

Celebration of the Battle of Mautee—Presentation of the Tippecanoe Flag—Whig Procession, &c.

The whigs of this city are glorious fellows—no doubt of it. They give splendid dinners, drink rich wines, sing fine songs, give capital toasts, and fight like devils on paper.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while the burning sun was parching every body but politicians, whose blood was above fever heat, the Tippecanoe Clubs from most of the upper wards turned out, and marched down to the Battery, with drums beating and banners waving.

The clubs in the 11th, 13th, 7th, and 10th wards, assembled at the corner of Grand, Essex, and Ludlow streets, and marched down Grand to the Bowery, down the Bowery to Chatham, through Chatham to Pearl, through Pearl to the Battery; taking in the 4th ward clubs at Franklin square.

The German Association, and the clubs of the 17th, 15th, and 6th wards, with the 8th ward clubs, assembled at the corner of Broadway and Grand street, and marched down Broadway. The 2d ward club was to have joined this set at Fulton street, but their banners were lent, and they hung fire.

The clubs in the 12th, 9th, and 15th wards, met at Washington Hall, corner of Thompson and Fourth streets; marched through Thompson to Canal, taking the 5th ward clubs and associations at Canal; thence down Canal to Greenwich, through Greenwich to the Battery, taking the 3d ward at Warren street. The 16th ward club was to have assembled at Washington Hall, with the others, but the members, having no particular fondness for Reynolds, and disliking the manner in which he was foisted upon the Central Committee, refused to go.

By the time the clubs had reached the Battery, the people began to assemble in considerable numbers, and they now came thicker and faster. Mr. Marshal Reynolds cut a conspicuous figure, mounted on his Rosinante, which he bestowed with indescribable grace and skill; he rode from one end of the Battery to the other, with great precipitation and bravery, and gave his orders with promptitude and propriety.

The number of persons present was variously estimated. A whig computed the number at 20,000, and a democrat at 1500. Which was nearest the mark, we are unable to say, for we had not time to count them. There were considerable many there, if not more. There was a small sprinkling of locofocos on the ground, as we gathered from the warm disputes that frequently took place.

"You remember," said a fiery and classical Democrat, whose notions of chronology seemed somewhat confused, and whose mode of illustration was a little peculiar, "that in the days of Cesar, in the fights of the gladiators, one of the parties always carried a net, and when he got an opportunity, he threw it over his antagonist, and then despatched him at his leisure. Just so it is with the d—d Whig party. know 'em well. They have got a cursed net all ready, and if they can catch the honest Democrats in its meshes, they will kill 'em off without fail."

This discussion was put an end to by the arrival of Brooks with the flag. A platform was erected, and about fifty Tippecanoes mounted upon it. In the midst of these stood Brooks, flag in hand, "Follow citizens," said he, "this flag, clothed with blood, slashed by the cutlass, and bored by bullets, as you see it—[we could not see the blood, but the slashes and holes were plain enough]—was borne over the bloody ground of Tippecanoe. I was charged by the whigs of the mighty west, to bear this flag to their brethren of New York, as a memorial of the valor of those who won the battle, and as an earnest of what they intend to do in November."

He was interrupted by occasional shouts of applause, but the whigs never cheer with zeal. Command us to a locofoco meeting for a good hearty cheer, especially if the beer has circulated in proper quantities. They throw their whole soul into the thing—it begins with a shout, soon grows into a yell, and finally ends in a tumultuous roar.

The flag was presented to Mr. Reynolds, who is a sort of Caleb Coteson, and had transformed himself from Marshal to President in no time at all. On receiving it he made a small speech, and the multitude made a small shout. This over, he became Marshal again, with great dispatch, and organized the procession in the most approved fashion.

By this time the crowd had become immense, and a very orderly, decent looking set of men they were too. There was no boisterousness, and very little intoxication. One poor Whig was lying on the grass, refreshing himself with a nap, after the fatigues of the day, and, a little distance from him, was a Locofoco, snoring off the effects of his potations in the most luxurious manner possible. They looked quite rural and comfortable, and many of the spectators appeared to regard them with envy.

The procession finally moved up Broadway to Chambers street, down Chambers to Hudson, up Hudson to Canal, through Canal to Broadway, up Broadway to Grand, through Grand to Bowery, down Bowery to Chatham street, through Chatham and around the Park to Broadway, up Broadway to the Log Cabin, where the Clubs took a drink of hard cider round and separated.

