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The Galaxy of Beauty that attended the opera last Wednesday, on the occasion of the visit of the President elect, has been the theme of admiration ever since. We have not the least hesitation in saying that nine-tenths of these beautiful women, with their fair complexions and glossy hair, were indebted to Dr. Gouraud for their surpassing attractions. His Italian Medicated Soap, Lily White, Liquid Rouge, and Circassian Hair Gloss, produce marvellous effects by enhancing female loveliness. Dr. Gouraud, 67 Walker street, one door from Broadway.

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THE NEW YORK ATLAS.

ANSON HERRICK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1861.

Talks with Correspondents.

S—"V." has been duly examined by the proper authority, and is pronounced eminently worthy the high position for which he is designed. He will be inducted into office as soon as possible.

MARK.—Good boy! After that, we don't mind telling you all about it. *Ab usque* is a Latin term, principally used in the country, where Latin is notoriously common, signifying "with the whisky." As, for instance, when Jones invites Brown to a carting-bee, and adds this phrase to the invitation, Brown understands that he has no occasion to bring along any jug. From this root came "usquebaugh," "me, us and company," "us fellows," and many other phrases well known to good society.

Living Asses and Dead Lions.

Politically—from whatever cause one or another may choose to allege—James Buchanan, President of the United States, may be rated as dead. Within little more than a week his Presidential term closes; and his years and experience are such that, did opportunity offer, he would not be likely to play the part of John Quincy Adams, and come back as a Congressman to one end of the avenue, at the other end of which he had resided as President. It is not likely that he will again take any considerable share in political movements, either from the pressure of circumstances or from his own will; and the last days of any Presidency, which precede the inauguration of a radical political change, are proverbially powerless. All the trouble which belonged to the position for the time remains, while no opportunity for achievement offers. Even the Federal office-holders are beyond the reach of the Presidential arm, and consequently beyond the necessity of fear. Their official terms must close in a few days, in any event, and a week or two more or less of tenure could only be a matter of very small moment. Treachery is not likely to be punished, and ingratitude cannot have any other bad effect than to blacken the heart which entertains it, and excite the disgust of the world—neither of these things being of much consequence to the man base enough to be ungrateful. Again we repeat it—James Buchanan is politically dead, therefore no longer to be feared, and only to be respected by those who have the manliness and sense of propriety to respect themselves.

It is not our province at this time to make any additional examination of the causes which have demoralized and broken the democratic party—partially or quite disrupted the Union—and been made the means not only of the retirement from office of President Buchanan, but of the party which elevated him to power. All this has been done, over and over again—more or less truthfully,—not only in these columns but in the columns of nearly every newspaper in the Union professing to keep pace with political affairs. We merely mean to call attention, here, to the perfect safety with which any ass of them all can now kick the lion, and the vindictive malevolence with which the opportunity is embraced. No man standing at the head of a government of the people, was ever before placed in so embarrassing a position as that for some weeks occupied by the President; and he would be something more than mortal if he had succeeded in giving satisfaction to all parties in his treatment of the national disease. He has not done, in his position, what *we* should have held it best to do; but let it be remembered that contemporaries seldom do justice to men or motives, and that history quite often has the task of inscribing a very different scroll from that which had been predicted for her at the time of the occurrences which afterwards form her material.

We should have judged it best as well as most politic, to accord to the departing President some measure of respect, both in legislative debate and in the newspapers. To an old man, long honored with public employment and responsibility—whose honesty and patriotism have never been successfully impeached, whatever mistakes he may have made in the employment of subordinate officials, and however he may have erred, if erred he has, in pursuing a line of policy at a troublous and difficult time,—to such a man, we say, we should have thought it politic to be decent, if not respectful. But tastes differ; and perhaps we should not be surprised at any measure of verbal depravity achieved by political writers and speakers, whose persistence in the attempt to vilify and degrade others has yet been cast in the shade by their more effectual attempts to prostitute themselves. Whether the ass stands on the floor of Congress while he kicks at the dead lion—whether he sits on the editorial tripod—or whether he merely stands on the lower rung of that official stool from which he is shortly to be dislodged—in either case, the lion will be no worse for the kick, nor will the ass be ennobled by the contact of his base foot with that which was once so much above it in power and dignity.

"Worship the rising, flout the setting sun!" is a maxim as old as Judas and as wide in its application as human depravity. Let no one be surprised to hear men screaming themselves hoarse with shouts for Old Abe, and using their little remaining breath in abuse of Buchanan. This is all natural. The one is of the past—the other of the future. Even the squeeze of an office-holding fist or the suck of an editorial leech could not manage to get anything out of the one: what might it not manage to extract from the other? Nor let any one be surprised when the *Herald* transfers its drivelling impertenence to the man whom it toadied while there was any hope of the Mission to France, and for "poor Pierce" now puts "poor Buchanan,"—while "Old Abe" now becomes "Honest Abe" and "Mr. Lincoln," with laudatory remarks that he is "on the right platform." The "right platform" for the *Herald* is *success*, and Lincoln has achieved it, such as it is. Still less let any one wonder when the *Tribune*, lately the successful competitor of the *Herald* for the championship of dirty ribaldry, and always the unscrupulous opponent of the President,—feels itself freed by the close of the administration from any trammels of decency, and vents such a paragraph as the following, which we quote as a crowning success of indecent journalism, and a specimen to the outer world of the manner in which we in America treat those who are so unfortunate as to have been placed by us in official position:—

"Look at the old man who dreamed in his youth, and who has found in the sober certainty of waking bliss only bitterness! Who, in securing the stool for which, through so many long years he panted, sealed his own shame; and who has won at last only the contempt of his enemies and the falsehood of his friends! In these, the stormy times of the republic, he expires a driveller, and only not a show because nobody cares to see him. Tried and wanting, trusted and faithless, sworn and forsworn, old without veneration, unfortunate without pity, his task unperformed, his duty undone, his name a by-word, his existence a reproach, and his reputation a stench, he counts the hours, and awaits the day which will see him, to the joy of the good, for the last time totter down the steps of the White House, to crawl into night and darkness, and there vainly to beg of the Muse of History, which can ill spare such an example, immunity from being remembered!"

