at once. Had it not been for that certain Warren-street letter, received by Mr. Randolph, concerning me and my affairs, I would have been in a far different position. As quick as I can find out where, she can be found in Massachusetts, I go there; for I am thinking she would love me if my cards were played scientifically. Now, how do I stand in the world to-day? I have as good as eighty thousand dollars of my dad's property in my possession—the deeds themselves—money, or rather property, handed over to me, so as to be enabled to face the rich banker of Connecticut, and prove to him that I was worth the sum demanded for an introduction to his daughter, which was one hundred thousand dollars. Aside from this, how do I stand? Why, two certain beauties in Washington feel quite confident (in their own estimation, however,) that Harry loves them dearly, and the same thoughts roam in the mind of a Boston belle. Some nine other ladies, in various places out of this city, live in expectation. As for New York, the Warren-street Miss has somewhat given up her "sure chase," while poor Mag, of Amity-street, the pork merchant's only daughter, who was the pride of his heart, sleeps among the congregation of other days—sleeps the sleep of death! At present Miss Dashaday is doing her prettiest to catch me, on the strength of \$40,000, while a certain Hudson-street beauty, charms, wins eventually a promise—a favor. Beauty surrounds my acquaintance. I have at present about sixteen fair and lovely creatures on the string, and many more are to be added to the list. This is my present position.

Promenading Broadway the other afternoon, after my return from Connecticut, I met the Amity-street pork merchant. I took him by the hand. Sorrow is furrowed upon his wrinkled brow, and the old gentleman has greatly failed since the death of his daughter. When he took me by the hand, big tears ran down his care-worn cheeks, and he asked me to return home with him; and had he not said that he had something for me, I should have at once strongly declined; for I cannot bear to rake up old thoughts and scenes of a distressing nature. I did so, and when he took me into the drawing-room, I could hardly refrain from weeping. "Here are her things, Harry, but we don't see poor Margaret—poor Maggy," said the fine old gent, as he laid his black gloves upon the piano. I made no answer. "Tell me, Harry, now, if you and my daughter were under engagements?" he asked, seating himself beside me.

"No sir," was my true and prompt answer.

"Well, she loved you dearly; more so than I ever was aware of, although I mistrusted it, Harry."

I then, in a very modest manner, remarked, that I myself, was not aware of her constancy to me until her death.

"Here is something which I suppose is yours," said the old gentleman, opening his pocket-book, and abstracting a small package. I said nothing; for I was ignorant of what was to follow.

"The other day, Harry, I was burning up a lot of her letters, without reading them, and in her private letter portfolio, I found this plain gold ring, wrapped up nicely, and directed 'To Harry.' I opened it, and now I give it to you, hoping that you will cherish the sentiment engraved within, which is beautiful. You can read it when you are by yourself." So folding it up, he put it in my possession.

I thanked him, and placed the ring, without reading the inscription, in my pocket. Ah, I felt the power of her death.

"Well, Harry, she was a nice girl," said he, in sorrowing tones, as he began to walk back and forth, with gold bowed specs in hand.

"Yes, sir, your daughter was a very exemplary character of female loveliness."

"She ought not to have died, Harry," and he wept as this came out. "I intend to break up housekeeping, for I am alone in the wide world. I shall—I must, Harry."

I strove to pacify him, but it was not of much use. Finding that I was becoming rather

nervous, I soon left the poor old gentleman to his solitude. I had not more than reached Broadway, before I brought from my pocket the package; and when I held the plain gold ring in my hand, fresh tears moved down my cheeks when I read the inscription, engraved within. Kind reader, was it not beautiful:

"I have loved thee on earth: I will meet thee in heaven."

While seated in my room at the Irving House, just after I had dined the other day, who should rap and make his appearance, but the old gentleman himself, my honorable father. As he has not seen nor heard from me for many days; and fearing that I might be indisposed, he had ventured to come down, or rather walk up from Wall-street, and see if he could find me. You see I had been only out of town some part of the time, to Connecticut, unknown to him.

"I want to know about this Randolph affair, my son," said he, "this Connecticut heiress. Tell me, what are your prospects?"

"Good, and growing better every day," was my bold and very polite reply.

"Have you been there yet for the second time?"

"I am just returned from there, sir."

"Well, we did not know up town where you could be. I told your mother and sister Kate that it was my opinion you were up there; yet they pretended to say nay, for a reason that Mrs. L. and Kate were to accompany you," remarked the old gentleman.

"Tell them that I have been, and have accomplished more alone than both of them could," was my rejoinder.

The old gentleman was soon off, as he was in a great hurry. I stuffed him up nicely.

Union Square has many beautiful ladies, single and married. Wishing to see my old friend and adviser, the accomplished Mrs. L., I at once ordered a carriage, after the old gentleman's departure, and made for her princely residence. I found her, as usual, alone, the husband being down town at his mercantile house. She was delighted to see me, and, after we got into the front drawing-room, down we sat, side by side.

"Ah, Harry, I saw you at Niblo's the other night, and you saw me. Now, why did you not speak?" taking hold of my arm and shaking me.

"I did bow," said I.

"But why did you not speak?—why did you not come over and take me by the hand, Harry?"

"You were seated in such a position that it would have been difficult for me."

"Afraid of my husband are you, then? Preposterous!" she cried, interrupting me quickly, rising and facing me at once.

"Nay, you do not understand," said I; "you were seated in front, and it would have been difficult for me to have reached you."

"Well now, aside from that, Harry, I will forgive you, providing you will let me know what lady that was with you?" said the accomplished Mrs. L.

"There it is again," I cried, jumping up and walking about. "Why, if that question has been asked once, it certainly has thirty times. Some of my comrades have quizzed,—Say, Harry, who is she—where does she reside?" "How is it that you are always gallanting about perfect beauties?" "Say, promise us an introduction, won't you?" and in this way I have been pestered by both gentlemen and ladies."

"Well, who was she, Harry?"

"But what do you think of her, first, Mrs. L.?"

"Oh, she is extraordinary good looking—almost an enchanting appellation of ideal attraction! Harry, she is eminently beautiful—but who is she?"

"Why, Mrs. L., to tell you the truth as it is, that young lady is belle of famous Hudson street—if you choose, one of the first of Gotham."

"Is it possible?" she interrupted.

"Yes, and a lady who would fight in my behalf if it were necessary, to the ends of the earth. She is young and beautiful, vain and giddy; but Mrs. L., a perfect lady. She admires a good-looking man—knows that she is herself a beauty;" yet, Mrs. L., said I, "she is what may be called rather a flirtish young lady."

"But do you love her, Harry?" she interrupted all at once in her mischievous way.

"Do I love her, Mrs. L.? Oh, yes; I admire and love her, so far as friendship goes. The fact of it is," I continued in my innocent kind of way, "I love to take her to Niblo's, to the Opera, to the Broadway Theatre; here, and yonder, for the reason that she proves so attractive. She seems to be like the centre of magnetic attraction; for hundreds admire her, and the eyes of many gents and ladies will seem sometimes to be almost riveted upon the aspiration of the beautiful creature. Everybody falls in love—a score are whispering 'she's a beauty;' and for this reason I admire to sit beside her, and study human nature."

"Is she rich?" asked Mrs. L.

"Her riches, madame, are in her features," I politely replied, bringing it out rather *a la Forrest*. "Mrs. L." I continued, "I have even known the time when gents from an opposite private box at Niblo's, have even left it to behold her at close view. Opera glasses have been the assistants of scores at one time in viewing her features, and even when we have entered Taylor's, the sitters round many a marble table have checked eating and drinking—checked interesting conversations, and all to watch the creature ere she reached a distant seat. Her, round, black, mischievous eyes—her accomplished and attractive wands—in short, her beauty causes all this, and the lady knows it."

"And what may her name be, did you say?" asked the lady.

"Ah, Mrs. L., it is a captivating one—but why quiz too severely?"

"Could you wed her, if it were your wish?"

"Ah, yes, madame, perhaps so; but then again I wouldn't, you know. Marriage! Why, Mrs. L., that is a subject that has never entered my head yet. You surprise me—yes, indeed you do."

"Ah, these men deceivers—these troublesome-making dandies, Harry. Why, now, I begin to see that you have a heart as cold as an iceberg, young man."

"On the contrary, Madame," said I, interrupting the literary lady of Union Square.

She sat back and laughed much to hear my views of matrimony.

"This Miss B—— is like a dozen other beauties with whom I gallant," said I, "just the darlings to flirt with, but when you come to a wife, oh, heaven, deliver me from such creatures, for they would make the worst of companions. 'I've studied human nature some, Mrs. L., you must remember.'"

"But, ah, young man, then again, supposing you were to tell them your mind, as you have me?"

"Tell them! why, I have, and often repeat the same assertions; but they are always ready to go with me, notwithstanding this, and I even have told them so."

"Well, you wouldn't wait on a daughter of mine, Harry."

"But, supposing you could not help yourself—supposing the young lady *would* go with me whenever a chance afforded itself?"

"Do you pretend to say that you are that kind of a lady's favorite?" asked Mrs. L., in a somewhat mischievous manner.

"Of course I do," and I bowed and palavered at a great rate. "Why, when I make up my mind to 'cut a fellow out,' I most generally do it; and then, again, whenever the fit takes me to make a young lady believe, or rather think, that she is the object of my choice."

"Oh, you are a perfect rake, Harry!" she said, interrupting me in my remarks. "But now drop this subject, and the rest of your city beauties, and do tell me how you and Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana Randolph get along. Have you been to see this Connecticut heiress lately?"

On the strength of this question, I gave the lady to understand that this was solely what I had called on her for. I informed her that I had been there, had had a long talk with the old gentleman, and also told her where she had gone. I saw that this intelligence rather surprised her, but I bade her to understand that I had not given up the battle, however.

"Ah, friend Harry, it was that Warren street lady who caused the rumpus. Why don't you pay the insignificant creature for thus abusing you?" cried Mrs. L., quite enraged.

"Why, if it were my case?"

"There is the pinch, Mrs. L.," said I. "You are a lady, and I am a gentleman; and I never allow myself to abuse a lady."

"Hold one minute, Harry, if you please. Had it not been for the letter that she sent to Mr. Randolph, Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana would have been yours, methinks, before this time. Oh, I would pay her for all this—the miserable, abusive thing. Why, Harry," said she, lifting both hands, and talking exceedingly fast (as women-kind always do when excited), "if I was in your place, I would throat her almost; at any rate, I would pay the jade for her insolence. She and her mother are two evil doers, so far as the tongue and pen go, and depend upon it, the young man who gets into their clutches might as well be among fiends, for a life would soon be tormented to death by orders, demands, restrictions, fights, and dire contentions. I know them; but at a distance, thank Heaven! Just because the daughter found out that there was no chance for her to catch you for a husband, she began to head you in your undertakings. Spurn her as you would a reptile, Harry; check her in her flirtations wherever you possibly can; watch her ways, and seek revenge for what has already been done. Before you pay the great debt of nature," cried Mrs. L., "pay her for sending the letter; that's all. Oh, wouldn't I pay her! Wouldn't I almost quarter her, if she had done so to me! I'd teach her the double rule-of-three! Yes, indeed, I would."

I strived to turn the tone of the conversation in the best way I could, for Mrs. L. belonged to a race very high spirited, and I knew how things would end if I allowed her to go on.

"What did Randolph say, when you presented to him the letter from the Warren street mother and daughter?" she inquired.

"He excused the matter after a fashion," said I; "but not to much credit."

"Do you know what I would do?" asked Mrs. L., interestingly; "I would slip off at once to Massachusetts, and see the heiress myself."



"But the old gentleman seems to be rather inclined to dislike me, Mrs. L.," I at once interrupted.

"Never you mind that. If you have a desire to catch the daughter—if such a thing is possible—do you work hard, and fight on bravely. I married against my parents' will, but I was bound to wed the man of my choice, and I *did*. I think that Adrienne Alcebella Georgiana Randolph could love you, Harry, and if you only calculate right, you can catch her."

"But her dad may be set dead against me, you see, and then what?" said I.

"Why, do as I did—elope, and bid defiance. Why, man alive, you have wealth enough to live, independent of Randolph." Mrs. L. talked earnestly and plainly.

"Won't you go with me, and see her, as you are acquainted, Mrs. L.?" I asking this favor politely.

"I would, Harry, if I dared. You know the disposition of my husband too well!"

"But sister Kate will accompany us," I interposed.

"That would not make any difference, for my husband would be just as *jealous*. If I could go, Harry, I would talk to Adrienne; but I dare not promise to go, as he is one of those up and down kind of fellows."

We however bargained in one way, if not another. She promised to write the heiress a long letter respecting the affair, and I am to start for Massachusetts in search of the beauty. Some may think and say that I am making a fool of myself by chasing a girl here and there, but to such I would say that, if successful, it would pay well in the end—full a round half-million of money. As for Mrs. L., herself, she is one of that class. Wedded to a man of pride and wealth, and, although she has money, too, yet she is often reprimanded by her "dear," for many a little frivolous thing. All of us have undoubtedly seen such *jealous* kind of characters during our life.

Next week I go to Massachusetts. I shall spare no pains in doing my best. Warren street must not be gratified. Aside from all the beauties of my circle, the Connecticut heiress must command my heart, for there is the most money. Love, what a fickle, yet enchanting goddess. But what is the use to talk.



I HAVE seen Danforth again, and he swallowed my words. It was no longer ago than yesterday when I met him at Shelly's fashionable saloon, where he took the occasion to point out to a few of his friends who stood by him. When I entered with two particular friends of mine, he looked daggers at me first, but soon forgot himself, or else considered it policy to yield. Knowing myself to be a gentleman, I did not condescend even to warn him to be cautious how he watched and waited patiently for me, the second time, to leave the residence of the Dashaday family at a late hour of the night. I fear that I shall be obliged to slap his ears, or grant him a polite fashionable cowering for his gross insolence. I will do it if the rascal is not careful how he conducts himself. He cannot be much, for he associates not only with two certain moustache gamblers, who are to be seen at almost any hour of the day standing about the corner of Broadway and Park Place, but with an auctioneer of a mock auction hall.

My expenses for the last few weeks have been great. I live in style at the Irving House, and my incidental expenses have been enormous for a young man like me. It would not be proper to tell all that I have done, or even give a faint outline of the same, yet the whole of it can be told when the bills are footed up. Kids, patent leathers, clothes, horses, eatables and

drinkables have all suffered *some*, while cashiers and clerks of certain Wall street banks have answered to my call as often as once a day. A young gent in the city of New York, who intends to be one of the "upper crust," a sprig of the "cod-fish aristocracy," a scion of the "upper tandom," must have "the rocks," the very *stuff* itself, if he intends to display himself with perfect looseness and be regarded as one belonging to the *élite*, the very *bon ton*, to be found far "above Bleeker." Aside from the ways of a gentleman, he must know how to *not* the part of a knave, a rascal, and be acquainted with the *rounds* of the city so as to carry out his part well. What I mean by the remark just made can all be explained in man's deceitfulness such as gentlemen dandies cultivate between the two gateways of virtue and vice, by sun-light and by gas-light. This is a very wicked city, and I fear that the Almighty will destroy it by an earthquake, or sink it in slavery; for Babylon never was half so sinful as this metropolis. Those acquainted with the city will need no explanation—those unacquainted will eventually learn, after once "seeing the elephant," to their satisfaction. The city is full of young worthless dandies, whose distinctions if marked, would be of a hundred grades, from the wealthy sporting character, down to the thousand of one stamp—those who strive to be dandies; promenade Broadway by day and by night, yet cannot show over fifty cents to do their best. Such can be seen everywhere. Perfect dandies can pass, (and all by dress,) for a while for perfect gentlemen—prostitutes can dash forth with the finest livery seen in Broadway, and walk that brilliant thoroughfare with great pomposity arrayed in silks, satins, and jewels; our most fashionable places of amusement can be seen more than two-thirds full of notorious characters, while the "dark places" of Gotham must be well known and supported. This is New York as it actually is.



OW singular some things do "turn up!" For the last three days I have made out to do quite a pretty thing of it. I have not only had a long talk with my anxious mother and my charming sister Kate, about matters and things in general, but the old gentleman and myself have had quite "a blow out." He is a little worried about the block of stores in Beaver street, deeded to me to help me catch the Connecticut heiress; but I shall not yield for the present, I can assure you. Ma is for getting me married right away; Kate is dead in love with an actor belonging to a certain place of amusement, and the very deuce is to pay at home. Uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, are rigidly discussing such "a foolish and unclassical claim," while our family minister has called no less than six times in four days to assist Ma in talking to sister Kate for her welfare. Miss Dashaday is dreadfully in love with me—has sent me notes, met me at the Art Union, promenaded Broadway in search of me, and even rode out in her "Pa's splendid carriage," and inquired of some of my particular *chums* if it were known where Harry could be found. And this is not all. She has told me that she wanted me to understand that she loved me, and would be pleased to have me call often. Her little sister, too (oh, the cunning jade!) bade me to understand *stily*, that Armenia said she would *sack* the whole of her beaux, if I would only pay my addresses; also, that it would please her Pa and Ma very much indeed. This the cunning and crafty piece of mischief told me in her easy way, who, for a miss of eleven years of age, is indeed an old head on young shoulders. Think for a moment how she bade me to know, on a previous occasion, that when seven years older, her money would be her own. Ah, she's an old one—yes indeed. During our chit-chat, she informed me that her sister had a host of admirers—that both Pa and Ma had, on many occasions, forbade her going with this and that one, from time to time; and then the jade gave me to understand explicitly that I need not fear of her Pa asking me "certain questions," which, on inquiry, I found to be an established practice of Mr. Dashaday, to take every young man who called the "second time" to pay respect to Miss Armenia, into a room by himself, and then to enquire if his "intentions were honorable." This the younger Miss Dashaday informed me herself, and then went on from that to tell me about a certain hardware merchant's son down in Maiden Lane, who once upon a time, drove up to the door late in the afternoon, with his beautiful span of horses, entered and made a genteel call; yet he received, however, a polite warning from her daddy. It was done so nicely, that I declare it must not pass untold. The old gentleman asked him if he had a good pair of horses? and he said he had. He then inquired if his father had a good carriage-house, and his answer was in the affirmative. "Well, sir, I would advise you," said the old gentleman, walking up, and addressing him quite seriously, "to get your good span of horses into your father's carriage-house *just as quick as you can*." This was indeed a thundering stout hint, so that H—, of Maiden Lane, reined up his steeds in less than two minutes, and has never taken the trouble to call since. Hartshorn must have been called for, as this occurred in the very presence of the beautiful Armenia Dashaday.

Through this cunning girl of eleven sweet summers—the identical Miss who cried "I am lost; do go home with me, dear sir," upon a previous occasion, I found out much good information. I wonder what the two sisters would say if I were to tell them the "predictions

and revelations" of old Mrs. Putomoran down in Quincy Slip? Of course I kept this to myself. Now, as for Miss Armenia, I am really thinking that she would like to catch me if she possibly could; for I am indeed a wonderful favorite it seems. I shall, at an early date, inform her that I had never thought of the marriage state, and also that she must not place too much confidence in me, for fear she might make a fool of herself. Those young girls, who get *smitten* so quick, generally die young, if their hopes are blighted. I am well aware that she is a beautiful girl—that riches surround her; but what kind of a wife would a "perfect beauty" make? If I were to wed her, it would be just to have her to look at, as I do the choice paintings suspended about my room; that would be all, and nothing more. It will do well enough to flirt and gallant such "angels" about; but when you come to select a wife, put your hands in your pockets, and walk the other way, in an indirect course I said to Miss Dashaday that I should think it advisable for her to give that villain Danforth the sack, and in reply, she said she had done so. The particulars of his following me home on a certain night caused the lady to become quite enraged at the fellow when I revealed the case; but, to be short, Danforth can gallant her no more. Poor jealous pup! how I feel in your behalf!

Speaking of the shrewdness of woman, what blessed privileges they do have! Did you ever think of it, reader? The king, emperor, or president's whole extended power is nothing when wisely compared to, or contrasted with, the unbounded privileges of a sex dear to this life of existence—the ladies. Place the power of thrones, and those who fill them, beside plain, utmost obsequiousness, shown a lady by the greatest of the great, and what is the former? No more than cobweb restraints to the arm of power itself. She knows no bounds; she is able to cause a heaven or earth—light up a valley amid the dark midnight of storm—make love the brightest picture of life, for the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart. She can make a man weep or smile at her calling—hinder devotion, right and left, when she turns round in church—can say what she pleases at the face or back, but where is the tyrant who dare openly raise a *muss*—raise the arm to give the blow, or declare, upon his oath, that a challenge must be accepted? She can cowhide, knock down, grant a slap over the eye, or a blow under the ear, but you may help yourself if you can, for it is said that "battling with a woman is a heavy sin." Blessed privileges these! Yes, indeed, they are; and I sometimes wish that we men were women, especially when we see them seated at the best places at a table, when hunger almost cries aloud with us. One smile will bring back a prodigal rover; one promise will teach him wisdom; one word, spoken in a sweet, pretty way, will make a man happy for life, and quite the reverse if she chooses. Gentlemen, it is strange; but you all know it—you all will at once conclude with me. Attraction and excitement she can cause; so can she make the wisest man believe that she is a perfect angel, the darling of his heart, or *sack* when she pleases; bewitch, charm, cause a thousand eyes to admire her; make a man believe that she speaks little, but thinks much; is able to gain your affections before you know it; carry her heart in her bosom; turn off her hundredth lover; and have the easy mind of a cobbler, when a pair of shoes are once sold, never to be called for again. Ladies, so far, we own up, you observe; but it is a hard one, however. Love-lays sung under windows she can cause by beauty alone, and the destiny of a nation, for instance, can be settled by one word. She can travel hither and thither without paying a cent; run up bills, without cashing; cause man to fall into consumption and die, because she could not love him; and what's more, the dear creature can cause a man to "discontinue his cums" by telling him herself. Talk about power! why, the privileges of a lady, how boundless! She can spend money abundantly, and laugh to see the "rougher sex" work for it, while she can snooze, or spin street yarn—marry again, if she likes, or roll in her ease. Greater privileges no living soul has; and yet I am sorry to say, dissatisfaction reigns to quite an extent among their circle, for they want to wear the breeches. I cannot imagine why they are not contented, when their power already knows no bounds.



TO-DAY I had a long talk with one of these old fussy maids at the residence of my aunt. While there she gave me many good ideas, and among the many, here are a few which I record with pleasure:

"Not long ago, sir, I placed myself in a conspicuous place at just six o'clock in the morning, where I could observe every thing passing in the brilliant Broadway. I might as well say, perhaps, that it was near the corner of White-street and Broadway, on the east side. This happened of a fashionable day—one pleasant and delightful. Being a person of much inquiry and curiosity—in fact, I have always been too much so, through life—I made up my mind that I would solely count the various kinds of wheeled vehicles, carriages and the like, that might pass between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening, in Broadway. I did so, assisted by a friend during meal hours, and at six in the evening the number counted reached the enormous number of *seventeen thousand two hundred and twenty-seven*. This, of course, includes everything on wheels.