Every thing went off very well, but John O'Sargeant split his breeches with vexation, to think that Brooks was placed so prominently before the public, and he threatens a trip out west to hunt up another flag.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Mrs. Sears, with her daughter, Madame D'Hautville are living in great privacy at one of the cottages connected with the Rockaway Pavilion.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who came over in the Great Western, is the eldest son of the late King of Westphalia, and nephew of the Emperor. His mother, who was formerly Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, has been spending the summer at Rockaway.

CAUTION.—The Boston Times has got into Chancery. This paper was one of the most loud-mouthed abusers of the Herald, and it has already met the fate which is impending over our slanderers in other places.

THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.—The Tremont opens on Monday, with Power, who came passenger in the Acadia.

MR. BENNETT'S LETTERS.

No. XIII. BUFFALO, 14th August, 1840.

Reluctant Leave of the Falls—Ride on the Buffalo Rail Road—Noah's City of Refuge—Growth of Buffalo—The Seneca Indians.

On the day before yesterday we tore ourselves away from Niagara Falls, with the deepest reluctance. For fourteen days and nights we breathed the atmosphere of the mighty cataract, and gazed over its sublimities and wonders in astonishment and awe—both by sun light and moonlight. Buffalo is probably one of the finest cities, in every respect, in Western New York, but having become acquainted intimately with Niagara, we could not leave it without a sigh. So much does that splendid waterfall, with its picturesque scenery, gain upon the poetic sensibilities of the heart, that we mean to return again this afternoon, spend the next Sunday, all day, within the sound and sight of its mighty mysteries. Before that sublime altar of God and nature, I think that a human being can offer up his devotions to the Supreme Being, as fervently, as truly, as devoutly, as in a regularly constituted church, with a pious clergyman, of \$3,000 salary per annum, who has an excellent wife, two fine daughters, and four graceless sons. Last Sunday, at mid-day, when the whole world were worshipping in human habitations, I took a walk round Iris Island, with the Bible in my hand, and every now and then, as I reached some beautiful point of the foaming rapids, or roaring cataract, I would sit down in the velvet grass and read some of the sublime passages in Job, Isaiah, or the other ancient Hebrew poets—descriptive of natural scenery. The language of the prophets and the noise of Niagara were in harmony with each other. I must, therefore, return this very afternoon, and spend a few days more in that delicious grove, on that sublime bank.

Nine years ago, I visited Buffalo. Since that period, comparing it with the progress of the cities in the old world, it has leaped forward half a century in a decade. In 1831 it numbered 8,000 inhabitants, besides much cattle. It now counts nearly 25,000 souls, besides more cattle.

We came from Niagara Falls by the railroad, and it is one of the worst, in point of construction, in the State. The distance is only 22 miles, and it took nearly two hours—perhaps a little less, to travel it. In passing Tonawanda, the ruins of the "New Jerusalem," or "City of Refuge" built by Rabbi Noah, priest and prophet of the Jews, was pointed out to me. Like the celebrated ruins of Palmyra in Syria, Thebes in Egypt, or Palmyra in South America, nothing remains of Rabbi Noah's mighty city on Grand Island but a single marble block, half covered with grass, and used as a stopping place for pointers, when they are carried by their masters out to stir up woodcock. On the upper end of this obelisk are some hieroglyphics, which, with the aid of Champollion, I discovered to read thus, "BLPA" meaning "humbag." Beneath the venerable block of marble, there is a tradition in a negro's hut near by, that several pairs of second hand breeches, with the prices, according to the sub-treasury standard affixed, were carefully deposited, by way of conveying to all future time a knowledge of the drapery as well as the prices of the present day. Like the ruins of Petra in Arabia, a modern village has risen up near the site of the great Hebrew "City of Refuge," and a haven for vessels engaged in trading on the river. Among the inhabitants of the island, and on the main land, I heard several curious anecdotes of its pious and learned founder, Rabbi Noah; but these I shall reserve for a future time, to be published by the Harpers, in a work of two volumes, hot pressed paper, and numerous engravings.

