"Look out:

While I note down each thing —"

Darcy Cornwall.
The dark current, the slackening tide of which offers but little impediment to our progress. The river looks broader than by daylight, for there are but few vessels upon it, except at the wharves, and all of them lie still enough. Only the ferry-boats splash to and fro, leaving a broad track of indistinctly-seen foam in their wake, and rising big and bulky from the surface of the water, their lighted cabins in gleaming contrast with the blackness without, their little, bright, colored signal-lamps aloft looking more than pretty—we think poetical. When our boat (not a large one) comes within the swell caused by these East river leviathans, it oscillates considerably. But such excitements occur but seldom. The aights, the sounds, the drizzle, the darkness, are all sombre and suggestive of melancholy.

Or they would be so, were we to sit in silence and yield to their influence, which is not the case. For Sergeant Holland has much to relate concerning the Harbor Police, which commands our earnest attention. Promising that we shall combine with it information previously received from Captain Todd, and requesting the reader to imagine us gliding swiftly up the river, (narrowly scrutinizing the black piercs by the way, on the look-out for pilferers,) we shall forthwith embody it in our narrative.

The River Thieves.

Before the existence of the Harbor Police, maritime New York was an undefended prey to as dangerous and as daring a race of water-thieves as ever existed in the metropolis of England over a hundred years ago, when Ned Ward, in his London Spy, thus characterized their grades and designations: “Game watermen and game lightermen, heavy horsemens and light horsemen, scullies hunt-ers and long-spoon men, lumpers, journeymen cooperes, mud-larks, badgers and rat-catchers”; to which might be added Dickens’s category of to-day: “tier-rangers, truckers, dry-dredgersmen,” and the like. Similar aquatic vermin infested our port, their modes of procedure being as varied as their decuctions. They carried off boxes, barrels and stores from the wharves sometimes in broad daylight, in boats and carts, with or without connivance on the part of the crew or cap-tain. They glided silently alongside of ves-sels in the dusk of the evening or at night to receive bags full of coffee or tea or sugar—anything fraudu-lently dropped overboard or lowered to them.
Letter from my Mother.

11. Friday. Indoors writing until the evening. Shepherd and Cabell up, also the little girl of Mrs Clark or Miss Kate Fisher; as the mother calls herself. To Bellerby in the evening; a rather dull time of it.

12. Saturday. A letter from my Mother. My last reached her on her birthday, the eleventh of September, when she was sixty-five - God bless her and give her many more birthdays and happy ones! Mary and Hannah Bennett sent a present and letters in honor of the occasion. My sister Rose has been at Wellesley for some weeks (she more so the pity) and is going to Charlevoix. Charley and his wife (Italized by my mother) are going to her former home, too. They have moved from Charlevoix to Canonsury, a house opposite The New River. He "looks miserable, not like a happy man, but perhaps he was tired" when my mother saw him and the little bunting stopped to dinner. Sam is an immense contrast, "full of spirits and (bn) talking about his bees and flowers," the first of which gave him half a hundred weight of honey last year. Poor Minnie isn't well yet; she was a month at Ramsgate, Naomi keeping her company for half that time. Charley is "quite infatuated with some of the Bolton..."
entered vessels nocturnally and purloined all
they could lay their hands upon, sometimes mak-
ing and even murdering watchmen, often
attending mates and captains with loaded pistols
fixed at their heads or knives at their throats—
mates and captains were rather too commonly
found of alleging, by way of accounting for any large
deficiency in the amount of owner’s property under
their charge. They bored holes from beneath,
through the planking of hollow piers, and casks of
spirits, wine, molasses, &c., depleting the contents
to vessels of their own in boats below, insomuch
that when the stow-keepers or laborers came to remove
the said casks they found their work unexpectedly
lightened. They cut vessels adrift and then pil-
gaged them. They stole chains, cordage, timber,
iron, lead, copper, boats, stores, goods of all kinds
—nothing being too hot, and very little too heavy
for them. Like the brave in Git Blas, when it was
their business to deal with other men’s property,
they would willingly have carried off Noah’s ark
of their ferocity and recklessness, the murder of a
watchman by Saul and Howlett—a case which ex-
acted much attention at the time, and terminated
the execution of the offenders—may give some
idea.

ESTABLISHMENT AND EARLY DIFFICULTIES OF THE
HARBOR POLICE.

To war against and if possible extirpate this
pandemonium of amphibious rascality, the Harbor Police
was instituted not quite four years ago. Its hours,
as pay, and, as near as possible, its duties are simi-
lar to those of the land police; the men after roll
all repairing to their boats instead of patrolling
the streets, and observing in all respects the same
regulations as those on shore. They are principal-
ly recruited from the ranks of sailors and boatmen.
Each man carries, when on duty, a loaded navy re-
volver. The force is now less than it has been,
comprising the captain, four sergeants, thirty-nine
patrolmen and two doormen—forty-four persons
in all. These are accommodated with four boats,
one stationed at Quarantine for the convenience of
the authorities there. This force—less than half
the number of the Thames Police, which consists
of ninety-eight men, eight duty boats and two sup-
ervision boats, and has a much more limited ex-
tent of coast under supervision—does duty on both
the East and North rivers, including the Brooklyn
shore. How effectually, the absence of the com-
mission of great crimes from the river and the com-
parative security of property may testify.

At first, of course, there was a hard struggle; the
thieves attempted to draw the police into aban-
donning their duties. Their lives were threatened daily.
It became necessary, each night, to lock up a cer-
tain amount of suspicious characters, just to keep
them out of harm’s way, in distrust of what they
might be inclined to nocturnally. Sergeant Holland
tells us how he has found occasion to step into a
boat, and, laying his revolver beside him as a gen-
tle reminder of his authority, to direct its evil-dis-
posed freight to row him to a certain pier—say as
near to the Tombs as possible. Whereupon they
would demand, What for? and inquire what they
had been a doing of? To which the Sergeant re-
sponding by a simple reiteration of his request,
they were fain suddenly to comply with it, and so
convey themselves to within a convenient distance
of the place of their detention.

In time, however, the task became easier, for
crime is no match for untiring, disciplined, daily
vigilance. The thieves became discouraged, the
dealers in junk, old rags, marine stores and pur-
chasers of stolen goods made fortunes much less
rapidly, and the duties of the Harbor Police were
less exclusively connected with crime. They may
be generally stated as follows:

THEIR DUTIES.

1. The prevention of crime and apprehension of
criminals on the river, as stated above.

2. The recovery of property, adrift or afloat.
This, in amount, exceeds that saved in any other
ward in the city. Sometimes it is a lighter that
comes floating down the bay, with twenty or thirty
hogsheads of sugar on board, worth perhaps $7,000.
Sometimes a canal boat laden with $500 worth of
coal, at others a few thousand staves adrift from a
craft capsized by a Fulton ferry-boat. In the former
cases the officers take possession of and retain the
vessel until the discovery of the owners; in the latter
they collect the floating property and compel the
swarms of boats attracted by it to render up their
loads. Of property saved in this manner, that ac-
identally astray exceeds that recovered from
thieves by a large proportion, as the police records
show. For the quarter ending January 31 (the
police year dates from the beginning of February),
the value of the lost property (principally com-
prised in the one item of the lighter laden with
sugar, alluded to above,) amounted to $8,338; the
stolen to $383. For the quarter ending April 30,
(again almost comprised in a single item of a re-
covered schooner) the loss is appraised at $3,250;
the stolen at $500. 50. For the quarter closing on
July 31: Lost, $2,582 50; stolen, $399. These
items are largely illustrative of the value of a reg-
ular daily and nightly patrol.

3. Saving lives, by rescuing people who have fallen
into the water by accident, or who endeavor to
commit suicide. Sometimes, in the summer, the
former averages three and four a month. To this
duty may be added the ghastly one of bringing
drowned bodies to land, and consigning them to
News from England.

family; he does not know” adds my mother what I could tell of them. I should not like to put on paper what has come to my knowledge—about the little hunting, I suppose. Sarah Ann has accepted George Gardiner “as she thinks she shall not have a better chance of leaving her happy home” and the whole family are savage at it on the grounds that “he is only a poor Lawyer’s clerk” as the amiable George had it in Canada, whether, if they can. The family will export cunning little Sarah possibly for John Dunworth’s benefit. Gardiners, says my mother, have a better character than any brother of hero and supports his old mother. Mary Ann has written home; our father is no better in health, “looking very ill.” Down town; at Ross and Taday’s met F. Leslie. At Vanity Fair office saw “Artemus Ward” Orman, present editor, having a message for him from Captain Clinton. To the E. Post. Returning met Damoreau, who looked journeymanish. To Haney’s Uptown; writing. Haney up in the evening, and irregularly, Cahill, Bowerymen, Shepherd and the child. Cahill and Shepherd are out drinking and worse together again. Cahill will die like Welden, after all.
The Harbor Police.

The coroner. It is generally done by towing in the stern of the boat, a rope being made fast to the

1. Repressing mutinies, fights, quarrels and dis- orders on board ship, the latter of which are com-

2. Driving off runners, crmps and such human marks as prey upon the sailor, especially foreign-

3. Commonly these fellows board vessels and adeavor to induce the men to desert, which not-

4. To avoid the risk of this in a recent instance, a Muscovite skipper hit upon a characteristically national expedient. Procuring the requisite authority from his Consul, he actually incarcerated his tarry men (we have heard that all Russian sailors are Finns) in the Tombs, and kept them there snugly and safely, until the day of sailing!

5. It has been suggested that a small steamboat, and a floating station is talked of. We think the number of men employed might be trebled, or at least duplicated, with advantage.

OUR NIGHT CRUISE CONTINUED.

To return to our night cruise. Sergeant Holland's boat has brought us, coasting the East river shor, as far as Grand street. The wharves are as black as ever, their magnitude being all the more apparent. Across Buttermilk Channel, then, distinct from the relief of an occasional lamp or coasting the farther shore of Governor's Island, cresset at the end of a lonely pier. In one place where the trees look black and drenched, and number of red-shirted men at work on the side of where, as we row stilly, the wind and rain in our a vessel by the light of a blazing cresset, almost faces, by Castle William, we are challenged by the brush with the black water, afford us a truly Rem-Psentry watching over the sleeping southern prira-lish effect, not at all impaired by the sur-

6. We have met and exchanged salutations.

13. Sunday. In doors all the cold day, writ-

14. Monday. Down town, with Cahill. To

Mercury office about stories. "Both good, but
can't afford to buy em." To the E. Post; can
Maverick and Godwin. Returning, met Scoville who told me he got $3 per week as correspondent of the London Herald and Standard, exhibiting a letter to that effect. He also said if I wanted anything put in these papers, he'd include it in his letters: They arrested him here some time back for libelling Mrs. Lincoln. A valuable correspondent to the London Herald and Standard has got in Joe Scoville. Little Watson and Edge are, too, employed in a similar capacity! Uptown, Writing to John Conworth. (I put in that bit of news about S. A. Boston for pretty Susan Hewitt's benefit.) In the evening went to Frank Hillard's. His wife out of town; Oliver also. Upstairs in his father's room, a hearty and garrulous old man of eighty who talked to me of Charleston and Virginia of forty years ago.

15. Tuesday. Writing to my mother, copying story to. Dawn town with Cabell in the afternoon. Passed Grace Thomsen, her sister and their dam; Old Party dressed within an inch of her life, with a Mrs. D. Newton waist. (She had a letter published in the Tribune the morning, advocating a chance for putting herself on view—Marry! The third
BLANKETS FOR THE ARMY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Gen. Meigs, we are told, wants blankets for the army. Our men are taking the field this Autumn faster than this indispensable necessity can be provided. Allow me to make a suggestion. Let some officer go through certain streets at a certain hour each day, with a vehicle, a drum and fife, and the National flag; and as he slowly passes each house let its matron toss him a blanket, or blankets, as she can afford. Surely, with the prospect of a well-sheltered roof and plenty of fuel for the coming Winter, there are few if any who could or would resist the call of the blanket-carrier. Proper notice, of course, should be given to the public through what streets and at what hour this appeal for our country's defenders will be made.

FANNY FERN.

No. 182 East Eighteenth street.
of exhibition she ought to figure in would be that of the Shimmington, in Huddorastic fashion. To the Evening Post office and the Battery. Thence, parting with Smith, to Brooklyn, and by car and pedestrianism to the house which Alf W. took. Nancy, Jack Edwards and myself to, last spring, as the one he desired moving to. It is now owned by Mrs. Jewell, whom I found in the parlor, nursing the baby—Alf's last. It's mother and Mrs. Sexton had gone to New York, to telegraph to Washington, as Alf hadn't been heard from for two weeks. After a long time they returned, finding us at dinner in the basement. They both looked well, "Mrs. Wand" particularly so. They had got a letter from Alf, through Hayes. He expressed himself "disusted—as usual." Sol Eytinge has visited at the house, and Allie—once; Mr. and "Mrs. Wand" returning the compliment. Mrs. W. doesn't like Mrs. Eytinge. She was very cordial to me, invited me to stay till the morning and the time passed rapidly enough till 11, when I left and returned to New York, past midnight.

16. Wednesday. Shepherd up. Writing. To the E. Post office by 1; return, and writing hard till 11 P.M. Letters to Sam, to my mother and more story-copying for England.
17. Thursday. To the 8 Post-office by 12½ saw Maverick, Baking over M. P.S. To find my "Saturday night in the Fourth Ward", written last April, and succeeded. Met O'Leary, Called at the Sunday Times office, saw Du Sable and others. Up Town, in doors the rest of the day. Writing till midnight—when Cahill came up, miserably drunk, having been out with Shepherd again.

18. Friday. In doors all the rainy stormy day, writing 'til evening. Then called at the boarding-house in Waverley Place, where Jones and Mrs. Butler live. There an hour or so chatting with them. A Wigs Shepherd, a friend of the Woodward girls, there part of the time.

19. Saturday. In doors, writing. Cahill up in the evening, having ended his week's draught, in consequence of his money running out. Finding Shepherd in his bed one morning, while the rightful occupant was breakfasting, I gave him a blowing up about Cahill without effecting anything, of course. Talked to Cahill also.

20. Sunday. A fine clear cold day. To Bergen, via Jersey City, ferry and horse car. Mr. Sergeant, Bill Ward's father-in-law rents a wooden house with an acre or two of ground
McLenan is always "Potto" in Sol Eytinge's colloquial discourse.

Anthony, the engraver, (really the potential man of the "Illustrated New York News.")

Nast and McLenan from this week's "Illustrated N.Y. News." Drawn evidently by Sol Eytinge and both very good, only the relative size is hardly preserved. Nast looking shorter and podgier. Put a little more conceit in the book and it's Tommy to the life.
W. Wunds relations by marriage.

in the year of it, in which he grows vegetables and the like. I found him and his daughter at home. W. Wund being, as it happened at work in New York. She is a young girl—quite youthful in appearance—of prepossessing appearance and simple aspect, evidently very fond of Monsigneur, her husband. Their child died this summer, as Will had informed me. The father is rather a spare man, with an ascetinical nose and grizzled beard; he told me he had practiced physic in Boston, but having no prospect of continuing that in New Jersey, he was doing a little farming, or rather gardening. He didn’t go to church, he said, as he and it had differed and parted some years ago, and people had no confidence in a Universalist. Will, it seemed, wrote to his wife to join him down south, but she didn’t like the prospect. Evidently he talks caution at home, contrary to the convictions of his kind. By marriage who are genuine New Englanders. A brother of his wife lives with them, and another has a residence in Newark — this last being the one who has crossed the Atlantic a good many times and who, when in England, was desirous of visiting the relatives of the husband and of his sister, about whom Bill
At 7:45. "Fanny" and Jim indulged in unsavory fiction. To avoid the discovery of which he had to assert they were on a tour in Wales. I saw only the father and daughter, who showed me the grounds at the rear of the house, the pumpkins, cabbages, and potatoes. After an hour's gossip I returned to New York and to Beekman Street. In the evening to Chapman's, and afterwards to 7:45, overdrinking Matty and Jack, Eliza and young Fanny when near the house, Eliza was evidently playing Sally forwards that flaxen-haired youth, who took his leave at the door. Mr and Mrs S. in the basement; no visitor, even Haney didn't appear. The smell of the bride cake is pretty well out of the house now. Stayed a not very lively hour and a half, then left.

21. Monday. Drawing and writing. Called up part of the morning and afternoon. Dined town with him. Passed Fanny Fern and her daughter Grace. Apropos of the old cat, I was told on Sunday night, of a formal agreement, made in Haney's presence, that Jim should be allowed a certain license and liberty, particularly that of visiting his relatives, without being subjected toennie for it — since which time he has been at 7:45 less than ever! Papa Edwards and son-in-law Naar passed on the other side of Broadway.
Morris in N.Y. Dixon's & Bellew's. Also, to Harper's, Bonner gone. To the Poor office. Returning to Bleecker Street, found Morris, very recently arrived in town from a two months' sojourn in Baldinville, N.Y. The place of his nativity—which he has not visited for three years. Looked and talked much as usual; is, like myself, in search of something to do. He supped with 'us during which meal Cahill, telling him of a recent call here, of little Maguire's, added that she said of Morris that 'the Fiend had not triumphed!' Stayed an hour in my room afterwards and we went out and had ale at the Optimus. Reading and writing till 12. Broke up and when he left, Cahill.

22. Tuesday. To Harper's, saw Bonner. To F. Leslie's, The N.Y. Weekly office, the Evening Poor office and to Leslie's again, seeing F. L. and J. A. Wood. Uptown. In the evening to Dixon's; finding him in company with a gambler, for whom he was prescribing. The "Scalpel" to be revived in January. To Bellew's, finding Morris there. Bellew at work as usual. Talk till 10 ½, ending with ale at the Woodbine. Talking with Cahill the other day, incidentally, of Sally Naet, he volunteered an anecdote of her which surprised me a little,
Sally poaching in her own book.

When he was on visiting terms at the house (he went neither with Nancy much oftener than I did, in those days) he observed Sally occasionally in Broadhwy in company with young fellows, strangers. "I knew everybody who came to the house then and am quite sure they were strangers," he said. Sally spoke to him of it, asking him if he had mentioned the thing to Nancy. He told her, truthfully, No; when she requested him not to do so, adding that she should get censured if the circumstance were known at home. He never said nothing of it to anybody but George Arnold who kept him company, then, and to whom he had pointed out Sally on the street. Both George and Cahill thought the girl ought to be spoken to about it, and the latter told her that though her conduct was doubtless innocent and thoughtless, she had better take care as the world was "very censorious," whereupon Sally reddened or promised amendment. Cahill declares that he observed the thing at least four times; that the girl's companions were young fellows, and that Truman's Deenestal was not one of them, as I suggested.

23. Wednesday. Shepher'd up for a short time. Writing, indoors, all day a "Pull Run" story to take "To The Harper's", John Donner having suggested that they were open to Love and War.
Various persons and places.

Saturday. Finishing story. Downtown in the afternoon to Harpers', passing Grace Thomson and Old Party and aun Eliza and Marty. Mort Thomson, by the way, having returned from Virginia, in consequence of dearth of work, has been despatched, for the Tribune, with the secret naval expedition! To the S. Post office, then to Haney's. Up-town with him as far as Bleeker. Katy and Ned Nichols are at 740 and he was going thither, to treat them to some place of entertainment in the evening. A note from Co to this morning, dated T-Loncendale, Pa. He promises a visit on Saturday.

25. Friday. To dentist's in The Bowery; then downtown. Saw W. Waud, White, an artist, and Frank Leslie at the office of the latter. To the Evening Post office, saw Godwin, Maverick and Adday, who was wearing in a fluttering, twisty manner to obtain an audience with Godwin, then eloped with Bryant. Up-town. Crossing the Park met Watson (father of Mr. Allie Etting's today) who was recruiting for a company commanded by his brother, to whom I was introduced—crimping at so much a head. In Broadway met the bearded Hawkins, who now published...
"More Hawkins Family Newspaper," a trashy monthly, for rural circulation, he attending the office while his wife goes about obtaining puff and advertisements, Boweryem says that erotic tradesmen give her the latter in the hopes of obtaining gratuitous fornication, when she holds her husband in terror over them and establishes a monstrous blackmail in the way of advertisements which the respectable couple never take out of their paper, dunning and worrying for the money. A nice business. Asking Hawkins about Harding Andrews, he told me the man was dead. In doors all the rest of the day: Writing hard during the evening till midnight. Boweryem up.

We have a charming houseful of boarders just now; I must devote a page to them. Let the women have the precedence. Imprimis Ham grown fatter and as odiously Irish and butter-mouthed as ever, sits opposite to me at table and hates me with the hatred of a low Irishwoman because I ignore her existence and because she knows that I know she is an enormous humbug and hypocrite. More Irishry in the shape of two Miss Lee's, one of 'em a recent importation. The first is shop-woman in a Broadway shoe-store and used to take her mid-day meal here, when she and Ham did an immense deal of mutual coope-
Boarders, male and female. Now she boards and lives here and, I think, piggles with Ham. She has a sly, sensual face, and a loose, shapeless, odious mouth, a conciliatory manner, and attempts to smile upon everybody, succeeding especially in the case of Mrs. Dolby, who in some respects is a simple woman, and declared Lee to be a perfect lady and very agreeable. Such also is the verdict of Mrs. Clark, who Kate Fisher, who has Lee up in her room of evenings and retails her stories. Ham and Lee sit together at table, of course, and are so revoltingly saccharine towards each other that the wonder is that they don't run into a big puddle of treacle under the table—which it's a pity they don't do, when they might be swabbed up and squeezed out into the gutter. They never get through six sentences without banter; and would as willingly have a piece of yellow soap thrust into my mouth every two minutes as be talked to by either of them. The other Lee has a heavy Irish face, and that's all I have remarked of her, beyond a similar saponaceous tendency. Mrs. Clark talks bits of men's slang, calls herself a "fellow", and looks as if she were boiled of a morning, when not got up to kill; her child is precocious, like her, runs about the kitchen all day,
and has called Mary, the robustuous chambermaid "a d—n b—h!" whereupon the worth spanked her. Miss McCoit, the Irish Giantess, apostrophized by Davyeny, tall, thin, and reddish-haired; looks well enough when got up in blue silk of Sunday evenings but particularly oodly in the morning. So something in the ship way. Miss Tomlinson; thin, good-humored, old maidish, prone to cackling like the rest—don’t know anything disagreeable of her. Mrs. Jewell:—decentish average American woman, wife or mistress—Cahill says the latter of the big gambler who lives in the house, but whom I have never seen, as he takes his meals in his room; when he’s in town, which is not now, busines affairs calling him to Washington. The woman is civil and circumspect, she don’t mix much with the others. Cahill relates that this Jewell found a man in bed with his real wife or had other & certain proof of her adultery, went to the bar of the Astor or the St. Nicholas and scored the offender across the face with a bowie-knife, so as to mark him for life. The wife now lives with her kinsfolk; she was a drunkard, as was her daughter, relative to whom, Davyeny affirms that his "engagement" was a mere flirtation and "sell"—which, I, knowing my little friend, find it hard to believe.
Cahill got this Jewell history from Billy Mulligan or some of his fraternity. The men may be more briefly mentioned, as I've occurred them before. Jewell potters as usual, is inoffensive; don't talk at people as he was prone to; what his relations are to Mrs. O'Diley I find it difficult to decide; Cahill—not a bad authority—thinks he only 'likes to fool round her,' no more. Bradshaw; at present smelling after Mrs. Clark. Griswold; cheerful; in his situation at Anthony's, got for him by Richardson. Phillips; doing nothing, I think, but pottering about his inventions; irrecoverably in debt to Mrs. O'Diley. Halsted, in a military uniform; has been down-east and got married; may go to the war if his regiment does. Notwithstanding his matrimonial engagement he used to make love to little Mina Geary, as in their time, have Bowery-ian, Pollock and Cahill. Her father, by the way, had the inherently Irish idea that the girl ought to make a great match and enrich the family. And I learn that the Spaniard, or Cuban, Rodriguez, who occupied a back attic last spring (where he used to close the window and smoke cigars in bed after dinner) was employed in the same shoe-store as Mitch Lee, and that he's 'engaged'
"Captain" O'Brien.

To her. He has volunteered and gone to the war, while, of course, she goes out of evenings with another fellow—maybe half a dozen of them. She came up with him, grinning and slimy, to the door, tep—when I happened to be there, one evening, and Cahill objurgated upon it to some of the women. Pitches all!

26. Saturday. Writing. Damn tour as far as Reade Street during the dull, moist afternoon. Returning by 6, found Haunty in my room, who dined with us and stayed till 10. He is the only visitor at Parian's now; he and Knuelsen the only droppers— in at 7 45, with rare exceptions. Business is bad with him; his money investments harassing. A drizzling night out of doors. Cahill has seen "Captain" O'Brien once in the city, he having come up from the "camp" of the McClellan Rifles in Staten Island, as John Wood told me also. Cahill had a curt interview with O' B., the latter inquiring in his usual agreeable tone of insolence why Cahill hadn't fulfilled a certain agreement about writing puff for the regiment, for promised, but unp erformed buckshish. O' B. told Wood that he had passed his examination as an officer, which was of an extremely severe and scrutinizing character—of course. Of all the pseudo-Bohemians who bragged of their military
and one had really gone to the war. Banko is doing something for Bellwe – some nominal employment, I guess, an apology for helping Banko. This is equally good-natured and characteristic of Bellwe; he has the Irish peculiarity of never being all right unless he has a dependent.

27. Sunday. A cool, sunny day. To Leslie’s house, 38th street, dined with him and his wife and stayed the evening. He shews very well as a host and married man; gave me a bottle of claret for dinner and dispored himself agreeably with the lady, talking Scotch babble talk to her in an exubulant manner. His brother James (the elder of the firm) died of consumption, in July, near Philadelphia. (I saw him once at our Table in Mrs. Porter’s time; he was the husband of the sister of Miss Bella Furr, who is yet unmarried.) Leslie’s younger brother is married too. He, W. Leslie, went on to Philadelphia for a day or two in consequence of his brother’s death, but didn’t see his old flame and laughed at her and Nina Brooks. His wife is agreeable; talks far better English than the average of her class, indeed expresses herself with good sense and propriety. She was born at Grantham,
Canada West, has recently visited England and France, and seems to manage her husband admirably. Before dinner Leslie took me down stairs to show me the recently purchased furniture of the back parlor, the front being as yet empty.

2 P. Monday. To Harper's, saw attorney and "Mayor" Harper, the latter of whom gossiped towards me a good deal; the former accepting story. To the "Sunday Times"; got $5 for the story left there. To Frank Leslie's, found him with Dellaew. After talk, with Dellaew to Broct and Duff's; drinking with him, Jewell of the "N.Y. Times" and another. Then, with Dellaew to Harpers' again. Being together up in the engraver's room, saw Damon, who told me that Nicholas had recently doubled his income by obtaining a berth in connection with the U. S. Treasury and that "Madame" Damon knew Mrs. Edwards in this city, some years ago, which may be true or one of her lies. He believed.
it with characteristic fertility. With Bellow—to the "B. Post" office, then up Nassau Street, meeting Reed the engraver and ex-artist—and drinking with him. Parted from Bellow and up town. Writing and drawing indoors for the rest of the day till 12. Baweryan and Baldull up, separately and together. They preserve an unbroken silence towards one another last both talk to me. Nancy told me on Saturday that Mrs. Griffin, ex-Gouverneur, ex Gill, is doing one of returning from Paris to the United States, but that the Gouverneur, being by no means dear one of his, only remitt her enough money to keep her there.

29. Tuesday. Drawing. Shepherd and Baldull up. Down town by omnibus to Harpo's, met Damoenaan, misses Damer. To Strange and F. Leslie's; got back from the latter. Up-town. Writing during the afternoon, and part of the evening. Shepherd up and Baldull. Only 9 went to 745, finding Matty, Eliza and Ann in the basement; with a general air of unfrequency of visitors distinguishable in their manner. My absence was commented on. Nancy, however, seems almost as constant as ever, dividing his allegiance between the household and Fanny's—where I fancy he finds it equally slow. Hal
Ham's Grievances.

was at Fan's tonight. Sat and chatted for an hour or two, when Mr. E. descended, and Jack, then Mrs. E. Evening passed well enough. In a chance remark of Jack, abetted by his mother, I noticed a smack of descendantialism, which has, I think, obtained throughout the family, qualifying its old enchantment. Honeywell has been sick—got blood from some minor internal rupture, as Eliza ascertained during a chance visit to his mother. There was something said about Mrs. E. sending Matty to enquire after him subsequently. Left at 10 1/2.

Invited to a little rare supper of lobster in our basement by our landlady. Found Ham sitting one on a side of the table, talking to Jewett. She was setting forth her general disinterested ness, generosity and virtue and the ingratitude of mankind, especially of her sisters, and relatives and friends, in the usual feminine and bellic style, insomuch that when she left I was not surprised to hear from old Jewett that "an aristocratic coolness" has begun to exist between her and the Loces, based on the two latter having mulvathersed Clark exclusively, so that they share bottles of gin and pitchers of beer in the actress's room nocturnally, without inviting Ham, who is naturally injured therefore. Jewett predicts a general war between the women. Please Heaven! I'd see them scalp...
Meeting with Willy Kidder. News.

one another without interfering. Clark has her gin regularly and, Mrs. Conley says, appeared drunk at the dinner-table, one night. Nice house, this is getting to be!

30. Wednesday. Writing. To Harpers' by noon, saw Donner. (Story to be tittered and made partisan in character, as I made the hero of it, a Virginian, actuated by principle!) To Strong's and the Post; then to W. Leslie's. Returning up West Broadway, when not far from Beach street (since the residence of the Kidder family) I was accosted by a young fellow, rather short and inclined to be twitched, in a cap, with a cigar in mouth, who addressing me by name, asked if I didn't recollect Willy Kidder? It was Lotty's brother. He told me that she was in Wales with Gramville who had the superintendence of a paper-mill there, at a place in Monmouthshire, called Clearwater (with the additional post-office address of Whitebrook); that they had a carriage and two horses, and were prosperous, Lotty having grown very plump, as her mother learnt from Jane Mason who, with her husband, lives with the pair. Mason, it seems, got out of a situation in New York and didn't bother himself to obtain one, hence his wife abetted the idea of their going to England. When Lotty
heard of their arrival in London, she posted them thither ("in her usual impulsive manner" said Will) to join them and insisted on their going to live with her in Wales. I waited after Brentnall and Hill. The latter, it seems appears, pillaged or swindled the former, returning secretly to England in a first-class steamer, taking a cabin passage. Brentnall, abandoned, got very hard up, had to sell watch, revolver &c., borrowed money from my informant, from Mellon and others and finally took a steerage passage in a sailing-vessel to England. Hill, said Will, tasted, was a perfect rascal. Brentnall had renewed his acquaintance with the Mason in the other side of the Atlantic; I didn’t learn that it extended to Lotty. She has not been in Holland; something was said by Will about a paper-mill being burnt down there, which may have diverted Granville’s questionable industry into another and a more channelable. The abolition of the duty on paper may have had something to do with it. Part of this information I obtained over a glass of ale at what was once the Museum Hotel. Will said also, that his mother was going to have another baby. In Lawrence Street, between Spring and Prince, I witnessed a fire. Half a dozen scared women.
had collected at the entrance of a narrow court or blind alley, at the end of which a building—I think a stable or an outhouse, was in flames. Men were carrying in unavailing buckets full of water; scared faces of shabbily people protruding from adjacent houses, and immediately opposite the burning building, two terrified prostitutes were locking up house and departing. Oy and by came the clamorous firemen with spouting hoses, and The building being very nearly consumed I departed, encountering Mary the robustious and old Jewells streaming towards it. Writing the rest of the day and in the evening till 12, Cadill up, part of the time.