"At another time, two of us made up our mind, that we would count the number of persons seen in Broadway between the hours of six and six. My friend

counted those promenading up Broadway, while I made it my task to count those going down. At the expiration of the time, the number counted was *eighty-nine thousand four hundred and seventeen*. This occurred on a Thursday—a beautiful day.

"At another time, I seated myself again, for mere curiosity's sake, where I could behold the display of silks and satins. During the short period of three hours (they were fashionable ones), I counted solely those rich India shawls, and at the expiration of the time I had reached *seven hundred and nine*.

"For three hours on another day, while I happened to be visiting at a noted place in Broadway, I counted thirty-seven hundred and twenty-two silk and satin dresses. While so doing, I on one occasion saw no less than seventy-eight silk and satin dresses in one group, as you may say. It happened that all were passing each way, about the same time.

"I have counted, actually counted, sixteen thousand and some odd sun-shades, on one summer's afternoon, in Broadway. I have also counted a third more umbrellas on a rainy day. I have, on a pleasant afternoon, numbered among the dashing gentry over eight thousand pairs of white kids, and some seventeen hundred white satin vests. As for quizzing-glasses, fancy canes, and gold watch chains, I have never yet tried to count for any given period of time."

What, think you, is the news from Warren street? Jim Cadiz—as fine a fellow as New York can boast of—met me in Broadway the other day, and asked me to step with him to his room, down at the Astor House; which I did, and on our arrival there, he at once began informing me of certain news, too good to be kept from the public. Those who have read the "Diary" know well the Warren street gentry; and, as they are bound to cause a "muss" just where they can, I hope to show you eventually how they prosper in the end.

"You are soon to be sent for by the mother, Harry," said Cadiz, slapping me upon the shoulder, and laughing heartily.

I said nothing, but rather turned off, as though it were beneath my notice.

"Did you not bury the hatchet, and become friends, Harry?"

"In a *horn*, we did," was my reply.

"Well, the devil's to pay down there, and you're to be sent for soon."

"What's up now, I wonder," I interrupted.

"Oh, the daughter is to take the veil—to enter the convent in Houston street."

"The deuce she is, Jim!" I exclaimed, at once rising from my chair.

"Yes, sir; she swears she will be shut up from the sight of this world, and the old folks are worried half to death about it. I hardly believe that she is as big a fool as all this comes to; yet it is currently reported about certain circles."

"I wonder what put this into her head—to enter the convent in Houston street, Cadiz?"

"You have been the means of it, she says; and it's my opinion, Harry," said Jim attentively, "that you will be cut and quartered, when you go there."

"Well, now, I will give up. The Warren street Miss intends to take the veil, eh! Blow me, if you have not told me great news," said I, giving him to understand that I was off to-morrow for Massachusetts.

"You will have to take it, old fellow, as any man should, when once petticoat government is down on him. If I was in your place, I would certainly get about half drunk when I went there, and then stand for independence."

I told him that I had not heard of such news before, and if they sent after me ere I made my departure for Massachusetts in search of the heiress, I should certainly take Prince John Davis with me, and go, for he was one who knew quite a considerable about the Warren street miss, which has not yet been revealed, but by good rights should. Ah, these ladies! Young men, look out, look out!



away for me," while I am told, with a voracious pen, that, under the "present circum-

ATHER strange affairs are "turning up." Old Mrs. Putomoran, the wonderful fortune-teller, of Quincy slip, has sent for me forthwith. And what else? Mrs. L., of Union square, has also sent for me. So has the Warren street mother. Danforth is down on me. Miss Dashaday is working a new card; so I am told. I hope it may work advantageously; yes, indeed, I do. Bella Racygracy, the brilliant belle of the Second Ward, has sent for me. The pork merchant, of Amity street, is quite indisposed. I have found out the location of the Connecticut heiress. What's more, the Washington city belle is jealous—quite so. Miss Hartmo, the prominent and popular beauty of North Carolina, is also in town, just from the city of Havana, and a note from her, dated from Union Place Hotel, I have received not ten minutes ago. Dad has sent for me from Wall street. Howard, of the Irving House, declares that I shall be present at his private *soiree*, soon to be given. The younger Stetson has challenged me to visit Europe. My sister Kate declares that she will marry the man of her own choice, or else live, womanly, an old maid's life. Betsy, dear Betsy, of Thirteenth street, declares that she will have revenge. A Waverly Place beauty is fast "pining

stances," a cultivation of an extended acquaintance would truly be considered as "unpleasant and improper." Let Waverly Place weep for a while. Sally, Maria Ann, Betsy, Ann, do bring the hartshorn—bring it quick. Bethink, all the above "varied intelligence" I received in one day. Only think of that, ye unfeeling creatures! Now, which way shall I wander first? Which order shall be executed at the earliest hour? Zounds! I am confounded, bothered, perplexed exceedingly. Aside from all these requisitions, I on the very same day received, while in my room at the Irving House, a very complimentary note, signed by Greenwood, the exceedingly popular manager of the American Museum; Osgood, the very gentlemanly cashier; and Clark, the popular and well known stage-manager of the same world-renowned established place of amusement; in which, aside from the contents of the letter, a "season free pass" was found, elegantly executed in rich, beautiful style, and expressly for the occasion. But what did all this mean? Why, at the request of these three rigid, experienced critics, I was politely invited to fail not to present the same to a certain beautiful young lady—the *belle* already spoken of—Miss B——, who "once upon a time" accompanied me to the Museum, and who seemed to attract the profound attention of one and all. But why this free season ticket? Confidentially I was informed, that scores and scores of good, sensible critics considered her *the most beautiful creature ever within the walls of Barnum's American Museum*. For this, and this reason only, was the above compliment paid. Young men, just battling into life, think of that! Young ladies, full of pride, vanity, and jealousy, don't you wish you could be pronounced "eminently beautiful?" Follow me for a short period, and I may cause a smile; gather roses among thorns, lilies among weeds, and figs from thistles. If Barnum had seen her, I don't know what would have followed, as he is quite a "lady's admirer."

Danforth has proved to be a gambler. A particular friend of Miss Dashaday's acquaintance called and voluntarily informed her of this fact, that Danforth frequented very often a certain gambling hell in Park Place, where he has been known to try his luck on the handsome sum of three thousand dollars. I sometimes think that if I was *sure* of putting a ball through his body, we might actually meet in open combat, for I have long since suspected him of being a very hard character. Do not imagine that I shall ever meet him in a duel at Hoboken, for my very letter sent to him shows that he is no gentleman, so of course he can fight with my ghost, if he chooses, but not with the *bona fide* Harry. Should he dare speak to me again, I will teach him a lesson and bear the consequences, although he has purchased of late a sword cane. I saw him the other evening at Burton's, sporting an opera-glass, a pair of moustaches, an ebony cane mounted with gold, saying nothing of kids, and the display of silks, furs, feathers, paints and powders so visible at his side. Miss Dashaday feels grieved that such is his character, as it reflects much on her, yet she had never before known the least stain against him. Mr. Dashaday declares he will wring his nose, if he dares to show himself at his door again. Thus you see how easy one is foiled and led astray by these characters, assuming to be perfect gentlemen. Dress does the thing often, for the most fashionable pet has often proved to be a perfect rascal in the end. Young ladies should be very cautious of cultivating acquaintances.

As it happens, I have seen to-day, a scene of *single* and *married* blessedness. Can it be possible that there is such a difference. Gentlemen, can it be so? Ladies, do such scenes occur? Yes, indeed there is a *real* difference!

Did you ever notice how particular persons are when paying addresses from sex to sex? I have. Did you ever observe a *change*, quite a vast difference after marriage? I have. While the lover called it was all prim and nicety, always appearing far from a disadvantage. If her hair was in papers when he rung the bell so very unexpectedly, or if she had on her head a frightful, unbecoming cap, or a soiled dress made up her plain attire, then it was "oh dear," and a run for her toilet, over which a great fuss followed. Now since they are man and wife, old times and customs are forgot, and instead of "priming up" she hardly cares a straw how she looks; for her object is gained, and the "poor unfortunate fellow" is *her husband*. Oh, *what a change!* Who could imagine that a man could scold, jar and deceive his "dear wife,"—when before they were wedded it was all, "would you like to accompany me to Niblo's this evening, love?" "Are you fatigued my dear Julia?" Do you really love me as you say?" "We were born to love!"—This is a specimen of man's fiddle-de-rol; while soon after the nuptial tie, all is words, thunder, "steel and brimstone"—a continued jabber about this, and that.—Quite a difference there, eh? Well, people say this is natural.

We have some queer looking fops in Gotham, some who are very careful how they put their feet, carry their cane, wear their moustache—and extend their arms and hands, while promenading. They are to be seen daily in various parts of the city, and how some of them procure a livelihood is one of the deep mysteries applied to a certain order of beings. But it takes all kinds of people to make a world! Here is one who helps to do his part, in a very conspicuous manner.



As the Warren street mother had specially sent three different times, and by the last note, handed to me by their old family servant, imploring a call, as she wished to see me herself upon some very important matter, I prepared myself throughout for the eventful occasion—left the Irving House about the hour of eight in the evening, walked down Warren street, out of Broadway, ascended the steps of the fine mansion, rung the door bell, was admitted by a servant, and afterwards received by the *anxious* mother herself. She was seated in the front drawing-room alone. After shaking hands I drew up a chair, and commenting upon the state of the weather and the general news of interest, I inquired if the family was in a good state of health, which at once caused an answer to the point.

"We are all well, save my daughter, Harry, whose health is very delicate of late."

"Ah, indeed! What seems to be the matter with her?" I asked.

"Well, I hardly know myself; she has been ailing for some few weeks—"

"And you look as though you had just left a bed of sickness. Are you indisposed?" I at once inquired.

"No, sir."

"Well, something is the matter with you," said I.

"My mind, sir, is in a troubled condition; I am troubled about my daughter; I fear, sir, that she will not be with us long."

"But where is she—where is Miss Victoria?"

"Confined to her room, sir. Harry, my daughter has kept her chamber for twelve successive days. We cannot get her to eat at the same table with us, nor show herself in the drawing-room. Ah, it troubles me—yes, it troubles me by day and by night," and she then began to cry aloud like a child.

After she had wept for some few minutes, I turned to her and asked if she would be so kind as to inform me if her daughter intended to enter any certain convent! She said that Victoria seemed to declare she would, notwithstanding what everybody said. Here I found out the whole affair. The mother unfolded to me the entire secret.

"Now, Harry, the last time you called, we, you remember, buried the hatchet, shook hands and parted friends. I have overlooked the whole transaction, and will now take you by the hand with the same pure grasp of friendship as I would my nearest and best friend. You remember when you made my daughter's acquaintance, and under what auspices. She at once admired you, and you know human nature well enough to convince yourself that there is such a thing as really loving at first sight. This was the case with my daughter, and even after your departure from our house on the afternoon of your acquaintance, she said to me, "Oh, ma, there is something about that gentleman which I adore and greatly admire," and, Harry, believe me or not, she tripped to the front door to get another sight of you ere you reached Broadway. From that time, Victoria, for a long period afterwards, talked continually about you. I saw this, and as you called quite often and regularly it pleased me much, and I upon

every occasion endeavored to make your visit a happy and pleasant one. You know, Victoria always favored you more than she did any other living gentleman, and how often have you rung the bell, entered of an evening, when a dozen gents could be numbered seated in the drawing-room, and by one smile, or one sign snatched her, as though by magic art, from the very circle, and armed her off up Broadway victoriously. Now you know this to be so, don't you, Harry?"

"Well, yes, I think you err not, but proceed, if you please," was my rejoinder.

"Now, I sent for you, expressly wishing to talk upon some points, probably of which you are ignorant. On the very day of your acquaintance, she came to me and sincerely asked if I would be willing for her to marry you, eventually providing you could be caught honorably. I asked her if she really thought she could love you as woman should, and, in reply, she took me by the hand, and looking me fair in the eye, said, 'Ma, he is the only gentleman that could win me to his embrace, and oh, I love him already, and I shall set my cap for him right away.' This is what she said. Finding that my daughter admired you greatly, and knowing your parents, I at once consented to her request, on condition that she should pay all respect to you as long as you did the same. Well, you came often, and Victoria received you warmly, and after you had called some dozen times, you recollect she informed you that it would please her much to accompany you here and there, whether under or free from engagement with other gentlemen at the same time. When an invitation was extended to her to attend some ball, soiree, party or the like, she would always say that 'if Harry will go with me, I will go, otherwise stay at home.' On the other hand, your mind seemed to be of the same nature, for you always came for Victoria to accompany you. Well, Harry, now let us see what followed. She was quite confident, and so were the rest of us, that you rather admired her, for you were quite constant, so after a given time she 'shipped off' some half a dozen of her beaux and admirers, and came out openly for you. She had many valuable offers, but declined one and all, and the presents received by her were rich and many. People at length began to think that it would be a match, and nothing pleased her better than to be twitted about your constancy toward her. She at length asked you for your daguerreotype, and you presented it to her in a gold locket; in return, she gave you hers, and if she looked at your's once during a day, she certainly did a score of times, and always kissed it when she retired at night, and when she awoke on the next morning. 'Now, Harry,' said the lady in her winning ways, 'I am merely telling you these simple truths to show, not only love at sight, but that sure and ardent constancy which alone dwells so powerfully in the breast of woman. I have often entered her chamber at early morn, [they call a breakfast at nine o'clock early, in Warren street,] and there, while Vic. was slumbering, I have observed your daguerreotype either lying upon her bosom, or else within her hand, and when I touched her, after she awoke, she would always open the locket as quick as sight, smile over it, kiss it, and say, 'Harry has not changed much to-night, and then smile so innocently.

"But now, Harry, for another scene. You and I are conversing together as friends; and I talk to you in as plain language as I would were you my own child. At length she saw you arming into Taylor's, one evening, a beautiful young lady, whose name she by chance found out, through an intimate friend of hers. This she overlooked, as she knew not under what circumstances you were placed. Some little time after this, she saw you again in Broadway with the very same lady, and this she overlooked. On another occasion she saw you again, and so on it went until the seventh time, when at the opera she pointed you out, and then, for the first time, informed me of the circumstance. We observed that you were very attentive to her indeed, so much so that Victoria was affected to such an extent as to be obliged to leave Astor Opera House, and return home. The lady eventually proved to be the Amity street Miss, who not long since died. I told my daughter that she must not think hard of you; but she wept often, yet dared not reprimand you, when she labored under the thought that you were paying your addresses to her solely. Finding that you two were actually under no engagements, I bade Victoria to overlook it. Time passed on, and your calls were frequent. You took my daughter and myself to the Saratoga Springs, and with your sister, we four afterwards visited Newport. Whatever advice you gave Victoria she obeyed; and, in time, I expressly forbade her to go with any one save you, which, in fact, was her own determination. You gave her jewels, diamond rings, and various kinds of presents, and at last got so, that when down town, you would never forget to call and see her, whether in the morning, at mid-day, or evening. You then saw that she loved you sincerely. What followed? News reached us that you and the Amity street lady were seen nightly here, there, and yonder; while perhaps, on the very next day, some of our family would see you with some other lady, the *belle* of a certain street. In time, news reached us that you seemed to be in love with every beautiful girl in the city; but Victoria, my daughter, said nothing until you absented yourself from our house for full twelve days. We sent for you, and you came. She took you aside, and discussed the treatment, and you promised her that you would mend your ways."

"Did I?" said I seriously, yet full of laughter.

"Yes, and I heard it Harry, soon after. We were told that you were striving to catch a Connecticut heiress, while the intelligence not only shocked Victoria, but it seemed that the Amity street lady was confined to her bed. We sent for you over and over again; but you

heeded us not. It was then when my spirit began to rise, and woman's own independence was displayed. Victoria was half deranged; for she knew not why you had ceased to pay your addresses. The whole town was soon in an uproar, and it was found that no less than eleven different ladies were weeping over your unfaithful acts of duty. The blood in our family would not allow impostors to battle over us, so we sent and sent after you, until sending was out of the question. To have revenge, we walked Broadway day after day, but you were not to be found; and, finally, finding out your hours for promenading, she, in a gent's attire, found you, and had you arrested. She would not have done this, but you had made declarations which she had heard from various quarters. You were brought here and reprimanded, and, from your own language, I threw into your face a bundle of letters, together with the jewelry and other presents. After awhile we buried the hatchet, and are now friends. I have forgotten the past, and shall never name them to you again. Now, have I not portrayed a truthful scene, Harry?" she asked.

"Aside from all this, my dear lady, I cannot see what right either of you had to reprimand me, for it cannot be proved that your daughter and myself were under any engagement. I told both of you that I did not care for one lady more than another, only so far as the sweet amends of friendship linked us all as a part of the human family. But Vic. at last told about that we were engaged to each other, which was an untruth."

"Stop one minute, and let me explain," said she. "The reason why this was said was because an eminent lawyer of this city told my daughter and me one day, while dining with us, that it was engagement enough, as each of you had the other's daguerreotype, and in the eye of the law would be pronounced valid, the circumstances of the case being of such a nature as to prove to a jury your intentions."

"Well, she had better kept that to herself," said I, "and for the law upon that point, it may go to the —, for I do not believe such a thing. But let me proceed with my defence. The favors towards your daughter, I have also showed to the same degree, in every sense of the word, to a dozen other ladies, of as rare and beautiful a cast of feature. I have always made it my practice to be independent upon certain points, and as I feel now, I would not marry the best woman in the world. Egad, I doubt very much if ever I wed, and if I do, you can rely that it will be done in a hurry—at a time when it was little dreamt of. The fact of it is, your daughter was very foolish in creating a rumpus at all. But now, without saying more, call her down, for I should be very happy to see Miss Victoria."

"Well, you have nothing against her to-day, for have we not buried the hatchet?" she asked, taking me by the hand.

"I have nothing against her, although the letter sent by her to Connecticut touches my very heart whenever it is named."

"But Victoria, you know, with myself, asked your forgiveness?"

"True, and I forgave both of you. Now, bid your daughter come and see me!" was my request, for the second time.

"But before I do that, do allow me to inform you just how things are, Harry. She keeps her room, as I said when you first came in, and we are all afraid that she will actually make up her mind to enter a convent either in this city or some other; and for Victoria to do that, Harry, would certainly soon carry me to the grave. I sent for you expressly for this reason: I want you to strive and talk the idea out of her head, will you?"

"Most assuredly I will. Victoria was not born to become the inmate of a convent, and Victoria shall not," said I, in strong terms, for I plainly saw how it affected her mother, and knowing that a mother's feeling should never be tempered with anything producing in the end an injurious effect, I declared more than a dozen times that I would endeavor and talk Vic. out of that foolish notion."

"You will strive to do your best, Harry?"

"I will."

"Then come with me up stairs, Harry," said the mother, opening the drawing-room door and bidding me to follow on.

Without saying another word in reply, I quickly obeyed. Reaching the head of the stairs, the mother of Victoria rapped at a door, but not receiving an answer she repeated it.

"Who is there?" said a faint, feeble voice within.

"Your mother and a particular friend. Won't you unbolt your door and allow us to come in, Victoria?"

"Who is the friend?" she asked, with strong emphasis.

"Harry," said the mother. At once there was a shrieking inside, the very instant my name was called. It was some five minutes before her mother could get her to answer. She was either a little deranged, or foolish in my estimation.

"Victoria, open this door instantly. Do you hear me, daughter?"

"I hear you, but the door shall not be opened, come now," yelled out the daughter, within.

"But do you not wish to see Harry?"

"Why, I am not particular, madam," and she brought this out exceedingly sarcastic.

"Will you come down into the drawing-room, if we go first?"

"No, I won't."

"Then open the door, and let us in."



"No, I won't." She spoke saucy and very short.

Up to this time, I had not opened my mouth.

"Harry wishes to see you, and talk with you, Victoria."

"So did Cain once wish to talk with Abel," interrupted Vic, inside.

"Well, now, that's pretty talk for a young lady, I must confess," said her mother. "Victoria, why do you not mind me?"

"Because I am reading the Psalms through, and I wish not to be interrupted. And another thing, I am eighteen, madam, and I can do as I choose; so, therefore, I choose not to open the door."

Oh, the independence of that girl's character, how strong and stubborn. Although, upon previous occasions, both of them, the mother and daughter, had abused me in various ways, yet now I stood ready, as a friend, to assist in alleviating the distresses of mankind. Seeing now that close confinement had made her of a very nervous temperament, and also that the young lady was fast killing herself, I felt it my duty to her, for fear seemed to be on the mother's brow continually—easily traced in every outline of feature. I am always to be found a real friend, where necessity whispers it, notwithstanding the state of affairs between the parties and myself. When she made her rash reply I at once rapped at the door, and gently addressing the beautiful creature within—

"Miss Victoria?" said I.

No answer came back. All was still within and without.

"Miss Victoria, will you not answer me?" I said again.

"Yes, sir," she very faintly replied.

"Then, if circumstances will permit, will you not allow me the pleasure of taking you by the hand?"

"Sir, I very much doubt your honesty. You had better go and soothe the injured feelings of Miss Dashaday, sir."

"Hush, Victoria, my daughter," cried out her mother, "know you not politeness?"

I now began to think that the young girl was a little shattered, by the run of her conversation.

"The gentleman had better make his exit, and go and see the Connecticut heiress, than be wandering here in Warren street—certainly, most assuredly, where he is not wanted."

"Daughter, Harry did not come of his own accord, but I expressly sent for him—"

"Then, entertain him, madam," she pompously rejoined.

I started to go down stairs, but the mother begged of me not to think hard of her treatment, and stay until I could see her. My mind was fully made up now that Victoria was actually a little light-headed.

"Victoria, will you open this door or not?" and the mother spoke earnestly.

"How I tremble!" she sarcastically answered. "No, madam, Victoria will not open the door," and then she began to sing.

"You will be sorry for this, young lady. Daughter, if you do not open this door soon, I will bid the servant to *smash* it in—there now—"

"Dare to do that, mother," she quickly exclaimed, "and I will shoot him instantly. Hark ye, do you hear that?" said Victoria, a percussion cap, snapping at once. "I will give the servant or any one else the contents of a revolver who dare intrude upon my rights, when I distinctly avow to the contrary. Ma, as for yourself, you should remember that a very eminent English writer says, that mothers should have no control—that they have no right to control their daughter, when they are of a certain age—so be a little careful how you thunder to me, for I am not to be abused by any one—not even by our minister."

"Why, upon my soul, I believe your daughter is crazy!" I at once remarked to the mother in a low voice.

"Crazy! ha! ha! ha! Well, now, I will give up. Sir, I know what I am about, I would have you to understand. Deranged, am I? Go, now, sir, from my hearing; for you will soon see whether Victoria has a mind of her own. Go and gallant about the *belle* of Hudson street, sir."