We could have written on this subject in anger. There is enough of shame to humanity in it, to stir the bile of even the calmest and gravest. But we have written of it in sorrow. This course of systematic undervaluation and abuse of all that should be held high and sacred—this system of sneering at authority and loading the garments of every man in public position with the very mud of the gutters and slaver of the stews,—has done more to lose us respect with the world than any other single error; and no other agent has been so persistently and powerfully active in bringing about our national demoralization. Those who disrespect the emblems as well as agents of their own power—which all public officers are,—should not wonder if their own power falls with the agent; and the living asses may pursue their course of braying at the lions while living, and kicking at them when dead, until the lions cease to be produced, or abandon the political field altogether, leaving the asses to a biting, braying and kicking anarchy of their own choosing.

Assassinating a President.

The telegraph startled all our city community yesterday afternoon, with the announcement that a conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln had been discovered, and that he had in consequence left Harrisburgh on a special train in the night of Friday, and was then safe in Washington. The first report of this reached the city shortly after noon, in a dispatch to the *Daily Times* from the correspondent who accompanied the Presidential party, and was dated at Harrisburgh at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. Up to the moment of writing, we have scarcely any additional data from which to judge of the correctness of the report. According to that statement, the President elect was aroused from sleep at Harrisburgh, after his arrival on Friday night,—with the intelligence that a stranger wished to speak with him on a matter of life and death. Refusing to see any person without the guaranty of a name, one was sent in to him (the name not mentioned) which instantly received admittance. The information said to have been conveyed by the messenger, was nothing more nor less than that plans had been duly matured for the assassination of the President, if he left Harrisburgh by the special train at nine o'clock on Saturday morning,—either by throwing the train down one of the embankments on the road, or, failing that, to murder him in the carriage between the depots at Baltimore. The alleged threat was, that he "should never leave Baltimore alive," and the statement bore the additional and much more doubtful information, that "statesmen laid the plan, bankers endorsed it, and adventurers were to carry it into effect."

Whatever may really have been the credibility of this monstrous intelligence, certain it is that it appears to have come from General Scott, whose military spies seem to be pretty well acquainted with all the events transpiring not only at Washington, but at Baltimore; and that the President elect judged it to be credible enough to yield to the importunities of his wife and friends, leave Harrisburgh the same night by special train, and reach Washington by the early train of the next morning. Precautions were taken against his being recognized, by his wearing a cap and cloak different from those ordinarily worn by him; and additional security was taken against his sudden journey being announced to the conspirators through the telegraph, by placing the wires beyond the power of use,—in other words, we suppose, by cutting them. All, it would seem, except half a dozen in his immediate confidence, supposed that the man who was really flying along the road between Harrisburgh and Washington,—was all the while in bed and asleep. The whole proceeding looks like a sharp piece of strategy, whether with or without due cause,—and would seem to have been planned by the same head which has been busy in arranging for the defence of Washington; and perhaps the messenger for Lincoln came directly from him, under advisement which seemed to have good foundation.

A part of the story has been already corroborated by other dispatches, which show that the President elect did leave Harrisburgh in the hurried manner indicated, and that he has reached Washington. Other reports discredit there having been any foundation for the original intelligence. This would be the case, however, had the plot been as real as that of Guy Fawkes or the late intended foray on Washington. If the plot failed, the fact would naturally be denied that it ever existed. There is nothing to prove that it may not have been true; for we regard the traitors who have already nearly achieved the ruin of the country, as being quite capable of assassinating any one man, or any ten thousand, who happened to stand in their way, and when they could strike in the dark. Neither is there any security that Lincoln was not made the victim of the most wicked and gigantic hoax of the season, which gave him a foretaste of what he was hereafter to enjoy when at the helm of national affairs, and sent him into Washington in the most undignified manner in which any President ever entered it. We have a little impression, at this moment, that there may have been more truth in the story than might be pleasant for some of the conspirators if detected; but as Old Abe is safe at the Capital, it is no matter, and we can afford to wait for a little more light on the mystery.

Ingratitude of the Tycoon.

Dr. Robert B. Bradford, recently appointed United States Consul at Simoda, Japan, complains of the ingratitude of Fernando Wood, to the advancement of whose political interests he has devoted several years of his life. It seems that Bradford asked Wood to become one of the sureties on his Consular bond, and that although such a thing as a Consul's bondsman being sued was never known, he absolutely refused! Those familiar with the intimate personal relations that have hitherto existed between Doctor Bradford and the Tycoon, and who have had no experience of the cold, heartless and selfish nature of Wood, will be surprised at such a manifestation of ingratitude; but those who have a recollection of the manner in which Wood swindled his partner and brother-in-law, Marvine, will see nothing in it to astonish them. We learn that Mr. Stephen P. Russell, Public Administrator, and another friend, became the bondsmen of Consul Bradford, and that he will sail this week for Japan.

The Latest, by "Express."

If any one who does not happen to read the fourth or fifth edition of the *New York Express*, is anxious to know what has been the event of all its whinings, and what is its present position,—let the enquirer read the following, under the "Postscript" head ("most urgent, sire!" *vide* "Richelieu")—of yesterday afternoon:

"The creation of this republic and the continuance of it, based not upon armies, navies, force or war, but upon CONSENT, was a great experiment, delighting the whole human race.

"The next great experiment is to see, if, when we fundamentally and geographically differ, we can part in peace, without bloodshed or civil war."

That means, that the *Express* has dropped over finally on one side of the fence about which it has been for some time shilly-shallying and balancing, with a pretence of nationality all the while. It has gone over to the right of secession, and consequently to the secessionists, body, boots and breeches. In the expressive language of Sambo on a corresponding occasion: "God bress him, let him go!"

Greeley's Axe.

Afternoon of yesterday—sweetly serene,
The white coated philosopher Greeley was seen,
With an axe on his shoulder, steering amain
For the Harlem railroad—Chappequa train.
A body-guard of riotous boys
Surrounded the woodman, with shouts and with noise,
And one the silent philosopher hails
With: "Say, old hoss—goin' to splittin' rails?"
While another thought that the case might be
He had "just got done chopping the Liberty tree!"
But every one knows, who isn't blind,
That he had with Lincoln an "axe to grind,"
And, "shut out in the cold," like some better men,
And knowing how frost snaps nine axes in ten,
He was only lugging it home again.

The Position of England towards this Country.