17. Thursday. Shepherd up. Writing during the morning; down town in the afternoon. Returning, I found Cadill drunk, asleep on my bed, though he recovered sufficiently to descend to dinner; going out again at 9, to a supper-party with certain actors at a Houston street tavern. Drawing till 10 or so. These actors with whom Cadill associates are Adolphus Davenport, generally known as "Dolly", whose real name is White, Fanny Barnes his mistress, Harry Pearson and others. Davenport was a good deal举起 by Morton Thompson, once, in the "Tribune," being an intimate of his. He had, too,
a clever and handsome but notoriously unchaste wife who, after many inconstancies which would have been scandalous out of her place, relinquished "Dolly" for Charles Mathews, to whom she is now married. There was a row between the two actors in consequence, and I remember Mort. Thomson and even Hanly championing Davenport's injuries—as if his lewdness and intemperity of the fellow entitled him to any sort of consideration. Fanny Browne is said to be a fascinating little creature, now playing "Dora Sunny side" in Crawshay's "Octoroom." She lives at a Houston St. tavern with Davenport who is vain of her, his mistress—who occasionally gets drunk. Pearson has the reputation of being the "best countryman" and "Yorkshireman on the stage. In private he sings a grossly obscene song. With these people are a rabblement of theatrical Jews and hangaree, who lead dissolute and debauched lives by day, getting their living of evenings. Le Sage painted the harlotry players truly enough, a couple of hundreds of years ago; the picture only needs a certain amount of modernization to make it the Truth at the present day—
November 1. Friday. In doors drawing all the morning. Cahill came home from his actor party at 7, and insisted on returning to the breakfast-table, to partake of more coffee and to obligingly volunteer to read the daily paper to Mrs. Cooley. I got him to bed presently when there came a companion of his, one Ferry, who obtaining admittance under plea of urgent business, shared his bed, being unwilling to go home in his present condition. Both of them rose and went off about noon. Shepherd up all the afternoon. Down town with him by 4. A raw, damp day with suggestions of coming rain in it. Felt rather unwell. Looked into "Sunday Times" office, then up town, interchanging a word or two with Dana at the Park gate. Drawing a little in the evening.

2. Saturday. Bilious and sick with a violent cold in my limbs; too much out of sorts to get up and dress, so lay shivering and burning, and listening to the violent drizzling rain without till 11½ when Shepherd came up. He stayed all day. The storm continuing, Mrs. Cooley up, and the servant, with tea and toast et cetera. Towards the evening dressed and adjourned to the room below — the front one, about
The occupation of which, during the past week, there is a pretty history to chronicle. Seven days ago, in accordance with a paper-initation, displayed on our door-posts, two young women presented themselves as boarders, stating themselves to be dancers at "Canterbury Hall," one of the Broadway places of evening entertainment, named after the London one. Mrs. O'Keiley was rather shy of them but incipiently they took possession of the room in question and appeared, not very regularly, at the table. One was a rather tardily-dressed girl of about eighteen, with a look about the eyes as though she were accustomed to be up all night, the other, her elder by five or six years. They behaved quietly enough before others, but Buhill, and Halsted, speedily ascertaining their character, availed themselves of it. Halsted, by the way, is a very newly-married man; he returned from a journey down-east, two weeks ago, made for the object of terminating his bachelorhood. Previously, he was making love to Minna Garry, up to the day of the soft-hearted Irish girl's departure; he even projected an elopement with her, telling both Buhill and O'Keiley that she had consented to it and that only the probability of his obtaining a commission and joining the army prevented the
Two "Waiter-Girls."

This exemplary young patriot, then, devotes himself to the younger of these girls inviting Cahill to emulate his example with the elder. They called themselves Lizzy and Emma Mathews, passing as sisters, though their appearance indicated no relationship. On Thursday evening, Cahill and Halsted went to Canterbury Hall, where the girls officiated as mere waiters, and where every blackguard who expended sixpence for lager-bier might openly solicit their favors. Halsted took the younger to supper and subsequently escorting her home, Cahill had some office duty; besides his charmer had accepted another invitation to supper; however, he arrived home first and went to bed, being presently curtailed by Halsted from the adjoining room. The business ended by Cahill's conveying the elder girl to his room and passing the night with her, while Halsted was similarly engaged with the other. In the meantime, nearly all the rest of the men in the house having got scent of available carrion, were sniffing after it. Halsted is obliged to confide in Dr. O'Gonew, as ordinarily he shares his bed on a lower floor and his absence might be noticed, but he also truce of his achievement
To others and Cahill do the like. On Friday afternoon, at sunset, he tells me, having previously imparted similar confidence to Shepherd and Hewitt. I anticipate a row and scandal and much virtuous indignation on the part of the Prishry, and say nothing. Some evenings previous, Hallerod has taken Jones to the Canterbury Hall, where they talk to the two Miss Mathews. (Jones has been staying here for the last week, for a ludicrous reason to be related hereafter.) Griswold and Phillips, too, escort the young ladies, on once occasion, to their place of business. On Friday night, while Cahill is getting drunk at the "House of Commons" in company with the harlotory players, the Gearys entertain certain of our Prishry and that devoted squire of James Bradshaw. As customary the conversation turns on the doings at 132 Collector Street; for, as Mrs. Osley remarks, relating this portion of the story to myself and Shepherd, "It's a curious thing how everybody loves a boarding house, always wants to know what's going on — they're more interested about it than about the war, I declare!" And the Prishry, including Mr. Cook and the Lees — not the unfortunate Ham, who has lost Mrs. Geary's affectionate regards and is not consequently invited —
all boil over with virtuous and irrepressible indignation at the unlucky prostitutes who didn't come to this house to exercise their amateur vocation, but were compelled to it by the men, for the older girl, after witnessing more or less frankness, cried at the necessity, saying: 'I want to get rid of their past associations.' I can fancy the grand Irish powwow held about it! 'Just what men are my dear! They don't care about our society but when a couple of low, dirty, nasty gage-tiers come along—!' &c. &c.

This, Bradshaw duly reported to Mrs. Wesley. She, holding the Irishry in slight esteem, and knowing nothing for certain of the girls' conscience, considered the outraged pride upon them as originating in the contempt of the shop counter for rags and spangles and declared apropos of the George's: That she had had Bryant's Minstrels here before Canterbury Hall, further more asserting that as long as the girls behaved decent 'they should stay here,' though the Irishry departed. Whereupon Bradshaw is moved to relate what he knows—or some portion of it—not that he had obligingly offered to exchange beds with Griswold for the accommodation of Stalitis' nocturnal doings. Then Mrs. O. resolves that the 'young ladies' must leave the house and quietly
Exit "Waiter. Girls."

tell them so. On Friday evening, after our 6½ o'clock meal, when I am sitting at work in my attic, I hear the girls laughing and romping with half-dozen below before going out to their evening labor. That night at 12. They come home, having left the key of their room door behind them, and Bowerymen very gallantly help them over the top of the door between the front and rear apartments — there is a stopt-up passage with closets on either side, just under the stair-case — raising the younger (as he boasts with a gay air in the morning!) and obtaining a promise from her of writing to him! Old Jewells, hearing the noise, comes down to assist or look on. In the morning the performance has to be repeated. This afternoon the girls pack up, the elder (who has told Mary the robbers that she is a widow and has had a baby) denouncing the ladies of our establishment as "a pack of played-out Irish who — s!" and indulging in similar violent representations. However they go off quietly in a carriage and despite the tremendous rain storm, and three hours afterwards, while my bed is being made, Shepherd and I descend to it, as a cheery fire is burning there, which we like so well that we remain throughout
the evening being part of the time accompanied by Davidsen and Lewitt, between whom ensues a little ridiculous mystification, when Lewitt denounces Halsted, without naming him, as one who couldn’t keep his mouth shut about favors received. Cahill does not turn up all day and Shepherd tells me of notes from Armstrong and Seymour about his neglecting his duties. It can have but one ending. We sit up till 12, reading Hood and Staffing, while the rain comes down in torrents without; Shepherd dozes; I feel tired and sick and out of sorts, think of the death of Levinson and his child in that room and of much more and finally go to bed. Shepherd staying all night. He has been to Harper’s in the morning,seen Guernsey and returned with a rejected story.

S. Sunday. Cahill appears with a black eye and without a coat of his weekly. Shepherd and I hunting him at all the recent exposure until he supposes the girl’s appearance in the house is attributed to him and that he is in danger of being turned out. Indoors; weak and tired during the morning and part of the afternoon. Richardson with Grosvenor in his room—of course talk-
ing over the recent scandal. The affair of 182 interest. The Woodward girls no less than they do the Georgys — or Mrs. Butler! Appro-
posal of her — Jones’ reappearance. Le Van is thus accounted for. Le Van has written a letter to
the good-looking widow declaring that New York
is not capacious enough to contain both him and
his rival; hence she hopes that Jones had bet-
ter temporarily absent himself from her haun-
ing-house, in case that he does with the scarlet
countenance should fulfill his dreadful threat.
Le Van, forbidden the house in favor of the
devoted but grubby finger-nailed Cambrian, to
haunt Mrs. O’s. on Broadway and write let-
ters to her. To 12th Street by 6; Odell-
lew and wife away. To 16th; supped with
Haney at Mrs. Potter’s, stayed till O½, then
out together, parting for a while at 12th.
Overtook Odellow and his wife; he returning
from a day’s visit to the camp of the Mr.
O’Brien has shot a man in the abdomen, for inco-
ordination; outside the limits of the camp and
is now in charge of the civil authorities.
O’Brien did not see him last and talks very
gravely of the deed, as does his wife. Mrs.
O’Brien, she says, is very much hated by
O'Brien shoots a Man.

"They may hang him," adds Delleur. I am pretty sure they will do no such thing, albeit he may deserve it; only unlettered homicides are executed in this democratic city; though seeing what the man is, I don't think I should affect to sentimentalize if the Oracle of Litchfield were induced with the order of the halter. However as blowing a hole with a pistol-balloon through the stomach of an Irishman even by another and by a "literary man," is hardly a recognized privilege. "Captain" O'Brien may expiate the indulgence of his humane Celtic temper between four stone walls for a year or two. The deed occurred on Friday night, and Delleur reports that the soldier cannot survive this one. He says the man was a private in the regiment. I had heard previously from Haney, that O'Brien was in the city on that day, endeavoring to borrow money in anticipation of his pay, in which he only succeeded to the extent of $35 at Haney's expense. A bad investment, I take it. Delleur got the story first from Muller. Raymond, also of the regiment, regretted O'Brien's act, but said he anticipated he might have found it compulsory.
To the same. To 7 45, to join Haney, 
Saw Nate and Sally run off upstairs after 
a look-in after church, as Mat let me in. 
Mr and Mrs. G. & Eliza, Jack, Polhemus and 
Haney in the basement. A slow half-hour or 
more, then the usual break up.

Tuesday. Down town by 1 1/2, to Harper's 
Saw Mr. Lenan and Newman in the sanctuary, 
when the latter gave me, I thought, a characteristically 
snobbish greeting. I believe the 
snobbish is greatly injured by Dellen's return- 
ing and resuming his former position, to which 
his unrivalled abilities give him unquestionable 
right, to the comparative superceding of Neu- 
man's trash. This fellow, with his open- 
mouthed conceit, his courtly chatter, his inter- 
minable fidgety egotisms, his inordinate child- 
dish vanity, was treated with the utmost gene- 
sosity and courtesy by Dellen, when he first 
came to this country, and professed great 
regard both for him and myself, but eager- 
ly and indifferently dropped us when he supposed 
we could be of no use to him, and as ravenously pursued those whom he thought might 
be, I saw him again at Frank Leslie's, 
whether I went straight way (finding Occom absent) where Newman came in while I was
A Letter from Hannah.

talking with John A. Wood (who had heard of O'Brien's affair with varying details.) Poor Oates coming in; I heard the Newman commence at him with, "I got your letter and—" whence I infer Oates has addressed to this mean and selfish quarter supplications for "pecuniary assistance." To the Evening Post office, saw Maverick, the friendly Ripley (who will always help me to work when he can) and Northoff. To Strong's; saw him. At Ross and Shorty's met the tall Watson. To F. Leslie's again, saw him, got bill endorsed. Up Town. Met Shepherd. Writing all the afternoon. A letter from Hannah, which comes into my life at this juncture like the far-off music in God's heaven faintly heard in a fateful city alley, making me momentarily look at my surroundings, and wish to God I could live with good, innocent people. I call a few items from the letter. The wife of Henry Herriage (he who wooed Hannah) has died in childbirth; previous to which his brother James was pressing kind Mary Bennett to fix a date for their marriage. "Whether this death will hasten it or not, I cannot say," writes Hannah, adding with a womanly speculation about her cousin and
former wooer. "The only sister who lives with James and Frank (?)" evidently his late wife's sister. "would now be very desirable to Harry one may fancy." Rosa and Charley live at an Islington villa; they have been at Neithrop, returning to town with my sister Rosa, after a stay on her part of seven weeks—seven too many with that family, I think. She visited the D'Arcys and talked Surgeon at George Gardner among other things, besides discreetly characterizing Charley's wife as "the mischief-maker of the family," at Neithrop, to Mrs. Drinkwater, ex-Decy, who of course told the small person immediately concerned. For "Rosa speaks very unthinkingly, often," and Mrs. Drinkwater is altogether undeserving of her latest-acquired name; "it is reported that she and her husband have fought." Her old mother lives yet and is as fond of cards as ever; mother and daughter drive about in a cart, Mrs. D. looking "fat and common." George Walton writes home snivelingly and, I think, untruly about inability to return to England this year, "as he has had heavy losses in the yielding of his corn"—Rot! his crops were better than hearty Barker's, as the latter told him, when he was depreciating them—and in the number of his lambs—which
Miscellaneous.

he would not have been satisfied with without extraordinary fortune. It is a Dodson characteristic always to grumble at ordinary well-doing, and I have remarked that when unexampled luck has befallen them, they admit their satisfaction as though they were modest, reasonable, and moderate, in being content with so little. The little hindsing, George's sister, naturally indignant at deceit, resolves to keep her name satte 'at arm's length in future' — and she and poor Sharley don't look at all too happy. And so much of things in England. Writing and drawing all the afternoon and evening, even till about 2 o'clock next morning. Salute Cowper and Shepherd up irregularely.

O. Tuesday. dawn turn. Saw Pooner read proof of story, got $15. Fletcher Harper told version of O'Brien's homicide. To Frank Leslie's, saw him and Wood. W. Waud, Berghaus and White (all artists on the paper) came out. With them to Crook and Duff's. Others there; Glover the lewd and foolish-faced; Anthony The engraver (the lower part of whose face is singularly mean and unattractive) and Duff passed out. Bellew in momentarily. Found him
More of O'Brien's Homicide.

at Haney's five minutes afterwards, cut with him. He was going to Staten Island immediately and told me that the man shot by O'Brien was Sergeant to the regiment. Close to the "Herald" office a man accosted me whom I recognized as Gately, my fellow-passenger across the Atlantic in the "Indiana." He told me he had stayed in Europe eight months. He was born in London, of Dutch parentage, and now keeps a cigar-shop at 263, HUDSON STREET.

Across the street I met Shanley who talked of O'Brien, naming the Sergeant and stating that O'Boyle had exhibited to him (Shanley) a revolver on Friday, saying that he expected to have to use it on that particular person. To Strong I saw him; got the last 5th for last chapter of story and stayed chatting with the little man for half an hour or more. He mentioned incidentally things about sundry acquaintances.

Talking of O'Brien, Strong who was with him in the abortive chain-cable laying experiment to Newfoundland, undertaken some four or five years ago, told how upon an old gentleman's objecting to O'Boyle arbitrarily using his boat to be rowed ashore in, the Irishman bullied him and threatened to throw him overboard. But the senior had
a man on board who proposed to do the like to Sir Braggart, who thereupon, in Strong's language "wilted right down." Strong remembers riding in an omnibus with North, on the morning of the suicide, when he looked so horrible—mad—savage—desperate that Strong mentioned the circumstance to an acquaintance, before the deed occurred. I asked him about Kidder, Lotty's father, whom I knew was in his employ, as a colorer of valentines, at the time of my introduction to that family. "Little Kidder," he said "died miserable"—he believed he was dead. He was a queer, little, miserable man—used to drink, he supposed. I remember Charley Damoreau, then Brown, telling me a revolting story about this miserable father of Lotty's being discovered committing matrimony at midnight, in the presence of another person—a male—by his wife, who descended from her chamber to this result. The woman herself told Charley this! To his horror! She may have lied. Strong was unaware that the then Mrs. Bartholomew, next Mrs. George Brown, near Mrs. Winchester, whose author of "Poems by Mary Campbell, Mary Mell &c." which he published, was sister
To the wife of "Little Kidder." He made her acquaintance, he said, in a rain-storm; she took shelter in his shop, when he offered her a chair. Then she wanted him to publish her trash, to have his name on the title-page; then the printer sent in the bill to him and there were botherations about the binding, about the copies she took, and altogether though he didn't lose anything, the whole affair was vexations and characteristically Kidderian. This was the volume in press "which B chance's dead brother talked magnificently of to innocent me, in Canal Street days! I have written of its contents before. About the authoress, said Strong, who laughed comically, relating his vexations with Bohemians of both sexes: "I thought she was—oh? if anybody had tried, you know!" A perfectly correct judgment. Up town by 2½.

Writing all the evening. I had expected to have spent it in getting the election returns for the Fourth Ward as I did last year. Everyone having informed me (by note, as I live in the same house) that he had secured the job for me some days ago, but tonight, it appeared my name hadn't been put down. I received both intimations with equal equanimity.
A Letter from George Bolton.

6. Wednesday. A dull, rainy day. In doors at work on another story till the evening. Then writing to Hannah. Called up for half an hour before our 6½ meal, reports that 013 was drunk when he shot the man. He has to paragraph the event for the "Times" and will do it favorably to O'Dorien, albeit he detests him in consequence of his recent insolence towards him.

7. Thursday. A letter from George Bolton commencing "Dear old friend," in which he ingeniously wonders that he should have received nothing from me "since I left that drary spot," alludes to my sending papers to the Jews, Walter and Bonnsworth, augurs success and profit as my present fortune, relates how Walter, Art or John visit him of Sundays and their speculations about the war. He says also, that he has let his farm on lease, that he intends to stay for a week or two with John, then to "try city life in Montreal," returning to England, perhaps by way of New York in January—inquiring the rate of passage by sailing packets. John may accompany him—will I go, too? The Jews are well; William preparing for the hunting season. Henry is now a commercial travel-
Fitz-James O'Brien Under Arrest.

Fitz-James O'Brien, Captain in the McCullagh rifle regiment, now encamped at Factoryville, State Line, is under arrest for shooting Dr. H. D. Jeffers, Surgeon to the regiment.

It is reported that the shooting took place on the picket line, and that the particular cause of the dispute is said to be a question of precedence.

J. C. O'Brien, one of the officers present, says that the Captain was under the influence of coffee and that he had been drinking heavily during the past week.

Fitz-James O'Brien is a well-known literary man of this city and has been associated with it for ten or twelve years. He has never been devoted to any literary pursuits, having devoted his time exclusively to the public journals and magazines.

At the beginning of the war, O'Brien accompanied the regiment to Washington and wrote some excellent sketches of camp life for the columns of the Times. After the war, O'Brien accompanied the regiment to Washington and was made a correspondent of the New York Times.

A CORRECTION.

Mr. O'Brien's Case.

We learn from the latest account that Mr. O'Brien's case is now in the hands of the law officers of the state. According to the information, the Captain was under arrest for writing some scurrilous articles about the General on the Times.

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A RINGBENS OF THE McCullagh Rifles.

A SHOT at Colfax.

On Saturday last a sergeant, named Davenport, was shot in Colfax, by a rabble of the McCullagh Rifles. The Captain was shot in the leg, and it is reported that the shot was returned by the Captain.

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A TRAGEDY IN CAMP.

Last Friday, in the camp of the McCullagh Rifles, at Saltsburg, two men belonging to Capt. O'Brien and Sergeant Davenport, belonging to Capt. O'Brien's company, Capt. O'Brien was twice discharged, but on the third shot he was shot in the leg. The Captain was shot in the leg, and it is reported that the shot was returned by the Captain.
ler in the drapery line— in Canada parlance, a "dry-goods pedlar." Richard Coletton stays in Montreal for another year. A gushing letter in the old style, necessitating, I suppose, the hypocrisy of an answer, which I shall defer as long and make as short as is possible. Down town by noon. To F. Leslie's and the Evening Post office. A talk with Goodwin, he asking me if I'd like to go as a correspondent to Washington? Of course, yes. Maverick making an article about D. O'Brien — told me that the man he shot is dead. To the Staten Island ferry with intent to embark; no boat for an hour; de- perred it. A stroll along the East River, lunch in Fulton Market, back to Nassau Street; to W. Leslie's, up town. Evening to the Winter Garden to see the play of "Othello."

P. Friday. Story writing all the morning. Shepherded up by 2; down town with him, to F. Leslie's, to the Sunday Times office, where we parted. Reading proof of story. A Goody came up; told me that Pentiman had been in New York and returned to Washington and that Cobb had relinquished his situation as Cameron's private Secretary, surmising that the former being an honest and honorable man and his employer a scoundrel might be the cause of it.
Henry Neill, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune and the Atlantic, died yesterday afternoon, of typhoid fever. He was a young man of twenty-six, and is survived by a father, a mother, and a sister. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1871. He was a member of the Dramatic Club, and was one of the most brilliant students of his class. He was a man of great energy, and was constantly working to bring about reform in the theatre. He was a man of great breadth of mind, and was constantly reading and studying. He was a man of great energy, and was constantly working to bring about reform in the theatre. He was a man of great breadth of mind, and was constantly reading and studying. He was a man of great breadth of mind, and was constantly reading and studying.
Evening. Got office, a dense crowd blockading it, to obtain the last edition, containing news about the Naval Expedition having arrived at Port Royal and being there engaged fighting. Looked in at Haney's office; saw him; then up town. Cahill drove at dinner, according to his Friday's custom. Writing during the evening.

Saturday. A rainy, stormy day. Indoors, writing. The story goes now about O'Connor, that the man Davenport will recover, and that O'S. has been acquitted by the military authorities and is out on bail to the civil ones.

Sunday. A fine, sunny day. To 16th street, found Haney and Ned Hayes, he having arrived from Philadelphia on Friday. The three of us to 725, in the basement, with the table spread for dinner. Enter the smiling and curled Martha, who has not gone to church, staying at home to make a pudding and to supervise the cooking of the dinner. A welcome to Hayes and inquiries about the old folks, who play their rubber in Philadelphia. Arrival of Mr and Mrs Edwards, Eliza and Jack. General conversation and invitations to dinner, accepted by Haney, Hayes and I having decided to go to Leslie's, he in accordance with...
Mr. Frank Wood, of this city, who was in Charleston during the excitement of last winter, is lecturing this season on "Down South in Secession Time." He enjoyed unusual opportunities for studying the secession movement in the city and state where it originated.
Peter Y. Cutler, esq., a distinguished lawyer of this city, Professor of Law in the University of New-York, has been united in wedlock to Miss Lizzie Pettit, an accomplished Southern authoress. The joyous ceremony took place at Undercliff, the beautiful rural home of Gen. G. P. Morris, author of "Woodman, spare that Tree," who gave away the bride.
a previous invitation and promise. A vigorous
ring at the street door bell denotes Mr. and
Mrs. Tommy Nast, whereas Matty (who has
been chatting with me) surmises that their din-
ner hasn't turned out a success. Sally rushes
in, bends over and kisses papa as he sits in
his chair, welcomes Hayes and sidesteps into
conversation. Nast enters fatly and sulkily
(by the scene to do the buffoon business on most
occasions, now,) looking exceedingly like such
a German Jew as you would look for in the
player of the ophicleide in a brass band. His
hair is very black and worn rather long, his
face flabby. Matt tells me the pair "have a
servant, now." We talk for half an hour,
standing or sitting, then Hayes and I go off
to W. Leslie's, finding our hospitable Scotch
friend's house odorous with dinner. 2 abril and
rabbit, ale and pudding being discussed, we
talk and smoke away the afternoon, have
tea and toddy afterwards, Leslie talking in
high glee and telling stories of his own acci-
dences in business Transactions. 41/2 p.m., back to
725. The morning party then, barring Nast
and Sally, who had recently departed. Eliza
secured Hayes on the sofa, I dropped into
a chair and merry chat with Matty, the rest
Kate Fisher leaves 132.

caroused promiscuously. The party broke up
by 11½, after the usual hour in honor of
the rarer visitor. He returns to Philadelphia
by an early train tomorrow morning. As Leigh
Hunt said he loved all Philadelphia women
because his mother was born there, so the
name of the city will always sound pleasant
to my ears, because it is the place of the natu-
ritivity of the Edwards' girls. Sometimes I won-
der whether I may not have passed by their
house in my first visit in 1829.

11. Monday - Shepherd and Cahill up in
the morning. Story writing. Down town in
the afternoon, to T. Leslie's, saw F. Wood;
got $20 for drawing. At Brook and Duffy's
found Beller with Swinton. Enter Cahill.
Up town with the former and latter. Beller
has taken a house in West Twenty Second street,
between the 9th and 10th avenues. Parted with
him at Canal. Writing during the evening.

Mrs Clark, otherwise Kate Fisher, leaves the
halls of Pioley tomorrow. There has been a
row between her and our landlady, originating
abruptly in a deduction of twenty-five cents on the
part of the boarder for two days' lack of firing.
She and the two Lees are getting sympathetic-
tically drunk upon this grievance. This very
Bowerymen disquise to the Ladies.

evening; I heard all three of their voices exalted on passing the door, coming up stairs. Clark's departure will come hard on the ladies; they will have to purchase their own beer and gin, or to abstain. A prospect of a jolly row ahead: little Bowerymen go up to visit the Geary's and say of the latest Lee—'The beef-faced one—that he doesn't know whether she is deaf and dumb, but that he has never heard her open her mouth.' Of course Mrs Geary retails it to the party in question. General row and cater-wauling—Bowerymen 'no gentleman'—to be 'challenged' by somebody. He had contrived to make himself deliciously odious to the Irish at table, by saying brutal things in a pompous voice, reflecting on their nationality. They would like to skin him alive, I do believe. The way they regard as a cynical ruffian, invincible to the charm of ladies' society. An absurd occasional conversational duel occurs between Clark and Bowerymen in which she, when a little incited, gets the best of it, saying rather smart things and celebrating her victory by a long, gleeful, sloppy laugh and a look at people, as if for congratulation. Her assailant is intensely disgusted in consequence. It's like a fight between a mop and a cock-sparrow,
Mrs. Geary utilizes her Friends.

Involving the discomfiture of the sparrow.

More about the Irishry. The "aristocratic coolness" between Ham and Mrs. Geary originated in circumstances not entirely disconnected, as Mr. Micawber would say — with a banquet obtained by the tenor's wife, on credit. The little party also got in debt to the amount of $15 for shoes at the store where Lee the first officiates as saleswoman. But Lee herself having dextrously contrived not to be responsible, has not been cut by Mrs. Geary. The family appears to be an epidemic among boarding house people and tradesfolk. They have all the loose improvident habits of quasi theatricals; when they get money they must have a supper and a bottle, mangoe debt and difficulty; always they brag of their importance and the Irishry generally hold porkers and howl about the hardship of poor Mr. Geary's having to mix with few people. Yet the little woman was almost charming at times. I think her statement about her English birthplace may be true.

It's funny to discover how unlucky Ham is in all her investments — of the finest feelings of our common nature.

12. Tuesday. Done tour by noon, looting us at the Evening Post office and seeing Godwin, who informs me that "my affair is on the car vit..."
and he trusts to work it through—" Writing in
the afternoon—Shepherd coming up and I nar-
rating to him the slander upon the busy Leady
(it appears that is the right way to spell the
name of the charming sisters—I had wondered
that its etymology should not have a suggestion
of potatoes and potatoes about it) we devise hu-
mors of hoaxing more upon and incessantly com-
pose two letters, one purporting to be addressed
by "Martin Lee" to Cahill, interjecting in the slo-
piest English, his championship, the other from
Cahill to Boweryem demanding an apology for
the alleged offense. These I deposited on the
mantel-piece of our parlor, just before the bell-
ring for dinner. Cahill did not appear at the
meal, but the letter for Boweryem was delivered
to him towards its conclusion, when he, never
distrusting its authenticity, handed it to me. I
read it, said "Boo!" and questioned Mrs. Boley
about Cahill's condition etc. Boweryem ascended
to my room where Shepherd and myself improved
the occasion, the former commenting on the
 enormity of the offense against the Triskery and
suggesting acceptance of the alternative proposed
—an apology. The little man, though somewhat ap-
prehensive of having got himself into a scrape
would see the Triskery a—ad free. Presently
No particular Result.

Cahill came up, rather disoriented, and talked to Dworygem watching him and suspicious of some sudden outbreak. Dworygem departing, Cahill wondered what was the matter with him. "I wanted to know, you know." He had the "false Lee" letter in his pocket, but said nothing about it then, suspecting its authorship, as he had inquired of Mrs. Odoley and learnt the fictitious Martha rejoiced in the charming name of Anastasia. Dworygem meanwhile was getting decidedly apprehensive; when I happened to go down stairs he seized upon me demanding intelligence, and subsequently acceded to old Jewett's room to consult with him. Cahill and Shepherd going out, there was something of an absurd scene in the hall, the "Lee" letter being discussed by them, Mrs. Odoley and Jewett. The latter declares that Cahill was as completely sold as Dworygem, but I don't think he had much credence in the business, though he might have had some.

19th, Wednesday. In doors all day, writing; dispirited, cut of court, bothered and malagrablized — all except the morning. Shepherd up once, and in the evening Dworygem and one stylish, a new boarder, a compositor employed in the Evening Post. He is an Englishman,
was born at Brentford near London; has lived twelve years in this country, two or three of them down South, including South Carolina.

News arrived this day in New York of the landing of the U. S. Troops at Port Royal, S. C. and the taking of the forts there.

Thursday. Went to Staten Island, there to see if I could discover the place of sepulture of Richard Wace, uncle to John Conworth and the Few's, who died of cholera on shipboard, in 1849 and was buried in the Quarantine Grounds. Visited a neglected graveyard by the roadside, some stones of the tombstones of which had been wantonly broken or thrown down by the regiments quartered in the vicinity during the past summer and spring. No indication of the grave. Returning to the city, I went to Castle Garden, where I had ascertained the books relating to Quarantine matters were kept; and after a good deal of delay saw the one containing the entry of the man's burial. It was simply, "buried in the common ground," no more. William Few's good natured wife came out with this Wace, who was brother to the John who held Conworth's farm and had never visited America. At supper Cahill tells me how he has met More Thursday, returned with the other reporters from Port Royal.
Gracie's husband, says Cahill, looks so ill and worn-out as to be absolutely ghastly; his face is thin and hollow, with deep, black, ominous shades round the eyes. Cahill attributes this to overwork and excitement and declared that Mort will not live six months. He was sent off to Washington this evening. O'Brien met Cahill two or three days ago, thanking him for the Times paragraph. He would have been rich in it but for Cahill's energy. He is very "hard-looking." The interview occurred at Crook and Duffy's. Among the letter reprinted from originals captured at Port Royal are one written by my Charleston acquaintance Ripley, giving instructions how to repel attack, another of minor importance by "General" Dumas, if Charleston be attacked, we shall be likely to hear more of the burly, bearded ex-U.S. Major who admitted me into Fort Montrie.

15. Friday. Writing indoors all day. Shephard up at 1, and remained all the afternoon and part of the evening, principally sleeping on the bed, as he is sick and out of sorts. At about 9 he departed for the doctor—(who, if they pay him must derive a considerable revenue from the Bohemians) and I sat writing until 8:30/8:00, when Mrs. Foley appeared, informing me that Cahill was
downstairs in his usual pay-day condition, that he had sent out for ale and desired my presence. So I went, finding Jewitt and Softly in the basement, beside the big stove, and Cahill, alternately merry and melancholy, sitting in the reverse of the usual position, on a chair. Mrs Ooley was present, also. We gossiped and drank. I learnt that the Gearys' stepmother and daughter had been upstairs that evening, nominally to visit the Leatherys really to obtain a blanket and shawl of Mrs G's, kept as pawn for $3 default in payment for board — which the charming little Anglo-Irishwoman didn't succeed in effecting, Mrs O. having "lost the key of the closet," in which said articles were deposited. (!) Subsequently we had wench-rarebit and more ale, Cahill so inculcating sobriety as the chief of the virtues to the messenger, Jimmy, a nondescript Irishman, a hanger-on to this establishment.

Cahill presently partially disappeared from sight behind the table, sang stanzas and choruses of patriotic songs, discouraged an infinite amount of nothing and worse, and by 12, Softly and I got him upstairs to bed. I turned the key in him after seeing him lay down, but he heard it, made a row at Softly's door and went out for more ale. To return I knew not when — anyway he
"Jasper" gives me some Charleston news. It appeared in my room next morning.