Finding it was impossible to see her, I at once left the place, accompanied by her mother. Bidding me to re-enter the drawing-room, as she wished to see me, she at once commenced weeping, and taking me by the hand, she meekly said, "Sir, what shall be done? She worries me half to death—yes, yes, Victoria will kill me."

"Weep not, for I can assure you that I will endeavor to reconcile her yet. Tell me, now, when were you within the door of her chamber last?"

"The day before yesterday, sir."

"Not since?"

"No, sir, but I have striven often, yet was refused. She has a fine room there, and keeps one servant. She is either singing, playing on the piano, or reading; and of late I begin to think that she is slightly out of her head by turns."

"She is certainly so," I rejoined. "What has actually caused this?—can you tell me?"

The mother sat down upon the sofa near me; but when I asked this question she hung her head down in rather a desponding attitude. I saw that I had touched the right note.

"Why, to talk plain with you, Harry, she became quite reserved soon after you left us, and failed to call as you once did, and she has continued to grow worse ever since. Whenever

she happens to see you she bears a terrible countenance, and if any of her friends call, and happen to say anything about you, she is then up at once. She keeps the run of you, week after week, but how, is more than I can tell. Whenever she hears of you having been with this and that lady she cries for hours sometimes. The fact of it is, my daughter made up her mind, more than a year ago, that it would be an impossibility for her to love anybody but you. This is the long and short of it, Harry; and now, as her hopes have been blighted, it is naturally to be expected that her mind will run at random when she is excited. Why, I once knew the time, when a gentleman spoke somewhat derogatory of your character, one evening before her, and oh, she was so mad, that she jumped up from the sofa, opened the drawing-room door leading into the hall, and turning to him thus:—"Will you please sir, take your departure from this house as conveniently quick as your ordinary locomotion will allow. I allow no one to abuse Harry, sir." The gentleman at once, in a blushing manner, begged her pardon; but she bade him to make his exit, as pardon was of no avail. I talked to her afterwards; but what did she care for what I said?"

"Victoria actually did this?" I asked.

"Even so, Harry; Victoria, my daughter did it."

This, in fact, surprised me much, for it was news.

"Oh, Harry, my daughter adores you at heart, and I know it. I even saw her take a gold locket belonging to a Spanish gentleman, and break it in pieces before his eyes, forgetting not to place the pieces under her foot, and then bid him to pick up the fragments, pocket the same, and at his will sell it for old gold. And what caused her to do this? Merely because he was jealous of you, and in her presence spoke disrespectfully of your character. Now, Harry, for my sake I want you to promise me one thing."

"What may that one thing be?" I inquired carelessly.

"You set as much by my daughter, as any other lady?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Now you are able to live single all the days of your life, are you not?"

"I am, madame."

"Could we not arrange matters in some honest way, so that you and my daughter could eventually become a happy couple? Now talk sensible, Harry, for I am in earnest?" She really had got me now.

"I think not, madame," and I smiled as I rather shook my head at her remarks. My reply was granted in a sweet, pretty way.

"We must contrive some good way, or else, Harry, I shall become miserable soon—very soon, indeed. You are the only man whom she loves, and, oh, dear, Harry, there must be a sacrifice somewhere." She talked seriously.

"I am not in a marrying mood," said I.

"Well, will you not give her some little encouragement? yes, will you not escort her out now and then, as you do other ladies?"

"Why do so, madame?"

"Because, if you don't, Victoria will certainly enter a convent, and that you know will kill me quickly. I ask you to do this for my sake, and methinks you will not decline when a great act of justice can be done as in this case. I talk to you plainly," said she, weeping, "but, Harry, I feel its power."

"Would that stop her from her sanguine determination?"

"Yes, yes, I know it would, Harry."

"This is no trick previously contrived between you and your daughter, I hope?"

"Trick! do you doubt me, Harry? Then there is my hand, and before God's presence I kneel, and swear that it is not."

This the lady did in a very respectful manner, and I have no doubt that she was sincere. I then gave her to understand that I would promise to take her daughter to some place of amusement, or, in other words, escort her out, every now and then, if it would be the means of relieving her distressed mind, and cause her to become a more rational being. When I had said this, she instantly asked me to excuse her for a few minutes, and, as she was about to make her exit, who should open the door but a servant, and at once informed us that Miss Victoria was now ready to receive us if we would take the trouble to reascend the stairs. Her mother quickly bade me to follow, and up I went, bold and independent. A rap at her door caused it quickly to open, where in a twinkling I beheld the beautiful daughter, who at once rose from her chair, advanced, and shook hands with me in quite a cheerful mood. She was beautifully attired in water-colored silk, arrayed in the extreme with choice jewellery, and her fair white skin, so marble-like, made her appear almost faultless. I cannot do her justice when undertaking to portray her beauty and appearance.

"Are you well?" I meekly inquired.

"Not very well, I thank you," was her sweet reply.

It is really strange how easily a lady can change her tone of conversation—yes, even her tone of conversation—and her mind. It was but a few minutes since when her voice seemed to be a voice of thunder, her actions those of an insane person. Now all bore another change, and she sat there as though she fully considered me her superior.

"Why do you keep so closely confined, Miss Victoria? I believe I have not seen you in Broadway for weeks."

"I have my reasons, sir," was her reply, in an easy tone.

"I hope you feel somewhat better than you did a few minutes ago, daughter," said her mother, in rather a reprimanding tone.

"I would have opened the door had I been prepared to receive you and your friend; and I hope you will excuse me—both of you."

"You are a nice young lady, I should think. It is now three days almost since I saw you, and here in this room you have kept yourself locked up."

"Mother, now, what is the use of this talk! I have this apartment, and pay for it, and I have attained to an age when I think I have a right to do as I consider best."

Here it was again—mother and daughter quarrelling almost for the hundredth time. I bit my lips to keep from laughing, for the scene and conversation was indeed laughable.

"You are killing yourself, daughter; yes, you are. Why don't you walk and go about—take wholesome air and exercise? You are now looking as pale as death."

"My reason, madam, is this:—I choose to remain secluded—retired."

By close observation, one might easily conjecture that she could not refrain from taking comfort. Here, in a fine room, could be seen rich furniture, drapery, and a choice library; a Turkey carpet, a splendid chandelier, a superb carved sofa, a rich piano, two choice mirrors, ottomans, divans, together with beautiful paintings, ornamenting her chamber. Several plaister of Paris busts of different characters were placed about the room, while a gold-clasped bible could be seen by the side of several novels, and a pack of cards. In fact, the sight was very interesting throughout. As for the revolver, that was not to be seen. On the marble mantel I counted no less than eighteen daguerreotypes, and I soon made up my mind that Miss Victoria was a most singular young lady, although I had formed a previous opinion of the same nature.

Soon after I had seated myself in the room, I ungloved my hand, and at once proceeded to business. I informed Miss Vic that I had been sent for expressly by her mother, and after my arrival, she gave me to understand that her daughter was in a depressed state of mind, informing me about her being shut up in a small room, and what she expected would soon occur. The daughter thanked me on her part for calling, forgetting not to reprimand her mother in my presence for taking such a step before consulting her.

"Now," said I, "we might as well talk plainly, first as last. I understand that it is your determination to enter the convent in this city soon. Now, Miss Victoria, will you please inform me if this report be true?" I addressed her as politely as I knew how.

"That, sir, is a subject best known to myself at present. I do not know why it should concern you, sir." She addressed me very independently.

"It is your intention, and were you not ashamed of it you would own it like a lady," exclaimed her mother, tears flowing quickly from her eyes.

"Let me warn you to be cautious, Miss Victoria," said I, "what steps you take on this rugged road of life. You are not too old yet to have advice given you, and as for this convent affair, you had better let it 'die in the shell' at first. If you have a desire to hurry your mother to the grave, go then and enter the place; but if you wish to prolong her days, and make her happy in her old age, leave her not, but cling to her, as a child should to its mother."

"Now what is the use, sir, for you to talk to me in regard to this subject, when you have no claims so to do? All the talk of thousands will never have the least effect when once I am determined."

"I will see about that; come, now," interrupted her mother, as tears were visible. "I will have the Rev. — here in less than twelve hours, and he will talk to you."

"Oh fie, ma, what do you think I care for your ministers? As for him, he must preach salvation elsewhere than here to me."

"There now—there now—that will do, Miss," said the mother.

"Very well, when you see fit to stop, I will," was the rejoinder.

I could not refrain from thinking what a pity it would be for so young and beautiful a creature to enter a convent, or become a novice, as she sat in her satin and jewels, a perfect Hebe.

"Victoria, Harry says that he has forgot the past as well as ourselves; so now come down into the drawing-room, and be somebody."

"I choose to stay here, and I shall."

Finding that she was determined to act out her nature, I again, for the second time, made further inquiries in regard to this convent business.

"You wish to know very much indeed, it seems?" said Vic.

"Yes, Miss Victoria, I do."

"And so do we all," added the mother.

"Then if you demand it, I will tell you," exclaimed the daughter, rising from her chair, and walking across the room. "I am determined to take the veil, and no earthly power can check me."

When this fell from her lips, the mother gave one shriek, and fell upon the floor in a swoon. With the assistance of the lady's maid I removed her to a chair, and by that time she revived, when at once she cried aloud, "Oh, my daughter! my daughter!" and then wept like a child.

"I am determined, and by the gods I will be shut up from the world," exclaimed the daugh-

ter again, pacing the floor with increased rapidity, "And, sir, since you have both urged for decisive answers—since you, sir, seem to feel such a great interest, I would here ask you why I have come to such a conclusion? Oh, sir, the past warns me to beware of the future—to beware of you in particular."

"Me?"

"Ask it not, sir, you have heard my vow, and I shall soon go to be shut up from the sight of the doings in this wicked world. Sir, doubt not my words; for by all that's living, I am determined to do what I have revealed."

"Victoria, you talk very unwise, I think."

"Harry, we might as well part first as last; for, by discussing this important subject, it will only irritate and incite me to uncivil language and action. What I have said I am determined to do; so we might as well stop at once."

Miss Victoria began to show woman's independence, and that all-importance so peculiar to the sex. Her eyes sparkled like stars—her tongue whirled vehemently, and the young lady herself seemed to labor under great excitement.

"Then you intend to enter the convent in this city? Now, if you are determined to take such a step, I would advise you to shun Houston-street, and the convent therein, or the one in Second-street, and do the thing up in better style."

"What do you mean, sir?" she quickly asked.

"What do I mean? Why, I would advise you to go to Montreal, Canada, and become a novice, take the veil for life, never show yourself in New-York again. Go, then, Miss Victoria, and, perhaps, after you have seen your wardrobe and jewelry placed in a coffin, and trod upon in your presence, you may have heart to take the black as well as the white veil."



VISITED the "City of Notions," for the last few days, having felt rather nervous while hugging closely to New York. But what a change between the two cities!

New-born scenes soon surround a Gothamite when fairly booked in the oratorical city of Boston. He perceives that usages, ways, and customs are altogether of another nature from those he left twelve hours previous, while meandering in a proud metropolis, where it is said that the streets were originally laid out by cows, as they went out to pasture and returned at evening. But how stand Boston affairs?

Aristocracy rides forth mostly in the old-fashioned chaise. Pride in Boston is not so excessive as in New York, where they pour out money like water, for the sustaining of a prominent nucleus of elegant society. Dashing livery is discarded by Bostonians with all its vain and gaudy equipages which help to make up the fashionable arena, while there it is petted in the extreme by millionaires, residing in palaces of marble in Union Square, and Fifth Avenue, rightly considered by Londoners as the *Belgravia* of New York. The gent of fashion willingly rides forth in his father's ancient two wheeled chaise in the very face of Boston. So do the city princes. In Go-

tham, were it done where wealth closely fraternizes with wealth, the lady-scion of aristocracy would feel like fainting! her pride crushed at once like a flower in its day of golden promise; while, as for the educated gent of upper-tendom, should such a spectacle occur in brilliant Broadway, where the elite residing "above Bleecker" roll sumptuously in wealth, the article of hartshorn would hardly prove advantageous; for in the-eye of the "acknowledged first circles," he would feel "fashionably killed forever"—at least, as long as he remained in one of the greatest commercial centres of the world, where failure of a half million of money causes Wall-street to sigh only for a "breakfast spell," and "female aristocracy up town," to infer at the tea-table, that the failure, by the morrow, would fall into oblivion.

Boston aristocracy is solid but limited. The man of wealth calculates to know where his money can be found with as much certainty as he could point out Bunker Hill to a stranger. Boston bankers have watchful eyes and cautious tongues. State-street they master; Wall-street is closely looked after; so is the Bourse in Paris, and the Exchange in London. It is here where neighbor knows neighbor, be he a banker, or dealer in mackerel; yet one plainly infers from observation, that the Bostonians are like their brethren in sister cities, wherein friendship is measured by the *Day Book* and the *Ledger*. The soundness of the *dictum* some may doubt, yet it needs no modern Aristotle or Quintilian to prove it. Bostonians make their money slow and sure; while New Yorkers rush into a speculation of a million of money, expecting to win or lose at one jump.

Dashing off an article, in my Diary, concerning a city like Boston, so characterized by queer, quaint, eccentric, and original notions, places one in rather a singular position. Statistics show that Bostonians fine a person the sum of two dollars and fifty cents, if found smoking in the public streets; prohibiting also, newsboys from selling newspapers, and vendors of pea-nuts, lozenges, matches, or toothpicks, from pursuing their avocations, unless they have first secured a license. It must be also remembered that one breathes in a city where hand-organs are revered, and unexpectedly sustained; where the barbers most generally shave up; where

"doctors" display their names in monstrously big signs—and where "lawyers can be found flocking together in numbers, almost as numerous as were the "children of Israel" in ancient times, or even the "little fishes" in the river of Egypt. But, Boston should be heard. She is the touch-stone of American advancement. Boston is a city of fearless liberality. To become a more prominent rival of the nations of the earth, Bostonians have but to dethrone a cold and narrow commercial policy, illiberal and detrimental in form; to extend those facilities for enterprise so liberally manifested by sister cities, and in a financial view, to know the solvency of merchant with merchant, so that paper may be discounted beneficially, and with promptness, through a sound acquaintanceship with the Banks, without debarring town and city enterprise for a *twelvemonth*, that the solvency of said merchant may be reliably tested, prior to extending the usual banking facilities to him. Then jealousy would not unloose her anchor; commercial rivalry would forget whining lamentations, and capital would make Boston a haughty and powerful rival of the world—outside of New England.

Bostonians with a "tear in their eye," point toward crooked Washington streets as being their most prominent and fashionable thoroughfare. While New Yorkers with a "battery of smiles," point to the public promenade known to the whole world as Broadway, extending full three miles in a straight line, being eighty odd feet in width, and affording the eye a view of expensive decorations, and elegant architecture, vying with the extravagance of the old world. Yet think! Boston makes up for this deficiency in another golden-channel—her public Schools! This exchange stands unequalled in the annals of history. Boston Common has its beauties, and deformities. The Battery and Park of New York have the same. The *coup d'oeil* from the top of the lofty dome of the State House is magnificent. The promenade known as "Beacon Mall" is without any exception the grandest park of its size to be found within the limits of the United States.

How singular are the ways of Bostonians with regard to prominent positions! Jealous literary chums, fickle politicians, and Anglo Saxon nabobs of one small circle, represent the majority—as far as they can.

Every real Bostonian, from parent to child, thinks at heart that whenever one touches upon the flowery fields of literature; the charms and praises of novelty; the high rich and eminent stations of fame; the cool and tranquilizing paths of stern philosophy—or whenever touching upon the golden thoughts which have received the proud impress of genius—every thing owes, or in other words had its real origin within hailing distance of Boston Common, Cambridge, Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall and Old South! Everything apart from this "family belief," is to them of minor importance, of secondary consideration. Public opinion, a long time ago, found the converse of the criticism to be equally true; also, that the views of Bostonians, (and this of course includes the "Mutual Admiration Society,") were as firm *at home*, as the hills in old Berkshire. To day it is more deeply rooted than ever; as true, as it is positive, that with all the manifest enterprise of New Yorkers, no single Gothamite breathes, who can find even *one Church of God* in the whole length of that immense business thoroughfare—the Bowery! Missionary zeal will please stick a pin there!

For a display of canvass that is spread over the waves of every sea—and for mammoth steamships, no nation can beat ours. But when you turn towards Boston, she openly challenges the whole world to surpass her Railroads, yes, in number, extent, beauty and costliness.—Boston capital and enterprise embraces, at the present date, almost all of New England! Rid State street of its leibis, and the Five States would "shout the glad tidings." If the Bostonians can surpass the New Yorkers in the *jet d'eau*, or fountain department, by "squirting up" the highest jet of water—the latter can point to their great Aqueduct, being in length, full forty-and-two miles, costing when completed *thirteen millions* of money!!

Such are the independent claims of New Yorkers; such are the boastings of Bostonians. Yonder is Bunker Hill, and there is Trinity Church—two sacred places. Here is State street, but Wall street must not be forgotten, two powerful money avenues. To-day the New Yorkers work for the general good and intercourse of society, mediocrity as well as aristocracy. The Bostonians do likewise, yet stand before the world as a class notorious for private partiality and personal influence for the *crowning of home honors*! Here you observe a "slight contrast," but it is not a picturesque one. Whatever is sanctioned by a powerful critical corps, which to refer to Boston, would be but to echo common fame; then follows the favor of Beacon and Mount Vernon streets—the *legitimate* teachings of Cambridge, and the *grandiloquence* of the Transcript!!—If a verdict be rendered otherwise—and we would not forget the literary department, then,

"Ye little stars hide your diminished heads."

Foreigners will find when paying visits to Boston, a love to copy after them, especially in airs, moustaches, white hats, and feet attire. It is about the same in Gotham. New Yorkers can tell a Bostonian, or in other language, an "Eastern man" by the singularity of his ways and dress; while a Gothamite is "spotted" by the way he acts and wears his hat—on an angle!!—Boston people are notorious for this wonderful discovery! New York is considered a city unclassical to a degree!—Roam over Boston on a cloudy day, with the wind blowing from the North East, and seven men of business out of ten, will be possessors of an umbrella. Promenade the streets, and the same proportion, seven to ten, will be the possessor of a book, or a newspaper on any pleasant week-day. Genuine Bostonians must even talk of business—have

regularly of a Sabbath morning what their fathers and fathers' father had in good old continental times—baked beans and pork fresh from the oven; and at their will, boast by pen and tongue of their city and its morality!

You place a celebrated belle taken from New York circles, among the *haut ton* of Boston—take her fresh from the *elite of upper tendom* where "seventeen thousand dollar parties" are often times endorsed during a gay winter, and it would be like leading her into a still and lonely forest of rickety trees and stiff young saplings on a cold and frosty morning. Why? Because New York is all life, all balls, *soirees* and parties; while Boston reverences scientific discourses, pointed prayers, and long orations!

That Boston can boast of pretty handsome, and beautiful ladies no one will deny. Col. Schouler, Gen. Cushing, Epes Sargent and Marshal Tukey, say so, and of course these gentle men openly profess to know.

That there are "high bucks" to be found in Boston is a well known fact—also some very fast horses. But more-hereafter.

Ten days have now passed away, and where have I wandered? The State of Massachusetts I have visited, and the Connecticut heiress I have actually seen. I found her with an aunt of hers, who lived in excellent style; and I must say that I never was received more handsomely in my whole life, than by her in her own mansion. Alcebella Georgiana Victoria Randolph, the beautiful young heiress, seemed quite glad to see me. When I unfolded to her the letter of the Warren street miss, in which she expressed great regret that she had been the cause of injuring my feelings, on a previous occasion, by note, to her father, of my standing in society, the heiress brightened up at once, and frankly confessed that she had always considered something wrong about the affair, and rejoiced that the Warren street miss had taken back that which was totally false and fraudulent.

I am rather of an opinion that I might catch this heiress, providing I only work my cards right, and mind my moves. A good address and a fine flow of words will do it; so remember that if I can possibly contrive, in an honest way, to become the fascinator of her interest, I am sure eventually of commanding full a half a million of money. When I left her, it was with this promise, that the diamond ring presented and placed by me upon her finger, should remain unmoved; also, that we should privately and confidentially correspond with each other through the mail, once in every ten days. On these conditions, I considered myself well advanced in the culture of affection—in the phases of love.

There walks in Broadway, on almost every pleasant afternoon, a certain up-town beauty, whom I have known by sight for full twenty months. I have passed her often; but, on almost every occasion, she appeared in a different dress. I have seen her on one afternoon in satin, on another in silk, on another in velvet—yes, always in something different. She makes a fine appearance; is beautiful, accomplished, and truly attractive; is neither too tall, nor too short; and always seems to be in a smiling state. I will confess that I have followed her home a score of times, (I am not the only one, mark ye), but her acquaintance I have never made personally, as I could not find the person whose acquaintance was far enough on both sides to insure an introduction. Now, I am confident that many a person mistrusts whom I mean; but allow me to reveal how I enacted my plot. The other afternoon, I actually took a particular lady friend of mine to promenade Broadway, expressly for the purpose of forming this lady's acquaintance. Some may regard it as a singular manner, yet I am not the first and only one who has practised the same scheme. Having informed my lady friend of the express purpose or wish in view, we left Waverly Place, and down Broadway we promenaded, in fine aristocratic style. I had prepared myself, as a fashionable gent should, hoping, —yea, knowing almost—that we should certainly pass this up-town beauty. Passing between Canal and Walker streets, on our way down Broadway, I saw the mysterious creature ahead, and soon pointed her out to my friend, who, by the by, was a certain banker's wife (not Mrs. L.), and had often seen the very person whom I was in search of. With one of my cards enclosed in my right kid, I walked slowly behind her until she was deliberately promenading along opposite the Park, when, all at once, she was in the act of passing a cross-street, I over-reached my general step, and quickly brought my left foot down on the lower borders of a rich silk dress, severing of course the same to quite a great disadvantage. Instantly, with an innocent look, I at once begged forgiveness, (my lady friend interceding at the same time, which was, to tell the truth, the very reason why I wanted her to accompany me), and, with all the politeness imaginable, presented my card, begged to know the number of her residence, ordered a carriage immediately from the opposite side of Broadway to convey her home, and honestly promised, (yet not insisted upon in the least,) to have a piece of Stewart's best silk forwarded to her on the following day. Through my politeness, fine address, easy words, and the influence of my lady friend, the beauty assented. A carriage, at my expense, conveyed her home, and down Broadway we promenaded, both laughing at the ingenuity of the trick.

On the following morning, a choice piece of silk was forwarded, with a note from me; since then, she has found out my circle and standing in society, and, no longer ago than the day before yesterday, I made, through her request, a polite afternoon call, and was warmly received. Thus you see one of my peculiar ways of forming an acquaintanceship; so you

may as well consider her as one more particular acquaintance of mine. With a Beman collar and one of Genin's fashionable hats, together with a flashy suit throughout, fresh from Geo. Fox's, she has already whispered about that I am a handsome young man, and very bewitching. So much for following the fashions of the day.