We have at last newspaper pitted against newspaper, on the grave question of what is to be the action of England towards this country, in the event of certain future occurrences which seem possible if not probable—to wit, the formation of a Southern Confederacy, and that Confederacy, unrecognized by the remaining government of the United States, going before the other nations of the world and demanding recognition. The *Toronto Leader* has authoritatively stated that such a Southern Confederacy would be immediately recognized, and claimed to have even more data than Lord Palmerston's Southampton speech for the making of such an assertion. Now we have the *Daily Times*, of this city, with a double leaded paragraph, announcing that an American citizen, long resident in Europe, has received a letter from a member of the present British Ministry [Government],—in which it is stated that "the whole matter of secession has been brought by Lord John Russell before the Ministry, as also the subordinate question of defective clearances, &c.," and that "there will not only be no recognition by Great Britain of the Southern Confederacy, but everything will be done, on her part, to discountenance disunion." Newspaper against newspaper on the intentions of a government,—which mode of expression would at one time have been considered ambiguous if not doubtful, but which now has all precedent for being generally quite as nearly reliable as the public expressions of intention made by Ministers themselves.

The *Times* has either been hoaxed with enough unreliable reports during the past year, or it has unscrupulously set on foot enough hoaxes for the delusion of others,—to make it worth while to examine the probabilities of what it asserts even most unconditionally. Fortunately, in this instance, all the relative circumstances are with its statement, and against the assumptions of the Toronto paper. England's traditions—the free-labor if not abolition sentiments of the body of her people—the tone of her leading newspapers—the impressions left by the late Anderson case in Canada—her policy of conciliating those sections of dominions foreign to her government which lie nearest Canada—the late visit of the Prince of Wales, which was to and through the Northern sections of the republic—the acquaintance which the statesmen in attendance on the Prince then made with the relative power and position of the Northern and Southern States—the expression given to the recognition of Northern power, after the return of the royal party, by the English newspapers—and the tone of the speech read by the Queen at the late opening of Parliament, so expressive of sincere regard for this country and this government, and of the hope that we might yet remain the great nation we had been,—all these facts and circumstances fit together with singular readiness and completeness, and make it almost impossible that any aspect of the Cotton question could be sufficient to induce a course of conduct on the part of Great Britian, which would make the remaining original confederation her declared enemy, and peril at no distant day her whole line of American possessions.

The virtual smothering of the Anderson case, to which we have before referred, is proof that England has, and that she is aware she has, quite enough to do to manage the troublous people of Canada; and that if there is any difference of opinion, on the slave question, between the Canadian and the Home Governments, the position of the latter is much the more radically uncompromising with slavery, of the two. And no man conversant with late events abroad fails to know that England recognizes the possibility of at no distant day needing a great ally on this side the water,—which she may easily be enabled to secure if her own steps are in the proper direction, and the greatness of the power on this side of the water is maintained;—but which she will be slow in finding if any single act of hers at once aids to separate us with two comparatively feeble fragments and makes an enemy of what must ever remain the stronger portion. Not only is this the case, but France, holding some memory of our traditional gratitude for services rendered in the War of the Revolution, and perhaps looking forward to the same necessity and possibility of alliance,—manifestly intends to keep aloof from any government formed out of a portion of the United States of America, so long as it lacks a clear recognition by that power which it has attempted to desert. Decidedly, to our view, the statement of the *Times* is reasonable if not authentic; and secession receives, in the cold attitude not only of Great Britain but other European governments, a blow which destroys its last hope of respectability as well as permanency.

The Twenty-second of February.

Washington's birthday was celebrated in this city on Friday last, with far more than the usual observances. It was well understood by the community that something should be done to revive the decaying nationality in the hearts of the people, and awaken a renewed love for the Union. No more appropriate opportunity could be selected to inspire our people with patriotic enthusiasm, than the birthday of the man who bore a master-hand in forming a government which is now threatened with dissolution by contending politicians and conflicting interests. We do not know but before another Fourth of July arrives, the Union under which we have prospered and grown in strength and greatness, will be irrevocably sundered, and that civil war will be inaugurated among the States which were cemented together in one common bond of brotherhood by the patriots of the revolution. Our citizens felt the necessity, last Friday, of recalling the scenes and reminiscences of our early history, when our statesmen and people were ready to forget domestic difficulties for the sake of one country, one Constitution, and one destiny.

The military display was an exceedingly brilliant one. A salute of five hundred guns was fired on the battery, and the troops were reviewed by Governor Morgan. The Order of United Americans celebrated the day by an oration from Hon. H. Maynard, of Tennessee, and by other appropriate exercises at Niblo's Garden. Mr. Maynard reviewed the causes which have led to the present unhappy crisis in our national affairs, attributing it entirely to the mischief-makers, backbiters and slanderers of both sections of the country, who make it their business to misrepresent and abuse the people of the opposite section, and to excite ill feeling and hatred between the North and South. Ex-Judge John W. Edmonds delivered an interesting address before the Republican Central Committee, in the evening—speaking in reference to the political crisis of the country. He cited the action of Washington in quelling rebellion by force of arms, but argued that, under the circumstances, we could neither concede to the South nor coerce them. He favored the middle ground of letting the South alone. The prominent members of the republican party partook of a dinner at the Astor House, where speeches on the condition of the country were made by Messrs. Evarts, Conkling, H. J. Raymond and others. The Courts were adjourned, and a great many societies and organizations all over the city participated in a proper observance of the day, which seem to have been, from the telegraphic reports, quite as creditably general in the other cities.

JOHN CLANCY MARRIED.—We learn that upon last Wednesday evening, County Clerk John Clancy was privately united by Archbishop Hughes in the bonds of matrimony to a beautiful and wealthy Cuban lady, the grand-niece of a distinguished General. The happy couple sailed for Havana, on last Thursday, to spend their honey moon. Judging from the following notice which appears in the "Answers to Correspondents" in yesterday's *Leader*, we fancy that Clancy must have written a solemn dirge and "farewell" to his bachelor life and bachelor friends before venturing on his present rash step—which dirge or "farewell" has been either carelessly mislaid, or wilfully suppressed by his associate in the editorship and ownership of the *Leader*:

"J. C., HAVANA, CUBA.—The lines entitled 'Farewell' have either been mislaid, or carried off by some too sympathising visitor. If found by next week, they shall be published with due edges of mourning."

The President Elect.