16. Saturday. Down town to the Evening Post office; upstairs to the compositor's room, saw Maverick, who was full of the news of the capture of Wadson and Sudell, by Waddes, on board an English steamer. Bryant came up, while we were talking. In the editorial room, saw Godwin, who introduced me to a Dr. Salter, the Times' Charleston correspondent under the name of "Jasper," last January, and from thence to the fall of Hunter, when the Carolinians put him into prison for a day or so. We had heard of each other mutually from Carlyle, and after my departure "Jasper" pitched into me, mistakingly, about The Illustrated London News picture as already chronicled. I reminded him of it and we had a social talk and aun a drink together, after some delay occurring from my wanting to get paid $20 odd for articles furnished during the last six months. Salter knew Ramsey and agreed in my estimate of him, said he remonstrated with him about his misrepresentations and sensation lignes respecting the Charleston people. I think they lived together at a private board, ing house. Salter was known as the Times correspondent and kept Ramsey's secret. The latter was vehemently suspected in his return from Go-
limb-ia, after his scare from Charleston, the people set Huber the detective watching him and the Bearer people told him not to come loafering about that office; only Carlyle goodnaturedly stood his friend—in return for which Ramsay was all the time ridiculing his tall friend in the remarkably short coat" in the Tribune, as I know from reading his letters. He wrote anything which he thought would suit the ultra-tone of the paper and, I think, contributed not a little to help the readers of the Tribune and New Yorkers in general to totally misconceive the movement, representing the Charlestonians as braggarts and bullies, intent on a gigantic game of brag. He knew scarcely anybody and drew uncannily on his imagination for sensation items. When arrested, Bunch freed him and got him off by sending him to Washington with a nominal despatch to Lord Lyne. I wonder whether that amusing counsel knew the nature of the enterprising young Britisher's employment. Salter met Ramsay or Dufterone in Washington afterwards, the latter being introduced to him by a third name, when they both burst out laughing. Salter thought there was a mystery about the fellow, asked me if I supposed he might be a London detective. I said no. He was sharp, was indiscrcte and preferred
McLean injured by Bellows's return.

obtaining gratuitous drinks to treating others. I learnt, also, confirmation of W. W. and is assertion
that Heiss, the Telegraph man, is in Brooklyn.

He would not take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. To Rade and Toney's and F.
Leslie's for papers. Then up town. Writing. Cahill
and Shepherd up in the evening and in their de-
parture Pawley's, whom I left writing at 9 for
an hour to drop in at 7:15, expecting to find Haney
there. Only Matty, Jack and Peter familiar present.
We talked of Beaufort and incidentals awhile, grew
dull and I left. Cahill up by 11—in a white
overcoat borrowed from Shepherd.

17—Sunday. Drawing and writing. Shep-
heard and Cahill up during the major portion of
the day. A visit from MacCallough in the after-
noon.

18—Monday. To Harper's, saw Bannor,
drew sketch and left story with Guernsey. Mr. Le-
ban with Bannor—I understand that he is equally
injured with the amiable Newman, by Bellows's
return and assumption of his ministerial position.
To W. Leslie's, Livingston there and Kendall
came in—Leslie is going to employ him as book-
keeper. In doors during the rest of the day,
finishing story. A concert in progress below in
the parlor. Softly and certain friends of his extini-
Cahill versus Bowery-enn.

This evening Cahill presented himself at the dinner table drunk and malicious, and on some recollection of Bowery-enn's having bragged of his prowess after their former row (annually communicated by Mrs. Geary) denounced the little man as a d—d coward, threatening to lie in wait for him on the stair-case and to lick him. I told Cahill not to care that I'd return the favor, if he did it and presently convinced him that Bowery-enn hadn't publicly insulted him; over the table, as he confusedly imagined. Then he professed regret, and coming up into my room subsequently, where Bowery-enn was (rather apprehensive, I think) desired me, on a scrap of paper to introduce him, which I did, where there occurred a surface reconciliation. Cahill's behavior in respect to Bowery-enn would be more objectionable if the little beggar did not invite it by his extreme bumptiousness. He talked like a man six feet high— I don't believe he is five— of invincible prowess and courage and is really guilty of impertinences which would get him licked at least once a week were his conceit and harmlessnes not so obvious. He pronounces in everything with the air of a Grand Vizier and sex has not the slightest power of retrieving an idea of the fitness of things.
19—Tuesday. To Harper's. Left story for Bonnor and met Darrow, who talked of Ramsey being at the Grovettes' on Sunday, of Madame and the like. He had a visit from his crony Fogg, a day ago, which Fogg, as I knew, returned from Minnesota experiment some time ago, discontented with it. To F. Leslie's. With W. Ward and White to Brook and Duff's, there drinking with them and talking, Oates joined us. He talked of having business with O'Dell, as if it involved heavy commercial relations. He is as Cahill calls it "O'Dell's boy;" at $6 a week.) Meantime Ward was talking with Oates who had come in with O'Byrne. As drinks had just been ordered, I invited Tommy to join us; he declined civilly, on the plea that he had to go to work. Alf, Wife said, with some envy, was having a very great time in Washington, invited to supper with officers, getting special information of movements, &c. To F. Leslie's again, then to Hanley's, where Oates came in, exalting a specially cheap pair of boots he wore, purchased at Fulton market. To Leslie's again, saw him, Powell and O'Dell—Neuman, previously. Got lock, returned up town by 3. Drawing during the evening. Hanley up and Oareyam. Reading "Phily" and talking. Hanley stayed till about 2, Cahill replacing Oareyam for the latter two hours.
A letter from Mary Ann this morning, relating how her boy Edward has enlisted for the war about a month ago - on the ninth of October - in the Lincoln Regiment, near at Geneva, Kane Co., Illinois. He has been home to see them and expects to go to Kentucky, when his company is complete. Poor mother, another sorrow in an already over-sorrowful life. "Oh, that he may never be upon the field of battle," she writes.

"But he was so anxious to enlist that I suppose he would have liked it, had I tried to prevent it. I was very much opposed to it all along." Then she tells about her getting his daguerreotype taken, and hopes and trusts he will not be called out this winter. The war is like a Maclestinum, sweeping something of everybody's into it. God send the lad safe to his mother again!

20. Wednesday. Indoors, writing and drawing all day. Answered Mary Ann's letter and all other things and did half-page drawing in wood for F. Leslie. Out for ale at about 10.4.

My Mother informs me of

to O'Dell's, at his new house in 22nd Street. We arrived about 11, partly conversing with him and Mrs O'D., in the latter half of the evening exclusively with the former.

22. Friday. Made a sketch with it to Harper's by 11½; and O'Donna. Charleston story in print; sketch without. Up town. Calhoun and Shepperd in my room - The latter having disappeared for two days, it is supposed that he has been drunk somewhere. They off. A letter from my mother. The truth - the whole infamous truth about Clara Bolton, at last! and here it is:

Said she had lately been to Netherrop, I cannot think how she can show her face there, at present; talking 'Charley too; but she is quite brazen. Her name quite sticks there. One old acquaintance of theirs. "The Netherrop lot," says Charley must be a muff or a saint to have married her. She wrote falsely when she said no one came near her in her confinement. I went with your sister, the moment that Charley sent to me. I stayed all day; and had to walk nearly five miles and did not get over the fatigue for a week.

- Probably George Gardner, Sarah Ann's fiancé.
- David. The letter is a raving letter to her brother Orchard, which George showed me in Canada.
When I asked why they did not have her mother, and (sic) not on any account—I suppose for fear she should talk to the nurse. I saw the child a full-grown babe of nine months, too large for the coffin that was sent for a premature one of six months, according to Charles's order. So the nurse doubled the legs under. "So Charlie has married a thinking little whore!—the dead brat being, in all probability, Hartley's. "He does not look happy," my mother continues, "God only knows whether he suspects what we all know. He was so infatuated with her and we could not prove anything. I begged him to wait six months, but the crafty mother and daughter managed him." "There's more news but I can't chronicle it now. I wish the nasty little bitch had died with her whelps! And I'll see George Bolton damned before I'll play at being friends with him."

Writing in the afternoon, another story and notes to Evelyn and John Gainsworth, the last containing particulars about my attempt to discover the grave of his uncle. For the evening to 15th Street and with Nancy to 725. Marty in the basement, making a cap for little Jessie. ("If it came to the worst, the girl said laughingly, afterwards, 'she could get her living at hat-making!") Nancy went up-
Anti-English War Talk.

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Stairs down to talk to Mrs. Edwards, paterfamilias came down. Nancy returned, Anne, Jack, and Eliza appeared, finally Mrs. E. Nancy talking anti-English about the war and disputing with him, not feeling called upon to gush in sympathy for a government and people that is not actuated by love of right and liberty in this regard, but by much lower, harder, and more selfish motives. He had been to Jim Parton's yesterday and, I judge, scolded him. And Parton is altogether one-sided and sympathetic in his opinions, having that part of his nature utterly in excess over his judgment, as he once acknowledged, as my charging him with it. Wherefore I very respectfully object to taking my tone from him, from any Americanized Briton, or American. If you want to be popular and at ease, during times of turmoil and excitement it is advisable not to look on both sides of the question; by doing so, you generally displease both parties. Old bill, who rationally put into his privations in London (the result of his dishonesty and improvidence) to the disparagement of England, talks the pseudo-patriotic slang of the day and, as far as he believes in anything, credits it, while he thinks negroes only fit to be slaves. Dellew too, who returned to the U.S.
To a certain extent, disappointed man, is anti-British and ultra Yankee. I choose to be nothing of the sort and mean to keep so.

23. Saturday. A dark, dreary, rainy day, a good fire and work indoors. Dovers up in the evening. Calm, having presumably got his pay yesterday, never came home until 3 this morning, when he lay abed with Shepherd till noon, when they both rushed out of the house together. Proclivity!

24. Sunday. To Frank Hillard's in the afternoon, by 5½, and there till 10. Speaking incidentally of John Ware (who, Damorean told me, at our last meeting, had recently written to him, relating how he had visited Oden Oden, and was disappointed in neither having touched the bank or witnessed the suicide of a ruined gentleman;) Hillard, in speaking of that peculiar Dorianian more than confirmed my estimate of him. He is a little mean, lazy, silent, and intensely selfish individual of good family; has lived in Paris before and prefers it to all other places. He made an attempt at dentistry on his return to Boston, to his opulent father's dissatisfaction, which induced his removal to New York when Damorean (who, I suspect, toadies him, in virtue of his great expectations) gave him a letter of introduction to me. Here
A "Sell" on Morris.

he obtained scholars—teaching French perhaps—and remittances from Boston, boarding the latter and living meanly until he could compass the desire of his heart, returning to Paris. He did this with a German girl or woman—Hillard says of respectable family—whom he "seduced." He was engaged to be married in Boston, but broke the engagement dishonorably. Hitchings introduced him to the Hillards, but he and they presently found him out and wrote him, now a mean, slovenly animal. To Wellington, Town, Mr. Wheeler, Haney and Morris there; the first soon left. Talk, ale and smoke. Apropos of Morris, there's been a lot of "sell" at his expense. Calling on me unexpectedly the other day, he soundly rated Mr. Deley for having told Miss Maquire that he was married to that extraordinary Mrs. Bryant, with whom he went to the case—a rumor, I think, of my originating—which Galliell had "sworn to." Morris, it seems, had called on his gay bachelor character at little Maquire, procuring her address from Mrs. Deley, when Miss M. had insisted that he was married, despite his contradictions. Mrs. Deley declares that Morris was seriously exasperated in consequence. We laughed over this, talked of the war (more amusingly than at 740°) and—
departed at 11, when a light snow was falling. Morris proposed that we should meet at 7:45 on Friday evening, which was provisionally agreed to, and then he left us. Commenting on it, I remarked how horribly dull it was then when only one happened to drop in, and how completely the old enchantment of the place had passed away. Haney assured and said that we had invested the family with our own feelings towards it.

25. Monday. To Harper's, saw Dinner, read proof of story, got #18. To F. Leslie's, saw him and J. Wood. Up-town. Writing. Hayes the engraver came in the evening to invite me to meet him on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. Wiskery and talk of folks, much of Alf Wand and his Virginian experiences. He and I were slept at Centreville in the Bull Run night, in a decent household; Alf avoiding himself of his British nationality. There were apprehensions about his being taken prisoner in New York; and Hayes told Mrs. W. some humane plans to relieve her anxiety. Hayes stayed till 11; Darwaram coming up towards the end of the morning.

26. Tuesday. In door's writing. Gallied up part of the time, rather shy of allusion to his last week's doings. Going down Town at 5, I met
Micellaneous.

Wells and, returning, joined him and Gibb at a newly-opened, semi-British store, where the former was engaged buying cheese, bacon &c., and where we drank, a superfluity proceeding on Wells's part. Haney had recently left the two. Writing during the evening. Gibb up later. Having spent all his money, he is clothed in his right mind.

27. Wednesday. Down-town with Shepherd by 12½ to keep appointment with Hayes the engraver. As he didn't come, went to F. Leslie's. Newman There—conciliatory—shaved me a sketch and accepted suggestions as to its improvement. To Haney's. He going off to-night for a Thanksgiving Day at Nyack with the Nicholsons. Hayes in to invite him to Brooklyn. Return up-town and writing during the evening. Shepherd up part of the time.

28. Thursday. In doors, alone, writing all day, then off for Brooklyn. Met Bouman in crossing the Park. He returned from Washington two weeks ago and projects going to California. Passed Thorpe on the ferry-boat, at Hayes' by 6. He occupies the upper part of a neat house in State Street (not far from the residence of Sol Eytinge) and I found him watching over a sleeping and very fat baby, of
whose paternity he is justly proud. He received me with a good deal of hospitality and presently presented me to his wife. She is a fair, cast young woman, tall, dark-haired and eyed, with a nice figure and color in her cheeks, in which the cheek bones are a little perceptible. I liked her; she reminded me of Hannah. We had a nice dinner of her cooking, a pudding of her making, and then adjourned into the room into which I had first been inducted, to tobacco and whiskey, with interludes of Mrs. Hayes and baby. Stayed till 11, then to New York, feeling bachelorish. It were better to be an engraver on wood with $20 or $25 a week than to write stories and make caricatures — when you can get them accepted.

29. Friday — A dismal, wet day. Story-writing. Shepherd up and, part of the time, Cahill. It is his 20th birthday and he regrets the probability of his being obliged to keep it orderly, not expecting to get his wages till tomorrow. However, he did obtain it and came home drink enough, but with money to pay Mrs. Beley, at 5. After a doze of an hour and a half, I woke him up, as he had to do some reporting and he went off, leaving me and Shepherd. Presently Morris came up; he had been to 745, found only pater familias and learnt that the girls had gone to
Mrs. Weaver.

Rough Hoopoe, to visit the Weddles. He supposed Nancy was with them. Morris conducted himself amiably and secretly as usual, filled two a pipe twice, smote very little of it and made Shepherd nervous. He, Morris, has his name in the list of lecturers published in this day's Tribune. Subject, Humorous Poem, "Love and War." Frank Wood appears, also, "Dom Vauth in Secession War." Salter, "Charleston and the Charlestonians." And Adley -- the Lord knows what.

Writing, after my visitors had gone; out of sorts and mutagorbalized.

30. Saturday. To Harper's, saw Bonner. To F. Leslie's; got #P. To the Evening Post. "Major" Hilly there, in his uniform, here on furlough. Godwin closeted with somebody. While I was talking with Ripley there came in a literary or newspaper woman whom he chaffed. She was a Mrs. Weaver, a "California" widow, free and easy in talk; wrote not, so Ripley said, subsequently, for what papers she could and made her living by it. He was curiously trucque in his remarks to her. Said she "If I were to bring in an article on "some paintings" would you print it?" "If Mr. Gunn were to, I should;" he replied, and then talked how her matter had to be cut down and re-written. She went
off in a jocular buff about Godwin's invisibility. I had been previously accosted by Martin — Professor Martin, one of Mrs. Potter's and 132 Blen-cker Street. He had contributed certain letters from General Denham, a friend of his, in command in Western Virginia, to the Post and came hotter about them. He told me that Mrs. Church was in England, promised to send me her address and talked about the war for ten minutes. Saw Godwin away for a minute. In Nassau Street, at Strong's door met Newman, who was quite friendly. He spoke about his family at home, and I thought that his anxiety about them might have made him selfish and that I may have done him injustice in my hasty estimate. While we talked McLenan and Joe Harper came along and the first entered Strong's without returning my how are you. In explanation, I thought of something communicated incidentally by Beylew, that Newman and McLenan had made common cause against him, resenting his return from England. I suppose Mac regards me as an accessory. Formerly he used to affect an anglophobia in company with the dejected Dallas, who used to take drinks at your expense and then cut you. Mac has unquestionable ability as an artist, a good deal of heavy self-assertion in manner amount
Bowman off for California.

ing to positive rudeness, and nothing else worthy of characterization as far as I have observed. He used to drink a considerably. Up-town and indoors the rest of the day. O'Riowen with me during the evening.

December

1. Sunday. In-door, writing to all 4, then to O'bello's. With him till 19, principally talking over his intended lectures "Punch" and "Caricature." He has employed O'bello in getting up particulars.

2. Monday. With Mrs. O'dole to Pier No. 4, North River to see Bowman off for California, he having called yesterday and announced his intention. Failed signally after half an hour's waiting in a dense crowd outside the gates. Effected an entrance at length on the long pier, we could not obtain access to the vessel, officials demanding passports of all passengers.

To Nassau Street, met O'bello, to Brook and Duff's; left him, to F. Leslie's, thence to the Sun office about a job, saw one of the of the Beach's (a mean-looking common little man) with him to F. Leslie's, anon up town by 9. Drawing during the evening. Shepherd up and O'rowen.
The Fourth Ward Station House.

The former got $40 for his "Broadway" poem, at Harper's, and squandered it all, whoring and drinking, in less than two days, as, of course, Calhoun did what remained of his salary after paying for his board. I have endeavored to find Seymore to have a talk with him about Calhoun but can't procure his address, he having recently moved. Calhoun don't show himself in my room immediately after his debauches, and Shepherd promulges himself a d---d fool and wants reformation. Proclaim.

3. Tuesday. Down town, with Shepherd, to the Sun office and to F. Leslie's. Returning alone met Mrs. or Mrs. Black in the Brevery who talked about wanting to return to our boarding house. A cold, sunny day. Shepherd and Calhoun in my room. A fussy, important note marked "private" and "immediate" with associated press documents from Bowery. He might just as well have brought them himself when he presented himself at 5 O' M. Dinner with him then down town per omnibus; 9 to the Fourth Ward. To repeat my last year's performance, getting the election returns, this time for the Mayoralty. It proved a less tedious job. This time, ending by 11. Again I had occasion to remark the great brutality of the police, as
manifested in their Treatment of prisoners. There was borne into the station-house, a drunken man, probably a sailor, who appeared so utterly inebriated that I thought him a corpse, at first, or that he had been rendered insensible by some horrible accident. While he lay on the floor, one of the sergeants, an abrupt, curly, arbitrary fellow, less than thirty in age, beat him about the legs and the soles of his feet, with a lacust-club by way of reviving him. Succeeding by these gentle means, when the man, (as a heavy, sufficiently-lookng fellow) was hoisted to his feet, the sergeant blotted him twice or thrice brutally in the face, with the top and edge of the hard-glassed hat he wore on his head. The other policemen enjoyed the spectacle. Williams asserted that the sailor was only "charming" and "ugly"—as very common assumption, I fancy. Of all tyrants and brutes I think the law American, of Irish antecedents is the worst extant. Out into the sharp, ice-cold night and deserted streets at 11, to the corner of Liberty Street and Broadway to deliver my "duplicates," then up-town by a third avenue car and to bed by midnight. Call in up for five minutes.

4. Wednesday. Doing Beach's drawing,
with some scribbling. Out at sunset to tailor.

Thursday. Beach called. Davenport with Shepherd. He had been at the Waterfowl overnight, encountering O'Brien, T. Wood, Lamont Thompson, Pierstadt and Eastman Johnson, the last of whom is a painter of deserved celebrity. O'Brien was resplendent in the costume of an U.S. officer, blue-broadcloth suit, red cash and sword. He has no other right to wear it, or to assume his title of "captain" beyond his "great expectations of obtaining a commission in the regular army. The pestiferous business has ended his connection with the McKelehan Rifles. He thinks of going to Washington within a day or two. To Wells and Webb for block; heard that "Jesse", a man I know well there, had joined the army "as cook." To Harper's; got money out. Then, still with Shepherd, crossed to Hoboken and did the old tramp, along the margin of the Elksian Fields. Thence up the roads at Weehawken to Linwood, and back over by the plank road across the swamps, as the shades of evening descended upon us. I needed this tramp, having got feverish with staying in doors.

Friday. In doors, putting Beach's drawing on wood. Shepherd prevalent all the time. He wants to return to Jersey, but having squandered
all his money, awaits Cahill's repayment of $5, which that young man borrowed "to pay a
debt," before obtaining his last week's salary, and incontinently got drunk upon it. Fran Shepherd
also learned that Cahill's neglect of his duty
during the last two days of the preceding week pro-
duced something like a climax at the office. Going
either on Monday he found his name removed
from the books, heard that Raymond had spoken
of his conduct to Seymour, threatening dismissal,
and got a blow-up from Armstrong. The fool-
ish fellow assumed an air of independence, flatter-
ing himself that he could get a commission in some
of the volunteer regiments, the officers of which
make much of the "military reporter" of The N.Y.
Times, but who would soon, I trust, turn a cold
shoulder to Francis Gayway Cahill. Happily for
him the atom has temporarily blown over and he
resumes his position, a little sobered. This evening
he presented himself at the dinner table not in
his usual Friday's condition and took credit for
it. It is only a temporary respite; I know what
must come of it. Cahill is almost utterly des-
stitute in the article of clothes; has but the suit
he stands upright in; is ludicrously in want of
linen and hosiery and wears short-collars
left abandoned by other boarders, lent to him by
our landlady. All his money goes in liquor, his wages lasting about a day and a half. The tavern-keepers, the John Shieldees, the Harry Pearsons and such, knowing his position, gave him credit, hence he has no need to discharge each pay-day, so that Mr Osborne is lucky if she gets her weekly £5.

Willington came at sunset, with an imperial on his chin. He says he is studying medicine and "teaching." With him and Shepherd to Honey's for ale at 9 o'clock, staying an hour or more. Unkrau came in and talked.

7. Saturday. Down town with Shepherd and Cahill. To the Sun Office, being addressed by young Wiley, the publisher's son, by the way, who asked about Cornelius Bagster. He is, it seems, still at Prince Edward's Island. To the Evening Post Office. Nordhoff, Ripley and Williams there — the latter just returned from Russia, whether he went as secretary to Cassius Clay, writing good letters to the Post, during his absence. Saw Maverick upstairs. Godwin out. Returning up Nassau Street, met Shepherd, very irate about Cahill, who had kept him waiting an hour or more at the Park Hotel, on the promise of returning to pay him that £5.

To F. Leslie's. Up town by 3. Shepherd followed. He had ascertained that Cahill got his money yesterday.
course Cahill avoided him throughout the evening. Writing, somewhat bothered by Shepherd and Pawsey.

P. Sunday. Sacrificed a lovely, mild May day, like three preceding it, to finishing Kentucky story. Shepherd present at most part of the time. Cahill isn’t on hand at meal time; wants to avoid “Daisy” who has taken board here for a week intending to write a poem on the Fifth Avenue, ordered by Guernsey. Left him in my room at 6 and went to Chapins. Then to 7:45. The girls, Jack and Naas had also attended church; I found them with the old folks, with Haney and Morris in the basement. Mr and Mrs Naas left almost immediately, we visitors, remained to the usual hour. Walked homewards with Maurice & Haney, taking a turn or two with the latter. He accompanied Matty, Bliza and Jack in their Thanksgiving visit to the Weddles at Pleasantie, not going as is supposed to the Nichols. They stayed a night and a day, returning nocturnally by steamer. Sally and her husband spent the day at 7:45.

J. Monday. Writing note to Roeman, Sacramento City, California, Mrs Osley being desirous of obtaining news of a brother-in-law there, with the
intention of exporting her delightful son, Albert, to New Town, to Harper's. Left story with Cameron; saw Guernsey—he had a good story I left him three weeks ago. To T. Leslie's; saw him after John Wood and Newman, the latter of whom I had met previously at Harper's. To the E. Post; saw Godwin; suggested article and got told to do it. To Brooklyn by the Atlantic Ferry, thence by ears to near Alf Wand's residence. The house on the way, as Hayes the engraver told me, has been purchased by Mrs. Jewell; hence I suppose Alf pays no rent. That being 'Taken out' in the occasional, pretty general, board of Mrs. S. and Mrs. Sexton. I found the children delighting themselves on the enclosed grass plot in front of the house, under charge of an Irish girl and the little things ran to welcome me. 'Mrs. Wand and Mrs. Sexton had, I learnt, gone to Washington last Tuesday, for perhaps two weeks sojourn, and Mrs. Jewell was not at home. It was a lovely day, sunny and mild. The children the picture of health, with the reddest hair I ever saw on juvenile heads. Mrs. Sexton's little girl trotted a couple of blocks with me, to the car. Back to New York and per omnibus uptown by 3½.

Writing the last five pages during the evening, skimming on 'Other side of the table,' marvagulating...
his poem. He raved less till to-day without any particular effect, though the latter avoids him less markedly.

10. Tuesday. Writing sketch and writing letter to my mother till evening, in company with Shepherd, engaged on his poem. A mild, misty, sunless day. After dinner, went to Martin's house in 4th street where I was received by a deaf, clerical looking brother of his, presently reinforced by young Daniel, a foot taller than when I saw him last, and like papa in manner. Martin came anon, introducing me to the General Benham, espoused of by him at the Post office, who had arrived this day in New York, and seemed sojourniing at the Martins' residence.

He told me he was "under arrest"—how he could be at liberty, only American military rule sought account for. He was charged with having allowed Floyd to escape and expected to be court-martialled, which he attributed to a conspiracy against him on the part of three other "Generals" who desired to make him the scapegoat for their dereliction of duty. The man did not impress me agreeably, he spoke dogmatically and arrogantly, denying ability to almost every officer mentioned in the course of the conversation. He was partly in figure, with a heavy, unpleasant countenance,
indicative, I thought, more of self-will and self-
ishness than anything else. As a rule, all the
U. S. Army officers that I have met
have been dictatorial to the verge of rudeness in
manner, regarding civilians as essentially their
inferiors; the Democratic mind is prone to assert
itself so. I couldn't help contrasting this Oden-
ham with that true hero, Hodson, whose biography
I have read of late. But perhaps the man was
caused by injury and appeared to disadvantage.
He had brought Martin, as a present, a Southern
sword, taken at Carmifex Ferry; a home made
article, straight, with a broad, smooth, slight-
ly rounded blade, not unlike in proportion, the
Roman gladius. He said there was a manuf-
actury of them in Georgia.

To The Ca-
terbury Hall, where I stayed till 10½, acquiring
matter for Evening Post article. It proved dreamy
work. Among the waiter-girls, I saw our two
ex-boarders, the “Miss Matthews,” both of whom
spoke to me in the course of the evening, one telling
me she had left her “sister” (ignoring the casu-
quinity) and the other acted after Babill. Took
Shepherd out to Lipscombe’s for ale, on my re-
turn.

11. Wednesday. A wet, windy day. Writing
to my sister in the morning, in company with
The Stokeses, Masons & Hogarth.

Shepherd. (I went to Martin’s to get Mr. Church’s address, to put our folks in communication with her.) Apropos of home; I have omitted certain items about old acquaintances mentioned in my mother’s and sister’s letters—Joe Stokes, Sam’s friend and admirer of the blooming Tilly Jenkins, went to Australia, married, became insane and is now in an antipodean lunatic asylum. His father died soon after his departure. His mother, in a distressing state, travels from place to place with one of her daughters; cannot bear to hear her son’s name mentioned &c. &c. Her other sons and an uncle of theirs carry on the boat-building business. The daughters visit at our house yet, as do the Masons, Mrs. M. having grown up “a pretty nice girl.” The Hogarth family are also constant to Rodney Buildings. John, the son, is in the North “among the iron people there.” Mr. and Mrs. Heath live in Camden Town; three children (all they have had) are dead; “the poor thing is a daily governess, has been to see our folks several times, and has, I think, (my mother writes) “a bad husband. We never see him nor does Samuel.” Tilly is still a blooming governess; Sam says she shall always have a home with him when she wants one. Aunt Anna visits us still; never sees her
English Country News.

wretch of a husband;" her three younger boys have employment on the Great Western Railway; my mother hopes they'll prove more dutiful than the elder ones. Melisent Mitchell has arrived in Australia; her mother has only one son in England. Thus my mother: Rosa tells of her sojourn in the country, how Sam invited Naomi to Randgate, with Minny, for a fortnight; how George Gardnor has injured his leg by helping at a fire in Cambourne and can't walk; how Edmund Bolton's "little Minnie" dances about at Neithrop; how she (Rosa) went to Davide's house at Tadmarton near Bouroughton Castle, and how she met my Hannah at Gayley's, with minor items. Came town as far as Beade Street by sunset, returning up the Bowery. In the evening, with Shepherd to Osselw's. Quaint as there and a brother-in-law of Osselw. Looking over caricatures of self, Harvy, Osselw and John Wood, and talking of Osselw's lectures. Osselw and young Wheeler left; we remained till about 11.

12. Thursday. To Harper's: neither M.S. read. Looked in at F. Leslie's, then up town, sitting with Shepherd when Jack Edwards came up with a big basket of apples for me, part of five barrels full sent to 745 by nearly Bill Rogers. Morris up directly afterwards. All of us
The Camp on Staten Island.

chaffing the latter about "War and Women," requesting him to rewrite some of it, until he waxed furious and presently departed with Jack. I should like him to make a successful lecture season of it and think he might accomplish it, if he'd take advice and give the people something they would expect from the name of H. N. Pepper. But his poem, both from Hayne's and Billington's account, is a fearfully slow business, commencing with a mild defense of Eve and platitudinizing ad infinitum. Morris, too, is so thin-skinned that he'll suffer terribly in a failure. But useful will to water and useful must drench. Evening, indoors with Shepherd.

12. Friday. With Jack Edwards (who called for me) to Harpers. Thence to Evening Post office, with "notice" for Morris, duly inserted. Thence, together to Staten Island, to visit George Edwards, now with a portion of his regiment, occupying the barracks once tenanted by Billy Wilson and his Zouaves. He gave us a lunch. Told us how neither he nor any of the officers or men had got one cent of pay from the government, though enlisted for near six months. They expected to sail for Port Royal tomorrow, or within a day or two, to join the rest of their regiment.
Frank Wood.

Sorrell its colonel (our engineering friend and visitor at T.45) has been "under arrest" temporarily for some two penny ha'penny unstated reason, which event doesn't seem to have at all interfered with his authority. They do these things so in the model republic. Returning to New York parted with Jack, to the Sunday Times office, to F. Leslie; from the latter with Swinton and John Wood to Matarau's, to drink. At Harey's. Bellour and Frank Wood came in, the latter to pay $5 borrowed of Harey, the former to get money from him. At Brack and Duff's subsequently, with the two, where Rosenberg came up and addressed them. Walked up town together afterwards. "F. W." as he terms himself is the same offensive, depraved, pseudo-Bohemianist hob-de-hoy as ever, very shy of any allusion to his rampant professions of Vahtian proclivities when in Charleston. The cut has received no invitations to lecture as yet, and the drama that he and George Arnold were to write "by order" for Mrs. John Wood was neither ordered nor acted.

Harey came to dinner with us and stayed the evening. Shepherd present as usual, and part of the Two Claverly and Baldwin. The latter has not been drunk today and has paid Shepherd his $5. He account for his avoidance of his creditor.
"Manhattan" and his Family.

last Saturday, by saying that Armstrong gave
him a great blowing up, ended by the two going
out and getting drunk together.

14. Saturday. Chores, writing and in-door
employments. For the evening to Dixon's; thence
to the concert saloon on Broadway, returning
by 11.

15. Sunday. The papers full of the account
of a great fire at Charleston, S. C., destroying
all that portion of the city with which I was fami-
iliar, last Winter. Indoors till evening, Then
to Devereux's, in Stanton Street, near the North-
River — the home house he occupied on my last
visit, a year ago. I was hospitably entertained
both by him and his South Carolina wife,
who talked about her native city, and her desire
to return to it, much as she did so last December.
She and her husband antagonize about secession
curiously, threatening one another with Fort La-
ayette. He, once one of the most ultra of pro-sla-
very men, is now characteristically extreme — I might
call brassy voiced — for the Union — a deputation,
ing anything. He writes letters to The London Herald
and Standard in his old, audacious, sanguine style,
denouncing Scott as "an old granny," pitching into
McLellan and the President and, in short, indul-
ging in anything that he considers high-spirited and
acceptability. He told me he considered a war with England inevitable, talked familiarly of this and that public man, was loud, hospitable, abrupt, violent in conversation—in short, the old Joe Scoville of the "Puck" and "Herald." We supped downstairs, returning to the front parlor for the evening, partly in company with another visitor—I think a relative of Mrs. Scoville—at any rate a Southerner. I got very friendly with little Mary Scoville, the daughter, who sat on my knee, prattling, and burying herself platting my beard and curling my hair. She is a pretty, sharp child, and recognized me immediately at first sight. Scoville's wife is thoroughly Southern in manner and speech, local, chivalrous, frank, &r efficient, demonstrative. I noticed in her expressions of partisanship took a defiant form even to those whose cause she espoused—so that, the thought that the Charlestonians themselves ought to be drowned, hanged, if they did not burn their city rather than let the Yankee get it. She repeated this once or twice. She lit up her pipe and good-natured, and, accoutered with the eternal coincidences of the question and vilification of England, could in some measure sympathize with her. Oddly enough, friendly as they were to me, I ascertained that both husband and wife suspected me of being the Charleston correspondent of the
The Riddors according to the Scovilles.