Miss Dashaday has been up to another keen contrived trick. It is rich, and will soon be told, when fairly ripe. The decision of my Warren street interview will cause, when revealed, an interesting feature; and as every character is a life-like one portrayed in this diary at a certain period, time must be taken, before one says too much. Old Mrs. Putomoran, the gifted fortune teller, down in Quincy slip, has again opened my eyes by revealing true occurrences. The pork merchant of Amity street has broken up housekeeping, and is now boarding in Bond street. Poor old man! how deeply he feels the loss of his cherished daughter! My father aches to get back the Beaver street block of stores—those particular writings now in my possession. Invitations to balls and parties are numerous, and my weekly expenses are enormous. I am now in quite a puzzled state; for I am happily surrounded by several wealthy and beautiful young ladies, yet I am a stranger to the power of a certain kind of love. My sister Kate is still in love with an eminent stage-actor, and she has, indeed, kicked up a pretty rumpus at home.

People have wondered who a certain young lady could be so often seen promenading and riding through our avenues and popular thoroughfares. I mean one certain beauty out of many who habit Broadway often, and always cause old as well as young to take a second look. She is one of that particular kind who always appear in very attractive costumes, never gloves her lily hands a second time with the same pair of kids, and who generally has in one hand a card-case, a fan, or a late novel. When she rides out no one accompanies her in her splendid barouche, drawn by a span of full bloods, and they reined by a full livery. She attracts attention on both sides, particularly when in Broadway. This is none else but the beautiful Miss Armenia Dashaday, of whom much is to be told.

Since I came into possession of my sixty thousand dollars, I find, by calculation, that I have fashionably squandered away the pretty little sum of nearly six thousand dollars. The young lady whose dress I stepped upon a few days ago, has of late taken quite a fancy to me. She is good-looking, but the fact of the matter is, she has not got "the rocks," nor is there any likelihood of her having too much *tin* to boast of. She is just like a young man in one respect, in search of riches, and vows that she will never wed unless she marries rich. To test her upon the point of knowing how to work, I said to her that if she would knit me a pair of stockings, and do it all herself, I would make her a present of a fifty dollar note when she had fairly completed her task. This is indeed one way to obtain information in regard to securing a wife who knows how to work, whether she is obliged to do so or not. If these ladies can afford to display, and cause attraction by spinning street yarn, then it is well enough to know whether they are strangers or not to another quality of yarn.

Danforth has sent me a note, in which he not only speaks in the outset derogatory of my character, but coolly challenges me to a duel, and on account of my cultivating the acquaintance of Miss Dashaday, with whom he is in love, while, on the other side, the young lady laughs over his utter foolishness, and has, at my request, cut his acquaintance. When I read the scamp's contemptible note I could not refrain from laughing heartily. Of course I accepted the challenge, and returned a note to this effect:—

Irving House, Monday Evening.

MY DEAR SIR—I accept the challenge, and will meet you at Hoboken, the place designated by you. My choice of weapons—horse pistols; distance—three paces; contents of pistols—black sand.

Yours, comfortably,

HARRY.

What a thing it is to be fashionable! It is laborious enough in endeavoring to keep so, but of course, we must keep the ball rolling, the money going. *Sich is life!* Fashionable calls cause no useful ends. Mrs. A. starts on her round of calls. She finds Mrs. B. at home, is seated, and then commences fashionable topics. Big boasts, extensive bragging, and a plenty of *soft-soap* are not forgotten. Mrs. D. starts on her tour, when by mere accident, she learns that Miss E. is soon to be married to Mr. F., the rich man. Backbiting is not forgotten, and stretching the truth is upheld. Items are related as general news, and Mrs. H. is made out to be a poor wretch held up by dress and feathers, and the late party given by her was terribly out of order. Miss G's virtue is discussed cautiously, while Mrs. W. needs looking after. Jealousy always has a hand in these calls, and what a "certain person" said goes the rounds. They are mere folly, these fashionable calls. So is having to sit solus in a drawing-room full one hour before any one makes their appearance, merely because it is a fashion. Am I correct, fashionable defenders of Gotham!

Promenading through the Fifth Avenue yesterday, with a particular friend, who is gifted with a good share of ready wit, keen satire, and eccentricity, he placed me in rather a happy humor by his artful sayings.

"There, Harry," said he, "behold this costly mansion before us."

"Well, what of it?" I said, interrupting him at once.

"Do you know how the owner first began business?"

"Nay," I remarked.

"As a dealer in old iron," was the rejoinder. "The gentleman residing in No. —, opened oysters in Water street for five years, before he 'set up for himself,' and he is now worth \$800,000."

Passing in front of a certain block, he remarked, as we moved by each door—

"Perhaps the occupant is an honest man; his next door neighbor is a perfect rascal, in deed and in the dark; or, if you choose, Harry, honest on the *slly*. Perhaps the occupant in the third made his money by bankruptcy; the one in number four, by working hard; the one next door, out of Uncle Sam's purse; while, perhaps, the occupants of the two next hardly know themselves how they did make what money they are reputed to be worth." In this way the eccentric genius "freed his mind."

As we promenaded slowly through the magnificent thoroughfare, viewing structure after structure, he often soliloquized. That he is well booked upon the rise and progress of certain individuals in Gotham, no one dare deny; as he has been for years and years placed in a situation commanding the aforesaid knowledge. How often he has "posted me," in regard to such items! He declares that there is no permanent nucleus of elegant society in New York; not an acknowledged first circle, to whose rules or dictations others are willing to refer; and it is for this reason, he says, that there is no channel of indisputable social grace—no more congeniality in appreciable forms—as ostentation is too prominent in the entertainments of the rich. I am thinking that my critical friend is about right, when you test the truth of the subject, however delicate it may be. Those who pretend to represent the social *pose*, and call themselves the model standards from whom society may fashion, have but little influence in the social arena at large. The uptown and downtown aristocracy are constantly at war with each other; in cultivation and accomplishments, they pretend to be very unequal, while at the same time one observes that wealth fraternizes with wealth! Under circumstances so novel it is not to be wondered at that there is anything but a complete harmonization among our New York gentry of quality and fashion.

"Times have changed greatly" said he, "since the great fire of 1835. The people of New York are different in almost every department of business life. Those who were made poor in a day, have become rich again in a great number of instances, yet the form, the manner and the principles of society have changed."

It was interesting to hear him tell about the old exploits of John Jacob Astor, when he was in the prime of life; how the late Mrs. G. B. Miller commenced with her "fine cut;" how James Gordon Bennett first introduced the *Herald* on his own hook, after leaving the gods of Mammon, dwelling in Wall street; what curses were heaped upon Smith when he failed for one million of money; and then, all about the good old times and exploits enacted at the "dear old Park." He told me about the ground above Spring street, how it was nearly all fields and gardens six-and-thirty years ago, and that the road out of the city was through the Bowery. Spring street was then called Bammon street. At that period, nearly all the Eighth Ward was then under water, being known as Lisenard Meadows. From the scenes of those days, he passed over and opened upon the fashionable whimsicalities of the present day. "There lives Mrs. M——," said my friend, as he moved on, "and what are her great aims! To spend money almost as fast as her husband earns it. Then her daily task is to yawn in the most fashionable manner, and do nothing but 'spin street yarn,' discuss small gossip, eat, drink and sleep. Even she flirts about with young men, and her reasons are that 'to drive off the ennui she gets up a flirtation.' There is another lady yonder, the queen of the spacious mansion," said he, pointing to some little distance above a certain church. "Her great aims are to dote upon anything pathetic—to faint away, or make a sensation among her circle; and she thinks she could make a 'capital tragic actress,' no doubt," said he, "but that she already imagines having bouquets thrown at her feet from the boxes—and such sweet poetry written to her. She is the wife of a rich old nabob, but she is never happy unless surrounded by a number of young gentlemen. When at Saratoga, I have seen the husband dining at the table of the United States, while the wife was partaking of the same, with a couple of young fops under the shade of a tree in the outer grounds! Then here in this fashionable quarter can be found a mother and her seven daughters, all of whom are yet unmarried. Two of them have just returned from Paris, where they were sent to 'conquer the love of some Count or Prince,' but failed in the attempt. You observe them often riding through Broadway in an ark of a carriage, fourteen by six, and how orders are given to 'a full livery' to rush ahead at a dashing rate! The 'women of the house' always ride forth, while the father, the 'old gentleman,' generally walks and looks on. At the same time, he thinks much, for he is full of dry humor and satirical irony—and often curses inwardly when dining upon lamb and mint sauce, at the remarkably astute and penetrating characteristics so openly evinced by his 'better half'—and rakes at the idea of her making accidental acquaintances with young nabobs."

My friend continued in this strain for some time, informing me who of the "aristocracy" openly denies of ever keeping a small thread and needle store "once upon a time" in Cedar street; who in the tin trade; who a dealer in empty boxes and barrels, and how ladies of quality do detest being twitted of such "insignificant trifling facts." *Sich is life!*





N the whole course of my life I do not remember of having so base an act brought under my personal knowledge, as the following:—No longer ago than last evening, a particular friend of mine called at the Irving House, and at once revealed to me something of extraordinary importance. It fairly made me tremble when in a modest way, he unfolded the startling truths in regard to a female subject. My informant's right name is Webber—a very modest and unassuming young man of three-and-twenty, who is a classical scholar—lives at great ease on an allowance of three thousand dollars, and another thing, fresh at that every year. Some two years ago he made the acquaintance of an old wealthy Dutchman's third daughter, with whom he soon became quite enamored; but it seems that the old gentleman rather disliked Webber, although, to use an old expression, the two young lovers were as thick as two thieves. The daughter I saw once, and from the criticism then made, I find recorded in my diary, under that date, "During my sojourn to-day I made the acquaintance of Miss Van Shong, the third daughter of a wealthy old gentleman, who resides in the upper part of the Third Avenue, New York. She was one of the handsomest young ladies I ever placed eyes on."

It seems, from what Webber informs me, that the old gentleman forbade him coming to see his daughter Celia, as she was only fifteen, and was altogether too young to be courted; but the daughter thinking otherwise, had the independence to inform her daddy that she loved Mr. Webber, and nothing on earth could check her from seeing him in some way. This touched the heart of the Dutchman, and after she had disobeyed him several times, he warned her of the future, but the love cherished towards the young man was so strong that it was next to an impossibility for her to refrain from mentioning, or humming, or singing, in the presence of all, her dear Neddy Webber's sweet name. He continued to call until the father of the young lady showed him the street door, for the third time, which vexed the daughter so much that she kept her room for two whole days, declining to present herself at the table during meal hours, or participating in any of the domestic duties, and even remaining *mun* when her father questioned her. I rather think she knew how to be contrary to quite a degree, when the fit came over her; yet she put forth declarations to the effect that young as she was, she, like other persons, would see a good day during some period of life, and if she had a desire to give Neddy Webber her hand and heart, it would, no doubt, be sanctioned in that place above, where it is said "matches are made." The fact of the matter is, she loved Neddy with her whole heart, and if God spared her life, she would be nothing less than Mrs. Neddy Webber. Why the old gentleman had taken such a dislike to this fine, respectable, young gentleman, was a mystery to all; and at the same time, being of so cunning a nature as to give no reason whatever for his formal declaration. Time flew on, and at last she promised to meet Neddy, every now and then, at the residence of an aunt of his, who resided in Houston street. This scheme succeeded well, until it reached the ears of the wealthy old Dutchman, who at once vetoed any further meetings. The next they did were to meet each other in the omnibuses, but this was soon checked. They then took to the Harlem cars, but the old man was too cunning for them. Their fourth hit was to meet each other at the Art Union, Broadway, but it seems that the old gentleman was so well posted up that he expressly forbade all his children going there, for the simple reason that it was already too much of a notorious place for the meeting of young ladies and gents, and if she went there she would soon be talked about, in a manner not exactly to the purpose. This was all well enough, and as the daughter wished to be prudent, she at once assented to the demand required by the father. Having an anxiety to see each other quite often, they next met at the Museum on certain afternoons, and thence from one place to another, until the old gentleman actually confined her in a room, where she has been kept for over ten months, under the care of an old maid. For this reason Webber came for assistance from me, and what he revealed was of that nature in which pity must have an hearing.

I have had a second Danforth-like fool after me, and if it is not wonderfully strange how I am besieged, then I am of course grossly mistaken. A fine looking gentleman comes up now, and wishes me to understand that Miss Armenia Dashaday and himself are actually under sacred engagements to be married; so to save further trouble, he advises me to gallant her no more—to keep my distance. This remarkable sudden warning, or polite invitation, I received this afternoon, while choosing some choice perfumery of various kinds, at Chilson's, Broadway, where it seems the fool had spotted me. In a remarkable cool manner, I gave him to understand that if he did not desist in his nefarious designs, he might know what constituted a quarrel of dangerous consequences.

Prince John Davis has received from Neddy Webber and myself the full particulars in regard to the Dutchman's treatment towards his third daughter, Miss Celia Van Shong, who is

now confined to a room, on account of her urging a desire to wed Neddy. I have formed a project for her escape, and the efficient officer, with my friend Webber, sanction the scheme. Poor girl!—weep no more—dry away the falling tears; for, rest assured, that you will soon, through my powerful exertions, be free once more from the grasp and power of a father, whose anxious desire is to keep you for another man, merely because there's a heap of money to follow. We will teach him wisdom, Miss Celia; so again I say, have courage; for if we err, it will certainly be on the side of mercy.

Since from Connecticut, I have had the honor of an introduction to a certain Wall street banker's lady, who, it is said, easily spent eighty thousand dollars for him during a run of two years. I have no doubt of the fact; for I remember well when she gave a brilliant soiree, that only caused the tolerable steady-like banker to plank over the nice little sum of over eighteen thousand dollars to pay all the expenses. Well, go it, I say—go it strong while there's corn in the mill—make the money fly! I have also had an introduction to the "belle of Long Island," who, at the time, was visiting in Irving Place. She is indeed far from being beautiful; and from what I could judge, was a thorough-bred Long Islander—one of the old comfortable stock, whose rule it is to eat their cake before their meat. The fact of it is, this young ordinary-looking lady is very rich; and of course that is a sufficient reason why a thorn is considered a rose. We live in a singular age.

The lady whose dress I injured by an over-step the other day, is already quite enamored with me, from what I see, and learn from reliable sources. I saw her one afternoon of late, promenading the brilliant Broadway, in what we republicans might as well call royal style; for, in beauty of attire, she surpassed every other lady out of many thousand that passed during our sojourn. She seems to be one whose nature is rivalry in display of dress—one who, well educated on certain points, such as attract the eye and causes man to admire. How she can afford to dress so expensive when I understand that neither she nor her parents are by any means considered very wealthy, is indeed a mystery. I have now seen her, from time to time, for something over two years, and I can positively declare, that on every occasion she has always looked captivating, bewitching, and attractive, in Broadway. I have no doubt what thousands think that they know who I refer to, and I dare say that more than half need not guess again. She is a young lady on the sunny side of twenty, and, as I said, in another portion of my diary, young, accomplished, and beautiful. As I have never revealed her name, permit me to whisper it: it is Betty Luckey, which I must confess is in itself a sweet pretty name of much romantic sound.

Now, before I made her acquaintance, (and that you remember, was by stepping upon her dress in Broadway, which, by the by, was well executed,) I had often thought, when passing her in the streets, that her grand appearance alone was enough to prove that for beauty and richness of dress she could conquer the entire of her sex, who consider themselves attractive stars of Broadway—of the circles of those regarded as belonging to the *elite* of the city. She seems to know how to cause fashion's finest touches, and best adapt herself so as to be prudently considered by critics as a lady studying attraction in a true light, wherein she is sure of being admired. Now there are some ladies, who, after being loaded down with silks, satins, and jewelry, cannot cause much attention from an attractive people, after they have done their prettiest; while, should you place the same articles upon the person of one, far from being as good looking as the other, what will be the consequence? Why, she will be greatly admired and adored, for a reason that nature has better adapted her to cause that certain kind of attention from every quarter, which, in the end, makes a countless number of friends. I have often seen in Broadway; at parties, balls, and soirees, ladies who, to use a general expression, were "dressed up to kill," attired out in their four, six, and seven thousand dollar stock, who at the same time did not seem to create any extra sensation or excitement, although they could boast of beauty, accomplishments, splendor, and riches; yet something was wanting to attract the attention of others whose great delight is to see, blent together in one combined source, these several characteristics. To bring this nearer home, imagine how ridiculous a homely lady looks when attired in the very zenith of fashion's wand, with every color of the rainbow visible about her dress. It is a most laughable sight indeed.

Speaking now of these differences, I would say, that Miss Betty Luckey is exactly right the other way—the very reverse; for she is one who will look grand and majestic even in a calico dress. The long and short of it is right here: Miss Betty looks bewitching in any kind of attire, and hence her great success in having obtained so much extra attention for years past, whether in open or retired circles. For nicety of dress, and power of causing great attention wherever she wandered, I long have and do still consider her a model for others of her sex who are anxious to know how to execute those required touches in that genteel, bewitching, grand-like manner, for which Miss Bet is so notorious. Ever since I first beheld her, I longed for a cultivation of acquaintance, but as it happened not one of my very particular *cousins* knew her only by reputation, and thus for two years I, like a fool, remained a stranger to Miss Luckey, having, no doubt, during that space of time passed her in Broadway full three times a week, if not more. Remarks have often fell from my lips and those of my friends in regard to her frequent appearance in the thoroughfares; but after all, no one was acquainted with the lady, although it was pretty generally known that she resided "up town," in such a

number, but for further intelligence all were strangers. When at balls or parties, I would always say to myself that perhaps I might have the pleasure of seeing this lady present, yet in all my travels this wish has proved in vain. When passing by a place of amusement, I would, six times out of ten, say that however early or late it might happen to be, I would just step in, take a look, and see if I could behold any of my acquaintances, forgetting not to look thoroughly about, for the purpose of catching the eye of the Broadway lady, now known to me as Betty Lucky. When on board of steam-boats, railroad cars, and while rustivating at the different fashionable watering places, I have always made it a practice since I first saw her, of looking about, in hopes of espying her among the crowd. I would step into the Art Union, the prominent daguerreotype places, and the different popular churches every now and then, but in all my travels, I never in my life beheld the form of Miss Bet, save in Broadway, previous to my forming her acquaintance, which occurred but a short time since. For the last two summers I have made frequent visits to Hoboken, and every excursion has proved in vain, for she was not to be seen among the thousands. I worked my cards so as to make her acquaintance, but I did not mind my moves correctly, and time flew on, until I formed a project which, as I have already said, proved satisfactory.

The case of Neddy Webber and the rich old Dutchman's daughter has been resumed. Ned informs me that when he visited her father's mansion, for the express purpose of seeing her, he was informed by the servant that Miss Celia was not at home—that she had departed for her aunt's some ten days previous, where it was her intention to stay for many weeks, if not months. This intelligence was received with a shock of surprise, as he little dreamt that she was even out of town. Of course he next inquired the whereabouts of this aunt; but the servant hesitated at first, when Ned placed in his hand a gold piece, which brought the truth of the matter out. Through this fellow he was informed that the daughter and aunt resided in St. Lawrence County, New York State, giving, at the same time, the name of the town, and the full particulars appertaining to the subject.



RECEIVING the said information, Ned arranged his business, and taking a North River steamer, he at once commenced a search for his hidden treasure. He travelled here and yonder, but to no effect, for she was not to be found, neither her aunt. After spending a good sum of money, and wasting his time, he returned to this city, with a half-broken heart. The Dutchman he often met in his sojourns; but he would never even notice him. He visited his mansion in his absence, but no trace could be got of the daughter. Months passed and passed, when one day, a very particular friend of his, happened to be consulting old Mrs. Putomoran, the renowned gifted fortune-teller down in Quincy Slip, when the old lady took the

trouble to digress from her general course by saying that he had a certain male friend who felt very bad about a young lady whom he had not seen nor heard of for a long, long time. Ned's friend at once suspected him, and finding Ned, he took him there, when the knowing old lady informed both of them that she had often seen her in imagination, chained to her bed in a chamber, and that too in her father's own house. Her description was so vivid that Ned at once felt confident that Miss Celia Vanshong was the victim. Old Mrs. Putomoran gave them to understand that she had been confined in this state for months—all, too, on account of disobeying her father about wedding to his liking, who, by the by, was a very inconsiderate widower. Ned gave the old lady some gold, and hastily commencing his schemes, he on the very next day became convinced that all was not a fable.

In some little time he found out the full particulars, through a lady friend, who was intimate with the family. But his greatest step was to send a chambermaid from his father's house, for the express purpose of seeking work, having in her possession some eight letters of good reference, which Ned had manufactured, and which the Dutchman would consider *bona fide*. She received a place as chambermaid, and, in less than one week, came and told Ned that she had heard the rattling of chains, the sound of groans, and the cries of "unhand me." All was now sure in Ned's mind, who had sent her hence under the direction of old Mrs. Putomoran, who predicted that the "rattling and the sounds" could be distinctly heard. The chambermaid left them, and returned to the residence of Ned's parents, where she resumed her old labors again, after an absence of some eight days.

"What did you do next, Ned?" I inquired, during this conversation, at my room in the Irving House.

"Why I skulked about the premises at midnight for some nine successive nights, when I became convinced that all this was true, having heard distinctly, on the two last nights in question, groans, cries, and the rattling of a chain. Now, then, what I want of you is a plan to effect an escape. What do you say, Harry?"

When he asked this question in so sensible a manner, it touched my very heart, for, indeed, I felt for him.

"I do not care as to whether I can ever wed her or not, for that part," said he, with tears in his eyes, "but it is the thought of such a choice bird being caged or confined, when it should have its liberty. Harry, my aim is to have her free from the confines of such a life as she is now leading, and I say that we owe it to humanity alone. Let her be free; let her

breathe the air of heaven, rather than be chained to a bed, and confined in a room, as she is at present. The father should be utterly d—d for such treatment.

"Ned, I agree with you," said I quickly, for I was a little mad. "Now, then, Ned, say that you will follow me, and she shall be free."

"Here is my hand, comrade, and if you die in the attempt, I die with you." He spoke daringly.

"My plan is a deep-laid one, but it shall be put into execution."

"Name it, Harry—name it."

"Stay, Ned Webber—stay! Meet me in this room at twelve o'clock this very night, and you shall not only receive due information, but know all persons by action and deed."

*Midnight.*—According to agreement, Ned Webber stood before me in my room at the Irving House. My two special lawyers were there; also the vigilant officer, Prince John Davies. The entire circle knew to a man what was about to follow, that of rescuing the handsome Miss Celia Van Shong from a certain chamber in her father's house, where she had actually been confined by a chain for several weeks. We had sufficient reason for knowing this to be strictly true. Now, what was the project to ensure escape? Ned was very anxious that every move should be made privately; that it should not receive publicity, causing the father to be denounced by all, as his own feelings prompted him to make her his bride. Hence the imprudence of turning it into domestic troubles or family embarrassments. Now, those who have read my diary of a previous date remember, undoubtedly, that she was confined in this way by her father because she would not agree to denounce Webber and hear him. The wealthy old Dutchman had *soaped* her friends by assuring them that his third daughter was at her aunt's, out in New York State.