On a very small and beautiful island there is a splendid house erected, by Stephen White, Esq., formerly of Salem, or Boston. Vast projects were entertained here, in reference to the erection of factories, mills, banks, churches, hotels, Sunday schools, etc., but I believe the pecuniary pressure that has bewildered the country since 1837, has put a stop to all such enterprises for the present. The same causes have also affected Buffalo. This city is destined to be one of the mighty emporiums of the West, and, in process of time, it will number at least the present population of New York. It is the depot and centre of a vast internal navigation, extending over a congregation of inland seas equal to half the breadth of the Atlantic, and reaching Boston and New York in almost equal spaces of time. During the last few years, a great revulsion in money affairs has overtaken them. The capital of the city of New York has, in many instances, built up their splendid blocks of houses, which, by the absence of a fair and honest bankrupt law, have got into the hands of their particular friends and the banks. The other day a merchant from New York, travelling through these western cities, pointed out to his companions du voyage various houses, stores, cottages and private palaces in the several towns which he passed through—"there's some of my hard ware in that house; here, in this beautiful cottage, is \$2000 worth of my dry goods—there, in that splendid block, I can see \$4000 of my groceries." What he meant was, that he had lost those several sums in those villages, by giving too extensive doses of the credit system. Yet General Harrison, according to all appearances, will be elected President. The price of wheat has done it—not the log cabins, or the revelry of hard cider songs.

Yesterday afternoon we hired a carriage at the American Hotel of this city, one of the very finest houses in Western New York, and visited the Seneca Indians, at their village or township, within four miles of Buffalo. After crossing the smooth Buffalo Creek several times, we reached the Missionary's house, situated on a most lovely rising ground, near the banks of the stream, with a fine orchard, a good looking church, and a respectable barn, laying before its entrance, and all backing in the afternoon sun. I dismounted and entered the gate, which was thrown open to me by a sweet little Indian boy. On approaching the door, I met a very respectable looking woman, of whom I enquired if Mr. Pierce, one of the Indian Chiefs, whom I had known in New York, was at home. "No Sir," replied Mrs. Wright, for that was her name, I think, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Wright, "but he is expected here in a day or two. He has been at New Haven." On her invitation, the ladies dismounted and entered her parlor. We sat and talked half an hour.

Mr. Pierce, one of the chiefs of the Seneca nation, is a man of great intelligence and character. He has received a finished education at New Haven, and has, I think, taken his degrees there. For several years, the beautiful tract of land, containing over thirty square miles, which the Seneca Indians possessed in the neighborhood, has been an object of desire and plunder, by the industrious and enterprising Christians and capitalists of these parts. Accordingly in pursuance of these feelings, for all kinds of civilization, a treaty was recently made between the government and a certain portion of the Seneca nation, for the extinguishment of the Indian title, and the remove of the Senecas across the Mississippi. Mr. Pierce, and two-thirds of his people, have opposed this species of civilized speculation, and insists, that, during the last few years the civilization of the Indians has been most rapid, more so than that of the Anglo-Saxon race themselves, when they stood at the same point of refinement in the wild woods of Germany, about a couple

of thousand years ago. The old men among the Senecas are lazy, indolent, and without enterprise. They still possess the old Indian habits, but all the young generation, with Mr. Pierce at their head, are showing great signs of improvement, industry, and intelligence. Nine years ago, when I was at Buffalo, I visited the spot—and the agricultural, moral, and intellectual improvements effected since that time are wonderful. Nine years ago, I saw nothing but mean huts, squalid paupers, dirty squaws, and drunken Indians. It was then under the government of Red Jacket, who did not belong to the temperance society. Now they have a very commodious church, with a clergyman, and over a hundred communicants, besides a large attendance of the Indians on Sunday. Schools are established throughout the reservation—the young generation receive a moral and intellectual education. They have also a very good Sunday school. Agriculture is studied and practised—manners are improved—and the whole tribe appears to be in the high way of civilization. If they are removed across the Mississippi, as they certainly will be, they will again relapse into the savage and roving habits of their ancestors.

But it must be so. The white races have issued the fiat, and all that the poor Indian can do, is to take the last farewell of the graves of his ancestors, and then take up his march for the Mississippi.