'Truth, on the strength of certain English colloquialisms which appeared in his letters. They ceased when you returned,' said Mrs. S., erroneously. Scoville evidently rather enjoyed the supposition. Talked with him about Lola Mater, and with him and his wife about the Riddors. I knew that he and Mrs. S. had boarded with Mrs. K. in Beach Street, in 1853, therefore that they must be acquainted with the internal economy of the establishment, with respect to Lotty and little Whytal, and her mother and Morse. Lotty, deplored Mrs. S., didn't care a bit about her child; it was shamefully neglected, although she shammed extreme emotion and Try to prevent herself into hysteria when Whytal removed the baby, during her absence. But when Mrs. S. was sick Lotty behaved with extreme kindness and consideration towards her. Scoville had seen an advertisement, a few months ago, relative to Whytal's procuring a divorce from Lotty. The house at Beach Street was a nearly kept one; the Vio
tille's supposed that Morse didn't pay anything for his board. Left at 11 o'clock.

16. Monday. To Harper's, saw Homer; story only half read. Uptown. News this day, from England, of the reception of the intelligence regarding the capture of Mazar and Nidell, and con-
seemant talk of war between the two countries. In the evening with Shepherd to the Academy of Music, there to witness the Hanlon's feats of Zanpillaeration, as they term it — swungy and leaping performances upon the trapeze. Dan W. Ward, his wife and White there and drank with the men. Met Galusha too, (who had given us the tickets) and the little Watson. Return with Shepherd to the house afterwards. I met Nicholson this morning, in conversation with Rosentberg. He (the former) went to Port Royal for the World.

17. Tuesday. Writing in doors all the morning, with an abominable coil in the head and limbs. A letter from Hannah — Items: A letter received by her from Mrs. Charley. "Charley is very unwell, has not gone to business until midday; he had this horrid fever fever and ache of the limbs and sore throat. Oh me!" (one of his brother George's expressions — all the family who are capable of letter writing mistake his language) "it's very, very sad and I am not the thing myself; (of course not)." You are all uncle, very much thought and talked of, as we sit by our fireside so quietly and lonely. I anticipated having a gentleman boarder to cheer us up but he "didn't come, in short. "She want me to write to her as she says no one does or cares
for her. "Truly as Hannah says, "There is nothing very happy in their union." Charley's unhappy infatuation and the false little bitch's selfishness and her base-born appropriate fruit. For Tony. The hateful family are all at discord—may their family devils, cunning and selfishness conspire to confound them! Another item; honest Susan Gregory that was, married to a brute and sensualist named Walton, a baker at Brackley and Birmingham, has left him, after being and illusage—would not take money where she couldn't have kindness—and is now a servant in London. The old father died some years back, leaving no money. Meantime kind Charlotte and her husband are as happy as can be; my sister writes Calvinistic letters to Hannah and she herself—may God reward her for her patience, sympathy and affection.

Out to the dreary concert halls in the evening for an hour or so. Shepherd with me. He took his finished poem to Harper's this afternoon, saw the grinning and good grubby-clawed Guernsey, rather hectored by the repugnant "Captain" O'Brien in uniform about inaccessibility, proof and came away rather despondent. I could share the feeling, being sick in body and mind; neither of which are bettered by lying.
anti-English war feeling.

16. Wednesday. Dawn ran to Harper's with Shepherd, he to Guernsey, I to Banister. I was so poor and low-spirited that I could have hugged the man when I was greeted with "Your story's in type, Mr. Gunn." To the Sunday Times Office, got # 5 for story left on Saturday. To the Evening Post Office, Godwin, Maverick, Nordhoff and Nichols the picture dealer, all more or less talking hate of England. Repaid chaff about nationality with interest and some of well in it. Godwin humorous and anti-British, Maverick spirited, Nordhoff (a German) narrow-minded, Nichols blatant and soapy. Godwin friendly, took me aside, talked of work. Left paper buying up; met Shepherd at Macarun's as appointed; he had got $40 for his poem. Up town by 2 with him; he cut again, of course after lunch, I to room and scribbling. When I descended to the dinner table I found him rather drunk, in company with Glover, whom we had encountered at the door of a tavern in Houston street, in the afternoon. He looked sick and about seedy, was indeed paying the price of a dirty sensuality with a waiters-prostitute at one of the concert-hells. The fellow is an attack of Wilted Spirit; he—
Glover the odious.

travelled with Heenan and the bruisers on a sparring tour throughout the South last winter. A foolisher, more depraved fellow in his miserable walk, scarcely exists even in the stinking atmosphere of N.Y. journalism. Cahill came home presently, drunk also, and he and Shepherd fell to abusing each other at table, with oath and coarse epithet — a dreary, provoking business. When they had both gone and I sat over a cup of tea, only Mrs O'Seely and "Anastasia Leahy" present, the latter gently opined that Mr Cahill ought to get married. That would reform him — said he was always a gentleman, though etc etc.

Upstairs I found the three, Shepherd and Glover in dispute about Wendell Phillips coming lecture; Glover, with violence and abuse, being, of course, on the devil's side. They relieved me of their presence in time; Shepherd returning in half an hour. I had to go out to visit more concert-halls and took him with me to keep him out of worse mischief; (it gave me $15 at lunch time) to keep for him — had already, by night, squandered the rest or most of it. Hillard (Oliver) came up with me Drake, a friend of his. All out together; parted with Hillard and friend at the "Melodeon", met Hayes the engraver, who joined
To three of the concert-halls, returning by 10½. Shepherd tried hard to get some of his money from me on our return, to go to a brothel kept by "Belle" (of Galilee's correspondent) but failing, went to bed.

I'm getting horribly nauseated by this dreary drum-tommoness and profanity on the part both of him and Galilee and must see about finding a decenter abode than this at present. Only my surplus of books and baggage has prevented this for some time.

Friday. Writing concert saloon article for the Poor. Shepherd intermittently present. In the evening, with him and Browne, to hear Wendell Phillips' lecture on the war, at the Cooper Institute. My ticket admitting me to the platform, we parted. The building crowded, between four and five hundred policemen present, in anticipation of the possibility of a ruck; not all of them visible. Saw Willbour and other newspaper men I knew. A fine lecture, vehemently applauded at the time, though not for its best utterances. No small triumph for the man who has denounced slavery for a quarter of a century, to find himself popular and to see the North mounting, step by step, as yet unwillingly, but inevitably, to his platform. He

said some wholesome, hard things, the converse of which would have been relished. I was delighted to hear him maintain what I have been asserting for the last three months, the strong probability that rather than submit to the North, the South would herself unfurl the banner of Emancipation, thereby purchasing the recognition of the European powers and throwing upon the North the onus of contending for the old, dead and gone Slave Constitution. He said hard things about old England, characterizing her as "the most selfish and treacherous of modern powers," but I thought, and incidentally contradicted himself and justified her subsequently. Said he: "I don't wonder at England to have no sympathy with us; the South proclaims 'We are fighting for Slavery; the North asserts 'We are not fighting against it!'" The crowd was present on the platform and got vehemently cheered.

To my room, where I was presently joined by Couvreny and Shepherd. Whiskey and water, after which the latter must fill go to the Optimum for a welsh rabbit, and after which, on the plea of fetching a small toddy jug, given to him at Florence by, to present to me, call at the House of Commons and sleep there. He told me this on the following morning, alleging, in justification, that he knew Gabriel...
would come home drunk and socially determined to share his bed, which he was desirous of avoiding. He proved correct in his judgment, for I heard the miserable inebriate staggering upstairs to the room opposite to mine, an hour after midnight.

20th. Friday. Writing steadily all day till 7 at Concert-hall article. Shepherd intermitted. Left him, rather unagraded, in the evening after persistently refusing to let him have $3 of his own money, in entreaty for which he had written sundry absurd notes, a la McCawley, from the other side of the table, signing them, "Frightful Example," and "The Writer," Or. — and went to 7 1/2, by way of acknowledgment of my Christmas invitation. Only the two girls at home, papa and mamma having gone on a spree to the Naste. Chaff and chat, then set them singing. Jack home from drill, in a new gray uniform faced with red; am for Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. Talk of the Mason and Videll row and things for half an hour, then back to my room and Shepherd. He must needs go out for whiskey, returning with it and professing to be greatly troubled in mind about the embargo on Salt Petre in England. We had toads and presently he retired to his room, where
we arranged a trap for the inevitable Cahill—
and retired. In twenty minutes I heard the
inebriate coming up stairs, in his usual certain
pay-day condition; the handle of Shepherd's
door was tried, then there occurred a silence,
broken by the request, "Daisy! old stick: why
you let me in?" and the sound of his hands
feeling about the upper portion of the door, where
the three-paned glass over it, ordinarily penden-
tious, was now propped open, out of his reach.
Then there followed a splashing of water—Shep-
herd had partially emptied his ewer over the
applicant. Another, and a long pause, so that
I wondered what had happened, when Shep-
herd's room door opened and he began hailing
to me and Hewitt, asserting that thieves were
in the house, &c. When he appeared, Cahill
was on his knees in the room, lamentably
drunk and utterly confused as to what had
befallen him.

21. Saturday. Our landlady, unwilling
to lose her only prospect of getting Cahill's
weekly $5—or a portion of it—goes upstairs,
on my advice, to Shepherd's room, where Cahill
is in bed and searches his pockets. He wakes
up and says he has spent all his money. She
pulls out his waistcoat from beneath his pillow,
extracting from there an extremely torn $2 bill, the remains of his weekly #16. It appeared he had been driving around the city, getting drunk, in company with Armstrong. Resisted Shepherd's entreaty for #3; made an agreement to meet him at Mataran's at 1½, then to see him off, by the Camden and Andrea boat, then down-town with M. S. to the Post office; saw Godwin and Maverick; Thence to Harper's. Up in the composing room, story not all set up yet. To F. Leslie's. Met Canute, to Haney's; Newman in. At Mataran's. Bank in there; talking with him and waiting. To Brook and Duffs. A cold, windy, sunny, dusty day. I thought that Canute might want a meal and proposed lunch, but he had fed, and so only took a piece of sophisticated pie. He told me of the arrival of Patrick B. Belden with his wife, and how she and Patrick had got drunk in Canute's company. Shepherd not appearing, went back to Collecting Street where I found both him and Cahill. The latter silent and hungry, for Mrs. Oakes had refused him his lunch, telling him she didn't care how soon he cleared out of the house. Shepherd got a dollar from me and took him out to give him a meal. When they returned to the dinner-
table both were drunk, Bahill obviously so, I left everybody in my room and devoted another evening to the dreary concert-halls, returning by half-past eleven.

22. Sunday. Writing during the morning and afternoon; Shepherd sick and dreary, principally in his room. He was there asleep, at about 4, when Bahill came to me drunk, miserable and hungry. He had spent the night at an assignation-house with the Mrs Weaver whom I met at the Evening Post Office, making her acquaintance at the Times office. (I recollect she cackled about Armstrong considerably.) She has a husband living in New Jersey and a child of twelve which she supports. Bahill, drunk, accosted her on her leaving the office—he says he should not have had the impudence to do so had he been sober—experiencing much assumed indignation, ending as chronicled. The woman paid for the room. Parting from her he had got inebriated on credit, and without having eaten a morsel of food, came hither. He was wretched, wretched, penitent, pronounced himself a common drunkard, wept, called me his only friend and promised reformation; said he'd try—he'd try to keep sober. Finally he consented to let me meet him on pay-days, secure...
as much money as was due for his board, and spend the rest immediately in clothing of which he is so sorely in want, that he may be without the means to procure liquor. Then he went to Shepherd's room and lay down. I don't think there's any saving him; he's in the rapids and drifting with horrible swiftness towards the fall. I may write of him in the past tense before another Christmas comes round. Yet I'll do what I can.

We raised him in time for the next meal, as he had to go, immediately after it, down-town. I went to Haney's, found him in his chilly room matagorabulating a Christmas Poem for J.L.S., and not making much headway at it. Jim Carlow won't be present this year; he says he should find the contrast with his domestic hell too much for him. Grace is with her mother now, coming thither with a story about her tumbling down stairs and hurting herself—from which hearers may be expected to infer that she risked the approaching maternity. Carlow discredits this story; I don't know why. He pronounces Grace the most vacant-minded, insane of young women, preferring her younger sister, The (to me and every body else) highly objectionable Nelly. (These last items I had from Matty.) Mort Thomson's marriage has proved but a Dead Sea apple
Results of Thomson's Second Marriage.

To him; all of them are reaping as they sowed, and the poor girl lying under the cloths in Greenwood is avenged. Grace and Fanny hate Mrs. Thomson; Mort is away with Cliff in Virginia working hard and sadly to keep up the expenses of the double family and, in Haney's words, the punishment falls hardest on the one who had nothing to do with the match - Mort's Father. Grace gets her income — and spends it. Col. Welles, who long ago, discontinued his visits at 745, though he left little to go further, is in Washington. He couldn't be friends with the John N. Edwardses and at peace with Fanny and the Thomsons. He has come under government. Williston was not at 745 last Christmas, nor will he be there this one; he lives at Palenville, kept, I suppose, by his good wife. He was a bad lot; maintained a woman and her family, neglected his wife, cheated two watches confided to him by Haney, came to a smash generally. To Welles's unsuccessfully, he being out.

23. Monday. A drizzling day. Indoors writing. Shepherd left at 7 o'clock, intending to return to Jersey, by boat and rail, but came back at 4 and remained during the evening. We saw Calhoun once, at 9 o'clock. He was sober.
For the Union and Advertiser.
The Stranger.

We bravely boast, a native host,
    Whilst peace and joy surround us;
But laugh to scorn, the foreign-born
    Whom tyrants throw around us.
We little heed, how much we need,
    Those foreign hearts in danger,
For then, beside our flag,—our pride—
    We always find the stranger!

Our native birth seems little worth
    W'en peril is our portion;
We rant and rave, but never save;
    Our land by true devotion!
'Tis only then, we look for men,
    To face the impending danger,
Nor fail to find the matchless kind
    In some brave exiled stranger!

But most of all, we love to call,
    Upon the sons of Erin,
Whose very name awakes a flame
    That some call reckless daring!
So in the van, we place that man
    To shield us from the danger.
And though he fall,—what matters all,
    He still was but a stranger!

But when once more, from shore to shore,
    Our starry flag is streaming;
Rebellion crushed, and treason hushed—
    Peace o'er the nation beaming!
Shall we forget, the lasting debt,
    We owe the gallant stranger?
Who risked h's life in that dark strife
    To save us from its danger.

Rochester, Dec., 1861.  
EUGENIE A. BOINTON.
24. Tuesday. Down Town with Shepherd to Harper’s. Story not yet set up. Met Banks coming out of the engravers department, evidently in Bellow’s business. To the “Evening Post”; saw Maverick; Concert Room article in to-day. Parted with Shepherd at 1; he off for Jersey. Up Town. D’everyone with me during the evening.

This morning the New York newspapers contained the tidings of the death of Prince Albert. And this day last year, I was in Charleston, South Carolina — sad enough, too.

25. Wednesday. Christmas Day. Indoors till 4 of the afternoon, then, for a walk, to Bellow’s. A fine, cold, frosty day befitting the season. Rather lonely and meditative, none the less so for the fact of my nationality and the hate that is rampant against the dear old land that gave me birth, now almost universally prevalent here, which to their own shame, save that I know of English nativity selfishly seeks to propitiate. Thoughts, too, of Chacabreu and of home.

Found Bellow and his brother Beckett, the latter lying in a half doze beside the fire. An argument on the English question with Bellow. Ever since his return to this country he has disparaged — I was going to say his own — but I know he was born in Ireland, only he thought that a reproach when he emigrated — and
Bellew's Anglophobia

outraged the United States, basing his dislike for England on the asserted arrogance, vulgarity, and conceit of her people, on the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood there and the circumlocutionary airs of all business men. Yet, his wife, too, talks more odiously on the subject than he. I know, in my heart, that no small share of this must have originated from deserved annoyance springing from their habits of getting into debt and not being at all punctual debtors—but that's one of those little facts that often lie perdu below serious allegations. Thus do Bellew (who never scrupled to caricature the old country invociously, even when he was ultra-English in feeling and more alive than I to American flaws) had of late been pitching his hardest wood-blocks into John Bull's face, and talking to match. This afternoon he said it would delight him to see England thoroughly humiliated; which fired my blood a little and I pitched in. We talked friendly enough if warmly; Perrott being tacitly on my side, though he said but little. After all, with all his good and likeable qualities, Bellew's life is only based on what may be termed a not ungenerous selfishness. English in manner, there's the inevitable streak of Irish improvidence in him, which necessitates compromising justice by generosity. He hasn't that in him to compass the highest of virtues; the one
That renders all the others superfluous. He has befriended me, got me occasional jobs, but he hasn't paid me the £10 I received for me in London—probably won't. (It's a small matter, but an illustration.) As he is in conduct, so is he in art. Amazingly prolific and humorous, fanciful, funny, clever and effective, he often draws out of proportion, almost always carelessly. In fact he hates labor—everything disagreeable involving trouble, would rather believe in roseate fiction than unpleasant truth any day. Thus he detests Thackeray and can see nothing to justify the reputation of Sterne. I don't think his wife exerts a beneficial influence on him and am pretty sure he has paid dearly for his whistle as all of us must do—especially if we purify in a forbidden market. By the way, Cahill used to curry favor with her in England by abusing the country that didn't appreciate his merits. Here he is a rampant American, and has had the impudence to talk it at one—when he got his answer. America is welcome to him. To return: I left Bellows by 7 a.m. to within an easy distance of 7 25. The basement pretty full already: Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, the girls, Ann, Mrs. George. The children, Haney, the two Crockettts, the sisters, and wife of one, Nellie, Jack, Tad, and others. Talk with the Crockettts, Haney and Mrs. George—well...
Christmas at 745.

The latter about her husband, now at Port Royal. tea, after more arrivals. Then upstairs to the present shop and show-room, above the old one. A dance, while the performances are getting ready. Other arrivals, the two O'Raunds with their pretty sister, some dancing youths whom I didn't know, Mr. Russell and Morris. The curtain rises at length and Jack, got up as Hermann the prestidigitateur, with Mephistophelian eyebrows, mustache and imperial, went through sundry conjuring tricks, with considerable success, Haney acting as assistant. Then followed Punch and Judy, the puppets being replaced by living persons, the stage appropriately enlarged. Nast played Punch, Jack, Judy, and the rest of the characters, including devil and hangman. This was but a moderate success, for it frightened the children. Punch's voice, too, might have been better, though Nast did the London street hero pretty well. Then dancing set in steadily till near midnight, when we descended to the basement, to punch, ice-cream, cocaine, speeches, toasts and Haney's poem. A tranquil smoke and drink with patrons, families, Haney and the Crocketttes, while the juniors were dancing overhead, until 2 A. M. I danced but twice during the party; once with Mrs. George (as nobody asked her) and once to make up the
Lancers with Miss Oohm. Jossey Oorun was the prettiest girl of the company; if her eyes were larger, her face would be faultless in its clear purity of outline and expression. A beauty should have bigger eyes than common. The party went off well enough and I enjoyed it in a quiet way, but none of the persons present—Mr. Edwardses—were invested with any of the old enchantment with which I once regarded them. We had "God save the Queen," on papa Edwards's proposition—not sang with too much earnestness on the part of the Americans, with two of their own national shouts afterwards. A sharp wintry night out of doors, so I walked through fully after wards.

26. Thursday. A letter from nephew Edward "Oristol" at St. Joseph's, Missouri, telling of his enlistment and movements. Writing down town in the afternoon; met Jones, who spoke of Levan, and Mr. Butler and himself. In Nelson Street met Drake with P. Beckett Bellows and the latter must have me drunk with him. He has already got into a fight or two, one on the question of a man's striking his dog. A strong, stalwart fellow, with more of the pugilist in him than anything else; has coughed it in Australia; smokes tobacco so strong that a horse couldn't draw it and does it all the time. Met Haney moment.
Mullen. Fletcher Harper.

arly. To the "Evening Post" office, saw Maverick upstairs. To F. Leslie's, met H. Odlum there, together to Crook and Duff's, where we found Mullen, on a stool at the counter, taking a solitary oyster stew. He joined us, talked a curious blending of the writer, editor, and artist, called Odlum "Frank," and assumed an amusing familiarity. Odlum gave him a stretch and motion to carry out for "Vanity Fair." Mullen was a lieutenant (1) in the regiment to which O'Driscoll belonged; has lost in uniform all the summer, has now thrown off both 15 and his volunteering. He is "no abolitionist," he says. We walked up Broadway together. Writing all the evening.

27. Saturday. Writing to Hannah.

28. Saturday. Down town to Harper's, read proof of and got $2.9 for story. McLarnan saying in solicited me. Leaving, walked up to Nassau Street in company with Fletcher Harper, who talked about the Trent affair and wanted to know whether England would go to war "with us" if Mason and Slidell were given up. Lodged in at the "Sunday Times" office; met Morris, who was going to the "Illustrated News" office, to at once remonstrate with the editor about his reprinting some book in the "Harker-boker," fraudulently published under the prefix of "K. N. Popper," and to offer a
poem to them. About the outrage by the "Knick" crookster people, Morris thought of writing to the principal daily papers, and asked my advice on the subject. After a glass of ale together, we parted —

*To the E. P. office; saw Maverick in an exceedingly disguised state at the news of the surrender of the Southern Commissioners.* Article about concert-halls in; got $10.50 below for both. Up with him by 2½. Jack Edwards and Honey visited me this evening; staying till 10½. We talked England and America over bottles of ale.

Gahill has been comparatively sober throughout the week, having no money. On Friday he paid our landlady all but $2 of what he owes her. He don't come up in my room and I don't want him to.

Mrs. and Miss Geary appeared at our dinner-table today, and spent the evening with the Irishy (exclusive of the unappreciated Ham) in the room of Mrs. Jewell, whose big keeper is away at Washington. (When angered, either he swears at her and calls her all the vulgar and coarsest in the world.)

All the party regaled themselves with hot brandy and water and crackle and O'Lawrym, being sent for, as an uttermost escort home to the Gearys, was formally introduced to the beef-faced Leahy, whose powers of speech he had previously slandered. Thus the hatchet was buried between the little man and the Irishy.
The Landlady's Son.

He had, too, outraged them over the dinner table by reviling the "N.Y. Ledger," which the beef-eater purchased and read; when a good many tossings of the head, snifflings, and nasal upturnings and "Did you ever?" ensued. On Conwy's squire's Minia and Maura Mrs. Geary home, the latter explained why she didn't honor Bradshaw with the office—that hideous but gallant individual, it appears, hasn't behaved with due respect to the wife of the stratified tenor—in other words has tried carnal conclusions. Geary himself is in O'Coten. I wouldn't give venture a bad shilling as the chastity of all this rabblement of women, especially the Irish. I observed the slimy Leaky indulging in cow-like endearments on the staircase with Albert Odooley, the delight ful son of our landlady. He is a lame, curly, black-haired fellow of perhaps three and twenty, a perfect ruffianly fellow low gambler and irremovable loafer, who steals soap and tobacco out of the boarder's room, (if not articles of more value) bullies his foolish mother, lies about till 2 or 3 in the afternoon, and brings his fellows of his own stamp to share his bed in any room which may be temporarily unoccupied. He did the latter in the apartment next to mine to her night when I suppressed their noise by pounding on the.
well. I kept my door locked in the day-time.

There were three parties in progress, this evening at our boarding-house; mine, that in the Jewell’s room, and one in the basement, where Cullum, softly, old Jewitt, Mrs. Colley and perhaps Ham were having “something hot.”

29. Sunday. Turning out for a walk in company with Sawyerman, met George Jewell, whom I had imagined in Paris. The civil war in progress here has obliged him to follow his patron. With him to the studio of Baxter, his friend and fellow-artist, atop of a tall building in Broadway. Looking over Jewell’s studies and pictures. Of one, representing three young women seated amid park foliage, I asked whether the central figure was from life. “That’s Madame!” he replied with a smile. It depicted a sunny-faced girl with auburn curls. He had studied from the old masters of figure-picture, cattle, landscapes, heads, everything, creditable to his industry. He had seen Oot’s gun, both in Paris and recently in London, returning by the D’orange which brought General Scott home. The wife of Oot, by the bye, broke her leg in two places, by a cab accident some months ago, and her health has been impaired ever since. O’Connell told me she was a hearty, jolly woman.
Morris's Boarding House.

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The soul of hospitality. Bob's life of matrimonial life however has not been entirely harmonious; he dissipates occasionally and, once, Bodkins had to interfere to reconcile man and wife and prevent their parting.

Return to dinner. By 5½ to Morris' boarding house as promised, finding him in a top room adjoining that in which Bowery and I visited him a year and a half ago. Supped with him. It's a stylish boarding house, yet he pays $4 a week owing to the influence of the extraordinary Mrs. Bryant. Morris is unchanged — amiable as ever; kind, irrepressible and firm-armed as ever. As another preacher occupied Chapin's pulpit we, after ascertaining that, went to 725. Mr. and Mrs. E., and Ann present, after church came the girls, Vesta, Nellie, Jack and Honey. He had been to Jim Barton's as usual and related how Jim had "determined" that he wouldn't allow another Christmas to pass as this had — himself away from the Edwardses. Honey seemed to pronounce this as a sort of triumph, but I thought that present fact rather conflicting with that view of it. The Archivist is just now rampant Anglophile and she would "perish to the last man rather than" fiddlestick. Mort Thomas stayed but a day in town on his recent visit.
on their way home at leaving 745.  
to E. Post office; Gadwin not in. Up town. Writing  
during the afternoon. 
31. Tuesday. Downtown, saw Gadwin propose  
an expedition through Dixie by way of Ken.  
tucky. Chores during the afternoon. In the  
evening, calling on Honey at 15th street, found  
Selwyn with him; recently arrived from Boston  
being engaged as scene-painter at Nitobe's. Leav-  
ing them, went to 19th street, to the residence of  
a certain "Lieutenant-Colonel" Joachimson, who  
was to have no trappings, and horse-furniture  
presented to him; and who had sent a note  
Toward that effect to the "Times," offered to me by  
Bahill. The colonel and all his guests were  
Jeев; I myself being, I suppose, the only uncircumcised  
person present. Such an array of  
booby faces, and turgid lips and black hair  
I never witnessed except at Mordcaï's festival,  
subsequent to the serenade in Charleston, South  
Carolina, of which occasion I was strongly re-  
minded. We assembled in a little, narrow par-  
lor, hung round with prints and pictures, the com-  
pany overflowing into the passage. We talked of  
the war, of course, and of England, and I soon  
found that my Hebrew friends didn't believe in
The reconstruction of the United States as such. They were for a speedy peace. One had a story about the sudden decease of Lord Palmerston, communicated to a New York banker by his brother, by the last steamer. He was confident of the truth of it. After half an hour's delay, we went upstairs to a neat back room (the walls garnished with Turkey-mode portraits) in which the horse furniture was displayed, and the presentation followed. Joachimmond — not a particularly refined Hebrew — in military uniform was addressed in friendly but halting manner by a Mr. Ports who concluded by bidding him go forth (to Maryland) to join the 59th) confident that the God of Jacob would watch over him. Joachimmond, having responded, we all descended to the room immediately below, where a table was set out with cold meats, poultry and wines. Then began champagne sots to pop, the contents of the bottles to cream and mantle, toasts to be proposed, and praiseworthy eating, drinking, and talking — some of the latter decidedly verging on speech. "The venerable father of Joachimmond — a jolly-looking old Israelite, with a round bald crown, a white beard, but objectionably full lips — was toasted. Then a youngish man of Californian and Maryland antecedents spoke, dwelling on the United States as a future
possibility. Then, seeing me about to depart, the company drank the "Recess," and I responded. No other newspaper men were present. To 7:45, finding Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in the basement, Laney, Selwyn, and the family upstairs. Stayed there, talking over brandy and water, till the rest descended, and thus saw the Old Year out and the New One in. A cold, windy night as I turned out, encountering Oweny-em at our door-step, conveying one of our female boarders from an expedition down town, to hear the bell-ringing at Trinity Church, by Agliffe, landlord of "The Store" in our Street. This female boarder is a Mrs. Chamberlain, a middle-aged woman, gray-haired and possessing the aspect of a lady. I believe she wants to obtain employment as a governess. I'd like to be at Bhaconbe just now.
THE NEW YORK CONCERT SALOONS

THEIR PECULIARITIES AND CHARACTER

SCENES IN BROADWAY HOUSES.

From the days of the "Dog and Duck" and "Finish," London has had her night houses; Paris, whether monarchical, republican or imperial, rejoices in her cafés chantants; and for the last two years, our cosmopolitan city of New York, emulous alike in good and evil, has produced as vicious and popular a perversion of the two as can well be imagined. "In this thrice favored island," which, according to the truthful Diedrich Knickerbocker, "is like a munificent dung-hill, where every foreign weed finds kindly nourishment," what in England and France is a comparatively harmless blending of public entertainments, has assumed the truly diabolic form of shameless and avowed Bacchus and Phallus worship, every block in a certain portion of our principal thoroughfare having its two or three temples where the obscene rites are nocturnally practised. That, in spite of the recent closing of a few of these places in anticipation of the enforcement of the dramatic license law, the evil is yet flourishing in rank luxuriance, everybody knows. What its nightly aspect is the present article may inform our readers.

THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL.

This, the pioneer establishment of its class, and the most pretentious on our list, is named after a London place of entertainment. Its New York predecessor, on Broadway, between Bleecker and Amity streets, was happily destroyed by fire nearly two years ago. The present edifice, advertised as "the most costly fitted up place of amusement in the world," (!) occupies the site of the former French theatre, between Houston and Prince streets. It is, indeed, the same building, altered and debased to its present purpose. Publishing its attractions by huge pictorial posters, by long advertisements in the newspapers, by a weekly bill of entertainment, it challenges precedence over its many rivals, and thus claims our first attention.

We enter it by a long passage, ornamented by posters, at the end of which is a ticket-office, similar to those attached to theatres, where a gentleman of "b'hoy" aspect retains the indispensable preliminaries to admission. The prices range as follows: Parquette, 35 cents; Promenade, 25; Gallery, 13; Stage Private Boxes, 75 cents a seat. What these divisions consist of will appear presently; we shall first pay our respects to the so-called Promenade.

Emerging from the pay-place by an ascent into the body of the house, we behold a spacious and handsome bar, stretching across the near end, ornamented with more than the usual profusion of glitter and with globular lamps of ground glass respectively inscribed with the imposing titles "Canterbury Palace." Behind this counter are a dozen bar-men actively engaged in the exercise of their vocation. Before it is an open promenade or dais, raised three or four feet above the parquette or pit proper, affording a good view of the stage over the heads of its occupants to whose level access is obtained by a central descent of a few steps. Leaning on the handsomely brass rail bordering this dais, we, in conjunction with a score or so of spectators, from that favorable point of vision survey the spectacle.

There are mirrors to the right and left, covering the walls of the building and doubly duplicating the audience, performers and attendants; mirrors fronting the galleries, rows of chairs alternating with little round tables in the body of the house (where the scarcely perceptible distinction of parquette and promenade is indicated by the red velvet top of a seat stretching across it) an orchestral and a stage, with the inevitable American eagle surmounting it, all appurtenances having a bright light look, creditable to the designer. There is dancing or singing in progress on the stage, an audience, and perhaps a dozen or more waiters girls. These young ladies being one of the recognised attractions of the establishment, merit a paragraph of description.