Our plan of escape was to bribe the old nurse, or old maid, whose duty was to watch over this "my disobedient daughter," as her father calls her. This had already been done by Prince John Davies, who, as luck would have it, happened to know her, having formed her acquaintance years and years ago. On or near midday of the day in question, he took the liberty to call at Van Shong's mansion, situated on the Third-avenue, and inquired for Miss Dusenberry, informing even the Dutchman himself that the package in his possession was for her. Prince John was invited in, but being in a "great hurry," he begged that Miss Dusenberry would just take the trouble to step down to the door. On this occasion Prince John wore green spectacles. The old gentleman, it seems, went up stairs himself to inform the old maid of forty-six of what was wanted, and shortly after down came the short, thick-set, cold-hearted Miss Dusenberry, who at once not only blushed but trembled some when she beheld him. Without any preliminary remarks, Prince John Davies placed in her hands a small package and a letter, remarking to her, in a low tone—

"Blush nor tremble, but follow the instructions of that letter, and you will get along well enough."

"But you are not going, sir, to expose me, in regard to my seven-year-ago testimony, are you?" she at once whispered.

"Follow the contents of my letter, and you are safe. I'm for fair play."

At once he bade her good day, and was off. We were to know the result at one o'clock the next morning. At a quarter past twelve, four of us departed for the Third-avenue, taking the Harlem cars, near the Tombs, in Centre-street. When we arrived at our destination, there were but very few people stirring, and about the fine mansion of Van Shong not a light was visible. As we stood a little in the rear of the residence in question, on the opposite side of the cross street, Prince John bade us to light our cigars, and commence a jolly conversation, which we did. Every now and then a person would pass, but we were cunning enough to talk quite loud at such a period about "getting over the avenue in 2,46," or some thing appertaining to the times, so as to throw off suspicion.

At one time I was afraid that a certain M. P. mistrusted that there was mischief ahead, as he took a deal of pains to walk about, and watch us, a little on the sly. As I had heard of this Miss Dusenberry, I at once mistrusted that she might have granted an inkling to him during some part of the day or evening—yet it was only surmised, however.

I must confess that I felt rather queer about the heart, while here, as I did not know what might "turn up." Ned was courageous enough, however, and I longed for a favorable result. These woman affairs are sometimes dangerous exploits, especially one of this nature.



ERTAINLY, it was a cautious plan. The old watchman passed twice while we stood smoking, but at that time, to avoid being known, Prince John stood with one boot off, and "blowing" away about wooden pegs and soft corns. All at once, when the way was clear, open went a third story window, and down came upon the cobblestone pavement a pair of snuffers, to which was attached a note. No one moved, save Prince John, who gave a quick whistle, and then secured the treasure. Advancing half way down the block, he read the contents by the aid of a street lamp. He then hastened to us to communicate the intelligence.

"Boys, we have done it. She has told the young lady of the plot, but dares not venture out at this hour of the night, as the old Dutchman is always awake, he reposing in an easy chair, as he has the asthma very bad. She is to resort to my last plan."

"Well, then, now for getting Pete into the house," I interrupted.

"Leave that to me," said Prince John Davis, "for the old jade dare not decline to do her best in this escape. Ned, leave everything to me, and I will conquer. Now, gents, follow me."

"Do you think the last plan will work?" asked Neddy Webber, who, in fact, to tell the truth, trembled.

"Yes, sir," was the stout reply.

"But, supposing her father should meet the fellow, what then?"

"Oh, leave the 'ifs and buts' to me. Ned, for everything will go right. Pete is cunning." Such was the reply of Prince John, as we were standing on a corner, waiting for a down-town Harlem car.

The plan was put into execution, and here is the result. Near one o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question, while the brutal old Dutchman was at the Bull's Head, looking after horses, the chains were unpinioned by Miss Duesenberry, and the fair young Miss Celia Van Shong set free. Instantly, without a change of clothes, she was wrapped in sheets and bed-quilts, then secured by a good quantity of twine, after the bundle had been made in the form of a parallelogram. When all had been secured in a large package form, the young lady gave Miss Duesenberry to understand that she could easily breathe freely, and was able to remain as much as one half-hour in this state. Then, in a sly manner, she slipped down stairs to the front door, gave a signal, when, in a twinkling, a careless, wayward darkey came up, with a market-basket on his arm, the contents seeming to be clothing. Everything being clear, she bade him follow her up stairs. Pete was conveyed into the room, where upon the floor could be seen the package.

"Now, Pete, set down the basket, take her up, and when you hear me tap three times from the foot of the stairs, then do you put her for the street."

"But look a heer," said Pete, "we must wrap newspapers all over de outside of de bundle."

"No, never mind, good Pete," whispered the young girl, "take me out as I am, for I fear Pa will be back soon."

"Yes, yes," added the nervous Mrs. Duesenberry.

Pete was for obeying orders from head quarters, and, as though executed by magic art, he took from out his basket a lot of large-sized newspapers, together with a ball of twine, and covered the bundle entirely with newspapers. Then wrapping the chair, by which she had been secured, in a newspaper, he up with the bundle, and when Miss D. gave the signal, he left the chamber, forgetting not to lock it, and take the key with him. Pete trotted down the front circling stairs, with the bundle on his shoulder, and a card in his hand. When he reached the hall, no one was to be seen about the premises, Miss Duesenberry having disappeared. As he opened the front door, who should be getting out of a fine carriage but the father of the young girl himself—Van Shong, the wealthy old Dutchman. Pete was in a sweat; but, thanks, he had closed the door, and stood upon the high steps, as though he'd just at that instant rung the door bell, as he was discovered.

"Hallo! you black ace of spades, what do you want there?" ejaculated the father of the young girl, as he stood by a beautiful span of horses. Good gracious, what did the knowing nigger do, but stand the bundle up against the door way, and at once descended the steps, bowing to the Dutchman, and handing him a card, upon which was written—"To Mrs. Jay Marshall," the number being placed under it, and then "Third Avenue." Near one corner of the card was this—"A large four story brick house, freestone front, and high steps." The Dutchman read it, and while so doing, Pete remarked, in real negro style—

"Am dis de house, sar! I brings it from Cortlandt-street, sar, and dey sed dat it was high house, big steps, and free stun front."

"No, it is on the next block yonder, on this same side of the street, however," said Van Shong in a stout tone.

"Tank you sar; nothin' but a slight 'stake, sar," and then Pete, haw-hawing away, ascended the steps, shouldered his bundle, and was off.

"What have you got anyway?" asked Van Shong, as Pete passed him.

"He! he! dis nigger doesn't know. De firm down in Courtlandt-street, keeps dis child a-going wid bundles all de time."

Ah, was this not a glorious victory—a near chance—a daring adventure! Of course Pete was off in a hurry, and by the time he had reached the second corner, it was not two minutes before he, with the bundle, was within a carriage, with windows closed, and shades down, the driver putting for the residence of Ned Webber's aunt. Receiving the assurance of the girl that she breathed easy, Pete contrived to tell her, from time to time, the street they were then in, and how much farther they had got to go. Thank God, it was not long before they arrived there in safety. The bundle was carried easily into the house, as though it were nothing but a good-sized package of hall oil-cloth, and in a little less than no time, Miss Celia Van Shong was set at liberty, and gracefully walked the drawing-room floor alone, the strings, papers, bed-quilts, and sheets having received very rough and quick handling. The meeting between Neddy Webber and she, drew tears from every eye. I wept like a child. The instant Pete entered with the bundle, big tears of joy ran down Neddy's rosy cheeks, he exclaiming—

"Thank God, she is safe! Fear not, dear Celia! Thank God!—thank God!"

They soon embraced each other, and I do candidly believe that unseen spirits hovered about the impressive scene, full of joy unspeakable. I have seen people meet before, such as the hardy sailor and his sweetheart, after an absence of a long voyage. I have seen husband and wife embrace each other when one had been given up as lost. I have seen the father hug his child when saved from the gallows by a universal verdict of "not guilty." I have seen hosts of such touching meetings; but never, in the whole course of my existence, one so great and powerful as that now under revelation. It was a happy, happy scene.

The aunt of Neddy Webber, with him and myself, were the only persons in the drawing-room previous to Pete's appearance. We were told the plans devised and the schemes laid for the young lady's escape, by Prince John Davis, who, it seems, had so contrived as to have, four different carriages stationed near the residence of Van Shong, so as to be sure of an escape, in case Pete was obliged to resort to another course than the one first planned. Ah, it was a well-laid plan, and proved a lucky one. Before Pete came, Ned paced the drawing-room for a long time, laboring under a great state of nervousness; and as for myself, I must confess that I was rather afraid of the consequences. Ned's aunt did not say much, but I could plainly see that she was excited to an unnatural degree. Ned was afraid that Pete would make a blunder, or Prince John a sad mistake; yet thanks to both, Pete and the hackmen, through Mr. Davis, were victorious.

The poor, overcome, white-featured young faded beauty reclined upon the sofa soon after her arrival; for she was laboring at this time under very great excitement. Ned sat by her side, while his good old aunt brought a bed quilt to throw about her person, as she was in a perspiration from the effect of her concealment during the conveyance. Every now and then she would remark how she rejoiced, and how lucky, that she was out of the reach of her father's grasp, forgetting not to remark, on each occasion, how she would like to have some of her fine clothes from home. Neddy, with tears in his eyes, would then bid her to care not for the garments, as he and his aunt would see that she was well provided for. Her pale lily hand was clasped in that of Ned during the whole of their conversation, and to see them as I did, in my observation, it would have caused one to believe something in the old saying that there was a heaven on earth. A beautiful expression was on her countenance—a pure glow on her cheek, and a certain kind of brilliancy in her eye, bespeaking embryonic love. It was evident to see that both dearly loved each other.

While reclining upon the sofa, she acted like one two-thirds overcome with delight. "Neddy have you thought of me often during our absence? How did you know what my father had done? Oh, Ned, I've thought of you by day and by night. I wonder what Pa will say when he finds the bird has flown? Oh, Neddy, how much I have suffered! What a heartless man he is! I wonder why Peg does not come. What a good fellow old black Pete is. Neddy you must pay him well. Never will I go home again. Dear Neddy, do you love me as you pretend to? Have you been false to me? I have wept often, Neddy," and in this manner she went on, her mind flying from one thing to another. It needs no proof to show whether his love was ardent in return.

When I asked her to inform us concerning the cruel misdemeanor of her father, she in a very few words revealed the whole, which was truly interesting.

"Neddy dear," said she, in loving accents, "you well remember when last we met? Well, on that very day Pa took me into that chamber, and then began to reprimand me severely for even mentioning your name, much more of thinking of you. I at once told him that I—"

"Hesitate not, Celia dear; for aunt and Harry are our friends," interposed Ned Webber, the instant a sober thought struck her.

"Neddy, I said," she continued, "father dear, do not reprimand me when I cannot help loving Edward Webber. It is true that I am young yet; but I love him, and he loves me. Perhaps I am too young to wed; do not forbid him of coming to see me now and then, and

do not decline to give your consent in after years, should he ask to marry me, unless future actions prove a decision right the reverse. I feel, Pa, as though we were born to love each other, and you know that he is one of the finest young men in the whole range of our acquaintance." Neddy, said she in a loving way, "when I said this, Pa caught me by the arm, and then declared that if I did not promise to forget you, and begin to cultivate an affection for my cousin Dick Granger, who, he said, I should marry, eventually, if ever I did wed, he would declare, in the name of God, that I should be confined to my chamber. I gave him to understand at once that I could never love my cousin no more than as a friend, notwithstanding he possessed a great quantity of property along the Mohawk valley. This made him give vent to his feelings, when he began to predict the disgrace which would eventually fall upon the house of Van Shong. 'Ned is rich, Pa,' said I, 'and belongs, or rather springs, from the best blood of New York; and although I am your daughter, I will tell you plainly my own feelings, which as a duty prompts me—I love the young man, and I am his affianced bride.'

When Miss Celia thus remarked, I was actually moved; for her very looks—her very words—proved the strong ardent attachment between herself and Ned, as each embraced the other, and imprinted the kiss. That girl meant what she said, and oh, in her innocence, she appeared of that kind disposition, endowed with fine loving feelings, her ways gentle in action as a lamb. We all listened to her revelations, without making the first inquiry, and every now and then me thought I would be in my glory if I only had the brutal old Dutchman by the nape of the neck, with a champagne bottle in my hand, giving him a few lessons of the virtue found in the "bottle-neckology."

"When I said this, Neddy," continued the young girl, "Pa at once gave me to understand that he would leave me locked up in my chamber for so long a time, and that if I did not repent, and promise him, he should resort to some more severe method. I remained there for sixteen hours before the bolt was turned and the door opened. 'Have you made up your mind to obey me?' he asked. I replied in the negative. 'Promise me, now, that you will forget that infernal young scapegoat of a Webber, and you shall have everything you wish.' 'Never—never, sir!' I exclaimed, with tears in my eyes. He then said that he would put me in a way to mind him; so calling me a young huzzy, he took me by the arm, and led me into a back chamber, which he had repaired for me, and there at once, in open day, chained me to a bed."

"Did he," ejaculated Neddy, jumping up furiously, and raging high in a state of excitement, "I will not damn your father in your presence, Celia, but I'll have revenge for the wrongs already done."

"Stop, Edward, cool down, and come here, now," she said, in a sweet pretty way. Ned at once seated himself by her side. "Pa chained me there, and then, without saying one word, left me. After he had locked the door, I strove to see if I could reach either of the windows, but could not. Up to this time not one tear had I shed; for I could not make up my mind that Pa was in earnest, but was only fooling with me—only striving to frighten me into this. Taking up a Picayune, which was lying on the table, and which is sure to be found in the possession of all the young ladies of my acquaintance, I reclined on the bed, and read the paper for full an hour. Back came my father; but there I appeared in a very comfortable way, seeming to be perfectly at home and contented. I would move my arm, and then the chain would make a noise, and it was some ten minutes before he said one word."

"You had better promise me now, or your fate will be worse," He spoke in stout tones.

"Father, you have taken the wrong course to make me yield. Your plans will never be effected."

"Then what did he say?" asked Neddy.

"Ah, he talked shamefully," replied the persecuted lady. "Leaving me, he did not return until near night, when Miss Dusenberry came with him, whom I had not seen for forty hours. He then gave her directions, and soon left us for the night. On the next day I asked to have my piano moved up stairs, but well knew what would be the answer. I next asked for a bible; but at first was denied me. Strict watch was kept over me for days and weeks; and it was not long before I began to pine away by close confinement. In this way I remained until my escape to-day."

Just at this time Pete came in, and before us threw upon the floor the key belonging to her chamber door, and the very chain by which she was held in confinement. These are soon to be used in a public investigation. We will here state before giving the startling revelations made by the persecuted young lady, that all the credit of this honorable escape belongs solely to Pete himself, who was none other but Prince John Davis who, disguised as a black man, rescued a fair flower, fast withering from its richest promise—from death itself.

From the Connecticut heiress I have received a long letter, in answer to the one I sent a few days since. She is cunning, for the young miss has been very cautious to touch no notes, or whisper anything of love. She discussed the pleasures of city and country life, and wound up by remarking that I must be greatly favored by being surrounded by so many ladies. My next letter, methinks, will be quite the reverse.

Mrs. L., of Union square, has had quite a quarrel with her husband. He seems to be rather of a jealous nature; yet, from what I can learn, he intimates that her circle of acquaintance is

altogether too large, and a change must be wrought. He seems to be somewhat sorry that he happened to marry into a family having so many *cousins*.

The Warren street miss is as saucy as ever. She intimates that if things don't go better to suit her purpose, she will rush for the Convent at once, or commit suicide. She says that she is bound to do something, at any rate. It has now got to be such times at home, that she has not only walked up deliberately and boxed her dear mama's ears, spit in her face, and threatened to use the carving-knife, but they actually fight almost every day. The fact of it is, one is about as spunky as the other, and notwithstanding the difference in their ages, neither will bear much. These jealous characters—especially the jealous ladies—are very inconsiderate, and oftentimes say and do what is totally wrong. It is my candid opinion that the daughter is love sick, although she *rather* hates to own up. Of late I have become convinced that it will be for my interest to keep on the right side of both mother and daughter.

Four days ago, my friend Ned Webber and Miss Celia Van Shong were married. The ceremonies took place at her aunt's, and nearly one hundred persons were present. Her father, the brutal Dutchman, up to this date knew nothing of her whereabouts since her departure, although he suspected Pete and the contents of his package or bundle. But his suspicions came too late, thank good fortune. The wedding was a magnificent affair, and everything passed off in exceedingly fine style. Right after Ned's marriage, he was escorted to his mansion, a fine twelve thousand dollar house, which he had bought only the week before. Mrs. Ned Webber was taken by surprise, as well as most the rest of us, for when invited by him to take a drive down to a friend of his to partake of the "second part," little did the circle suspect that Ned was to enter his own fine residence of commanding beauty. Bethink. Here Ned had had privately, the best of furniture and the like placed within; the crockery in its place; the servants at their posts; in short, the same as though he had been housekeeping for months and months. Who do you think was there, as the commandant of the splendid mansion, on our arrival? None other but Miss Duseberry, the old maid, who had obeyed the dictates of the brutal Dutchman while the persecuted lady was chained to her bed in her own room—but who very *freely* assented to assist in freeing her from the confines of her prison-house, when venerable Prince John Davis merely spoke a few words in regards to an oath taken, years and years ago, which, to be short, was not, on that important occasion, just what it should have been.

Ned's lady was almost overcome, for this was news to her, as he had so worked his cards after purchasing the house, as to let none of his friends know anything about it, save myself and two others. Elegance, splendor, and beauty were combined in the spacious drawing-rooms. Ned was questioned in regard to this, and gave his answer. He assured us that it was his candid opinion that himself and lady were born to become man and wife. He felt happy. He had expended about twenty-four thousand dollars for a home, and he believed that he was speaking the truth when he said, a fifty-dollar note would pay every farthing he owed, at home or abroad. "Here," said he, "is my mansion and its contents. In the rear drawing room servants await us, where can be found a reception for my guests."

It is needless to say anything about splendid tables and sparkling wines, or iced drinks—for as long as I was satisfied, I for one do not wish to open my head. One thing I am certain of—that Ned is a gentleman, his wife a perfect lady, and both a happy, happy couple. Her father has, from Ned's own mouth, received all the information due him.

I have seen Miss Armenia Dashaday once more, and methinks she is handsomer than ever. She promenades Broadway daily in her pride, gaiety, and beauty. I have also made a call in Warren-street, at a time, as it happened, when no one was at home to receive me but the daughter, her *anxious* ma being out shopping. She is somewhat more *rational* than when I last saw her—so much so that I am thinking she has abandoned the idea of entering the Houston or Second-street convent.

Pa and myself have had quite a fashionable *muss*. He is bothered about the block of stores down in Beaver-street. I told him at first that everything would come right, as the Connecticut heiress and myself were pretty thick together in the line of correspondence. As for her, I am confident that I am rather on a *cold track*, yet I must of course *feed* the old gentleman up with good tidings. My mother has had a long talk with me, but I gave her to understand that I was perfectly *independent*. She is very anxious that I should get married, young as I am. This is very consoling, indeed.

I begin to think, from what Mrs. L. has told me, that "married life" is more to the purpose, than this sky-larking about, with a dozen or twenty beauties, here, there, and yonder. She declares that I can support myself and wife on the amount I spend yearly alone. This seems rather strange to me, yet Mrs. L. declares that it is so.





**B**ROOKLYN stands high as a city, bearing a prominent reputation for good looking ladies. Some dare say that the "City of Churches" cannot be surpassed upon this point. Every street of note can show at least from a dozen to twenty handsome ladies—and I was surprised on hearing the other day that there were some eight rivals for the *belle* ship. Who these are I am not intending to tell you, while with much assurance I have it in my power to note down the names of several creatures who are well known to the admirers of Brooklyn ladies. A young man who would undertake to argue that this delightful city did not stand pre eminent for beauty of woman, should devote one day at the Fulton Ferries—say, for instance, on a fine pleasant summer's day, where it would not take long to prove certain "convincing truths" to them—as the op-

portunity of beholding hundreds and hundreds of the fair sex, passing from city to city, cannot be surpassed in the world. It is here where man can behold some of the votaries of fashion, some of the representation of beauty, elegance, and intellect—in short, behold those whose rare features we leave a second Moore to describe.

Brooklyn should be heard. Often have I said to myself, that I would record in my Diary, an account of the ladies of that city, and now as the fit is on, here I am at my table at the Irving House, with pen in hand, a splendid segar in my mouth, while by my side I have claret and ice. It is said that a certain Miss J—n, claims to be one of the most prominent beauties of the city, while at the same time there exists a diversity of opinion between the fair features of Miss B—d, and those of Miss M—. There are some five very handsome ladies residing in Sand's street, (Miss C—n in particular), and a few choice ones in Adam's and Jay street. There is Miss J—n, of Hick's street, Miss R—d, of Washington street,—Miss C— of Prospect street, while the fair beauty of Miss But—r needs no encomium from our pen. She is one of the "Empress stars" of Brooklyn. I might speak of Miss M—t, of Columbia street,—of that angelic creature, Miss E—s, Willow street,—of the attractive charms of Miss M—d, Orange street. Then there is Miss P—s, a lady of winning deportment—Miss D—g, of Fulton street—Miss T—s, of Myrtle Avenue—Miss W—s, of Jay street—Miss N—p, of Fulton street, and the beautiful Miss F—; Brooklyn ladies represent a good portion of the attractions of Broadway, although the "up-town ladies" of Gotham take all the credit to themselves. But more of Brooklyn at a future day. May the city go on prospering, and still become more celebrated for having some of the best looking ladies in the world.

I have been a *teetotaller* for some time now, and I hope that I may continue so. I begin to see the foolishness of it.

For the last month, I have begun to dislike Miss Dashaday, and I have my reason. In the first place she is one of those very shy and cautious coquettes—rather egotistical, and in fact a perfect tormentor of man's brain. When I heard that she made a remark to this effect to a friend of mine, that she would make the man who married her, find her "pin money" to the tune of *fifteen thousand* per year, or else quit him six weeks after marriage, I then began to—consider upon my destiny.

I have almost come to the conclusion that it will prove unfair to catch the Connecticut heiress, as the "rules and regulations" laid down by her father, are of too severe a nature. A change has come over me of late—a favorable one too.

My sister Kate continues to battle away at home in behalf of her rights to marry whom she pleases. A certain stage actor is now striving to pay his addresses to her—and from what I can learn, she is in love with him. My parents are dreadfully embarrassed with the facts of this subject—yet time will prove all things concerning "Wills and Codicils."