After taking leave of the intelligent lady of the Missionary, whom we also met on our way out, we paid a visit to the grave yard of the Indian. On this little mound, which is near by, we read the inscription on the monument erected to "Mary Jameson," a white woman, born on the ocean, in 1742, on a voyage from Ireland to Philadelphia. This singular woman was captured in 1754 by a tribe of Indians on the Ohio. She was adopted among the Senecas, married first a chief, had two husbands, and five children, all of whom she survived. Her latter days were spent in this reservation, where she died in 1833, full 91 years of age. Near her resting place was the grave of Red Jacket, with a simple slab erected in his memory, and his Indian name engraved at length upon it.

After these doings, sayings, and thinkings, we returned to Buffalo, and are now en route for Niagara Falls, to take a farewell look of the greatest, mightiest, sublimest wonder of the world.

No. XIV. NIAGARA FALLS, 15th Aug 1840. Return to Niagara—Arrival of M. de Bodisco and lady—The Falls by Moonlight—Conversation with the Spirits of the Cataract—What they said—Moonlight walk around Iris Island.

I am again within the magic circle of the cataract. The voice of Niagara salutes mine ear, and its cooling atmosphere fans my cheek. I returned last evening in the cars from Buffalo—and, passing the picturesque ruins of Rabbi Noah's holy city of refuge, took a last farewell of its obelisks and towers. On reaching this holy land of nature, I took up my residence at the Eagle Hotel—formerly I stopt at the Cataract House—but I thought a change would be agreeable. The Eagle is a new house, and its apartments are large and airy—a most important point in spending a few weeks in the country. Its tables are good—its accommodations very good, and there is an air and a spirit of enterprise about its proprietor that resembles the U. S. Hotel in Saratoga.

On our arrival here we found his Excellency M. de Bodisco, the Russian Minister, with his beautiful lady, besides several other fashionables, all the way from Saratoga, New York, and Washington. The weather has now become settled—the sky clear, the moon at her full, and all nature in her highest perfection for enjoying the unrivalled scenery of this neighborhood. Accordingly, last night, the company visiting here, all made their appearance on Iris Island, at 10 o'clock at night, to look at the falls and admire the splendid arch or bow formed by the bright moonlight falling upon the spray that rises up from the chasm below. For a long hour his Excellency and his lady stood on the brink of the high cliff that overlooks the grand falls, and gazed on the radiant bow that spanned the heavens before them. For myself I went alone down the steep bank—across the bridge by the precipice—mounted the Round Tower in the rapids, and there stood for half an hour, amasing myself in various ways.

On the balcony or copula of the Tower, you are elevated above the rapids full thirty feet, and accordingly the falls are beneath and around you, forming with the rapids a species of panoramic view, the high banks being its boundaries. In this position, one hears and sees to great advantage. The voice of the mighty cataract rose up in hollow sounds of thunder to heaven, mixed with the rushing and rolling of the rapids. The effect produced on the imagination, standing in such a position, is remarkable. The wild roaring, deafening, rushing, thundering sounds of the rapids and cataract produce in one an irresistible propensity to whoop and bellow like an Indian. I could not resist the savage impulse—and, accordingly, I sent forth as loud an Indian war-whoop or token, as my lungs could emit. My voice seemed to blend with the thousand voices of the cataract—and I almost fancied that some unearthly being called out to me from the mighty gulf below, "who the devil are you?" I replied in another whoop, "I am the man what destroys the morals of Wall street, by publishing a newspaper called the Herald." In reply to this, I imagined I heard a thousand voices coming from the very bottom of the thick, white, silvery cloud, from which rose the lunar bow—a sort of an unearthly chorus, like that of Der Freischutz, but far louder:

Morals of Wall street! hal! hal! hal!
Morals of Wall street! hal! hal! hal!
Morals of Wall street! hal! hal! hal!

The power of imagination in the midst of these mighty, varied, confused voices put forth by the cataract, are extraordinary and illimitable. I continued the conversation for half an hour, the moon shining with great brilliancy, and the spray rising with great brightness all the time. I seemed to ask of the spirits of "this vasty deep" to tell me the secrets of the future—and they did so—they talk when you talk to them. I thought I heard some of those thousand hoarse voices telling me distinctly who was to be next president—who next governor of New York, and who next collector; but they are secrets I mean to keep as yet to myself. At last I fancied I heard a whistle beneath the horse-shoe fall. I put up the two fore fingers of both hands to my mouth—doaked up my tongue, and gave one of the shrillest and wildest whistles I could give. My war whoop was not heard on the high bank of the cataract, for the mighty roar of the latter drowned the power; but my whistle, singularly enough, rose above the thunder of Niagara itself, and was heard distinctly in the pavilion on the island. I then descended the gloomy stair case—took a parting view of the silvery rapids, the shining cloud of spray, and the splendid lunar bow, and traced my way upwards. On returning through a shower of the fine spray, for the north wind blew it high above the cliff, I joined my party on the steep bank, and again started on our moonlight excursion round the island.