When not employed in fetching drinks from the bar to customers, or talking with them, they generally stand in a little group beyond the velvet topped seat, probably according to instructions, in order that the fascinations of their propinquitous may induce the expenditure of the additional ten cents authorizing the passing of that nominal barrier, for the due exaction of which a young gentleman in physiognomy to him of the ticket-office lies in waiting on an adjacent bench. Their ages may range from fifteen to five-and-thirty. They are dressed, some plainly, some showily, ordinarily...
tricked out with wreaths, head-dresses and ribbons. As much stared at and more familiarly known to the audience than the performers on the stage, their countenances exhibit a perfect consciousness of it, an affection of free and easy indifference, blended with a tired, up-all-night looks, inexpressibly dreary to witness. One—evidently the belle of the place—a girl in black velvet, with bare shoulders and a profusion of curls, is decidedly handsome; the most are common-place; some ugly. Nearly all exhibit an utter absence of womanly grace, repose or modesty, and most of them bear the indefinable but unmistakable stamp belonging to their class.

They are allowed to drink at the invitation and expense of visitors, but standing, being pretty sharply overlooked by one or both of the proprietors at the bar. They have, of course, acquaintances among the audience, with whom they converse familiarly, flippantly, drearily, vulgarly, intermittently, seldom for more than five minutes together, for the Argus-eyes at the bar would forbid that as an unprofitable expenditure of fascination. When, waiter in hand, they make their decision, way between the close rows of seats and their occupants to supply some distant order for “refreshment”—duly rendered difficult by exuberant crinoline—they are sometimes subjected to slight practical formalities on the part of the visitors; but ordinarily little of this is perceptible in this part of the house, the girls being perfectly capable of resenting such proceedings, and of putting their displeasure into language more remarkable for its idiosyncratic and adjective energy than for purity and refinement of expression. Yet it is evident that they are on the most intimate terms with the habitues of the place (it has its habitues—perhaps subscribers) when off duty. Go round to the private entrance of the Canterbury, in the approximate locality of Mercer street, at midnight, when the public performances terminate, you shall see a score of men waiting the departure of these girls to conduct them to the “Ladies’ Supper Rooms” of the locality, to their own equivocal carding-houses—to any unmentionable localities you please. Ask any one of them, when officiating as a waitress, her name and address, it will be exceptional if she refuses to give them. In fact, the place, for all its “legitimate attractions” is a bazaar to the brothel.

Up stairs this fact is even more patent than below. Here, the gallery is fitted up with little, low, pew-like compartments, their backs padded with red velvet, or cheaply painted of the same color. Here, too, about the same number of girls as are employed below, of commoner aspect and dress, generally clad in accordance with the prevalent hue, dispport themselves more freely than down stairs, being removed from the vigilant circum- spect of the bar-counter.

In the parquette and promenade the appearance is simply that of an average male audience. To quote from a description of similar places of popular London entertainments (minus the odious waiter-girl feature) in the last number of the Cornhill Magazine: “There are many gentlemen present who have very much the air of being at home, and as if they did that kind of thing every night—and perhaps they do; many others who have the appearance of having come from the country, and who seem under the impression that they are seeing life—and no doubt they are seeing it, as far as the smoke permits; and there are others who, from various outward symtoms, look as if they had what is called a foreign origin—and very likely they have.”

But for the waiter-girl feature the Canterbury might claim to rank as a respectable place of public amusement, the performances upon the stage being of average merit, the singing endurable, the negro business no dreamer than usual, the dancing pretty good, and in character not much exceeding the usual license accorded to the ballet. But the recognition of such accessories brands the “Palace” as only a less offensively conducted nuisance than others of its class. It is understood that these girls are paid four dollars a week and upwards, according to their good looks and personal appearance. Some of them must obtain as much and more in gratuities from visitors.

The Melodeon.

This place is located at 539 Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets, and in the old Coster mansion, once the shrine of wealth and fashion. Like its predecessor and rival, it publishes a bill of performances and exacts a price of admission—namely, twenty-five cents—for which a ticket entitling the visitor to a drink is given. It consists of a large room, or hall with the inevitable appurtenances of a bar and stage, respectively situated at the near and further ends; small galleries on either side, near the entrance; and over it four private boxes, the temporary occupancy of which (we were told, but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the information, and the Melodeon bill does not afford it) involves the expenditure of a dollar. The hall has a sanded floor, is cheaply papered, and fitted up with long seats and occasional tables of a plain, unornamental description. Indeed the general aspect of the place is dingy, more taverny, than that of the Canterbury.

The girls here are more numerous, and allowed...
a greater license of demeanor; they sit, drink and
chat familiarly with the frequenters—always with
an eye to stimulating demands for liquor, which
spirits, proves to be of unusually bad quality.
Like those previously described, they vary in phy-
siognomy from positive beauty to downright
ugliness. There are girls fat and girls lean, girls
dirty and girls clean, girls with dark hair, light
hair, thick hair, scanty hair, wild hair, curly hair,
hair in braids and tails and tendrils, and no-hair
to-speak-of altogether; girls in blue, in red, in
scarlet, in yellow, in green, in dresses like bed-
ficking; in wreaths, in bows, in ribbons, in flowers,
in rouge, in pearl-powder, in whiting—the three
last-mentioned articles being especially promi-
nent.

Two sisters are the belles of the establish-
ment, one of whom is more than pretty. The
average conversational ability of the young ladies
in general appears to be limited to common-
places, petteress, and vulgar iterations of the
dreadiest and most melancholy description.

Listening and wondering what extraordinary
bhallucination or perversity of taste could induce
the frequenters of the place to find any pleasure
in their society, we overheard one of them—an
obese female in Balmoral boots and a dress re-
ssembling pink blotting paper with ink-spots sprin-
kled over its surface—engaged in conversation
with a dissipated-looking young fellow, about ten
years her junior, inquire "whether he didn't want
a private box?" "What for?" he inquired.
The answer was suggestive: "To have some
fun." Furthermore, for a bonus of $10 (!) she
proposed to secure to him the felicity of an in-
troduction to one of the female dancers.

The stage entertainments of the Melodeon com-
prise the usual variety of ballet-dancing, singing,
posturing, juggling and minstrel buffoonery; also
an exceedingly gross Irish comic vocalist, whose
speedy suppression, as well as that of his pictorial
effigy from the dead walls of the city, would be a
public benefit. The establishment (which en-
gages "none but stars") also advertises the
speedy appearance of a lady "the range of whose
voice is greater than any vocalist (sic) in Ameri-
can, who "sings from her soul and moulds the
souls of her hearers to her will"—which, if it be
at all like the will of her probable hearers, must,
we opine, be a very base one.

THE NOVELTY.

This, a second-rate and comparatively smaller
concert-hall than the two described, is on the
other side of Broadway, No. 616, adjacent to Hous-
ton street, on a block prolific of such places.
The payment of ten cents secures admission and a
drink, ten more the limited privilege of an "or-
chestra-seat." Its proprietors publish a weekly
bill of entertainment, duly printed by the Herald.
The hall is a long and rather narrow room,
with the usual bar on one side of the entrance;
its walls ornamented with paper of a theatrical
pattern; its area containing rows of transverse
seats, the back of each being accommodated with
a sort of wooden gutter to hold the drinking
utensils. Owing to the moderate price, the place
is generally crowded, especially on a Saturday
night—so much so, indeed, that a cluster of spec-
tators generally remains standing in the vicinity
of the bar, looking over the heads of those seated
at what is going on in front of the one set scene
on the small stage.

There are here about a dozen female waiters,
mostly coarse-looking girls, who walk to and fro
with a defiant swing and swagger, drink, smoke
cigars, talk and sit with the audience at pleasure
with no apparent restriction with respect to time being
placed upon them; for we remarked one who
sat with her waist comfortably encircled by a
man's arm for at least half an hour. As another
illustration of their free and easy behavior we
may mention an incident.

There came in, during our visit, a rather drunken
Zouave, the tassel of whose scalp-cap being play-
fully twitched by one of the attendant damsels,
induced him to attempt "humors of revenge" by
incontinent kissing her. This was resisted on
her part, first by striking him in the face with her
waiter, then by discharging that article as a mis-
ile at his head. The intention was unmistak-
able, but the aim indifferent. In the words of the
young lady, when relating the incident subse-
sequently, "the waiter hit another fellow over the
snoof"—whereupon something of a row ensued.
The ticket-seller espousing the cause of the in-
jured gentleman, the young lady requested him to
go to Pandemonium, following up that remark by
a personal assault terminated at length by the
interference of the bar-men, by whose efforts peace
was presently restored.

The feature of the evening's entertainment
seemed to be the performance of a certain "Miss
Louise, the wonderful Lady Drummer, who made
such a sensation ten years ago as a child (sic
in bill), and more recently in Europe, where she
was honored (like Mrs. Jarley's wax work) with
the presence and approval of the Nobility and
Crowned Heads, and now returns to her native land
in the blushing bud of lovely womanhood, to en-
trance her hearers as much by her beauty as by
her wonderful powers on the DRUM." Of this

achievement we depose to the lady's being amazingly got up in red, white and blue, and to hering. Doubtless she was tired of it; she might have had a home once, a mother—somebody to love her unsightly.

These girls, like those at the Canterbury, mostly stand grouped in the parquet, near the orchestra seats (a limited space here) where sits a middle-aged man for the collection of the additional ten cents. As said, the familiarities between them and the frequenters of the place appear exceptional; we observed, however, the waist of one encircled by the arm of a vicious-faced young fellow in a fur cap. Of course, acquaintances are formed and meetings arranged with ulterior objects. But for this the Broadway Music Hall might be considered a legitimate place of public entertainment. There is little to object to in the performances on the stage, with the exception of occasional semi-obscene "gag," introduced in what a London street vocalist would demote the "patter" of a comic-singer—evidently a favorite with the audience. He appears with ruddy cheeks, wears a preposterous red waistcoat, plaid trousers and a light gray hat, stuck on one side of his extremely impudent countenance. The bulk of the performances consist of ballet-dancing, singing, farce, and the inevitable nigger-minstrel buffooneries, with which a certain class of New Yorkers never appear to be satiated.

BROADWAY PARLOR OPERA.

This is a down-stairs establishment—a spacious hall at number 581 of our principal thoroughfare. Descending the flight of steps leading to it, you behold at its entrance a recognition of the season and attraction to visitors in the shape of a fine Christmas tree, gaily lighted and decorated with many-colored ribbons. No price is charged for admission; you are simply expected to order something to drink, which something, if you follow the example of ninety-nine out of a hundred frequenters of the place, will certainly be lager.
The girls appear comparatively plain, mainly destitute of the odious tendency to the artificial display observable in others of their unfortunate sisterhood. They talk to the frequenters, course, sit with them, drink with them, know them, but, during our visit, at least, we observed but trivial familiarities. The music and singing have real merit, and are evidently regarded as the major attractions of the place.

THE ORIGINAL PALACE CONCERT SALOON
Next door to the Parlor Opera, No. 583 Broadway, resembling it in location and length, but much narrower and infinitely inferior in decency, the waiters are, all of them, posteprously attired in theatrical masquerade of both anonymous and authentic character. We observed a gorgeous young lady, presumably the impersonation of the genius of our country, dressed in a skirt of average ballet brevity, composed of broad red, white and blue stripes, her curls surmounted by a velvet cap bespangled with stars; another, disguised in masculine Highland costume to such an extent that it induced doubts as to her sex; a third, like an overgrown Medora, in a very low-necked dress and Balmoral boots; a fourth apparently attempting a compromise between Nancy's and Ophelia's. Their behavior rivaled their costume in point of propriety. The orchestra consisted of a violin and piano, and the nagging business predominated in the stage performances.

THE ITALIAN OPERA AND CONCERT SALOON
This place, situated at 637 Broadway, between lower and Houston streets, is, notwithstanding its title, eminently German, possessing, like the Parlor Opera, which it resembles in general arrangements, a target apparatus, a piano and some good cellists, who generally sing in German. The dress decently, drink lager, and might be better.

THE ORIENTAL SALOON
Next to Laura Keene's Theatre, and indicated to the public by a painting in oil, representing a gigantic odalisque, in company with sundry impossible palm trees, over the entrance, together with posters, lamps and transparencies, setting the names of performers in big letters. Its interior displays a bar, a long room with a low ceiling, its walls decorated with portraits of Helen, Bill Poole, Titian's Venus, and the bills proclaiming the prices of the drinks retail, a sanded floor, tables, chairs, a stage, with a gaily painted scene, (probably intended for a view of Constantinople), a piano and violin, and an average number of frequenters and waiters. The latter, announced outside as "the prettiest in the country," are not specially remarkable in any way. They wear decent clothing, and do not appear to be particularly familiar or demonstrative. The performance is well enough—sometimes amusing.

THE GAIETY'S CONCERT ROOM
This place—eminently the worst of its kind on Broadway—is situated on an upper floor at 616, next door to "The Novelty," described in the previous article, and two doors below Laura Keene's theatre. It publishes a play-bill, announcing itself as "the model concert room of America," and asserting that it "receives the patronage of the fashion and elite of the metropolis," who are invited to pay thirteen cents for admission to the boxes, twenty-five to the orchestra seats, and fifty to a seat in the private boxes. "The model concert room of America" is a common-looking hall, with a sanded floor, a deformed stove on one side, a mean bar at the near end, approached from the front by two arched apertures. The "boxes" consist of four or five cheap seats with backs to them, close to the entrance, away from the stage; the orchestra comprises the body of the room; what the seats in the private boxes are we shall discover by ascending to the gallery, a privilege thrown in for the expenditure of the lowest price of admission.

This gallery appears to be the principal attraction and lounging place of the frequenters of the establishment. There they are subjected to the blandishments of "the young lady waiters in attendance, whose captivating grace and lady-like deportment" (see bill) "are universally admired." These miserable females—there are twelve of them, some not over fifteen, others averaging five and twenty—persistence soliciting orders, inquire whether you are "not going to treat" them, and ask if you do not require their company in one of the aforesaid private boxes. We were favored with just five suggestions of this sort in as many minutes. The boxes are eight in number—two on either side of the gallery near the stage end, four at the end abutting on Broadway. Within them it is the girl's business to extort as much money as she can by way of obtaining orders and the allowing of various nauseous familiarities. All these boxes were occupied during our visit. The girls obtain $3 a week as wages, are fined fifty cents for absenteeism for a single evening, and are liable to rebuke and discharge if they do not succeed in procuring sufficient "orders."
Theatre des Édouards,
CHRISTMAS, 1861.

THE MANAGER,

Who has just returned from 14th Street with HERMAN, the Prestidigitating party, is

DESIROUS

of showing him, at the above Theatre, on the above occasion,

TO

such of his particular friends as may

PLEASE

to take the trouble to attend. He also

ANNOUNCES

MRS. HERMAN, who will do her prettiest, in her peculiar line of business. It is to be hoped, having once seen her, all may be lucky enough to get a Second Sight of her. Also,

PUNCH AND JUDY,

A rum sort of Play, you may have heard of,

DEPICTING

(what may strike you as being very curious),

ENGLISH LIFE IN LONDON.

This sort of thing, the Manager would say, was

NEVER BEFORE

attempted, on any stage from South Ferry to 42nd Street. The public may be assured that this Play will be all that it is

REPRESENTED.
Look at the following extinguished list of Parties:

Punch...................... CANASTER (fine old mild).
Judy......................... VIRGINIA (leaf).
Doctor...................... KILLIKINICK (medicated).
Policeman................... LATAKIA (London Clubs).
Hangman................... ANDERSON (solace; fine cut).

[See Frank Leslie’s Illustrated.

Conscious that this won’t seem quite enough for the money, the manager thinks of concluding with a

GRAND UNION TABLEAU.

ALL the Stars and Stripes will be brought in beautifully. Patriots will like it. You see if they don’t.

WILL YOU COME?

×

We offer the following bets to the consideration of any rival establishment:—

We bet 3c. that over 2 persons will be delighted.

" " 3c. " 5 " " " "
" " " " 10 " " " "
" " " " 20 " " " "
" " " " 30 " " " 

And including all the dead heads we bet 25 cents that there will be more persons pleased at our theater, than at any other place in the world.

"UNION FOREVER."

× Mild barbague of the offers of bets on the part of the Tribune and Times about their circulation as contrasted with that of the Herald. Added by Haney.
Haney's Christmas Rhymes for 1861.

How wise the hoot
Who rules the road
To hint at our displacement
From upper rooms,
Through stairway glooms,
Down to the genial basement!

If, as they say,
'Tis true that they who
Have ears like those distilled on,
Four happier walls
No palace halls
Are held within all Christendom.

'Tis prints, 'tis books,
'Tis pipey nooks,
'Tis cable-flags, et cetera,
To Fancy's wings,
To memory's wings,
I'm sure no serious feller are.

But best of all,
Fair, round, and tall
*Appertaining to the date of the celebration of The Atlantic telegraph
The punch-bowl in the middle,
That pleasing bawl,
To flow of soul,
Is as rosin to the fiddle.

Yet, stout old earth
And font of mirth,
You see we don’t forget you;
You’ve had, I trust,
Like us now
Hard knocks since last we met you.

And “storied urn,”
No truth we spurn,
(Out, here, confessed it be meant,
The poet’s text
Doth place you next
The “animated guest.”)

Your tipsy vapor
Cuts a caper,
Curls towards the fields elysian;
It mounts again,
It seeks my brain,
And gives me wider vision.

Presented by general contribution of the family, some years ago
First, painting Hayes
Doth meet my gaze,
Then Pa and Ma, I see, oh!
As in a mist
Engaged in what;
God bless the happy Trio!

There Selwyn clings
To Boston Things,
Along with boy and madam;
To wings and drops,
To traps and props;
I wish 'twas here we had 'em.

The mist dispels,
I see my Welles;
Whose wit there none exceeded:
I wish he knew
Hair very blue
I looked when he receded.

Carl Wilhelm Kan-
den, he is, too,
This year so much engaged;
And what from this,
There's not a miss
But more may be prevaged.
Next, absent find,
Who to my mind,
One of the true right sort is,
My old friend Jim,
We knew of him,
Biography his forte is.

To Hilton Head,
Dorrell has led
A thousand patriots stern all,
And we are—well:
An empty shell,
Bereft of our colonel.

Weath, Sam's pennant
George, Lieutenant
Sailed for a rebel strand, oh!
Like some old dwelling,
Past all selling,
Left—tenant-less we stand, oh!

Then don't forget
While here we're met
To make our Christmas cheer,
To drain a cup,
Turned bottom up,
To the gallant volunteer.
MAJOR EDWARD W. SERRELL.

This eminent engineer was born Nov. 5th, 1828, in the city of New York, where his father was well known as an engineer and architect of repute. In his boyish days the subject of our present sketch unmistakably marked the bent of his genius. In his 12th year he entered the Mechanics' School. After studying for one or two terms, his youthful fancy veered towards a farmer's life, but, with the usual fickleness of genius, it suddenly turned towards the sea, and, under the vague inspiration of becoming a Decatur or a Dacres, he applied to President Van Buren to carry out his design; fortunately his mother overruled him, and he was sent to Professor Leggett's mathematical school. At 14 he entered upon his career, and for three years was employed with his elder brothers in surveying. He was also employed in laying out the Atlantic Dock, Brooklyn, and afterwards was engaged in New Hampshire on the Northern Railroad. Our space will not allow us to detail his various works, till he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Niagara Suspension Bridge at Lewiston. He next superintended the erection of a similar work at the city of St. John, New Brunswick. In 1836 he turned his especial attention to building the Hoosic Tunnel in Massachusetts. In 1837 the compliment was paid him of being sent for by the Corporation of Bristol, in England, to build a bridge over the Avon. The military experience of Col. Serrell commenced before his 18th year. At that time he joined the ranks of the 8th regiment, New York State Militia, rose rapidly through the different grades until he was made the engineer officer of Gen. Hall's staff, with the rank of Major.

When the present rebellion broke out, he offered his services to the Federal Government, and was appointed Colonel of Engineers on the 26th July, 1861. He is now with his regiment at Port Royal, S. C.
Friends! brothers! sons!
Leal-hearted ones!
That rally round our standard,
Long be your days,
And green your's bays;
Of freedom you're the vanguard.

Rochesterians!
(Never dreary, and)
Absent — and great is the pity!
With them merry
Christmas, very;
Tribe and chief whose joy is blithy.

Worst of all,
Could us befall,
(And here's a joke that tickles;) We're out a five pence*
My absence hence
Of the fire expected Nichols!

Direction changing,
Vision ranging;
(Perhaps the verse is fert?)

* A 'Nickel' is assumed to be colloquial for a cent or penny — hence the 'goat!' ± Rather!
In land of gold,
Some I behold,
Around the usual Turkey.

Thou, health attend,
And fortune send,
Some day upon our drugged,
They may appear,
With faces dear,
And blest with many a mugget.

The list here ends
Of absent friends.
We need no longer roam, sir,
For what next is,
As a text is,
Found much nearer home, sir.

There's Nestor, who'll paint
You souse or cause
Or any kind of picter,
His better half
Will make you laugh
At servants who afflict her.

Polphemus,
(Oh, dear Polphemus!)
Where's the rhyme to fit him?—
Best let alone,
The task, I own;
I know not where to hit him!

Toney'll tell us,
—No! he'll tell us
All the news that's going,
Or will settle
(Tell us or metal)
What his plan is to your saving.

There's Ed and Mort
Are just the sort,
When in a scrape you're taken,
Without a doubt,
To help you out,
By sawing of your baking.

Charlie Honeywell
Rhymes to money-well,
With rarely-found completeness.
Out, judged by sound,
He will be found,
The very faint of sweetness.

*Brown. The paternal Swede is a baker.*
There's our Larry,
Who'd never tarry,
Nor could acquaintance let slip;
True to fame is
As his name is:
He would never 'gave up the ship'.

There's Jack Brockett
On my docket,
(Magnificent pipe, he so me gave)
Bronzed veteran!
Never a better urn!
May he semipaternal wave!

There is Russell,
Who'd a Museel,
With the waves this year at Newport;
'Mong great merchants,
Without per chance
Him we hope here to report.

Before nor Morris,
Mozart, Horace,
Look out for your musty laurels.

* Allusion to Lawrence the American naval hero.
* Ritchie of that ilk. He spent the past summer or part of it at that pleasant seaport.
He is at you,
If he catch you,
We'll have music, fun and morals.

Next to our Gunn,
Our versoes run,
No critic there is sharper,
For pencil sketch
For fancy's stretch
You'll find him out in Harper.

There's my friend Jack,
I'll gladly track;
At various things no small potatoes;
Wough to bewilder—
Singer, builder—
And prez-i-di-g-i-ta-teur!

And all admit
That he has wit,
Proud and hearty, quick and free.
Proof is ample,
For example
See this evening's Judy press.

And here is Smith
That he's no myth,
If you've an idea, don't repress it,
But if — your mind —
You words can't find,
Tell him and he'll express it.

Then there is 'Eva,
How we prize her!
For her music, gift so rare!
Anne, her sister,
Nearly missed her!
Shines in 'Trifles' light as air.

Then there's Matty,
Great on putty,
Pudding, pie, or jam or jelly;
Crowned with curls is,
Most of girls is,
As all who know will also tell ye.

Counting modes
Find two Joey's
Wife Price, Wife Nettie and Wife Behun,
Too,
All are pretty
Girls, and witty
And our love have every claim to.

Smith — a recent acquaintance — is in the Express business.
January 10th.

1. Wednesday. A lovely day, sunny and mild; too much so for the season. Uptown. Called at Chapin's in pursuance of a resolution made annually; saw his wife, he unable to receive visitors, in consequence of gout. To W. Leslie's. An hour there talking with Mrs. Leslie and a friend of hers. Thence across the Town through the new breezy and cold afternoon to Beldew's. Found the two brothers up stairs, rather languid and slow in the darkened apartment, certain festive preparations going on below, "Mrs. Beldew being about to give a party," to her relatives. From the manner of the brothers as they accompanied me towards the 9th Avenue (after half an hour's visit) I judged that they both hated the approaching festivity. P. O. optic resignedly about it, as he went for liqueur glasses; Bockett professed himself informally blue and said he'd like to go aside in a corner and be very sick. It may be that Beldew's anglophobia is being curiously punished; notwithstanding the disappointment of the pair in England and consequent abuse of it, have enabled Mrs. O. to assert herself in her ultra-Americanism, with the assistance of her relatives. To Odeletre Street, rather dull myself. The famous LeBlond there, with his gray hair dyed of...
a deep brown, fraternizing with the civilish Bradshaw. They had been paying New Year calls, I think in company — delightful visitors. Though of going to 7:45, but felt indisposed, so went to bed by 9, and read for an hour or so. I'm generally glad when these holidays are over.


"Everything goes on as usual. x x Mrs. B. went in the stage, but only tried it one night; she did not like the crowd she had to associate with (-); she has gone to housekeeping — expenses depayed from Acre Lane, Brixton, of course. " My wife and me live about as usual, that is to say we exist. I perhaps am to blame, but my whole happiness seems concentrated in Eugenie. x x

Do you think Eugenie stands any chance to write for any periodical and obtain any compensation for it?"

(Which I don't.) Thus Heylyn. Writing. I shall up part of the time; he has behaved pretty well for the last week or so. Yewell and Harland up, after 7 O. M. The latter talking of returning to Paris with me by Saturday's steamer. He is considerably changed in appearance; has a beard, looks hearty, and has been rusticating down east. Out together. Left them and went to Clinton Hall to hear the lecture of G. F. O'Grave, otherwise "Artemus Ward."
A cold hall and a pretty full house, mostly dead-heads. Saw Haney enter and in conversation with T. Wood, who is "agent" for Artemus. Was joined by Jack Edwards. The lecture proved awful rot; stale Joe Millerisms and resuscitated rubbish from Vanity Fair. I heard the great raw laugh of the "agent" amid those of others, though the book didn't encounter a warm reception. New York audiences are the best-natured in the world, I believe; the stuff would have provoked a storm of hisses in London. Departing, found Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Haney, Morris and an unmarried sister of his—all dead-heads, like myself. We were unanimous about the "Dales in the Wood." With Haney and the Edwardses to Te S, cheery talk, cold punch, and Christmas pudding, and the society of the pleasant Matty and the (temporarily) sleepy Eliza.

B. Friday. Writing. Down town to the C. Office. Return, writing. In the evening, by Barnes's invitation accompanied him to pay a visit to the Robersons, about whom he has talked of late in his usual enthusiastic manner. My inexpressible little friend has established a sort of partnership with a Captain Roberson, for the purchase and sale of postage stamps, by which he confidently anticipates a handsome income may be
obtained. He represented him as a British officer, and his wife as a perfect English lady, of travelled, colonial experience, and jolly, hospitable disposition. Also he learnt from her that she was the wife of John O Borough. The actor—his first wife—I don't know that the second has any legitimate claim to the title. I remember when there were two 'Mrs. O Boroughs' playing in New York and have heard that Borough dropped the first, because of her infidelity with Jim Wallack—characteristically, however, suggesting a Challic extermination in her behalf.

Borough himself was no more continent than actors generally are. In consequence of these stories and of Daveryen's praise, I was willing enough to visit the pair. We had an amusing evening of it. Robertson is a stout, middle-aged, dark-haired, whiskered Scotchman—so he says—on half-pay; his wife a woman of forty odd—an actress all over, of the Mrs. Fanny Wallack sort, though I don't know that she gets drunk. Mr. R. was jolly, cordial and not hospitable, gave Daveryen tea while I drank Ournon whisky with her husband. She told stories, too, colonial and theatrical. I got her to relate the history of the production of 'London Assurance,' which she did
at length, assigning the authorship to Brougham, Bordenhead, the story is as follows; I chronicle without endorsing it. Beaumont, then a young man about town, decidedly hard-up, had sent a play of merely literary, not acting, merit to the licentiate of Covent Garden, which was declined, with however the offer of £5.00 for me possessing both qualities. He despaired, talked young man about No. 1 to Brougham, who proposed bestowal a partnership attempt for the money, producing his play, then untitled, of London Assurance. "They'll never accept it from me," said Brougham, "but do you assume its authorship and we'll divide the money. This was agreed to. Beaumont lived luxuriously with Brougham and his wife, at their expense; was clever, agreeable, "a perfect young Mephistopheles." He did but little to the play beyond transposing the tag from the mouth of Sir Harcourt Barty (Max Hunkaway). Finally, however, he bragged so as to incite alarm on the part of the Broughams that he intended charging them out of both fame and money and did the latter. Mrs. B. thereupon went on the rampage, got made her husband take out an injunction and compromised the matter for a sum of money. Her illness over this affair, she asserted, commenced the estrangement between her and Brougham.
She narrated, also, how she, in combination with a theatre full of Jews, contrived to damn O'Soursault's "Irish Fairies," in revenge for the London Assurance affair. The author had swindled one of the "people," and they, being provided with gratuitous tickets of admission by Mrs. O'D., were instructed, ingeniously, not to hide but to hush down any manifestation of applause, so that the actors lost spirits and the play fell so flat upon the audience that it was not repeated. She told, too, the story of O'Soursault's annexation of Agnes Robertson, in more minute detail than I had heard before, surmising that the pair got married only when in New Orleans. She alleged that she had met O'Soursault's father, Dionysius Lardner, with Mrs. Hensy-side at the Charleston Hotel, S. C., Lardner summoning her, Mrs. O'D., to the bedside of his female companion, during an attack of sickness. Mrs. O'D. knew my old governor, Sam Brearley, and spoke of him. "Beautiful, Mrs. O!' she characterized as an irreclaimable clown and one who got occasionally drunk on champagne. I think the narrator herself could take her toddy willingly and am pretty sure that she sweated. The whole evening reminded me of my experience in Mrs. Leane's theatrical boarding-house. Robertson had something to do
in the getting up of that unlucky British Volunteers business, the recruits to which were drafted into other regiments. He does nothing, now, beyond prosecute his claims for money due from the state or government — and the postage-stamp business. Mr. A. plays — when she can get an engagement.

**Saturday.** A short letter from Butcher, dated Westbourne Grove, where he has "a snug little house with a largeish garden, and is "as comfortable as a man could well wish to be." He says he sent me a letter a year ago (which I don't recollect receiving), that "what with drawing and writing" he has been doing very well, working chiefly for the "Building News," with an occasional article in the "Gentleman's Magazine." His wife has brought him a son, now three months old. This comes the real gist of his letter: "By the way you may tell Bellows from me that he might as well have called and said "Good Bye" to me, and paid the $5 he borrowed. I think myself jolly lucky that I did not lend him more anyway if he could not pay it, he might have said so and arranged to forward it. I don't know what report he took back to America but he was badly disgusted with England. We Britishers evidently did not appreciate him; i.e., we did not take him at his own valuation. He thought
Boutcher's Loss of 5 Pounds.

To come here and run side by side with Leech, but failing to do so, everything English was a mistake. He did cut out for Punch, besides initials and wrote I believe a very dull article. They were satisfied to go no further; he was so, I believe, to go back home, saying that he had achieved his object. He came to do something for "Punch" and had done so. He gave to me his autograph on an S.O. U. which I still retain, and I gave him mine in a cheque which he immediately got the £5 for. I should now like to get the same amount for him, and if I don't get it soon, I shall advertise it for sale conspicuously in a New York paper. I am not going to sit quietly under such unworthy treatment." Of minor items Boutcher adds that Purdue is doing nothing particular; that young Allison proposes matrimony in the spring, and that George Blarke still continues the same quiet, steady, hearty friend in James St. Thus with Bollnew and Boutcher it's a case of diamond cut diamond. Boutcher, independent, with a married wife! for I know that neither the "Building News" nor the "Gentleman's Magazine" entirely support the current expenses
of the snug little house with the largeish garden.) Bruntcher loves money so much that he attempts a two-penny half-penny bit of dishonesty at the expense of an old friend, three thousand miles away, and Belfew nobbles Bruntcher of a borrowed £5. The latter would feel the loss more than I should, poor as I am; he always had a keen eye for the chancery. I can't deem Belfew for the money, began telling him he had a letter from W. B. I knew Belfew's departure from England, like that from New York, was done with a certain amount of secrecy, with a heavy trail of unpaid debts behind. He ordered clothes in London, on his arrival, to the amount of £30 or £40, so Cahill says, (in confidence) burnt half a dozen wax candles of evenings, when he couldn't have gas, went it expensively every way. I suppose he may owe from 500 to 600 pounds in England, perhaps twice or thrice the sum in New York. He comes evidently of an Irish, Thackerian, esquire family. The father, Captain Belfew, is according to Cahill's representations, a sort of pious old Pen-dennis; he a rust-hunter, fond of introducing the names of noblemen of his acquaintance in conversation, displaying rings willed to him by illustrious defence. He visits country mansions; it seems a good deal and is excessively respectable.
The Bellew Family.