Visited Wall street to-day and pocketed \$800, city money. The old gentleman declares that I ought to quit so "high living," leave the Irving, and come home. He had the "blues" awfully, and it was all because railroad stock ranged low.

Heard of the death of Peg Miller, (our old family nurse) this evening, and was very much surprised; she trained me up when a boy.

It is now some time since I disgraced myself (I can't call it anything else,) by rushing on a hard, fashionable spree. I don't know how it is, but I have got a notion in my head that it is perfect foolishness so to do; and at present I have no desire whatever to dissipate at such a degree as heretofore. Perhaps Mrs. L. has some influence over me.



**T**AKE Boston, Philadelphia and New York, and there is a continued "blowing" by the bloods of each city, in regard to the metal and speed of "fast horses." For years and years it has been a notorious theme of a doating nature, each city, of course, professing to excel the other.

But as I am a New Yorker, and one who professes to be "booked" upon the state of our market, I shall take the liberty of defending the Gothamites, and defy all other cities with a "big lick," when you once touch upon speed. Our suburban thoroughfares are none too good, it is true; yet a stranger can soon perceive that *time* can be made.

As I profess to drive about as *fast* as the next city blood, and know every foot of ground from the Battery to King's Bridge, let us see who there are among us. The only excellent four-in-hand driver at present in this country, is said to be our old wealthy friend De-  
 Bruce Hunter, who drives his four whites. I refer to the gent who visits Newport every summer to catch bass—who, as a high sporting fisherman, claims a high rank, as crowds of Newporters can testify. Then there is another gent of the same order, Louis Depau, who generally drives as fast, as good, and as an unimpeachable a turn-out as can be found in any portion of the country.

That we have in this city some of the most costly and magnificent turn-outs is a fact. It is true that many a "fashionable gent," who flourished two, four, and eight years ago, have retired; yet there are a few prominent personages still to be found. Belmont—the banker—how different his style since he has become a wedded gent! He is fast sinking into the fine old gentleman style of the country; yet there is a little of the old nature left, and it is *timed* quite often when on the road. There are many belonging to the same school, yet they are "settling down" at a rapid rate. There is the young celebrated surgeon, Valentine Mott; then there is Dandy Marx, a perfect gentleman in the true sense of the word, now drives forth under single harness; whereas, "once upon a time," he rushed over the ground at a "big-lick," reining his four beautiful roans, and continually kicking up an extra excitement among the "fashionables." But with more heart and brains than the world has given him credit for, he still retains the same dignity, the same elegant curl of moustache, although attired in a more democratic style, and somewhat more advanced in years.

But who can question the "good looks," the "crack speed," and even the "time," of such steeds driven and owned by Jack Haggerty, young Stephenson, Ned Bellknap, Porter, of the "Spirit," Charley Coster, George McLane, Fred James, young Delaplaine, Jack Lightbody, and June Stagg, the gent who, aside from "fast horses," is great for fast sailing yachts! Then again, where will you find more splendid horses and costly turn-outs than those of Augustus Van Courtland—who drives his two and three fast teams! Then that of Howard James, and Gust Graham, "the splendid looking gent," and Bob Maver, who are all well known on the road! Yet somebody of a sister State declares that Gotham is nothing to "Boston Neck!" A stranger has but to see to become convinced.

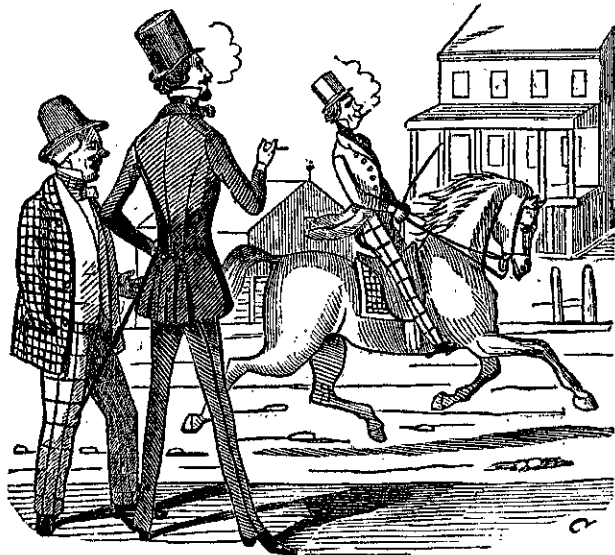
I have seen, on a prominent afternoon, when testing the road, some *seven hundred* turn-outs, ranging from 3.30 down to 2.46 and 2.30, and consisting of the first, the best, and fastest of steeds under *single* and *double* train. I have often seen this number in full; perhaps Porter may think that I have underrated it. I have stood upon Corporal Thompson's steps and seen over one hundred of the "first class nags" pass in seven minutes' time, among whom were Johnny Anderson going under a "rushing speed," Ned Christy with his elegant span in his track; then Bill Okille, of Wall-street; then Dan Sweeney with his "cracking team," young George W. Smith, of Williamsburgh, going at a "big lick;" then young Barclay; Pete Valentine with his "American Tom"—which, by the by, is one of the fastest pieces of horse flesh in town;—then among them would come George Mickie (a high duck) with his fine span; while on would rush Ned James, Bill Disbrow, George W. Brown, young Ed. Jones, of the Athenæum; Dick Carman, with his fast spirited horse; then my friend Bob Crean, (one of the best of good fellows), he passed reining his span in excellent order—while right behind him travelled Charley Abel, and Col. Walters, Sam Kelfh, and Jake Cornell, who, it is said, stands noted for driving very fast.

It is worth one's time to note down the scenes and doings of every day life, as I have been wont to do. And to do this, no one can find a better place than New York. It is true that all grades enjoy a drive over our Third Avenues, and our roads in general. The general run winds towards Burnham's—then out to "Oldstruck," familiarly called "Striker's Bay;" thence to the Woodlawn, kept by Captain Wiley, late of the First Ward Police; thence to the Clairmont, to High Bridge, King's Bridge, and so on. When Sol Kipp gets out on the road, then look out for fast driving—or even when Hi Woodruff appears, horse flesh most generally suffers for a short time. The same can be said of Garret Braisted, who drives very fast horses—Dick Brown, Jack Lightbody, young Tom Clarke, Billy Green, George Janeway, Jim Ackerman, Ex-Alderman of the Eighth Ward, young Purdy, Mat. D. Green, Joe Godman, who generally has on hand a half dozen "fast nags," George F x, the owner of the "Ruanion team," Horace Jones, Dick Wayman, Harry Butler, Bill Granger, Hen. Weeks, Tom Thomas, the owner of the beautiful span of Maltee steeds. When Jennings and Harry

Winders (the two best dressed gents who appear in Broadway) get out on the Avenue, they generally cut pretty wide swaths, and drive dashing enough. The same can be said of Howard and George B. De Forrest, the two best looking gents in Gotham. Some say that Will. Reed can get out the finest turn-outs of any one in town. No doubt of that. Then it is said that Disbrow can handle the reins far more easy and attractive-like than any other man; yet I am thinking that your humble servant is none behind upon that point. Coster, who drives an imported tandem team, trained in Europe, equals the best one to be found. Then I can't say no less of Peleg Bates, an old settler, a gent, who has been on the road for the last twenty years. But, after all, I am of an opinion that Dan Sherwood, Bill Barker, Sam Truesdell, Alex. Manchester, Fred Penny, Jim Bertholf, Jim McNamee, Ed. F. and a thousand others drives "about as fast" as any of us. Then there is nobody who drives faster and better "nags" than Jim Munroe, Young Richardson and Ike Pickney.

How many there are who do not stop to count the contents of the purse, and at once come out with a fast team! There are any quantity of "young ducks," who think that they could not live unless they could have a "fast horse," one able to go at as "big a lick" as the next beast! This is all well enough, for I believe in taking comfort as you go along, and from all appearances there are a few who are of the same mind. Take such men as the Woodruffs, Joneses, and the Reeds, and it will be a hard thing to convince them that "faster horses" could be found than those they owned. Every one who owns a horse of "tolerable good bottom," blows about *speed, time*. Seth Cooley, Len Rogers, Tom Bowden, who drives "Will-key," a "bully-horse;" Charley Ransome, George Scarf, young De Pize, Nat Stevens, Bob Wanmaker, Hi. Anderson, Bob La Mont, Johnny Roberts, Sandy Ross, George Deagle, Jaqua, George Andrews, George Ward, Billy Rantoul, and Steve Alex, all can get "over the ground" about as fast as any of us. But it will not do to dwell too long "upon the road."

I have seen a deal of fun in my life while on the road, at a period when the young and the old, the rich and the poor were "testing speed." Take certain times, and one can find any quantity of people "out of town," from the nabob, the dandy of swollen pride, the spend-thrift clerk from Broad-street, the sharper of Wall street, the flashy sporting-man, down to those of a certain class who recklessly drive to "go it or break a leg!" Sometimes, these veritable specimens of the last named clan—the B'hoys—run over the road on horse back, in gigs, in buggies, and in many other ways, all seeming to be ready for any emergency.



There are a great many very shrewd, deep-thinking and artful women in this little world—some who can out-think any man, and one of this kind is Mrs. L. of Union square. I must say that she conquers any one of her sex—in my mind. Of late, this lady and myself have been very intimate, but yet people will put such singular constructions upon certain subjects, that it is next to an impossibility to erase them from their mind. Now her husband is jealous enough, and yet he has no reason to be; because we attend the opera together, ride out, and are seen often promenading within Union Park, the rich old fussy fellow intimates at my back that it is "done disagreeable." Mrs. L. and her "better half," I am sorry to say, have a good many "small family quarrels" very often—but she gives me to understand that *she is commander!*

"When you speak of goodlooking ladies, you should not forget the following ones whose reputation stands high—as ladies of beauty."

The above is an extract from a note received by me from Mrs. L., of Union square, and as this lady knows, I give below the following names, as it may prove interesting to many;

Miss L—t, of Hudson street; Miss C—n, of Bleecker street; Miss A—n, of Walker street; Miss M—, of Leonard Avenue; Miss M—n, of Green street; Miss W—s, of Hammond street; Miss B—d, of Broome street; Miss M—ks, of Greenwich Avenue; Miss B—r, Thirty-fifth street; Miss M—r, Fourth street; Miss L—s, of Broome street; Miss H—s, of Allen street; Miss B—r, of Adams Place; Miss H—s, of Grove street; Miss C—n, of Hammersly street; Miss J—b, Leroy street; Miss Kate H—d, Rivington street; Miss S—n, ditto; Miss A—s, Vandam street; Miss C—y, of Fourth Avenue; Miss D—, East Broadway; Miss G—n, of Eight Avenue; Miss C—y, Spring street; Miss J—n, West Broadway; Miss R—s, of Hester street; Miss R—s, of Bayard street; Misses D—r's, of Walker street; Miss L—c, of East Broadway; Miss H—, Great Jones street; Miss S—e, of Broome street; Miss C—l, Laight street; Miss J—r, of Bleecker street; Miss K—s, of Hammersley street; Miss P—l, of East Broadway; Miss C'B—s, of Broome street; Miss Q—s, Crosby street; Miss W—t, Seventeenth street; Miss A. M—, of Houston street; Miss R—e, of Christy street; Miss N—n, of Crosby street; Miss Bell B—s, Broadway; Miss H—t, of Houston street; Miss R—s, Hester street; Miss C—y, Bond-street; Miss W—y, Perry street; Miss G—l, of Grand street; Miss Lu—r, of Third street; and Miss P—u, of Chamber street; Miss L—e, of Twenty-first street; Miss D—e, of Seventh street; Miss B—, of St. John's Place; Miss Carry S—d, of the Bowery; Miss Molly M—t, of Twenty-first street; Miss W—y, of Broadway; Miss A—n, of State street—the last but by no means the least for beauty.

"As you know the belles of St. Mark's Place, Hudson street, Broadway, the Bowery, Houston-street, I leave them for you, Harry.

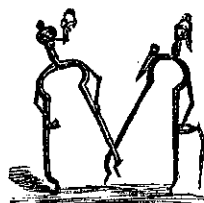
Union Square.

"Yours truly,

Mrs. L."

Belles! belles! belles! Who is belle of such and such a street? These are questions that are asked often by both sexes, and in some certain instances it is regarded as a very important discussion. But speaking of Bleecker-street, I have at last had the pleasure of receiving an introduction to the lady who is considered by unprejudiced judges as claiming impartially the proud title. And in behalf of her, I must say that she is certainly a lady of much ideal attraction—blessed with rare and exquisite features, and a form beautiful to behold. But there is one thing about the belle of Bleecker-street which places her much higher in the station allotted to her than though it were otherwise. She not only possesses features of an extraordinary kind, but she has at her command a fine handsome fortune—"pin-money," to the amount of \$6,000 per annum. This makes beauty altogether *more* admiring. But there is another thing to be considered; Miss C— is a dashing coquette, yet money will overlook all such piccadilloes.

THREE MONTHS HAVE NOW PASSED, and during this period of time a great change has not only come over me in person, but in heart. And there is a certain reason for all this. Sudden changes are natural, and if this does not prove to be one, then it is not my fault. For the last ninety days, I have not *busted* it or *spread* it much, for a reason that I plainly saw, as I continued to grow older and older every day, that it was perfect foolishness—in fact, absolutely contemptible. Whether I have spent as much money as ever in my easy come-around way, I cannot say, yet I feel confident that I have given as much to charitable purposes and the poor as any young man of my age. It is hardly conceivable to me how such a change could come over me so *easy* and so soon, when, six months ago, my match could not be found. The past history of my life, for the best part of one year or more, has been given, and those of my early days, which are yet, at a certain time, to be revealed, will not only prove laughable and interesting, but exceedingly amusing to both old and young, as I plainly show what a fine *pet* of a fellow I was among the gents and ladies, at home and abroad. For so young a gent, I have spent and squandered a vast deal of money in various ways. I have known the time when twenty odd bills were presented to my father for settlement, each varying from five dollars up to one hundred and fifty. I have known the time when three thousand dollar parties have been given by me—when seven hundred dollar mirrors have been *smashed* at daddy's expense—when fine horses have dropped down dead before my own eyes, with the very reins in my hand, and when carriages have, in every part, *suffered* some considerably. It *now* makes me blush, tremble, and shudder whenever I think over old by-gone days, for I, *to-day*, see plainly how much I was acting like an unwise man—yes, like a fool in toto.



ANY persons may wonder what has caused this sudden alteration in so wild a young man, who might justly be considered as a dandy duck—a city blood—a perfect hound, and one of the boys, all combined together in the same person. You will soon know what has caused this, and when I reveal the fact, I feel quite confident that you cannot blame or censure me, but at once will with me coincide, and agreeably laugh over the great powers of conquest. More singular things have occurred than this—yet, notwithstanding what may be said or thought, I am, indeed, an altered young man, not the wild, careless, reckless, go-a-head spendthrift—the dandy dissipator that I was once. To-day I stand as one far more steady, temperate, attentive, prudent, and wise than heretofore. I keep better hours, better company, and I feel better. My young mind is more easy, more firm than heretofore, and although I am spotted everywhere I choose to wander as the “Broadway Dandy;” yet, after this, I shall, by my actions, issue a card, in which I shall yield the field to some one more worthy than myself.

For years and years past, my great aim has been far from reading my Bible, attending church, or learning how to guard financial matters; for the great point so essential to me, according to my mind, has been to tell the honest truth, to make love to as many pretty girls as I could—choose out and gallant about the belles and beauties, but very cautious how I whispered love in earnest. But now, I have done with them all. The Connecticut heiress I would not have now for a wife under any consideration whatever. The Warren-street Miss may pine away and die a dozen deaths for me for aught I care, for I would not have her for a companion if she was worth her weight in gold. Anything else but a jealous woman, is what I say. As for the beautiful Miss Armenia Dashaday, she and her sister will have to contrive a score more of complicated tricks before I can be caught. The New Orleans Miss I have avoided altogether, and it is my candid opinion that, in the end, or on a long run, it will prove advantageous to me. Although Mrs. L., of Union-square, has had a quarrel with her husband, or, in other words, a “fashionable spat,” I can’t blame her in the least, for both parties are blessed with money enough to live at their ease; yet, I must say, that as things are represented at the present day, it would grieve me much to learn that the charming, accomplished lady had become a “grass widow.” Bust-ups among the “codfish aristocracy,” however, frequently occur of this nature. One thing is in my mind certain, and that is, the poor Amity-street beauty, the old pork merchant’s only child, is better off, and in a better world than any of us. That girl loved me.

One would, undoubtedly, think it a severe task for me to chain myself down to this change of life, to the steady and more manly characteristics, at so early an age, after scenes of boyish dissipation and wild romantic ideals, yet it is no more than natural. I feel better, and more like a man, since I checked the practice of cracking bottles of champagne—discussing future scrapes over a supper at midnight, and returning home at an earlier hour, in a sober state, rather than “fashionably tight.” My system is in better order—I have more mercy for horse-flesh—less desire for *smash-ups*, or of lagging after some half dozen young ladies who are admired for their beauty, (their riches being in their features or dress,) of endeavoring to gallant about any of the tender sex, save one particular fair one, who has won my heart, conjured my affections, made me love her as a young man should—for life—and who to day can rule me just as easy as to turn your hand over; for she has me in her power completely. I have let the secret out, but do not laugh at me, because I have happened to live long enough to find the lady whom I could not refrain from loving, as it is no more than what is naturally to be expected. Any critic would have thought that there was beauty enough to captivate any gentleman in the features of the Hudson-street belle, the St. Mark’s Place princess, the Waverly Place beauty, or the Broadway heiress—yet, like a stone, my heart remained, until I saw a certain lady, and had learned of her history. Startle not, nor blush at this revelation—of my condescending to enter the circles of mediocrity—for my few reasons will justify me, by the disclosures about to be made. Aristocratic ladies and gents may laugh at me, jealous misses may turn up their nose, and so may all the heiresses in Christendom; yet, I stand in my cause, firm as the hills themselves, and not even all the wealth of the Connecticut heiress would turn me from my resolution. The fact of the matter is this—I have seen the girl I cannot desist from loving, and for her I shall fight, if it be to the further ends of the earth. Methinks, if my dear Elvirato should take me by the hand, and, looking me in the eye with one of her heavenly looks, that completely wraps me up in her, should say, “Dear Harry, sever, for my sake, thy little finger from thy right hand,” why I believe I would obey her darling command as quick as though she had requested a kiss, or a compliment. The whole truth of the matter is, the young and beautiful creature is an “angel in disguise.” Reader, I could not help loving her—and, to tell the truth—young as I am, I have got tired of “single blessedness.”

Since I made her acquaintance and plighted my sacred vows, I have felt like a new-born man. The past I shall forget, and upon the future I shall endeavor, according to the very best of my calculation, to build upon *pretty strong faith*, as I have got the funds, the advisers and the required characteristic traits. Something like two bushels of love-letters I have lately consumed by fire, and no less than seventeen valuable daguerreotypes of beautiful ladies, here and elsewhere, have all been restored to their lawful owners. In my possession I

have eighty-odd locks of hair, received, clipped, and stolen from the heads of as many belles and beauties, and each beautifully put in order by the masterly hand of Dibble. They are all arrayed in a costly case, all marked, and put in regular order. I have the long and flowing curl, the exquisite ringlet, and many choice locks, but these, I assure you, I shall keep rather than return.

As I feel confident that thousands are anxious to know the particulars, in regard to the sudden change which has come over a young man, who, but a short time ago was boasting that he should never *love*—never marry in his whole life—I will now endeavor, in plain and simple language, to reveal the entire interesting particulars, which are exclusively of such a tone and nature as to demand the strictest scrutiny, and the closest observation.

Some time ago, or, as Dickens would say, once upon a certain time, in a certain place, and on a certain occasion, I happened to be wandering with a friend, arm in arm, up Broadway, at early candle light. He was old enough to be my father, but in our travels we seemed to be of one age. The theme of our conversation was wholly on the marriage state, and as we passed up one street and down another, in our many hours travel, he took very particular pains to point out house after house, remarking only at the time, “Just remember those I point out, Harry, for eventually I may wish you to revert back to them.” To this singular idea I said nothing, in reply, for, by his looks, I saw that there was something of an important nature to come. After he had pointed out some half-dozen buildings, here, there, and yonder, he bade me to “understand” that he intended to walk to Lamartine Place, and then visit a certain fine mansion, pretending to be anxious, as a “moneyed man” to inspect the entire structure, previous to his erecting a building. “You will let me do the talking, Harry,” said he, as the door-bell warned the servant to his duty. What was coming I knew not, yet in I went with my friend. Up to this time the thought that I should ever fall in love with a girl had never entered my mind. But there is a tale yet to come—yet, yet to come.

When Colonel Barlow gave me the particulars in regard to the mother and daughter, it was indeed an interesting account.

The colonel lifted his heavy gold-headed cane, and remarked thus: “Harry, now I am anxious to tell you, a little something about that mother and daughter. Allow me to take a chew of Anderson’s fine cut, and then I will proceed. “You see,” said he, “I know the whole genealogy of the family, and if it wasn’t well worth knowing at that, of course I would not endeavor to class it among my most particular recollections. Now, Harry, my good fellow, they are from the best old stock of blood in the State—the real, pure Knickerbocker of the old school—those days of Rip Van Winkle. Once, when the husband of the mother was living, they flourished in wealth, and was then what we call now, scions of aristocracy. Eventually the father died, and left to the mother and daughter a valuable property, amounting in all to something like two hundred thousand dollars. This property was situated on the banks of the Hudson, and in the lower part of this city. About two years after the death of the lady’s husband, she, through some unjust means, was rid of her property—”

“What! the poor woman cheated out of it?” I interrupted. “Yes, by a gang of lawyers, and men who are now flourishing as up-town aristocrats. Why, Harry,” said the colonel, “they were actually cheated out of the whole of it, and it made a deal of talk. This is the reason why you now see the mother and daughter where you do. They are very respectable, indeed—ladies, too, where you take the word in its true sense, and are what may be considered, to-day, as persons in ‘middling circumstances.’ I’ll bet, Harry,” said the old gentleman, as we stood talking together, “that the daughter knows how to play the piano and harp, and also how to sing, for a reason that she once owned both instruments.”

Allow me to say here, that as I am touching upon an actual fact, I shall be allowed to digress somewhat, on account of the circumstances attendant to the case. Up to this time, while standing here, I had seen enough in the daughter’s ways and action to convince me that she was once the commander of a drawing-room. As she stood near her mother’s side, I saw how dear they were to each other.

When introduced to them, they were surprised when informed that I was the son of Mr. —, whom she well knew, and had for years. The daughter I chatted with for some time, and was so much pleased, that I admired her. She conversed very prettily and fluently, talked French extremely well, and her conversation was purely classical and high toned. As for her beauty it was there—a young miss of eighteen sweet summers, with a pair of eyes as black as the storm-cloud of summer, arms of a mould which Cleopatra might have envied, and a form beautiful to behold. Of her, more will be said hereafter.