The walk around the upper end of Iris Island, in a calm, brilliant moonlight, is the most delicious I have yet seen or felt. The footpath is not densely enveloped in high gloomy trees, as round the lower end

It runs along the bank, where the high trees are removed; and only a few bushes or solitary limbs left, here and there, sufficient to adorn its sides. In this promenade, the brilliant appearance of the rapids, sparkling like diamonds in the moonlight, every now and then breaking upon the eye, form the most picturesque scene imaginable. On the western bank, the Canadian rapids, about a mile wide and three miles in length, rush past with incredible velocity. At the upper end, the two rapids separate from the large mass of waters, forming the whole river, and the appearances here are most curious and novel. At first, the bright expanse of water comes down from Navy Island, calmly, slowly, shining in the moon like polished silver. As they approach Iris Island, the bright sheet begins to shake, to tremble, to vibrate. Here the rapids begin. A little further they separate slowly and reluctantly into two large currents, which increase in rapidity as they recede from each other. The one current takes the western side of Iris Island; the other the eastern; and ere they have reached far, they begin to leap and jump, and rush, in every variety of brilliant tumult and confusion. This tumultuous brilliancy is seen breaking upon you through the bushes and trees, every moment, as you pass round the Island promenade.

The world itself does not afford such another original, brilliant, picturesque, poetical, delicious walk by moonlight, as the upper end of Iris Island, in the full-orbed August moon, about 10 o'clock at night, when the good man is saying his prayers, to go to bed—and the bad is inventing schemes of wickedness to inflict upon the world. Come, ye moralists of Wall street, and take a walk here—it may teach you a lesson of peace, calmness, dignity, and virtue—but it can hardly make you honest. "Au revoir."

MEETING OF THE JEWS.—A respectable assemblage of the Jews took place on Wednesday evening, at the synagogue, in Elm street, for the purpose of considering the proper means for the relief of their suffering brethren of Damascus. The venerable Mr. Karsheedt was in the chair. Several gentlemen offered resolutions, accompanied by speeches. George A. Furst gave an interesting account of the persecution of the Jews in Spain, and enumerated the names of Jews who have distinguished themselves in the course of literature, science and the arts. Most of the addresses were chaste, appropriate and patriotic, and a deep sympathy was evidently felt by the assembly in behalf of their persecuted brethren.

ANOTHER DEED.—ALMOST.—We understand that a number of sportsmen crossed the river to Hoboken yesterday afternoon, and repaired to the Elysian Fields, with a view to see the settlement of a difficulty. But after the distance was marked off—ten paces, not twenty five—the offending party apologized, and the fun was all spoiled. The altercation arose at a gambling table, of which there is here and there one in this evangelical city! A southern gentleman, who is boarding at the Astor House, had some dispute with the keeper respecting a fifty dollar bet, in the course of which the gambler called the gentleman a scoundrel. Satisfaction was promptly demanded, and as soon as pistols could be provided, they went on to the ground. The apology was ample, and all came back satisfied. We mention names; for the parties are liable to a criminal indictment, and the penalty for leaving the city with intent to fight a duel, is confinement in the State Prison for ten years.

FLEET OF PACKETS.—Night before last no less than seven packets arrived at this port from Europe. Four came from Liverpool—viz. the Columbus, sailed July 10; Memphis, July 13; and Sheridan, July 15. Two from Havre—the Albany, sailed July 6, and Silrie de Grasse, July 13; and one from London, the Gladiator, sailed July 13. Seldom have we to chronicle the arrival of such a fleet as this, which is worth, with the cargoes, three millions of Spanish milled dollars.