I suppose both of his sons have been wild in their time and given him trouble, though Cathill — not a very good authority on such a point — pronounces him an entirely selfish man, who never could have really cared for them. He lives on his half-pay, but the literary attempts of his early life, "Memoirs of a Griffin," etc., indicate a Micawberish tendency not uncommon in ex-army officers of his class. He used to write letters censuring his son, before the latter had returned to England, which Bellew would carry for three or four days in his pocket unopened, dreading their contents. In the old country, he interfered with "Frank's" domestic economy (!), chided him for not going to church, deplored the probability of his being fond of drinking etc. Once, F. D. wrote an eight-page letter in remonstrance and objection, which Cathill had to deliver. Mrs. Bellew, of course, disliked her husband's father. Peckett was afraid of him; would hide a pot of beer or bottle of spirits at his approach. What Peckett was brought up to — if anything — God knows. He had attained an equal or greater amount of debt than his brother. His wife now is French — a "ward" or something of the sort — hence the delay in obtaining her fortune. When F. D. told us of his brother's marriage, a year and a half
ago, he represented his unknown sister-in-law's fortune as something colossal; I remember Handy retailing the views to me and my private speculations whether there might not be something Irish about it. Well, decidedly there was. She had some money, but not much; Cahill and Bob Gunn used to chaff about it in England, at first magnifying the stated sum enormously, then commencing a descending scale until they made it infinitesimal. I refer to certain of F.O.'s objections to England— to the difficulty of getting money that was coming to you—legal forms &c— to the matter of Overttus. Captain Bellem, the father had some share in the "American Agency" (a project of F.O.'s.) but was so cautious about paying up, that Bob Gunn got wrath about it. So Captain O. had married a Temple—I suspect that the only English member of the family. The "Major" seems entirely dropped by them both; they are altogether reticent about him, and can hold their tongues well enough on occasion. Indeed that broad-shouldered warrior would appear to have grown unusually raffish and disreputable. He grossly insulted a decent girl at the Sydenham Palace, by an obscene gesture, when drunk, and took liberties with a woman in the railroad car, when she cried for the police and Gunn and Cahill were only too glad to escape.
from their undesired companion. He lived in ignoble hiding, and had got in debt to the full extent of his ability. Altogether, as afore-
said, an Irish Thackeray-esque family. Sey-
mour, Cahill's cousin, once, in speaking of Bet-
low, characterized him by declaring him to be
"as wily as an Indian"—but two-thirds of it I
pronounce, mighty short-sighted cunning. Never-
theless his good-nature, his generosity, liberality, his
good manners, his ability and, above all, his
success, will always make him popular. In-
ted to our talk on the subject, Cahill declares that
Hansy likes men only because so of their success
in life, and pays court to them accordingly. I don't
endorse this, but there's some truth in it. Possibly
it's a matter of inheritance: in the blood, for his features
and physique are essentially Jewish. That I am
persuaded that you wouldn't have to go back very
far in his pedigree before without running up
against a veritable Hebrew.

Writing in-

Good all day.

5. Sunday. A lovely winter's day. Out for
a walk, looked into 745 to get Christmas book.
Comely Matty all alone, I having just finished
making the Sunday pudding. Talked of Parton
who is at present very anglophobic and repudiates
his nationality—which it is to be hoped that Great
The thrifty "World." jumping lightly about her boy. Downtown, to J. Leslie's. W. Ward there. He is not on the staff of artists now, but draws as an outsider. To the "Herald" office, saw Hudson; no go as to Canada project. Up into the World office, saw Broly. Steedman has got some office in Washington; he is not a regular correspondent of the paper. Lots. Cobb is supposed to be at the capital also. The "World" does not flourish exceedingly; it has cut down expenses to the minimum; what employees there are, have, in Broly's phrase, "to work like the devil." Up-town, writing all the afternoon. In the evening to West Houston Street, intending to call on Scoville. Rang the bell several times — dog barked — nobody at home apparently. Return to 752; Poore, you up for an hour or two — talk of the Robertsons, from whom he had brought a present of a Finnish haddie. 

Thursday. Writing in Thoreau's, a dreary hour without. In the evening to J. O. Carter's. familias, Matty, Eliza and Elizabeth, anon. Nancy; later in the evening Mrs. Edwards and Jack. A pleasant evening; stories and chat. To-day, Gabill brings home little Walton to lunch and subsequently induces him into the house as a boarder, guaranteeing his payment for one week. He does this out of pity for the little rogue's condition.
asserting that Watson has had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and but four meals since Sunday. Calhoun comes up to me in the afternoon with this statement, depreciating my expected objection to Watson's domiciliation. He doesn't like him, himself, but has been hungry himself. Another boarding-house incident. On Wednesday a man and woman, presumably married, apply for board and obtain the big back parlor, Mrs. O'D., vacating it for their accommodation. The man lay about all the day, recovering from the effects of Scotch ale, going out in the evening, but returning once or twice in search of the woman. Finally he packs up his trunk and departs without it. At midnight or later, the woman returns with a female companion, both extremely drunk, and the first violently so. She yells "Lady lady," throws things at her companion and sings comic songs vociferously. Mrs. O'D., terrified at first, goes to her, and quiets the row, turning out both her vivacious guests in the morning and retaining their baggage as security for what is due to her.

The inmates of the house are, at present, Jewett, Bradshaw, Phillips, Griswold, Sojily, Sawyer, Calhoun, a Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Jewett, Haines, the two Leathys, Miss Alden, McGuirk, and Mrs. Chamberlain. Old Jewett (introduced at first
Will Ward's old Complaint.

Talking of the money invested in the concert-saloons as a claim to consideration in their behalf. Mrs. Alden is, as her name imports, a dow—caster, and looks like one. Mrs. Chamberlain is: it appears a guest—one who doesn't pay for her board. She was introduced by the Kinnes. The friezy continue as objectionable as ever. Happily I haven't a word to say to anybody in the house, barring Mr. O. Cahill, Boweryman, softly and occasionally Jewett. I'm friendly enough with Phillips and Griswold, too, but see little of them.

Our's is decidedly a good low—boarding-house; if we could get a burglar or two as inmates, we might be complete and comfortable.

10. Friday. A beastly, driely, muddy, sloppy day. Down-Town by 5, looked into "Sunday Times" office, read proof. At S. Leslie's saw S. Wood, who told me that William Ward had been discharged by Leslie in consequence of his idleness. "He never did more than two days work a week," said John Angell. "He had two or three warnings, and then Leslie had to sack him. He gives him outside work, now, out of goodnature; it might be done in the office and the expense spared." (When W. W. was in Charleston I don't think he did more than two days work in as many weeks.) Upp-Town. Cahill deplorably drunk at the dinner...
Bellow's conjugal Misery.

did it and he went up stairs where, rallying
Bellow on it, F. O. said he undertook no re-
ponsibility in that quarter. He speaks bitterly
against marriage and advises others against it.
Once, when a little affected by liquor, he told Ca-
bil not to marry an American woman of all
for she'll be sure to have prolanous uteri or something
of the kind, and be jealous of you and then you'll
be wretched." He said, sadly, "Nancy'll be get-
ting married some of these days, and then I shall
have nobody to come and see me." He will take little
Ally, whom he certainly loves best of anything in the
world, with "You love your father, don't you?" One
when he and Cahill had dropped in at Pfaff's,
on their way to dinner at Bellows', he remarked
with a half-laugh: that Mrs. O. O. didn't like his
going thither, as she had heard that "Ada Clare"
had said he was the handsomest man she knew.
"It was a hint not to speak of the visit to
Pfaff's, which of course Cahill adopted. It can
hardly be a happy household. That at 21st street,
Bellow's nice late; when he has a heavy batch of
drawings in hand, works on far into the night,
in that upper back room of his, Mrs. O. O. remaining
downstairs; apparently never sitting with him. He
receives visitors alone, or in company with Berritt,
who is now sick and shut up from evermuch.
Howland returns to Paris.

Indulgence in liquor. He went some little distance in New Jersey, a few days ago, looking out for a farm with intentions of purchasing. He has tried Haney and the Harpers about getting money on a chessque book. The sum credited to his account being £50. He expects more from England but only a hundred or two. This is the fortune obtained with his little French wife. They have a child of which this great, rough, and Australian-Irishman, Patrick DeRuffet, Delphu seems very fond.

14. Tuesday. In door reading, drearily. With Davy and everyone to hear Lloyd Garrison on the "Abolitionists and the War," at the Cooper Institute. Haney and Jack Edwards there; joined them. To 725, with Jack and Haney afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; the girls and Ann there.

Howland went off to Europe again in the day intended, as I learned from Mullen, who made his acquaintance at Pfaff's. Among the things mentioned by Howland to me during his call in company with Jewett, was that Stone had gone into the army. Howland saw him in uniform of an officer in Boston. (He was a spy under Gen. Butler afterwards.)

15. Wednesday. In doors all the sleety, drizzly, sunless filthy day, worrying over last pages of story, which I finished. It is not, but I want to have done with it. I confidently expect it is rejection by
and shall be surprised at the contrary.

16. Thursday. Down town by 1; left story at Harper's; saw Newman momentarily at LecLie's. Up-town. In the evening to 22nd street. Dine not at home. Returned down the 10th ave. mme, along the North river shore, which looked wintry enough. Called at Joe McAllister's; and at Gay's in Hudson street. Sat in the cigar shop smoking and talking with him and his wife till past 11.

The domiciliation of little Watson in this house has afforded me some information about divers acquaintances of a sort only to be derived from such a source. I see him occasionally in Baker's rooms — at present the two little extension are in the rear on a lower story, once occupied by W. Leslie. Watson is a small, red-haired, clean-shaven, moustached person, not badly described in the advertisement denouncing him as a thief once printed as a standing warning to the public over the editorials in Walter's "Spirit of the Times". He did some rascality in England, popularly rumored to be defalcation or embezzlement at the cost of an uncle who employed him, which necessitated his expatriation and as adoption of his present name. He is a little, low-laid over, radically, inherently dishonest, of theatrical tastes and
Some Truth there was, antecedents. I have heard that he wrote theatrical pieces when in England. My first knowledge of him occurred in 1853, when Glover brought him to the "Picayune Office." He "travelled" with "Tud" a good deal in those days, and has been more or less intimate with him ever since. Together they visited Allie and Josie "Vermoe," and of them Watson deposes as follows. I have no earthly doubt that he would lie just as readily as he would thieves, borong with a tavern-keeper or the landlady of a boarding-house, but as much as he had no inducement to do so, in this instance — except perhaps vanity of a characteristically odious sort — and as the particulars detailed are probable and akin to what I knew of the women, I incline to credence in them. "Allie Vermoe" maiden name — she was a maid once — was Margaret Warship. She is a New Yorker born and has two sisters. Watson knows nothing of one of these. Allie got married to a man in decent position, left him with some man and turned adventurous. I have chronicle enough incidentally of her in the "Lantern" and "Picayune" days: she wrote trashy prose and worse poetry for all the rattle-trapment of New York weeklies, haunting the editorial sanctum and stringing out her
miserable gains by prostitution with such persons as suited her interest or fancy. The untalented-looking John Watson kept her; the proof of which enabled her husband to gain a divorce. At the period when Lewis was in England, when Nancy, newly installed, at Jim Barton's instance, as back editor of the "Picayune," was scribbling in the Upright Street sanctum (now the "Courier" office) and pelting at the rabble of hell-actors and swindle-jumpers which Glover used to bring there; when Allicie was maturing eyes at him and putting her feet promiscuously in those of anybody who might be seated at the desk; when she brought Jossey Thistle, who talked idiotic baby-gabble and dressed like a Coventry ghele with a rug of colors to the head; when I used to chaff Allicie about her poetry and be considered cynical; when all these things were transpiring, Glover and Watson (my informant) were in high feather with the two sisters. They visited them at the woman's residence upstairs, staying there all night. Glover had to do first with Allicie, then with Jossey, and Watson followed his example. Jossey, vain, foolish and monstrously affected, had been "reduced" (it is really a prostitution of the word to apply it to either of these sisters) by "Dolly" Davenport.
Allie, Josie, Glover and Watson.

The actor, when about fifteen or sixteen years old. She formed a passion for Glover in consequence of his fool's face resembling that of Davenport. Allie was a good sister to her, kept her, and tried to preserve her from the impurity into which she herself was precipitated, but vanity and mischievousness had their sway, and the two whored in common. Jossey becoming pregnant by Glover, that lewd, vicious person, who is yet capable of small cunning, devised a project to fasten the responsibility upon Watson, who being as intimate as his "friend" was with Allie, had information of the trick from her. In pursuance of it, he was left alone with the younger sister for two hours, and this commenced her intercourse with Jossey. Finally she was sent into Connecticut at Glover's cost, where an abortion was procured, when she was six months gone with child. "It cost," said Watson, "over $100."

He, it seems, was the means of introducing Allie to the miserable little Glover, who was really married to her. Glover saw both sisters at a theatre, and was struck with Jossey's beauty, and became very desirous of making her acquaintance. Just then she was engrossed by her passion for Glover; so Allie made play and secured him as a husband, within a week or so after the introduc-
Stories about Lotty.

seems to have got up a certain amount of pseudo-sentiment about Josey; for when Calwell rallied him about her with characteristic freedom, he affected remorse, said he had induced her. And Watson tells a story, how going accidentally into a shop with Glover, he descried Josey, looking handsome and dressed in deep mourning, I know not on what occasion. Glover, who had seen nothing of her for a year or more, was quite overcome; she beheld and passed by him quite unmoved. This "Thad." Glover is a married man and has six children. Now about another of Allie's sisterhood, Lotty. Watson knew her during her engagement at Wallack's Theatre, then denominated the "Summer Garden." She played the whore with Davenport, with Glover, with others unnamed. It was commonly known in the theatre that she visited "Dolly" at his lodgings opposite, during remaining whole afternoons with him. Grassville, when Watson only knew as Alleyne, was supposed to know and to be philosophically indifferent to his wife's harlotries. I got these items amid others concerning the harlotry players, all confirmatory of Le Sage's estimate of them as a class. My nauseous little informant spoke of charming little suppers in which both the men
and women got drunk and on champagne and
the latter got drunk and sang 'Landy, Landy' songs and exposed
their persons. "We spent the night in drinking
and talking 'Landy—Heavens! what pleasure!"

17. Friday - In doors all day, correcting the
last six pages and an eleven-page letter to Old Gun.
Dampy weather out of doors.

19. Saturday - Going upstairs, after breakfast,
at 9 o'clock, looked into Cahill's room with the
newspaper and discovered him lying asleep, dressed
and in his (or rather Shepherd's) overcoat, upon
the sofa; Walton beside him, on the floor; The
gas flaring, the fire burning, the bed unslept
in, the room hot and clammy. He came
up to mine afterwards and told how he had
come home perfectly sober, as I partly knew, at
night, and was going to bed at 11, when a boy
so was despatched to summon him to a Haun-
ton street tavern, by Armstrong. The two stayed
there, getting riotously drunk, until 2 in the
morning, Walton joining them. They had their
clothes off once, for the purpose of fighting some
beast. The row began by a person vilifying Wat-
son as a scoundrel and swindler—probably for
good and proper particular reasons. He returned
sarcastically, provoking his accuser to strike him,
when Glover interfered in his behalf and a general
In the early summer began the movement of troops to Canada, and the shipping of great quantities of military stores to the same point, with the sailing of armed ships into the North Channel. The Governments of the United States, Brazil, and France acceded to the Treaty of Paris was simultaneously declined by both those powers, except upon condition of our assuming obligations which they declined to assume for themselves. The Mexican War was agreed upon by Great Britain, France, and Russia, and a vessel for which a large foreign fleet will be thrown into the Gulf of Mexico. Meanwhile the British Government, through an agent here, had privately, not officially, approached the rebel authorities to invite them to sign the Treaty of Paris. The agent of this business was Robert Bunch, Consul at Charleston. The letter proving the fact was found upon the person of Robert Mure. The removal of Bunch was instantly demanded by Mr. Seward. The matter was opened to Lord Russell by Mr. Adams. There were instructions to Bunch, "which are only now acknowledged because they have come to light," as Mr. Adams remarks, were confessed by the British Government, which declined to remove Bunch. Mr. Seward, by the President's direction, thereupon instantly withdrew the American envoy. Without the declaration of Earl Russell that his Government did not authorize Bunch to say that what he did was the first step toward recognition.

Notwithstanding the correspondence respecting the question of Mr. Bunch's exequatur as her Majesty's Consul at Charleston, in connection with this affair the following extract of a communication from Mr. Adams to Lord Russell is printed:

"Lecture on the United States of America" April 18, 1859.

My Lord: In obedience to instructions I now have the honor to submit to your lordship's consideration the answer of the Government of the United States to my note of the 9th of September last, in reply to a previous note of mine touching the despatches made from its original course of the sealed bag of despatches of which I avail myself in the enclosure, a copy of which was immediately forwarded by me for your information.

I then referred to your Lordship that the declarations made in that note with unquestionable and freedom touching the contents of that bag are entirely satisfactory upon the main point in question. It was the result, and, therefore, a pleasant duty imposed upon me to express the regret felt by my Government at the interruption of the commercial intercourse of the two countries which has occurred in consequence of a mistake of mine that the agent who transmitted them was abusing the confidence of the two Governments. I have declared to my Government no serious inconvenience resulting from the delay.

In announcing to Lord Russell the withdrawal of Mr. Bingle's exequatur, Mr. Adams explained that the BritishGovernment had not considered it advisable to proceed with the business of admission until the question of Bunch was satisfactorily adjusted. I have also the honor to refer to your Lordship that it has been explained to me that the consular proceedings have been taken without the presence of a strong conviction that, independently of the absence of the British legation, the Government of the United States would be unable to accept any such interpretation as modifying in the least degree its own rights and powers, or the obligations of all friendly nations toward it.

Notwithstanding the whole of the more confidential and important communications passed between the two Governments, Mr. Seward disclaims being instructed to announce the result of the most careful and weighty deliberation upon the question of the admission of the American exequatur. The Government of the United States feels it impossible to revoke the exequatur of Mr. Bunch. Neither has this step been taken without the presence of a strong conviction that, independently of the absence of the British legation, the Government of the United States would be unable to accept any such interpretation as modifying in the least degree its own rights and powers, or the obligations of all friendly nations toward it.

Inasmuch as the unexplained character of the communications to the British Government has been referred to in the last paragraph, it is understood that the British Government has not been informed as to the result of the most careful and weighty deliberation upon the question of the admission of the American exequatur. The Government of the United States feels it impossible to revoke the exequatur of Mr. Bunch. Neither has this step been taken without the presence of a strong conviction that, independently of the absence of the British legation, the Government of the United States would be unable to accept any such interpretation as modifying in the least degree its own rights and powers, or the obligations of all friendly nations toward it.

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My Attic Entertainment.

asked me to accompany him. There to Bellows according to appointment. (He himself opened the door this time.) Up-stairs with him and Beckett till 11 or later. Beckett asleep on his back on a sofa during the greater part of the evening, and Bellows and I inciting subjects for the next "But get of Fun." A dull time of it, and out-of-doors in harmony with the occasion.

20. Monday. A little drawing. Down town by 4, to get a few articles for "dinner," which came off in due time, when Beacraft and I had completed the arrangements. It comprised a savoury pot-pie (one of two sent to me by the hearty Two, from Canada), sardines, half a dozen bottles of ale, and grog in the shape of Hollands and whiskey. The Robertson appeared about 8. Softly came up two hours later, from his quartette club, our landlady honored us with her presence for half an hour. Our guests decidedly enjoyed the affair, which went off jollily with eating, drinking, and singing. Galilee was invited, but attendance at a firemen's ball, in his reporterial capacity, kept him away. We broke up at about midnight.

21. Tuesday. Butler back here, from the army of the Potomac. He has been in the commissariat department of the Victualling brigade, as an assistant
Frank Wood's Lecture.

To Daughter. The brigade is encamped on the Maryland shore of the lower Potomac, with the breastwork farther side of the river. Talk with him about things. He's a thin, good-humored Connecticut fellow, of no special marked characteristics. Loafing, doing chores and drawing. Haney came at 6, dined and stayed the evening. Everybody present. Just before Haney's arrival, Frank Wood ascended to me, with ticket for his lecture, to be given at the Forestlyn Athenaeum. Telling of it, he said he should tell the story of Dodge in Charleston as an instance of the generally despised behavior of Northerners in the South. I could have suggested another equally pertinent.

22. Wednesday. To Harper's with brother C. Came out of town at 2 p.m. To the Evening Post office and elsewhere in search of work, returning to Bleeker Street tired and heart-sick. After dinner Bellew came up, wanting me to help him on some drawings. So we set off together walking to 22nd Street. Mrs. Bellew, he said, was sick; had been so for some weeks; deserted off in New Jersey about the farm project. We worked together in the big black room till the shades of evening necessitated the lighting of the gas. I feeling anachronistic -- as if time had gone back for four or five years and I was drawing for him, in 27th street, with
An Evening at Bellevue's.

much the same dreary winter weather out of doors and as dreary impotency as in my portals. Little Allie made an incursion once or twice, when it was taming to see how fond her father was of her. He had to leave the room or occasionally in accordance with the servant girl's summons. As the announcement of dinner, he said, "I won't ask you to dinner, Gunn — my mother-in-law is here — and she and I don't get along very well together — we'll have a quiet feed by ourselves, if you don't mind waiting." So I drew on for another three-quarters of an hour, during which time (To make the resemblance to the days at 27th Street more complete) Hamilton came up. He was capricious as of old, talked Anglo-Phobia glibly enough, said his profession had deserted him, that he must throw it up and adopt anything. Presently, young Weller entered and soon afterwards took his mother off.

I descended to a grueous dinner, apposite enough to a hungry man, though savoring of the condition of the Lascivian Christians in Paul's time. Bellevue didn't bear me company, and it. Returning up stairs, I drew till midnight. Hamilton leaving two hours earlier.

23. Thursday. Indoors, dreary enough and doing but little until evening. At 3 I went to 745. Fancy them and other families, smoking their...
Haney's Account of the pipes and Matty, with the piano for a table, making a dress for her adornment, on the occasion of Jack Brockett's wedding, which is to take place next Wednesday; all of us being invited. The cards of the pair were awaiting me. I sat and talked; anon came Eliza, Jack, Their mother and presently Anne. Eliza and Jack had recently sat for their photographic carte de visite, and the former brought them down to show me. After some chat and joking, I secured copies. Stayed till past 11, then accompanied Haney to 1st street, where we sat in his room, drinking Madeira, presented to him by a customs-house officer, one of his fellow-boarders. Throughout the evening we had more than common cordial and friendly, and we dropped gradually into one of our confidential talks about the family and, inevitably, of Sally. It seems that neither she nor her husband are very frequent visitors at 745, now; their indifference perhaps amounting to a want of feeling. Nanny does not even care to drop in on his return upstairs. The girls visit them, persisting in doing so. Both Eliza and Anne have received the reward of their partisanship against Haney in being thrown over. Eliza longing to be restored to her old friendly relations with him, attempts it indirectly, but he designs that she shall ask what's the matter.
Nast's relations to the Edwardses,
before re-uniting her, thereby giving the girl a wholesome and deserved lesson — in all kindness to her. Good Matty — honest Matty — shows best of all, she is not brilliant or very quick-witted, but she wants to do right and is incapable of duplicity and ingratitude. She will be nineteen next Sunday; Eliza seventeen within three days afterwards. "I wish," said Hany, of Matty, "that some young fellow would come along and marry her — and then I should hate him!" & Much of the tenderness of which her elder sister was most unworthy, Hany has diverted to Matty; though he does not confess, perhaps even to himself, any definite intention in it. He has got bravely over his former disappointment at length, and our estimate of Sally is almost the same. For me the girl has ceased to exist as completely as any living person can do so; I don’t think of or care about seeing her. Apropos, I once ventured a prediction that the marriage would affect Nast’s relations with Sol Eytinge; it had come true. There were propositions that the names of the friends should become acquainted with each other and Maggie (she has dropped the name of "Allic" entirely now) wrote a letter to Mrs. Tommy Nast, possibly inviting her to Brooklyn. Sally rather morosely replied by saying that she didn’t think her mother would approve of her acceptanc.
A Split between Nast & Eytinge.

Therefore &c. &c. Next day, at the office of the "Illustrated News," dol (doubtless pulling his mustache and scowling) produced another letter from Maggie. "I shall not take it!" said Tommy (accurately informed of the contents of his wife's note, and having, in addition, devoted himself to inquiries about Mrs. Dol's character, with odorous results). "The letter did not require any answer!" Dol, indignant, despatches his wife's reply by a boy to Nast's residence. Tommy immediately sends off another, with instructions to Sally not to receive any letter during that day. But either Dol's messenger did outrun that of Tommy, or Sally's curiosity induced disregard of marital behests; she got the letter and read it. Only one sentence had reached us: "I was amused," wrote Mrs. Maggie Eytinge, "at your reasons for &c. &c., considering the character of those with whom you have been intimately associated with during the last year or two!" Since then a coolness has occurred between Nast and Eytinge. Poor Dol! what fierce nocturnal reminders he must be subject to! What a Nemesis this Allie Vernon business has involved more than one in! Jim Barton told Haney this: 'I can imagine how the latter felt at the prospect of Allie Vernon's introduction to Sally!' Alf Ward has dropped the "Illustrated News"
A Reminiscence of Sally.

possibly in consequence of irregular payments, and
now drawn, at an increased salary, for Harper's.
He made the acquaintance of one of the young Har-
pers in Washington, nursed him while sick, or was
otherwise of service, and got offers made to him.

Hancy says that Sally, when quite a girl, did
side with the first Edwards family against her
mother; that she, being at Nyack, visiting the Ni-
choloses, said to a woman of the place that her mo-
ther was "only a governess until her father married
her." There was a row about it at the time,
Mary Rogers taking it up with characteristic Par-
tanian impetuosity. Sally told me her version
of this business at Grafton, and I have record-
ed some of it. Hancy believes she told a lie to
abate herself from obscurity. Mrs. Edwards
informed him of the whole story, after his rejection
by Sally. Women never forgive their own sex.

24. Friday. Writing. Dinner torn in the after-
noon. Going into Frank Leslie's met Beckett
Bellew with the Irishman who once had J.
R. Wood's place of Treasurer and is now employed
in some other capacity - I think that of advertisement
collector for the Monthly. To Brook and Duff's,
where we found F. Bellew, Brightly and others.
Out with T. O. presently and temporarily quitting
him went up into the "Tribune" Office and caught
Dana, acted him to give me something to do and had a friendly chat; he promised, with apparent sincerity to send me off as correspondent when an opportunity occurred. With Odell's to Harpers, found Mr. Tall Watson sitting in the immense store room, waiting for somebody. He was undoubtedly ill-conditioned, apparently hard-up and under a cloud. He said he had given up soldiering—that he couldn't get accepted—it had cost him some thousands of dollars (of course a lie) and left him flat on his back. He came further to try and raise a little money—had seen Fletcher Harper—who had refused to advance him any money—well he couldn't blame him, as he, Watson, was already in their debt. They had articles of his, Watson's, writing which Guernsey wouldn't use. He didn't speak to Guernsey, who was a sneak, a cur, a snob, a hypocrite, no gentleman. He, Watson, hadn't gone round and hissed the back sides of everybody about the establishment, and that had done him injury. With much more stamina—ramble stuff of equal weight. Back to Crook and Duffy's with Odell's. Bill Wands there, confessedly rather letting go. Than just holding on—nothing to do, I judge. Glover, Brightly, White, Banks, Crockett Odell's and others present in little groups. Presently F.B. went to see his brother off by the
cars. Left the others, ascended to the "World" sanctum and saw Marble on a similar errand to that which took me to Dana. Uptown. Soli-
bling hard during the evening, at new story by a dreamy night outside, with hail dashing at the wind-

25. Saturday. A beastly day, hail, sleet, snow and rain; the streets without being in a dreamy plight of saturated snow and auto-deep slick - writing in-doors all day, story and article with intent to offer the latter to the "Post" or "Tribune".

26. Sunday. Came Haney before I was up, "in search of a transient host-and-" Mrs. Odell had sent her girl to Haney's boarding-house, with the information that F. O. had not returned home last night. We concluded that he had gone to Paterson, to his brother's, appending the well

verdict of "Served her Right." Haney went on 
his way down town, purporting to make a few casual inquiries, but not to waste his Sunday 
by a trip into Jersey. Indoors till the afternoon. Then strolled out into the cold, clear, windy, slippery street. Up Broadway indefinitely, then to Odell's, pretty certain that he had returned by this time, in which I was right. He opened the door to me. Up stairs, and to-


Bellew's Dispraise of Women

gather till past midnight. When two men, on
friendly relations with each other, are thus situated,
they naturally become confidential; the more certa
by &c. of one of them to miserable. So, very soon,
I obtained an indirect confession of Bellew's
domestic history. It began by his suggesting
the compilation of a book on marriage, to include
all sorts of excellence that had been written upon men
and women in their conjugal relations. He spoke,
as he always does, disparagingly of the sex. "The
worst man," he said, "was better than the best of wo-
men!" He believed his mother-in-law was one of
the worst of women — the most unjust, cruel, un-
charitable, merciless, exacting. The only way to
rule a woman was to tyrannize over her, to make
your will a sovereign, despotic law; to be selfish
and unjust, to do things that revolted you. There
was悫tett his brother (whose character is characte
ized as "a healthy animal") — always a self-willed fellow—
his father had to give him up in despair — could make
nothing of him — Odeett, who was partial to poaching,
to pugilists, dogs, rats and low company — whom
nobody had any restraining influence over, except
himself. F. O. — well, Odeett had one of the best
wives in the world, and at first he treated her
brutally. When he married her — she would have
$12,000, some day — not soon, but certain —
her Kingsfolk said, 'Well, if he can manage her it's more than her mother and grandmother could; expecting she would prove a duchess. I asked if she were English. No; Italian-Irish, or French Irish; I forget which. Peckett came home drunk night after night, brawled, shouted, swore; brought home riots and intemperate companions; treating his wife's objections as those of a child—in short his conduct was atrocious. Now they got on capitally together. It was her money they were living on; but she came to him for every penny of it; he played Sultan in saying yes or no; half the time he would tell her they couldn't afford this or that—they must be very economical. Of course she demurred—just accepted Petruchio as a model for all husbands, suggesting justice as the basis of all relations between man and woman, as between man and man. I fear and know that he generalized entirely from his individual experience. He asserted that all good, kind, gentle-spirited men were suspected; they too could not bear to do the things necessary to bring women to reason. Then came the statement of his own case, put hypothetically. He knew a man whose wife's behavior was eating his heart out. He was well off—nice house and all that sort of thing—had a good business—they might live quite comfortably, but it was horrible. He
hated debt! (?) did everything he could to keep out of it, but she would incur bills, leaving him the difficulty and responsibility of meeting them. He came home, after a day's business down town, and found two or three persons, with bills which he knew nothing about — there might be $30 owing for shoes, $20 more for this, $15 for that, all debts of his wife's contracting. Sometimes she would deny having ordered the articles — a woman had not the smallest hesitation or compunction at resorting to a lie on any occasion on which she conceived it might be of service to her. You talked to these people, persuaded two of them to go away, paid the third. Then you remonstrated with your wife; she recriminated, said mean, odious things to you, went into hysteric. If you came home tired and hungry and found no dinner prepared. She said she couldn't get any; you left her no money; although you had given her plenty for the week's expenses before. You put on 5 your hat and went out, got a meal at a restaurant and returned at midnight. Then, tired out, when you wanted to sleep, she, who had had a good doze throughout the afternoon, persisted in talking till day-light. In the morning you came down a little wearied and unfit for business. The same scenes occurred during the day, the next day, the day after
His Conjugal Inferno.

That, and the day after that, it lasted a month, two, three—it was continued five or six years. You could stand a little of it, but when it became the rule, it was horrible. What could be done? tradespeople would always send things as long as he (the hypothetical sufferer) lived in a handsome house—you couldn't go to every one of them with caution against giving your wife credit—for I had suggested this. "Fire rooms," I said, "go to a hotel or boarding-house; provide all things handsome and necessary, give a weekly allowance and insist on having things on a ready money basis; if she would get into debt to allow no false shame or pseudo-generosity to induce you to become a partner to or tolerate it." But if she locked the street-door to keep you at home? hid your shoes and hat? tried to cut you off from your friends, everybody? if, when, sting to exasperation you went off for a day or so, she sent messengers all over the town after you? you couldn't break out of your own house like a burglar or make your exit by the window. Still, I counselled the having and rendering of justice. I could not, of course, tell him that such a match brought forth its fruit according to its origin, but I said it should never have been contracted. How could you tell? he asked. You knew—you
Mrs. F. Bellow.