Three days after this visit, I left the Irving House one afternoon near the hour of five, entered a carriage, and gave orders to be conveyed to my father’s residence. Knowing how particular our people were, and also that I had not visited them, I took particular pains to dress in order, and endeavor to shine forth when I made my appearance there, like a new shilling fresh from the mint. I did so. When I entered the house, in my careless, independent way, swinging a small cane, I first met my mother and then my sister. Both seemed as delighted to see me as though I had just returned from a long journey, and down we sat in

the rear drawing-room. We talked and conversed freely upon different topics for an hour, and even on the arrival of my father from Wall street, he found us seated there.

"Are you well, my son?" he inquired, as he entered and took me warmly by the hand.

"Quite so, I thank you. I hope you are the same," I rejoined.

"Well, yes, Harry; I am enjoying for the present pretty good health. Business, now-a-days, keeps up the excitement to such a rate that I should forget my ailing, if I had any."

"Then it's pretty busy times with you these days?"

"Oh, yes, son; business is very pressing."

"Well, that is encouraging," I remarked, very deliberately, "but what are your Wall street folks driving at now?"

"Why don't you come down and see, personally, Harry! Why, man alive, if I had no more to do than you have, I think I should drop in and see a body once in a while."

"Well, father, the fact of it is, you have got such an ungodly set of men down in Wall street, in the valley of riches, with a lofty temple to God, looking down upon you, in the bargain, that I am most afraid to trust myself down there, about the grey stone buildings." When I said this, the old gentleman turned aside, smiled, and made no reply.

"Harry, don't you ever get out of Broadway?" inquired my mother.

"Oh, yes, I am all about town every now and then."

"We very often hear of you in Broadway, promenading with some belle or beauty."

"That must be a mistake, I think," I at once interrupted, in a very serious tone.

"Oh, no, sir; we hear of you."

"I guess we do, all of that," added my sister.

"Harry, I think the ladies take the papers, as the saying is," observed my father.

Up to this time, everything worked just to suit me. I have not made known the object of my visit.



THERE is a deal of discussion in regard to my affairs. Two certain ladies who gossip a great deal, have of late been about town reporting something concerning me, and I am now aware that the truth of the matter will soon be brought to light. Yesterday I received particulars in regard to the reports. Time will tell.

When the affairs of a young man are discussed by gossiping women, one may predict reports of all kinds to follow. Now in my case much may be expected, as two certain ladies are well aware of the present existing circumstances under which I am placed. I have no doubt they will spread the intelligence in Warren, Amity, and Hudson-sts.; through Union Square, Fifth Avenue, and St. Mark's Place. Oh, how I do detest backbiters.

Attended a magnificent *reunion* some three evenings since, given by the very accomplished lady of Mr. B——, the celebrated banker. It is here at such joyous festivities, where one can distinguish who are recognised as constituting the genuine first-order *ton* of this great and glorious metropolis. This is a prominent feature in the fashionable world, artfully studied by thousands of persons, who regard the subject as tracing a family bearing upon the existence of their own clique, circle, or house.

No one in Gotham entertains more elegantly than do Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. White, Mrs. Bel——t, Mrs. Lit——e, Mrs. Ste——s, Mrs. Gris——d, Mrs. Law——e, Mrs. War——l, Mrs. Cos——r, and Mrs. Fie——d. It is here amid this circle where one may honor himself among the first families of Manhattan Island—and where the critic can be sure of becoming acquainted with the *acknowledged aristocracy*.

Here were to be seen the main supporters and defenders of such magnificent *recherche* soirees, which have become so celebrated amid one large family, as it were, where money is poured out like water—where elegance, refinement, and distinction go hand in hand, all educated under the influence of two ruling engines—money and fashion! At such scenes, my fashionable Ma, and particularly nice Pa, always feels gloriously.

Many an anxious reader may wish to know who are the influential representatives of the votaries of fashion. I can tell you, and will, with a great deal of pride. With those I have already noted, I will add, Astor, Parish, Pendleton, Haight, Emmet, Roosevelt, Edwards, Gibbs, Ward, Prime, King, Livingston, Van Zandt, De Dion, Fowler, Berryman, Jauncey, Bosque, Grimes, Gray, Mott, Bradhurst, Monroe, Winthrop, Mills, Hoffman, Aspinwall, Howard, Stagg, Van Courtlandt, Stuyvesant, Laurie, Delafield, Post, Morton, Laight, Kane, Nelson, Reed, Aymar, Bancroft, Kingsland, Betts, Brady, Howland, Dixwell, Cutting, Diago, Otis, Rogers, and Schermerhorn. Then again, there are Chauncey, Ogden, Wetmore, Hurd,

McCurdy, Collins, Law, Moffatt, Bedford, Wright, Wainright, Taylor, Thorne, Ray, Bridge, Coit, Hubbard, Haggerty, Davis, Fiedler, Grinnell, Withers, Fearing, Blunt, Oakley, Belden, Pell, Hicks, Kernochan, Gerry, Grayson, French, James, Van Rensselaer, Remington, Wadsworth, O'Kille, Fish, Robinson, Prescott, Cornell, Bowen, Stewart, Depau, Wells, Beekman, and scores of other well-known families. But a certain select number in this list *rule* all affairs "above Bleecker," forgetting not Grace Church and the Opera.



T was my object to obtain personally from my father the previous standing of character of the Coddington family. Here is the verdict:—

"Oh, by the by, father, I saw a lady the other day who knew you well, and has for years." This conversation commenced at the tea-table, the very time and place I intended it should.

"Who may she be?" he asked, as he took up his cup of tea.

"Coddington—Mrs. Frank Coddington, I believe."

"Oh, Lord, yes—know her, I think I do. You refer to one who takes in sewing."

"The same, father."

"What," cried my mother, "do you class a person in her standing as a *lady*?"

"Unclassical to a degree," added my sister, in a suppressed tone.

"Why, as for that," interposed the old gentleman, "I can remember when she flourished equal to the best of us."

"That all may be, husband, but times have altered." Thus spoke my fashionable mother.

"Oh, horrid," ejaculated sister Kate.

"Are you sick, or what the devil is the matter with you, I wonder?" Although this was very abrupt, I let it out, for I could not help it.

"What did Mrs. Coddington say?" inquired my father.

"Oh, she remarked, after Colonel Barlow had introduced me, that she knew you for years."

"Yes," said he, "I have often thought of the reverses of fortune which have occurred to her. I remember well her fashionable parties."

"She talked like a well educated lady," said I.

"Oh, yes, Harry; she has a fine education."

"Mrs. Coddington, father, seems to be an excellent kind of a woman, poor as she may be."

"Yes, and there is nothing to hinder, for she is from as good a stock family as you will find in this State."

"Her daughter seems to be a very fine young miss." I had now anchored just where I wanted.

"Oh, yes, she is a sparkling eyed miss, I tell you. She looks just as her mother did when at her age." Thus spoke my knowing daddy.

"Then she has a daughter stigmatized to poverty almost, it seems?" interposed my mother.

"Pray, how old may she be?"

"Sixteen, I should say."

"Oh, more than that, father. She is full eighteen, I should say."

My father soon admitted that I was nearer correct than he.

"Is she pretty, brother?" inquired my dear sister Kate.

"Oh, yes, she's a confounded handsome creature, Kate."

"She can talk French as well as she can English," said my father. "Why I was really surprised to hear her whirl it off as she did, one morning."

"I should have thought that her mother would have had too much pride after their fall from wealth to have taken in sewing," said my fashionable mother.

"Ah, that, my dear, depends altogether upon circumstances. When a person is forced to obtain an honest living, their pride is then softened." This remark of my father's was about as sensible a one as I ever heard him get off, on a point where we both agreed. "Mrs. Coddington," he continued, "is one of the most respectable ladies, so far as respect and virtue are concerned."

"Husband, you forget yourself—woman, female—not *lady*, sir," interrupted my mother.

I could stand this no longer, so up I jumped from the table, and put off under a pretence that I had promised to meet a friend at that very hour. I was confident that if I remained any longer I should only become the more excited. It is my intention to show the whole family and acquaintance in general, in a very short time, my *mind* upon the point in question. So far, I have not committed myself.

"I have had a long talk with Colonel Barlow upon a very important subject. He is to *work* for me. I have agreed to allow him a certain sum of money for services rendered."

"You say, Harry, that in every point your directions must be followed?" asked the Colonel.

"Sir, in every point named within," was my reply, as I held the documents in my hand.



"I hardly know how to bring around the theme, Harry; but nevertheless I will try. The whole bearing of this benevolent move shall be considered as springing totally from me, you say?"

"Even so, Colonel Barlow. Go and converse with the mother, rake up old times, and then make the proposal to her for me, but solely in your name. She will accept, for she knows that you are a wealthy gentleman. Colonel Barlow, do the duty in a manner reflecting great credit upon you."

"And where did you say the house was located, Harry?"

"Opposite the Washington Parade Ground."

"You have rented the house, you say?"

"I have, sir, for the sum of \$1100."

"And its dimensions, Harry?"

"A three story house, fine looking in appearance, with white marble steps. Offer them the whole house, the rent free, and besides this, tell Mrs. Coddington and daughter that you will deposit the sum of \$500 in the Broadway Bank, which sum will be at her disposal—"

"But if she accepts, three-fourths of the house might be rented," interposed the calculating Colonel.

"No, sir—that shall never be," I at once returned, in short tones. "No one shall occupy the house save them."

"How do you intend to work it about furnishing the room?"

"That sir I have already seen to. A friend of mine has just left for the World's Fair, and in my hands I have the key of the very mansion in question. An inventory has been taken. This will be a grand excuse for you. Tell her that she *must* live there and look out for things, during the absence of the owner."

Colonel Barlow received strict and private orders in regard to the residence rented by me, and located near Washington Parade Ground. There is the house with its contents, consisting of splendid furniture, gorgeous and unique, three spacious drawing rooms, a choice library, one piano, one harp, four cages of birds, a fine yard, with vines and flowers; and, aside from all this, beds, bedding, and servants ready to obey when a demand is given. An inventory of the entire contents of the house has been taken, even down to the nutmeg-grater and corkscrew. To explain this in short metre, I would say that everything requisite to have in and about a house for the residents can be found, and after locking the door the keys were handed over to me, just as though the occupant and family intended to return back ere the rising of another sun. It was very lucky that I had the refusal of the house at just such a particular juncture of time, but happening to know the owner well, who manifested a strong desire to let his house to some one of the right class, it was an easy task for me to obtain admission.

After explaining everything about it to Col. Barlow, I at once requested him to make his first attempt. It seems that it proved a failure. On the second occasion, the Colonel, from all accounts, made a very favorable impression, but after a few introductory remarks, he thought it would be best to "to put it off" until another time, as some things did not work exactly to suit him. We both discussed the object over a bottle of wine, and future plans were laid.

"How did you introduce the subject?" I inquired.

"Oh, in a very deliberate way."

"Well the third trial, you say, proved successful?"

"Yes, Harry, it did; and from all appearances it was well received. I told Mrs. Coddington, in a plain and explicit manner, just how I felt in regard to her present condition—that, knowing exactly how she was once placed, I felt anxious to do much for her. She then asked me if I had use for \$460, as she had that sum, and was anxious to deposit it in good hands. I told her that if she desired it, I would assist her in purchasing some good bank stock. She said that the move was a desirable one, and if I would assist her she would regard it as a great favor. It was then," said Colonel Barlow, as he sat in my room at the Irving House, discussing the subject coolly over champagne and ice, "that I took Mrs. Coddington aside, and inquired into her financial affairs. She told me that she owned some four shares of stock in the Seventh Ward Bank, some three in Pacific Bank, while aside from that she held four notes, amounting in all so some \$212. These she presented for inspection—"

"Why, Colonel," I interrupted, "Mrs. Coddington a financier, eh?"

"Yes, now I tell you she is all of that. Well, I talked on with her, and, before I left, she said that she had lent money to other good, responsible individuals, and had also placed in Mr. Jacob Little's possession (the celebrated Wall-street banker,) some two thousand dollars, for safe keeping, as he was an old and particular friend of hers—a gentleman, says she, 'who in 1837 shelled out, during the panic times, two millions of specie to some seventeen city banks, so that they might not suspend, whereby it was the means of saving my late husband from utter destruction, so far as money was concerned.' This is what she told me, Harry. I explained to her, that as her departed husband was a very particular friend of mine, and as she had been swindled out of a vast amount of property by certain lawyers, I felt interested in her behalf, and would now extend to her an offer."

"Well, Colonel, go on," I interrupted.

"Yonder you have a daughter, Mrs. Coddington, who is now, I should think, a little over eighteen. She is certainly the pet of all who know her, and of course the pride of your heart."

"Yes, Colonel Barlow, as such, Elvirato is," was the innocent reply of Mrs. Coddington.

"Are there any persons paying addresses to her?" I then asked, said the Colonel.

"None, sir. I won't allow it, Colonel."

"Did she say so?" I at once inquired.

"Even so, Harry."

I then told her all about this house, how it was left in my care during the owner's sojourn through Europe, how it was finely furnished, what the inventory consisted of, and what I had agreed to allow him.

"Now, Mrs. Coddington, you have known me long enough to consider it no rash move of mine when I tell you, openly and honestly, that I want to extend to you a favor. Now, move into that house, and then endeavor to take your comfort for one year at least. I have hired the house and paid for it. Will you go?"

"Why, Colonel Barlow, how you have taken me by surprise! Are you really in earnest?"

"I am, Mrs. Coddington."

"Give me two hours to think about it?" she asked.

"Yes, twice that time, if desired."

When Colonel Barlow told me this, I felt as though I was a made man. I up with another bottle of champagne, and you had better believe it was not long before the neck of the bottle was shivered over the back of a sofa chair. It flew about—but never mind that, as we were "rich owners." We drank heartily.

"Then you say she consented on your return?"

"Yes, Harry, and the daughter seemed to be greatly pleased."

"That's good," I cried out, and as the servant entered, I at once ordered Jake to *smash* another quart bottle of champagne, the very best imported by M. B. Peters & Co., of their new brand.

"I shall endeavor to get them settled up there in the course of a day or two," said the Colonel.

"Shall you?" I asked.

"Yes, Harry—say by the latter part of the week."

"Did you speak to her concerning the \$500 deposited in the Broadway Bank for her own family use?"

"No, I have not yet, but will."

"Did the daughter inquire after me when down at the market?"

"Both did very politely, Harry."

"I shall depend upon you to work the cards so as to enable me to pay my addresses, Colonel."

"Of course—never fear."

"Mrs. Coddington knows not to the contrary, I suppose? I refer to the bearings of the case at issue in regard to the proposals made."

"Oh! that's all right, Harry. She thinks that I am at the bottom of all this. Now, tell me how I shall proceed."

"Well, you know as well as I do, Colonel. Get them in there first, and I will then tell you my plans."

"They will need provision of all kinds, you know?"

"Leave that altogether to the steward; it was so arranged, Colonel, with the occupant of the house and myself previous to his departure for Europe. He is to remain in the house at his old post, and also the two chambermaids—"

"But where are they now, Harry?"

"I have their number on paper; at present they are rustivating about town. They shall be sent after in time."

"Shall I get the articles needed, if there be any?"

"Get just what is required, Colonel. To tell you now before going any further, it is my wishes for you to make it a practice to look after them, as though they belonged to your own family, and I will pay you for it. I feel confident that my own parents will be down on me when they hear that I am paying my addresses to the daughter; yet, before I do this, it is my desire that every department should have a home tendency—an aristocratic bearing, as such a course may be the means of sustaining my popularity—among certain reserved circles."

"I see, I see, Harry, what you refer to. All right, sir."

Thus spoke the Colonel. A true fact will be disclosed—one with which many are conversant. I fear a war will wage soon at home.

Washington Market has, for the last ten years, had within its old time-worn area some fine looking girls. Belles and beauties still visit it, just as often as the table at home needs replenishing; and on every Saturday, throughout the whole day and evening, scenes of every sort are to be met with, from the occupant of a Fifth-avenue palace down to the inmate of a hovel. I have often wandered through the market to look at those fair creatures, and see with what respect one or more servants followed after with basket and packages. I consider

it to be quite a place to see handsome women—excepting, of course, our brilliant thoroughfare, Broadway. You may seat yourself near any particular avenue of the market, and in a short time, see a fair representation of our famous metropolis. The banker's lady can be seen with three servants following after her, and more attentive persons could not be found elsewhere. The butter merchant's beautiful lady, one of the fairest flowers in New York, can be seen on a Saturday morning, with an attendant, walking through the spacious market of the multitude, purchasing here and there, and not fearing to soil kid gloves or silks. She attracts attention from every quarter, and as much in Warren-street as she does in Broadway. The ex-mayor's handsome daughter, also, can be seen on such a morning, and so can many other choice flowers who love to keep the table up at home with such delicacies as best suit themselves. Go through the place on a Saturday morning, and it will well repay you for your time and labor. Aside from fancy butchersmen and fishermen—from roaring oystermen and blowing clam-boys—from the thin-looking dealer in eggs to the pussy old chap whose business is to sell potatoes and vegetables—you can see many of the other sex, who are making money "hand over fist," especially those who are considered good looking, and this of course includes handsome Jane, the fair Beck, or blue-eyed Maria.



CERTAIN persons are always wondering about the affairs of other people. It is laughable to see how persons allow themselves to range over the fields of conjecture—the old guessing ground. Some pretend to know who Mrs. Coddington is, and who the daughter is, but I'm thinking that some are mistaken. People have a perfect right to "guess," for we live in a guessing country, but they should endeavor to guess rightly upon some points, or not guess at all. That such a person exists as the lady whom we designate Mrs. Coddington, no one must attempt to deny; and in regard to the circumstances already portrayed, each link to the chain has its bearing, and the particulars of the case may be relied on as facts.

Mrs. Coddington, and daughter can now be found breathing the air within a fine mansion near Washington Parade Ground. Colonel Barlow has done things up brown, and the two interesting creatures seem to be very much pleased. The colonel called on me at my rooms at the Irving House on the following day, and from him sufficient plans were formed. Yesterday, Colonel Barlow entered on his sixty-eighth birthday.

I have called twice on Mrs. Coddington and daughter. I tell you I was received in fashionable style. The mother, in her usual lady-like manner, received me in the drawing-room, and the way the new water colored silks rustled was a caution to the *bon ton* ladies. In fact, she looked young and handsome. When the angelic daughter Elvirato appeared, I do confess that I could not keep my heart exactly as it should have been. Without the least partiality I will say, that as she looked at this time, she appeared more beautiful than any other lady of my acquaintance. I am confident that the severest critic would readily yield the same decree, render instantly the same verdict as myself. She was fashionably attired. I need not undertake to describe her, in accordance with the rules in such cases made and provided, that of conveying an idea of the precise color of her hair, the contour of her figure, the exact proportion of her nose and mouth, for a reason that she is one of that charming and choice class whose blooming qualities defies all power of a true description. To speak of Elvirato, I must say that she had reached an age, at the time of our acquaintance, when girlhood had been exchanged for the voluptuous maturity of womanhood. She has a soft, white neck; a fine head of hair, black as the storm-cloud of summer; a mouth which Venus might have envied, lips equal to the rose itself, and features that would vie with the most exquisite piece of classic sculpture. In her manner she is not only pleasing, but humorous and vivacious. Her form is fine, and as for her heart, it is, to use a homely expression, a *big* one. One of my very particular friends, who for the last twenty years has made quite a noise in the world, rendered freely his verdict in regard to Miss Coddington, whom he met by chance a short time since, while promenading Broadway, said that she was a being of marvellous beauty. As for bodily proportions, her frame is developed to the minutest requirement. But it is useless to talk. I am in love—deep in love—very deep in love, and with no other than the fascinating Miss Elvirato Coddington. The girl I am determined to wed if possible, and if this should prove to be the case, I will endeavor to make her a first-rate husband. One thing is certain, she shall have everything she wants—be her own mistress, and in part her own adviser. I have tested the respectability of the family, and I am confident that both mother and daughter are strictly and purely virtuous, and my great desire is now to marry, settle down in life, and strive, as the old saying runs, to be somebody. A battle is most assuredly waging ahead; but let what may come, I shall act independent.

Think of it as you may, but soon you will hear no more of my fun and frolic, "busts," speers, and scrapes as heretofore, for I am soon to marry, and commence to be a business man. The widow and daughter now live in style, and shall continue to do so, as long as any of my sixty thousand dollars remain. I am now an independent man, and an independent

citizen, but a victim to woman's treachery. Expensive as I have been in my wanderings, it is nobody's business but my own, and if I allow nineteen counts for a dozen, or see fit to wed a poor girl, most assuredly I shall do so, notwithstanding the inclination which is manifested elsewhere.

It will be recollected, that during the past winter there were several very brilliant and fashionable soirees given "above Bleecker," which not only created a deal of talk all over town among private circles, but each of the daily and weekly sheets very politely "made a note on't," as the immortal Captain Cuttle was wont to say. It is said, by those who profess to be posted up in matters and things in general, that the past winter was by far the most fashionable one ever known in this metropolis, especially so in the party line. I, for one, have no reason to doubt it, as personal experience and observation has clearly proved. New Yorkers are somewhat like the Bostonians, in regard to splendid parties, the first and best of them never occurring until about the breaking up of winter and the dawning of Spring.

During the past winter, it was my good fortune to attend some twenty of the very first parties given in this and neighboring cities. The last one, it is said, cost the lady who had the honor to give it, full \$17,000, and was considered by those who were present to have been the grandest that has taken place in this city for several years. But I am thinking that there were others worthy also of some note, and it is a positive fact that in the city of New York, some of the parties given in certain districts during the winter months are not to be surpassed by anything of the kind in this country. I refer to those of our Wall-street brokers—our old merchants down in South-street, who, with open hearts, "shell out the thousands" and place it at the disposal of the lady resident of the mansion, bidding her, who has had the subject running in her head for months, to go ahead, with her daughter, have the soiree, and then retire for the winter. I mean such brilliant assemblies as have echoed through Union Square, Waverly, St. Mark's, Irving Places, and in a score of other districts—the thorough going parties given by the Jones, Smiths, Browns, Higgins, Blowers, with other distinguished individuals of New York. They are what may be considered in this country "royal banquets," yet republican, but a *little* aristocratic at the same time.

