APPENDIX: A SAMPLING OF NEW ORLEANS *CRESCENT* "NORTHERN CORRESPONDENCE" FROM "MANAHATTA"/"MANHATTAN"

[July 24, 1848, p. 2]

Northern Correspondence.

—

New York City, July 13, 1848.

Eds. Crescent—"Barnburner" and "Hunker,"—Tayor, Cass and Van Buren—"What are Taylor's principles?"—"Is there no way to compromise?"—Tammany Hall in a Pandemoniac state—the Tribune corner a focus for all sorts of loud words and excitement—a huge crowd around the Globe bulletin-board—dust flying in the Park—men whose names are known from one corner of the land to the other walking unnoticed along the walk, and across from the great gates, to the Nassau street side-walk—the cracked tones of the man with "leg of mutton candy," now and then piercing through the din—a mighty and never-ceasing tide of humanity rolling along from day-dawn till midnight, a majority of whose members would not stop two minutes to look at Queen Victoria, or even a street assassination;—there you have, in disjointed sentences, and some words that are heard in every part of the neighborhood every five minutes, a picture of current "life" as developed in that part of New York where Nassau street pokes its nose out to the Park, at the south end of City Hall. A calculation was made sometime since, by a curious boarder at Tammany, of how many persons passed and repassed there in the course of the day. Somewhere about forty or forty-five thousand, I believe, was the number, estimated from actual counting at several periods of several days! In the morning come tripping along hundreds and hundreds of girls from fourteen to twenty-five years old, many of them really beautiful, and all, with a rare exception here and there, neat and healthy looking; they are employed in book-binding, umbrella, lace, and other establishments, and their wages range from two to six dollars per week. It is astonishing what a vein of intelligence—one may say refinement—is perceptible in these young women; no other city on earth, not even Paris, where grace is the female's

birthright, can equal them. Besides these girls, there are innumerable swarms of mechanics and other workmen, porters, store-boys with their big brass keys, etc. An hour or two later, the complexion of the crowd is a little changed. There is a great quantity of better broadcloth, less worn and less dusty; but, in general, the wearers are not so comely as the more hard-working folk of the earlier morning. The merchants and store-keepers—the head clerks, editors, late risers, lawyers, traders—make up the volume of the stream. Still a little later, and all during the middle of the day, it continues to be of the most ample and heterogeneous materials. If you are fond of studying "character," here is your chance; here you have it in all its varieties, each variety presenting itself in all its different forms. Important news is generally know here, the first place of all the town. In times of political elections, when returns are due from distant States, or from quarters of New York itself more important even than some States, here you may see packed in a dense body, sometimes filling up the whole of the immense area, thousands and tens of thousands of that majestic animal 'the People," waiting to hear "who's elected." Nothimg [sic] else on God's wide and beautiful earth, would stop them one tithe as long from their regular avocations.

Of late years, nearly all the big meetings—the "mass meetings" of the people—have been called in the Park, just nigh the quarter described in the foregoing lines; and it has been found that the best time to call these meetings is 6 o'clock in the evening. By the time the business of getting under weigh is through with, the "masses," who stop work at 6 o'clock, are on their way home in myriads. Rarely do they fail—those who come from down town, on their course up to the immense section above Chatham Square (all our triangular pieces of land here are called "squares")—to stop and tarry awhile at these meetings. Working men thus lose no time, and if the speakers make out a good argument, and show a fair cause, they seldom fail of creating an impression on the minds of hundreds of their auditors; for, after all, the body of the "common people," aay from the corrupting influence of politicians, are anxious to do right, on principle. Perhaps there is no completer or more convincing evidence of the superiority of the political fabric of this country, over any other that has yet existed on earth, than one of these Park meetings—where, of late years, it is no uncommon thing to see from twenty to thirty thousand people assembled. It is n't considered any thing at all unless the attendance numbers six or eight thousand. The moment the audience gets too large to be conveniently talked to by a couple of speakers, (one on each end of a large stage,) up go other stages with the rapidity of magic. If these all get enveloped with hearers, and more "accommodation" is wanted yet, the steps of the Hall of records, the jutting stones at the top of the basement