Promptly and according to programme the Illinois prodigy entered this city by the Hudson River Railroad, on Tuesday last, and was conducted to the Astor House by the police, followed by some three score republican politicians in the guise of committees, most of whom are eager to serve the public in some official station. The evening was given up to receiving calls from distinguished citizens and politicians, and on Wednesday morning he partook of a cosy breakfast at the hospitable mansion of Moses H. Grinnell, where there was a select company of politicians of the Seward stripe, and where it is asserted that "Old Abe" was fully initiated into, and became a member in good standing of, the Weed order of republicanism. The next day he was received by the Mayor, at the City Hall, where he made two short speeches, shook hands with several hundred people, and was gazed at during his entry and exit, by thousands. In the evening he visited the Academy of Music, where he created a great sensation, and on Thursday morning, at nine, he left for Philadelphia. His reception through New Jersey was in no way different from the manner in which he was received in other States through which he passed.

Mr. Lincoln's reception in this metropolis was, on the part of the authorities, appropriate and well conducted. The police arrangements were excellent; the presidential party were afforded abundant opportunities to be seen without annoyance, and it must be said with truth that they improved them. The people were curious rather than enthusiastic; but they were respectful, and the President elect witnessed no disorder, nor heard a disrespectful word.

Mr. Lincoln's friends in this city, judging from his speeches in other places before reaching here, were very apprehensive that he intended to set himself up as a rival to the fame of Davy Crockett, and were, therefore, anxious to get him into their hands, that they might give his manners a little polish, and divest his mind of that frivolousness which characterized his speeches during the first part of his journey. We think they have succeeded in inspiring him with a little more of the dignity becoming his position, and his speeches, since he has left here, have displayed a decided improvement in this particular. We hope by the time he has reached Washington he will have entirely abandoned the story-teller, and have assumed the character of the statesman.

In personal appearance, "Old Abe" is not a model of gracefulness, but there is nothing about him repulsive or ill-looking. He has simply a homely but amiable countenance. He shocked one of our editorial Jenkinses considerably by being ignorant of the *etiquette* of the opera; but if he never gives the country cause for more serious complaint than ungloved hands and awkward movements at the opera, the nation will be singularly fortunate. An ignorance of the rules of etiquette in this country does not generally detract from popular favor. How many of those who ridicule "Old Abe's" awkward manners now, had they been placed in his circumstances in early life, would ever have had a chance to display their deficiencies in the position Mr. Lincoln occupies to-day?

A close scrutiny of Mr. Lincoln's countenance satisfies us that his leading trait of character is shrewdness. A more perfect type of the cool, self-possessed, persevering Western man, can hardly be found. His large perceptive faculties enable him to grasp subjects quickly, and what his mind acquires will be mastered promptly. No one can claim with reason that he possesses the vast reflective faculties and depth of intellect which are requisite for an eminent statesman. The great question now asked is, has he the firmness, the pluck, the backbone, to steer the Ship of State in perilous times like these. His face certainly does not indicate a character of decided firmness. But when we reflect upon his past history—the position he has attained at the bar, the campaign he carried on with Douglas, the position he has so long occupied at the head of the republican party in Illinois, which contains men of undoubted talent and perhaps more ambition than himself,—we are constrained to believe that a great deal of firmness and energy of character must have been necessary for such success.

Mr. Lincoln seems to perfectly understand the difficulties that surround his path, and to fully appreciate the perils which threaten the country; and upon his actions during the next six months the perpetuity of our present government will certainly depend. Let us hope, then, that through his own good sense and acknowledged virtue, and by the advice of sagacious and prudent counsellors, he will prove equal to the task.

Pointed Allusions.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* cautions public characters who may be liable to undergo receptions and congratulatory speeches from our "public functionaries," to be careful of the similes they use in reply. Comparisons always odious must be especially so to those to whom they suggest narrow escapes from the State prison. In this view the *Tribune's* correspondent regards the maladroit allusion of "Old Abe" to *cargoes of vessels*, in his reply to the Mayor of New York, as rather uncivil if not insulting to the distinguished personage who had addressed him in complimentary language, inasmuch as it must necessarily have directed the attention of the multitude, and especially the mind of the Mayor, to his swindling and felonious operations in connection with the bark John W. Cater, and the grave charges urged against him in relation to the raising of the ship Joseph Walker and her cargo. Some people may imagine that the allusion of Mr. Lincoln was entirely inadvertent; but we have become satisfied that the Rail-splitter had those two famous vessels in his mind's eye when he opened his "lantern jaws" to reply to the Tycoon; and therefore we are bound to regard the indelicate reference as an evidence of the ill-breeding of the President elect.

The Force Bill.

The bill introduced by Mr. Stanton in the House of Representatives, commonly called the "Force bill," begins to make the traitors all over the country tremble in their boots. This bill will probably pass both houses of Congress, and then the President will no longer be without power to enforce the laws and maintain the integrity of the government. Here is the bill in full:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the provisions of an act approved the 28th day of February, in the year 1795, entitled 'An act to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions, and to repeal the act now in force for those purposes,' and of the act approved the 3d day of March, in the year 1807, entitled 'An act authorizing the employment of the land and naval forces of the United States in cases of insurrections,' are hereby extended to the case of insurrections against the authority of the United States.

"SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the President, in any case in which it may be lawful to use either the militia or the military and naval force of the United States for the purpose aforesaid, may accept the services of such volunteers as may offer their services, as cavalry, infantry or artillery, organized in companies of the maximum standard, squadrons and regiments respectively, according to the mode prescribed for the organization of the respective arms in the military establishment of the United States; and it shall be lawful for the President to commission the officers of such companies, battalions, squadrons, and regiments in their respective grades, to continue till discharged from the service of the United States; and such volunteers, while in the service of the United States, shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, and shall be entitled to the same pay and emoluments as officers and soldiers of the same grade in the regular service."

FEDERAL LOAN.—The proposals for the eight million six per cent. government loan, were opened yesterday. The aggregate offered was about fifteen millions, and the whole amount required was taken at an average of 90 1-2 per cent. A combination bid by Ketchum & Co., of this city, for themselves and others, took nearly three millions at 90·15. The bids were as favorable as could have been expected, since the government only pays at the rate of about seven per cent. interest for what money it wants.