I knew nothing of any woman before marriage. I felt very sorry for him and fully aware that there were two sides to the question; that his loose-handed improvidence has enabled the woman to contract debt after the manner she does; that his lack of rigid honesty about her; yet was persuaded that two-thirds of his accusations were just. To her, I believe his conduct has been without fault; always kind, tender, considerate and gentlemanly. He must have loved her a good deal once, if he does not now; he has drawn her portrait thousands of times; one finds it on his blocks, on the margins of sketches, on scraps of paper; even the child, Allie, has learnt to draw this anni-present, maternal profile, and with skill. But what Bellow told me this evening into short combination with his Nelly Strutt in his "Ricketty Dick" and you have Mrs. Bellow's character complete. In the story the woman is horribly suspicious, jealous, exacting, worrying, unreasonable and indirectly the cause of her husband's death. All the time of my stay, Mrs. Bellow was "sick" upstairs. We had a quiet tea together in the back parlor, little Allie officiating, and a pretty, quiet young girl, a friend of hers, of about her own age being present. Mrs. B. had something spe-
Mrs Odier (once Mrs Allaire — as near as I can get the name) — face highly idealized — may have looked even ten years ago.
A Foregone Conclusion

...sent up to her, I remarked—a chop. Before that Allie had come to us, in the upper room, with a request that her father should compound a cool drink, based on pineapple, for her mother, which he did. We smoked many pipes and drank ale during our converse, Diller occasionally striding about, after his manner. I liked the fellow very much, and felt very sorry for him. It's another confirmation of the truth that the worst place in the world to look for a wife in is another man's bed. I've no doubt she makes the origin of their marriage a reproach to him. "You've got me now, and wouldn't dare to do so and so, but for my having left my husband and E., etc." Women of that stamp—naturally sting in the most sensitive places. I wish I could write my Book of Bitches, too—it's a task that ought to be done. A cold, icy, starry, windy night; part 1, when I got to Bleeker Street.

27. Monday. Run out for the first time in three or four days—hurray! Scribbling story. A note from nephew Edward, now at Cairo, Illinois. Here it is, condensed: Ordered hither—through Missouri—Hannibal and St. Joe. A.A.—twelve miles march from Palmyra to Luxery—bridges burnt—snow, inches deep—not feet...
Nephew Edward Campaigning:

slept on floors in bar-rooms — people kind —
cattle cars — Missouri detestable — Illinois agreeable — Cairo a muddy hole (as I very well know)
— lots of troops — went across to Fort Holt in
Kentucky — log-houses, fort & cannon — no
pay for two and a half months — hope to get it
soon — expedition down the river come back, having
blazed away at Columbus, killing forty "rebels"
— got newspapers — write to me. God send
the last safely back to his mother again, some
day.

Down town, to F. Leslie's, the E.
Office; saw Maverick; to Crook and Duff's.
Bellew, F. Wood and old Thorpe were, anon.
Jo Harper. With Bellew to F. Leslie's; then
parted. Up town. Scribbling in the evening,
'till 11 or later. Haney looked in for a fifteen
minutes on his return from skating and the
Central Park. We talked of Bellew. Mrs. B.
had despatched a letter to Haney yesterday mor-
ning one that filled him with disgust. It ex-
horted him to neither eat, nor drink; to ignore the
city — go to Paterson — hither, thither, everywhere,
to find and bring back Bellew. "We go near death,
too." Rot! This running up bills for quanti-
ties of shoes seems to be a special weakness with
the woman; she did it so when they were at Tan-
try town, in disobedience to his special economic
A Birthday and a Marriage.

I fancy that her father (who seems a decent old boy) isn't privy to the state of things between his daughter and her husband; the mother knows and abets Mrs. Delmar.

20. Tuesday. I'm doing all the ditzy able day scribbling. At 9 to 7:45. Found quite a party of droppers - in there, Morris, a Mr. Pratt (a critic of our years transatlantic experience), Mrs. Russell, young Honeywell, Mrs. and Mrs. Edwards, the girls, Ann, and Jack. About Honey entered. The day was Eliza's seventeenth birthday, in honor of which her father brewed a jorum of the famous punch and we had a lot of a jollification, with songs, &c. Delwyn and Hayes appeared late in the evening. The latter have arrived this morning, from Philadelphia, for the purpose of assisting his brother-in-law in scene-painting at Neil's. Kept it up till about 10 o'clock.

21. Wednesday. Down town to Harpers; Dinner not yet returned. Through the drizzle, snow and sleet, which constituted as beastly a day as could be conceived, to Trinity Church, too late to witness the marriage of Jack Brocket, which occurred at noon precisely. Passed Nast returning from it and met Honey. There had been a large show of friends at the wedding, in
Leggat advertised Alf Ward.

including Damorean, his wife and family, Nicholas, Mr. Edwards, Watty, Eliza and Jack. The latter party had just caught off up Broadway in an omnibus. With Haney to the office, Wehlen came. (I had met him before at Harper's and walked with him to Frank Leslie's, during which time he had mentioned that, requiring a change of physicians, he had been advised to call in Plattman to his wife. The woman takes scarcely any exercise - hardly ever stirs out of doors.) Orkett Wehlen followed his brother; Morris appeared also. Left them, looked into "Vanity Fair" office, to see Shanley, now installed as editor, during the absence of "Artemus Ward", while lecturing. Up-town, driving enough without - hard-up, out of sorts, and with an atrocious cold and sore throat. Banks came up into my room, to make an inquiry. He exhibited, too, an advertisement cut from the "Illustrated News", warning people not to cash a draught for $40, sent by Leggat, the proprietor, to Alf Ward - as payment had been stopped. Speculations thereupon; Banks going to write to Alf about it. Into omnibus and down town to Haney's. Together to the Jersey City Ferry, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Jack,
Matty and Eliza. The latter with their pretty faces en rigollette. Across the Hudson, twenty minutes waiting in cars; then to Newark. A slushy, slippery, drizzly, wintry walk to 2, Orange Place, where we found the newly married man, his brother, and father, and others. Chaff and chat, a standing meal, while the girls were dressing upstairs. Nicholas and Nancy in white kid gloves, as presenters to the bride and groom, during the approaching reception. Nicholas handsome and gentlemanly as ever; they say he is going to get married in a few days time. A quiet cigar; the girls descend and tea. Mr. and Mrs. Damoreau arrive. I hadn't seen the woman for some years and was curious to observe how she'd impress me. She looks Irish—unmistakably so. At a little distance a near-sighted person, like myself, might mistake her for a handsomeish, rather voluptuous-looking woman, with a curious distrustful expression about the eyebrows—a latent, evil glance, ominous of a surly, suspicious, wicked nature. But when I approached her, I found her features coarse and ugly, her mouth brutal. I am sure she is a sensualist in some direction. Her breath stinks too, abominably. She has good hair, however, and was handsomely dressed. I sur-
A Bridal "Reception."

mite that her imperfect pronunciation of minor words in The English Language is an affectation—a deliberately adopted hypocrisy rather, to be intended to carry out her vague pretensions to an Italian origin. Damorean, with the sides of his face shaven, but moustached and bearded, but looked like a small-headed Algerine Mephistopheles. Presently we all adjourned to a house three or four doors off, where the "reception" was in progress. Jack Crockett and his bride stood at the end of a parlor; to them all invited guests, male and female, addressed their compliments, presently dispersing about the room or entering the farther one to partake of refreshments. Nicholas and Haney found their offices almost a sanctuary, for the wedded pair stood not far from the door. The bride, Miss Caroline S. Chapman, looked pale and wan. I gossiped a little with Mat and Eliza (certainly the handsomest girls in the room with Nicholas and Damorean, and after half an hour's stay, returned with half a dozen men, to Larry's house, for a smoke. Thence came Haney, Mr. Edwards, Jack, Larry Crockett and Damorean, and we made a man's party of it, with spirits, smoke, talk, songs and recitations (on the part of Damorean.) At 10 came
Jack Brockholt with the news that dancing men were in demand, at which Jack Edwards hurried off, presently followed by Nancy. I, having knee-high boots on, Tarried for twenty minutes longer, when Mr. and Mrs. Edwards appeared, and we turned out into the族群 and thawing snow for a walk to the depot. Everything looked drearily, disgustingly wintry, and when we reached the little wet platform at which we had to wait for fifteen or twenty minutes, the raw mist being about so, that we might have been at some village railroad station on a western prairie, for anything we could see. The girls stay with Nancy and Jack at the Brockholt's till the morrow. With characteristic mirthful thought-mindedness, Mrs. Edwards congratulated herself on this arrangement, in consideration of her daughter's health. I felt sad enough on my own hook, but immense liking and respect to my companions. The car, the ferry; a wet walk to Veavy Street, and there we parted. They into a 4th avenue railroad car, I into a Sixth. Found Blake and Watson smoking in the room of the former, on my way upstairs.

30. Thursday. Didn't get up till near 12. A letter from my mother. Apprehensions about the war — my father's sickness — he in bed nearly
A Letter from Home.

all the day—"when awake he does nothing but groan and cough"—Edwin going off to work at some great house in Worcestershire — not an hilarious Christmas Day at home — Charles better in health but looking sombre and dull, complaining of the Bagoters — says he must bear it, because he is married — his wife "looks much as usual" — I am troubled with an ulcerated lip — Minnie pretty well — Butcher drawing for the New Exhibition — Aunt Bessy living in bad health near Bath — Minnie just arrived at our house — servant Alice coming in soon — Katherine from Gainer the butcher with the news that there would be no war with America — "I thank God on my knees for the same." A poem of Rosa's, copied by Naomi and the Evening Hymn from Keble's Christian Year.

In doors all day, at night to Bellow. Found him in company with a friendly ex-landlord of his, who was boring him considerably. He soon left. Bellow was nervous from staying in doors and harrassed by the state of his wife, had been unable to work all day. He said he had a disagreeable duty to perform, to deny his Mrs. Bellow the use of chloroform, which she has been addicted to for over a year — also laudanum — that Blake was strictly forbade it and he was resolved to obey him.
MY DREAM,

BY ROSA ANNA GUNN.

I dream of the summer, 'midst the wide grassy hills,
Where the sunshine is kissing the wandering rills,
And coaxing the flow'rets to bloom all day long,
And teaching the birds their melodious song;
While gladness and music seem clasp'd hand in hand,
In that beautiful spot of my beautiful land.

I dream of the summer on the uplands so fair,
Where the spirit of light holds grand festival there,
And far, far away, in the blue vaulted sky,
Like soft-winged cherubs the white clouds float by;
While the voices of insects, and breath of wild flowers
Hold sweetest communion through long summer hours.

I dream of the summer, where the dim shadows creep
'Neath the trees, where the sunshine seems falling asleep,
While each green leaf reflects in its wondrous fold
Back the sunshine's farewell in a glory of gold;
While the trees tell in whispers of nature's fair charms,
Lest they waken the wee birds that sleep in their arms.

Oh, I dream of the summer, the whole summer day,
And dream all its beauty is passing away,
Like an army are gath'ring far off o'er the main,
The cold wind and wild tempest, the hail and the rain,
Old King Winter will lead them, and fair things lay low,
And spread o'er the vanquished his banner of snow.

I wake from my dreaming, to think of that shore,
Where a summer-day's gladness will rest evermore,
For the smile of my Saviour's ineffable love
Is the sunshine that brightens that country above:
There a dream that is found, where no waking shall come,
From the peace and the joy of that beautiful home.
He went out to get brandy for her at her request. We sat talking till past midnight, it evidently doing him good to save his mind a little. A dreary, slippery walk afterwards.

St. Patrick. Down Town with Cathill. Met Will and Jack Arnold, both hard-looking. The former for spotty in physiognomy. They spoke of George Arnold. Temporarily in Town, from his long sojourn at the Phalanx in Jersey, busy engaged in knocking down what superfluous health he had amassed, and was at the Tavern and brothel. According to Maute, when G. A. went further, he had reached the secondary stage of syphilis; his eyebrow and hair coming out—so much for practical Bohemianism. (Mauve, by the way, offered unsolicited testimony about Bellew's conjugal unhappiness, alluding to his being miserable.)—To Harper's; saw Donner, just returned from Canada—story not read yet, which sounded like a reprieve. To "Vanity Fair"; saw Stanley who said that O'Brien had succeeded in Washington in getting an appointment on the staff of Colonel Lander—he with whom Hitchings went to the Rocky Mountains. Frank Wood is now in Ocaton, as "hagen" for the Oatman girls; he did ultra-anglo-phonetic foaming at the mouth at the giving-up.
A Letter from Hannah.

of Mason and Slidell," until, said Shankley, "I had to give him a regular d---ning — to tell him he talked like a d---d fool!" To the "Post," saw Godwin. To Stanley, he not set'To Vanity Fair office again; saw Stephens. Up To "Nick Nax" office; saw Thatcher. Up Town. A letter from Hannah. I can't put down how her letters affect me; they fill me with affection, passionate yearning, and remorse — shame that I have affected so little towards winning her; it is for that reason that I always forbear to descant on them.

Items: Hartley is married to his housekeeper. He came over to Bencroft with the woman, previous to the marriage, to solicit "a great favor" — that my Hannah should keep house for him during a temporary absence (!) with characteristic Rambouilly cunning, suppressing any mention of his marital intentions. She puzzled and annoyed, declined. "I have found out since," she adds, that I should have had to be bridesmaid, and to have stayed at the house during their Tour in France. I cannot think why they fixed upon me, as I knew very little of them, merely speaking when we met."
Rosa, bye the bye, writes to Hannah saying that she and her husband have a boarder, "an Italian by birth, an Egyptian by adoption"—an agreeable hybrid, I should say. "He is a nice man," she says—will she play the whore with him I wonder? Not at present, perhaps; for she looks forwards to maternity. I don't care if she don't live through it. The marriage of Miss Mary Bennett and James Heritage, her cousin, seems imminent. "Hannah went to a Birmingham cattle-show with the Gazeys. Savage, a Staffordshire man (whom I neglect as being present during my first visit to Charonde) has turned up, is a widower and 'worries' Hannah with long letters—apropos of a grate, he has to get for further—which nobody else will or is expected to answer. Wrote a letter to my mother and to Mary Anne. In the evening, in pursuance of a little note of invitation from Matty Edwards, went to 745, W. Abigail Rogers there, sister to hearty Bill of Rochester, an equally hearty brown-stained plump old maid, a 'Wolverine' by adoption. She had recently returned from Washington and told us some little amusing matter about the homely talk of President Lincoln.
February

1. Saturday. Heavy snow all day. Story written in better spirits than of late, though in debt for three weeks board and otherwise hard up. Biddell came up by 1 P.M. so deplorably drunk that he stumbled down the lower stairs, in quitting my room, and I had to help him to his.

In the evening to the house of Mr. Frank Moore in Union Square, according to appointment made by him, which he broke. I had addressed him by letter in re a projected Diary of Charleston doings, during the Hunter business, advertised for publication. Very snowy & night.

2. Sunday. To Bellew's by 5 P.M. Out with him. He told me that he had received a letter from O'Conner, on Lander's staff, at Cumberland, Md. At the Woodbine in the
Sixth Avenue we drank and I asked him to lend me a dollar. He had little money but lent me half my demand. Talking subsequently, I fear he rather diminished his earnings in view of what had passed. In truth, what with the house, his wife, her extravagances, doctorings &c and his own care, less pressing it is be can neither afford to be just nor generous—except in the way of standing by one. "So far as that goes," he invited everybody. If he had had the wherewithal he might have lent me $5 or more, but he would never have thought of paying that $1, or me for my work on the block for which he got $20 the other day. I chronicle these things in perfect goodwill to their subject, only as a study of character. "I didn't take that harm," said he, of his present residence. As if I didn't know that. Leaving him, I went in accordance with an invitation, to the Robertson's, whether O'Connor could not come in consequence of the setting to music of one of his "little melodies" taking him over to Brooklyn. We chatted and drank whisky and water till it was almost four o'clock and then I departed and locked in at 7.45, to find the family, Haney and Honeywell. Walter had certain newly-taken cartes-de-visite, which, we agreed,
The funeral ceremonies of Gen. Theodore Xavier Thomas, Count de Bongars, an old French officer, resident in this city for a number of years, and well known throughout the country, took place on Sunday afternoon from his late residence, No. 38 Lispenard street. Gen. Bongars was an officer high in rank in the French army, and during the Mexican war commanded a regiment of volunteers from this State, distinguishing himself in a marked manner, and gaining the good opinion of his superior officers. He belonged to a noble family in his native country, inheriting the title of Count from his father, and was greatly esteemed as a man of no mean ability. Several years ago he took great interest in the militia organizations of this city, and was one of the original members of the Garde Lafayette. He was 70 years of age at the time of his death. The funeral was quite imposing, detachments of two or three different military companies escorting the remains, which were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Tribune. Feb 4. I knew this old boy — met him some years ago, frequently, in company with Tom Picton.
didn't do justice to her pretty face. Being left for five minutes with Eliza in the hall at parting, the question came: "She wanted to know what was the matter with Stanley; why he hadn't acted for one of her portraits as well as those of Matty and Jack. She didn't care about it, of course, only she didn't know what she had done to offend him or Mr. She had noticed it. Oh! no, she wouldn't act him. "What did she want me to tell him?" how absurd! she didn't expect me to say anything about it. I told her it was against my interest to make 'em friends as they didn't throw me over. How stupid to be sure! Honeywell is again drawing near to Matt, with Stanley. The girl had ended what happened heretofore by declining to accept an invitation to visit his mother, at his request, until he apologized for having intentionally cut her father and mother in the street. In response, he wrote a letter saying that the family were too English for him. He was an American Mr.—and declining. When he returned, from "saying the capital" with the Seventh, Jack held out the olive branch, which was accepted, but the little tenderness between Charley and Martha had apparently expired. Is it reviving, now? Stanley eng-
The telegraph announces the death, at Charleston, S. C., on Sunday last, at the advanced age of 84, of Mr. Willington, of The Charleston Courier. Mr. Willington was one of the oldest journalists in America, having been connected with The Courier for about half a century. He was a native of Massachusetts, we believe of Salem, but removed to Charleston when a young man, and has since resided here. He was a person of singular moderation and equanimity of character, of great gentleness of manners, and geniality and freshness of disposition. It was impossible to know him without sympathy and esteem. Under his management, The Courier has always represented the conservative party in South Carolina; it opposed Nullification, and subsequently favored the Whig party as long as there was any Whig party to favor, but with the advance of years Mr. Willington's active participation in its control diminished, and it took on, consequently, a less balanced and national character; and since the beginning of the Secession movement the most ardent South Carolinian must have been satisfied with its spirit and conduct. Some seven or eight years since Mr. Willington became blind from cataract, but in 1859 partially recovered his sight by a surgical operation. He was among the sufferers by the late fire in Charleston, his house having been destroyed by it. Mrs. William Young of this city is his only child.

—Mortimer Thomson (Doesticks) has prepared a new poetic lecture, called "The War—a huge joke," and has also written up to the times his poetic lecture, "Pluck," and will now accept invitations from Lecture Committees.
goes so possibly do. "The girl's too good for him," I said; "twelve others would suit him equally well." "That's what I think," said he. Why should Nancy make the discovery? Returning to 132, on my way up stairs, I looked in at Gal insufficiently at dominoes.

3. Monday. In doors all day, scribbling story.

4. Tuesday. Out for a walk in the morning, writing till midnight.

5. Wednesday. Finished story. Feverish with over much staying in-doors, took a rush down town to Nevada Street and back. To 7 or 8 in the evening. The girls were going to a ball, got up for the benefit of Correll's Regiment, Miss S. having given them tickets — said tickets being perhaps a little misleading in consequence of the hard times. Both Mat and Eliza came down so wrapped and pinned up, with Nubian in head. So but were compliant enough to un-wrap and un-pin for my gratification. They both looked pretty enough in all their war paint and were in as good spirits as all healthy girls with a dance in prospect ought to be. Pratt was there as fellow escort to Jack. Pratt is the son of a
Coventry with a manufacturer, in this country on the farm's business - has been here perhaps twelve months. Russell brought him to 740. He is a bachelor - query? an eligible one. Mrs. Ann was going to the ball, too. Saw her and Mrs. Colonel Verrell, who was fully aware of the glory attaching to that designation. I have not met her, I think, since the Anity Street party, when, I veritably believe, they thought I was eminently the favoring Vally. Did I ever put down that Mrs. Verrell and Mrs. G. Edwards were sisters - that father a clergyman? The party off, I eat with Mrs. Edwards and little Jessie, talking and reading till 11, when the always hard working Mrs. Edwards came down stairs. The girls were trying skating last night in the central Park, with Nancy and Jack. I picked up the "Woman in White" at the house this evening, with the inscription "To Mattie on her nineteenth birthday by J. C. H. All the rest of friends, ain't we, Op?" Pratt was to be Tated up to see visit the Nasts tomorrow night.

6. Thursday. To Harper's. "Trapped" accepted (which don't alter my opinion of it, though I was glad enough.) Left another story, saw Newman and departed. To the Sunday...
Times, the Tribune and the Times Office, seeing Dana and Bingham at the second, Armstrong at the third. At John Pyne’s book-store; chatted with him and Nagle. Met Damorean (whose head looked very small) with two or three engravings from Harper. Up Town. In the evening, I was just taking off my boots when Bellows’s servant girl appeared, with a note from her master. "My dear Gunn," he wrote, "as soon as you get this, will you come down and see me? I do for God’s sake. I am very sick and need a kind friend by me—I dare not trust myself through the night alone." I went, of course, returning with the girl. I found him unusually better than at the time of writing the letter—encouraged him, tactfully. To talk and ease his mind. Wife had been going at, as I suspected, wearisome work. heart and soul. Hired nurse, a cheery amiable woman couldn’t stand her; said that she wouldn’t continue in office for $100 a night. Mrs. O. had fancied herself poisoned, suspected an innocent female servant and by her ravings so wrought upon the excited and exalted brain of her husband that he began to think himself poisoned, too, detecting imaginary symptoms. Mrs. O. would get up in the middle of the night, insist on
another physician being sent for; then, would be weary unsuccessful attempts to procure one; she would threaten to go herself, rave, humiliate herself, despair, suspect everybody. A frightfully morbid nature, deprived of its habitual stimulant of laudanum—which she has taken yearly in considerable quantities—her whole being is a torment to herself and others. Her jealousy is such that she would fain keep herself locked up in the house; she suspects him of incontinence even when he goes out to buy a newspaper. Old Blake- man was unwise enough to be impressed by her talk of poisons; though she acknowledges the folly of that now. He is dismissed and an homopathic doctor engaged—at which I don't think Olatterman will have reason to repine in the long run. This new physician received the praise accorded to all new fancies, by both husband and wife. Add duns, debt, difficulty and all the bedevillments inevitably attendant on an ill-managed, improvident household as to domestic misery and Odell's nervous hell may be imagined. His father-in-law, with whom he had always been the best of friends, "sprang a mine on him," as T. C. phrases it, that other day. Odell had remarked that he would do so and so, get this or that for his
wife that day as he had to go downtown when old Wheeler exploded. "No, sir! you shall not leave my daughter; it is your conduct that has brought her to this state! I will not permit you to quit this house!" and so on. He put himself in the doorway. Beckett had remained two days imprisoned before the occurrence of this scene, at which old Plattman was present. F. O. yielded temporarily, but subsequently induced his father-in-law to express his regrets and apologize. Beckett Beckett, too, leaving his brother's house yesterday evening, instead of going home to Paterom as expected, journeys up town to fetch two dogs, kept for him by one Reynolds, the sporting landlord of some low tavern. Returning rather drunk, in the car, with his canine charges, he alleges that a stranger, in similar condition to his, was insulted and struck him. There was a fight, O's. O. got his nose badly cut with a blow from a pair of skates; both antagonists were covered with blood. The car stopped and policemen took the offenders to the station house. Of all of this, F. O. was informed between 1 and 2 in the morning, by an English country fellow, a humble ranger-on of Beckett's. The man's hesitating, misterious, broad, rustic speech, ex-
Ottow's nervousness to an intense degree, in apprehension for his brother, the more especially as the messenger was bloody, too. He went to the Jefferson Market police court, found Beckett an awful spectacle, got him removed from the cell to the Police quarters, did what he could, and this morning, both prisoners were dismissed with a reprimand. In the mean time the connexion, sent by F. O. to return the dog to Reynolds, is arrested as a possible accomplice of that person in a street murder, on the body of one Pat Mathews, a notorious fugitive and scavenger. However both Beckett and his follower are got safely off to Paterson. Ottow unnerved, musing, half-mad, sends down to 16th street for Haney. Haney doesn't come, returning an ambiguous message. The day passes horribly and F. O. sends for me. Half an hour after my arrival, Haney appeared, when it seemed that he had mistaken Ottow's message for one from Mrs. O., hence his delay. We talk John Bull versus Jonathan, the war, all sorts of things, drink malmsey, and at midnight Haney departs. I read Friday. I main sitting up reading for an hour and after Beckett has retired,
Then to a sofa-bed in the adjoining room. It was a suggestive position. The handsomely furnished apartment, the adjoining one with its unwashed marble mantel piece and artist-litter, the mice nibbling and scratching in the wainscot, like the caree that were eating the hearts of the miserable couple above. What ingeniously-wrought melvetic revenge for the breaking of that commandment could equal all this? I felt profoundly sorry for Beelzebub, and went to sleep. In two hours time I heard him in the next parlor. A howling dog prevented his slumber. I hadn't heard the creature, but did distinguish a yap and momentary yell subsequently. Beelzebub went to bed again and slept soundly, as I did, till God's sunlight came in through the windows and aroused me. My heart was up presently.

All the arrangements of the household struck me as in keeping, a curious blending of magnificence and discomfort. The plug to the wash basin in the bath room was mislaid; I had to wash in running water, a la Esther—

One handsome chair in Beelzebub's studio was deficient of an arm....

a good plan, too.) When the girl made the fire she didn't clear out the coals of overnight, but heaped on an extravagant and unnecessary amount of wood—which Beelzebub removed. We
breakfasted down stairs, as usual, after the meal had been allowed to get Laodicean) in company with a pretty looking young girl, a Miss Van Norden, daughter to Bellevue's former landlord. I had previously got a breezy, sunny walk in search of a newspaper. After two hours delay, during which old Wheeler called I got Bellevue out into the morning. Left him at 14th street on a & call at the Wheeler residence, and to my car & left. Scrubbing all the afternoon. Cahill up — sober — on pay-day. He says little Edge called here last night to see Watson — Edge fresh from Port Royal and talking John Bright and the London Star about the American War. Scrubbing till 8 or later. Going downstairs found Mrs. Butler and Jones in Mrs. Abery's room, with herself, Cahill and Jewett. Chat awhile, then to 725, with an arm full of books to send to George Edwards at Hilton Head, S. C. — at Anne's request. Found only Mrs. Edwards and Anne, paterfamilias, Hanny and Jack having gone off to witness the process of making aerated bread and the girls being on a visit to Haneywell's mamma. Stayed till 10½ then off rapidly through the wintry and almost deserted streets to Bellevue's house. Rang once, twice and thrice, when he descended, having gone
To bed. Talked for five minutes, then he retired, leaving me by the fire with a bottle of hollands and some biscuits. Read The Post and Herald—the latter as affording the grage of the lowest standard of newspaper morals conceivable—then to my sofa-bed, on the chair adjacent to which there still remained the coffee-cup which had been brought to me last in the morning.

S. Saturday. Oath; out of doors for newspapers, read 'em, waited till 10 1/2: Bellow didn't appear, so rushed off some breakfast, got in 9th Avenue car and to downtown, hungry enough. To Harpers, saw proof of story, got $20 for it. While there, G. Curtis was present at another table, appearing, in manner and speech, a lump of cragish affectation. Newman there, too. To Brock and Duff's for an oyster stew and a glass of ale, found Strong on the stool adjacent. Foot, having a characteristic lunch, consisting of a piece of sophisticated pie and a cup of coffee. The little man was chatty and I walked back with him to his store, where I beheld Tommy Nadt, who figures extensively in this week's "Notices." (?) Don't this a sign of decadence in payment on the part of the Old News—I have heard of a cutting down of salaries there. Looked into Haneye, into Frank Leslie's, then up-
Town. Chores &c; some scribbling during the evening. Little Edge up, prin, spectacled and conversational, talking American about the rebellion, which according to his opinion is to be extinguished in a month or so. He stayed an hour or more, everyone being with us during the best part of it, and when he had departed Edge said he wanted me to be the New York correspondent of the London "Star." I had been expressing opinions decidedly opposite to those of that paper. Throughout the interview Edge wrote for the Morning Herald in London as says he has had an interview with Earl Russell, with the Duke of Newcastle, apropos of American affairs, Knows O'Driscoll and other notabilities. He left his wife among her folks in Switzerland.

I paid honor Mrs. Bosley three of the four weeks board which I owed her with immense satisfaction this evening. During my recent poverty, Hume (who knew of it) never offered to lend me so much as a dollar. He would, I have no doubt, if I had asked him. He can lend money to Frank Wood or to O'Brien.

Anne Edwards told me, last night, that Miss Abigail Rogers had visited Fanny Herr, and returned to 745 with a general impression that she was rather an ill-used person than otherwise and that the Edwards...
family ought to look over her little shortcomings and be fond of her! There was only one error about the business; her introduction to the house. What right had Jim Carton to bring his decent friends into contact with his ex-mistress and the divorced wife of another man? Nick has now to be married to-day, says Haney.

G. Sunday. Ghires. Writing to Edward Greatbatch (Oxford) Stroll in the afternoon, same, by 5, to the Robertson's, finding the captain dozing on the sofa, his wife opposite a good fire of blazing carbon coal. Goose, tody, and tea, at which meal Davernen arrived in time to participate. What national, military, social, theatrical and what not. Before Davernen's appearance, Robertson had told me the true story of O'Brien's shooting the man Davernen, which he was well qualified to do, having narrowly escaped witnessing it. Robertson was turned over to the McClellan Rifles with a certain number of that unlucky corps, the British Volunteers, and rejoined at the camp at Factoryville during the summer months. He, an Anglo-Indian and old soldier, saw very little to admire in the state of things. O'Brien was continually drunk, arbitrary, and detested by the men,
he went about swaggering with a loaded revolver in his belt, threatening to shoot those who disobeyed his orders; "a dangerous man," says Robertson. This Sergeant Davenport, an Irishman, an ex-Indian soldier, O'Brien especially hated; he had menaced him repeatedly. Going down to Staten Island from New York, Robertson found himself on board with O'Brien, who, then very drunk, invited Robertson to drink with him, which he did.

At Factoryville, Robertson was called away to speak to one of the inhabitants of the place, and on his arrival at the camp, the shooting of Davenport had occurred, during the interval. He found the Sergeant with a pistol-bullet in his body, just above his navel. O'Brien had demanded the man's pass &c., to which Davenport replied that O'B. must know that he had leave to quit the camp—they had returned on the same boat—possibly without much pretense of respect for his question. Then O'Brien drew his pistol and blazed away with the unquestionable attempt to murder the innocent Sergeant, missing at the first fire, but, not so at the second. The soldiers were so exasperated that they would apparently have killed O'Brien, had he remained in camp that night.
He was under temporary arrest; but the man didn't die as was expected; O'Brien's colonel favored the escape of a companion; the press generally reported the thing a la Cahill, against the sergeant and the man is now limping about Governor's Island, with a bullet in his body, as recently seen by my informant. O'Brien got his appointment on Lander's staff by making interest with Mrs. Lander, who was Miss Davenport, the actress — the daughter of the "original Brummel" — indeed, the "Phenomenon" of S. Nicholas Nickleby. He had puffed her in the papers.

Left at 10 1/2, parted from Bewerly and looked in at 7 45, Ann and her father there; all the rest having gone to bed, the girls tired out with a walk back from the Central Park, in company with their brother, Hayes, Delurgan, and Pratt. (2) Ann hadn't been to Shapin's for the reason that "Mrs. Nick" cut up so, making grimaces and drawing caricatures in the pew, that it was impossible to listen.