Now, it was to one of those parties that the now fashionable and beautiful lady, known by the name of Miss Elvirato Coddington, accompanied me. I had received my note of invitation three days previous, and at once repaired to her residence with Col. Barlow, when it was soon arranged that the daughter should be in attendance. Before entering the mansion, I had given implicit instructions to Barlow how to "work the cards," which I can assure you he did with marked ability. Up to this time the young lady's mother, Mrs. Coddington, did not appear to think that I had a greater regard for her daughter than any other of my lady acquaintance, but supposed that I, being a particular friend of Colonel Barlow's, had visited them merely out of friendship. The reason why she listened to my old friend the Colonel, was on account of their having been acquainted with each other from childhood, and the Colonel had always manifested a great interest in her welfare, and especially that of her daughter. He had always told Miss Elvirato, from a child, that she was his favorite, and that he should find her a beau, and perhaps a husband, when she was old enough to have either. Mrs. Coddington was perfectly ignorant that Colonel Barlow and myself had so arranged matters, but thought that all his goodness and benevolence she owed the dear old gentleman had arisen without motive or design. He had made it a practice for years to give the mother and daughter now and then a present—of doing them many favors, therefore it will be seen that upon this point everything was morally right.

When Colonel Barlow had interceded to get the daughter to accompany me to the great party to be given on the third evening following, not a hundred miles from the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue, he took her aside and told her all that I had bade him to do. She was to go with him that very day, after I had made my exit, to Stewart's, Beck's, Ball, Black & Co., Mrs. Simmon's Dibble's, Madame Vista's, and a score of other places well known to the Colonel by means of his family and his purse. To tell the truth, the Colonel and myself intended to spare no pains in eclipsing anything out, regardless of the cost.

As I was a silent actor, I will now tell you what was done. Colonel Barlow, on the afternoon in question, rode from his mansion, in his coach, down Broadway, accompanied by his sister—an unmarried lady, of about twenty-eight years, also a particular friend of mine, and one who understood everything relating to the subject. Being so unfortunate as to be lame, having the hip disease, she never had wedded, yet her taste, knowledge, and her wealthy station, gave her a thorough education of fashion's mighty wand. On this point, she could not be surpassed, not even by the accomplished Mrs. J—y, or the exquisite taste evinced by Mrs. B—t. At my own request, Colonel Barlow had taken her with him and Miss Coddington, she being regarded as the best judge of fashion. Purchases were made at several dry goods stores, jewelry was handled at our most prominent Broadway establishments, milliners were put at work, and several French artists consulted, with a liberal fee. Everything was arranged for a splendid array, and all at my expense, yet only known to me and the Col., who had the good sense to keep such things to ourselves, fearing, on my part, a "war at home," while the Colonel made the mother and daughter think that he was waiting patiently for a certain young gentleman to return from Europe, who had been there on a tour, and whom he believed the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Coddington could not desist from loving at

first sight, as he was such a "handsome young man, and so bewitching." This worked admirably well.

During the day previous to the party, great preparations had been made for the eventful occasion. Miss Elvirato had been made a princess in appearance by the celebrated French artist, Madame —, who had taken one of her exclusive ready made party dresses and placed it upon her person. This alone only cost \$630, and were I to describe its nicety, its beauty, the taste, fashion, and work laid out, it would require more than I could do justice to. As I had to depend altogether upon Colonel Barlow for information, I was constantly keeping him at work. He said, that when the daughter was attired in the new dress, her mother, with purse in hand, stood ready to "bet high," that her daughter would "act out her part" in as fine a style as any other lady present, and that all coincided with her in this opinion. I thought, however, that the Colonel was stretching the truth a little. He said, that in form she was an angel, and in grace an Ellsler—fair, young, and lovely in looks, exceedingly beautiful, delicate, and captivating in her manner. It may well be said that her riches lay in her features.

"Why do you take such a great interest in wishing me to eclipse all other ladies, Colonel?" inquired the angelic being.

"I have my reasons, Miss Elvirato," said the Colonel, with due reverence. "You are going to attend one of the most aristocratic parties ever given up town, where everything no doubt will be found to shine gloriously, and where the belles and beauties of fashion's own exclusive circle will be present. Everybody there," continued Colonel Barlow, "will spare no pains in order to attract attention, especially the ladies, and as I am confident that it lies in your power by working your cards right, to make a great sensation, I shall take the liberty to feel proud in causing you to appear there in style. Another thing, your gallant is one of the handsomest fellows to be found, and one fully understanding how to appear at a good advantage when in company."

It seems that Colonel Barlow's sister called with him, and had devoted some little time in conversing with Miss Coddington, upon certain topics, in regard to impressing a general and favorite liking at such a brilliant party. She was found to be so proficient in the act, or, in other words, in the art, that the Colonel's sister soon pronounced her "exceedingly well versed with the ways of fashionable life." The secret of all this is, that she had received tuition from one who knew every move.

Now, then, for the party. It was the hour of eleven when we departed from Mrs. Coddington's residence, near Washington Parade ground. The carriage, or what Londoners would call "antediluvian coach," had been at the door for full two hours. Madame Vista, the exquisite French artist, Dibblee, the celebrated hair dresser, and one or two artists, had just completed their task. The beautiful daughter of Mrs. Coddington stood before the mirror, looking like a queen. Publicly and privately, by whisper, the majority pronounced her "eminently beautiful." If I may be allowed to express my views upon the subject, I would ask to compliment her delicate beauty, by inferring a close proximity—a resemblance to Miss Julia Bennett, the celebrated actress, whose beauty alone caused Queen Victoria to pronounce her, in these words, "the handsomest woman in all London." Oftentimes while beholding her in all the *finesse* of her acting, I have taken the liberty of pronouncing them as "two looking alike." When we left the mansion, no one knew, save the family, what lady accompanied me, although it had been whispered about the premises that I intended to be present with the beauty of modern days, at present a resident of a sister city. Full four thousand dollars' worth of various kinds of property could be seen on her person. An evening dress, exquisitely touched off with various colors, trimmings, and devices of fashion, having about it the labor of full six months, was enough in itself to cause unbounded attraction from every quarter. Its richness, its gaiety, its beauty, and its own magnificent appearance, I cannot describe so as to do justice. Colonel Barlow had, unknown to me, obtained on hire, a costly diamond necklace for her to wear on this occasion, besides two chaste and magnificent circular gold wrist bands manufactured in the goldsmith's best art. Diamond rings were plenty; a diamond cross adorned her fair brow, saying nothing about the dazzling glitter of long diamond ear drops, of a heavy chain of gold, the splendor of a seventy-five dollar fan, or a three hundred dollar pocket handkerchief, and the choice jewels and gems adorning a beautiful head of hair, so arranged in Dibblee's finest style, worthy of a presentation at any foreign court. I was confident, when on my way to the party, that she would surpass in beauty any of our renowned belles, although the very best thing had been done, no doubt, in bringing out the gay and lovely.

What was the result? Why, Miss Coddington was pronounced by more than six-eighths of the persons present (save a few jealous mothers and daughters) to be the "empress star of the evening." Full six hundred persons were present, consisting of the genuine and the mushroom aristocracy of "upper tendom." Millionaires were present, but kept in squads, in their usual way. Miss Coddington passed the agreeable in tip-top style, and she was the admired of all admirers. Both old and young were teasing for an introduction, and all the gentry of my acquaintance actually made fools of themselves. "Introduce me, Harry," "Do your duty," "I must—I will dance with her," "Harry, for God's sake, grant me an opportunity," "Isn't she beautiful?" "Jove! what starry eyes!" "What a sweet, pretty mouth she has!" "A perfect angel!" "What a delicate hand!" "Oh, I never saw her like before!"

"How elegantly she waltzes!" together with scores of other praises lavished upon her, was all the go for a good part of the evening. At one time she never had less than eleven engagements with different persons, by far more than she could accomplish all night, if she should dance at every set. It was laughable to see how young dandies flourished about; what ways some invented to call her attention; how delicately agreeable some pretended to act, and all on her account. Bouquets were presented to her from every quarter; cards were exchanged often; and long before the hour for supper, Miss Coddington was fairly surrounded by hundreds of lovers and smitten individuals. Strange, but true, my readers.

When supper-time came, then she conquered all, and perfectly took every thing by storm. Around her could be seen the flower of Union Park, the Lily of St. Mark's Place, the rose of Bleecker Street, the beauty of Broadway, the belle of Tompkins Square, the heiress of Fifth Avenue, the star of Waverly Place, with hundreds of other important characters; it was the captivating place of the season. So far, nothing has "taken it down," and we very much doubt if Saratoga or Newport will ever do it, even at their best turn-outs. Possessors to the amount of *twelve millions of money* could be seen present, and take it all in all, aristocracy was in full bloom. There were ladies present in more expensive costumes than Miss Coddington; but she conquered! she conquered! Although many were surrounded by hope and fear, joy and sorrow, yet all this was done away with at the hour of supper, and I will tell you why. When the hour arrived, a select committee of ladies and gentlemen bade me follow them with my lady, which of course I did—not knowing, however, what was coming off.



Y last record in my Diary was in regard to the grand supper. Preceding the entire circle, we were escorted into a most magnificent drawing-room, where could be seen a sight elegant and costly in itself. To describe and do justice, is beyond our power. About mid-way, on one side of the centre-table, stood a splendid Boston rocker (arrayed with roses and flowers), ascending far above the rest of the seats, and as we neared this the committee halted. In one word, Miss Coddington was informed that as this was placed for the "belle of the evening," she was invited to be seated. This she did in a blushing manner. Then came the crowd and the fuss. A selection had been made, and she had conquered! This was a proud moment for me—a glorious epoch for her. Decided by a committee of ladies and gents, taken by surprise and the honor granted unsolicited, no one could say that the young lady or myself were aspirants for the honor shown. Both my father and mother were present; also my sister, the Warren-street Miss, and the beautiful Miss Dashday.

As several of my old girls were there, I determined on the onset to be independent. I treated them courteously, but my attention I paid to Miss Coddington. Remarks were made, I am aware, but I cared not, as she was the fascinator of my interest—the admirer of my choice. I appeared to be glad to see everybody, and when I took my departure, I did even condescend to kiss my mother and sister. When I left the mansion, that inn of New York aristocracy, at a time when all eyes seemed to be rivetted upon the aspirations of one young being, the lady leaning on my arm, I felt as though I had just came off *victor* of a hard-fought battle. The "empress star of the evening" was none other but my *intended*.

Two days after this party, it leaked out somehow unknown to me, that the "belle," the "beauty," the "empress star," was a poor widow's daughter! This was what may be well called a *damp*. It spread abroad like wildfire, and soon became the main topic of conversation all about town. *Aristocracy* had been imposed upon—the "upper-tendom" were mad—very much grieved indeed. To tell the truth, I was fairly *threatened* by my friends and acquaintances. They looked at me in disgust, and reprimands followed. I had disgraced myself and blood—a young man, belonging to the very best and purest stock, condescending "to *toat* about a poor sewing girl!" How this got out, is more than I know—and I care less. Those *nice* young ladies and *loving* young girls, who knew and admired Miss Coddington on the evening of the party, at a juncture where they considered it high honor and glory to load her down with bouquets, cards, flattery, and attention, now know her no more, since a report has gone abroad that she was *poor*, not long since a "sewing girl!" A great majority of my friends have *cut* my acquaintance, and all because I am paying my addresses to a virtuous, honest, and beautiful young lady—one belonging to the ranks of mediocrity rather than *aristocracy*! To be short and right to the point, the very deuce is to pay; and those "above Bleecker," who were my warm friends, are now my enemies. It suits the Warren-street gentry to perfection, to think that I have *lowered* myself in the estimation of my friends claiming as high rank as myself, and they are telling everybody they know that a certain "Broadway Dandy is soon to be married." I made up my mind some time ago that it would tickle them if I should be hung, for they are just such a "two-sided class." All I have to say about them is, that I am sorry I ever knew the family; yet as I have now "cut their acquaintance," and am free from their snares, may I continue on in the same track. It would do the daughter good to be shut up in a city convent, and I am sorry to learn that she has "given up the notion." The man who ever marries her will soon find use for a straight jacket.

I am happy to learn that Miss Dashaday glories in the course taken by me; that independent, noble bearing, and loving in *reality*, rather than manœuvring for money. Thus you see a *light*. As for the Connecticut heiress, I have long since forgotten her. The New Orleans Miss I affronted some time ago; so we no longer hitch horses at the same post, as the old saying runs. Old Mrs. Putomoran, the Quincy-slip fortune-teller says that the best thing I can do is to marry "this poor gal," for she will make one of the "best wives." Prince John Davis, who has studied *human nature* long enough to know the *pro's* and *con's* of the ups and downs of life, renders a similar verdict. Ned Granger says the same, and so does his young bride. Mrs. L. of Union Square, speaks in accordance with my own wishes, for she says, "I'm tired of this *fashionable* living, for there is no true essence or oil in New York *aristocracy*." The Hudson-street belle boldly rejoins with her, although she says that it is well enough to be fashionable. This is my mind. Of my parents, you will soon learn.

Passing over a certain period of time, the reader will not forget to address me as a married man. No extra pomp or array occurred at our wedding, although we were wedded in church, and cards of invite and admission were issued. Neither of my parents were present, although they both had invitations. Miss Dashaday was there, and so was Mrs. L. My sister Kate would have come, but my father strictly overruled the motion. The pork merchant of Amity-street came to enjoy the festivities in his good old age, and he took me by the hand, wished me joy, hoped that God would bless me and mine, and that I should never forget that dear daughter of his, who lived to be loved, and died to be regretted. Ah! I begin to love that man. Colonel Barlow done me the honor to grant all the credit to me in regard to our mysterious manœuvres, and to both mother and daughter explained all in an implicit manner. He thinks the world of me. The deeds of the block of buildings down in Beaver-street, transferred over to me in my name by my father, I have honorably returned to him. Undoubtedly he has destroyed them before this time, and feels better at heart. Miss Dashaday's young sister cried, it is said, when she was informed of my marriage; and when asked why she did so, her reply was, "Because I loved him *myself*." What think you of that, when springing from the heart of a young flower just witnessing the herbage of twelve sweet summers!

Wishing to pass over all but the most essential points, go with me and lady up the Hudson, and thence along the beautiful Mohawk river, where a tale I will unfold. My wife has a rich old uncle up there, and as he sent for us three weeks after our marriage, we obeyed the command. As far as eye can reach along a certain portion of the Mohawk, it is his own. He was glad to see us, and we knew it, as all old bachelors are wont to be towards their own kin. We had not been there long, before we were asked how long we could possibly stay, and when a definite period was named, he said that all would then be well. On the day of our departure he made his business known; but it was certainly a *trying* time. After taking us both into a room by ourselves, he made the following sagacious inquiries:

"I want to know, Harry, if it is true that your father and mother have both disinherited their son?" When he said this, he leaned his hand upon my shoulder, looked downcast, and spoke in rather a melancholy way.

"Sir, it is even so," was my reply.

"And Harry, why did your parents do it?" This came out in a very serious tone.

I turned my eye at once toward my dear wife, advanced and then took her by the hand. When I had done this, I led her up before her uncle, and looking him fair in the face, like an honest man with an honest heart, replied:

"Because, sir, I *married* your niece, and for no other reason on God's footstool."

"Did they give this reason?"

"They did, sir, and then bade me to go hence, and never to return. Said my father to me—'You have out up a pretty caper indeed, by wedding as you have. Never enter my door again, sir!' Said my mother, 'Son, your actions of late are disgraceful. You had better turn butcher, oysterman, vendor, or sleep in Washington Market. Take your *wife*, and go, drown yourself.'"

"Did you endeavor to reason with them and explain?"

"Sir, I did in the most gentlemanly way, but it was of no avail. They both told me in these words, 'We had rather followed you to your grave!' I then left my father's house, sir, with tears in my eyes."

When I told him this, the noble-hearted man wept like a child. Tears were also visible in my wife's eyes.

"Well," said he, "I heard of this, Harry, in about the same tone as you have told it. It touched me, my very heart, and I will own that I wept. Times have changed vastly in the city of New York for the last fifteen short years. Your wife, sir, as well as myself, can truly boast of belonging to the best blood of New York, almost the very blood of prophets, to that genuine, whole-souled Knickerbocker, Rip Van Winkle and Livingston stock; and when I heard that your parents had disinherited you, because you had *married a poor girl*, and one whom you do love as you love life itself, I said to myself, 'Can it be possible!' I have now sent for you to know the particulars, and I have one request to

make: Live together happily; be prudent and wise; take good care of your wife, and strive to make each other happy."

We both kissed him, and we both promised.

"Elvirato, you could make butter and cheese, I guess. Could you not?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, uncle; very easy," was her sweet, pretty reply.

"And corn bread, biscuit, and Johnny cakes, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I thought; yes, so I thought," said he, and at the same moment producing from an iron safe a package.

"Then, Harry, I can't stand such impositions as have been heaped upon you and wife, even by your own parents. Your wife is my niece, and I should have adopted her as a daughter long ago, if it had not been objected to by her mother. Here is a check for a certain amount, and here is property deeded in the name of your wife, which includes a block of stores in Pearl-street, and a mansion in Ninth-street, on the west side of Broadway. Go draw the amount of the check, 'build or purchase on the Hudson,' take good care of the money for your wife, advise with her in everything, go straight through the world in an honest, straight forward manner; be independent, but just; discard former city touches of high wrought fashionable life; feel as good as the next one. Should you ever possess an heir, I will grant an annuity to the same." We kissed and parted.

To-day my wife alone is the possessor of the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Aside from that, I have fifty thousand of my own. *Aristocracy* begins to cool down. My parents are endeavoring to make me think that their threats were like summer squalls, soon over; but I am independent! Warren-street echoes with this surprise, "Oh, my!" Those who were to know me no more, are striving to convince me that I'm a pretty clever fellow. The sequel has been told in part. Time will tell of wondrous strange adventures; yet the line of demarcation between mediocrity and aristocracy has been truly drawn. Its impartial bearing and moral is at your disposal.

THE END.



# CHOICE BOOKS,

SELECTED TO  
**EVERY BODY'S TASTE,**  
 FROM THE  
**WORKS OF THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS,**  
 PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

**Messrs. BUNNELL & PRICE,**  
**121 Fulton Street,**  
 FOWLER'S BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.

<b>GRACE AGUILAR.</b>			<b>MISS BREMER.</b>		
Home Influence, 2 vols.....	75	Braithwait's Retrospect.....	75	Midnight Sun.....	12½
Mother's Recompense.....	25	Dollar Magazine.....	10	H. Family.....	12½
Vale of Cedars.....	50	Ladies' Wreath.....	12	Sketches of Every Day Life.....	12½
Woman's Friendship.....	50	Christian Parlor.....	12	President's Daughter.....	12½
Women of Israel, 2 vols.....	1,00	Medical Reform.....	10	Nina.....	12½
<b>MRS. ELLIS.</b>		Mechanic's Dictionary, per No.....	25	Neighbors.....	12½
Hearts & Homes, 2 vols.....	1,00	Field Book of the American Revolution, per No.....	25	Home.....	12½
Prevention better than cure.....	50	Boston Shakespeare, per No.....	25	Parsonage of Mora.....	12½
Self Deception, 2 vols.....	75	<b>Emma D. E. N. Southworth.</b>		<b>DICKENS.</b>	
<b>LADY FULERTON.</b>		Mother-in-Law.....	37	Dombey and Son.....	50
Ellen Middleton.....	50	Deserted Wife.....	37	Pickwick Papers.....	50
Grantley Manor.....	50	Shannondale.....	25	Nicholas Nickleby.....	50
<b>MRS. MARSH.</b>		<b>MISS SEWELL.</b>		Oliver Twist.....	50
Adelaide Lindsley.....	25	Margaret Percival.....	1,00	Old Curiosity Shop.....	50
Wilmingtons.....	25	Gertrude.....	50	Barney Rudge.....	50
Mordaunt Hall.....	25	Amy Herbert.....	50	Martin Chuzzlewit.....	50
Norma's Bridge.....	25	Laneton Parsonage.....	1,00	Christmas Stories.....	37½
Father Darcy.....	25	Earl's Daughter.....	50	Sketches of Every Day Life.....	37½
Emelia Wyndham.....	25	<b>MARY HOWITT.</b>		David Copperfield.....	25
Triumphs of Time.....	25	Wast Wayland.....	37	<b>COOPER.</b>	
<b>BULWER.</b>		Author's Daughter.....	12½	Deerslayer, 2 vols.....	50
Zanoni.....	25	<b>MRS. GREY.</b>		Pathfinder.....	50
Night & Morning.....	25	Lena Cameron.....	25	East of the Mohicans, 2 vols.....	50
Caxtons.....	38	Belle of the Family.....	25	Pioneers.....	50
Harold, 2 vols.....	50	Sybil Leonard.....	25	Prairie.....	50
Lucrétia.....	25	Little Wife.....	25	Water Witch.....	50
Pilgrim of the Rhine.....	25	Duke and Cousin.....	25	Pilot.....	50
Last of the Barons.....	25	Manceuvring Mother.....	25	Two Admirals.....	50
Alice, or, the Mysteries.....	25	Young Prima Donna.....	25	Wing and Wing.....	50
Ernest Maltravers.....	25	Baronet's Daughter.....	25	Sea Lions.....	50
Rienzi.....	25	Old Dower House.....	25	Red Rover.....	50
Last Days of Pompeii.....	25	Hyacinth.....	25	Afloat and Ashore 4 vols.....	1,00
Eugene Aram.....	25	Alice Seymour.....	25	Wept of Wishton-Wish.....	50
Paul Clifford.....	25	Bosom Friend.....	25	Spy.....	50
Felham.....	25	Gambler's Wife.....	25	Oak Openings.....	50
<b>THACKERY.</b>		<b>SAML. LOVER.</b>		Jack Tier.....	50
Vanity Fair, 2 vols.....	1,00	Handy Andy.....	50	Crater.....	50
Great Hogarty Diamond.....	25	E. s. d. Treasure Trove.....	25	Redskins.....	50
Pendennis, 2 vols.....	2,00	<b>COCKTON.</b>		Satanstoe.....	50
<b>MAGAZINES.</b>		Sylvester Sound.....	37½	Chainbearer.....	50
Godley's.....		Love Match.....	50	Home as Found.....	50
Graham's.....		Prince.....	50	Hedsmen.....	50
Sartain's.....		Three Sisters.....	50	Heidenmauer.....	50
Harper's.....		Valentine Vox.....	50	Lionel Lincoln.....	50
North Ame'n.....		<b>MISS M'INTOSH.</b>		Mercedes of Castle.....	50
Miscellany.....		Charms and Counter Charms.....	75	Monakins.....	50
Monthly.....	3,00	Two Lives: or, to Seem and to Be.....	50	Ned Myers.....	1 vol. 50
International.....		Aunt Kitty's Tales.....	50	Travelling Bachelor.....	50
Blackwood.....		Lady Alice.....	25	Wyandotté.....	50
Democratic.....		<b>TALVI.</b>		Bravo.....	50
Mechanics.....		Heloise.....	50	<b>LEVER.</b>	
Scapell.....				Charles O'Malley.....	50
National, (\$2 per year.).....	18			Knight of Gwynne.....	50
Whig Review.....	50			Arthur O'Leary.....	50
Eclectic.....	50			Tom Burck of Ours.....	50
London Lancet.....	50			Jack Hinton.....	37

All of which we offer at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Also,  
 STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, &c.

**121 Fulton Street, New York.**