☞ Another number of the "Droll Recollections," entitled "Ten Dollars Worth of Dog," which has been in type for the last two weeks, but crowded out by local and political matter,—will be found this week on our inside pages. The incident is a little droll, and as it actually happened only a few weeks ago in this city, it may be recognized by certain of our well-known citizens.

The Piety of Secession.

We had once thought that nothing could be more painfully pious than the attitude of the abolition fanatics of the North—those men who carried a tract and a pike in either hand—shot Sharpe's rifles and bibles into Kansas at the same moment—inaugurated a John Brown raid with prayer and fasting—and found in Holy Writ the arguments by which they had no difficulty in proving that rapine, murder and all other crimes were not only harmless but commendable if only exercised on the right side of the political house. But the Southern secessionists begin to make us waver in our belief. They are enthusiastic—not to say immense—in the way of prayer and invocation, and have impressed the whole Bible into their service with the same patronizing kindness which has led them to appropriate the Declaration of Independence. Not a convention to disrupt and desolate the Union but has been opened with prayer: not a theft of the public property but has been sanctified, before or after, by an appeal to heaven for the integrity of their intentions. One speech in which eternal enmity to every man who did not own a slave, was preached by a well known secession leader—had the name of God brought into a single column no less than seventy-two times, which may be considered a reasonably free use of the divine appellative.

The last specimen we have so far seen is to be found in the New Orleans *Delta*. The topic is the final and irrevocable separation of Louisiana from the Union, then just accomplished; and Moses, David and the Evangelists are brought into loving embrace several times within half a column. We have only space for one or two specimen bricks:

"Louisiana has joined the Southern exodus; she has passed dry shod through the chasm; she has placed a gulf of storm and water, cloud and darkness, thunder and lightning, between herself and Egypt and servitude. Let Pharaoh and his hosts follow at their peril.

* * * * * *

The statesmanship that was devoted to the perpetuation of decay must yield to the statesmanship which aims to bring out of corruption incorruption, and to cause a new and more vigorous life to blossom from the very body of death. It is a high and sacred office, and should be discharged with sacramental fervor and religious devotion. It looks to nothing less than a national palingenesis."

Nothing is wanting, now, but that the *Delta* man and the ultra-secessionists whom he represents, should read a few items of history. They may begin with that of some Cromwellian roundhead who prefaced the cutting of a throat by prayer; follow with that of a robber of the middle ages who always bought a plenary indulgence before going out on a grand foray of rapine and murder; and conclude by observing the instructive spectacle of Louis XV. kneeling down at the bedside with one of the children of the *Par caux Cerfs*, just before the commencement of each of his infernal orgies of lustful infanticide. After that, there cannot be any doubt on their minds, we should think, that the disruption of a country is not only as holy as the exodus from Egypt, but a good deal holier; and that the springing of incorruptibility from corruption, as shown in the salvation of the soul, is only a feeble type of the sanctification seen in the wholesale theft of land, buildings and arms paid for by the national blood and treasure! Decidedly the piety of secession is a still richer feature than its honesty—which is saying much when Floyd, Cobb & Co. are taken into the calculation.

The Lincoln Family.

Every thing connected with the family of "Old Abe," which is about to occupy the executive mansion of the Federal Government and become the royal family of America, is just now interesting. An idea of the refined accomplishments of the future mistress of the White House may be gathered from the following incident related by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which the editor says actually occurred. During the trip from Indianapolis to Cincinnati, a gentleman—one of the Presidential suite, in passing through the cars, stopped by the seat occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, with a view of engaging her in conversation, when the following brief dialogue transpired:—

Mrs. L.—How do you "flourish?"
Gentleman.—Well, I thank you.
Mrs. L.—Is that a Cincinnati paper you have in your hand?
Gentleman.—Yes, (passing the journal to her.)
Mrs. L.—Does it say anything about us?

The manner in which these questions were propounded was more suggestive than the interrogatories themselves. Imagine the successor of the accomplished Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Polk and Harriet Lane addressing a foreign minister with "How do you flourish?"

The "us" remind us of an anecdote of the wife of an honest Dutchman, who had unexpectedly been elevated to the position of major of the militia. When the result of the election was known, the children wanted to know if they would not all be majors. "No, you fools," indignantly replied the mother, "none but your daddie and me."

"Prince Bob," as the son of Uncle Abe is called, appears to be rather rapid in his gait, and the "Wide Awakes" who took him around the city during his stop here last week to "see the elephant," are delighted with his "free and easy" manners. He visited Barnum's Museum, and was introduced to various other peculiar institutions, obtaining full recognition as a good fellow generally. "Prince Bob" is destined to make his mark wherever he goes. Of the many good things related of him is the following, which we copy from the Rochester *Democrat*:—

A few days since, when Mrs. Lincoln was on her way home from New York, attended by her son Robert, she found herself at Buffalo without a pass over the State Line Railroad. For that link in the chain of railway between New York and Springfield no provision had been made. After Mrs. Lincoln had taken her seat in the cars, at Buffalo, for the West, her son Bob entered the office of R. N. Brown, Esq, the gentlemanly Superintendent of the State Line Railroad, and inquired if Mr. Brown was in? Mr. Brown responded, and inquired what he wanted?

His interrogator addressed him in substantially the following language:

"My name is Bob Lincoln; I'm a son of Old Abe; the old woman is in the cars raising h—l about her passes—I wish you would go and attend to her!"

Mr. Brown very promptly filled out the requisite papers to enable Mrs. Lincoln and family to ride over his road without payment of fare, and delivered them to her. It is probable that "the old woman" gave Bob no further trouble about the passes on that trip.

We think Bob will do. He evidently possesses a genius which will be appreciated by the "fast young men" he will be apt to meet at the federal capital.

The Evening *Post* says that "Prince Bob," or the "Prince of Rails," as he is more irreverently called, is not the fast youth the newspapers represent him; but a young man of fine abilities and much dignity of character, who is shortly to return to his class in Harvard College. The Rochester *Union*, however, tells a different story about "Bob," and illustrates as follows:

When Old Abe started from Springfield, he gave Bob a carpet bag, and told him that it was his especial and sole duty to see it safely delivered in Washington. The bag contained some private papers of the President elect, and the Inaugural Message. At Indianapolis Bob got tight and lost the carpet bag. It was not found, and the Presidential party left without it. It is yet missing. There is, however, another copy of the message in existence, so that Mr. Lincoln will not be compelled to re-write that or write a new one. Mr. Lincoln was vexed at the carelessness of his son, but Bob did not appear to care much about the matter, and remarked that the old man might as well scold about that as something else.