windows of the City Hall, a neighboring hogshead or barrel, any thing handy, is put to the uses of a standing place, where the multitude can come nigh and be talked to. All the various branches of a great question are sometimes discussed, in full blast, at the same moment, by twenty different voices. Invariably there is a German and a French speaker at some of these stands—sometimes others, of other languages, particularly Italian and Spanish. As the evening advances, the talkers and listeners both grow more impassioned—the first bringing forward their stoutest points and most eloquent appeals, and the others responding with such shouts as make one feel how grand is the voice a human myriad! A few lights are brought to each stand, but they seem only as a drop in the ocean—you can do nothing but *hear*; and the excited voices, the flickering and darkness, and the impressible multitude around, make up a strangely picturesque scene.

Manahatta.

[July 27, 1848, p. 2]

Northern Correspondence.

—

New York City, July 17, 1848

Eds. Crescent—Whatever may be said of the "horrible state of society" in Paris, it certainly affords glorious times for newspaper editors and correspondents. How beautiful! every week some plot or counter-plot—some *émeute*—some danger to Government and public safety. Why, they will soon turn up their noses in Paris, at a disturbance that involves the destruction of less than a thousand or two lives!—"Blessed is that people," says some very big philosopher whose name I forget, "who have no annals to write"—meaning, I suppose, that nothing bad, at least, can be said about said people. But that's questionable philosophy. Human nature looks best when developed by struggles, and changes of circumstances. Lethargy and stagnation, you know, are not only connected together, but are the most uninteresting qualities in the world.

Our good city of New York, now-a-time, is blessed with hardly any annals to write. Editors, it is true, *are* writing, every day; and the people read what they write. But the latter is merely created, for the most part, "to fill up." (Alas, that some process equally handy could'nt be hit upon to produce the same effect on

the poorer children of Old Ireland!) The situation of New York precludes her daily journals from making an important ingredient of that melange of miscellaneous news, which is so desirable to the papers of other places. We have to eke out something original; something that *looks* fresh, at any rate—even though it is like a new quilt made of old materials. Readers' appetites here will no more be satisfied with any thing less than dishes on a great scale, and of the latest style of dressing. Yet there is a wondrous amount of superficiality in the daily disquisitions spread before that hydra-headed creature "the public," by the daily and weekly gazettes. "Flat, stale, and unprofitable," are, indeed, more than half the "leaders" (particularly during summer) of the Northern newspapers. I will say nothing of the Southern ones, because you have them among you to speak for themselves.

["]It is now a settled and irrevocable fact that the democrats of New York," yclept Barnburners, have broken away utterly and altogether from "the party," as organized in the Baltimore Convention, and developed in the nominations of Cass and Butler. Martin Van Buren, from his farm at Kinderhook, looks out upon the troubled waves, but evinces no inclination to say, "Peace, be still." It is understood that he was violently opposed to accepting the nomination of the Convention at Utica; but things took such an enthusiastic turn there, and his oldest and truest friends had so committed themselves, and his name, that he will now, it is said, allow matters to take their own course. The Radicals here, confidently expect, in his name, to carry the State of New York.

John Van Buren, as soon as the nomination was made, wrapped himself up in lavender, and laid his political body on the shelf—swearing with an oath of the old sort, that he would spout no more during this campaign. John will keep good, though, for future use; and that, before many seasons, he must be "brought out," is as certain as that the morning star will rise. All the young fellows of the North, cotton to John; there is such a buoyancy, frankness, and such a charming abandon, in his sayings and doings. Shrewd judges of mankind say that Master John has the making of a better man, than the man who made him. In the way of amusements, New York is yet unflagging. Hamblin has taken the Park Theatre, which he will carry on in conjunction with the Bowery. Heaven send him success; for the "old man's" stout heart deserves it. Burton's Theatre, (Palmo's old place in Chambers street,) has had the Viennoise dancing children. At the Astor Place Opera House, have been performed during the summer, comedies and vaudevilles—to-morrow night, they present some music, with a Mons. and Madame Laborde, from Paris. The Monplaisiers are at the Broadway—and "the "B'hoys" at the Chatham. Besides all these, we have Castle

Garden, Museums, Concerts, Shows, etc., without end.