ROBBERY ON BOARD THE PRESIDENT.—Those beautiful flowers in the corridor of the steam ship President have been mutilated, and some of them, with their pots, actually stolen. They were brought from Liverpool, have been admired by every one, and are in a most perfect state of preservation. Now we think it a bit of vandalism to touch them, much more steal them; and if visitors to the steamer are not content with a sight of her magnificent cabins and splendid machinery without stealing, we advise them not to go on board. We do not believe the plants were brought across the Atlantic to be stolen, and were much astonished when we saw several flowers broken off. The display in the corridor is very beautiful, and forms a sort of garden for the lady passengers, and we, for the public, thank Captain Fayer for bringing them over with him. But we are not very thankful to those who would steal them away from the public sight. We hope the officers of the steamer will show all such visitors the nearest way to the shore.

PARK THEATRE.—The irresistible attraction of La Belle Eclair in the new ballet of Nathalie, crammed this edifice last night from the floor to the dome. Long before the curtain drew up for the comedy of "Weak Points," every seat in the house was occupied, and some hundreds had their money returned in consequence of their inability to obtain even a glimpse of the stage. Having given our readers, in yesterday's paper, an analysis of the plot of this ballet, it remains but to say that the brilliant dances with which it is interspersed, fully came up to the anticipations of the most ardent votaries of the goddess of the many twinkling feet. In the third act the attitudinizing of the Eclair was superb, and Monsieur Sylvain came in for a good share of the applause. The laughable sketch of a "Kiss in the dark" followed, and was succeeded by that popular dance of La Cracovienne, which went off with the accustomed enthusiastic rapture, which ever attends the performances of this most brilliant danseuse.

This evening Backstone and Placide appear together. Vide advertisement.

NIBLO'S GARDENS.—By an advertisement, in another part of this paper, it will be seen that this evening is set apart for the benefit of Mr. Browne. The very high stand which this gentleman has attained in the profession, enables him always to concentrate a vast array of talent at his benefits, and thereby to present to the lovers of the drama an entertainment worthy of their patronage. We hope that on this occasion his anticipations of a crowded auditory will be fully realized.

THE CHATHAM THEATRE.—Notwithstanding the intolerable heat of last evening, the Chatham was well filled. Thorne's friends will go through fire and water to attend the Chatham. The performances were, as usual, good. Mrs. Lewis is a very clever actress. There is to be a rare fun to-night. Whitlock, the banjo player, takes a benefit, and in addition to a rich bill, there is to be a laughable thing called the Serenade, with the banjo. O'Connell, the celebrated tattooed man, is engaged, and will appear soon.

The little Franklin was very cool and pleasant last evening, considering the weather out of doors, and the performances were interesting.

Safety at Saratoga—Brilliant Ball at the United States Hotel.

Last week was exceedingly gay at Saratoga. Great numbers left early in the week, under the apprehension that it was about to become dull; but it will have been the gala time of the season, unless the great convocation of political luminaries this week shall oust it. The grand ball of the preceding Friday at the United States, was entirely eclipsed by the beautiful turn out at the same place, on the evening of the 14th. Many of the company who were at Congress Hall on Wednesday evening were quite pleased with the appearance of a supper; and Marvin, the accommodating Marvin, having caught the whisper, called Kittel, his admirable Crichton, and gave him his commands to prepare for the evening.

A great many charming women had arrived during the last few days; several of the officers of the Coldstream Guards, and of the Highland Regiment (71st) had come down from Canada, and brought with them their fine bands; so the promise of a splendid ball was very far indeed. The day was a brilliant one—the drawing room was full the whole morning; women's smiles were brighter; gentlemen stepped about gayer, and laughed louder; and said many pleasant things; and not a few sent to Albany for bouquets. After dinner, the British band performed for two hours, for the gratification of the company, in the area of the United States Hotel, playing many of their most delightful pieces—Scotch, English and American. At the conclusion, the band struck up "Yankee Doodle." An English officer remarked—

"He didn't like that; he preferred Hail Columbia, or any thing else."

"You don't like it," rejoined a lady of his acquaintance near him, "because it reminds you too much of Saratoga."

Pretty good, this; Yankee Doodle was first played at the battle of Saratoga.

At nine o'clock, the fashionable hour for attending the balls at Saratoga, the doors were opened, and the company streamed in—more numerous than ever before; making a brilliant display. Beauty and fashion came in, and with so much taste and richness in their dresses, it might have been supposed a Court Ball in a great city, and not a dancing party at the springs. New lights were on the walls, and two orchestras, Kendall's band, with his fine string band, and the Highlanders, vis a vis. The latter played the grand march for the opening promenade.