ADVERTISING.—All seasons are good for advertising, and dull times are as good as any for the advertisers, for what little is going on they get; and while others are grumbling, they pay their way, and with a newspaper for a life-preserver swim on the top of the water while others around them are sinking. Advertising is the very sunshine of business. A man makes very little out of this world unless he lets people know that he is in it.

CITY POST-OFFICE.—There is some hope that the legislature cannot be bought to pass the bill to cede the Federal Government jurisdiction over the present Post-office site, and that the absurd project of erecting a new Post-office building in that out-of-the-way locality will thus be defeated. The lower angle of the City Hall Park is the place for the Post-office.

"THE BENICIA BOY."—It is said that the champion is about to engage in business in New Orleans, by strict attention to which he expects to make a speedy fortune. The business is reported to be one connected with Zoology, the principal animal on exhibition being a "tiger."

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?—Judge Low, of St. Louis, has decided that a paper published in the interest of a religious sect is not a newspaper, and that legal notices published in such journals are null and void.

NAVAL INCREASE.—The seven sloops-of-war provided for in the Naval Appropriation Bill have no necessary reference to coercion, for it will take some two or three years to build them and supply them with machinery.

The Greeley, Weed and Lincoln Muddle.

It is conceded by the radical republicans that the breakfast at Grinnell's did the business for Greeley. The persuasive eloquence of Weed, Grinnell, Webb, Evarts, and the whole coterie of smart Seward politicians, taken in conjunction with the fine old Burgundy and the rich viands of every description, completely overcame Uncle Abraham, and he fell quietly into the embrace of his shrewd epicurean tempters. "Old Abe" had never witnessed so much elegance and refinement before, and no wonder he yielded to the blandishments and dazzling excitement of the occasion, and gave his decided preference for such sumptuous repasts, over the bran bread, mush and milk, beans, and cheap Graham diet of the *Tribune* philosopher. Greeley may be considered out in the cold, and we rather think he likes it. It will give him an opportunity for a fight for the next four years. He has made up a "settlement to date" with Weed, and exhibited his balance-sheet in his journal one day last week. He will now go on and drive the machinery of the radical republicans, and endeavor to force Weed & Co. into a sort of modified democratic or conservative party. In this we think he will succeed, so far, at least, as to split the republican party, and in this state have it laid out as cold as a wedge at the election next fall. Horace is stripping for a fight, and there will be fun after the 4th of March if Lincoln don't stand square on the Chicago platform.

The office-seekers made a dead set at the "Rail-splitter," during his visit here, in the shape of committees. We had the Committee of the Board of Supervisors, Old and Young Men's General Committees, Wide-Awake Committees, and half a dozen more of like stamp, who annoyed the President by their efforts to make him believe that the whole party would have gone to the devil last November had it not been for their prodigious exertions. Nearly every member of these Committees wishes to be appointed to office. Of the six republican Supervisors, certainly two, and we are not sure but all six of them, are applicants for prominent federal offices in this city.

The Collectorship has not yet been settled, the republicans say, so that the friends of Messrs. Draper, Blatchford, Opdyke, Barney and Hoxie, can still keep up their fire. It is thought that Weed has a favorite candidate "on ice," whom he is keeping back for the present. Perhaps the whole matter was settled at "that breakfast." It is supposed that if elegant morning repasts have such a genial effect upon "Old Abe," his career after he gets to Washington will be one continued series of breakfasts.

We don't know who is certainly going to be Surveyor, but if Abram Wakeman don't get it we are deceived, and "Old Abe" will make a great mistake. Supervisor Little is a candidate, but is not strong enough. Besides, a great many republicans remember that he was off on a trip to the White Mountains two or three years ago, leaving a democratic majority in the Board of Supervisors, who made the first appointments under the registry law. Supervisor Dutcher will make a better show for Navy Agent than Little will make for Surveyor. It is understood that "Old Abe" is bothered to find a good place suitable for General Nye. He must be taken care of, as he is too good a story-teller not to be appreciated by the President elect. He can have the United States District Attorneyship, but a discharge of its duties involves too much labor, and it will fall either to E. Delafield Smith or Charles C. Nott. The Naval Office may be fixed upon, however, and it is an exceedingly good thing to have. James A. Briggs also has an eye on this desirable position. Briggs is the financial agent of the State of Ohio in this city. He was formerly a printer, then a lawyer, and finally went head and ears into politics. He is conceited, pretty smart, and a good stump speaker. If Chase goes into the Cabinet Briggs will be "hunk."

Dan Conover, Tom Hyer, Captain Hartt, J. H. H. Ward, Judge Quackenbush and John Commerford, are all in for U. S. Marshal. Charley Golden, it is said, did not present his pile of letters for Postmaster to "Old Abe," while the latter was here, but it is understood that the day following the inaugural, six mail bags full of them will be sent on by Adams' Express. Charley undoubtedly has the inside of the track.

Bagging the Prince and the President.

When the competition for the possession of the Prince of Wales ran high in this city, the Tycoon at the City Hall being desirous of managing the boy Prince himself, quietly sent off our friend Thomson (without a p) to Quebec, to make the necessary arrangements. While numerous other committees and commissioners were left for days roasting themselves out doors, the Mayor's diplomat "went in," finished up his business, and the result showed that it was well done. He bagged him.

When the President elect approaches New York, a struggle immediately commences by all of our theatre folks to secure his presence at their respective houses; but the opera people, knowing "a thing or two," call in the aid of Thomson, who immediately addresses "Bob" at Albany, and "Old Abe" is bagged in less than no time for the opera, much to the disgust of all the other places of amusement. Thomson is "some," and knows how to reach the highfliers.

VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN.—This gentleman, with his wife, arrived in this city on Wednesday last, *en route* for Washington. He was received with that respect due to his position, both here and along the entire route he has traveled. Mr. Hamlin left this city on Friday morning, and went directly to Washington. The contrast between Hamlin and Lincoln was very striking, and very much in favor of the Vice President. His long experience in public life, his familiarity with government affairs, his thorough acquaintance with the duties of a high official,—made him at home and perfectly at ease in his new position. At the serenade at the Astor House on Thursday night he was called upon for a response, when he made a short speech, far superior in style and sense to anything the Illinois "rail splitter" said, while in this city at least.