Our streets and public places present, at intervals, something connected with the "late war," as it must now be called—something in the way of a soldier or officer in his yet worn uniform, or a mutilated relic of what *was* a stalwart man, but whom disease, or bullet or bayonet, has shorn of his fair proportions. Will it not be a little curious to see what effect, over and athwart the land, the bringing home whence they started, and rediffusing among us, a *real army*, will have on the affairs of the Republic? You remember, through the war, the anti-fighting folks predicted all sorts of dangers, when peace should make it necessary to disband out army. It is difficult, though, to perceive any likelihood of such dangers in any circumstances at present existing.

Manahatta.

[October 10, 1848, p.2]

Northern Correspondence.

—

New York. Sept. 30, 1848.

Broadway, now-a-days, presents its most attractive and splendent appearance of all the year. Talk a walk with me, up that far-famed thoroughfare. Cross we over from the Battery gates, to the corner where stands the residence of Mr. Ex-Mayor Mickle; an ancient pile, (ancient for America,) built originally for the colonial gubernatorial palace, and occupied as such by Sir Henry Clinton, and by the British commanders during their occupation of New York, from the disastrous week following the battle of Long Island, down to

"Evacuation day
When the British ran away,"

as the old school-boy rhyme hath it. The architecture of those days was of a more permanent character than marks our hasty times. The brick walls of this old house, for instance, keep their truest perpendicular, and the ceiling their exact horizontal, without a need of repair; while many structures of far later date and more ambitious pretensions, have long since become quite dilapidated. Just off at our back is the stately row that faces the Bowling Green, and looks so superciliously up Broadway, as if announcing to the world in general that there

was nothing "up there" that could hold a candle to the more time-honored dignity of houses standing on the oldest settled spots of Manhattan.

The Bowling Green Fountain—what think you of it? Ah, judge not by its present dry and desolate look. When the water gushes out and rolls over the rocks in cascadish little rills, and the big spout lifts itself as high as the tallest trees, *then* you might have a better opinion of this fountain. People's judgments yet remain divided about its merits; some approve the design, and others pretending to equal taste, condemn it as a vile blotch. One thing must be acknowledged by all; that what left arid and bare, the dull gray rocks, and dry bed of the surrounding excavation, make one of the most unsightly spectacles that a pair of eyes need look upon.

As we pass up Broadway, we behold numerous happy bits of solid and tasty architecture. Some eight or ten doors from Battery place, that tall dwelling's entrance is guarded by the same big lines, bronzed over, that held watch on the spot ere the former house was burnt down in the great fire of '45. Here, a few doors further, where Mrs. David Hale formerly kept an excellent boarding house, stands Delmonico's, with its gorgeous furniture, fit for a palace. Then comes a long row of houses, (on the left,) venerable and not over fashionable, but still inhabited by remnants of old Knickerbocker families, and of rich proprietors and merchants. To the right hand,

[*missing line*]

commercial men. The U.S. Bonded Warehouse occupied the site of the old Waverly Hotel, and some beautiful stores have been put up still further down.

Now we begin to meet the tide of fashion. Our New York belles fit along so gracefully; you may know them by that lithe and easy walk, and unmistakable dash of style and elegance. You may always confidently count on seeing a greater proportion of feminine beauty, on the Venus of Medici model, during an hour's walk along Broadway, than any where else out of Paradise. Among the men, I notice more of the cosmopolitan influence than ever; a genuine New Yorker, indeed, may be known by his possessing *no* characteristic trait. The peculiarities of all notions are softened and blended in him.

Trinity Church here lifts its head; a majestic and somber pile, whose proportions are so true and chaste that the beholder, at first, does not realize its magnitude—for that's one of the results of an exact proportion of parts, in architecture. The interior of this church is even nobler than the outside; there is a *sermon* even in the arched inner roof; I have often spent half an hour in roaming my eyes over that roof, and along the great rear window, which pourtrays the Saviour and Apostles, of life-size. Come along here any Sunday

morning, and you will hear the bells chiming merrily; it is a pity they don't get some competent player upon them, however. Merely trolling over an octave of tones, and repeating that continually, is but a poor substitute for the real music that might be drawn from the bells. There at the entrance, just to the left, is the brave *Lawrence*'s burial place and monument, a marble sarcophagus above the surface, with several cannons half buried perpendicularly around, and supporting as iron chain. On one side of the monument is the following inscription:

"The Hero whose remains are here deposited, with his dying breath expressed his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle—the anguish of a mortal wound—nor the horrors of approaching death, could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were—*Don't give up the ship!*"

Still wending our way onward, the current increased, becoming more dense, and its elements affords study enough just to walk Broadway, and behold the mixture of character and appearance spread over the sidewalks. The shops and their glittering wares—the foreign sights—"the fashions"—both masculine and feminine, are all together of inferior interest to the *humanity* one sees in Broadway:

"Youth, with pale brow and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or, early in thy task, to die?

"Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering shapes to air?

"Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance, till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

"Some famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light ;
And some who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in shame to-night."

Expressed verses those, a'int they? and in Bryant's own concise, smooth, sculptuary style.

At our left hand and right, the windows are of thick plate glass, that seems like varnished air. Some of those panes cost hundreds of dollars; and, inside, behold the riches of all climes and arts and nations! Hats of a gloss darker than the still waters that lie in the shade of mountain chasms—patent-leather boots, ditto—garments with the royal signet of Broadway in every seam and fold—books, and *such* books, O *they* indeed are to be envied, particularly if one looks in at Wiley's or Putnam's, or Appleton's—jewelry more beautiful than Shas and Sultans ever wore, because arranged with civilized taste—and five hundred other things, and et ceteras far, far too many to mention—these line the sides of Broadway, fenced in from the operation of "communist principles" by iron sticks and the aforesaid plate glass.

Let us pause a moment on the flagging before St. Paul's. This crowd, which surrounds us, as you see, is composed mostly of foreigners and country-folk. They are curiously gazing at the pictures which placard the walls of the American Museum opposite—pictures of fish, flesh and fowl, and of some objects which surely were never before seen in earth, sea or air. The "Mammoth Boys," and the "Real Tong-Gong Minstrels," are, doubtless, especially attractive—though their "counterfeit presentments" there would hardly enrapture an artist.

Perhaps the noisiest part of Broadway is from the Astor House to Chambers street. There resounds an incessant clang, like the roar of an endless battle, with dust to match, sometimes—opposite, lies the Park, with its thrifty trees, and its lovely fountain, ever gushing. Amid the rumbling, you from moment to moment distinguish the dull click of the iron gates of the Park, falling to from the myriad of in and out-goers. The massive square walls of the Astor, which ages to come will probably look upon as we look now, are adorned here and there, by the glancing out of pleasant faces from the windows—women's and children's faces. Just beyond, glimpses of it appearing through the trees, shows the dirty white of the City Hall; Justice, up aloft, as far out of the way as it was possible to put her, and where not one human being out of a thousand could possibly reach her.

So much for even a hasty transcript of a part of one's impressions in Broadway. We will reserve the rest for another epistle.

Manhattan.

[January 16, 1849, p. 1]

Correspondence of the Crescent.

—

Something about New York Editors—M.M. Noah—Col. Webb, of the Courier—Mr. Inman, of the Commercial Advertiser—Mr. Beach, of the Sun.

New York, Jan. 5, 1849.

Among the New York editors, your and my old friend M. M. Noah, the Nestor of the band, leads the list—in point of age and experience, at any rate. What a successful editor he has been! Good-hearted, always willing to do a kindness, liberal handed, not too nice in his political morality, true to his friends, and not very spiteful toward his foes, desirous to live well, and almost equally desirous that others also should live well—such are some of the characteristics of Major Noah. He has seen New York grow up, as it were; at any rate he has seen the growth of what we possess in the way of literature and classic refinement. For some forty years he has trod the stage—and life, that has proved a tragedy to so many, has been to him an even drama. Long may it be ere the curtain drops upon his last act!