10. Monday. Chores, and writing to Hannan. Down town towards the latter part of the afternoon, for tobacco and to the Post Office. Indoors all the evening.

it at once. On the evening through the fal-
ling snow to O'Dell's, finding him in company
with Van Orden, who came late. Stayed till
12. O'Dell read certain extracts from a MS.
of his writing entitled "Bad Advice to Young
Wives," which he designs publishing in T. Leibis's
Budget. It was evidently quarried from his
own conjugal experience and rather felicitously
done; the wife being unreasonable, irritating,
impatient, malicious, and miserably exacting—
Nelly Strutt again. Talking over it, O'Dell got
off a good, satirical thing, which he made a
mote of: "The miserable prostitutes who walk
the streets of a great city at night have one
consolation—that there are thousands of married
women ceaselessly engaged in avenging them!"
I saw O'Driscoll's letter to O'Dell—Irish,
with ejaculatory "By God's " in it, and latent bogs
of "you'll hear of me." Return through the snow.
12. Wednesday. To Putnam's; saw Moore,
the compiler of the Rebellion Records; to the "Mai-
on Doré" in Union Square, a stylish up-town
restaurant. Looking through it, and taking
notes for article for the Post. Return by 2.
Story-writing in the afternoon. In the evening
with Boweryem to hear Fred Douglass lecture
at the Cooper Institute. Afterwards parted
with my companion and dropped in at 7:45. Mr. and Mrs. E., Ann, Jack, Malby and Haney. Stayed half an hour or so; Haney walking homewards with me, and, at my suggestion, to the optimus for ale.


11. Friday. Dawn Town. To Harper's. Story being set up. To the enlisting place of Verrell's Regiment, twice, to see Major Bult, about getting a chance to go to Port Royal, but he wasn't in. Saw Mrs. Verrell, Thither and Thither. At Crook and Duff's found Bellow, Brightly and Osgard, the engraver, whom I have not met for some years. Glazed there. W. Wadie came in. With Bellow to Haney's office and after some dawdling, left him there. Up town, walking with Wadie, the candy maker (who is as big an ass as any I know in New York.) Streets in their normal winter condition of filth and misery. Loafing during the after
noon. Cadillic up to exhibit a new coat which he has purchased, providing for it by the ingenious process of paying Mrs O'Shea a week ahead for his board, that he might devote all but one dollar of his next week's wages, to perhaps the first article of clothing he has bought for six months. Having displayed it he fortuitously goes down town and returns intoxicated. Writing story during the evening.

15. Friday. In doors all the dreary, stormy day, writing story, very much alone until the evening, when Edge came up, an' Billington an' an 'Ombryen. Gave'em some grog, and they talked—especially Edge. He is a curious little fellow, frail and weak in body, yet with a singularly pertinacious, inquisitive, one-sided mind, which manifests itself characteristically in his present employment. He has the most unqualified faith in all the doings of the North with relation to the present struggle; he sees in the behavior of England as much to condemn as though he were a born Yankee. Presently the whiskey set him singing and I asked Ombryen to follow, which the little man did, erect to his full stature, his face turned for inspiration to the attic ceiling, his hands gesturulating majestically. We kept it up til midnight, when Billington
having taken himself off and Davy as having gone to bed, Edge and I turned out for an oyster stew. I had brought up for my future use, sundry envelopes, directed in bigger than "stud-horse" type to the London Star. Returning alone and looking into Cahill's room, I found him, Watson, and Sewell and Gufferoe. Stayed an hour hearing Cahill and Watson sing songs.

And thus passed my thirty-sixth birthday. Hannah will be mindful of the anniversary.

The Hon. Mrs. Squier looked most charming in a pink silk, exquisitely trimmed with swansdown, which well accorded with her soft and spiritual beauty. A wreath of ivy, with its long and graceful tendrils, mingled most bewitchingly with her blonde and waving hair. Her ornaments were opals and diamonds.

I extract the paragraph and portrait from last week's Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. The first occurs in an article on Mrs. Lincoln's recent ball, written by Squier himself in a vein of the most odious fulsome toadying. The fellow has gone on to the Capitol with his wife. To use his position as editor in order to get some place under government. I think I have before chronicled what Leslie's employees say of his engagement on the paper; that the previous pair of Squiers achieved it by a sort of "panel-game" arrangement, in which the wo-
man was the lure and bait, and Leslie’s hopes of enfolding the bush and the inducement to appoint him editor. Whether he is a widower or not is unknown, the general opinion being that Leslie’s to be gullied of his expectations. And this Squire—a little ex-schoolmaster, ex-consul and Yankee—is blatantly patriotic and foams at the mouth editorially, every week against England! I insert this from no earthly interest in its subject, but as another count of testimony to the purity of American journalism.

10. Sunday. A delicious winter’s day overhead. Thawing snow under foot. To 22nd street. With Peller for an hour, then out together. Visited Hamilton, who lived at fifteen minutes’ distance, at the top of a tall house. There is a Mrs. Hamilton, whom we didn’t see, also offspring. Back to Peller’s. Dinner at about 4½, with Ally O’Dwyer and the two pretty little Van Arden’s. (I doubt if Peller’s household has any regular dinner-hour. I observed, too, that they had changed their servant, the good-humored, appreciative North of Ireland girl who was sent for me, replacing her by a Negress. I hope the girl took her wages with her!) Dozed awhile, then off, by Sixth Avenue car, and to The Advertiser, whether...
had been invited to dinner. Beaver them there
and the hearty couple, who seem exceedingly well
matched. Clar et and chat till 10, then
off. Dropped into 745, finding apparently
a room full of people, resolving themselves into
Mr and Mrs Edwards, Ann, Matt and Sally
Jack, Matty, Eliza, Honeywell and a young
fellow unknown with a sister. Honey, it
appeared, had gone to Newark for the day.
I was dog-tired, with tramping about in big
boots and headache from overmuch sitting up
last night, and, excused in big chair at the
door-end of the room, & watching the doings
and listening to the prattle at the farther
end, felt sad and chilled and slighted
and stupid — perhaps ill-conditioned and
unjust. These young people were making
their game fast enough, — envious perhaps
of Sally’s example. I admired the mo-
ther’s patience. It was very dull — stupid
to the last degree — nobody addressed themselves
to her (the best person in the room) but my-
self, and I darcy I bored her; but she
put it out bravely. Morris came in too, and
talked amiable drivel, as usual. Happy
deliver by 11½, with a half-wish that I
mightn’t waste on it.
J. Monday. Dawn fair in amanibus, the city all excitement with the news of the capture of Fort Donelson on the Tennessee River with 15,000 Southern soldiers and three of their generals. Gravids about the newspaper offices, news boy's making a harvest, talk everywhere. I heard the story's details at Harpers, from Fletcher and Ossory and we had a bit of talk thereon. Recommending Ossory to read Tract's next's last "Rum-dar-all-Paper," in the Cornhill, entitled on "Half a Loaf," and telling what it touched on, "Aha!" said he, "about my article," adding that it was by his suggestion that the Herald had advocated the repudiation of American debts to England in case of war. "They shall have none more of it," said he, with denunciation of the English press and people. I said that England had acted fairly to this country throughout and that repudiation was d--d abominable. Fletcher Harpers thought Mr. Gunn was right in the first proposition; I don't think he expressed an opinion about the latter. Ossory took my remarks without resentment. Read proof of Missouri story, got $22.50; left. To the Evening Post office—The street in front crowded with people, reading the posters. Saw Godwin, Maverick, and Williams; got a letter.
from George Edwards describing the new pier
in process of construction at Fulton Head, under
his superintendence. Gave it Maverick for pub-
lication. (By the way, both the N.Y. Times and
the Post endorsed the Herald's surmising propo-
sition - not a New York newspaper condemned
it.) Drizzle, slick mud and street excite-
ment. Saw brightly at Crook and Duff's.
At F. Leslie's heard that Deller was there,
but didn't see him. Up Town. An afternoon
loafing over the English newspapers. Edge up,
rumpling and deepening on the subject of the
success of the Federal side. Dinner. Edge
stayed till about 10; Watson and Browerek
present part of the time. An hour's quiet
scrubbing when I was rid of them, with the
fire burning brightly and the fleet pattering
at the windows. Mary Anne's boy may
have been in this fight, but I find no mention
of his regiment in the papers. If so, God
grant that the lad's safe.
1 P. Tuesday. Finished Budget riot. To
Deller's with it by 5 P.M. Found him
dozing by the fire, read it to him at his re-
quest where he pronounced it "first rate" and
inconveniently fell fast asleep. Returned, per-
car to dinner. With Cahill to Clinton Hall.
to hear De Cordova deliver a rhymed and
prose "entertainment" apropos of the Central
Park, entitled "The Wall is Up." It proved rub-
bish. Dullness diluted. Doctickey trash, but
endurable within, well spoken and not abomin-
able to listen to within those walls. Still went professionally.
Cordova is an Anglicized Jew, has a berth
in some wholesale Tea house down town and
was once a writer for the N.Y. Times. I re-
member him in connection with the Constella-
tion. How he got his grand Spanish patro-
nymic heaven knows. Looked up at 7:45.
A bit of chat with Mr and Mrs Edwards.
Miss poring over The" Woman in White", Eliza
dozing. To Ayliffe's "Store", where I found
Edge and Watson. The first had been to
a bigger minstrel entertainment, by way
of relaxation from his "star" labor; the
second down town, to ascertain that he departs
on the morrow for Washington, thence to join
the "military fleet" with Porter, the destination
of which is, at present, kept secret. Watson
goes for the N.Y. Times at $ 15 per week sal-
ary, expenses paid. He is decidedly appre-
henose, not to say funky, about the presumed
crash to his own safety. Remaining till
midnight, I then returned to the house with Watson, and talking with him in Gadwell's room, it appeared that he had met Addison Keene Richards, my acquaintance in my journey of 1825, down south. Richards, during a visit to New York, came to The Spirit of the Times office (as of course he would, being a well-known sporting man and a passionate lover of horses) when Watson was on the paper, and so the two travelled about town together to some small extent, Watson doubtless doing the honors to the celebrated Kentuckian. Keene Richards, says Watson, is now a colonel in the Southern army. Well, Heaven care for him—he was a gentleman and a good fellow. If Hessel had lived, now, what an ultra Secessionist and hater of Yankees he would have been! This Fred Watson, as he calls himself, is a lewd little knave; this evening he got to telling stories of his boarding-house amours and the like; how he lay with a landlady and had to pay no board for nine months; how he lay with two sisters, one a girl of fifteen or sixteen, both knowing each other's prurience and simultaneously being shored—and more of the same sort. He and Altrame, one of the
Sunday Courier, wrote fellow boarders in the city of concupiscence, the scene of those possible misdeeds. Watson was privy to the amours of Abrams with the Mrs. Norris when Billington had to do with subsequently, indeed, in conjunction with Gayler, he was present at the affecting parting between the pair, when Abrams went to London for the first time - Mrs. Norris, alias Green (for she was known under both names) - whom Watson eulogizes. Promptly, excitement lest of Gayler, who wanted to return home with her, but the disfiguring his appearance, intrusted Fred to enter the carriage and order the drummer to proceed, as she didn't want that "big red-faced man" to know her address. Gayler, says Watson, resented this, at his, Watson's expense. In his talk of the woman Watson evidently wished me to infer that he had shared her favors. He has known Billington for some time, and, with Abrams, lived next door to him, when he (Billington) moved from this house to Beach Street, near Hudson, where I once visited him. Watson says Gayler is married to the woman he lived with; I have chronicled his story elsewhere. Gonzalo's kingdom - all whores and knaves!
9. Wednesday. Damorean appeared, having a day's holiday in common with the other of his craft in Harpers. He and Cathill chatted while I scribbled compilation work for The Budget. Cathill going down town I spoke of Nicholas' marriage. Quite a romantic affair, quoted Sharley - sensible match too, - lady not very young nor handsome had fallen in love with George Washington Nicholas while he was engaged to his first wife - never said anything about it - had once met him, a married man, in the car on the way from Newark to New York and spent a platonic day with him. Recently the pair had recalled their acquaintance at the juncture where it had been broken off. I spoke uncommittingly of Nicholas' penchant for Sally Edwards and heard his version of the matter from Damorean. A mere flirtation - he never intended anything - he could not, of course, think seriously of such a match - he had a little girl aged 3 and so who must have a mother able to take care of her - the girl. (Sally) seemed taken with him and the family seemed to expect it - he thought they were a little disappointed Or So. Damorean believed all this. How mad it would
make the Edwards family, including the wife of a certain young Helvetic German artist that I was of: However they'll never know it for me. Apropos of the subject, some evenings ago Eliza related to me with expectant laughter—how Jack and George, and the mutual acquaintance, with some allusion to the man himself, how reticent about seeing themselves in company with an "old woman"—opining it must have been his mother-in-law. It was his wife. I disappointed Mrs. P. by saying the thing was in atrociously bad taste. Scrubbing—Lunch. By 4, down town with Damorean and Gabill. The latter being intent on getting in order from Watson anticipating his first week's salary. Mud and fast falling snow. With Damorean to Damum's Museum. The hippopotamus, the dwarf, Nutt, and the whale. The first beast is interesting. The second little creature inspires only pity and the reverse of gratification. Parted with Charley and up town in densely crowded omnibus—a filthy night outside. By the way, while at the entrance of The Times Office, the tall Watson—Watson the vulgar was passed us, with a word of recognition to me. Watson Damorean and I had talked of him before, and of what a wicked—
face he has. Have I ever described him? A tall thin, cadaverous man, really like a resuscitated corpse, a vampire, a bloodless wretch with oh! such a countenance—an incarnate. Ugly, small, jutting eyes, a snaky, swindling, cold, watchful look—Yankee diabolism personified. "They say horrid things about him," quoth Damoreau—talk about incest with a sister, etc. I never heard this story, but I know the man was one of the worst of characters. Yet so in spite of this and of his appearance, he is said to be inordinately successful with women. "You see him with beautiful women—splendid, you know!" etc. Deacon Cahill, and my observation corroborates this. The man has an "office" in The Times building. When I found myself at the boarding-house table, at dinner, a letter was brought to me. From Hannah! God love her! In recognition of my birthday! I felt a pang within it and supposed, with the pang that always accompanies the news of marriage of those I know—because I seem so far from it—that it might be Mary's wedding card. It was a carte de visite portrait of my Hannah. Oh! God love her! God love her, whatever becomes of me. What a con-
social

traa was this incident to the cloaca around me; if I were damned work in hell and could obtain a glimpse of her in the Heaven that she is so sure of, it could not be greater. Cahill and Edge were at the table, having been to see the little Watson off. Cahill was drunk and lewd-spoken. Upstairs, awhile alone, then came up Edge, Daveryam and some time afterwards, Cahill, making anti-slavery drawing for Edge, anon compiling. A dreary, dreary, wild, stormy night out of door, the rain descending in torrents, the street streets almost ghostly in their midnight aspect from my attic window.

20. Thursday. Did two more sketches for Edge (who shared Cahill's bed last night), which he obtained by me. Then scribbled till sunset. In doors all day.

21. Friday. Going into Cahill's room this morning with his newspaper, found him with Davenport ("Dolly"); the actor, who had come home with him at about 3 in the morning, after an evening at the Theatre, with drunkennesse to follow. This Davenport is a round-faced, uglyish, common-faced young man, with the stage vanity characterizing actors in his address. He talked extreme sympathy with Gordon The slaver-captain, com
denied. To be hanged to-day at the Tombs, in opposition to the moral sentiment of every New Yorker with whom I have talked on the subject.

Dawn town, to F. Leslie's; saw Newman then who talked, as usual, overpoweringly about himself. To the Evening Post office, saw Maverick and Nordhoff. Returned discouraged up-town. Edge came in the evening, having been to witness the execution. He talked awhile and presently went to sleep on my bed. Dawngate up. Edge off. Writing letter to Hannah till an hour past midnight.

22. Saturday. Edge came from Amity Street where he sojourns, at present.) Dawn town with him, the streets muddy, the stores jubilant with flags, in honor of one of the recent victories and of the anniversary—Washington's birthday. Not fancy near the Park, he going up-town wards to dine at Carter's. To Holme's Photographic Gallery where Edge got 1000 prints of his friend and pitcher, Walton and stood out for his own. To the Astor house, Edge inquiring for N.P. Willis. Thence to Rode and Toovey's, and Edge to the Ledger office. Parted up-town in an insinuous, troops marching through the ankle drop clack of Broadway, horribly neglected. Dinner and loaping. Strolled out in
Gen. Lander meantime brought up Col. Carroll with the 8th Ohio Regiment, and the 7th Virginia, Col. Evans, for a support. Col. Anastanzel encountered the enemy at the head of the pass, two miles from Blooming. He was met by a sharp fire, and halted his command, instead of pushing through it, to the front. On hearing the firing Gen. Lander came up and ordered Anastanzel forward. The men faltered before the musketry of the enemy, when Lander saying, "follow me," halting at the head of the column only long enough to tell the men to remember their holy mission and follow their General to victory. His appeal was answered by one private named John Cannon, a Virginia refugee. Gen. Lander charged, followed by Major Armstrong, Assist. Adjutant-General; Fitz James O'Brien, the well-known poet of his staff, and Major Bannister, Paymaster U. S. A., who had volunteered for the expedition. A group of Rebel officers were distant about 300 yards, encouraging their men. Gen. Lander being mounted on his celebrated horse, outran the rest of the party, and cut off the retreat of the Rebel officers, "Surrender, gentlemen," he said, and coolly dismounting, extended his hand to receive the sword of Col. Baldwin, whom an instant before he had appeared to outside observers to be riding directly over. Five of the Rebel officers surrendered to Gen. Lander, and four more, immediately afterward, to the officers of his staff, among them the Assistant Adjutant General of Gen. Carson.
the evening to witness the illuminations, of which there were but four, and encountered Jack Edwards, bound on the same errand. (He had been on parade in the morning, returning muddied up to the knees.) Dined into a concert-saloon, saw a dance, heard a song, departed, and parted. To the Metcalfe's Hotel, each window of which was illuminated (probably in consequence of the majority of its inmates being Sechel in sympathy) and at the fifth story, in a room of limited dimensions, found the Robersons and Daveryn. Talked and talked for an hour. Returning to No. 2, found Edge asleep with his spectacles on, in Cahill's room. Didn't disturb him, and he presently adjourned to the bed, which its legitimate occupant left unattended for the night.

23. Monday. Edge up, Cahill, and for some short time Oates, who has a prospect of trying editorship in Colorado Territory. Oates is a bit of the old as well as the young rascal; this particular bird seems both to have his New York over. He came up to suggest a notion for a story to me, "it was no use his doing it — he couldn't sell anything; he should expect bundle of cigars if so and so." Left alone; story scrubbling this C. out with Cahill, parting at 7 15. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Ann at home, the rest of the family at Chapin's. Talk. Nancy came, as usual from Carpenter's.
The following paragraph of Gen. Lander's report of the Bloomery Gap affair, was omitted in publishing that document: "I respectfully commend Col. S. S. Carroll to your notice. He is a most efficient and gallant officer. Lieuts. H. G. Armstrong, A. A. G., and Fitz James O'Brien, Aid-de-Camp, joined me in the charge by which the rebel officers were captured, and confidence restored, after the cavalry had been checked. O'Brien was shot through the breast by a rebel, whilst out scouting on Sunday."
had brought the last Cornhill and read out there
way as "Half a Loaf" - apropos of the American
question. Talk, too, on British and American
Arrival of the three others, Vast, Jack and Honey.
Left at 10 and went to the Robertsons
man Boweryman had just quitted. Tod and talk
till 10 3/4, then home... Cabbell is at present
trying to succeed Davenport in the good graces of
Fanny Branch. There has been a furious row
between the actor and his ex-mistress, in consequence
of the former's infidelity with another actress, Ada
Clyton, as she calls herself. Fanny caught Daven-
port kissing her other strumpet, pitched into him,
tore his clothes to rago and received a black eye.
Cabbell says she is constitutionally a wanton and
proposes to avail himself of that idiosyncrasy. He
visits her.

24. Monday. Writing all the stormy, blustero-
sous day, till evening, then at Softly's invitation,
to the "Academy of Music," to witness the performance
of an individual styling himself "Professor Adrian,
when denominated John G. Tewson," King of Wizards
and Prince of Magicians," and who, gravely disclaim-
ing all Satanic agency, made the most gross ridic-
culing failure conceivable in nearly all of his
attempted feats. He was a grave, tall, middle-
aged, partly bald, dark bearded Yankee, got
up impressively, with a curiously deliberative gait.
His doings would have been dreary in the extreme,
but for their absurdity. The audience exhibited the
greatest goodnature, laughing at each successive failure
and cheering when the stage was vacant. One pitied
the man vehemently, at first, and then yielded to
the fun of it. When the entertainment ended, the
mirth became almost jubilant. A very stormy
night, the house literally rocking with the wind.

25. Tuesday. Sunny, cold and windy. Down
Town in the afternoon. To F. Leslie's. At Crook and
Duffy's found Obleew, Pantco and a Mr. Thomas, who
was an acquaintance of Obleew's' crowd "in the early
'Lateste' days" who was a comrade and in an ex-
treme admirer of the filibuster Walker. Further
on I saw Frank Wood and others. Talking with
Obleew and Thomas. The latter is here on mining
business in Nicaragua, intending to return thither
with machinery &c, in six weeks or so. He offered
to pay my expenses, give me every facility for seeing
the country &c, if I would accompany him, and
write about the place. I presume so with the inten-
tion of influencing emigration. Pantco eagerly offered
proposed to acceptation on his own part, but Thomas
didn't seem to see it. Left them and to 'Evening Post'
office; up-stairs to Maverick. Anne returning to
Crook and Duffy, joined W. Ward there and the
Joaquin Miller's "Thomas of Tigre" is not only a real person, but he is the most prominent man in Central America. His name is James Thomas. He was born in New York, studied law, and went to Cincinnati. There he fell in love with a "Juliet" and decided to become a tragedian. He turned up in New Orleans, where he started a newspaper. Having joined the Lopez expedition to Cuba, he was shipwrecked and floated around on a log for two days. Returning to New York, he became a Bohemian, formed the acquaintance of Lippard, North, Fitz James O'Brien, and other noted writers, scribbled rhyme, and finally became the editor of a widely-known journal, which is still being published. Returning to New Orleans, he killed a rival in a duel. Other adventures followed in Texas, Northern Mexico and California. A return to Texas was characterized by a duel with a famous desperado named Jack Turley, known as "The Diamond Merchant," from having stolen a large number of valuable diamonds in Brazil and made good his escape. Next came the expedition of Walker to Nicaragua, which he joined. Since he has been here he has amassed an immense fortune. At the end of a lively revolution he was taken before the successful ring-leader.

"What would you have done with me if I had fallen into your power?" asked the opposing general.

"Had you shot in three hours," replied Thomas.

"Very well," was the answer; "that shall be your doom."

There chanced to be in the audience a wealthy Spanish lady, who did not approve of the summary execution of handsome young men, and to her golden influence popular opinion attributed the immediate reprieve and speedy release of Thomas. He now determined to bid a long farewell to perilous conspiracies and filibustering expeditions. In the center of the city he purchased a block of ground, built a spacious residence on it, and, to use his own peculiar expression, "took up his eternal rest."

To such impetuous spirits, however, repose is impossible. He had no sooner become established for life than the mania of European travel possessed him. Sailing $40,000 in gold to San Francisco, he arranged his affairs for a long absence and speedily followed the treasure. In three years he expended every dollar of it in the leading capitals of Europe. He formed the acquaintance of Stevins, and, while abroad, of Swinburne, the Rosettis, and other English writers, and also became on friendly terms with many French authors of renown. He returned to Leon recently and is now living regally. I observed a copy of the "Songs of Sun Lands" in his well-selected library, and taking it down, recited that much admired poem, "Thomas of Tigre." He seemed highly pleased with it, but expressed regret that I did not have depicted him as a gambler, and was he never staked a dollar.
others. Promiscuous chat and drinking. Instead Sol Eytinge, Glazner, Rosenberg, Cateman, (father of the Cateman children, a Baltimorean and rampant racist) O'Hara and others present. Sol stood with his back to the counter, looking negligently drunk and being talked to. I learnt from O'Hara that a nominal reconciliation has taken place between them, through Bellow. They have not spoken to each other for six years, since O'Hara's brutal or crazy insult at the expense of Sol's "devilish pretty sisters." O'Hara says he didn't care about the reconciliation - Sol did nothing but talk sarcastically to everybody. Poor Sol! Talk of O'Brien's "getting shot" - Bellow eulogizing him - saying he had "distinguished himself." Cateman opening, in his good will, that O'Leary's death, in war, would be the best fortune that could befall him. W. Ward talked about a proposed removal of himself and the Serjeant family - not out of Jersey. Uptown, part of the way with Bellow, Thomas and Banks, the latter taking my arm, where I found he was decidedly drunk, in much that he stumbled. I had passed a streetcar who told me he was again the night editor of the "World," after a long interval of sickness. Edge at the house, talking of my accompanying him to Washington, Thence to the seat of war in the west. Writing till 12.

Thursday. Down town by 1; at T. Leslie's saw Powell. To Crook and Duffs. Saw W. Ward and others. Conversing with Dantu and Thomas. To Rymes book-store. Up-town. In the evening called at Edge, then to 745. Haney there, the girls, Mr. Edwards and Ann Juck, his mother and Roberts. Talked with Eliza. The basement is to be abandoned by May, it being let for a shoe store; the family removing up-stairs.

Before going to 745 I dropped in at the New York Hotel and sat conversing till 9 with Thomas. Bellaw and Dantu came in temporarily. Bellaw has removed from 22nd street back to 12th. There, during his absence, Mrs. Levin called and saw his wife. Mrs. O. wanted a drawing for Nick, but did the patron at first. Then talked as if Bellaw had been her dearest friend and confidential adviser. The effect on Mrs. O. has not been divulged, but may be imagined.

Friday. In doors all the stormy, dreary, boisterous day, scribbling story, hardly settling to it till the afternoon; for Edge and Cadell were up, talking, till near noon. I found them in—
Gabriel's room last night and Edge did not return home. The frailest of mortals, he complains of neuralgia, and what not, yet and is rendered miserable by an open window, yet he talks of riding heroically beside McClellan in the grand advance of the army on the Potomac, which everybody is expecting, also of leading for some hopes and immolating himself in behalf of that great Dagon, the Union. I believe him to be honest enough in sentiment, but entirely exceeded and monstrously deceived.

Portrait of Frederick Watson, whom he had taken just before starting to join Porter's "Mortar Expedition," being just then in a decided state of funk at his presumed risk. I don't know his real name. His uncle was the solicitor of...
John A. Hamer was President of the Board of Directors who were responsible for the establishment of the Stock Exchange, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, in 1874. The Board of Directors was composed of the members of the Stock Exchange, and it was their duty to manage the affairs of the Exchange.

The Stock Exchange was organized on January 2, 1875, and its first meeting was held in the offices of the New York Stock Exchange Company. The first president of the Exchange was James E. Farley, and the first secretary was J. S. Gilman.

The purpose of the Stock Exchange was to provide a place for the sale and purchase of stocks and securities. The Exchange was open only to members, and the members were required to be accredited by the Board of Directors.

The Exchange was successful from the beginning, and it rapidly grew in importance. In 1876, the Exchange had 21 members, and its membership continued to increase until it reached 120 members in 1879.

The Exchange was also successful in promoting the development of the American stock market. It was the first stock exchange to establish a system of continuous trading, and it was the first to establish a system of continuous price reporting.

The Stock Exchange was a leader in the development of the modern stock market, and it played a significant role in the growth of the American economy. The Exchange was also a leader in the development of the principles of fair dealing and fair treatment of customers.
465 Broadway
Thursday evening

Mr. Gunn

Dear Sir

Would you be so kind as to parry us with your company tomorrow evening upon which occasion, we shall celebrate the holidays, of several members of this family. We forgot to tell you that I am sure was quite an oversight, but you will excuse it.

Yours truly,

Mattie Edwards.
Dear Mr. Gunn

I send you the books which you so very kindly lent me, all but "Hard Luck's Adventures," which I have not finished yet and with your permission, will return until I have.

Allow me to thank you for them all, many times, and assure you that I have derived much pleasure and entertainment from them.

Yours very sincerely,

Sallie

Monday afternoon
P.S. I hope that this document may not find you as lonely as ever.

P.S. Elijah sends you his love.

P.S. I would send you mine, only I am too bashful.

P. S. Good Bye, S.
THE WAR.

Highly Important News from Baltimore.

The Massachusetts Volunteers Opposed In Their Passage Through the City.

Bloody Fight Between the Soldiers and the Mob.

Two Soldiers and Seven Citizens Killed.

The Volunteers Succeed in Forcing Their Way Through.

Total Destruction of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry by the Federal Troops.

Seizure of Northern Vessels in Virginia.

Delaware Assumes the Position of Armed Neutrality.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The Scene at the New Jersey Railroad Depot.

The Department of the Seventh Regiment, Nearly One Thousand Strong, En Route for the Capital.

Massachusetts Volunteers spd at the Camp

The Seventh Regiment, Nearly One Thousand Strong, En Route for the Capital.

Emancipation Proclamation of the President.

PROCLAMATION OF THE SOUTHERN PORTS.


The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

The Story of the Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

OFFERS THE WAR.

Events of the Last 24 Hours.

Scene at the New Jersey Railroad Depot.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

WANTED THE UNIONS OF BALTIMORE.

A private detective from Baltimore says:—"The situation of our volunteer companies is becoming very critical. The large number of volunteers that have been drafted into the navy and the volunteers that are being drafted into the navy and the navy and the army companies are operating against the government."

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

The situation of our volunteer companies is becoming very critical. The large number of volunteers that have been drafted into the navy and the volunteers that are being drafted into the navy and the army companies are operating against the government."

A WAVE PAGE OF THE HERALD THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

PRICE TWO CENTS.

OFF THE WAR.

Events of the Last 24 Hours.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

Events of the Last 24 Hours.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.

Events of the Last 24 Hours.

The Departure of the Seventh Regiment.
HIS PENCIL STILLED FOREVER.

F. H. Temple Bellew, the Artist and Writer,
Dies at His Daughter's Home.

F. H. Temple Bellew, the well-known artist and writer, died yesterday morning at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Jones, on Long Island. For thirty years Mr. Bellew drew for different illustrated papers in this country, and his signature of "Bellew," inclosed in a triangle, became familiar throughout the country. He was born in England and while yet a young man achieved reputation by his work on the London illustrated papers. He came to America in 1857. One of his early schemes was an illustrated paper called the Picayune, which was about the size of London Punch. Artemus Ward, then in the zenith of his popularity, was the editor. It did not catch the public favor, however, and soon suspended. Some time later Mr. Bellew with several others started Wild Oats. This paper lived several years, but went out of existence ten or twelve years ago.

Since that time Mr. Bellew has worked for the Harpers, Frank Leslie, Life and other papers. When Texas Sittings first started Mr. Bellew did nearly all the illustrating. About two years ago he began to devote a good deal of his time to writing. In this he was very successful, but failing health interfered with his labors, and for five or six weeks prior to his death he was confined to the house. He leaves a son and a daughter, at whose house he died. His son is an artist, and much resembles his father in style. His signature, "Chip," is often seen in Life. Mr. Bellew will be buried to-morrow in the Press Club plot in Cypress Hills Cemetery.
FRANK BELLEW’S CAREER OF OVER TWENTY YEARS.

The announcement that Francis Henry Temple Bellew died yesterday at the home of his daughter, on Long Island, will appeal to the generation that is thinning out, rather than to those who are now most active in city life. There was a time, extending over more than a score of years, when a signature of Bellew, written within a triangle, was familiar to the readers of all the illustrated papers. A few of his former chums, such as Ed Underhill, Frank Cahill, and Walt Whitman, with perhaps enough others to count on the fingers of one hand, alone have personal recollections of him when he was at his best. They all speak of him as genial, pleasant, and full of anecdote, and a thoroughly companionable and lovable man to the end.

Frank Bellew, as he was described in early life, was Irishman, was in the Army. His mother was an education in France, an architect in London. His writing skills were widely known, and he put out his sign as "a Cockney in the Highlands." This brought him some reputation, and he diversified his life for the next two or three years with light writing. In 1853 he came to this country and embarked with John Braham in the publication of the Lantern and weekly. When this vented, Thomas Strong in a similar format, but soon returned here, and joined William Levison in the Picayune. About this time he wrote and drew sketches for Harper's Magazine and Harper’s Weekly, and afterward he established various papers, among them Donkey Man and Vanity Fair.

He returned to England in 1860, where, with George Augustus Sala and Blanchard Jerrold, he founded Temple sketches for Punch and the Illustrated London News. He came to New York again in 1861, resuming work for the Harpers and for other publishers. Of late years his sketches and writings have appeared in Harper’s Magazine, Harper’s Young Folks, St. Nicholas, Texas Sittings, and other magazines. He was especially happy in writing and sketching stories for children. He started a daily, called Dawn, three years ago. It died young.

For several months he had been in failing health, but it was not until about a month ago that he had to take to his bed. His friends in New York were much surprised last night that he had passed away.

Mr. Bellew was thoroughly American in his pretensions. His friends were the right kind. He was the right kind. He was American in Ireland. He was a painter, an artist, and a diplomat.