THE TYCOON'S SLATE.—The Tycoon last week sent for a goodly number of his Mozart ward managers, especially to warn them that they must stop "talking Cochrane" for Mayor. He had made up his mind that Cochrane will not answer to step into his old shoes, and they must change their tune and "talk Cochrane" for District Attorney, with a view of ultimately playing him out. The "slate," as now determined upon, is said to be as follows:

Mayor—Drake Mills, the father-in-law of the Tycoon.
Sheriff—Benjamin P. Fairchild, the Tycoon's most confidential friend.
County Clerk—Justice Michael Connolly.
District Attorney—John Cochrane.
Judge Court of Common Pleas—C. P. Schemerhorn, the Tycoon's brother-in-law.
Judge of Marine Court—Abraham D. Russell.

COPYRIGHT IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—The Augusta, Georgia, *Chronicle*, suggests that there is now an opening for fortunes to be made in "Dixie," by reprinting Northern copyright works at the South, where the people depend almost wholly upon the Northern publishers for their books. There is now nothing to prevent Southern publishers from pirating Northern books, and now is the time to commence operations, in advance of any copyright law by the "Confederated States." The idea is worthy of a Cobb or a Floyd.

ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI.—These States have got right off the secession hobby, and have gone for the Union by decided majorities. Arkansas not only has voted against secession, but against even a convention to consider the treasonable project. In Missouri not a dozen secessionists have been elected to the convention, and in St. Louis the unconditional Union ticket had five thousand majority. The tide is turning.

☞ The chances, yesterday, were in favor of the defeat of the Tariff Bill. Even the republicans are afraid to face the music of taxing tea and coffee.

☞ A telegraph from Albany yesterday informs us that the Hon. Henry Arcularius had met with a fall by which he broke one of his arms.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Friday, February 22d, 1861.

Immense Atlas:—

We live now in comparative peace and quiet. All apprehensions as to any attack or disturbance here, at least till after the 4th of March, have vanished, and people begin to flock to this city like hungry sheep to the feeding trough. The troops are still here, however, and if you happen to go into the immediate neighborhood of their station, it looks warlike and suggestive of clashing swords and gleaming bayonets; but all else is quiet as Trinity church-yard. The news was received on Monday of the triumphal march of the chief of the new Empire of the South, as well as the progress of the coming President of the Northern Republic. Comparisons generally are odious, and especially so when we undertake to compare the action of the new government with that of the so-called administration we have had here. One tenth—yes, one hundredth—of the go-ahead spirit and prompt action of the Confederacy at the South, I verily believe would have saved this country from ruin; but now, treason has such a head and strength, that I doubt if disunion can be prevented. However, we shall see, as Uncle Abe is making tracks in this direction. By the way, the honest old gentleman's speeches by the roadside, and in hotel dining-saloons, do not excite the most intense admiration in this quarter; indeed, they are rather sneered at than otherwise. His party friends say nothing, while his party opponents use ridicule and taunt in great profusion.

On Monday, in the Senate, the Tariff Bill was under consideration, and they passed upon a large number of minor amendments. They also added a duty on *tea and coffee*, which have heretofore been duty free. There was a good deal of objection to this tax upon the common necessaries of the people, but they finally concluded that the people were patriotic enough to bear with this under the present circumstances. It is only intended to be a temporary tax. Among minor matters, the Senate passed a resolution repealing a former resolution in favor of Wm. H. De Groot. This slightly shelves our friend De G——, and I rather think he will get *nary red!* I hardly think this Tariff Bill will get through both Houses this Session; though, by the efforts of its friends, it is possible that in the closing hours, and by a Committee of Conference, it may squeeze through. If it does, will the President sign it? There's the rub! The House on Monday, after a little speechifying, proceeded to business, and passed a variety of bills—one for the new Territory of Colorado, but nothing of any very great importance. Business is beginning to *crowd*, and we shall be busy with practical business for the rest of the session. The House has evening sessions nearly every night. The Senate has commenced to sit at eleven o'clock, with occasionally an evening session. I think we shall get through all the Appropriation bills, so as to have the money-matters all right, and in that case I think there will be no extra session, except the short one of the Senate to confirm the appointments of the new President.

Tuesday was a good deal like Monday. The Senate worked along on the Tariff, putting on a great many small amendments: in fact, by the time the bill gets out of the Senate, I doubt if its own father will recognize it. In the House, they had quite a spicy debate on what is called the Force Bill—a bill introduced by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, to enable the President to receive the services of the militia and use them to preserve the public peace. Outside of both houses of Congress every thing was as dull as a pewter sixpence. News-mongers stalked up and down the avenues, vainly seeking for an *item*—disappointment written on their lengthened faces,—but all to no purpose—"there wasn't nary news."

By the way, we have had an Investigation Committee in the House, on one of the dispatches sent to the New York *Times* to the effect that vast quantities of the most valuable books in the Library had been *stolen* by the seceding members. As this was rather a serious charge, Mr. Pryor took the matter in hand, and called a few of these newspaper *reliable* correspondents before a Committee. Manufacturing dispatches out of the raw material—or their own imaginations—does very well to make a sensation; but testifying to the truth of the same, under oath, is another thing; and the result of this investigation will show that there was not the slightest foundation for such a statement. It will show, still further, that one half of the "*special dispatches*" sent to the daily papers all over the country, are based on just as substantial a foundation. The principal "Dailies" were never represented by so flimsy a set as this winter. Rattle-pated *boys* or addle-pated men, made up of two-thirds brass and one-third putty, who received their education from novels of the Cobb school, and whose occupation is divided between drinking bad whisky, mouthing big oaths, shuffling greasy cards and toadying to members of Congress,—strut around Washington and freely distribute little bits of pasteboard incribed "John Smith, special correspondent of *Buncombe Daily Gasser*." There are exceptions to this, I know; but the above is *too* faithful a description of many of this class. The newspapers send them here because they will come "*cheap*;" and they come for an incredibly small sum, intending to make it up by lobbying and puffing. As they never pay their hotel bills, and borrow all the money they can, why, of course, they make a "good thing" of it.