Major Noah still retains his portliness of form, activity of limb, and benevolence of feature. He mixes much with the world, and is acceptable every where. You may see him of an evening, for a stray hour, on a back bench in the first tier of the Olympic—or perhaps the Broadway. He has excellent taste as a critic of the drama, and has written some by no means bad pieces himself. When he condescends to talk in the gossiping vein, of past times, then you get a treat indeed. We know few persons who are more entertaining in conversation than Major Noah. He is always lively, with French vivacity and grace in his style—and always brings up something interesting. He is now a proprietor and editor of the "Sunday Times," and it is said, likes a little dab in the editorial columns of some other prints, too. Few men have more personal friends, and few men have done as much good, according to their means.

Col. James Watson Webb, may perhaps, without in propriety, stand next upon our list. His journal undoubtedly exercises a good deal of influence—at least it does, if those appalling large advertising sheets ever exercise any influence. The style of Col. Webb's writing is forcible, almost dictatorial, with many dashes of self opinion, scorn, and impatience of opposing argument. Col. W. is

considered as the head, among editors, of "the other side" of the whigs, than Horace Greeley. He lives in style, and always among the "upper ten." He used to have town houses and country houses; but alas! such things seem not intended for editors; and so they have failed him. Col. Webb, in person, is full and healthy looking; he limps a little, from the effects of a wound in a well-known rencontre.

Since the death of Col. Stone, Mr. John Inman has been principal editor of the Commercial Advertiser. By most persons it is considered a still better paper under his manage- ment than formerly. Col. Stone was remarkably conservative; he inherited the notions of the old federalists, or rather shared them, and was, in politics, somewhat of a thorn in the whig side, for he never deigned to "soft soap" the people. Mr. Inman is more genial in ideas and sentiments. He possesses considerable literary talent, and was for some time the principal editor of the "Columbian Magazine." His writings, however, are not deep; their principal merits are a flowing style, and an opportune choice of subject. Mr. Inman labors under an infirm state of health consequent upon too continued application.

Mr. Beach, you know, has retired from the "Sun," and left it to his boys. That was a lucky "spec" of his, in getting hold of the little ricketty, dingy concern that few expected to live six months! Perhaps the records of newspaper experience furnish no instance of a more rapidly growing and widely flourishing newspaper. Mr. Beach had his good and his indifferent qualities. I cannot say I think he possessed *bad* ones, decidedly. One of these days I intend to give you a description of the "Sun" establishment. Should you like, these sketches of New York editors will be continued from time to time.

Manhattan.

[January 19, 1849, p. 3]

Correspondence of the Crescent.

—

New York, January 7th.

The weather here still continues excessively cold—the earth being covered with snow and ice, from an inch to six inches thick. Day and night we are saluted by merry sleigh-bells, all along the streets. The omnibuses vie with each other in the gayety and flitter of their turn-outs, and it is one of the sights worth looking at, to stand on the side-walk and see them pass along. Not even the private vehicles,

sleigh-fashion, rich as some of their caparisonings are, can compete with those same omnibuses. With their superb white horses—the rims of the dash-boards arching over like the necks of serpents—and from twenty to a hundred ladies and gents "inside"—you may imagine what a show they present!

Just after dark sets in, Broadway presents the appearance of an illuminated carnival—even the fancy dresses are made up by the grotesque look of many of the sleighs. Outredom seems ransacked to furnish patterns for the "fancy" to put on runners. I have noticed several sea-serpents, a mer-maid or two and dolphins are quite common.

We are much concerned at the sad accounts from New Orleans respecting the cholera. It is, however, the confident supposition that before this date, this disease must have subsided, if not left you entirely. Thousands of anxious hearts listen here with eager interest to each successive instalment of the news on this melancholy matter.

In our neighborhood—the Quarantine station at Staten Island—no cases of the cholera occurred during Thursday and Friday last, and the Health Officer has ceased making any reports. Not the least alarm is felt here on the subject. Next summer I fear it will be a different affair; but let next summer take care of itself.

Ice begins to make its appearance in the East river, floating along in "pretty considerable" masses, too, at times. Some of the weather-wise predict a continuation of the sever cold, and, as a natural consequence, a hard winter. Heaven knows, if the weather lasts like it has been for the past week, the coal-yards and the provision-dealers will haul in lots of money. All work for out-of-door mechanics has completely stopped; immense rows of buildings in the "burnt district" of Brooklyn having been embargoed in the suddenest manner possible. And oh! what noses you may see, early in the morning, at the street corners!

Manhattan.