The dancing commenced—not in a single cotillion, but in four large quadrilles. Any practised eye would have been satisfied, as it glanced over the great mingling of the brave and the beautiful, that all was as it should be. In fact, Saratoga in its brightest times, never had a better display in the ball room.

Over one hundred and fifty ladies were present, and more than two hundred gentlemen. Among the latter, was General Scott, the plumed hero of many battles; Mr. Southard, Mr. Curtis, General Tallmadge, General O'Donnell, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Kemble, Col Monroe, of New York; Mr. Bayard, and other distinguished personages. Great men were there, unbending their minds in the mazes of beauty, and the laugh and the lip; all was life and delight.

A waltz—a waltz! the sweet harp is on the ear. Kendall, thou art immortal on the harp.

"Imperial waltz" imported from the Rhine—(Famed for thy growth of pedigree and wine.) Long be thine import, from all duty free, And hock itself, be less esteemed than thee."

The waltzing was excellent; they whirled away one after another, plunging in the vortex like fairies. Miss W— of Baltimore, with a glittering bandeau; Miss H— of Philadelphia, with golden ringlets, streaming in the light; Miss P— of Washington; Miss O— of Baltimore; Mrs. — and others, with lace dresses, and satin feet, and bright eyes, and ringlets, were all going round in the dizzy scene.

A dance agais—on with the dance. No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet, To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Among the many of the beautiful and gay, was Miss P—, of Park Place, in a dress of dazzling blue, and a pearl fretwork bandeau. The Miss J's of Broadway; Mrs. —, of Philadelphia was there; she wore a tiara of green myrtle leaves—and not a few, as they looked up to her beauty, and marked her as she moved along—a Corina coming crowned from the capitol. Amid a group of Highlanders, and waltzers, and dancers, and brave men and gay, was Miss J—, of New York city. Her dress was pure white crape, her jewels were turquoises, the most modest of all gems, and she wore a wreath of white roses.

"I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now. With that wreath of modest roses around her sunny brow."

The gallopade—Now Highlander—Coldstream—New Yorker, do your best. But very few can gallopade as it ought to be done. Young men, don't try it till you are sure of perfection. Young ladies, select your partners always in this dance. The music was the cracovienne—this is all the rage now; you hear it hummed during the day in the parlors and on the porticoes, and at the spring; the maid sweeping her carpet, the waiter in the dining room—the barber at his razor, and the reveller reeling home at night, all go to the tune of the cracovienne. Miss —, of Delaware, was in the bright scene, as modest and as beautiful as the youngest rose in her rich bouquet.

At twelve o'clock the folding doors of the side dining room were thrown open, when a most beautiful and inviting supper was paraded. No little credit is due to the proprietors for this entertainment. There was room for all, and the birds, and the desert, and the champagne were excellent, and the wit sparkled like the wine. After supper the dancers again took their stations on the floor—the music resounded;

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The ladies only wanted a mirror in the room to enhance them of many pretty speeches of their gallants. Many enquiries were made for some of those who figured in a similar scene, but a few nights before; and some looked around for the absentees. Miss —, of Waverly Place, had gone to Lake George; left the gay dance for that evening, to skim pebbles on the shining waves.

How many hearts were lost and won on the occasion it is impossible to say, but there must have been many. The company all retired at a winking hour; and so passed one pleasant night in the round of life at Saratoga.

GATHERING AT THE SPRINGS.—Among the many distinguished politicians at Saratoga are Gov. Seaward and J. C. Spencer. The State Barber keeps away from places of such fashionable resort. He makes a very decent appearance at Utica, or any of the towns along the canal, but a ball would hardly be more out of place in a china shop, than his Excellency among the genteel people at the Springs.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—The Post Office Department has prohibited the transportation of papers on Railroads, for the purpose of checking the circulation of Greeley's Log Cabin. This is a big hook for a small coil. The Log Cabin is a harmless, innocuous paper, not calculated to do much good or harm. It tells some truths in a dull way, and accumulates statistics which Greeley cannot apply practically, and which nobody can understand. It is folly for the Postmaster General to interfere with it in any way.