On Wednesday, the Senate still clung to the Tariff, and worked steadily all day. At last, after sitting till half-past 7 o'clock, they passed the bill, and it was sent to the House, loaded down with such a host of amendments and so much altered that it is doubtful what will become of it, or if it will be recognized by those who were once familiar with it. The House continued their little fight on the "Force Bill." Some of the Southern secession men were particularly violent, and pitched into General Scott and the rest of the powers that be, in a most unmerciful manner. Then, after another long fight, the House passed the Naval Bill, with the *seven sloops-of-war* included. It was a bitter pill for the Southrons to swallow, and they made many a wry face and remonstrance—but it went down. It is a matter of wonder, meanwhile, what they were scared about, as the Southern trouble will be settled in some shape or other long before the keels of any of these "seven sloops-of-war" are laid, much more before they go out on the high seas in shooting condition.

Thursday was after the same pattern as the preceding days. The Senate had a three-hours Executive Session in the day time, and then in the evening they had a talking session, for the purpose of allowing patriotism and duty to "our constituents" to ventilate themselves. The House spent a large portion of the day on the Oregon War debt bill—a sort of lobby speculation. The lobby are gathering their forces for the last rally—for the forlorn hope is the assault on the Treasury, in the attempt to rush through these *private claim* bills, in the last days of the sessions and the inevitable confusion when log-rolling is a fixed and necessary fact. Many a swindle is thus driven through, in haste, which if time were allowed for examination would never be passed. The swarms of office-seekers are rapidly filling up the city; and the mails are daily loaded down with applications for all sorts of offices, from Secretary of State down to a village Postmaster. Every member of Congress is supposed to have a trunk full of fat offices in his gift; and every man in his district thinks he ought to have one. There will be about five hundred individuals here for every separate office; and the scramble for the spoils will be awful. Those who are left out in the cold, will accuse "Abe" of the most venal partiality, and call down curses on his head, as they gnash their teeth with disappointment and rage. But Abraham is on his way, and when he reaches this goodly village, I will let you know how he behaves.

The Peace Conference has not yet adjourned. Two or three times during the week we have had rumors that they had come to some kind of an agreement, not very far from the Crittenden Compromise; but I doubt the fact, or whether they will agree at all to anything practical. In fact I doubt whether the Congress would not before this have adjourned, under the indignant reception by the Border State men of the uncompromising attitudes of some of the Northern republicans in that body,—but that the news from the South-west is enough to shake their nerves. With the attitude shown by Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas, the look for a Southern Confederacy of any great strength is a bad one, even to them; and they are naturally a little careful how they throw away the last chance of remaining with the Old, before they know that the New is likely to suit them any better. The Congress *may* close its session to-day or to-morrow: if it does so, the sitting will have been without result.

This is to be Washington's Birthday, you know. We *are* to have a parade of the troops, after all, they say. The President was *afraid* to have it take place, as he is afraid of nearly everything; but the Cabinet protested and the flags may wave and the drums may beat. There is opposition, too, to the Inauguration Ball, on the ground that the country is not exactly in a festive condition; but it will take place, principally under the auspices of old members of the Government. Mrs. Jones has remained at home, in tears, most of the week, under the prospect of early leaving Washington,—which may account for the dulness of this letter. *Vale* till next week. JONES, U. S.

Legislative Items.

We are indebted to our friend, the Honorable Henry Arcularius, for a copy of the report of Comptroller Haws, giving the details of the expenditures for opening streets in this city during the last five years. The document is curious, instructive and startling; and unless the rich material it furnishes is used up by the daily press before the next issue of the *Atlas*, we contemplate reproducing the document in full in our columns.

For years we have wondered how certain personages in the lower walks of politics, and certain habitual idlers around the City Hall and the drinking saloons adjacent, managed to live. They never seemed to have any business occupation, and yet, while doing nothing they always seemed to have an abundance of pocket change and a plenty of good clothes. The mystery that has so long enshrouded their means of living is all dispelled by the publication of this astounding record from the office of the Comptroller.

We are happy to perceive, however, that in the distribution of these street opening spoils the late Corporation Counsel did not forget the Sunday press, albeit the *Old Atlas* was not allowed even a smell. The allotment of the Sunday papers is embraced in the following items, to wit:

E. G. Howard, (Sunday *Times*,) as Commissioner on 64th street, from Hudson to East River	$520
David Deans, (Sunday *Times*—partner of Howard,) Commissioner on Second avenue from 123d street to Harlem River	932
David Deans, (Sunday *Times*,) also as Commissioner on 90th street from Third avenue to Harlem River.	924
Charles F. Briggs, (Sunday *Courier*,) Commissioner on 89th street	1 632
William Cauldwell (*Sunday Mercury*,) a resident of Westchester County, and one of the Supervisors thereof, Commissioner on widening Reade street from Broadway to Centre street	1 600
Total to Sunday papers	$5 008

We have not the least doubt but that Commissioners Howard, Deans, Briggs and Cauldwell honestly earned every dollar they drew from the city treasury,—that they attended faithfully to the duty assigned them, and gave a fair day's work for every day's pay they put in their pockets. The fees awarded to the Commissioners do not appear, in any of the cases reported by the Comptroller, to be the objectionable features. The items for clerk-hire, room rent, surveys, copying, bill-posting, stationery and other incidentals are those which more particularly invite criticism.

Mr. Arcularius, to whom the property owners are indebted for this curious *exposé*, is resolute in his determination to agitate the subject until his bill is passed, which is intended to relieve lot owners up-town from the further infliction of those scandalous impositions. If he is successful in accomplishing the end he aims at, he will entitle himself to the warmest thanks of the owners of all city lots through which streets have not yet been opened.

Our city tax levy, as it passed the Board of Aldermen, although it has not yet been presented to the legislature, has been the subject of much discussion among the members; and we are informed that some of the "jobs" which have been "put up" in it will be fully exposed when it comes to be considered in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Arcularius has given the *Lelandizers* of the City Hall notice that he designs "opening" upon some of their items.

Our correspondent whose favor came to hand too late for the last ATLAS, remarks that the New York delegation do not appear to act in concert, or to fraternize, as he thinks they should do. "To be sure," he says, "they meet together in the Assembly chamber, but they do not vote together, or eat, sleep, pray, or drink together. Sam Webster, Jarvy Jones, Kinney and Senators Grant and Kelly